

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1846.

THE PRESCRIPTION; OR, THE BENEFICENCE OF WASHINGTON.

LIEUTENANT S——, who distinguished himself in several battles that were fought near the close of the Revolutionary war, had the happiness to win the heart of Caroline N——, the daughter of one of Virginia's proudest aristocrats, but not the good fortune to meet the approval of her family. In fact, his advances were repulsed, and he left the alternative of endeavoring to induce Caroline to leave all for him, or to abandon his suit. He was not of a temperament to choose the latter course, and Miss N—— loved him too truly to hesitate long in her choice of the two courses left for her adoption. They were married privately, and without the knowledge or consent of Mr. N——. When the latter received information of what had been done, he obeyed the dictates of wounded pride, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter.

Shortly after the marriage of Lieutenant S——, he was ordered to the western frontier. Caroline accompanied him, and bore the change in her lot with the sweet patience of a loving wife. Three years after this removal to a far western post, during which time the young wife had not once heard from home, although she had written often in the hope that some one would relent, the health of Lieutenant S—— began to decline so rapidly that it became necessary for him to seek a life of less exposure than the one he was leading. As he had no income beyond his pay as an officer, if he retired from the army he must enter into some business or pursuit for a livelihood. He was a good engineer, but an engineer was liable to as severe exposure as an officer. Finally, after considering the matter carefully, he determined to write on to the head of the War Department, to whom he was well known, and solicit the first office that might become vacant. He also addressed a letter to General Washington, then President of the United States, who had once or twice honorably noticed

him during the Revolutionary campaign, stating his case and asking him to second his application to the Secretary of War.

This application was successful. Lieutenant S—— received an early appointment at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, and immediately removed with his wife and one child to Washington city. Instead, however, of finding that improvement in his health which he had anticipated, the change from active service in the open air to a passive life in a small room, with its confined atmosphere, was detrimental rather than beneficial. He grew paler and thinner daily, and his strength gradually failed. To counteract this, he used as much exercise as the intervals of freedom from the duties of his office would permit. This was salutary, and prolonged his life for several years. But the destroyer was at work, and his victim at last yielded to his steady inroads.

On the death of Lieutenant S——, he left his grief-stricken widow with scarcely a hundred dollars. And this was all she possessed in the world. What she was to do when this was gone was more than she could tell. She knew of no possible means of subsistence for herself and child, and sunk down in grief and helpless despondency. She had made a few friends since her residence in Washington, and these felt deeply for her situation. One of these friends, who had occupied the same office with Lieut. S——, represented the destitute condition of the widow to the head of the department, and obtained for her the copying of various documents, by which means she was able to earn just about enough to procure the necessaries of life. This continued for some months, during which time Mrs. S—— worked diligently, but in sorrow and despondency. Several times she wrote home, and represented her condition in the most earnest and touching manner, but no replies came to her

letters, each of which was stained and blotted by her tears that she strove in vain to repress.

Never having been used to such close application to any bodily employment as was now required of her, Mrs. S—— often became weary and faint over her task. One day she felt so unwell that she could hardly continue her employment. Her head ached with a throbbing, blinding pain, and every now and then a faint sickness would pass over her. At length she rose suddenly from the table at which she was writing, and staggering towards the bed, had just time to throw herself upon it, when she sunk into insensibility. She had fainted. She was alone with her little girl, about nine years old, when this occurred. The frightened child, when she saw her mother's deathly face, ran from the house and almost flew to the office of the physician who had been in the habit of attending the family. But he was not in.

"Where shall I go?" she asked, wringing her hands in agony. "My mother will die!"

Being directed to another physician some distance away, she ran to his office, but he, too, was out. Almost wild with alarm, the poor child now turned her steps homeward. She was but a short distance off, when she met a venerable-looking man dressed in black, whose countenance was the very index of benevolence. Taking him for a physician, she took hold of him eagerly, exclaiming—"Oh, doctor, my mother is dying! Come, quick!"

"Where do you live, my child?" said the individual addressed, evidently touched by the child's tone and manner.

"Come, and I will show you. We are almost there," she said, moving away a step or two, and pulling the stranger's garment that she still grasped tightly.

He followed, and in a few minutes entered the humble dwelling of the widow of Lieut. S——.

Shortly after her child had left the house, Mrs. S—— recovered from the fainting fit into which she had suddenly fallen, and half-conjecturing the cause of little Flora's absence, was waiting with some anxiety for her return. When she entered with the individual she supposed to be a physician, Mrs. S. was half-reclining on the pillows of her bed. The child sprang to her, and clasping her eagerly around the neck, buried her face in her bosom and sobbed violently. The stranger approached the bedside, regarding Mrs. S—— with earnest attention as he did so. After inquiring her name, he asked the cause of her sickness, and very soon understood that nature had been overtaken.

"I must prescribe something for you," he said, after sitting thoughtfully for a few moments; and

taking out his pencil he wrote upon a small piece of paper, folded it carefully, and said, as he handed it to Mrs. S——: "Send for this; I think it will do you good. To-morrow I will either see you again myself, or send to know how you are."

The stranger spoke in a calm, earnest voice, while a benignant expression pervaded his fine face. His tones and looks were all familiar to Mrs. S——, but in the bewilderment of the moment she could not for her life tell who he was.

As soon as he had retired, she unfolded the paper. She was not long in doubt. It was a check for one hundred dollars, and the signature was that of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

On the next day a clerk from one of the Departments visited Mrs. S—— and made the most minute inquiries of her in regard to her family. She did not conceal anything, for the visitor was one of her husband's best friends.

Not many weeks after this, while Mrs. S—— sat writing at her table, for she had felt it to be her duty to resume her task of copying for the Department, although she did not work so incessantly, some one suddenly opened the door and entered. She looked up quickly—a wild cry of joy followed—in a moment after she was on her father's bosom, clinging to him as eagerly as a drowning man clings to whatever comes within his grasp. The old man threw his arms around his child, and wept with her. His proud heart was broken down. For years he had striven to forget that Caroline lived, but in dreams she would come to him, and plead for his forgiveness so earnestly that in his waking hours he still saw her tearful eyes lifted to his and heard her tender appeals. But pride was strong, and still resisted all the promptings of nature. He was in this state of mind when he received a letter from the Capitol. It was signed by General Washington, and briefly but earnestly represented to him the condition of his child, and begged him not to forget that he was still a father.

This was enough. Selfish pride all gave way, and he hurried to the city to seek his long-banished, and much suffering child, who was soon restored to the bosom of her family. The "loan," as Mr. N—— delicately called it, was returned to General Washington shortly afterwards.

The moment when the Father of his Country was engaged in writing the prescription for Mrs. S——, has been seized upon by the artist, who has succeeded in making a very attractive picture, to which the reader's attention is referred. It commemorates an incident in real life, the knowledge of which will give pleasure to all.

THE BATSON COTTAGE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

WE present our readers with some extracts from the diary of Miss Clementine Chelbourne, a young lady of sixteen, who with her mother had been spending a summer month at the principal hotel in a large and pleasant village, celebrated for the salubrity of the air, and the beauty and fertility of its surrounding country. The diary is addressed to a young friend in a distant place; the writer faithfully fulfilling her promise of noting down everything as it occurred.

It is true, my dearest Lucinda, that we have excellent accommodations at this hotel, and very good society. Many genteel people from different places are spending the summer at Laureltown, which its inhabitants have not yet begun to designate as a city. Mamma is very happy here, and thinks of remaining till it is time for us to go to New York, and meet papa on his return from Europe, and settle down in our Philadelphia home till next summer. For my part, I have nothing to complain of at Laureltown but the entire absence of rurality. Hitherto all our summer excursions have been to fashionable watering-places and handsome villas; so I have seen nothing of rustic life, and am really pining to find myself the inmate of a cottage—not a *cottage ornée* with parlors, and dining-rooms and breakfast-rooms, and boudoirs and conservatories, (such as we read of in English novels), but a genuine *chaumière à la paysan*. You know how I delight in the perusal of rural tales and rural poetry, (even to the oldest pastorals,) and how convinced I am that cottages are the places where “all the virtues most do congregate.” Only think, I am sixteen years of age, and have never yet passed an hour under a thatched roof. Mamma says I have very little chance of ever doing so in America. Well, I will not be too particular about the roof; and a shingled one would suffice, if it was tolerably mossy, and a little broken, so as to be picturesque. I have been trying for a week past to persuade mamma to let us take boarding in some “sheltered nook” somewhere in the most sequestered part of the adjacent country; and she has almost promised to gratify me. Remembering always that she once was young herself, and (as my aunts tell me) rather imaginative, with quite as much fancy as judgment, my dearest mamma is a pattern of indulgence to the follies (if indeed they are so) of her only and affectionate daughter. I am perfectly certain that she is right; for I should not be half so affectionate if she was always checking and chiding, and contradicting and disappointing me, and regarding every little

étourderie as if it was to have awful consequences, and give a coloring to my whole future character. Now, I have lived long enough in the world to know (in spite of all the moral and instructive tales prepared for young people as true pictures of real life) that there are thousands of happenings without any consequences at all, and that every little thing *does not* lead to some great thing; and that our daily history is *not* like a complicated machine, all wheel within wheel. You see, dear Lucinda, how I can philosophize. Some day I may come out a genius. And that will prove the truth of my new theory that there is no judging of the end from the beginning. But I am called off—mamma has just sent for me.

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Joy, joy, dearest Lucinda! My kindest of mothers (who never forgets that she was once a foolish girl herself) has commissioned our worthy host to inquire among the country people that supply marketing if we can obtain boarding in some small, quiet, rural “mansion of peace” within a few miles of Laureltown. And Mr. Kindman (good, disinterested person) has just come up to say that he has found us a place. In a retired spot quite off the high road, there lives a widow with a grown-up niece, a daughter that is a little girl, and a son who is in his twentieth year. When her husband was living they occupied a good-sized stone house; but after his death, as her son was then a little boy, she concluded to rent the farm, and live upon the rent, till the youth was old enough to take charge of it. And they removed to a small house in the neighborhood of the farm, a mere cottage with only one acre of ground. I wonder how large an acre looks when you see it.

This negotiation has been going on for two days, without my knowledge; by way of giving me an agreeable surprise if it succeeded, and preventing my disappointment if it did not. And yesterday afternoon when I was out angling with the Wilfords, mamma took a ride with Mr. Kindman to the place, and saw it; and this morning the bargain was concluded, and the cottagers apprised that they might expect us to-morrow.

There was some difficulty about the terms, which Mr. Kindman told mamma were quite too high. Pity that the vile dross called money should always be mixed into all our pleasures. How charming it would be could we go there as friends; they receiving us at once into their hearts, with open arms, and welcoming us beneath their hospitable roof. And then in return (for we like to be generous) we might present them with a silver vase (such as

they could use for a tea-pot) with a complimentary inscription, which I should delight in writing myself.

I inquired about the young people who are now to be my companions. Mamma had only seen the orphan niece whose name I find is Mary. I am glad it is nothing worse. I could never have reconciled myself to Rachel or Hannah. Common as Mary is, it seems to be approved by the poets. I am sorry to understand that the people of our country (at least the white people) have no pastoral names among them, such as Phillis, Chloe, Damon and Colin. Alas! we have no shepherds in America. None, at least, that pass their lives on verdant banks, beneath the shade of spreading trees, twining their crooks and their hair with garlands of flowers. Papa says there are no such shepherds anywhere. He has told us of the first shepherd he saw in England, a clumsy, red-faced old man dressed in a coarse brown jacket, a dirty gray waistcoat, corduroy knee-breeches, leather gaiters, and hob-nailed shoes; and that he was knitting blue yarn stockings instead of wreathing roses; and he had no crook at all, but only a thick club of a stick, and an ugly big dog.

Well, we will give up shepherds. I do not suppose any of our American countrymen could be contented to sit all day and watch sheep. There must be some other way for our sheep-keeping. To be sure, if Yankees would be shepherds, they might whittle sticks all the time.

I feel pre-disposed to love this youthful Mary. I have questioned mamma about her, but she is not very communicative; wishing, as usual, to give me an agreeable surprise. I learn, however, that Mary is a blonde. I wish I was one. I have always regretted my dark hair and eyes. Still it is customary in novels and pictures for two fair friends or two loving sisters to be of opposite complexions. One of them is dark-haired and energetic; the other light-haired and mild. And yet, Lucinda, do you not recollect that Ella Roseby, the worst imp in school, had flaxen locks and sky-blue eyes.

I like to imagine this cottage-Mary as one of those lovely things with fawn-like steps; and hearts welling-up in fountains of sweetness; and rosy smiles; and ringing laughs and peach-bloom cheeks; and golden hair gushing down their swan-like necks; and dewy, violet eyes, or else large strange ones. Well—well—I shall know her tomorrow.

I must lay down my pen, and commence the direful task of packing for removal. Oh, this "worky-day world."

I was up this morning two hours before the first bell, to accustom myself to rising with the earliest blush of dawn, as soon as I commence life in a cottage. I looked out of my window, and saw the Jumperville stage start from the door of the hotel; and the grocer's boy opposite, opening the shop-windows. Then the shoemaker opened his, and then the tailor. Why must there be shoemakers?

Why tailors? I know they are necessary evils. But then their trades are so unpicturesque. They spoil the beauties of the rising day. Finding nothing to do when up (my packing having been finished last evening) I went to bed again. But as I was too much excited to sleep, I re-rose; and early as it was, commenced what are truly called the labors of the toilet. Fortunately in the cottage the simplest costume will suffice. "Robes loosely flowing, hair as free."

We went to breakfast; and sat down (the last time I hope till next summer) to a long long table set out with tea and coffee, and steaks and sausages, and oysters and omelets, and hot rolls. Tomorrow morning I expect to banquet on honey and fruit and cream, (the cream-bowl decked with flowers,) and little delicious cakes of some sort, white as if made of snow.

We have arrived at the cottage—the cottage of the Batson family. I am now sitting in my own room, and as the weather is too warm to do anything else, I will take the interval between this and dinner-time to proceed with my journal. You will like to know my first impressions; but I flatter myself that first impressions are often deceptive. *Nous verrons.*

The cottage is very small. But so a *real* cottage ought to be. Its height is one story and a half. Its tint is of a quiet dark-brown diversified with blackish streaks. The boards of which it is constructed have never been disguised by gaudy paint. I stipulated with mamma that we were not to have a white cottage—a glaring thing with green door and green shutters. The roof is very sloping; and continues to slope till it becomes also a roof for the front porch. I did not see much moss about it; but a blanket was sunning upon it; and a bolster and pillow lay out of the garret window. The porch roof is supported by four pillars (commonly called posts) with a hop-vine running over them. I would rather it was an eglantine, or a woodbine, or a jessamine. Hops are doubtless useful; but the leaves are so tattery, and dusty-looking, and the blossoms so remind one of beer. The windows of the cottage are few and far between, and differ very much in size and shape. This is rather an advantage, for if regular, they might look too stiff. I wish, however, they were lattices with diamond-shaped panes, like the cottages in drawing-books and satin-pieces. But I fear such windows are not to be expected in America, any more than straw-roofs. A strange thing protruded out from one side of the house (the side at which was the kitchen chimney). It looked like the small domes in the panorama of Jerusalem. I found it to be a clay oven. I must tell you that the front of the cottage is shaded by a large mulberry tree (think of Shakespeare), and that a stream runs behind it. The garden is at one side, and the rest of the domain is a weedy yard with a chicken coop and a pump. I wish the pump was a well; or still rather a

spring gushing from a rock. I had promised myself the delight of drawing water from the spring; but there is no pleasure in pumping.

As we approached the cottage, we saw glimpses of several persons gliding about; but when we stopped at the door there was not a human being to be seen. We alighted from the carriage. Our driver deposited our baggage in the porch, mamma paid him, and he drove off. We then entered the dwelling of rural felicity. I had read of cottages where "green rushes were strewed on the floor," but here we found that species of domestic carpet vulgarly called a rag-rug. There were not even rush-chairs; but six tall narrow red-painted wooden ones. The window was not curtained with roses, but with green and yellow wall-paper. Near it hung a colored print representing a man in a black cap, and a blue coat with red cuffs, galloping violently on a reddish horse, over a verdigris ground. The inscription beneath was "Jersey Blue."

Presently there came and took her seat in a hard, high, painful-looking, entire-wooden rocking-chair, a thin, sun-parched little girl, about nine or ten years old, dressed in a tight, narrow, brown silk frock (I fear it was made out of an old skirt) trimmed with a scanty flounce. This dress made her look very hot, for it was high in the neck, and had long tight sleeves. Beneath it appeared pantalets of large-cross-barred white muslin, frilled with the same, very much blued, and starched stiff. Round her neck was pinned a dingy many-colored plaid silk handkerchief. Her yellow hair was platted very hard and strong, and tied about with a faded blue gauze ribbon. Stretching out both hands so as to rest them on the arms of the chair, she commenced rocking with all her might; steadfastly gazing at us in silence. She had really very large eyes, but I could not decide on their expression.

"What is your name, my dear?"—said I.

You know, dear Lucinda, I am generally amiable to children.

"Sally Ann Batson"—was the reply.

"Will you be my little friend?"—said I, approaching her.

"Yes, if you'll give me three levies and a fip"—replied the child.

"Why that sum, exactly?"—inquired mamma, with a smile.

"Because, it will buy me some artificials for my bonnet, just like Susan Brown's."

"Would not fresh-blooming flowers?"—said I—"be more becoming to rural innocence?"

"Is it me you call a ruly innocent?"—said Miss Sally Ann Batson. "That's talking as if I was a baby."

"Would you not prefer beautiful real flowers?"—said I.

"No—not if you mean righty-dighty flowers. I wouldn't be seen with such things in my bonnet. No, no—artificials is all the go. And three levies and a fip will buy me just such a bunch as Susan Brown's. They have them down at the store."

I immediately took out my purse, and gave her a half-dollar. Instead of flying to me wild with gratitude, and devouring my hand with kisses, she reached out for the money without leaving her seat.

"I see you've plenty more in your purse"—said she—"I'd like you to give me a quarter-dollar besides, to buy a finger-ring. They have beautiful ones at the store, all shiny like goold, with a sort of bright big diamonds in them as red as fire."

"Will a quarter-dollar really make you very happy?"—said I, giving her one.

"Only middling. I cannot be *very* happy without a pair of white kid gloves, to wear when I go to church."

What a rapacious little thing! I began to be disappointed in the cottage child; and mamma made a sign to me to give her nothing more.

Just then appeared our hostess, Mrs. Batson, dressed in the ugliest mousseline de laine I ever saw, and a cap overloaded with coarse cotton lace, and red-lilac gauze ribbon. She is a tall, thin, bony woman—very faded, but perhaps more through work than age. I thought there was a peculiar expression in her eyes, but I cannot now say of what sort. I shall study her character. I think it is communicative; for she immediately told us (what we knew before) that she had been left a widow with two children (having lost seven), and that finding the farm too much for a lone woman to manage, she had rented it out to David Wheatley till her son Stephen came of age, and that its owner in the meantime was working with David Wheatley, and learning farming, so as to be ready to take his own place when he was twenty-one; as David was then going to move out west. So meanwhile she and her family lived here upon the rent; and had besides, their own garden-truck, and pigs, and chickens; and also a cow that picked up a good living along the road-side, and in the woods. With all a mother's laudable pride, Mrs. Batson then proceeded to inform us that Stephen was counted very likely, (meaning that he was considered handsome,) and that it was thought he might have his pick of all the girls in the neighborhood.

Next, Mrs. Batson informed us that she had living with her an orphan niece named Mary Brent, who being her sister's daughter, she had brought up; and that Mary was a very useful girl, helping with all the housework; so that Sally Ann, being weakly, could be spared doing anything. I felt sorry to hear that Mary helped with the housework; the idea is not agreeable. Her hands cannot possibly be white and delicate.

Mamma then proposed adjourning to our rooms, and expressed a desire to have our baggage carried up, as it still remained in the porch.

"We han't got no man or boy about the house"—said Mrs. Batson. "I forgot to tell you when we were bargaining, that I keep no help—that is, no hired help. Stephen stays mostly at Dave Wheatley's. If he was here he'd take up your

things for you in a minute. Sally Ann, dear, won't you step over to black Jack's, and tell him to come here and carry up some trunks for these women. There's a family of free negers living just back of the lot"—she continued, in explanation—"and we can get any of them to come and do jobs whenever we are at a none-plush."

Sally Ann, after some hesitation, departed, and in a short time returned with black Jack, who carried up the baggage for us, and mamma paid him liberally. He was very thankful, pulled his front hair, scraped his foot, and said—"I give you great applause, ma'am. The ladies will please to 'member that whenever they wants anything fotched or carried, or any arrants gone, I'm the man what they're to look up to."

Mamma went to her room, and Sally Ann followed me into mine; and stood over me while I was unpacking my chief trunk; inspecting its contents, and asking me all sorts of questions about them. I had to recollect that this must be perfectly natural in an unsophisticated child, brought up in a cottage; particularly when she combed her front hair with my dressing-comb, and was proceeding to rub her teeth with my tooth-brush, which I luckily snatched from her before it was too late.

"What's the matter?"—she exclaimed, indignantly. "What harm shall I do to your tooth-brush?"

I then explained to her that a tooth-brush could only be used by one person.

"Well, if I ever heard the like!"—said she.

I began to fear that the cottage child might be too unsophisticated; and yet I have a misgiving that in some things she is very cunning.

"Oh, what a pretty fan!"—said she, taking up my last now one, and flirting it open. "It looks quite scrumptious when I fan with it. I expect it's the one you carry to church. Won't you make me a present of it?"

"I think a plainer one would be more suitable to a little girl like you"—replied I.

"Oh, not a bit! I hate plain things. Let me keep this!"—and, fanning herself violently, she broke it at the important place where fans always break. "There"—said she, laying it down—"I don't want it now. Broken fans an't no use."

I was much vexed—particularly as the fan was a very elegant one, and given to me by my dear Aunt Millington, on my last birthday. I wish I had left it in town.

"Don't look so cross!"—said Sally Ann. "I'll be bound you've plenty of money to buy another. Oh! what a pretty ribbon—and what a pretty bow to it. It will just do for me"—twining it round her very-perspiring neck. "You'll give it me, won't you? You know you said you wanted me to be your friend."

I gave her the ribbon, and tried to think her excusable.

After she had fingered everything she saw me unpack, and asked for several more articles that

she fancied, (to which requests I made no reply,) I summoned courage to say to her—"Now, my dear Sally Ann, will you oblige me by going down stairs. I wish to be alone till dinner-time."

"La! wouldn't you rather have me to keep you company? I hate to be alone."

"No"—I replied—"I am going to write."

"Who are you going to write to?"

"Never mind—I really wish you to leave me."

"I'll go, if you'll promise to let me read the letter before you send it off. I've had plenty of schooling, and I can read writing very well, if it's writ plain. I always like to read people's letters, and so does mamma"—(what a word for mamma or mother!)

I now began to lose all patience. "Sally Ann"—said I—"I must insist on being alone."

"So then"—said she—"you think my room's better than my company."

"Go down!"—I replied, in a peremptory tone.

She then flung out of the room, and ran down stairs. As the doors were all open, I heard her say to her mother—"Mumma, one of the strange women (the young woman) has been aggravating me. She han't got a bit of manners. She won't let me stay in her room. And she's mean besides; for she wouldn't give me nothing but this ribbon."

Her mother's answer was in a suppressed voice, so that I couldn't distinguish the words, but I did not at all like the tone; and warm as my room is, I went and shut the door.

I must lay down my pen, for I hear Mrs. Batson calling from the foot of the stairs—"Come down to dinner, will you?"

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Entre nous, Lucinda, the dinner was anything but inviting, and not at all like the cottage fare I had read of. There was a dish of fried salt pork floating in fat, and another of what our hostess called "frizzled beef." These viands were too much alike, and neither of them looked tempting. There were some tough ill-drained greenish beans; and some very purple beets.

"Our potatoes isn't fit to dig yet!"—said Mrs. Batson. "They were planted late; and it's a great waste to take them up small. So we mostly does without potatoes in summer time, when we've plenty of other truck."

The dinner introduced us to her niece Mary. Now Mary is really a very mild, gentle-looking girl with a white skin and auburn hair. I looked at her hands, and found them truly large and red—poor thing. Lucinda, let us in future be skeptical as to the lily hands of cottage girls. She partly sat at table, and partly waited on it; wiping the knives and forks when they were to be changed; and when it was wanted, cutting thin slices of bread from off a loaf that was brown to be sure, but rather sour than sweet.

"I never has my dinner-bread cut aforehand"—said Mrs. Batson—"because all that's cut mightn't be ate; and that would be a waste; and

it's wicked to waste bread—or to take more of anything than we can eat."

Tumblers seemed scarce, and Sally Ann and her mother drank out of the same, replenished from a brown pitcher that stood on the table. After the meat was dispatched, Mary brought in a dish of old yellow boiled corn, at the sight of which Sally Ann testified much joy; and Mrs. Batson was greatly surprised when mamma and I declined eating any.

"Not eat corn?"—she exclaimed. "Well, if ever I heard the like! Why where could you have been raised? I had a great lot of it boiled, thinking you'd make the chief of your dinner off it."

"Never mind, mumma"—said Sally Ann—"there'll be the more for them that likes it."

The corn was smoking hot, so as to burn fingers and mouths. Each of the family took an ear, and after a slight buttering began to blow it, to make it a little cooler. And Sally Ann seized two more ears in advance, and plunged them into the pitcher of water, addressing them with—"There now, do you stay there and get cool by the time I'm ready for you."

Of course, we drank no more water. I never saw anything eaten with such apparent enjoyment as this unwholesome corn. Even the quiet Mary opened her lips and said—"I love corn."

"As for me"—said Sally Ann—"I could munch it from morning till night. I always have the biggest heap of cobs on my plate by the time dinner is over."

The repast finished with a very sour apple-pie baked in a very tough crust, and a small pitcher of very blue milk to eat with it.

"I have always heard"—said Mrs. Batson—"that townspeople think a great deal of pie and milk when they get into the country."

Lucinda, I have not described my room to you. The ceiling of course is "villanous low." It is a very small apartment, with only one window; the sash propped up with an old hearth-brush that must have belonged to the parlor, for there are no chimneys in the chambers. This window is shaded (or rather unshaded) by a muslin curtain, so thin that it does no manner of good. To be sure the bed is not of straw. On the contrary it is of feathers, and looks distressingly soft for a summer couch. And there is a heavy patchwork quilt that I shall certainly remove before I seek the sweet oblivion of repose. I intend to sit up very late to make the night shorter, for I mistrust its agreeability. There is no closet or press; so after partially unpacking, I had to put my things into an ill-made bureau, whose drawers will neither open nor shut—at least not without Herculean exertion. I think I shall have to hire black Jack to stay here and attend this bureau.

Mamma's room is no better than mine. She makes not the smallest comment on any of these *déagrémens*. I suppose for fear of discouraging me.

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We were summoned to tea. I know not whether the tea was black or green, for it had neither taste nor color. There was no "cream bowl duly set." The cream was in a little jug that held about a gill, and Mrs. Batson doled it out in drops, as if she was dropping medicine. There were some tough short cakes baked white, a plate of white cheese, and a saucer of black things that I afterwards found were quartered quinces. Mamma and I tried to pretend to eat and drink, but found it severe work. Towards the close of the repast, Mrs. Batson said to us—"And now, good folks, if you've done with your sassers, just hand them to me, and I'll wash them off in the slop bowl and give you some preserves on them. Mary, get me a cloth to wipe with."

Mary rose, and produced a towel; the saucers were washed and wiped, and two bits of quince were served out on each. The "preserves" were so hard as to be scarcely eatable or indeed biteable, and very sour beside.

When tea was over, we went out, and walked round the domain, and sat in the porch. I picked up some of the mulberries that strewed the ground beneath the great tree; looking as they did, like short red worms. But I did not admire their taste more than their looks. Now that I have had experience in mulberries, I wish Shakespeare had planted a better sort of tree.

I tried to enter into conversation with Mary, but could get nothing out of her. It may be timidity, and perhaps will wear off. I will hope for the best.

It was scarcely twilight when Mrs. Batson informed us that it was time for all good people to be in bed; and that in summer evenings she never lighted no candle down stairs, as it brought in the mosquitoes.

"Mary"—said she—"I suppose these women are pretty tired, and I am sure all the rest of us is. Sally Ann's been asleep in the rocking-chair this half-hour. So get a candle to light them to bed. The mother can use the candle first, and the daughter can wait till she has done with it, and then take it in her own room; and she'll please to set it out at her door before she gets into bed, and then you can have it."

A small thin, yellowish candle standing loosely in the large socket of a tall iron candlestick was to do all this duty. I looked imploringly at mamma, so that she said—"Mrs. Batson, I will thank you to let us have a second candle. My daughter must at once have a light to herself."

"Well—if ever!"—exclaimed Mrs. Batson. "It's terrible to see how girls is indulged now. Go, Mary—if it must be so, get another candle for the young lady. I suppose a small bit will do."

By that bit of candle I am writing to my dear Lucinda. It is now sinking and flickering in the socket. But the moon has risen, and by her silver light, that shines directly in at my window, I can see to prepare for bed. There is after all

something sweet and mild in going to bed by moonlight.

It is now morning, and gladly have I welcomed the first beams of dawn light, for I slept but little. I took off the patchwork quilt. I detest all patchwork, even that which is called ornamental and covers fashionable chairs. I found my apprehensions of the feather bed being too soft, were not realized. For the feathers were so few, that as soon as compressed by my lying down, the bed sank flat into little more than a sewed-up ticking, through which I felt the sacking-bottom and the cords and wooden pins. The bolster and pillow also sunk flat in the same manner.

We have been at breakfast. Alas! for the anticipated cream, and fruit, and honey. We had a drab-colored liquid miscalled coffee, sweetened with grayish-brown sugar, a salt mackerel, (which was untouched except by the family,) a plate of green cucumber pickles that we willingly left to Sally Ann and Mary, and a violently salt and smoky Indian cake; with the remains of the brownish loaf to be cut as it was wanted.

I never supposed, Lucinda, that I should become fastidious about my food; or is it that I have never before experienced the annoyance of being expected to eat things that were uninviting and unpalatable? It is evident that people who are "to the manner born" have no perception of ill-tasted victuals—at least in their own houses.

Three days have now dragged slowly on, and I candidly acknowledge to my dear Lucinda that I have grown quite tired of life in a cottage—at least in the Batson cottage. Sally Ann follows me about everywhere, and teases me for all manner of things. There is no offence in Mary, the ever-silent Mary. But mild and gentle as she looks, I saw her yesterday chasing a fowl all about the yard, till she had fairly run it down; and when she caught it, she brought it to the back door, laid its head on the stone that serves for a step, and Sally Ann brought her a knife and stood by laughing while Mary cut off the head of the poor squawking, fluttering bird. I covered my eyes with my hands, but I *know* she cut it off. Though it was the only fowl that had been on the table since we came here, I could not touch it at dinner.

Stephen I did not see till yesterday evening, when he came home to make a short visit. He has rather a handsome face, but is very awkward,

and has a sort of clownish conceit about him that is unprepossessing. Mary and he sat a long time together on the bench at the far end of the porch. To my utter surprise I found that the quiet Mary, when Stephen was with her, could talk fast enough. But oh! so foolishly!

It is true that when I am in company with Stanford Lenox I always find myself more loquacious than usual; but then I take care to talk my very best. Poor Mary—the best she can say, is rather worse than nothing. Yet Stephen seems to like it. I prophesy a match. I have no desire, however, to stay here to see.

Joy! joy! my darling Lucinda. Mamma has just been into my room to ask me if I have had quite enough of the present specimen of cottage life. "Quite"—was my reply; and I gladly assured her that I was perfectly willing (nay, very anxious) to return to our hotel at Laureltown. Anticipating this, she had already sent for a conveyance thither; and I shall immediately proceed to packing up as fast as possible.

Dear Lucinda, we are again at Mr. Kindman's delightful establishment. Next week we go to meet papa. When the carriage set us down at the door, I ran up the steps as if treading on air. How charming to find ourselves again in handsome rooms, with plenty of servants in attendance, and everything *comme il faut*.

"I hope you have had a pleasant time here?"—said Mrs. Batson, after mamma had paid her for a full week, and at a price that would have been extravagant in a genteel and comfortable house. "I did not know it was such a nice thing to take city people to board. Now I've begun, I shall stick to it. So if any of your friends should be coming this way, of course you'll give them a recommendation to my house. Are you soon going back to town?"

"Next week"—replied mamma.

"Well then—I am going to town myself before the winter sets in, to take Sally Ann. So I guess we'll come and see you; and maybe while we stay, we'll make our home with you. What's your direction?"

"We expect to remove to a new house, after papa comes home"—said I.

"Never mind"—said Sally Ann—"I guess we'll find you out wherever you be. Won't we, mamma?"

Is there never to be an end of the Batson cottage?

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Painted by M.V. Sharp.

Engraved by A.L. Dick.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Engraved for Godeys Lady's Book

SATURDAY EVENING.

BY THE PEN AND INK SKETCHER.

WHAT glorious Saturdays were those
When, longing for my Sunday clothes,
I took my much accustomed dose,
 Life's trouble scorning;
Lay down, and if I dreamt of bliss,
Thought of life's "hit," but not its "miss,"
Knowing I'd have my mother's kiss
 On Sabbath morning.

But now the scene is rather changed:
My mother's dead—old friends estranged—
This sick heart, like a mind deranged,
 Strange visions cross
Of *something* vagrant to my mind.
There's vague in heart, and hope, and mind,
A ceaseless sense of undefined,
 Retrieveless loss.

But why lament? Go back—go back,
Wild heart, on life's half blasted track:
Think of young days when nought was black;
 Think of the scrub
Just when the day began to fail;
Ponder o'er soap, and brush, and pail,
And *swiftly* tell, like Swift, a tale—
 " Tale of a Tub."

The iron handle of the pump
(Seen in the picture) makes me jump:
My heart beats to my mother's thump
 When, from the street,
She quietly enticed me in,
Then tucked a cloth beneath my chin,
And soaped me till she vowed my skin
 Was clean and sweet.

But who can paint those early woes,
Which every grown up baby knows?
The feeble knocks which *then* seemed blows—
 (Excuse the trope);
The rubs which made my eyes so sore;
The towel rough which made me roar,
And left me wishing for no more
 Soft words or soap.

The bird above my washing-place
Looks down with impudent grimace,
As if he said—"My birdie race,
 Clean feathered elves,
Need none to wash *our* dirt away;
We have no washing bills to pay
From Saturday till Saturday—
 We wash ourselves."

Well, I remember now with pride
How mother drew me to her side—
The scrubbing o'er—(let none deride
 With foolish airs)—
How I was nestled on her breast—
Earth's dearest, holiest place of rest!—
And on that sanctuary blest
 Said childish prayers.

Oh, what would I not give to hear
Those mother-tones, so soft, so dear?
Years fly—to *her* I'm drawing near:
 And, life's work done,
Heaven will be Heaven indeed to me,
When mother—mother mine—I see,
And hear her say, "I welcome thee,
 My son—my son!"

But wherefore should I pine and sigh?
Pleasures but pall, and flash and die!
Up, muse, thy wings outspread and fly;
 Leave manhood's troubles.
Go back to early days again;
Walk o'er green fields untouched by pain;
Use soap and water—and again
 Blow *bursting* bubbles.

When pleasures pall, and hopes decay
In the "black vesper" of our day,
And, like a pageant passed away,
 Earth's heart looks chill,
Think on the time when hope was young,
When its fine harp was yet unstrung—
Think of your washerwoman's tongue,
 And *pay her bill!*

Remember *her* who made your face
Twist into many a queer grimace—
Remember cleanliness is grace.
 It may sound oddly
To ears polite, but there's no doubt—
And they who've sense will find it out—
He who's a clean face is about
 The next to godly.

Last, but not least, remember *this*—
Thy mother's care, thy mother's kiss,
Her prayers for thee and for thy bliss;
 And often trace,
Through after life, the heart which bled,
The eyes which living lustre shed
On yours—the hand, cloth-covered,
 Which wiped your face.

J. Ross Dix.

LANGUAGE.

THERE is a universal language. Power and means of communication are providentially distributed throughout the vast range of animated creation. There is no insect so trifling, no emmet so insignificant as not to possess facilities for the impartation of the emotions that agitate its tiny frame to its sympathetic fellows. The continuous hum of that pattern of thrifty industry, the bee; the solitary chirping of the cricket of the hearth; the sonorous drumming of the forest pheasant; the lonely tap of the timid woodpecker; the nightly howl of the faithful watch dog; the shrill scream of the Alpine eagle; the terrific roar of the African forest king, are all but so many vehicles of conversation. And is it only the revel of a poet's dream that ascribes an unwritten and inaudible, and yet a most impressive eloquence to the material world? Hath the gentle spire, meekly springing from the bosom of the parent earth, no tongue to tell of its humble rejoicings? Is the contemplatist deaf to the whisperings of a most musical voice, while gazing rapturously on the golden harvest as it rolls and fluctuates in wavy undulations, responsive to the bland salutations of the wooing breeze? Is there no appeal to the great deep of man's heart in the rustle of the decadent foliage, seeking its lowly destiny in obedience to the bidding of the autumnal blast? Is the mind unconscious of a trembling awe, when the storm-demon rideth on gusty surges along the deserted avenue, and in maniacal glee hurleth his icy missiles through the shattered casements? The iron lungs of the tempest discourse fearful rhetoric when they summon the spirits from the vasty deep, and old ocean echoeth to the invocation. Deep—in the glorious words of inspiration—calls unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; and amidst the solemn music of the rolling thunder, the vivid glare of the sheeted lightning, there ariseth a very strange, a very terrible, and yet a most magnificent chorus, which, sweeping along the skyey vault, seems to sue in importunate grandeur for admission into that celestial sphere, where neither strife of element nor man is ever heard.

But of all the agencies that tend to swell the choral symphony of general creation, that contributed by man is pre-eminent. There is no music like unto that of the human voice; there are no strains so wealthy in the profusion of ineffable melody as those which escape from the lips of the Creator's image. The lute, the harp and the organ away with a most imperious control the passions of the heart while vocalizing the mightiest conceptions of genius in the productions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart. There is magic, too, in the love-

breathing tones of the soft guitar, a spirit-stirring eloquence in the martial effusions of the trumpet and the drum; but whether in the hour of joy or sorrow, mirth or melancholy, weal or wo—whether amidst the elegancies of worldly prosperity or the sad reverses of fortune's frown—whether in the pulpit, the forum or the senate hall—whether we wish for an echo to the irrepressible outbursts of exultant hope, or a kindly response to the grief-fraught moan, there is no sound so cheering, so soothing, so commanding, as that of the human voice. It adds the richest foam to the mantling cup of terrestrial joys, and, amidst the desolations wrought by calamity, it falls upon the pained and wearied spirit like showers of rose leaves on an arid soil.

Nor is it only when addressed to the ear that language displays its power and priceless desert. Blessed be the memory of him whose ingenuity relieved the tongue of an incalculable amount of service, and made the eye available in gathering aliment for the insatiable mind. Oral tradition has been expelled from the abodes of civilization and sought refuge in savage haunts. Dr. Faustus has introduced a universal contemporaneousness! Time has become a perpetual *now*. We have but to pass from the parlor to the library, and if, as the axiom runs, mind makes the man, we are conversant and co-existent with Pericles and Plato, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It is true, the breathing, corporeal entities are not before us, and we are the better off for their absence—otherwise we should be uncomfortably crowded, and our political economists would have additional trouble in adjusting a tariff to provide bread for the multitude!

While communing with the mighty intellects of old, if our vanity is occasionally depressed by a contemplation of their splendid creations, unrivalled by the loftiest developments of our own era, ample amends are made by the discovery that the very same thoughts of which we imagined ourselves the originators, were considered worthy of tenantry in the immortal minds of extremest yore. And then what a life-like feeling of actual translation to the vales of Arcady, the cool recesses of Tempe, and the philosophic shades of Academus and the Grove, comes over us while bathed with the inspiration of Grecian poetry, wisdom and eloquence. We seem to inhale the soft atmosphere of that bland and sunny clime which imparted of its own warmth and richness to the imagination of Sappho, of Sophocles and Pindar. "Of the earth earthy," indeed, must that mortal be, who, entering the domain of ancient literature, remains innocent of

reverential emotion while surveying the colossal proportions of genius shadowed forth in the harmonious periods of a tongue which for three thousand years has survived—an unscathed edifice of majestic symmetry and gorgeous beauty—a pyramidal monument of antique glory. Cold, indeed, must be the devotion of him who remains unmoved by the resplendency of thought which bursts forth and glows with a steady fervor in the pages of the sightless bard of Ionia and the sagacious orator of Rome, with a vigor and intensity so powerful that the lifeless types themselves seem to stand out vivid and lustrous like sentient gems, sparkling emanations, burning with radiance communicated by the brilliant conceptions which they represent, flashing forth a sentiment in every word, an axiom in every line, a corollary in every paragraph. There is an inborn, inexpressible satisfaction to the mind well attuned in the appreciation of the beauty and the strength, the essence and the vitality of those inimitable and indestructible passages of the Athenian orator, which colored with the ruddy blush of shame the pallid cheek of craven cowardice, stirred the elements of honor and patriotism to enthusiastic agitation, and excited the irrepressible shout "To battle!" There is a chaste delight in perusing the cutting satire, the splendid oburgations, the brilliant invectives of that eloquence which startled the world victor from his unsteady throne, and in the authoritative accents of unquailing freedom, compelled the submission of arms to the toga.

Imperishable be the structure of his fame who has taught mind to defy the corroding ravages of time and to disdain circumscription by geographical limits, who has given to the wand of the poet a universal prerogative, and to the empire of the sage an interminable duration. The song of the minstrel awaketh with the morning in the clime of the orient, and the musical sighings of his strain linger in the evening twilight of the western sphere. The thunder of the indignant declamation of the apostles of liberty against usurpation and wrong the wide world over, bursts through the portals of Columbia's fair Capitol, and its dying reverberations chase repose from the couch of antipodal despots. The tide of Christian benevolence in its resistless progress sweeps away the barriers of superstitious idolatry, and bears upon its broad bosom to the homes of the dwellers in spiritual darkness in heathen wilds and fastnesses, the inspired certificate of man's salvation—the Holy Bible. And here we pause to gaze with solemn rapture upon the blessed volume lying at our side. How delightedly—and yet, it may not be, wearily—does the pale student turn from the

glowing pages of the Grecian, no, not Grecian, but the—bard of the universe, where every character seems the representative of a genius as grand as man might well possess and live, to the yet more awfully-enrapturing and soul-absorbing revelations of the sacred oracles, announcing the existence and the unimaginable excellences of that august Being, of whom to think without awe is an aggravated crime, and to speak without reverence is a great transgression. After banqueting on the incomparable disquisitions of the philosopher and sage, around whose lips clustered the golden-winged bees to sip the fragrant which embalms the melody of truth, and whose wonderful teachings only failed to elevate man to the station to which supernatural agency alone was to exalt him, the aspiring soul, unsatisfied with the meagre ministrations of humanity, reverts eagerly to the instructions of Him who spake as man never spake, dwells with holy rapture on the accents of the Redeemer in the very dialect in which they fell from his guileless lips, and shudders at the contemplation of the presumptuous sentence of an earth-born worm which consigned to an excruciating death upon the ignominious cross the incarnate *I AM*. Entranced in amazement and sunk in adoration, the undying spirit discovers that the path to perennial bliss, which human pride and ostentation would fain have had to traverse lofty eminences constructed by lordly and arrogant reason, glittering with sapphire and gemmed with rubies, to be trodden alone by the silvered sandal of pomp, winds its way unobtrusively through the vale of humility, encompassed with thorns and saturated with the blood of many a suffering pilgrim, yet abundantly fragrant with the rose of Sharon and refreshed with the waters of the river of Life. In the pregnant tomes of Pagan lore we read that the chief end of living is to be satisfied at its termination, and this is the *ultima thule* of mortal adventures in the sphere of morals. We cast our eyes on the priceless testament bequeathed by a benign Redeemer to a wicked and desperate world, and in it and by it we are taught not only so to live as to deprive life's casualties of their cunning to torment, its asperities of their property to harass—we are instructed not only how to "shuffle off the mortal coil" with the triumphant exultation that should ever attend the liberation of the immortal spirit from its cumbrous prison-house of clay, to mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, but the truth of the precepts is sanctioned and ratified in the victorious deaths of a thousand martyrs and the sublime and glorious exit of a God. *Gloria in excelsis.*

THE SWISS EMIGRANT ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES

BY J. M'LELLAN, JR.

O! DREAM the path, and bleak the day,
A cheerless toil, a weary way!
Long, long extends the painful route—
Long, long the endless miles stretch out.
They tell me that this prairie-plain,
Far-stretching as the rolling main,
Will smile, when Spring-time shall return,
To scatter from her lavish urn
Her prismatic light, her rosy hues,
Her genial showers and precious dews;
These bleak and naked woods will feel
A quickening influence o'er them steal;
On twig and branch the living bloom
Its vernal beauty will resume;
Soft buds along each verdurous spray
Will burst, and leaves their palms display;
The ivy round each trunk will fling
Its rings, and glossy woodbines cling;
And the bright festoons of the grape
With garlands the old woods will drape;
Bees through the golden air will float,
And flitting birds unite their notes;
And the wide prairies, dead and sere,
Will blossom with the opening year.

The way is long! the way is cold!
Storms threaten from the cloud's black fold;
And blinding snows, and sleety hail,
Like evil spirits float the gale.
An universal frost hath bound,
In icy chains, the solid ground:
Mute lie the river and the streams,
The water-wheel with blue ice gleams,
And shrilly through the bending grass
The biting northern whirlwinds pass,
And scarce the panting team can toil
Through the thick snows that heap the soil.
As onward wearily I roam,
My soul will still wing back to home!
Though plains and mountains intervene,
And ocean rolls its tides between,
Still like a freed bird fast it flies
To early haunts and native skies:
As fancy waves her golden wand
Bright scenes, forgotten scenes, expand,
Soft images of happier days
Gleam out through memory's swimming haze,
And the poor exile's heart forgets
In pleasing dreams her vain regrets.

Home of my childhood! bright appears
Thy humble roof, all gray with years;
The sunshine o'er thy mossy eaves
Glances, and twinkle the bright leaves
Of woodbine and the swinging vine
That o'er thy modest porch entwine:

Along the borders roses bloom,
And pinks commingle their perfume;
The green grass, stretch'd before the door,
Untrod by dancing footsteps more,
Glimmers in light, or sleeps in shade,
And peaceful sleeps the woodland glade.

The winding brook with laughter gay
Still runs rejoicing on its way;
Now rippling by the bending sedge,
Now bubbling past its willow hedge;
Its marge as green, as bright its bed,
As when our truant steps it led.
My mother and my aged sire
Beside their glowing winter fire
I see, or in the mellow air
Of eve, stretch'd on the rustic chair;
I hear their voices, catch their smile
Beam on our happy group the while,
As each would tell some tale of old,
Or the sage stores of age unfold.
I hear them yet! though sadly waves
The rank grass o'er their lowly graves,
And the gray tablet's dusty face
Recites that they have ceased their race.

Hills of my noble fatherland!
I see your lofty peaks expand;
Above the soaring clouds they rise,
Amid the blue fields of the skies;
High o'er Chamouni's valley soar
Thy peaks, Mount Blanc! thy summits hoar;
Thy regal brow in grandeur glows
With its brave diadem of snows;
The Eiger and the Aar-horn flash
The arrowy sunbeams, and the dash
Of torrents from each airy peak
In tones of volleyed thunder speak.

Thro' the clear air the Switzer's horn
In liquid music-peals is borne;
The chiming of the vesper bell,
To call the old monks from the cell:
I seem to hear the herdsman's reed
As home their tinkling herds they lead—
The hunter's cheer, or the clear call
Of the unceasing waterfall.

Dear scenes! sweet sounds! how closely cling
These memories of life's soft spring;
Years cannot dim, nor leagues efface
Upon the heart their lasting trace.
Though distant realms and rolling years,
Sorrow and hardship, grief and tears,
Conspire the vivid tint to stain,
Still will the precious bloom remain.

SUTHERLAND HALL.

BY J. F. OTIS.

[Concluded from page 180.]

CHAPTER V.

THE ominous month of May saw the celebration of Lord Sutherland's nuptials. No one thought of fate amid so much rejoicing. The hall was thrown open, all the tenants regaled, the poor had large donations, and the popularity of the house of Sutherland was fast regaining its original height. Diamonds and pearls were showered on the fair bride as if she were the heroine of a fairy tale. Wealth, honor, high station were hers, and she was the theme of all tongues and the envy of many hearts. After the usual excursion of a few days, the happy pair returned with two bridesmaids and two young gentlemen to aid in the reception of company.

In those few days little could be disclosed of character on either side. The lady saw in her husband one of the handsomest men of the day, and she had not the slightest doubt of his being perfect in all the qualifications she valued. Lord Sutherland found his fair partner was very lively, and that she could dance to admiration. It appeared to him so certain that every young woman went through a systematic course of tuition, that he could not know, and he would not have believed, that Mrs. Horton's sole idea of training an immortal being consisted in making her hold up the head, turning out the toes, keeping the elbows close to the side, and placing the hands in a graceful position. All the rest was left to a governess, a woman of extreme elegance, who taught bad French, worse Italian, a little music and a great deal of dancing. The heart and mind were left totally uncultured, and principles were left to take their own bias. The moment she could escape from the strict inquisition of her mother, this hopeful pupil was accustomed to express herself by dancing steps. She entered the school-room with a *contretemps*, vulgarly called a hop, step and jump; she assented by a *rigadoon*, and negatived by a *pirouette*. If a taste for music made any part in her composition, it was because music was essential to dancing; and dress was an accompaniment of the very first necessity. Thus prepared to act her part in life's great and important drama, did Lady Sutherland take possession of all her privileges and immunities as mistress of one of the noblest houses in the kingdom.

"To dress, to dance, to troll the tongue and roll the wanton eye,"

was with her the business of her existence, as it had been with the degenerate daughters of Israel.

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Of the two bridesmaids, one was an indolent girl, with large black eyes, who seemed almost Italian—for with her the *dolce far niente* was the chief charm of life. The other was a very different character, the prominent traits of which time alone gradually disclosed. The gentlemen were without any peculiarities, and served admirably for companions in the walk or partners for the dance.

It may readily be supposed that Lord Sutherland felt some anxiety in the first days of his marriage respecting the manners and character of his young wife. He who had seen something of Parisian society could not but be aware what trials await one just entering on the world. He saw that Lady Sutherland had no decided passion for admiration; that when she walked, played, danced or sung, she did it to please herself, without the smallest reference as to who might be looking on or listening; and he thought that he ought to be satisfied.

The time set apart for receiving and paying the visits of ceremony was over, and a grand dinner was to be given, followed by a ball.

"But where are we to dance?" cried Lady Sutherland.

"The gallery in which I have traced so many lonely steps may now echo to the dancer's heel," answered Lord Sutherland, gayly.

"Oh, but the impossibility of lighting those pale green hangings! You can never light green walls."

"I do not love much light," drawled Miss Vernon, half-closing her large eyes as if to shut out the idea.

"Light is the very essence of a ball," interrupted Miss Chetwynd.

"Well, ladies, you must do as well as you can in that particular, for there is no other large room unappropriated."

"There is the very large drawing-room," said Lady Sutherland, with something very like a pouting expression.

"You would not surely dance there?" cried Lord Sutherland, with a start, for he painfully remembered, she well knew, that was the room in which his brother had laid in state, and that it was subsequently set apart as sacred; but he saw by a little confusion in Miss Chetwynd's manner that this had been of her prompting. Turning kindly to his lady, he begged she would have all the light that could be crowded into the gallery that evening, and it was possible some better room might be found for another occasion.

Another and still more painful attack was to be

sustained, springing from the same mischief-working source, which began in open ridicule of the old-fashioned housekeeper, and ended with a request that one better acquainted with the present modes might be set over her. The superior generalship of Lord Sutherland was not to be so easily overcome; he answered that one better acquainted with the general usages of a great establishment was not to be found; but if Lady Sutherland wished for a change, Dame Alice, or, as she was now called, Mrs. Green, should be promoted to the situation of almoner, and have apartments exclusively to herself. This was not to be borne; she had already deeply offended by hinting what care her late lady had taken of the poor, and how frequently she visited them at their own cottages. To give her the power of alms at her own discretion was worse than to be taxed on the subject. She was, therefore, allowed to remain in her present situation.

One more attempt was made by the ingenious Miss Chetwynd to induce a general quiz on the flowing wigs and stiff brocades of the family portraits; but the first time a laughing eye was turned on his mother's picture, the awful frown that gathered on Lord Sutherland's brow warned the insidious mischief-makers to beware.

The great dinner passed like most other great dinners—more state than comfort, more bustle than hilarity; but when the hour for dancing came, the noble host begged leave to make an innovation on general rules, and giving his arm to his own lady, requested the other gentlemen to lead their respective partners to the gallery. Their way lay through the great hall, in which was burning only one feeble lamp. This seemed to be an accident, and his lordship called aloud for more light. At this moment, folding-doors on the right hand flew open, and disclosed a large, long room, brilliantly lighted, with a raised orchestra at the lower end, filled with musicians. The whole band poured forth one rich burst of joyous melody, and Lady Sutherland flew forward with a scream of unrestrained delight. But it was not the beauty of the gayly-chalked floor or the splendor of the well-chosen decorations that struck her with surprise or gratification—it was merely the lights and the music.

Lord Sutherland led her gallantly down the dance, but, in the first pause, he strove to discover whether she appreciated the fine proportions of the room, or the taste with which the additional ornaments had been bestowed, so as to adorn without crowding its walls. Tall pillars of rare and highly polished marble supported lateral arches on each side of the room, from which sprang intersecting ribs of burnished gold, with pendent ornaments similar to those of Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey; from each of these hung a lamp, lustrous with glass drops, throwing around the magic of prismatic rays. Between the pillars stood some of the finest antique statues. At the top of the room were rich tables of inlaid gems;

at the lower end cabinets of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl. One large picture placed over each statue prevented an appearance of coldness which the light walls might otherwise have exhibited. There was no other mode of drawing forth an opinion but by a direct question—"Did she approve of the *tout ensemble* of this new dancing gallery?"

"Yes," was uttered coldly and with some hesitation.

"Is there any part of it displeases you?"

"Those dingy, dark pictures, and the dirty statues. How much prettier are those three white ones in the anteroom of the saloon!"

Lord Sutherland's classical taste received a severe shock. The marbles alluded to were the work of a young sculptor, a *protégé* of the family, and only suffered to remain from a fear of wounding his feelings by their removal. He tried to explain how utterly worthless that group was, while these were of inestimable value.

"Well, now, what can be the worth of that hideous old man, with his great forehead bound round by a narrow bandage?"

"Do you not know that is Homer?"

Her ladyship's face very plainly expressed that she had never even heard of him; but he pointed to an exquisite nymph, with flying drapery held on the shoulders by one hand, and said, with impressive gallantry—"You must admire that, for it is your very prototype while you are flying down the dance!" And he led her out again, for he found that was better than to pursue a subject which had evidently formed no part of her studies. He soon resigned her hand to one more accustomed to the exercise, and spending the rest of the evening in walking up and down the room, or seated on one of the sofas that filled up the corners, tried to amuse himself by looking on the dancers. It was impossible not to admire the vivacity and elastic grace with which a youthful and beautiful woman threaded the mazes of the artfully involved figure of a country dance. Quadrilles were not yet in fashion. But a man of Lord Sutherland's sober habits could not be pleased to see his wife throwing her whole soul into such a display, especially while her mind was so little cultivated; and he asked himself whether it could be possible to repair the sad neglect on the part of her parents, and bring her to a more rational mode of spending her time. He was determined to make the trial, and in the course of the evening gave orders that the breakfast should the next day be laid in the library instead of the dining-room.

The hours seemed interminably long, for as none had been invited but those who would dance, there was no chance for conversation. Lord Sutherland would with pleasure have walked thirty miles in the open air, but to pace a crowded room, stunned by noise as well as dazzled by light and motion, was most irksome. It was with real satisfaction he saw the last group retire, and then sought the silence and solitude of his own apartment.

There was ample time to arrange all his plans, and to place a few elegant books as if by accident on the breakfast table, before the party assembled; and he began by calling their attention to the superior cheerfulness of this room, lighted by one large Gothic window, the upper mullions filled with stained glass, and opening on a landscape rich in the luxuriance of advancing spring. It was, he said, considered almost sacred to himself, but he was delighted to have sweet society at some part of the day. From this it was easy to glide very gracefully into literary subjects of a light order, but he soon found himself talking alone. The gentlemen could not or would not support him; Miss Vernon opened her eyes in stupid wonder; Lady Sutherland yawned audibly and grew pettish, while Miss Chetwynd attempted a species of *badinage*, in which the words "going to school again" seemed to come very naturally. Lord Sutherland gave up the attempt in disgust, and from that moment dress, visiting and dancing, seemed to be the sole business of existence.

Under plea of business it was easy to avoid the dissipation of the morning, but Lord Sutherland found himself compelled to attend the evening parties, which, as they extended to every respectable family within visiting distance, became highly distasteful to him—not only from his inability to find amusement, but from the necessity of mixing with many persons who never had found admittance to the hall before. It was not long before he experienced the ill effects of so sudden a change in his mode of life. Late hours, and the compulsion of playing the hospitable host while chagrin was secretly preying on his heart, brought on illness. He was, for the first time since childhood, obliged to have recourse to medical assistance. Perfect quiet and strict seclusion were ordered under the penalty of certain danger, and his lordship was confined to his dressing-room, where he flattered himself common humanity would compel Lady Sutherland to give him her society. No such thing. She had not married to become a nurse, any more than to go to school again; and by the obstreperous mirth that burst forth whenever a door of one of the lower rooms opened, it would seem as if his absence relieved some of the party from restraint. A formal visit was daily paid by the three ladies after breakfast before they drove out, and after a few cold inquiries, they eagerly hastened away.

Day after day passed away, bringing to the invalid no relief; on the contrary, profound silence and unbroken solitude were unfavorable to his mental disease, and the body sympathized. One day, as the fair, cold visitors were leaving the room, Lord Sutherland detained his wife by her slender fingers, and shutting the door on the others, said, in a tender, serious tone—"Do you love me, Julia?"

"Oh, yes," answered the lady, coldly, while she turned her wrist in different ways that she might observe the effect of the light on her bracelet—"certainly I do. You know I never loved

any one else. But do look at my beautiful bracelet! Did you ever see different-colored gold so well arranged?"

"Do you buy new bracelets when you have so many in diamonds and pearls?"

"Oh! diamonds are only for full dress and pearls for *demi-toilette*. I must have ornaments for the morning. I shall never forget how Miss Chetwynd looked when she saw me preparing to go out in undress with pearl bracelets!"

"I do not like Miss Chetwynd, and I shall be glad when the day of her departure comes!"

Lord Sutherland was, perhaps, surprised by his vexation out of his usual caution and politeness; but his lady hastily exclaimed—"What am I to do without Miss Chetwynd? She has spent one season in London, and knows how everything should be done."

"I think I can introduce you to some very elegant women—or cannot you trust to my judgment, Julia? Come, let us begin to consult on some very important things. I trust you will for once spend part of the day with me?"

"Oh, impossible! Look at my visiting list!" and a set of pearl and gold tablets were displayed full of engagements. "Even now I ought to be in the carriage. So adieu, my lord—adieu, till to-morrow morning!" and breaking away as he would have led her to a seat, her lively ladyship danced out of the room.

Affairs remained in this state for some time—bitter mortification consuming the day, and the repose of the night broken by the rattling of the carriages as they returned from late visitings. Miss Chetwynd had probably been by some means made acquainted with Lord Sutherland's sentiments, for she at times wore an air of hostility to which he paid no attention. All at once she appeared to grow bold from his apparent quietness, endeavored to be very playful and a little *brusque*, hinting how very conveniently this illness had come on to save expense, since a very short time could be enjoyed in London before all the fashionable world would be out of it. She was compelled to tremble at her temerity, for he turned on her with a look she had never seen him assume.

"Our seasons in London, Miss Chetwynd, will always be short. I have no house there, nor shall I have one. I did not marry to make an exhibition of my wife. If Lady Sutherland accompanies me when my parliamentary duties call me thither, it will not be for the purposes of dissipation. But as you, no doubt, have many friends there who are anxious for your agreeable society, I beg we may not detain you here."

The stress laid on the last sentence made it impossible for it to be misunderstood. Lady Sutherland looked very blank. Miss Vernon trembled, for she feared the storm was to reach her also; but Miss Chetwynd muttered a few words between her shut teeth as they withdrew, which, had they been overheard, would have fully shown the nature of the spirit thus roused.

From this time, these two ladies were often shut up for some hours together in one of their dressing-rooms, even to the exclusion of poor Miss Vernon; and Lord Sutherland soon became aware that the weakness or good nature, as she called it, of his lady, was played on at his expense by the arts of this *friend*, and an avaricious waiting-woman, who duly inherited the dresses and ornaments changed almost every day. The very large sum given by Mr. Horton to his daughter on her wedding-day, soon disappeared under the able direction of Miss Chetwynd; and if any scruples arose in Lady Sutherland's mind about running in debt, they were silenced by the question—"Are you not a countess?" from this lady, as well as from the still more culpable mother.

Lord Sutherland's health was improving, and he one morning went without notice into his lady's dressing-room, fondly hoping it might be a pleasant surprise. The table at that early hour was covered with playing-cards, and Miss Chetwynd was covered with confusion. She stammered out, forcing a laugh—"I am telling Lady Sutherland's fortune."

Although Lord Sutherland thought little of the scene before him, a thousand past circumstances rushed into his mind, and he said, gravely—"I think I can tell Lady Sutherland's fortune better than you can, Miss Chetwynd."

The cards were huddled away, and there was a faint attempt on the part of his lady to amuse him, but it was so evidently forced, and she wore such a look of vexation and anxiety, that Lord Sutherland returned to his own room perplexed as well as melancholy.

The gentlemen had long been gone, and the ladies could no longer delay their departure. As Miss Chetwynd looked up to the lofty battlements from the chaise window, Miss Vernon was surprised to hear her say, in an exulting tone of voice—"I have laid a train to the mine that will soon level the pride of those towers." She was evidently alarmed, when she found, by inquiries from her companion, that she had been speaking aloud, and tried to laugh it off.

This departure, welcome as it was, brought no peace to Sutherland Hall. A neighboring watering-place aided the untiring spirit of dissipation that had taken such full hold of its reckless mistress, whose fading cheeks and hollow eyes began to attest the power of nature to avenge herself on all who slight her plain dictates. Lord Sutherland would with pleasure have seen the loss of beauty in his helpmate if it could have reconciled her to home and his society, but she neither heeded the diminution of her charms nor his earnest entreaties. As a last resource he thought of Lady Westerton. Remembering the power she had exercised over him, he had a hope she might awaken this thoughtless young creature at least to a sense of her own danger. She came at his respectful summons, and brought with her the darling grand-daughter whose health was still a source of constant anxiety.

Lady Sutherland had again gathered around her some of her young friends, who, if they did not possess the spirit of Miss Chetwynd, had no qualities either of the heart or understanding to make them desirable companions. When Lady Westerton arrived, not all the touching loveliness of the invalid or her own intellectual dignity could prevent these ill-bred girls from tittering at the long ruffles and close cap of the venerable visitor; nor did any one except Lord Sutherland strive to make her short sojourn a pleasant one.

With all the tact of a woman who has seen much and suffered more, Lady Westerton saw at a glance the sentiments and characters of those around her. She would not deceive the son of her most cherished friend by palliatives or a false estimate; she said to him plainly and decisively—"There is no heart, therefore there is no hope. I am sorry for you, William, but I cannot help you. I fear there is even more danger than you apprehend. But I will not forebode. Should it be so, I must leave you to the prompt energies of your own mind. You must not fail in duty to yourself."

"You do not think—" said Lord Sutherland, unable to finish the sentence.

"Do not misunderstand me. Lady Sutherland has no time for love. Her head is too full for her to know whether she has any feeling. If my surmises are just, I will contrive to warn you; but now I can do you no good, so will leave you. You will have my prayers; but, alas! like many others, you are paying the penalty of past errors."

When Lady Westerton's carriage rolled away, it seemed as if Lord Sutherland's last hope had forsaken him. He once more tried to reason mildly with his lady, but she put up her lip and turned sullenly away. Of late he had seen only anger and disquiet in her countenance, or, what was worse, a complete abandonment to boisterous mirth. "Oh, Lady Anne—Lady Anne!" cried he, pacing his dressing-room, "this would not have happened if—if I had not been a fool!" He struck his hand on his forehead, and rushing into the open air, ran as if he would have flown from his own bitter thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE chapel was soon repaired and fit for use, but Lord Sutherland found it difficult to obtain a chaplain with all the requisites which, in his mind, were indispensable—one in whom the scholar, the gentleman and the divine were united. He did, however, find this rare being, and one, moreover, who had no earthly ties or church preferment to prevent his becoming an inmate of the house and taking a pastoral care of its inhabitants. Mr. Wentworth had sustained many heavy calamities, and was somewhat past the middle age; but he thought it an important part of his duty to preserve a cheerful spirit, yet so far removed from levity,

that while the young were never frightened from his side, the aged might, at all times, find him a suitable companion. Against this good and amiable man Lady Sutherland set her face with a pertinacity hardly to be expected from one of her volatile character. She would not attend prayers when he gathered the household together in the hall, and if she went into the chapel when he officiated there, she took care to let it be seen that she did not listen to his sermons. He would not dance or make one at the card-table; he was, therefore, in her eyes of no value.

Lord Sutherland, shocked and grieved to see the openly marked contempt with which Mr. Wentworth was treated by his lady and her associates, strove to compensate for it by making him his companion in the library, and slowly resumed his walks. He reaped from this the rich reward of having all his best sympathies excited in behalf of all his dependents, and his tastes raised by a frequent reference to the higher branches of literature. He wondered how he could have slumbered so long over the rich stores of the English language; and when he heard the high poesy of his own land read in the way that only people of taste and genius can read, he found new sources of delight opening on him which might in some measure counterbalance the heavy regrets he could but suffer.

It was in vain that—as Lord Sutherland's health improved and he was able again to receive company—he resolved her ladyship's associates should be more select;—those not admitted to the hall she could meet at her father's table, where, supported by her ill-judging mother, she reigned supreme. She also boasted that, in spite of her husband's determination, she was resolved on seeing something of the fashionable world, as she had prevailed on her passive father to take a house in London for the ensuing season; and if Lord Sutherland did not choose to accompany her, he might stay and wander about the park with Mr. Wentworth, and cultivate the great taste that that gentleman was inspiring him with for the beauties of nature—a taste not then so fashionable as it has been since. "Groves and lawns and waterfalls are fine things," said the lady; "but give me 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall,' as the old song very sensibly says."

It was true that Lord Sutherland was beginning to take great delight in these rational pleasures, and that the society of a man of real taste had opened to his mind perceptions of beauty in nature and art he had before heedlessly passed over; but from this transient dream of repose he was cruelly awakened. He received a billet, which, though it bore no signature, he judged was from Lady Westerton. It had merely these few words—"It is the duty of a man to attend his wife in her evening amusements."

It was late in the evening when this note arrived. Mrs. Horton had taken her daughter to a very large party of a mixed description. Surely she was

safe with her mother? But it was his right to see, for that warning was not a light one. He dressed while a carriage was getting ready, and proceeded straight to the house where, unannounced, perhaps unknown, he entered a room where most of the company were dancing. Mrs. Horton was there, seated alone, but he could not find her he sought.

"Where," said he to the startled mother—"where is Lady Sutherland?"

"I believe she is in the card-room. I will let her know you are here."

"I will seek her myself," said he, abruptly, and hastily entered a room set apart for the card-tables, where the woman who, twelve short months before, was apparently an innocent, inexperienced girl, sat so absorbed in a game of chance that she saw not the horror-stricken face of her husband as he stood transfixed to gaze on her. No wonder her cheek had faded, her eyes grown hollow; but rouge supplied the bloom, and fierce excitement brightened the other. Hope or despair passed rapidly over that distorted countenance, which so lately might have served as a study for a cherub. Before he was noticed, Lord Sutherland withdrew from the room, and entering his carriage was driven home.

Incidents of an interesting or startling nature frequently crowd on each other. Before Lord Sutherland could arrange his perplexed thoughts or settle his plans of duty, the yearly bills were laid before him, which it had been the custom time immemorial to receive and discharge at this period of the year. He was startled by their number and amount. Notwithstanding her father's liberality and her large allowance as pin-money, Lady Sutherland's bills for dress, ornaments and other expenses, exceeded all credibility. Since the night of the fatal *éclaircissement*, of which she had been apprised by her mother, this lady had not made her appearance as usual, but confined herself to her apartments, and no one had asked why all seemed to feel as if they were on the brink of a volcano. In two more days came an additional number of acknowledgments in her own handwriting, of—debts of honor, or sums lost at the card table.

Lord Sutherland also shut himself up from every one, choosing his dressing-room that he might not even encounter Mr. Wentworth. It was four days after the scene in the card-room that he received a message requesting him to attend his lordship in the library. He there found him with Lady Sutherland, looking very pale, Mrs. Horton much affrighted, and Mr. Horton in a state of perfect bewilderment.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Wentworth," said Lord Sutherland, striving to suppress his agitation, "to witness what I fear will give you great pain; but as my spiritual director, if you see me err in the slightest degree, I know you will endeavor to set me right. Mr. Horton, I have sent for you, compelled to give you still more pain. Judge, then, what I must feel myself. These papers"—and he put a large parcel into Mr. Horton's shak-

ing hand—"will show you that it is inconsistent with my interest and reputation to suffer my name to be so used—I should perhaps say, abused—again. Lady Sutherland and I must part!"

Mrs. Horton uttered a faint scream, but the unhappy father, glancing his eye over the bills, dropped them on the table, and putting both hands over his face, seemed to wish to shut out such a sight forever. Mr. Wentworth advanced as if to speak. This roused the scorn of the ladies, who gave unrestrained marks of contempt.

"This man," said Mrs. Horton, "is at the bottom of all this. I have seen from the beginning what his fine pretences of religion would come to. I pronounce it to be all his fault!"

Mr. Wentworth looked on the agitated woman with great compassion, but Lord Sutherland calmly said—"Pardon me, Mrs. Horton; the fault is yours. Had your daughter received a proper education or even better advice, this could not have happened."

"My lord," said Mr. Wentworth, with much solemnity, "do you remember the sacred pledge you gave at the altar, to love and cherish this woman till death?"

"Woman, indeed!" cried the ignorant mother.

"I do, Mr. Wentworth, and have endeavored to fulfil my promise in its most extensive sense. Ask Lady Sutherland if I have neglected it in any way? Ask her, also, what she engaged to do? And even now, if she will repent—and return——"

"Repent and return!" exclaimed the lady, with strong marks of indignation; but Mr. Wentworth gently asked her if she had not promised before the same altar, to love, to honor and to obey. She could not answer, and he went on—"Is there not every requisite here to command love, honor and obedience? Think, Lady Sutherland, how you are blessed above many of your sex, and do not throw these favors of heaven from you? Let me entreat you, pause before you decide."

There was no answer.

"You can but love; you must honor, and will you refuse obedience?"

Lady Sutherland coldly said "she did not expect to be restrained or thwarted in any way when she married. Lord Sutherland had made his decision, and it was well—she was willing to abide by it."

It was as Lady Westerton had said—there was no heart, and therefore no hope.

Nothing remained now but to arrange the articles of separation. Lord Sutherland renounced all title to any part of Mr. Horton's property, and desired that Lady Sutherland would take everything from the hall that had been called her own, except the family jewels, which, being heir-looms, he had no power to bestow. Her ladyship blushed, turned pale, and was near fainting. At length it came out, though with much reluctance, that she had made presents of many of these costly articles. She should have said that when Miss Chetwynd had initiated her into the mysteries of gaming, these had been stakes invariably won by that scientific lady. Mr. Horton pledged himself for their restitution. This broken-hearted father did not long survive this blow to all his dearest hopes, and though his daughter was allowed the interest of his fortune during her life, the principal was to go at her death to the heir of his family, on the express condition of the resumption of the title. Mrs. Horton consoled herself that in spite of all these untoward incidents, her daughter was still—a countess!

There was no reduction of Lord Sutherland's establishment, excepting the haughty, avaricious waiting-woman, who took away more trunks than her lady did. An open, generous hospitality was kept up, but it was observed that great caution was used as to the moral and intellectual character of the visitors. The meek Christianity of Mr. Wentworth won many to his opinion, which led to the imitation of his example, and Lord Sutherland found that the peace of the righteous man is the best kind of wealth.

A letter was dispatched addressed to Mr. Morley, but equally intended for the eye of Lady Anna. The concluding paragraph was as follows:—

"I have widely erred, and I have paid the severe penalty. Nothing remains but for me to remember that your eldest son is my heir-at-law to the title as well as to the estates. I comfort myself that he will have a rational education and the benefit of a wise example. A certain sum will be appropriated for his use every year, that he may not too suddenly come into great wealth. Let him marry as early as is consistent with prudence, and I will take care he shall have a suitable establishment."

ABSENCE.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

CALL thou me home!—from thee apart
Faintly and low my pulses beat,
As if the life-blood of my heart
Within thine own heart holds its seat,
And floweth only where thou art:
Oh, call me home.

Call thou me home!—the bird exiled,
Too long exiled to foreign skies,
By stranger fountains unbeguil'd,
Foldeth its wing at length and dies,
Faint and athirst in some drear wild:
Oh, call me home.

OUR ARTISTS.—NO. IV.

MORSE.

WHEN Allston was painting his "Dead man restored to Life," in London, he first modeled the figure in clay, and explained to Morse, who was then his pupil, the advantages resulting from a plan so frequently adopted by the old masters. His young countryman was at this time meditating his first composition—a dying Hercules—and proceeded at once to act upon this suggestion. Having prepared a model that exhibited the upper part of the body—which alone would be visible in the picture—he submitted it to Allston, who recognized so much truth in the anatomy and expression, that he urgently advised its completion. After six weeks, by careful labor, the statue was finished, and sent to West for inspection. That venerable artist, upon entering the room, put on his spectacles, and as he walked around the model, carefully examining its details and general effect, a look of genuine satisfaction beamed from his face. He rang for an attendant and bade him call his son. "Look here, Raphael," he exclaimed, as the latter appeared; "did I not always tell you that every painter could be a sculptor?" We may imagine the delight of the student at such commendation. The same day one of his fellow-pupils called his attention to a notice issued by the Adelphi Society of Arts, offering a prize for the best single figure to be modeled and sent to the rooms of the association within a certain period. The time fixed would expire in three days. Morse profited by the occasion, and placed his dying Hercules with the thirteen other specimens already entered. He was consequently invited to the meeting of the society on the evening when the decision was to be announced; and received from the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, the presiding officer, and in the presence of the foreign ambassadors, the gold medal. Perhaps no American ever started in the career of an artist under more flattering auspices; and we cannot wonder that a beginning so successful encouraged the young painter to devote himself assiduously to study, with a view of returning to his own country fully prepared to illustrate the historical department of the art.

An illustrious aspirant had been assured, but a few years previous, when he announced a similar purpose to the President of the Royal Academy, that he had come a great way to learn how to starve. Indeed, so limited was the number of individuals who at that period felt any true interest in the fine arts on this side of the Atlantic, and so completely were the energies of our young nation absorbed in trade and politics, that an enterprise like that which unfolded itself to the sanguine hopes of

Morse, might well be deemed chimerical. But he was then breathing an atmosphere of sympathy; he enjoyed the friendship and instruction of men distinguished for their knowledge and ability, and who had reached in England the eminence at which he aimed. His application was not, therefore, chilled by any painful doubts of future success, might he but live to prove himself worthy of the high service to which he thus earnestly dedicated his life.

A striking evidence of the waywardness of destiny is afforded by the experience of this artist, if we pass at once from this early and hopeful moment to a very recent incident. He then aimed at renown through devotion to the beautiful, but it would seem as if the genius of his country, in spite of himself, led him to this object, by the less flowery path of utility. He desired to identify his name with art, but it has become far more widely associated with science. A series of bitter disappointments obliged him to "coin his mind for bread"—for a long period, by exclusive attention to portrait painting—although, at rare intervals, he accomplished something more satisfactory. More than twelve years since, on a voyage from Europe, in a conversation with his fellow-passengers, the theme of discourse happened to be the electromagnet; and one gentleman present related some experiments he had lately witnessed at Paris, which proved the almost incalculable rapidity of movement with which electricity was disseminated. The idea suggested itself to the active mind of the artist that this wonderful and but partially explored agent might be rendered subservient to that system of intercommunication which had become so essential a principle of modern civilization. He brooded over the subject as he walked the deck or lay wakeful in his berth; and by the time he arrived at New York, had so far matured his invention as to have decided upon a telegraph of signs which is essentially that now in use. After having sufficiently demonstrated his discovery to the scientific, a long period of toil, anxiety and suspense intervened before he obtained the requisite facilities for the establishment of the magnetic telegraph. It is now in daily operation in the United States, and its superiority over all similar inventions abroad, has just been confirmed by the testimony of Arago and the appropriation made for its erection by the French government. By one of those coincidences which would be thought appropriate for romance, but which are more common, in fact, than the unobservant are disposed to confess, these two most brilliant events in the painter's life—his first successful work of art and the triumph of his scientific discovery—were brought to-

gether, as it were, in a manner singularly fitted to impress the imagination. Six copies of his dying Hercules had been made in London, and the mould was then destroyed. Four of these were distributed by the artist to academies, one he retained, and the last was given to Mr. Bulfinch, the architect of the Capitol—who was engaged at the time upon that building. After the lapse of many years, an accident ruined Morse's own copy, and a similar fate had overtaken the others—at least in America. After vain endeavors to regain one of these trophies of his youthful career, he at length despaired of seeing again what could not fail to be endeared to his memory by the most interesting associations. One day—not many months since—he was superintending the preparations for the first establishment of his telegraph, in the room assigned at the Capitol. His perseverance and self-denying labor had at length met its just reward, and he was taking the first active step to obtain a substantial benefit from his invention. It became necessary in locating the wires, to descend into a vault beneath the apartment, which had not been opened for a long period. A man preceded the artist with a lamp. As they passed along the subterranean chamber, the latter's attention was excited by something white glimmering through the darkness. In approaching the object, what was his surprise to find himself gazing upon his long-lost Hercules, which he had not seen for twenty years! A little reflection explained the apparent miracle. This was undoubtedly the copy given to his deceased friend, the architect, and deposited in the vault for safety.

Those who are fond of localities attractive from having been the abodes of men whose names are enrolled on the scroll of human benefactors, should not pass with indifference No. 8 Buckingham Place, Fitzroy square. It has been the residence of successive American painters for thirty years, and not long since the landlady preserved on the walls, the portraits of Leslie and Morse. The friendship of these two painters is interesting, and helps to brighten the golden link which associates the name of the latter with the first dawn of Art in this republic—a period which we trust will one day have an importance in critical history from the glory we are confident our nation will yet shed upon this sphere of culture. Morse went abroad under the care of Allston, and was the pupil of West and Copley. Hence he is naturally regarded by a later generation as the connecting bond that unites the present and the past in the brief annals of our nobler history. But his claim to such a recognition does not lie altogether in the fact that he was a pioneer; it has been worthily evidenced by his constant devotion to the great cause itself. Younger artists speak of him with affection and respect, because he has ever been zealous in the promotion of a taste for and a study of the fine arts. Having entered the field at too early a period to realize the promise of his youth, and driven by circumstances from the high aims he cherished, misan-

thropy was never suffered to grow out of personal disappointment. He gazed reverently upon the goal it was not permitted him to reach; and ardently encouraged the spirit which he felt was only to be developed, when wealth and leisure had given his countrymen opportunities to cultivate those tastes upon the prevalence of which the advancement of his favorite pursuit depends. When, after the failure of one of his elaborate projects, he resolved to establish himself in New York, he was grieved to find that many petty dissensions kept the artists from each other. He made it his business to heal these wounds and reconcile the animosities that thus retarded the progress of their common object. He sought out and won the confidence of his isolated brothers, and one evening invited them all to his room, ostensibly to eat strawberries and cream, but really to beguile them into something like agreeable intercourse. He had experienced the good effect of a drawing club at Charleston, where many of the members were amateurs; and on the occasion referred to, covered his table with prints, and scattered inviting casts around the apartment. A very pleasant evening was the result; a mutual understanding was established, and weekly meetings unanimously agreed upon. This auspicious gathering was the germ of the National Academy of Design, of which Morse became the first president, and before which he delivered the first course of lectures on the Fine Arts ever given in this country. The question as to the comparative utility of associations of patrons and artists, has been discussed and tested by experiment sufficiently to satisfy every reasonable mind of the vast superiority of institutions managed by those best informed and most interested in any great public object. The prejudice and selfish motives which were brought to bear upon the new society failed in the end, as they deservedly should. It would be an useless and ungrateful task to repeat the details of the controversy. Morse was in a great measure sacrificed by the prominent part he took in these transactions; but the Academy has flourished and is yet achieving its work bravely, while the artists look upon their champion with pride and sympathy. This was clearly exhibited by their voluntary and fraternal attempt to console him for the marked neglect of his claims, when the original selection was made of painters to fill the vacant panels of the rotunda at Washington. Together with other friends, they formed an association and gave Morse a commission to execute the painting. Owing to the non-payment of a portion of the instalments, and to the injudicious plan of the artist to carry out his design on too grand and expensive a scale, and his consequent pecuniary embarrassment, he was obliged to abandon the attempt. By a course of rigid and patient economy, highly creditable to his integrity, he gradually refunded to each subscriber the sum advanced, with appropriate expressions of gratitude for the liberal intention; and was thus eminently true to himself,

in resolutely and at great personal sacrifice, emancipating himself from the degrading consciousness of pecuniary obligation.

After four years of study in Europe, Morse had returned to the United States from lack of means to carry on his education abroad. Although he then deemed himself by no means a proficient, he hoped, while pursuing the course of improvement so auspiciously commenced, to obtain, at home, such employment in the higher branches of his profession as would give some adequate scope to his powers. In Boston, however, although he was flattered enough by social consideration, he received no orders, and was obliged, from sheer necessity, to travel through New England and execute portraits at fifteen dollars each, and finally to set up his easel at Charleston, S. C., where he continued this employment for several years—emulating, however, the more artistic styles of portraiture with ample success and honor. To keep up his practice in composition, he often carried his heads to the north, where he passed every summer with his family, and there transferred them to larger canvases—introducing rich costume or tasteful accessories into his full lengths, so that many of them did justice to his general ability as a painter. Stuart happened to see one of these, representing a young girl standing amid the ruins of an abbey beside a fawn. The conception and execution delighted him, and his praise spread its reputation so widely that Morse was obliged to furnish several copies.

There is a Convent of Capuchins at Rome which is visited by strangers on account of a very old fresco representing Christ walking on the waves, and an excellent Mosaic copy of Guido's Michael triumphing over Satan, that adorn the walls. Those who have a taste for horrors, also view the cemetery beneath fantastically ornamented with the bones of deceased friars. But to the artist the church is memorable for the fine arrangement of light and the simple yet effective perspective. On this account the interior is often sketched and painted, and when a few bearded monks of the order are judiciously placed about the altar and in the aisles, the scene becomes quite impressive and the ocular illusion very pleasing. A French artist exhibited such a representation of this convent in the United States, and it attracted an extraordinary degree of attention. Morse had painted, when abroad, a similar picture of the Louvre, including the principal works of art in that famous gallery—in miniature but faithful copies—and it was one of his most successful and interesting works. The idea naturally suggested itself to take advantage of the evident taste recently manifested for this species of painting. He had laid by sufficient to enable him to give the necessary time to the experiment, and selected for his subject the interior of the House of Representatives of the United States. It might have been reasonably anticipated that so national a theme, if treated with any success, would be popular. The picture cost nearly two years' severe

labor, and was attended with considerable expense. When exhibited, however—from what cause does not appear—it brought little profit to the artist, and he soon rolled up the huge canvas in disgust. When sent to England, several political characters and men of taste among the nobility expressed great admiration of the work, and were much interested in the portraits introduced, which were very cleverly arranged and perfectly authentic. After this signal disappointment, Morse determined to visit Mexico as an *attaché* to the American Legation; and it might prove a curious speculation to imagine what destiny his active disposition would have achieved in that fertile and unhappy country, had the design been carried into execution; but after having made all needful preparations, taken leave of his family, and even embarked his stores, the minister was suddenly recalled almost ere his journey had began, and the artist returned home and eventually abandoned the plan. In 1822-3, Morse was greatly encouraged in his pursuits by the friendly exertions of the poet Hillhouse, and received a public commission to paint a portrait of Lafayette, then on a visit to this country. Few pictures have ever been executed under more painful circumstances. He was called away from his delightful task to attend the death-beds of his wife and parent and watch over the illness of his children. But through bereavement and "hope deferred," Morse has struggled manfully onward, loyal to his own convictions and the claims of his profession. He never believed that anything really great or desirable could be attained save through obstacles. Courage and patience have been his watchwords; and although the snows of time have bleached his hair, the same intelligent and enterprising spirit, the same urbane disposition that endeared him to the friends of his youth, still cause all who know him to rejoice in the prospect of an honorable independence which the recent invention has secured to his age.

FREEMAN.

It is generally conceded that Raphael sought the triumph of his art in expression, Correggio in the effects of light and shade, and Titian in color—not that these were the exclusive objects of each or constitute their only title to fame, but that they severally pursued truth with peculiar relish and success through these different means. If we admit these distinctions, it is easy to account for the superior rank claimed for Raphael, since there can be no question that to produce the greatest effects in art chiefly by means of expression, is to achieve the highest victory. There is more or less of illusion in every other process, and a reliance upon ingenuity rather than genius. The same is true in literature, whose most enduring monuments owe their vitality to the richness of the thought or image, and not to the perfection of the style.

Racine's dramas boast a more sustained unity and elegance than Shakespeare's, and yet have no hold upon the permanent interest of men. Expression is the very soul of Art. It consists in seizing upon the most subtle of nature's phases and fixing it in marble or upon canvas—even as the great dramatist has stamped certain parts of humanity upon his page forever. The sentiment of devotion as it beams in the upturned face of St. Cecilia, or the holiness of maternity as it rests on the lips and in the eyes of the Madonna della Sedula, are in like manner represented with an integrity that endears them to all the world. It is, therefore, an evidence of loftier intelligence in an artist to aim principally at expression. Unfortunately, many artists lack self-knowledge as to their appropriate sphere of expression. This was a great fault in West. He habitually selected the grandest and most sacred themes, and brought to their illustration skill in drapery, grouping and mechanical detail, without any commensurate reach of mind and sympathy in the subject. It is no small part of wisdom to understand one's province of action. The example of the old masters is too much followed in the choice of subjects. Perhaps the rarest of all adaptation is that for religious art, and not a few failures are to be ascribed to a want of courage in following out individual tendencies. It is equally meritorious in the abstract to make a good picture of a peasant as of a saint, the important point being intrinsic excellence. An artist's subject should spring from his natural powers, and not from external dictation. He certainly cannot deal successfully with expression unless at home with the idea or feeling to be expressed; and this depends more upon character than imitation.

Among those of our artists who have decided genius for expression is Freeman. At a very early age he was brought by his parents from Nova Scotia to Otsego. Through many difficulties and hardships he made his way to New York to gain instruction in the art he loved, entered as a student the National Academy, and soon gained the honor of membership. Inman, whose appreciation of dawning merit was as quick as his expression of it was frank and ardent, was among the first to acknowledge the youth's promise. He was attracted by the head of an old revolutionary soldier whom Freeman had hired as a model, and declared he should be proud to have painted it. In Cooper's novel of the *Pioneers*, there is a graphic description of the family mansion of the author's progenitors, in the western part of this state. Freeman occupied as a studio the identical building for more than one winter. He, however, has resided for some years past in Italy, and there studied his profession with a devotion and independence rarely equaled. Of this, adequate proof may be drawn from his conversation. He may have prejudices, but he also has arrived by observation and thought to the dignity of opinions. Perhaps his tastes are too exclusive to be generally followed, but they

are based upon no temporary arguments or limited experience. His standard is exacting and his philosophy just. The principles upon which he views art and endeavors to win her laurels, are of a character to obtain the respect of those who regard the subject from an intelligent point of view. None of our young artists are better informed as to the essential grounds of their profession, and few of them have such authority for their pursuit. We can say of Freeman with perfect confidence—what cannot by any means be declared of the majority who paint and model—that he is an artist both from education and native endowments. With this conviction we parted from him, on his recent departure for Rome, with sincere regret, and a renewed belief that what is called success both in art and literature in this country, has little necessary connection with merit. A shrewd copyist or mechanical draughtsman, who knows how to

"Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning;"

who can stoop to court the wealthy and ignorant visitors of the "city of the soul," may obtain commissions to his heart's content; but the man of genius, whose very nature unfits him for resorting to any extraneous measures to secure patronage, who relies simply on his art and the appreciation of his countrymen;—waiting, as it becomes him, to be recognized, and scorning the appliances of the charlatan, is likely to starve by neglect. His fame is apt to be altogether posthumous; late honors are yielded in the place of that living sympathy for which he pined; and, instead of the gratifying spectacle of his actual and conscious prosperity, we are too often directed to his monument, and obliged to confess that he asked for bread and received a stone.

Before Freeman went abroad he painted an Indian girl of rare beauty. The picture was greatly admired, and is highly prized by its owner. There is something in the manner and execution of the portrait quite unique. It is the best representation of an aboriginal female we have ever seen. To a European collector it would be invaluable, and no one with a particle of imagination can look upon it without interest. The peculiar complexion and a certain blending of tenderness and fire in the countenance—to say nothing of the flowing hair—convey at once a romantic impression. The rich arterial blood seems to glow through the olive skin with a truthful vitality, and the dark eyes and expressive lips whisper some hidden and winsome revelation. Nor is the surmise erroneous. The girl was a celebrated beauty, and a story of no ordinary romance belongs to her name. It is very seldom that a portrait combines so many associations, and though among the earliest of the artist's productions, it is one at which he evidently wrought with earnestness and consequent success.

The picture by which Freeman is best known is "The Beggars." It was the gem of the ex-

hibition a few years since. The composition is simple but remarkably felicitous, consisting of one erect and one sleeping figure; but the attitudes, the atmosphere, the execution, the finish, and, above all, the expression are in the highest degree artistic and suggestive. We doubt if any one who has never visited the south of Europe could thoroughly estimate the work as a delineation of nature. To such as are familiar with those regions, it is singularly eloquent. The pleading, *dutemi-qualchecosa* look of the standing boy is more significant than the rags in which he is clothed and the bare extended arm. The face of the sleeper is calm—a beggar in attire, but a happy child in reality—happy in the noonday repose of that soft clime, the eager lines of importunity and want softened by the careless spirit, as . . .

"Folded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As if a rose should shut and be a bud again."

This picture is an epitome of Italy, of her poverty and her clime—her balmy nature and her degraded humanity—her urbane spirit and narrow destiny. It carries one at once to the Piazza d'Espagna steps and the Coliseum. Its elaborate, highly-finished and thorough execution is worthy of a master. There is a fine relieve and effect in the countenances that make them seem palpable. In this, as in other of Freeman's works, we are struck with the amount of study they will bear. There is nothing evasive or tame, but all is well thought and worked out. We feel that they were made to last and to contemplate, to impart ideas, waken the fancy, and yield permanent satisfaction. This artist paints like a man who has breathed a calmer air than our own, and grown familiar with labors that cost years of toil. There are few marks of haste, of that compromising spirit so fatal to the enduring value of a work of art, which renders abortive some of the best conceptions of our art-

ists. Freeman has never ceased to be a student. There is an intensity in his aims and habits; he has more vigor than delicacy. He appears to understand clearly his object and to pursue it without diversion. Every one of his pictures we have seen remains in our memory—a distinct creation. They satisfy instead of perplexing us. Two executed during the last winter displayed the same characteristics. One was a child, whose natural sun-burnt face and elfin locks furnished an excellent basis for a rural witch. But Freeman portrayed her with such a look of weird intelligence and laughing wickedness, that it was the very personification of a gipsy. The expression was so keen, vivid and real, that it haunted one—so that the accessories of a ruined tomb, poisonous herbs and mouldering bones were unnecessary though appropriate. Of quite a different expression was "The Bad Shoe"—a little fellow seated in a barn window, amid a wintry landscape, and holding his frost-nipt foot pitifully in his hand, his chubby face full of that pathos born of early suffering—which Dickens has so effectively described. Both of these are genuine touches of nature, caught by the eye and transcribed by the hand of the artist—in no careless or accidental manner, but with just and effective labor. "The Crusader's Return" is a cabinet picture, of the coldest hue, representing a knight with pallid brow and auburn beard, kneeling in prayer over the marble effigy of his betrothed. The armor is finely executed, and all the parts highly finished. It is evidently one of those experiments to which genius is prone, and intimates no ordinary skill were ample scope afforded for its deliberate unfolding. Freeman's drawings from models and sketches from nature evidence long and various study, and manifest how much the genuine love of art and patient investigation of its principles have occupied his thoughts and feelings.

PARTING LINES

TO MRS. JOHN H. LIKENS, MARTINSBURGH, VA.

BY THE REV. WM. LOVE.

THE world we now live in is often abused,
As the blessings of Heaven are often misused;
And though pleasure with sorrow we frequently meet,
We cherish with fondness our pilgrim-retreat.

The day in its glory—the night in its gems—
The air in its music—the ocean and streams—
The summer—the winter—the autumn and spring
Have all their endearments to which we would cling.

Though our sighings are many, our smileings outweigh,
As the sunshine of summer the clouds of a day;

And there's pleasure in loving a world such as this,
Where the shades that are passing but heighten our bliss.

As the heavy spring-showers, so gloomy to see,
Give life, love and beauty to blossom and tree,
So the tear-drops that flow from the friends that must part,
Are the life-streams that water the flow'rs of the heart.

Then ever remember when shadows arise,
There is sunshine beyond them that brightens the skies,
Which only a moment of cloud has concealed,
That brighter and fairer it may be revealed.

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself upon his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmery, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially;—I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day. But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

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"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchresi. If any one has a critical turn it is he. He will tell me——"

"Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchresi——"

"I have no engagement;—come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchresi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm; and putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a *roquelaire* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together upon the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchresi—"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through long walls of piled skeletons, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a *flacon* of De Grève. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said, "a sign."

"It is this," I answered, producing from beneath the folds of my *roquelaire* a trowel.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our rout in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavoured to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchresi—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed, it is very damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I will first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibration of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labours and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated, I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamoured. I re-echoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamourer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing

to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—a very good joke, indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"For the love of God, Montresor!"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again—

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick; it was the dampness of the catacombs that made it so. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

GENTLE INFLUENCES.

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

How sweet, when eve her dusky mantle throws
O'er the pale violet and the dewy rose,
To wander forth beneath the moonlit skies,
While stars shine on us like fond loving eyes—

To look up to that blue o'erarching heaven,
And fancy some sweet soul—its sins forgiven—
Is thus permitted, through the silent night,
To watch o'er those it loved with holy light!

What gentle feelings steal into the breast—
What melody of music, unexpress'd,
Fills the wrapt soul, when, humbly kneeling there,
The heart bursts forth in low, impulsive prayer.

Or by some tranquil stream, that all day long
Sang to the wood and vale a pleasant song,
To linger—while the memories of old days
Rekindle in our breasts their earlier rays—

To see in retrospection's misty gleam,
The eyes that sought our own with kindly beam,
To note the smile that never could depart,
Because it came from loving heart, to heart—

To hear once more the voices in our ear,
That now swell anthems in God's holy sphere,
Those unforgotten tones, whose breath of love
Links us of earth with those who dwell above.

These are the peaceful thoughts that fill my breast,
When evening curtains out the glowing west;
When bird and bee have folded up their wings,
I hold sweet communing with holy things.

Such gentle influences, like summer dew,
The withering blossoms of sweet hope renew;
Beguile the weary heart of half its care,
And point to blessings that we all may share.

A PEEP AT PARIS.

NO. IV. OF "SKETCHES ABROAD."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MAGAZINE BY A CELEBRATED AMERICAN LITERARY LADY NOW TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

ONLY a peep!

Would it be discreet to offer anything additional? Would the modesty of such an attempt be considered even, at this late day, equivocal?

We are but a feeble limner—and what picture could we sketch of Paris, however grotesque, that would not seem at least a tiresome imitation? What choice views could we suggest that have not been already, if we may say so, sun-struck into a shadowy existence by mental daguerreotypists, or tickled into such unwonted beauty by artists in the intellectual oil and color line, that the originals themselves could not possibly recognize them without a very particular introduction?

How then—to drop the undertaking altogether?

Ah, "*vous avez raison*," as our Gallic friends would say; *mais*, that moral eruption which afflicts all habitual torturers of the English alphabet, is as destitute of a thorough remedy as its cutaneous counterpart; or, as the respectable Mr. Goggin amusingly insinuates, in one of Mr. Lever's romances, "whenever the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen."

As the women are always included in the generic expression "man," whenever the latter is found at least in any category of evils, *la voilà* our apology, ready-manufactured.

And, if we prefer a mere peep, or a passing glance at the lively peculiarities of what somebody has called this "Paradise of pretty women and Purgatory of cooks;" if we choose the piquant outlines of a sunny sketch, before the cold details of a crowded and elaborate painting, are we so very singular? A panorama is pleasanter to most people than a history.

Now, if we were plainly asked what does Paris look like in the eyes of a stranger, and that stranger from the United States, we should be puzzled for an answer. We could more readily say what it *don't* resemble; but then negative portraits are so very unsatisfactory!

Certainly, we have heard it said that Paris, in certain physical or social features, bears a species of family likeness to New York or New Orleans. Perhaps it does, though we never could discern it. There are people, however, who have a rare faculty of discovering extraordinary resemblances between very dissimilar objects. Thus, it has been determined, we forget how, that Adam and Eve spoke Irish on the banks of the Euphrates; thus a highly estimable old lady of our acquaintance flatters her-

self that she has detected a physiognomical relationship between a cat and a cream-jug, though we verily believe that the aforesaid relationship has simply been imagined from the known affection subsisting between the palate of the one and the contents of the other.

But what a superb view of Paris one might enjoy from a balloon! If such a means of observation were as practicable in its employment as it would be interesting, of what a magnificent *coup d'œil* a tranquil flight over this ostentatious city would put us in possession! London would be nothing to it, and for the best of reasons—Peter Pindar had London in all her noon-day glory in his eye when, disparaging Nature's comeliness, he wrote—

"Look now, for Heaven's sake, at her skies!"

"What are they? Smoke!—"

But the atmosphere of Paris is as clear as that of Philadelphia; it is as clear as the notes of the nightingale, whose love-song, curiously enough, may be heard here in every direction of a summer evening, making the sultry air in the public promenades and royal gardens amorously musical.

Balloons are not as common yet as cabs and omnibuses. We grant it. Perhaps they are not yet quite as safe. However, steam-engines were once just as rare and just as perilous. Somebody has predicted that, ere the lapse of the present century, a gentleman will send for his family balloon just as at present he sends for his family carriage when he designs to visit a rather too-distant-for-a-walk acquaintance. There would probably be, also, this difference: instead of calling upon Mr. Smith, of Spring Garden, with as much haste as a due respect for the surveillance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will allow, in order that he may enlighten with his countenance the household of Mr. Jenkins of Kensington the same evening, he will purpose to dine with the First Russian Republican Consul at five, tea in Canton with his Celestial Omnipotence, (on the occasion, perhaps, of his conversion to Christianity, or of his public abjuration, through a "Vermillion edict," of any disposition to coquet titularly in future with any part of the General Solar System,) and return before eleven to a quiet sleep in his own fashionable domicile in Chestnut street, West End, just beyond the new marble bridge over the river Schuylkill! Of course, this is making an imaginative allowance for the natural progress of the sci-

ence of ærostatics and the natural increase of Philadelphia.

Sans farther digression, now, suppose we fancy ourselves "poised i' the mid air" over Paris, and speculating at leisure upon the scene of apparent enchantment that presents itself. What singular streets! What grotesque houses! What a motley mass of moving and gesticulating humanity! What splendor! What filth! What show! What neglect! What an odd combination of all that is refined and all that is indelicate!—of all that is pleasant and all that is disgusting! What an air theatrical invests the whole *tableau vivant*! Behold the gorgeous mirrors flashing upon the eye at every turn! The Grecian statues warming in the sun! The marble fountains cooling with their gushing breath the summer's noon! The lofty monuments! The sumptuous palaces! The countless theatres! The gay bazaars! The dazzling stores! The crowded gardens! The pillars; the towers; the music-haunting cathedrals; the squares; the promenades; the baths; the bridges! Look at them all! Are they not surpassingly picturesque? And could you see them in the melting sunlight, when the expiring day bathes them in a sea of glittering crimson, they would seem doubly beautiful.

And yet, mark all these things attentively. Do they not seem at the first glance all unreal? Could you not conceive the whole a sort of visual romance? Does it not really appear as if you could put forth your hand and touch the painted canvas? As if you could, by an approach, dissolve all this glare and show into flimsy gilding and fantastic chalks? Wouldn't it seem, in fact, as if the broad daylight would laugh at the possible conversion of such capricious shadows into sober and substantial plaster, stone and brick?

Yet, it is so. Paris wears the countenance of a painted thing, and all her features have the characteristics of the stage. See her ancient and narrow *rues*! Their very crookedness strikes one as a distortion of shape occasioned by agony at the darkness and dirt they have endured for ages! Yet even they, in their bold contrast to the sprightly elegance of the more modern streets, seem but thrown into the general picture for effect! There are the gloomy *impasses*, too, with their tall, frowning abodes of sin and toil, in which guilt festers and poverty groans. How these dingy monuments of filth stand out in their blackness beside the very thoroughfares of pomp and affluence! Yet they seem but the natural shadow of the latter's brightness; and the emaciated forms that every now and then slip stealthily aside from the rushing tide of happy faces that murmur along the glowing avenues of enjoyment, and plunge like guilty spirits into these profound recesses—how we forget, as we gaze upon them, that they are something besides a mere relief, artistically thrown into the sunshine of this dazzling whirl of existence!

Do you think the buildings pretty? Cast your eye along those broad and handsomely-paved re-

sorts of fashion, where the superb and the costly allure and alarm in turn the appetite. What noble dwellings! Some are of brick and some are of stone; all, however, you perceive, are plastered and painted of that delicate cream color which fits so well the columns, pillars, niches, statuettes, and all the other thousand-and-one architectural embellishments of the prevailing style—a style that bestows upon whole streets an aristocratic air that we plain republicans are apt to fancy peculiar only to royal habitations, and which we, at home, only get an occasional half-dollar glimpse of in the mimic world of the so-called "legitimate drama."

What novel-shaped slate roofs are here about us! What a legion of projecting sheet-iron monstrosities as substitutes for respectable chimney-pots! The latter resemble exaggerated tobacco pipes; and although it is by no means a mystery to the shivering stranger of a frosty morning, that every chamber and every chimney in Paris are as addicted as a Dutchman to smoking, we conceive this to be one of the most ungraceful modes of thrusting the unpleasant fact before the eyes of a disposed-to-be-forgetful people.

We say it with becoming gravity, these chimney representatives are a nuisance! They afflict even the palaces with their anti-picturesque disorder. For instance, yonder massive pile of varied and imposing architecture is the Tuileries; but in vain have the builders elaborately disguised the usual orifices in the roof by playfully converting them into apparent embellishments—the blackamoor emblems of smoke-pipeedom stand grimly beside them, and with their turned-up noses towards the sky, always seem to be rejoicing at their homeliness and sneering at the pretty artifices by means of which a better taste has fruitlessly endeavored to do without them!

Yes, we must admit that there is much of dignity about the tall, heavily-built, floridly-ornamented, yet reserved-looking structures, that call themselves human habitations, in the finer streets of Paris. They have an air of haughty elegance. Regard them well. Their very exterior is striking; and as you gaze at them, a peculiar sort of feeling insensibly oozes through your mind and saturates it with indistinct impressions of the importance of their inhabitants. Is it not so?

A few minutes acquaintance with the interior of one of them, however, is fatal to all such dreamy idealities. That vast, arched gateway leading into the pebbled court-yard, *par exemple*, is an inconvenient entrance for a private family. The gate itself, like that of some ancient feudal castle, admirably adapted either to include or exclude a rebellious congregation, is sufficient to alarm a nervously constituted individual; and the little rivulet of greasy, opaque water, that meanders sluggishly adown the centre of the grand entrance, depositing, like the Nile, a fertile alluvion in its course, is anything but an ornament of the most appropriate character to a cleanly residence.

But let us look a little closer. The great door

opening into the huge entry is the modern substructure for the old gateway; in other respects the houses are all pretty much alike. There is, in the centre, the monstrous stairway, uncoiling itself like an enormous snake from the cellar to the roof. At its foot, as you enter, is a niche in the wall sufficiently comprehensive to furnish sitting-down arrangements for two respectable-sized dogs, or perhaps three small ones. Over the aforesaid niche, in plethoric black letters upon a yellow ground, you may read "*Parlez au Concierge*," addressed emphatically to all visitors, and within the same niche, which is politely christened a *loge*, you will probably encounter the Argus of the mansion in the shape of, *peut-être*, an old gentleman in the leather and medicine line—i. e., who

"Sometimes heels a pair of shoes,
And sometimes heels a wound;"

besides his wife, who reads verses about "Love and Liberty," his son who writes them, and his daughter who recites them at every convenient opportunity. In a more aristocratic faubourg—in that of Saint-Germain, for instance—the *concierge*, who is called a *portier* in humbler domicils, becomes an individual of sublimer importance. You must speak very courteously to him and his interesting family, unless you visit in your own carriage. In that case he becomes a smile incarnate from head to foot; his very boots seem possessed of cachinatory muscles that resolve themselves into a state of amiable semi-repose, and you can speak as briefly as you please without any apprehension of encountering the freezing politeness that he keeps in reserve for iciculating the familiarity of pedestrians.

A Parisian house is an effective thing to look at, undoubtedly. It is a very nice thing for an engraving. But let us continue our search into its contents. Each floor is a little world of itself. There is the *marchande des modes*, perhaps, upon the ground floor; some branch of nobility, with considerably less cash than consequence, upon what they call the first and we at home denominate the second story; something else not quite so flourishing occupies the third; the half-dozen families of half-a-dozen still less important integers in society are in the fourth; and then come the countless cyphers that exist in the fifth, are heard of in the sixth, or are supposed to be interred somewhere in the dusty labyrinths of the seventh stories—to say nothing of those who, in some streets, inhabit a place upon the roof, and have at all times an admirable opportunity of forgetting the far-distant world below, and enveloping themselves in all the comforts of a penniless house and a contemplative spirit!

What an universe of nice gradations in life we have in all this! From the harassed by petty wants below to the hungry victims of real want above—what a step! From the lady in the *boutique* who mourns her truant admirer, to the mother in the *mansarde*—she who has just sent her grace-

less son "*aux îles pour manger de la vache enragée*," (as the vulgar say in Paris when speaking of sending a boy to sea,) and weeps as she mentally beholds him "*comptant ses chemises*," (sea-sick,) if we may make use of the same expressive vocabulary—from the *beau garçon* who is in agony lest the last *pâté de foie gras* should render his stays uncomfortable, to the *désavuré* who patiently wonders from what source a benevolent Providence will furnish him with his next meal of bread and watercresses—the last franc that he is tossing so carelessly in his fingers being already pledged to carry him to the *bal masqué* in the *rue Montesquieu*, and provide not only a cigar for himself but a *petit verre* of anisette for his gay *Stephanie* or his *belle Pauline*.

To us who associate with the word "home" so many tender and endearing recollections of domestic privacy, this species of gregarious domiciliation is anything but inviting; and even the Parisian, infected by example, is becoming sensible of its deficiencies. His "encyclopedical organization," as Eugene Sue calls it, can accommodate itself to almost any state of human existence; but when we hear one rapturously allude to a *table d'hôte* as the "*chez soi, sans chien, sans chat, sans voisin, sans portier, sans faux amis*,"* &c., it needs no prophet to divine his opinion of a home, in any mental picture of which dogs, cats, servants and disagreeable neighbors occupy so unpleasant a place in the memory and affections!

After these "homes," of which we have given as bold a glimpse as we dare without becoming impertinent, the *cafés* and *restaurants* are among the most striking peculiarities of Paris. Together with hotels, *épiciers*, the little shops of the *marchands de vin*, and the big ones of the *marchands de nouveautés*, the "emporium of fashion" seems, at a hasty glance, almost composed of them. Hotels are, in sooth, nearly as abundant as homely women. *Épiciers* are as abundant as "Intelligence Offices" in New York, though, if common report be credited, intelligence composes but a very small portion of the stock in trade of either of them. "As ignorant as a grocer" would be a rather astounding expression in the United States; but "*étranger comme un épicier, aux beaux arts et à la littérature*," is a common observation in Paris, as if a truism beyond contradiction.

As to the wine shops, they are literally beyond computation. We have read of a savant who calculated the precise number of rats in Paris—we believe he expended five years in the laborious undertaking—but the age has not yet produced one sufficiently hardy to attempt the statistics of public wine-bibbing within the same municipal limits. To all appearance, these shops, however, are quiet enough and decorous. Indeed, the "good old Mâcon" is, half the time, we are told, a very recent importation from the Indies, "*sous la forme peu liquide et point du tout alcoolique, du bûches de bois rougeâtre*," and dye-wood is not likely to

* Derville.

intoxicate. At any rate, these wine-shops, though thick as locusts were in Egypt upon a certain occasion, certainly do not present to a passer-by the offensive appearance of the "gin palaces" of London, the dazzling display of mirrors and paint about which, is in sickening contrast to the squalid remnants of humanity that lounge about their massive doors, or gloat with rheumy eyes over "Booth's Stark Naked," or some other equally elegant appellation of the popular drink, emblazoned in golden letters upon the front of the edifice. In fact, intoxication is a thing to be heard of, but not seen, in the streets of Paris.

But what shall we say of the *cafés* and *restaurants*? Do you see them? Those magnificent establishments here, there and everywhere, that catch your eye at every corner, and assail your nostrils with such "odors of Araby!" Somebody has said that the "*memoire de l'épigastre est la plus ingrate*," but we do not remember hearing the most indifferent traveler speak of Paris without a choice word for its culinary preparations!

Who can look upon these gorgeous temples of *gourmandise* without admitting that there is here a distinct and acknowledged relationship between the cuisine and the court? That there exists an intimate intellectual association between the head and stomach of the national individual? The science of eating is here reduced to something of a more practical character than metaphysics, and the gentlest of the "gentler sex" is not ashamed to exhibit her devotion before its tutelary deities. A traveled friend of ours goes still farther, and insists that the very language of Paris is kitchen-wise, and adduces in point the popular expression that "all is *fricaseed*,"* or is said to be, when it has gone "to the bow-wows," whether it be one's soul or one's latest speculation! This, it will be observed, is our friend's atrocity, and not our own.

The *table d'hôte* is now becoming so general in its use, that the *restaurants* may, perhaps, be said to have reached their perihelion; still they are very elegant and very popular places of resort. They are visited by all ranks as well as both sexes, and are fitted up with a degree of splendor that would be ridiculed as warm nonsense in a barely faithful description.

In the less fashionable streets the *restaurants* are just as plentiful, though a shade less ostentatious than we find them in more distinguished localities. None are without ornaments. A Parisian would hardly eat in a *salon* that was not calculated to gratify his sight while it ministered to his more vulgar appetite. Mirrors there must be, of course, and in abundance; statues in every variety of scanty drapery, and a host of other evidences of what is here considered a good taste. The paint will probably be less obtrusive, the glasses less costly, the metals not exactly silver, the napkins of a dusky whiteness, and plaster of Paris may be adroitly substituted for marble; the luxury will

* *Tout est fricassé*—i. e. all is lost.

be, as a witty one describes it, "*le luxe d'apparence qui brille mais ne se consomme pas*"—in short, the general diminution of show will be in a tolerably exact ratio to the expected diminution of its prices and position.

Heaven knows! there is little excuse for starvation here, excepting on the part of the completely destitute. Here are handsome places where the most obliging men in the world offer to provide the most vigorous appetite with a sufficiency for—if you may believe them—almost the pleasure of seeing their compositions become popular. Four dishes and a dessert, a bottle of wine, and bread "at discretion," for ten sous, is not much, it is evident; and we fear that, if the viands be good, the retailer of them at such a price must be one of the purest species of modern philanthropists! It has been well said that if we cannot live long on such remarkable diet, at least we are bound to be surprised "*que l'on puisse s'empoisonner à si bon marché*"—that we can cleverly poison ourselves at so little expense. There are many, again, not quite so benevolent, who demand what would be considered at home an extraordinary sum for a very ordinary repast; and there are others of a still greater calibre who tempt the epicure with only dishes of the most dainty and expensive character, and with combinations, the very titles of which the tongue requires considerable education to syllable with facility.

And here let us insinuate a word into your private ear, gentle reader. The veal, in Paris, is said to be particularly delicious! Of course we cannot pretend to account for any mysterious metamorphosis which the meat may be coerced to undergo in order to render it so palatable—but donkeys never die about Paris, poor things! They are always killed. And, an uncharitable public has been whispering for some days to us that some curious analogy exists between this singular fact and the peculiarity of the dish in question! We trust that no American will fancy for a moment that some of the ancient sausage-manufacturers of the United States have immigrated hither, and enlarging the sphere of their affections, have turned their attentions from the canine race and endeavored to render the patient donkey still more useful to humanity!

The *cafés* and *restaurants* of the Palais Royal, those that line the beautiful streets of the Boulevards, and those that occupy other similarly select situations, are really superb. They vie with each other in the showiness and costliness of their appointments. Everything is admirable and *recherché*. One can hardly imagine how such an inordinate display can be maintained; though strangers (and Paris is at all times deluged with a flood of temporary visitors from all quarters of the globe) are made involuntarily to contribute largely to that end, and by means of a thousand little artifices that, practised anywhere else, or with less consummate grace, would be recognized by anything but the most complimentary appellations.

This eating and drinking in public, this devouring of one's meals gregariously instead of at home amid the family circle, although it might answer occasionally, would, as a general practice, be a rather melancholy affair with us. In both England and the United States, the casual occupants of the same table ordinarily envelop themselves in the sombre mantle of their own individual importance, and that unruly member, the tongue, is permitted to perform no rôle in the solemn drama, excepting that of a mere supernumerary in the process of mastication. Each operator feels himself bound to look "*triste comme un bonnet de nuit*"—as triste as a night-cap—for fear one of his neighbors should shock him by making an advance or two towards a conversation. But here quite a different scene presents itself. The tongue exercises its more legitimate functions as a social and sympathetic organ.

Listen! Is all silent in yonder grand hall blazing with light, and its crowd of figures multiplied by the reflections from its mirrored walls, and its ceiling glittering with the embellishments which art, taste and genius have exhausted themselves in working into the most attractive combinations? Is there anything sad or solemn in that unique assembly? Is not, on the contrary, every countenance radiant and animated? Is not every voice musically eloquent? And why? Oh, because "*c'est, sans doute, un usage de Paris!*" The formal introduction required amongst us to authorize a conversation between two strangers, is here considered a relic of ancient barbarism; and the simple circumstance that two polite individuals happen to be placed within vocal reach of each other, is esteemed a sufficient reason for indulging in mutual observations.

Here, too, the rare prerogative of freedom enjoyed especially by our own sex in Paris, a freedom pushed to the very verge of an objectionable license, characteristically exhibits itself, whilst the presence of ladies adds considerably to the gayety of the scene, and softens into a courteous amenity the general tone of the company. If the lady were to enter with us such a place of popular resort without male attendance, what a consternation would be the consequence! In Paris *c'est tout à fait contraire*. A lady enters alone, or with a female friend. Without the slightest embarrassment at discovering herself the subject of remark on the part of a multitude of the other sex, she walks to one of the huge mirrors, and carefully disencumbering herself of her bonnet, (if she wear one,) hangs it upon an adjacent peg. Returning to the mirror, she fastidiously arranges her hair and dress, walks backward and forward to convince herself that her appearance is *comme il faut*; and then, without caring to notice, or perhaps secretly gratified at the fact that she is "the observed of all observers," she gracefully seats herself at one of the polished marble tables, casts her eye over the *carte* of the day, calls the *garçon*, and indicates with which *potage* she will commence her dinner.

As—however little we may have of the article—the smallest dose at a time is usually sufficient of philosophy, we will not stop here to discuss the moral effect of this species of liberty upon the habits and sentiments of the women of Paris. Mischievous or otherwise, it is common. Nor will the lady we have described be offended if familiarly addressed by any gentleman who may chance to be contiguous. She will reply with the greatest suavity. If a little vain of an ability to converse fluently, she will even become voluble, witty, piquant with her acquaintance of the moment, and will feel a double gratification should her expressions attract others to the same table to mingle in the conversation. Finishing her repast, she will drop the accustomed gratuity into the hand of the waiter, and then revisiting the mirror, rearrange her bonnet, shawl, &c., and bidding good day to the company, with a courtesy withdraw. At the *tables d'hôte* of many hotels, a table at the head of which the hostess usually presides—one of those martyrs who are pleasantly said "*se suicider à nourrir le public*"—the same scene presents itself with some necessary modifications.

But a truce to our own sex at present. Cast we our eyes down amid that glorious throng of shining palaces and fountains. What is it that glistens so amongst them all, in every public square and before every public building? It is the bayonet of the military substitute for our civil functionaries of local government, the police. Hark! if it were night, you might hear the "*qui vive*" from the Carroussel and the Tuileries—for the palace of the king is little more than a studiously guarded military *dépôt*, and even the little boys are driven after dusk by the sentinels from the gilt-headed iron railing that surrounds the residence of majesty! At almost every corner a soldier presents himself whose eye is upon your every movement. Nor is this all. Every house has its official spy, disguised or otherwise, and all your acts are carefully transmitted and recorded! Happy people! Between this system of espionage and the passport system, by means of which every man, woman or child in France is nicely labeled and ticketed for government inspection, there is not one who, however skeptical upon other points, must not feel that he is carefully watched o'er "from the cradle to the grave," if not by Providence, at least by its self-constituted substitute; and that, however it may be about "a single hair," to a certainty not a single "word" is here permitted to fall without the particular knowledge of the same particularly protecting influence! Should any doubt it, yonder aged-darkened building in the Seine, with the tower like a candle-extinguisher by its side, possesses, they say, some very felicitous arguments to convince the most obdurate.

We admit that the tinsel trappings of the soldier, his martial bearing, the clang of his iron instrument of death as he drops it for a moment upon the square stones of the *trottoir*, add materially to the striking effect of the picture as we

contemplate it. And even when the deep green foliage of the royal gardens embosoms in shade the bizarre statues and the holiday-dressed people that throng them; when the silvery-toned voices of children at play ring out like a merry song upon the wanton winds and murmuring waters; even then, the figure of the weary sentinel before the enormous gate, lends a sort of witching romance to a spectacle that already approaches as little as possible to the usually rude outlines of reality. Yes, it is all very pretty. It is "*peut-être fort poétique, mais ce n'est pas bon; le bon d'abord, le beau ensuite;*" and with the shrewd Frenchman we also say, "the good first, the beautiful afterwards."

The streets of Paris, though, contain something besides soldiers. The latter are numerous enough, and have a famishing look that somehow always brings to our mind, when we see them, the old song—

"When hungry I'll give you fresh rolls on my drum."

To be sure, our memory contrives to alter it to "French rolls," because the latter are uncommonly palatable: but let that pass. The streets of Paris are always full and always interesting. Those with the narrow pavements, and in which so many men and women not yet fully accustomed to pavements at all, seem to agree with the ancient Hibernicism that "the middle of the road is the best side of the way," and promenade there accordingly, are not by any means to be considered as beyond the pale of either fashion or popularity. When the ill-weather has not clothed them with an unctuous mass that cheers the heart of the *cocher de cabriolet*, and sets all pedestrianism at defiance, rendering a lady not thoroughly intimate with European refinements frightfully nervous about either her dress or her ankles, it is quite a piece of skillful streetmanship to steer a tolerably direct course without damaging your own or somebody else's dress or disposition.

In fact, the streets are filled with many an obstacle to facile locomotion. You may miss tumbling over the *marchand de marrons*, as the lame vender of roasted chestnuts at the corner elegantly styles himself; but you may chance the next moment to find yourself deeply immersed in newspaper literature by walking into that pile of *Le Temps*, *Journal des Débats*, &c., that the woman with the shrill voice is endeavoring to dispose of to the ceaseless passengers—the aforesaid shrill voice being engaged at the same time in fluently decanting upon the merits of each sheet—the *feuilleton* by Jules Janin, perhaps, or the new tale by Eugene Sue.

Presuming you to have avoided by exquisite management both Scylla and Charybdis, do not fancy yourself yet in perfect security. If the flower-markets or the dog-markets have not attractions enough to arrest your steps; if you have but little of the Parisian taste for *violettes*, and less of the same taste for canine indulgences, at least you

must pause as Punch with his theatre, his cat and his Gresilda, stands before you, or as some "learned monkey" challenges, "by special permission of Monsieur Le Préfet," your wit and curiosity. In vain you cross the street to avoid the annoyance. An omnibus, a tricycle, a fiacre, or some other abominably-named public vehicle is sure to be passing at the moment, the silver-laced coat of the driver glistening in the sunbeams. Anon, splash comes with a whisk of the street-cleaner's broom, just enough dirt to ruin forever your light satin dress, only a few hours from the dainty hands of the fashionable mantua-maker! You turn to vent your indignation upon the ungallant fellow, and behold—the street-sweeper is a woman! Shocked at such a degradation of the sex, you proceed, without deigning to cast a glance at the little house on the curb-stone with "*Bureau de Surveillance*" upon it, and towards which the adjacent cabmen cast such looks of constant trepidation—without heeding the *regrateur* who, scraping the kennel for old nails, is about to treat himself to a glass of something for having just found a stray horse-shoe—without noticing the wonderful acuteness with which the *chiffonier* detects and brings to light the merest fragment of paper that may lie *perdu* amid the profound mud-abysses of the street.

Nor are these all. If it were evening, the *marchand de contre-marches* would insist in your ear upon your purchasing an illicit admittance to the theatre; and if you were anywhere in the vicinity of the *Pont Neuf* or the *Quai de la Grève* a thousand other *industriels en petit* would delay your footsteps. There would be the shoe-black at every few yards' distance, with his footstool and polish; the dealers in *allumettes*, thrusting their matches into your hand and protesting that they are possessed of every imaginable excellence; the vendors of *épingles dorées* vowing that their gilt pins are "as good as gold, only more so;" the statuary, with small copies in plaster of everything you can mention, and some that you would not like to; the *sucre d'orge* or barley-sugar man, with his juvenile luxury; the book-speculators, with volumes on all subjects to loan temporarily or eternally; the other *marchand* with his gilt-tin fountain of nauseous liquorice-mixture, and his cry of "*coco à la glace*;" the *cuisinière ambulante* or peripatetic cook-shop, with its atmosphere of frying sausages and other *appétissantes friandises*—to say nothing of the ubiquitous *commissaire* of the district, who is that difficult-to-please old gentleman Mr. Everybody's particular domestic, and holds himself in readiness to depart to the "naughty place" itself on an errand, for a "*con-si-de-ration*." And "last, though not least," (as the wandering menagerie bills usually say either of the elephant or monkey,) there is the *écrivain*, in the tiny frame building at every other snug locality—he who indites *billets-doux* for disconsolate and illiterate lovers, and who will give you four sous' worth of capital French orthography in five minutes, and who will prepare you on the spot a *chanson* or a

melo-drama of approved quality, upon almost any terms you may think proper to dictate.

The streets of Paris, like streets elsewhere, are by no means deficient in women. The women generally, however, are not handsome. They are dressed becomingly, it must be admitted, and many with an exceeding degree of taste and neatness. Their hair is prettily arranged at all times, for the meanest expends considerable time and much judgment upon this portion of the toilet; while all who can afford it have the assistance of a *coiffeur* every morning. Their dress, just now, is cut very high and close in the neck, and fitted, if even of coarse material, very prettily to the figure. The nice little white collar is an embellishment of the poorest; and then the odd little black or white cap, with its saucy air, that is so universally worn, completes a *tout ensemble* of a highly pleasing character.

Very few bonnets are to be met with in the streets, even among the middling classes. They are quite rare; and when you see one, depend upon it the wearer is a stranger—if not, she is either a lady of some consequence or else a female attached to the other extreme of society, and of no consequence whatever in a reputable sense. And, in sooth, however odd it would seem at home for respectable persons to appear abroad *sans* bonnets, we really think (perhaps because our eyes are so accustomed to the novelty) that the Parisian women, with their vivacious faces, bright eyes, restless lips and tasty *coiffure*, look much better without them.

The streets of Paris are destitute of one thing, too common in almost every other city—we mean those painful evidences of want and disease that, by the public exhibition of their distress or deformity, extort a living from the hands of sympathy. Paris is almost exempt at present from this nuisance. The very poor are provided for without the assistance even of almshouses, and the hospitals are open to all the afflicted without the slightest regard to ability or condition. There must be some beggary—there must also be rags—in Paris; but the former, somehow, manages to keep pretty well out of sight, and the latter, by some mysterious or magic process, assume some other shape the moment you attempt to search for them.

You may possibly meet now and then a melancholy gentleman with a very shabby hat—and, let us add that a shabby hat often accompanies here a handsome address and a suit of clothes in other respects *bien comme il faut*. Perhaps you may encounter such an individual some dull morning wending his way silently towards the Seine, his fingers projecting themselves as if for air through his gloves, and, to use Mr. Dickens' phraseology, "the soles of his feet at an inconvenient distance from the upper leather of his boots." Do not suppose for a moment that it is his poverty that inclines him towards the river! Question him. In all probability he will tell you that he is the "*victime d'une sex perfide*." The absence of "frogs and mushrooms," to which, according to Dean Swift, the

French nation is entirely indebted for its levity, has nothing to do with *his* sorrows; and the obduracy, or more likely the infidelity of some loved one, a circumstance which in our country would drive him to *rum*, is here driving him to the water. If we may believe in the philosophy of Monsieur Balzac, the susceptible fellow, by the way, must be a sensible creature to purpose suicide under the circumstances: "*les femmes aiment les fats, parce que les fats sont les seuls hommes qui eussent soin d'eux-mêmes*,"* a dictum by no means complimentary to the taste or discernment of Frenchwomen.

Women are said by ill-natured people to be at the foundation of every evil. It is a calumny. In Paris, however, the remark might bear more of the aspect of truth, because the sex is permitted to associate itself with everything—business, politics and intrigue included—without a proper sense of the degradation. Only gaze at the splendid shops of Paris! What thousands crowd the streets, the passages, and every out-of-the-way-corner that can be dazzled into attractiveness! How very beautifully they are fitted up! Walls, ceilings, windows, all are frequently a mass of mirrors, reflecting a flood of light upon every article, and quadrupling to the passing eye the space and contents of the oftentimes *petit* establishment! The windows alone are sometimes a wonder in the way of exquisite arrangement. They are patterns of elegant and judicious display, carefully adapted to woo and win the attention of the most indifferent. And here, too, are the fair laborers themselves, busily engaged, or apparently engaged at something behind the little counter the moment they perceive that they are the subject of observation. All of them, if not pretty, are decidedly interesting. It is painful to think that their private character will not always bear commendation.

But stop! Do you perceive the lady at the desk, with the pen between her fingers, and the air of business abstraction that clouds her smiling face as she leans over the volume of "figurative reflections" in front of her? It is the mistress of the place. Her smile, to be sure, is mechanical; it is one of those smiles which we are gravely told Lavater overlooked completely—"le sourire en public, des princes, des limonadières des marchandes de nouveautés, et des maîtresses de table d'hôte." No matter. Her husband is Heaven only knows where! enjoying himself; her enjoyment is to conduct his business, to keep his accounts, and manage all the details of his trading transactions. And she does it, too, far better than he could, were it even possible for him to abandon his out-door amusements. There she is! Not a wrinkle upon her dress, not a hair out of place, attentive at once to her good looks and her good appearance. Perhaps that tall gentleman with the moustache, which he is so playfully and affectionately twirling all the time in his fingers—the one with the "Sampson heart-breakers" curling all over his features, with

* i. e.—Women love fools or coxcombs because they are the only men who take care of themselves.

the white teeth that he smiles so much to exhibit, and the tiny cane that he is continually tapping his boot with for want of better employment—perhaps that gentleman calls too often. But let that pass.

Her children! Oh, yes; she has children, and seems to love them considerably. Parisian families seldom comprise more than one child; occasionally two—three may be considered a novelty! Her infant is out at nurse—mothers never nurse their own offspring here if they can avoid it; it is so injurious to the figure! Her elder child, if she have one, is at boarding-school. It is not the custom, she will tell you, to be troubled with the presence of one's children until they are sufficiently advanced in years to become, in some sort, indoor companions!

It is not for us to speak of the reported licentiousness of Paris, or of the mischievous effect the conventional liberty of our sex must exert in maintaining it. We must say, though, that most of the habits and manners of the Parisians have a similar tendency; and the woman who, educated amid such perilous influences, preserves the purity of her mind, merits far more than we are apt to think, our especial admiration.

The sex is thrust, in a multitude of instances, entirely out of its legitimate sphere of action. It is not only beset by temptations to yield to error, but those errors are publicly pronounced venial transgressions of passion, and examples are constantly beheld of their tacit encouragement. Until a young girl is wedded, her life is here one of the most distressing bondage. She is constantly under surveillance. Her society is actually avoided by the other sex. She hears of and beholds a thousand enjoyments, withheld from her until she shall become a wife, and necessarily prepares to submit to any conditions calculated to change her irksome position. Her feelings, she knows, will not be consulted in the choice of a husband. Matrimony in Paris is indeed a "matter of money." The parents arrange all. The young lady's dowry is openly announced, and when a corresponding pecuniary ability is encountered, the union takes place, with but seldom a regard to the harmony of tastes, habits or inclinations of the parties most interested. If one or both of those parties subsequently follow the baser manners of the age and plead their mutual unfitness as an apology for the circumstance, need we wonder? Alas, no!

The gentlemen of Paris appear, as a mass, to have very little to do, and to do it vigorously! Do not hope to find one at home. It is the last place you should endeavor to seek for him. You may find him at the *café* or the *restaurant*. Perchance you may catch his light gloves at the theatre. If not, you will see him strolling the sandy avenues of the Palais Royal, or perusing a newspaper beside one of the nude statues in the Jardin des Tuileries; or walking the nicely bees-waxed floor of the Louvre, pointing out to a provincial acquaintance the monstrosities of David; or gazing at the Nereides in the great fountain-basins of the Place

de la Concorde; or breathing vows of eternal fidelity (warranted to keep for twenty-four hours) into some lady's ear upon the joyous *Champs Elysées*; or talking to himself amid the beautiful lime-trees of the Boulevard—for Sterne must have had a Parisian in his mind's eye when he said—"There are those who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for much speaking!"

In short, as we said before, you may find him anywhere but where he should be, beside his wife and his business. The latter he leaves to his wife, and his wife he usually leaves to his friends, who kindly return the compliment by leaving their own to be diverted in her solitude by his attentions.

Just observe two of these illustrations of human self-satisfaction meet in the public street. They are intimate friends. What courtesies and grimaces! The hat is raised entirely from the head. The vocabulary is plundered of its fulsomest adjectives, to express the affection they appear to entertain for each other. Nay, they even address each other in the second person singular, that their feelings may not be suspected of common-place intensity! They do not kiss when they embrace each other, as was customary some years ago. "*C'est mieux; c'est infiniment mieux; le pas fait est immense; il y a traces dès lors de civilisation.*" Thank Heaven, the abominable custom grows obsolete. It is absurd enough, and somewhat hypocritical, to see two ladies thus fondling; but when two breaths, redolent of tobacco meet, and lips press that have probably but a moment before pressed some equally filthy combination, the scene is nauseous!

Shaking hands, à l'Anglaise, is now becoming the general mode of salutation; and we actually beheld a Parisian the other day walking in the Luxembourg with a lady's arm passed through his own, also à l'Anglaise. These are amazing English innovations upon French manners! But such is the contagious influence of communication. The English pour into Paris by thousands, and spend their millions. They carry home with them French fashions for English wear, and leave behind them English habits for the accommodation of their Gallic neighbors.

And much as they really despise everything English, excepting English gold, the French are daily compelled to borrow from a language and a people so much more affluent than their own. Visit a French railroad; most of the workmen, the officers, the managers are either British or American, and the very terms employed are chiefly abstracted from the same quarter. Even the *cuisine* has not escaped the general fate; for, in spite of Cobbett's famous declaration that any nation which fed upon potatoes must degenerate, the potatoe is now denominated in Paris a glorious "*importation Anglaise*;" and the beefsteak is not only enthusiastically called the "*plus importante de nos conquêtes sur l'industrie Britannique*," but it is now a more common dish by far than that of "frogs," however Monsieur Crapeau may be ridiculed by those

who do not know how rare and how expensive a luxury the latter is in this capital of *gourmandise*.

But we grow ascetic, and it is time that we should close this "peep" at the frailties of our fellows.

As to our own sex, Paris is worshiped as the birth-place of true gallantry. Never was there a falser impression foisted upon a credulous world!

Here woman is apparently everything—in reality she is nothing. The homage paid to the sex in the United States is at least sincere and respectful, however limited—here, although profuse and unbounded, it is hollow and artificial when not really insulting.

At home, where the language even of gallantry does not pretend to place us but "a little lower than the angels," woman assumes her proper station in society, and is maintained neither as a doll to be gazed at and amused with, nor as a brute to be devoted to the severest exertions while her husband reposes in indolence. Here, on the contrary, where the sex in general is exalted, in the common phraseology of the day, to the heaven of heavens, and women are held to be in theory superior existences; here they are, with few exceptions, either treated as toys or subjected to the most degrading bondage; they are dressed up and seated behind the marble counter of a *café*, with an enormous nosegay in one hand and an enormous Persian cat toying with the other, just as a Venus de Medici or some other choice production of art would be ex-

hibited in the same place and with the same object, viz., to attract gentlemen. If not, you may find them toiling in the fields at the plough! as laborers upon the common roads! as scavengers in the public streets! or engaged in some other employment equally humiliating and unendurable!

Certainly, a woman here enjoys a peculiar species of liberty. Once wedded, she is free! She is privileged to go where she likes and with whom she likes—excepting perhaps her husband! But this promiscuous freedom engenders a confidence fatal to that mental purity which constitutes in our opinion the greatest charm in the sex. "The bloom of delicacy on a woman's mind" has been admirably likened by a graceful writer to "the palpable down on a butterfly's wing, which, once rudely brushed off, never returns."

So much for the women of Paris. As to the men, we fear there are few of them that would be improved in the opinion of the reader by our picture of them. "*Les hommes, en general*," says a shrewd Frenchman, "*ne sont bons à voir qu'une fois. Leur caractère est comme l'eau de Seltz; le premier goût en est excellent!*"* And so ends our Peep at Paris.

SIBYL SYLVESTER.

Paris, 1846.

* i. e.—Men, in general, are agreeable to meet with but once. Like Seltzer water, it is only the first acquaintance with them that is pleasurable.

THE VESPER CHIME.

BY MISS MARY GARDINER.

She dwelt within a convent wall
Beside the "blue Moselle;"
And pure and simple was her life
As is the tale I tell.

She never shrank from penance rude;
And was so young and fair,
It was a holy, holy thing
To see her at her prayer.

Her step was like the low south wind
Upon an August day,
And on her clear and placid brow
A deepening shadow lay.

You've sometimes seen, at sunset's hour,
A vista in the sky,
Through which you seemed to look to heaven—
And that was like her eye.

Her cheek was very thin and pale;
You would have turned in fear,
If 'twere not for the hectic spot
That glowed so soft and clear.

And always as the vesper chime
With measured cadence fell,
When prayers were o'er, she sought alone
A little garden dell.

And when she came to us again,
She moved with lighter air;
We used to think God's angels bent
To commune with her there.

One eve I followed on her way,
And asked her of her life;
She paused at first, as though to quell
Some wild and inward strife.

And when she spoke, her voice was like
The murmurs of a rill;
Now in its accents deep and strong,
And then so very still.

The flowers bent down as if to catch
The words so soft and low;
I thought the violets raised their heads
That slept our feet below.

I know not if they heard the tale,
But ever after there,
The flowers and grass and waving trees
A sadness seemed to wear:

"I mark not if mine eye be dim,
Or if my cheek be pale,
But daily now I feel within
Life's threads are waxing frail.

"There is a flower that hears afar
The coming tempest knell,
And folds its tiny leaves in fear—
The scarlet pimpernel.

"And thus my listening spirit heard
The rush of Death's cold wing,
And its mimosa folded close
In childhood's early spring.

"I never knew a parent's care,
A sister's gentle love;
They early left this world of ours
For better lands above.

"And so I loved not earthly joys,
The merry dance and play;
But sought to commune with the stars,
And learn the wild wind's lay.

"The pure and gentle flowers became
As sisters fair to me;
I needed no interpreter
To read their language free.

"And 'neath the proud and grand old trees
That seemed to kiss the sky,
We prayed alike with lowly heads,
The violets and I.

"And in the blue and glorious sky
I read of truths sublime—
Of sorrow and long suffering,
The heritage of Time;

"And felt within my throbbing heart
An inborn strength to bear,
And such a fearful depth of love,
I dared not sound it there.

"And years rolled on, and brought to me
But woman's lot below;
Intensest hours of happiness—
Intensest hours of woe.

"For one there was whose word and smile
Had power to thrill my heart;
One eve the summons came for him
To battle to depart.

"And when again the setting sun
In crimson robed the west,
They bore him to his childhood's home,
The life-blood on his breast.

"And, ere the morrow's parting light
Had faded from the sky,
Death's angel hushed the beating heart,
And glazed the closing eye.

Shelter Island.

"Another day, at vesper chime,
They laid him down to sleep;
And always at that fated hour,
I love to pray and weep.

"Tis said the radiant stars of night,
When viewed through different air,
Appear not all in golden robes,
But different colors wear.*

"And through another atmosphere
My spirit seemed to gaze;
For never more wore life to me
The hues of other days.

"Once to my soul unbidden came
A strange and fiery guest,
That soon assumed an empire there,
And never is at rest.

"It binds the cords with arm of might,
And strikes with impulse strong;
I know not whence the visitant,
But mortals call it *Song*.

"It never pants for earthly fame,
But chants a mournful wail
Forever o'er the loved and dead,
Like wind-harps in a gale.

"My heart, with a discordant thrill,
Presages coming storm;
And on the cloud, with prescient eye,
Beholds the weird-like form.

"I will not fear!—the smile of God
Has stamped the earth and sky,
Broke through the cloud, and lit the bow—
It will not pass me by."

Next eve I saw her kneel again
Upon that peaceful spot,
With such a glory on her brow,
'Twill never be forgot!

And when at nine for prayers we met,
We missed her from her place,
And found her sleeping with the flowers—
But death was on her face.

We buried her, as she had asked,
Just at the vesper chime;
The sunshine seemed to stay its flight,
So holy was the time.

'Tis thought that when the rainbow wanes
So peacefully on high,
It leaves, where smiled the radiant arch,
A fragrance in the sky.

It may be fantasy, I know,
But round that bed of death,
I always found an aroma
On every zephyr's breath.

And this is why the twilight hour
Is holier far to me
Than gorgeous burst of morning light,
Or moonbeams on the sea.

* In Syria, where the atmosphere is less humid than ours, the whole heavens sparkle at night as with various-colored gems.

MODEL COTTAGES.



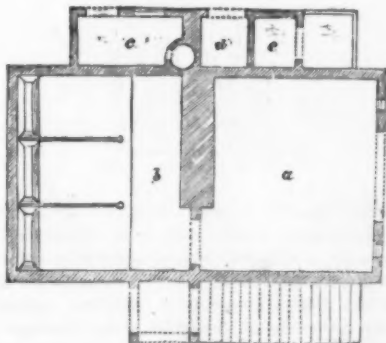
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

A Cottage Dwelling, in the German Swiss style, for a man and his family, with accommodation for two horses and a cow.

Accommodation.—This description of dwelling is common in the northern parts of the continent of Europe, and also in Switzerland. To economize heat, no less than to save expense in the first erection, the apartments for the domestic animals, and the places for carts, ploughs, and other country machines and implements, are all contained under the same roof. The occupier of such a dwelling is commonly a very small farmer, who joins to this occupation some description of trade or commerce, such as a carrier, coach-driver, jobber in cattle, fisherman, hunter, &c. There is a great objection to having cattle and horses under the same roof with living rooms for human beings, on account of the smells and insects generated by the former; but it must be recollected that in the warm season the cattle are seldom in the house, and that during winter in the north of Europe the great difficulty in human dwellings is to maintain heat. We have lodged in various dwellings of this description, from Stockholm to Naples, both in summer and winter, and cannot recollect that we ever felt much inconvenience from smells, but certainly some from insects. We do not, however, recommend this de-

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sign, where the expense of erecting the offices apart from the dwellings is not an object. In the ground plan of this building, we have a place for a cart, wagon, or other carriage, and for ploughs and other implements of agriculture or trade, *a*; a three-stalled stable for two horses and a cow, *b*; a back kitchen, *c*; a privy, *d*; and a pig-sty, *e*. On

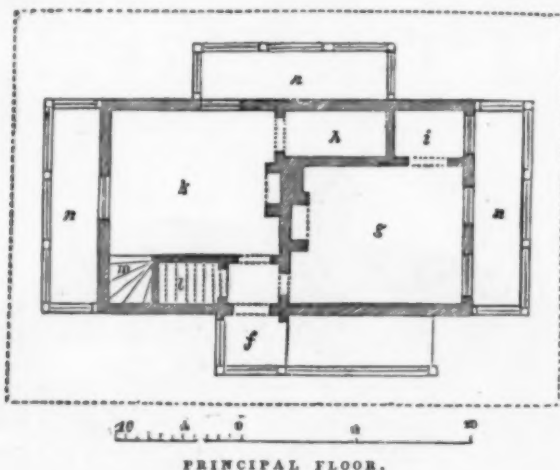


GROUND PLAN.

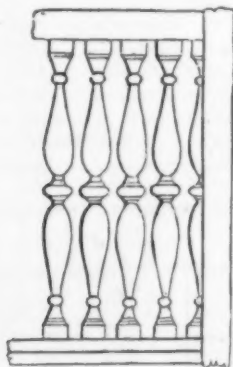
the principal floor we have an entrance under a porch, ascended to by an exterior stair, *f*; a sitting-room, *g*; pantry, *h*; light closet, *i*; kitchen, *k*;

closet under the stairs, *l*; bed-room stairs, *m*; and three balconies, *n*, *n*, *n*. The chamber floor consists of two bed-rooms and two bed-closets.

Construction.—The foundations and the first story as high as the floor of the living-rooms, are supposed to be built of stone, or brick with rusticated



stone corners; the upper part of the building is entirely of timber. The roof is shown as covered with thatch and without gutters. In Switzerland, where timber is abundant and labor not high, the railing for the stairs and balconies of such a building is commonly massive and very curiously carved. We here give a specimen on a scale of half an inch to a foot of a suitable railing to such a balcony.



Situation.—Were such a building to be erected in this country, it could only be for the sake of its character, and therefore the proper situation for it would be in a romantic, woody vale, glen or dingle, like those of the south of Germany, and especially the valley of Kinzigthal, from a cottage in which, engraved and published, the idea of the

present design is taken. There are many situations in New England, and some in the western country, where the appearance of such a cottage would raise up interesting associations in the mind of a European traveler, and would fill the stationary inhabitants with surprise, and by exciting inquiry, might lead to the improvement of their taste. We are naturally indifferent about what we do not understand; but the moment we begin to have a knowledge of any subject, we take an interest in it, which incites us to further inquiry, and ultimately brings us to an acquaintance with what is right or wrong, beautiful or deformed. To teach men to think is the grand object of every effort for promoting human improvement.

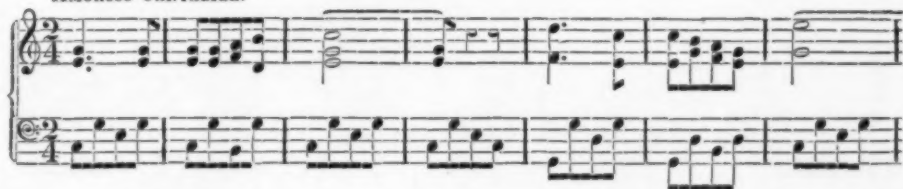
Criticism.—The effect of the walls of the ground story, being of stone, is good, by giving the idea of great solidity in itself, and of stability and security in the superstructure. The three balconies are calculated to be very useful. The outside stair, by artificially increasing the distance between the living rooms and the stable, must in some measure diminish the quantity of effluvia from the cattle, conveyed thither by the clothes of those who attend on them. The eaves ought to have the addition of an ample gutter; and for our own taste, we should have preferred having two windows in each gable end and none in the roof, dividing the garrets lengthways. We should not have truncated the gable, and we should have made a better preparation for the chimney stack, raising it higher and in a bolder style.

Estimated expense, \$1750.

"LOVE THEE, DEAREST? EVER!"
SERENADE.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND DEDICATED TO
JULIA E. WINNER AND MARY J. DENNING.
BY ALFRED H. COON.

AMOROSO CANTABILE.



The third system marks the entry of the vocal part. The right staff contains the vocal melody with the lyrics "Love thee, love thee, dearest? Ev - er! Ev - er true to thee re-". The left staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the notes: "Love thee, love thee, dearest?" under the first four notes, "Ev - er!" under the next four, and "Ev - er true to thee re-" under the final four.

The fourth system continues the vocal and piano parts. The right staff has the lyrics "main; Naught of earthly pow'r shall sev - - er" aligned with the notes. The left staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "main;" under the first note, "Naught of earthly pow'r shall" under the next six notes, and "sev - - er" under the final three notes.

This fond heart from thee a - gain. Bright the sil - ver moon is

beam - ing, Wake thee, dearest la - dy, wake; Though thou

now art sweetly dreaming, Come, and of my joy par - take.

2. From the jewel'd vault of heaven
See, the stars look gently down;
And the cooling breeze of even
Sweetly murmurs "Day is flown."
Bright the silver moon, &c.

3. Dearest lady, I adore thee;
May I call thee "mine alone?"
Angels bright shall hover o'er thee,
And thy path with flowers be strown.
Bright the silver moon, &c.

LADIES' WORK DEPARTMENT.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK.

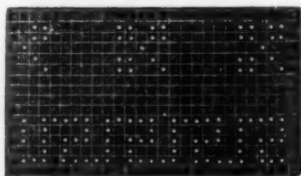
Plain and Open Crotchet Purse.

Commence with one row of open crotchet in fine green netting silk; then work five plain rows in shades of scarlet, from black to ponceau. On the second row, work two stitches with gold beads between every six stitches. On the second row, two steel beads; on the third row, two gold beads, in the following position—



It will take five skeins of ponceau silk, one of black and two of green, to form a purse about nine inches in length.

Another Plain and Open Crotchet Purse.



Commence with two rows of open crotchet, in fine netting silk of a dead gold color; then six rows of plain crotchet in three distinct shades of blue, on which the above sprig pattern may be worked in beads, the three first rows in gold beads, the two last in steel beads, commencing in the second row of the blue. Then three rows of open crotchet in the gold color. Seven rows of black, with the Grecian border in ponceau, to form a stripe. Repeat the three rows of open crotchet in gold color, and commence again with the blue stripe as before.

The purse should be about nine inches in length. It will take three skeins of blue silk, two of gold color, one of black, and one of ponceau. The silk should be fine.

A Bridal Purse.

Work one row the length of the purse in treble open crotchet with fine white netting silk. Then one row in plain crotchet, of three alternate stitches of ponceau and gold.

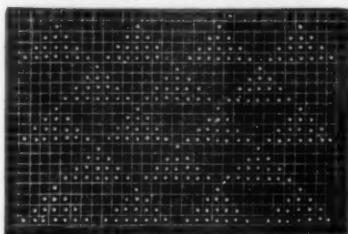


Crotchet eleven rows in white, with the above pattern in gold passing. Repeat the row of ponceau and gold; then one row of treble open crotchet in white, and one row of treble open crotchet in ponceau, and again in white.

Repeat the pattern, etc., and when the purse is of a sufficient width, finish with one row of treble open crotchet in white. Crotchet up the two sides with ponceau to the opening, round which work one plain row in ponceau to strengthen the purse and give uniformity.

If intended for ordinary use, black or claret silk may be substituted for the white.

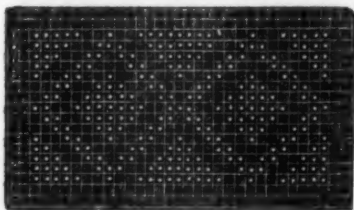
A Short Purse or Bag, in Plain Stitch Double Crotchet.



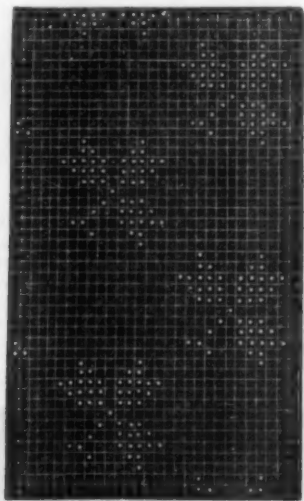
The above patterns are adapted for short purses or bags in any bright-colored silk, with gold cord or passing; the bottoms may be square, with a fringe of gold beads as a finish. The border pattern is to be placed at the bottom, with the vandyke pattern above over the whole of the other part.

If worked for a purse, the silk must be fine; if for a bag, coarse netting silk; the gold cord or passing being of an equal size.

A Baby's Cradle Cover, or a Carriage Wrapper.

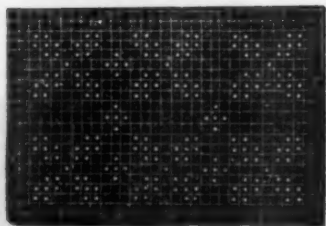
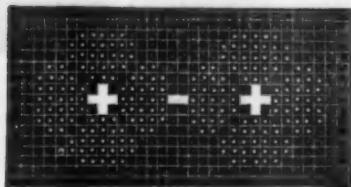


In blue and white six-thread fleecy, with a large ivory needle. Make a chain of the required length, and crotchet two plain rows of white ground. In the next row commence the above pattern, to form the border in blue on the white ground. This border is so designed that the pattern can be made perfect at the corners by simply continuing it at the sides, each row of the side border being worked at the same time with that of the centre. The centre is composed of the annexed pattern.



This covering can be worked either square or in a long square. It will be exceedingly warm and useful as an open carriage wrapper, when scarlet and drab, or blue and claret fleecy may be used. For either of these purposes, the crocheting should be done lightly and loosely with a very large needle. When worked for mats or rugs, eight-thread fleecy is preferable, and the crocheting should be done as tightly as convenient.

Another Square Pattern with a Border.



These patterns may be worked very prettily—the first for the border, the other for the centre—the ground of both being drab. Every other star in the border is gold color, the alternate stars being blue and crimson, those parts marked white in the engraving being black. In the centre, the small stars are all gold color, the larger figures alternately crimson and blue.

In working, the gold-colored wool, both in the border and centre is to be carried through the whole piece, but the blue and crimson stars may be introduced in short lengths, the ends of which must be run in at the back of the work, or it may be lined with silk.

Two rows of open crochets in black are to be worked round the whole square when finished.

The stars may be crocheted in one shade of each color; but it will be prettier, and quite as easy, to work them in various shades.

A Round D'Oyley or Mat.

Commence with a chain of six stitches, in black eight-thread fleecy. Unite both ends. Crochet all round, increasing in every stitch for the first row.

The pattern may be formed in three shades of scarlet on a blue ground of three shades; the darkest shade of the scarlet being on the lightest shade of the blue.

Second row is one stitch of dark scarlet and two stitches of light blue alternately, forming the commencement of a star of six points. Third row—three stitches of the dark scarlet and two of the blue. Fourth row—five stitches of a lighter shade of scarlet and two of the blue. Fifth row—five stitches of the lighter scarlet and three of the second shade of blue. Sixth row—three stitches of the lightest scarlet and six of the second blue. Eighth row—one stitch of the lightest scarlet and eight of the darkest blue. Ninth row—one plain row of the darkest blue. Three plain rows of black finish the D'Oyley.

In every row, increasing stitches are to be made in the blue, and also in the plain rows of black.

Traveling Bags.

Traveling bags worked in eight-thread fleecy are very strong. They may be mounted in the same manner as the usual carpet bags. Any of the patterns we have given will be suitable.

Explanation of Terms used in Crochet.

Plain crochet—where one loop only is made in each stitch. It is used for the commoner kind of purses.

Plain double crochet—where two loops are kept on the needle before the stitch is finished. This is the crochet stitch generally practiced, and that used for working table-covers, etc.

Double stitch crochet.—In this, both meshes of the chain are taken. It is principally employed for the soles of shoes, and where extra thickness is required, but it is not suitable for working patterns.

Plain stitch elastic crochet—is worked alternately in rows backwards and forwards, first taking the upper, then the under mesh of the chain.

Plain stitch open crochet—as described at page 185. It is used for purses.

Open crochet—as described at page 186. It is suitable for purses, bags, etc.

Double open crochet—suitable for bags, purses, etc. See page 186.

Treble open crochet—as described at page 186.

To make a stitch—at the commencement and end of a row, is to make one stitch of a chain before the first stitch, and after the last, which in the next row are to be crocheted.

A dividing, or seam stitch—called also a *raised* stitch, is made by putting the needle through both meshes of the chain, and working two stitches in the same hole. These stitches must always be made exactly over each other. In crocheting circles, they form a kind of star pattern, and serve the purpose of increasing stitches. They should not be employed when working with *chenille*.

To increase a stitch—to make two stitches in the same mesh.

To decrease—to take two stitches together or to miss one stitch. Decreasing is always done in the same ratio as increasing.

True, or perfect stitch—when working in different colors, the keeping the stitches directly over each other,

without any appearance of the half-stitch. This requires care, but it greatly adds to the beauty of the work, and makes the pattern more distinct.

To fasten off—to draw the wool through the last stitch.

To fasten on—lay the ends of the wool contrariwise, and crotchet a few stitches with both, or work in the second wool, and run the end in with a needle at the back of the work.

To run the ends—to pass them down a few stitches with a needle. This is the neatest and strongest plan; but they may be tied and cut off.

A dividing line—generally formed of two stitches alternately up and down, into the grounds of the stripes on either side.

Hints on Crotchet.

A steel crotchet needle is generally advisable;—with expert workers it makes the most even stitches, but an ivory needle is easier to work with.

The second sized netting silk is prettiest for purses.

The coarsest or crotchet silk is best adapted for bags, with steel or gold beads.

Where many colors are required in a pattern, and the

same do not very frequently occur, it is advisable to introduce them in short lengths instead of carrying on each thread. This should always be attended to when working with chenille.

When beads are used they are to be strung on the silk with a needle.

The average number of stitches for the length of a purse, in fine silk, is one hundred and sixty. In coarse silk, one hundred and ten.

From ninety to one hundred stitches form the circle of a purse in fine silk.

One hundred and thirty stitches may be taken for the round of a bag in crotchet silk.

A table-cover in six-thread fleecy is generally computed at about four hundred stitches in length.

Borders of flowers may be worked in crotchet, but it would be impossible to convey a complete idea even to the most experienced worker, unless accompanied with colored patterns, which the nature of our illustrations precludes us from offering. But the expert needlewoman will soon perceive the best method of copying any pattern of this description she may desire.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"PROGRESSION! It is the key to the great mystery of the universe—it is the word that solves the problem of destiny—the universal law which all things, animate and inanimate, mortal and immortal, must obey."

What a high privilege we of this nineteenth century enjoy! We see and feel this progression. That which the wisest among the ancients could only hope would come to pass in the far future, we enjoy as our daily food. The ages of preparation are passed. The time of action is now; we have only to sow the fields—the harvest is sure. The greatest triumph of this progression is redeeming woman from her inferior position and placing her where the Creator designed she should stand—side by side with man, a *help-meat* for him in *all* his pursuits and improvements.

We have been greatly cheered by the appearance of a work lately issued, containing the "Addresses of Miss Beecher." Our readers need not be told of her excellences, and her unwearied efforts in the cause of female education. They all know, love and honor her. But this "plan of sending female teachers to the south and west," as developed in her admirable addresses, will awaken a new interest in every benevolent heart. Read the work, we say to all. And we are happy to believe that all the readers of our "Lady's Book" will be prepared to appreciate the objects of Miss Beecher, because these harmonize with the spirit of those principles we have constantly endeavored to inculcate.

This plan of progression has been for years our favorite thought and hope. To awaken an interest on the subject was the favorite object we proposed when first assuming our editorial duties. Then the work had scarcely been attempted. The way was untrodden. We ventured on alone and almost unaided for a time. It is, therefore, very cheering to see what laborers are now in the field. It is delightful to work when success is certain. But we cannot forbear showing to those who

have been the steady supporters of the periodicals under our care, that as they have been long engaged in this exertion, so now they should go on with increasing energy and hope. We give an extract from an article we wrote in 1829 for the *Ladies' Magazine*, then under our care.

"No person of reflection, who really feels solicitous for the happiness and honor of woman, would wish to place her in the lecture room of the physician, in the forum, the pulpit, or the halls of legislation. The attempt to inspire women with the ambition to appear like men is too absurd to merit discussion. Would any lady consider herself competent to direct the management of a ship in a storm, or a fire engine at a conflagration? The storms of the political ocean and the fires of party spirit would as little accord with her moral delicacy of strength. Still she was not formed to be a trifler on earth. She has mental powers which, if not equal to those of her 'lord,' are yet too precious to be wasted.

"Women have a vast influence on society which nothing can prevent. This influence will be beneficial or not, in proportion to the reasonable manner in which it is exerted. To secure it on the side of virtue and intelligence should be the aim of every person who wishes to promote, not only individual and social happiness, but our national prosperity and glory.

"Our people must be educated. Not made learned in ancient lore merely, or even instructed in modern sciences, but trained to the love of excellence and habituated to the control of the passions. The heart and the understanding must alike be cultivated, and this never can be effected without the co-operation of women. Neither is their influence in the nursery, important as it is, the only manner in which they can assist in educating the young. Females might be extensively employed

in school-keeping. Why should not a department so peculiarly fitted to their powers and station be more generally appropriated to them? In New England, it is true, this has been partially done; and to that more than any other cause may be traced the general diffusion of intelligence among all classes of our people. Had none but men been suffered to teach in the common (or free) schools, the expense would have prevented these from being continued in our thinly-settled towns, except for a small part of each year.

"Then it is a fact, which none at all acquainted with the philosophy of mind will deny, that children imbibe instruction more readily from female teachers than those of the other sex. Woman is the true heaven-appointed instructor of the young.

"Another and very important consideration is the effect this employment has had on those females engaged in it. Their own minds have been disciplined and strengthened. When married, they have carried into their own homes those habits of attention to intellectual improvement which qualified them to direct the studies and judiciously encourage the efforts of their own children. Thus their influence on society is continually active in promoting the *fashion* of learning, that peculiar mode of thinking which, even among our poorest class, attaches infamy to ignorance, and incites the dullest of laborers to consider himself disgraced if his children cannot read and write.

"Here, then, is the field to which we would direct the talents and energies of our own countrywomen. It is wide enough for the display of all their genius, and there are laurels sufficient to gratify the most ambitious mind. There is no method by which a woman can, with safety and credit to herself, so surely acquire that very necessary knowledge for a popular writer—the knowledge of the human heart—as by becoming an *instructor of the young*.

"Our nation has need of all the talents and industry of its citizens, exerted in the most beneficial manner, to keep pace with the spirit of the age. Why refuse the assistance of female intellect, when it might be so usefully and appropriately employed? Of the several thousand schoolmasters in the state of New York, one-half might undoubtedly be engaged in business more profitable and pleasant to themselves, and their duties as teachers *better as well as more cheaply* performed by intelligent women. There is no branch of learning taught in our free schools which females would not be capable of teaching. They ought to be employed as assistants, at least, in every large school or seminary.

"The influence of a sensible, intelligent and pious woman has an irresistible effect in softening and controlling the turbulent dispositions of boys. Her influence is like the dew and sunshine on the flower, nourishing and beautifying all the sweet and delicate tendencies and characteristics of the soul. Remember the culture of the *heart* as well as *head* is essential to make men good citizens of a republic. A strong argument in favor of employing women as instructors of children may be found in their purity of conduct and of principles. A female advocating infidelity or endeavoring to weaken the bonds of moral and social order, is a phenomenon. Can the same be, with truth, said of man?"

Thus we wrote and hoped years ago, and now some of the objects we then advocated are in successful operation, and others in rapid progress towards accomplishment.

While in Boston the past summer, we found that one "Ladies' Society for the Promotion of Education at the West" was already formed and in successful operation. *Seven female teachers* had been sent out and were established. Since our return to this city we have received a letter from one of the ladies of this society, from which we will give an extract.

"Our society is in its infancy, but prospers greatly, finding grace and favor with all classes, east and west. Specific applications from responsible persons residing at the west arrive almost daily, requesting teachers of different grades. Candidates, many of superior qualifications, offer themselves to the society, furnishing ample testimonials. The executive committee have little to do but to assign stations and pay the traveling expenses of such as are destitute of means. *A home and suitable compensation are pledged in every application.*

"Those young ladies who went out for us in the spring occupy very important situations, and are highly appreciated by the western people, and are accomplishing a vast amount of good."

"What has our *Lady's Book* done? It has been the pioneer of all these improvements in female education, and the steady advocate for this enlarged sphere of female talent and influence. Very few females were employed as teachers in the schools in Boston, even, when we first began to advocate the plan; now they are employed, not only there but throughout the state, during winter as well as summer, in the proportion of nearly two female teachers to one of the other sex. And Mr. Mann, the intelligent secretary of the Mass. Board of Education, says, "accomplished and highly gifted young women are the best school teachers in the world." In all New England and New York this beneficial change is in progress, and we feel more than glad, we are thankful that we have been able to aid in directing public sentiment on this subject of woman's appropriate sphere.

And in this plan of sending female teachers to the West, we feel rejoiced that the "Lady's Book" has prepared so many minds to look favorably on the plan. We think we have been able to do more to promote these improvements than though our periodical had been entirely devoted to the subject of education. The work would then only have been taken and read by those who were already converts to the cause. But the "Lady's Book" came as a pleasant friend to amuse as well as instruct. Some take it for the sake of the plates, some to read the stories, others because a friend writes for it, and all these, as well as the large number whom we trust approve it for its moral and literary excellence, have become familiar, through its steady teachings, with the important truth Miss Beecher has so well set forth—namely, that "*the educating of children, that is the true and noble profession of a woman—that is what is worthy of the noblest powers and affections of the noblest minds.*"

"What more can the *Lady's Book* do? All that is required by taste and fancy, truth and good sense. We seek to make ours emphatically the *Lady's Book*. No other periodical does or can compare with it in appropriateness for our own sex. In the next volume will be introduced new features of literary excellence and artistic beauty, still keeping the moral tone onward and upward in its ennobling and purifying influence. We only want a wider sphere, a broader field, to enable us to carry out all these plans of perfection. We wish to commence the New-Year with *fifty thousand subscribers*. Will not every lady who takes the "Book" use her good offices in its behalf, and send us the *name of one friend*? We should then feel sure that the "progression" of our

own sex in this country was rapidly advancing—because those who love and join in this progress would thus generously sustain us.

"Oh, could we plant the future as we would,
And make it flourish!"

We give here a delicate morceau of French poetry, translated by a young lady of this city, from whom we have also an original poem. We like to encourage these efforts of genius and self-improvement in our young ladies.

LA FEUILLE.

Cette allégorie de la *feuille desséchée* est un chef-d'œuvre de grâce et de naïveté, renfermant une haute pensée sous la forme la plus délicate et la plus heureuse. C'est une allusion à la destinée du fils de Napoleon.

De ta tige détachée,
Pauvre feuille desséchée,
Où va tu? Je n'en sais rien;
L'orage a brisé la chêne
Qui seul était mon soutien.
De son inconstant haliène,
Le zephyre, ou l'aiguillon,
Depuis ce jour me promène
De la fêlt a la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon.
Je vais où le vent me mène,
Sans me plaindre ou m'affrayer;
Je vais où va toute chose;
Où va la feuille de rose
Et la feuille de laurier.

ARNAULT.

THE LEAF.

AN ALLEGORY ON THE FATE OF NAPOLEON'S SON.

Translated from the French of Arnault.

From thy stem now rudely blown,
Say, poor withered leaf, alone
Where goest thou? I cannot tell:
Low beneath the tempest fell
The oak that bore me on its bough;
And ever from that day till now,
With inconstant breath, each gale,
As it listed, hath me blown
From the plain to forest lone,
From the mountain to the vale.
Where the wind wills am I thrown.
I go, without complaint or grief,
Borne upon its rapid wing,

There where goeth everything—
Where go the rose and laurel leaf.

"A good name is better than riches."—Young Oscar Lafayette, the son of George, was elected to the chamber of deputies by virtue of his glorious name. Six members of the Lafayette connections have now seats in the chamber. Mothers, impress this lesson on the minds of your young sons.

In Europe *woman* is everywhere longer lived than *man*. Is this owing to a better organization, or to her purer and better life?

"There is not a morbid line in all the writings of Shakspeare. He has never (except perhaps in Timon) cast one shadow on the human spirit." What a rebuke to sentimental selfishness?

THE BRIDGE AND WATERFALL. (*See last month.*)—"It is hard to judge of stars in the presence of the sun," was the happy reply of the foreign ambassador to England's stately Queen Elizabeth, when she asked him how he liked her ladies.

We have the same feeling as regards the small rivers in Connecticut, when compared with the *queenly river* which gives the state its name. We never think of any other as worth mentioning. It was this kind of reverence which guided our pen while writing the illustration of the "Bridge and Waterfall," &c., last month. We never supposed one reader could have understood us as conveying the idea that Norwich was on the Connecticut. It has not that privilege, though it is a very flourishing, pleasant city.

The scene of the engraving is taken from a view on the Yantic, a branch of the Thames—it is on this last river that Norwich is situated—the other branch is the Shetucket river. The two branches unite in the city, at a place called "Chelsea Landing." It is about a mile above this junction to the "Waterfall" on the Yantic.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted—"Leaves from my Portfolio," "Love and Time," "My old Preceptor," "There's a Nameless Grave on Erie's Shore," "The Forest Land," and "A Story" without a name—the writer will understand.

Articles not wanted—"The Last Days of Autumn," "Abon Hassein," "The Victim," "Love and Sorrow," "The Marvelous," "The Old Maid," and "Going Abroad."

"The Exclusives—a Sketch from Life," and "The Disputed Composition," are declined.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co. have issued No. 2 of "*Chambers' Information for the People—a Popular Encyclopedia*," embracing all the branches of general knowledge necessary to constitute a well-informed man. This is certainly one of the most important and useful publications of the day, and it will undoubtedly find its way into many thousand family and school libraries. Among the subjects treated in No. 2 are the whale and whale fishery, conveyances, roads, canals, railways, natural philosophy, mechanics, machinery, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, optics, light, acoustics, chemistry,

&c. All these subjects are illustrated with good engravings, and the number containing all this information for the people sells for twenty-five cents. The whole encyclopedia will be completed in eighteen numbers. For sale by Zieber.

The same firm has commenced the publication of a set of elegant toy books for children, illustrated with Darley's designs, engraved by Brightly, Waitt and Downes. They are splendidly got up. The first one is entitled "*Mother Goose*."

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have issued Nos. 19 and 20

of their Library of American Books, comprising "*Papers on Literature and Art*," by S. Margaret Fuller, one of the most remarkable and able writers of the present day. The learning, ability and taste displayed in these papers would suffice to make the literary fortune of a dozen male writers of our acquaintance, who are vainly striving to accomplish with painful labor what this extraordinary woman executes without any apparent effort.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. and G. S. Appleton have published "*Laneton Parsonage*," edited by Rev. W. Sewell. This work, which is understood to be by the author of "*Amy Herbert*," will of course find a ready acceptance with the lovers of moral excellence as displayed in works of fiction.

The same publishers have issued volume second of "*Guizot's General History of Civilization in Europe from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution*," with a third edition of the first volume, so well and favorably known to American readers. The second volume, like the first, is marked with a clear and profoundly philosophical spirit, an exceedingly elegant and fascinating style, graphic in the narrative of facts and incidents, and always lucid in discussion. These characteristics, together with the author's perfect knowledge of his subject and his wonderful felicity of illustration, render his history of civilization one of the most delightful books which the general reader can take up.

The same publishers have issued a dozen large colored juvenile books, of the particular class called by the booksellers colored toys, which are destined to diffuse joy and happiness among the children of this happy country like the flowers of spring. The common title of the whole series is "*Grandmamma Easy's New Pictorial Toy Books*." The stories are all newly written in verse, very cleverly done, too, and full of fancy and fun, but perfectly unexceptionable in their tendency. That story of the "Queen of Hearts and the Stolen Tarts" is richly worth the price of the whole dozen. "Molly Goosey" and the "Alderman's Feast" however, are the chief favorites at our fireside, where the young urchins have dramatized and performed them, very much to the disturbance of our literary lucubrations.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Life of the Hon. George Canning*," by Robert Bell, an able and well-written biography of one of the most distinguished statesmen of England. They have also published "*Captain O'Sullivan*," a novel, by W. H. Maxwell, in the cheap pamphlet form. Also, Nos. 5 and 6 of "*Morse's Cereographic Maps*." They have also published "*French Domestic Cookery, containing 1200 Receipts*." We are happy to see that cookery books abound, new ones being published at the rate of about one a month. We hope they will be the blessed means of reforming American cookery, which at present is decidedly the single thing in which we do not beat the universal world.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, with English notes, critical and explanatory, and a Metrical Index*," by Charles Anthon, LL.D. In this admirable edition of the great Roman poet's poetical works, Dr. Anthon has well sustained his high character for sagacity as a critic, experience as an instructor, and unrivaled scholarship in perhaps the most difficult walk of learning. Within late years the value of classical education in the estimation of the American public has greatly increased—a happy improvement, and one which is to be chiefly attributed to the labors of Dr. Anthon. We gladly hail the present addition to "Anthon's Classical series," as a valuable acquisition to the young student's library, satisfied that in the copious and satisfactory commentaries of the editor he will find the necessity of resorting to trans-

lations vanish, and at the same time form correct tastes and modes of thinking.

The same publishers have issued "*The Trees of America, Native and Foreign, Pictorially and Botanically delineated, and Scientifically and Popularly described*," by D. J. Browne, author of the "*Sylva Americana*." This great work will be considered as having given its author a claim to the gratitude of his country as one of its most distinguished scientific benefactors. The value of this work, not only to botanists, but to farmers, gardeners and proprietors of woodlands, as well as mechanics who have occasion to test the comparative strength, elasticity and beauty of various kinds of woods for manufacturing and building purposes, is incalculable. The book will be eagerly sought by all our industrial classes on account of its economical purposes, and it will be consulted and read by scientific persons on account of its value and its authoritative character.

The same publishers have issued additional numbers of the "*Pictorial History of England*," the "*Pictorial Shakspeare*," and the illustrated edition of the "*Wandering Jew*."

Mr. George S. Appleton, of this city, and Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, have published a splendid edition of Lord Byron's "*Childe Harold*," with eight plates very beautifully engraved. The volume is one of the best got up books we have seen for a long time, the pages surrounded by a neat rule, and the copious notes judiciously thrown to the end of the volume so as not to disfigure the page. The price is very low for a Christmas book.

Messrs. Appletons have published "*The Rose for 1847*," an extremely popular little annual, with gems of steel plates, and the most delightful collection of stories we have read for an age.

The Messrs. Appletons have also published "*Two Lives, or to Seem and to Be*," by Maria J. McIntosh, author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," "Praise and Principle," "Woman an Enigma," &c. &c. It is an excellent story, replete with instruction useful in the conduct of life. The author is well and favorably known to the public by her previous books and by her able contributions to Neal's Saturday Gazette. Everything from her pen will command the attention of the reading public.

The same publishers have issued Ollendorff's "*New Method of Learning to read, write and speak the Italian language*," edited by Professor Foresti, of the New York University. Our readers have already been made acquainted with the merits of Ollendorff's new method by our notices of his manuals for learning German and French. This is on the same plan, and will be eagerly sought by teachers, there being at present a decided want of good elementary books for studying Italian.

The same publishers have issued "*First Greek Lessons*," by Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M. A., edited by Rev. T. A. Spencer, A. M. This is a very well executed system of primary instruction in Greek, being calculated to make thorough work and insure an exact and critical knowledge of the elements of the language. The author is already favorably known to the American public by his elementary Latin books, which have been published by Messrs. Appletons.

The same publishers have issued a very excellent family devotional commentary, entitled "*Light in the Dwelling, or a Harmony of the four Gospels, with very short and simple remarks, adapted to reading at Family Prayers, and arranged in 365 sections for every day in the year*," by the author of "*The Peep of Day*," "*Line upon Line*," &c. The utility of such a book is apparent upon mere reading of the title page. As to the execution of the plan we have assurance of its fidelity in the

character of the author, whose previous works are well known and approved by the Christian community.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "*Altowan; or, Incidents of Life and Adventure in the Rocky Mountains*," by an amateur Traveler, edited by J. Watson Webb. This book is full of interest, abounding in thrilling incidents, lively narrative and graphic description. We commend it to our readers as an extremely entertaining book for the coming long evenings of autumn and winter. The last remark will apply to another publication of the same firm, "*Leontine, or the Court of Louis XV.*,"—for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston and Zieber & Co.

The same publishers have published No. 4 of the "*Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*," which comprises the "*Life of Oliver Cromwell*," the best written biography of the illustrious Protector which has ever been written.

The same publishers have issued "*Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology for Women*," by Mrs. Gore, a work which cannot be too earnestly commended to the attention of the mothers of America.

The same publishers have also issued No. 3 of the "*Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*," by John Forster, of which we have already spoken so favorably after a careful perusal and study of the work. This number contains the lives of John Hampden, Sir Henry Vane the younger, and Henry Marten, with a fine characteristic portrait of Hampden engraved on steel. The number fills 144 closely-printed double column pages, and is sold at twenty-five cents. This work, and the other serial publications of Messrs. Harpers are for sale by Messrs. Grigg & Elliot and Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.

Mr. W. H. Graham has published "*The Apocryphal New Testament*," which is for sale by Mr. T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chestnut street, where may also be obtained "*The Sicilian Vespers*," by Dennis Hannegan.

Messrs. Greely & McElrath have published Dr. Lardner's "*Lectures on Science and Art*," an extremely well-written, useful and popular work, every way worthy the high reputation of the author.

"*The Poems of N. P. Willis*,"—"*The Poems of Alfred B. Street*," These beautiful volumes are from the press of Messrs. Clark & Austin, New York. The poems of Mr. Willis need no praise to make them popular, but it certainly is a luxury to obtain such a fair edition. Mr. Street is less known as a writer: this work ushers him before the public very advantageously. We predict that both the poets and publishers will gain much repute by these fair books.

Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, of Boston, are continually publishing religious and miscellaneous works of great merit. We have now two works from their press—"The Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church," and "*The Extent of the Atonement*," both by that eminent divine, Thomas W. Jenkyn, D.D. These books are or will be standard works in religious families. Then we have a series of small books—"The Marriage Ring," by John Angell James; "*The Family Circle*," by H. A. Graves, and "*Daily Bread*," by Rev. Baron Stow—all pure as truth and rich as goodness.

Also, from the same publishers, we have "*The Missionary Enterprise, a collection of Discourses on Christian Missions*," by American authors, edited by Rev. Baron Stow. The authors are among the most eminent divines of the different orthodox denominations. The book is a sterling one, and must have great influence in the good cause. And as a proof how much good can be done by missionaries, they send us the "*Memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson*."

"*The Wife of Leon, and other Poems*,"—"The Indian

Chamber, and other Poems." We have here two volumes, handsomely got up—the first in Cincinnati, the second in New York. New books are such common things, and new poems usually so much like the old, that we can hardly find a novel feature to set off a notice. But here is a new beauty: these books are jointly and severally the productions of two ladies—Mrs. Catherine Ann Morfield and Mrs. Eleanor Perry Lee, known to fame as "*The Sisters of the West*." No mark or signature indicates either, so we are left entirely to conjecture as to which writer is author of any poem we particularly like. Two poems in these collections we think possess great merit—"The Bird of Washington," and "*Death on the Prairie*." We should like to know if these were written by the same hand. There is much beauty of sentiment and description in these compositions; the writers exhibit refinement of taste and a delicate sense of the heart's many mysteries, but the abiding impression seems that of sadness. We think this arises chiefly from the circumstance that these accomplished ladies have been too much influenced by their course of reading. The melancholy of Byron and the pensive sadness of Mrs. Hemans have been in their minds. American poets should look abroad, and describe scenes and life in their own cheerful country. There would be pictures rough and dark, to be sure, but never despairing. And then, how much of new, grand and wonderful could be found. But we are glad to see this valuable contribution to American literature from the ladies of the West.

"*Marion and his Men, an historical Romance*," by the author of "*Paul Jones*." W. H. Graham, N. York, and T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. We know the author of this work well. He is a gentleman of great abilities, and his capability of making an entertaining and instructive work is made evident by this book.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published No. 5, completing the lives of the "*Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*," and No. 9 of Morse's "*Cerographic Maps*," containing large and excellent maps of the states of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Louisiana and Virginia, each of which is worth double the cost of the number.

The same publishers have issued a novel entitled "*Heidelberg*," by G. P. R. James, Esq., the most popular of the living novelists of England. The above works are for sale by G. B. Zieber & Co., and Lindsay & Blakiston.

Mr. J. D. Toy has published a "*Discourse on the Life and Character of Sir Walter Raleigh*," delivered by J. Morrison Harris before the Maryland Historical Society, May 19th, 1846, being the third annual address of that association—a very able discourse on a subject of lively interest to every patriotic American.

Mr. C. J. Gillis has published No. 95 of Professor Frost's "*Pictorial History of the World*," which brings us down the history to the age of Louis XIV. The work is now nearly complete, and it will form one of the most valuable additions to the family and school libraries of the country which has appeared for a long time. In splendor of pictorial embellishments it is unsurpassed by any work of its class.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, and George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have published "*Cornelius Nepos, with Answered Questions and Imitative Exercises*," by Rev. Thomas Kerchever Arnold, revised and corrected by Professor E. A. Johnson—a most admirable edition of one of the best writers of the Augustan age.

"*Patterns for Crochet Work, original and selected*," by a Lady. Two numbers—H. L. Lipman. The above are two books sent us by Mr. L. They will be found very

useful by our fair readers to whom our articles on this subject have given a taste for this species of needle-work.

Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co. have published "*Sacred Sentences from the Bible, designed as Introductory Pieces for Public Worship*," selected and composed, with an accompaniment for the organ, by Albert G. Emerick. This book will at once attract the attention of the musical world by its great scientific merit, and it will speedily become diffused among the religious congregations throughout the country as the most appropriate species of introduction to Divine service. It can be sent by mail at a trifling cost to any part of the country, and should at once be ordered of G. B. Zieber by country choirs and singing societies.

It is supposed that an editor never reads a paper but merely glances at it. We—the junior editor—have one exception to the sweeping rule. We do read one paper from the "Notice to Correspondents" down to "The Chess-Player's Chronicle," every week. This paper is the *New York Spirit of the Times*, edited by William T. Porter, Esq. How did our long friend contrive to get together such a corps of correspondents, all of them good in their way—some great?

Madame Guillon, of Girard Place, in this city, has for many years conducted a boarding and day school for young ladies. We "speak by the card" when we commend it to our friends, here and elsewhere, as a school unequalled even in this our city, so renowned for its seminaries and teachers.

They have established in London stores exclusively for the sale of mourning. A gentleman lately called at one of them and inquired for a pair of dark-colored gloves. He was referred to the "Mitigated Affliction Department."

We perceive that the papers throughout the country refer their readers on the subject of fashions to "Godey's Lady's Book." This is as it ought to be, as we are the only oracle on the subject.

Our plates this month are both grave and gay. The mezzotint by Gross is equal to anything ever done by Sartain—indeed, Mr. G. was his pupil, and bids fair to outstrip his tutor. Upon the subject of mezzotints, we may remark that everything depends upon the printing. Our subscribers may remember the plate of "A View on the Delaware," published in our September number. This plate, although engraved by Mr. Sartain, was printed by Mr. John Butler, of this city; hence its great beauty. Mezzotint printing requires an eye somewhat acquainted with the lights and shades of painting. We recommend Mr. Butler for this style of printing. The present plate is also from his office.

We have several more plates by Mr. Gross in a very forward state, and we think that our subscribers will be highly pleased both with the subjects and the engraving.

The fashion plate in this No. gives the cloak fashions for this winter. We doubt very much if any of our contemporaries will think that it is necessary to suit these fashions for the season of the year. As to their being colored, there is no magazine in this country that gives colored fashions every month but the "Lady's Book."

We beg leave to call attention to the following from Scott's "Weekly Paper," of this city.

"GODEY'S REPRINT.—The reader will observe in another column an advertisement by Mr. Godey, of the

'Lady's Book,' of his two new reprints of foreign magazines at the low price of one dollar a year, or one dollar and fifty cents for the two. The first number is out, and is well-stored with that peculiar kind of reading for which 'Blackwood' and the 'London World of Fashion' are celebrated. Mr. Godey is probably the most competent for the kind of publication referred to. His long acquaintance with periodical literature, his personal attention to business, and the ample means at command, all combine to render him just the man for the work he has undertaken."

"H. G. J.," of Springfield, Mass., is respectfully informed that we cannot republish any article in our "Book," especially the one he refers to—biographical notice of L. Gaylord Clark. He is referred to the September number of our magazine, which he can either buy or borrow.

We copy the following from Neal's Gazette by request of a subscriber, who wishes to preserve it in a form more easy for reference than a newspaper.

CLINGING TO EARTH.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

Oh! do not let me die! the earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
True, heaven is holier, all replete with light—
But I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.

I cannot die; the flowers of earthly love
Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;
There may be purer, brighter ones above—
Yet with these flowers 'twould be too hard to part.

I dream of heaven, and well I love these dreams;
They scatter sunlight on my varying way;
But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams
Of brightness; and on earth, oh, let me stay!

It is not that my lot is void of gloom,
That sadness never circles round my heart;
Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,
That I would never from the earth depart.

'Tis that I love the world; its cares, its sorrows,
Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,
Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows,
Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm—

I love them all; but closer still the loving
Twine with my being's cords and make my life;
And while within this sunlight I am moving,
I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Heaven is a land of holiness and light—
Yet I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

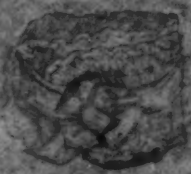
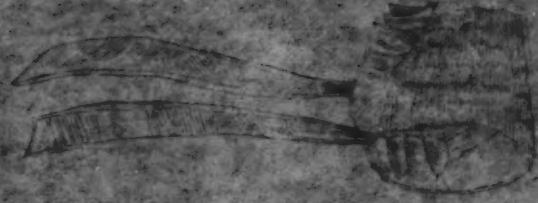
CASES IN WHICH LETTERS SHOULD BE PRE-PAID.—A gentleman writing to a lady.

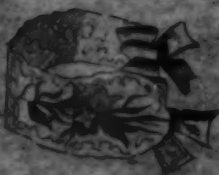
A lady writing to her female friend, to the care of a gentleman; (because the trouble of receiving and delivering is tax enough.)

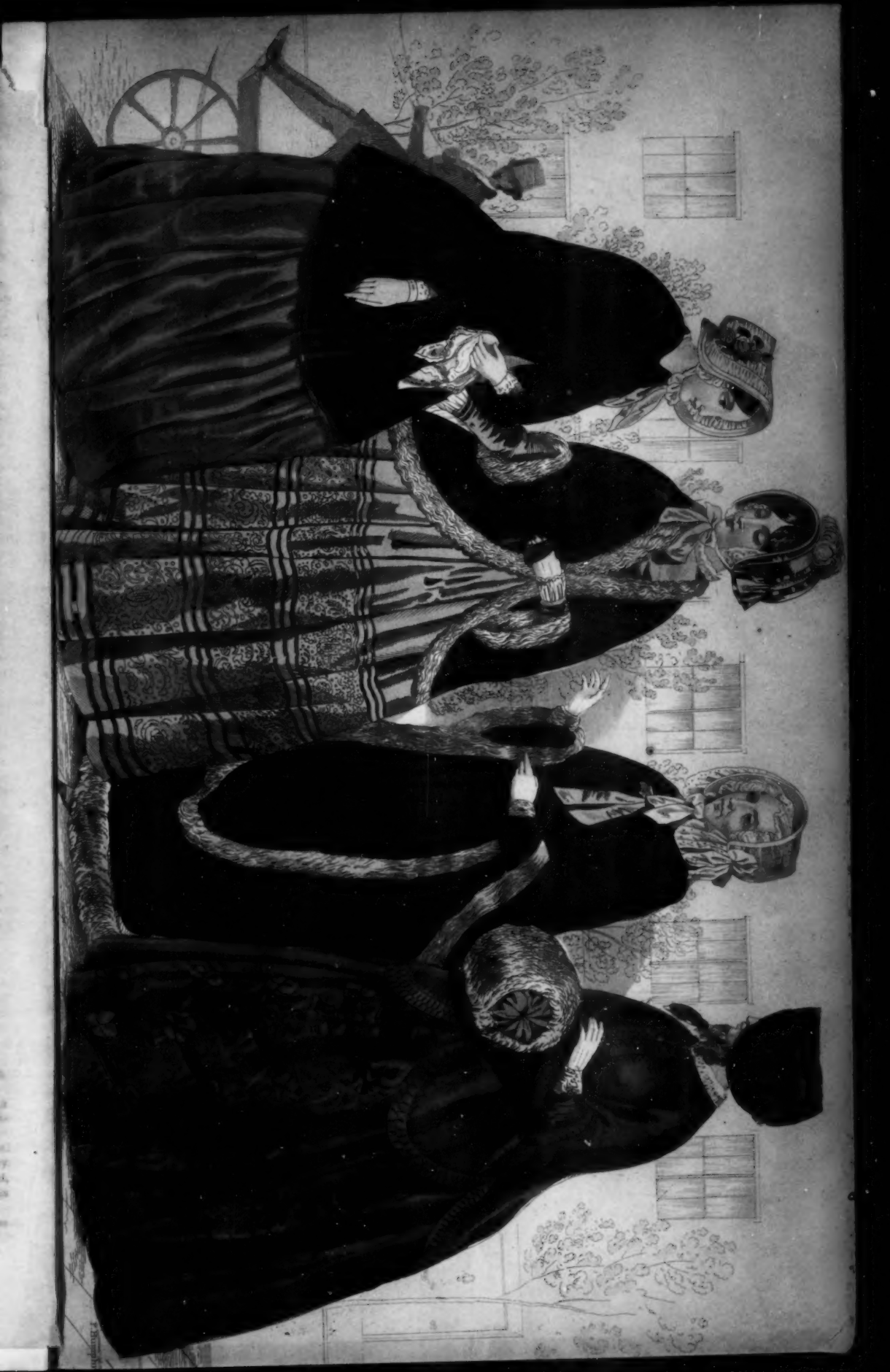
A merchant writing to another, requesting information.

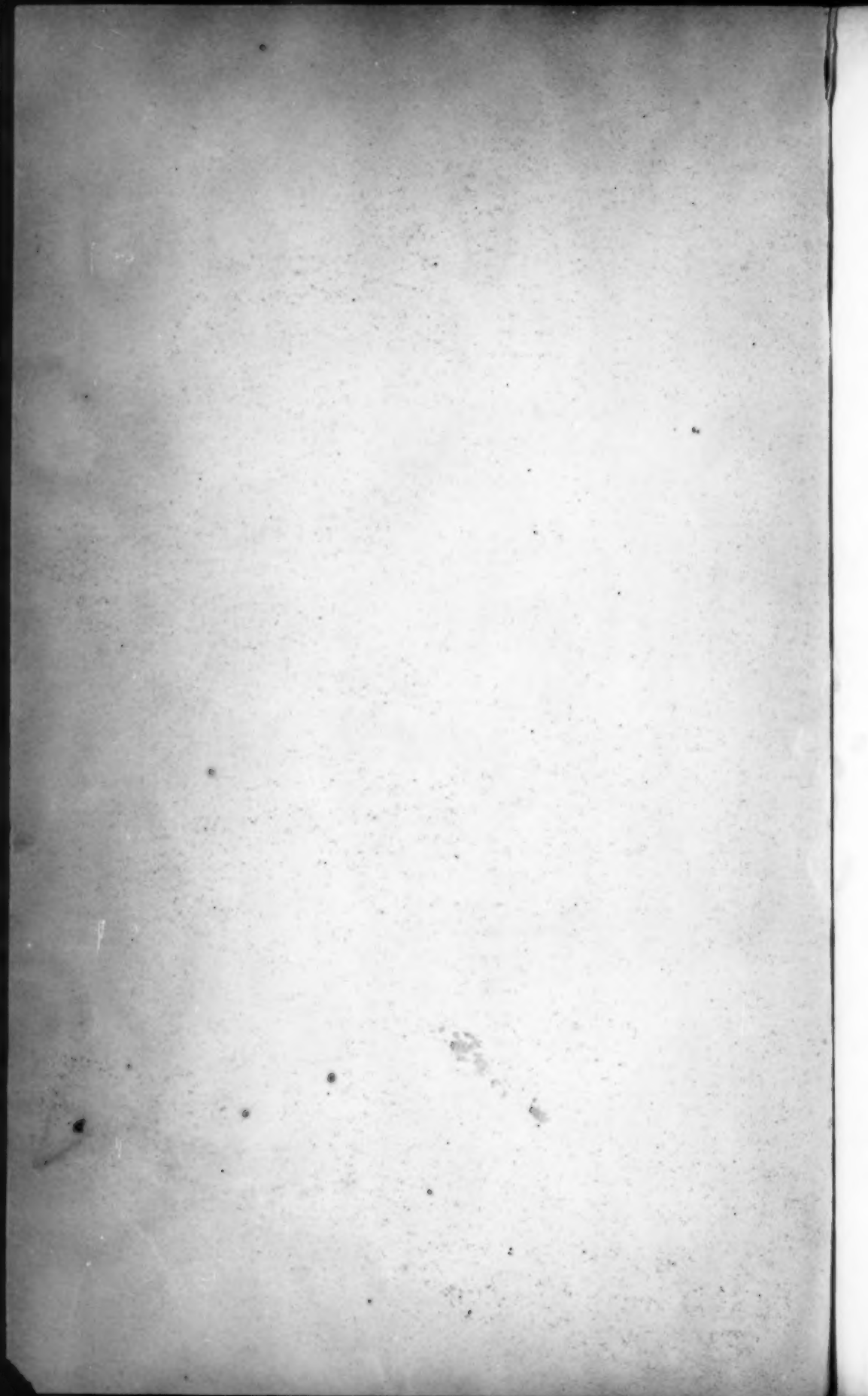
A friend writing to his friend, requesting some friendly act—such as collecting a small dividend to be remitted, &c. &c. &c., the trouble being sufficient to prove his friendship, without being taxed for so doing.

Always in writing to newspaper editors, or proprietors of newspapers.

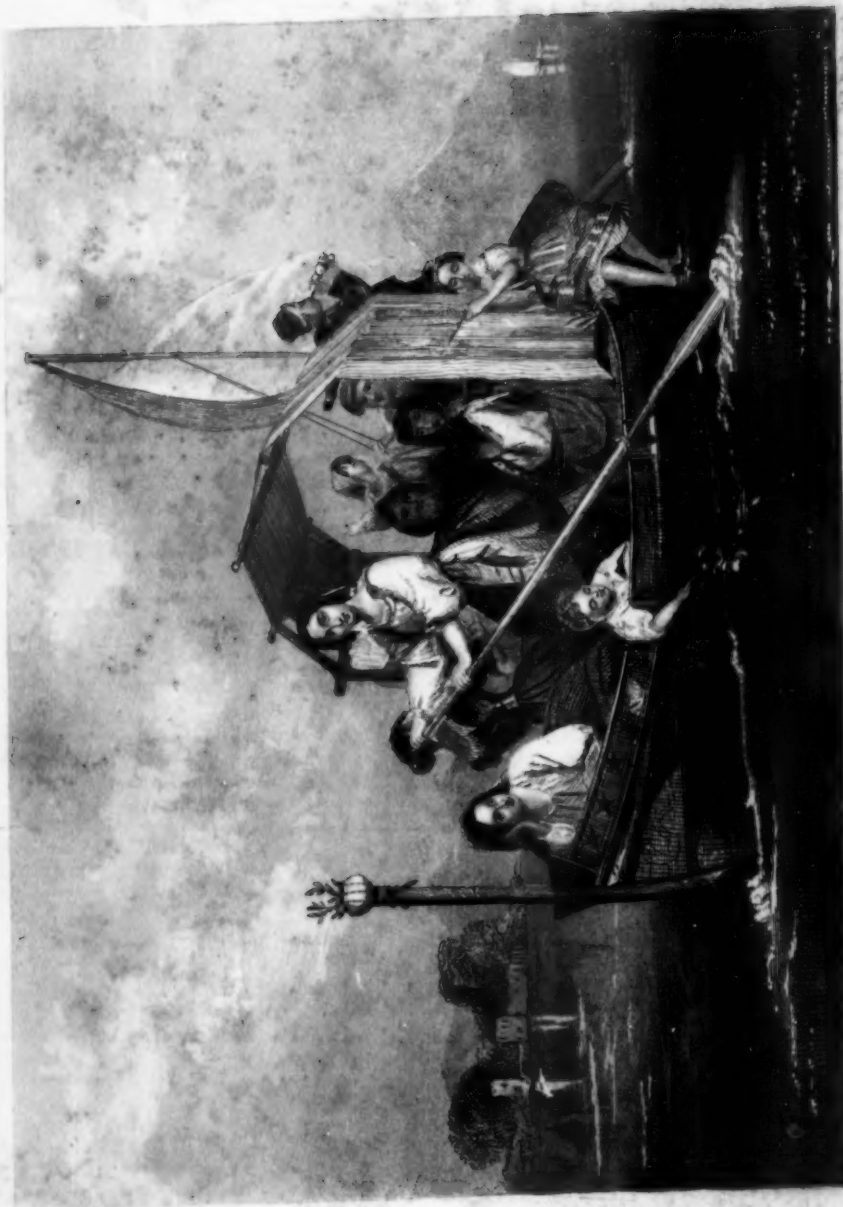












THE EXCURSION.

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