VARIOUS

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Содержание

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There is a freshness about the fame and the character of Mr. Irving, no less than about his writings, which enables us to contemplate them with unabated delight. Few men are so identified personally with their literary productions, or have combined with admiration of their genius such a cordial, home-like welcome in the purest affections of their readers. We never become weary with the repetition of his familiar name; no caprice of fashion tempts us to enthrone a new idol in place of the ancient favorite; and even intellectual jealousies shrink back before the soft brilliancy of his reputation. In the present Number of our Magazine, we give our readers a portrait of the cherished author, with a sketch of his sunny residence, which we are sure will be a grateful memorial of one, to whom our countrymen owe such an accumulated fund of exquisite enjoyments and delicious recollections. We will not let the occasion pass without a few words of recognition, though conscious of no wish to indulge in criticisms which at this late day might appear superfluous.

The position of Mr. Irving in American literature is no less

peculiar than it is enviable. With the exception of Mr. Paulding, none of our eminent living authors have been so long before the public. He commenced his career as a writer almost with the commencement of the present century. The first indications of his rich vein of humor and invention that appeared through the press, were contained in the Jonathan Oldstyle Letters, published in the Morning Chronicle in 1802, when he was in the twentieth year of his age. His health at this time having become seriously impaired, he spent a few years in European travel, and soon after his return in 1806, he wrote the sparkling papers in Salmagundi, which at once decided his position as a shrewd observer of society, a pointed and vigorous satirist, a graphic delineator of manners, and a quaint moral teacher, whose joyous humor graciously attempered the bitterness of his wit. It was not, however, till the appearance of Knickerbocker, that his unique powers, in this respect, were displayed in all their vernal bloom, giving the promise of future golden harvests, which has since been more than redeemed in the richness and beauty of the varied productions of his genius.

The lapse of years has brought no cloud over the early brightness of Mr. Irving's fame. He has sustained his reputation with an elastic vigor that shows the soundness of its elements. At the dawn of American letters, he was acknowledged to possess those enchantments of style, that betray the hand of a master. His rare genius captivated all hearts. His name was identified by our citizens with the racy chronicles of their Dutch ancestors,

and soon became associated with local recollections and family traditions. Born in a quarter of the town, whose original features have passed away before the encroachments of business, he has witnessed the growth of his fame with the growth of the city. The memory of Diedrich Knickerbocker is now immortalized at the corners of the streets, and in our most crowded thoroughfares. Even the dusty haunts of Mammon are refreshed with the emblems of a man of genius who once trod their pavements.

With his successive publications, a new phase of Mr. Irving's intellectual character was displayed to the public, but with no decrease of the admiration, which from the first had stamped him as a universal favorite. The Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, and Tales of a Traveler revealed a magic felicity of description, with a pathetic tenderness of sentiment, that gave a still more mellow beauty to his composition; while his elaborate historical work, The Life of Columbus, established his reputation for unrivaled skill in sustaining the continuous interest of a narrative, and in grouping its details with admirable picturesque effect. His later productions, illustrative of Indian life, and his still more recent works on the history of Mahomet and the biography of Goldsmith, are marked with the characteristic traits of the author, proving that his right hand has lost none of its cunning, nor his tongue aught of its mellifluous sweetness.

It is highly creditable to the tastes of the present generation, that Mr. Irving retains, to such a remarkable degree, his wonted ascendency. Other authors of acknowledged eminence have

arisen in various departments of literature, since he won his earlier laurels, and many of them since he has ceased to be a young man, but they have not enticed the more youthful class of readers from the allegiance which was paid to him by their fathers. The monarch that knew not Joseph has not yet ascended the throne. Indeed many of the most true-hearted admirers of Mr. Irving were not born until long after the Sketch Book had made his name a household word among the tasteful readers of English literature. This enduring popularity could not spring from any accidental causes. It must proceed from those qualities in the author, which are the pledge of a permanent fame. If a foretaste of literary immortality is desirable on earth, we may congratulate Mr. Irving on the possession of one of its most significant symbols, in the unfading brilliancy of his reputation for little less than half a century.

We have already alluded to the use made by Mr. Irving of the historical legends of our country. Nor is this his only claim on the American heart. He is peculiarly a national writer. He has sought his inspirations from the woods and streams, the lakes and prairies of his native land. No poet has been more successful in throwing the spell of romance around our familiar scenery. Under his creative pen the lordly heights of the Hudson have become classic ground. The beings of his weird fancy have peopled their forest dells, and obtained a "local habitation" as permanent as the river and the mountains. His love of country is a genial passion, inspired by the reminiscences

of his youth, and quickened by the studies of his manhood. He is proud of his birthright in a land of freedom. His protracted residence abroad has never seduced him from the ardor of his first attachment to the American soil. His favorite writings are pervaded with this spirit. Yet he betrays none of the prejudices of national pride. His patriotism is free from all tincture of bigotry. He scorns the narrowness of exclusive partialities. With genuine cosmopolitan tastes, he gathers up all that is precious and beautiful in the traditions, or manners, or institutions of other lands, finding materials for his gorgeous pictures in the ancestral glories of English castles, and the splendid ruins of the Alhambra, as well as in the quaint legends of Manhattan, and the adventures of trapper life in the Far West. This singular universality has given him the freedom of the whole literary world. As he every where finds himself at home, his fame is not the monopoly of any nation. He has his circle of admirers around the hearth-stones of every cultivated people. Even the English, who are slow to recognize a melody in their own language when spoken by a transatlantic tongue, have vied with his countrymen in rendering homage to his genius. His evident mastery, even in those departments of composition which have been the favorite sphere of the most popular English writers, has softened the asperity of criticism, and won a genial admiration from the worshipers of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie. In this respect Mr. Irving stands alone among American writers. Cherished with a glow of affectionate enthusiasm by his own

countrymen, he has secured a no less beautiful fame among myriads of readers, with whom his sole intellectual tie is the spontaneous attraction of his genius.

His universality is displayed with equal strength in the influence which he exerts over all classes of minds. He has never been raised to a factitious eminence by the applauses of a clique. His fame is as natural and as healthy as his character, owing none of its lustre to the gloss of flattery, or the glare of fashion. His themes have been taken, to a great extent from common life. He has derived the coloring of his pictures from the universal sentiments of humanity. He is equally free from cold, prosaic, common-place hardness of feeling and from sickly and mawkish effeminacy. He loves to deal with matters of fact, but always surrounds them with the light of his radiant imagination. He exalts and glorifies the actual, without losing it in the clouds of a vaporous ideal. Refined and fastidious in feeling, he retains his sympathy with the most homely realities of life, chuckles over the luscious comforts of a Dutch ménage, and professes no philosophical indifference to the savor of smoking venison in an Indian lodge. With the curious felicity of his style, he uses no strange and far-fetched words. Its charm depends on the beauty of its combinations, not on the rarity of its language. He employs terms that are in the mouths of the people, but weaves them up into those expressive and picturesque forms that never cease to haunt the memory of the reader. Accordingly, he is cherished with equal delight by persons of every variety

of culture. His fascinating volumes always formed a part of the traveling equipage of one of the most celebrated New-England judges, and they may be found with no less certainty among the household goods of the emigrant, and the resources for a rainy day on the frugal shelves of the Yankee farmer. They still detain the old man from his pillow, and the schoolboy from his studies. Under their potent charm, the merchant forgets his Wall-street engagements; the preacher lingers over their seductive sentences till the Sunday becomes an astonishment; the statesman is beguiled into oblivion of the salvation of his country; and the advocate is absorbed in the fortunes of some "roystering varlet," till his own forlorn client loses all chance of recovering his character.

The writings of Mr. Irving are no less distinguished by the truthfulness and purity of their moral tone, than by their delightful humor, and their apt delineations of nature and society. It is small praise to say that he never panders to a vicious sentiment, that he makes no appeal to a morbid imagination, and has written nothing to encourage a false and effeminate view of life. His merits, in this respect, are of a positive character. No one can be familiar with his productions, without receiving a kindly and generous influence. His goodness of heart communicates a benignant contagion to his readers. His mild and beautiful charity, his spirit of wise tolerance, the considerateness and candor of his judgments, the placable gentleness of his temper, and the just appreciation of the infinite varieties of character and

life are adapted to mitigate the harshness of the cynic, and even to quell the wild furies of the bigot. His sharpest satire never degenerates into personal abuse. It seems the efflorescence of a rich nature, susceptible to every shade of the ludicrous, rather than the overflow of a poisonous fountain, spreading blight and mildew in its course. If he laughs at the follies of the world, it is not that he has any less love for the good souls who commit them, but that with his exuberant good-nature he has no heart to use a more destructive weapon than his lambent irony. With his fine moral influence, he never affects the sternness of a reformer. He is utterly free from all didactic pedantry. We know nothing that he has written with a view to ethical effect. He reveals his own nature in the sweet flow of his delicate musings, and if he does good it is with delightful unconsciousness. He would blush to find that he had been useful when he aimed only to give pleasure, or rather to relieve his own mind of its "thick coming fancies."

In describing the position of Mr. Irving in the field of American literature, we have incidentally touched upon the characteristics of his genius, to which he is indebted for his high and enviable fame. We need not expand our rapid sketch into a labored analysis. Indeed every just criticism of his writings would only repeat the verdict that has so often been pronounced by the universal voice.

Nor is it exclusively as a writer that Mr. Irving has won such a distinguished place in the admiration of his countrymen. While proud of his successes in the walks of literature, they

have regarded his personal character with affectionate delight, and lavished the heartfelt sympathies on the man which are never paid to the mere author. The purity of this offering is the more transparent, as Mr. Irving has never courted the favor of the public, nor been placed in those relations with his fellow-men, that are usually the conditions of general popularity. He has wisely kept himself apart from the excitements of the day; with decided political opinions, he has abstained from every thing like partisanship; no one has been able to count on his advocacy of any special interests; and with his singular fluency and grace of expression in written composition, he has never affected the arts of popular oratory. His habits have been those of the well-educated gentleman – neither cherishing the retirement of the secluded student, nor seeking a prominence in public affairs – throwing a charm over the social circles which he frequented by the brilliancy of his intellect, the amenity of his manners, and the ease of his colloquial intercourse – but never surrounded by the prestige of factitious distinction by which so many inferior men obtain an ephemeral notoriety. His appointment as Minister to Spain has been his sole official honor; and this was rather a tribute to his literary eminence than the reward of political services. On his return from Europe in 1832, after an absence of nearly twenty years, he was received with a spontaneous welcome by his fellow-citizens, such as has been seldom enjoyed by the most successful claimants of popular favor; and from that time to the present, no one has shown a more undisputed title to the

character of the favorite son of Manhattan. In his beautiful retreat at Sunnyside, "as quiet and sheltered a nook as the heart of man could desire in which to take refuge from the cares and troubles of this world," he listens to the echoes of his fame, cheered by the benedictions of troops of friends, and enjoying the autumn maturity of life with no mists of envy and bitterness to cloud the purple splendors of his declining sun.

It is understood that Mr. Irving is now engaged in completing the Life of Washington, a work of which he commenced the preparation before his residence in Europe as Minister to the Spanish Court. We are informed that it will probably be given to the public in the course of another season. It can not fail to prove a volume of national and household interest. The revered features of the Immortal Patriot will assume a still more benignant aspect, under the affectionate and skillful touches of the congenial Artist. With his unrivaled power of individualization, his practiced ability in historical composition, and his acute sense of the moral perspective in character, he will present the illustrious subject of his biography in a manner to increase our admiration of his virtues, and to inspire a fresh enthusiasm for the wise and beneficent principles of which his life was the sublime embodiment. There is a beautiful propriety in the still more intimate connection of the name of Washington Irving with that of the Father of his Country. It is meet that the most permanent and precious memorial of the First Chief of the American Republic should be presented by the Patriarch of

American Letters. It would be a fitting close of his bright career before the public – the melodious swan-song of his historic Muse.

The birthplace of Mr. Bryant, in a secluded and romantic spot among the mountains of western Massachusetts, seems to have been selected by Nature as a fit residence for the early unfolding of high poetic genius. Situated on the forest elevations above the beautiful valley of the Connecticut in the old county of Hampshire, surrounded by a rare combination of scenery, in which are impressively blended the wild and rugged with the soft and graceful, adorned in summer with the splendors of a rapid and luxuriant vegetation, in winter exposed to the fiercest storms from the northwest which bury the roads and almost the houses in gigantic snow-drifts, inhabited by a hardy and primitive population which exhibit the peculiar traits of New England character in their most salient form, the little town of Cummington has the distinction of giving birth to the greatest American poet.

It was here that he was first inspired with a sense of the glory and mystery of Nature – first learned to "hold communion with her visible forms," and to lend his ear to her "various language" – first awoke to the consciousness of the "vision and the faculty divine," which he has since displayed in such manifold forms of poetic creation. It was under the shadow of his "native hills" —

"Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky

With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen" —

in the "groves which were God's first temples," where the "sacred influences"

"From the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him" —

that the spirit of the boy-poet was touched with the mystic harmonies of the universe, and received those impressions of melancholy grandeur from natural objects, which pervade the most characteristic productions of his genius.

Mr. Bryant's vocation for poetry was marked at a very early age. The history of literature scarcely affords an example of such a precocious, and, at the same time, such a healthy development. His first efforts betray no symptoms of a forced, hot-bed culture, but seem the spontaneous growth of a prolific imagination. They are free from the spasmodic forces which indicate a morbid action of the intellect, and flow in the polished, graceful, self-sustaining tranquillity, which is usually the crowning attainment of a large and felicitous experience.

Among his earliest productions were several translations from different Latin poets, some of which, made at ten years of age, were deemed so successful, as to induce his friends to publish them in the newspaper of a neighboring town. These were followed by a regular satirical poem, entitled "The Embargo," written during the heated political controversies concerning the policy of Mr. Jefferson, many of whose most strenuous opponents resided at Northampton (at that time the centre of political and social influence to a wide surrounding country), and from the contagion of whose intelligence and zeal, the susceptible mind of the young poet could not be expected to escape. This was published in Boston, in 1808, before the author had completed his fourteenth year. Its merits were at once acknowledged; it was noticed in the principal literary review of that day; it was read with an eagerness in proportion to the warmth of party spirit; and, indeed, so strong was the impression which it made on the most competent judges, that nothing but the explicit assertions of the friends of the writer could convince them of its genuineness. It seemed, in all respects, too mature and finished a performance to have proceeded from such a juvenile pen. This point, however, was soon decided, and if any remaining doubts lingered in their minds, they might have been removed by the production of "Thanatopsis," which was written about four years after, when the author was in the beginning of his nineteenth year.

This remarkable poem was not published until 1816, when

it appeared in the North American Review, then under the charge of Mr. Dana, who has himself since attained to such a signal eminence among the poets and essayists of America, and between whom and Mr. Bryant a singular unity of intellectual tastes laid the foundation for a cordial friendship, which has been maintained with a warmth and constancy in the highest degree honorable to the character of both parties. Meanwhile, Mr. Bryant had established himself in the profession of the law, in the beautiful village of Great Barrington, exchanging the mountain wildness of his native region, for the diversified and singularly lovely scenery of the Housatonic Valley, where he composed the lines "To Green Elver," "Inscription for an entrance to a Wood," "To a Waterfowl," and several of his other smaller poems, which have since hardly been surpassed by himself, and certainly not by any other American writer.

The "Thanatopsis," viewed without reference to the age at which it was produced, is one of the most precious gems of didactic verse in the whole compass of English poetry, but when considered as the composition of a youth of eighteen, it partakes of the character of the marvelous. It is, however, unjust to its rich and solemn beauty to contemplate it in the light of a prodigy. Nor are we often tempted to revert to the singularity of its origin, when we yield our minds to the influence of its grand and impressive images. It seems like one of those majestic products of nature, to which we assign no date, and which suggest no emotion but that of admiration at their glorious harmony.

The objection has been made to the "Thanatopsis," that its consolations in view of death are not drawn directly from the doctrines of religion, and that it in fact makes no express allusion to the Divine Providence, nor to the immortality of the soul. These ideas are so associated in most minds with the subject matter of the poem, that their omission causes a painful sense of incongruity. But the writer was not composing a homily, nor a theological treatise. His imagination was absorbed with the soothing influences of nature under the anticipation of the "last bitter hour." In order to make the contrast more forcible, the poem opens with a cold and dreary picture of the common destiny. Earth claims the body which she has nourished; man is doomed to renounce his individual being and mingle with the elements; kindred with the sluggish clod, his mould is pierced by the roots of the spreading oak. The sun shall no more see him in his daily course, nor shall any traces of his image remain on earth or ocean.

But the universality of this fate relieves the desolation of the prospect. Nature imparts a solace to her favorite child, glides into his darker musings with mild and healing sympathy, and gently counsels him not to look with dread on the mysterious realm, which is the final goal of humanity. No one retires alone to his eternal resting-place. No couch more magnificent could be desired than the mighty sepulchre in which kings and patriarchs have laid down to their last repose. Every thing grand and lovely in nature contributes to the decoration of the great tomb of man.

The dead are every where. The sun, the planets, the infinite host of heaven, have shone on the abodes of death through the lapse of ages. The living, who now witness the departure of their companions without heed, will share their destiny. With these kindly admonitions, Nature speaks to the spirit when it shudders at the thought of the stern agony and the narrow house.

The stately movement of the versification, the accumulated grandeur of the imagery, the vein of tender and solemn pathos, and the spirit of cheerful trust at the close, which mark this extraordinary poem, render it more effective, in an ethical point of view, than volumes of exhortation; while, regarded as a work of art, the unity of purpose with which its leading thought is presented under a variety of aspects, gives it a completeness and symmetry which remove the force of the objection to which we have alluded.

In a similar style of majestic thought is the "Forest Hymn," from which we can not refrain from quoting an inimitable passage, descriptive of the alternation between Life and Death in the Universe, which seems to us to open the heart of the mystery with a truthfulness of insight that has found expression in language of unsurpassable energy.

> "My heart is awed within me, when I think
> Of the great miracle that still goes on
> In silence, round me – the perpetual work
> Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
> Forever. Written on thy works, I read

The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die – but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses – ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy, Death – yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne – the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end."

The soft and exquisite beauty of the lines entitled "To a Waterfowl" is appreciated by every reader of taste. They belong to that rare class of poems which, once read, haunt the imagination with a perpetual charm. A more natural expression of true religious feeling than that contained in the closing stanzas, is nowhere to be met with.

"Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

But we have no space to dwell upon the attractive details of Mr. Bryant's poetry, though it would be a grateful task to pass in review the familiar productions, of which we can weary as little as of the natural landscape. It needs no profound analysis to state their most general characteristics. Bryant's descriptions of nature are no less remarkable for their minute accuracy than for the richness and delicacy of their suggestions in the sphere of sentiment. No one can ever be tempted to accuse him of obtaining his knowledge of nature at second hand. He paints nothing which he has not seen. His images are derived from actual experience. Hence they have the vernal freshness of an orchard in bloom. He is no less familiar with the cheerful tune of brooks in flowery June than with the voices and footfalls of the thronged city. He has watched the maize-leaf and the maple-bough growing greener under the fierce sun of midsummer; the mountain wind has breathed its coolness on his brow; he has gazed at the dark figure of the wild-bird painted on the crimson sky; and listened to the sound of dropping nuts as they broke the solemn stillness of autumn woods. The scenes of nature which he has loved and wooed have rewarded him with their beautiful revelations in the moral world. Her dim symbolism has become transparent to the anointed eye of the reverent bard, and initiated

him into the mysteries which give a new significance to the material creation.

It is true that the staple of his poetry is reflection, rather than passion, reminding us of the chaste severity of sculpture, and not appealing to the fancy by any sensuous or voluptuous arts of coloring. But a deep sentiment underlies the expression; and he touches the springs of emotion with a powerful hand, though he never ceases to be master of his own feelings. The apparent coldness of which some have complained, may be ascribed to the frigidity of the reader, with more truth than to the apathy of the writer. With its highly intellectual character, the poetry of Mr. Bryant is adapted to win a more profound and lasting admiration than if it were merely the creation of a productive fancy. It may gain a more limited circle of readers (although its universal popularity sets aside this supposition), but they who have once enjoyed its substantial reality will place it on the same shelf with Milton and Wordsworth, with a "sober certainty" that they will always find it instinct with a fresh and genuine vitality.

The influence of this poetry is of a pure and ennobling character; never ministering to false or unhealthy sensibility, it refreshes the better feelings of our nature; inspiring a tranquil confidence in the on-goings of the Universe, with whose most beautiful manifestations we are brought into such intimate communion. Its most pensive tones, which murmur such sweet, sad music, never lull the soul in the repose of despair, but inspire it with a cheerful hope in the issues of the future. The

"inexorable Past" shall yet yield the treasures which are hidden in its mysterious depths, and every thing good and fair be renewed in "the glory and the beauty of its prime."

> "All shall come back, each tie
> Of pure affection shall be knit again;
> Alone shall Evil die,
> And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign."

As a prose writer, Mr. Bryant is distinguished for signal excellencies both of thought and expression, evincing a remarkable skill in various departments of composition, from the ephemeral political essay to the high-wrought fictitious tale, and graphic recollections of foreign travel. The superior brightness of his poetic fame can alone prevent him from being known to posterity as a vigorous and graceful master of prose, surpassed by few writers of the present day.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

In the early months of last year the Great Exhibition had become as nearly a "fixed fact" as any thing in the future can be. The place where and the building in which it was to be held, then became matters for grave consideration. The first point, fortunately, presented little difficulty, the south side of Hyde-park, between Kensington-road and Rotten-row, having been early selected as the locality.

The construction of the edifice, however, presented difficulties not so easily surmounted. The Building Committee, comprising some of the leading architects and engineers of the kingdom, among whom are Mr. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, and Mr. Stephenson, the constructor of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, advertised for plans to be presented for the building. When the committee met, they found no want of designs; their table was loaded with them, to the number of 240. Their first task was to select those which were positively worthless, and throw them aside. By this process the number for consideration was reduced to about sixty; and from these the committee proceeded to concoct a design, which pleased nobody – themselves least of all. However, the plan, such as it was, was decided upon, and advertisements were issued for tenders for its construction. This was the signal for a fierce onslaught upon the proceedings of the committee. For

the erection of a building which was to be used for only a few months, more materials were to be thrown into one of the main lungs of the metropolis, than were contained in the eternal pyramids of Egypt. Moreover, could the requisite number of miles of brickwork be constructed within the few weeks of time allotted? and was it not impossible that this should, in so short a time, become sufficiently consolidated to sustain the weight of the immense iron dome which, according to the design of the committee, was to rest upon it?

The committee, fortunately, were not compelled to answer these and a multitude of similar puzzling interrogatories which were poured in upon them. Relief was coming to them from an unexpected quarter: whence, we must go back a little to explain.

On New Year's Day, of the year 1839, Sir Robert Schomburgk, the botanist, was proceeding in a native boat up the River Berbice, in Demerara. In a sheltered reach of the stream, he discovered resting upon the still waters an aquatic plant, a species of lily, but of a gigantic size, and of a shape hitherto unknown. Seeds of this plant, to which was given the name of "Victoria Regia," were transmitted to England, and were ultimately committed to the charge of Joseph Paxton, the horticulturist at Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire. The plant produced from these seeds became the occasion, and in certain respects the model, for the Crystal Palace.

Every means was adopted to place the plant in its accustomed

circumstances. A tropical soil was formed for it of burned loam and peat; Newcastle coal was substituted for a meridian sun, to produce an artificial South America under an English heaven; by means of a wheel a ripple like that of its native river, was communicated to the waters of the tank upon which its broad leaves reposed. Amid such enticements the lily could not do otherwise than flourish; and in a month it had outgrown its habitation. The problem was therefore set before its foster-father to provide for it, within a few weeks, a new home. This was not altogether a new task for Mr. Paxton, who had already devoted much attention to the erection of green-houses; and within the required space of time, he had completed this house for the "Victoria Regia," and therein, in the sense in which the acorn includes the oak, that of the Crystal Palace.

While Mr. Paxton was planning an abode for this Brobdignagian lily, the Building Committee of the Exhibition were poring wearily over the 240 plans lying upon their table. They had rejected the 180 worthless ones, and from the remainder had concocted, as we have said, with much cogitation and little satisfaction, their own design. Such as it was, however, it was determined that it should be executed – if possible.

This brings us down to the middle, or to be precise, to the 18th of June, on which day Mr. Paxton was sitting as chairman on a railway committee. He had previously made himself acquainted with the case laid before them, and was not therefore under the necessity of now devoting his attention to it.

He took advantage of this leisure moment to work out a design for the Exhibition Building, which he had conceived some days previously. In ten days thereafter elevations, sections, working plans and specifications, were completed from this draft, and the whole was submitted to the inspection of competent and influential persons, by whom it was unanimously announced to be practicable, and the only practicable scheme presented.

This design was then laid before the contractors, Messrs. Fox and Henderson, who at once determined to submit a tender for the construction of a building in accordance with it. In a single week, they had calculated the amount and cost of every pound of iron, every pane of glass, every foot of wood, and every hour of labor which would be required, and were prepared with a tender and specifications for the construction of the edifice. But here arose a difficulty. The committee had advertised only for proposals for carrying out their own design; but, fortunately, they had invited the suggestion on the part of contractors, of any improvements upon it; and so Mr. Paxton's plan was presented simply as an "improvement" upon that of the committee, with which it had not a single feature in common. This, with certain modifications, was adopted, and the result is the Crystal Palace – itself the greatest wonder which the Exhibition will present – the exterior of which is represented in our accompanying Illustration.

The building consists of three series of elevations of the respective heights of 64, 44, and 24 feet, intersected at the centre

by a transept of 72 feet in width, having a semicircular roof rising to the height of 108 feet in the centre. It extends in length 1851 feet from north to south, more than one-third of a mile, with a breadth of 456 feet upon the ground; covering 18 superficial acres, nearly double the extent of our own Washington-square; and exceeding by more than one half the dimensions of the Park or the Battery. The whole rests upon cast-iron pillars, united by bolts and nuts, fixed to flanges turned perfectly true, so that if the socket be placed level, the columns and connecting-pieces must stand upright; and, in point of fact, not a crooked line is discoverable in the combination of such an immense number of pieces. For the support of the columns, holes are dug in the ground, in which is placed a bed of concrete, and upon this rest iron sockets of from three to four feet in length, according to the level of the ground, to which the columns are firmly attached by bolts and nuts. At the top, each column is attached by a girder to its opposite column, both longitudinally and transversely, so that the whole eighteen acres of pillars is securely framed together.

The roofs, of which there are five, one to each of the elevations, are constructed on the "ridge and furrow" principle, and glazed with sheets of glass of 49 inches in length. The construction will be at once understood by imagining a series of parallel rows of the letter V (thus, \/\/\/), extending in uninterrupted lines the whole length of the building. The apex of each ridge is formed by a wooden sash-bar with notches upon each side for holding the laths in which are fitted the edges of

the glass. The bottom bar, or rafter, is hollowed at the top so as to form a gutter to carry off the water, which passes through transverse gutters into the iron columns, which are hollow, thus serving as water-pipes; in the base of the columns horizontal pipes are inserted, which convey the accumulated water into the sewers. The exhalations, from so large an extent of surface, from the plants, and from the breath of the innumerable visitors, rising and condensed against the glass, would descend from a flat roof in the form of a perpetual mist, but it is found that from glass pitched at a particular angle the moisture does not fall, but glides down its surface. The bottom bars are therefore grooved on the inside, thus forming interior gutters, by which the moisture also finds its way down the interior of the columns, through the drainage pipes, into the sewers. These grooved rafters, of which the total length is 205 miles, are formed by machinery, at a single operation.

The lower tier of the building is boarded, the walls of the upper portion being composed, like the roof, of glass. Ventilation is provided for by the basement portion being walled with iron plates, placed at an angle of 45 degrees, known as *luffer-boarding*, which admits the air freely, while it excludes the rain. A similar provision is made at the top of each tier of the building. These are so constructed that they can be closed at pleasure. In order to subdue the intense light in a building having such an extent of glass surface, the whole roof and the south side will be covered with canvas, which will also preclude the possibility of

injury from hail, as well as render the edifice much cooler.

In the construction of the building care has been taken to give to each part the stiffest and strongest form possible in a given quantity of material. The columns are hollow, and the girders which unite them are trellis-formed. The utmost weight which any girder will ever be likely to sustain is seven and a half tons; and not one is used until after having been tested to the extent of 15 tons; while the breaking weight is calculated at 30 tons. At first sight, there would seem to be danger that a building presenting so great a surface to the action of the wind, would be liable to be blown down. But from the manner in which the columns are framed together they can not be overthrown except by breaking them. Experiments show that in order to break the 1060 columns on the ground floor, a force of 6360 tons must be exerted, at a height of 24 feet. The greatest force of the wind ever known is computed at 22 pounds to the superficial foot; assuming a possible force of 28 pounds, and suppose a hurricane of that momentum to strike at once the whole side of the building, the total force would be less than 1500 tons – not one-fourth of the capacity of the building to sustain, independent of the bracings, which add materially to its strength. So that, if any reliance at all can be placed upon theoretical engineering, there can be no doubt as to the safety of the building.

Entering at the main east or west entrance, we find ourselves in a nave 64 feet in height, 72 in breadth, and extending without interruption the whole length of the building, one-third of a mile.

Parallel with this, but interrupted by the transept in the centre, are a series of side aisles of 48 and 24 feet in breadth, with a height of 44 and 24 feet. Over the centre of the nave swells the semicircular roof of the transept, overarching the stately trees beneath – a Brobdignagian green-house with ancient elms instead of geraniums and rose-bushes. The whole area of the ground floor is 772,784 square feet; and that of the galleries 217,100; making in all within a fraction of one million square feet; to which may be added 500,000 feet of hanging-space, available for the display of the products of human heads and hands.

There are three refreshment rooms, one in the transept, and one near each end, around the trees which were left standing, where ices and pastry for the wealthy, and bread-and-butter and cheese for the poorer are to be furnished. No wine, spirits, or fermented liquors are to be sold; only tea, coffee, and unfermented drinks; pure water is to be furnished gratis to all comers by the lessees of the refreshment rooms.

In respect to the decoration of the interior, a keen controversy has been waged. The fact of iron being the material of construction renders it necessary that it should be painted to preserve it from the action of the atmosphere. On the one hand, it is said that the fact that the structure is metallic should be indicated by the decoration, otherwise the whole will have no more appearance of stability than an arbor of wicker-work. Those who take this view recommend that the interior should be bronzed. On the other hand, those to whom the decoration is

intrusted affirm that the object of using color is to increase the effect of light and shade. If the whole were of one uniform dead color the effect of the innumerable parts of which the building is composed, all falling in similar lines, one before the other, would be precisely that of a plane surface; the extended lines of pillars presenting the aspect of a continuous wall. In order to bring out the distinctive features of the building various colors must be used; and experiments show that a combination of the primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, is most pleasant to the eye. The best means for using these is to place blue, which retreats, upon the concave surfaces, yellow, which advances, upon the convex ones, reserving red for plane surfaces. But as when these colors come in contact each becomes tinged with the complementary color of the other – the blue with green, the red with orange – a line of white is interposed between them. Applying these principles, the shafts of the columns are to be yellow, the concave portions of their capitals blue, the under side of the girders red, and their vertical surfaces white.

Among all the wonders of the Crystal Palace nothing is more wonderful than its cheapness, and the rapidity of its construction. Possession of the site was obtained on the 30th of July; in a period of only 145 working-days the building was to all intents and purposes completed. As to cheapness it costs less per cubic foot than an ordinary barn. If used only for the Exhibition, and at its close returned to the contractors, the cost will be nine-sixteenths of a penny a foot; or, if permanently purchased, it

will be one penny and one-twelfth. Thus: The solid contents are 33,000,000 cubic feet; the price if returned is £79,800, if retained £150,000. This simple fact, that a building of glass and iron, covering eighteen acres, affording room for nine miles of tables, should have been completed in less than five months from the day when the contract was entered into, at a cost less than that of the humblest hovel, opens a new era in the science of building.

As to the final destination of the Crystal Palace, it is the wish of the designer that it should be converted into a permanent winter-garden with drives and promenades. Leaving ample space for plants, there would be two miles of walks in the galleries, and the same amount for walks upon the ground floor; in summer the removal of the upright glass would give the whole the appearance of a continuous walk or garden.

Sir John Franklin, in command of the "Erebus" and "Terror," having on board one hundred and thirty-eight souls, set sail from England on the 19th of May, 1845, in search of a northwest passage. On the 26th of July, sixty-eight days afterward, they were seen by a passing whaler moored to an iceberg near the centre of Baffin's Bay; since which time no intelligence of their fate has been received. No special anxiety was entertained respecting them until the beginning of 1848, for the commander had intimated that the voyage would probably continue for three years, and that they might be the first to announce their own return. But as month after month passed away without bringing any tidings, an anxious and painful sympathy sprung up in

the public mind, and the British Government determined that searches for the missing vessels should be made in three different quarters by three separate expeditions fitted out for that purpose.

One quarter, however, that region known as Boothia, where there was a probability of success, was beyond the scope of these expeditions, and Lady Franklin determined to organize an expedition to explore that region. For this purpose she appropriated all the means under her control; and a subscription was opened to supply the deficiency. The "Prince Albert," a ketch of less than ninety tons burden, measuring in length about seventy-two feet, and seventeen in breadth, was purchased for the expedition. She was taken to Aberdeen to be fitted up; a double planking was put upon her, by way of pea-jacket to fit her for her arctic voyage, and a crew of fourteen canny Scotchmen, secured by the promise of double pay. Captain Forsyth, of the Royal Navy, proffered his gratuitous services as commander. Attached to the expedition, having special charge of the stores and scientific instruments, with the express understanding that he should head one of the exploring parties to be sent out from Regent's Inlet, was Mr. W. Parker Snow, from whose Journal we propose to draw up some account of the pleasures of sailing through the ice.

Mr. Snow seems to have been precisely the man for such an undertaking. He left America at three days' notice to join any expedition which might be sent out by Lady Franklin. With an active, hopeful temperament, never so happy as in a gale of wind,

if it was only blowing the right way, he rushed to the embrace of the Arctic Snows with as much alacrity as though they were kinsmen as well as namesakes. He had, moreover, a happy faculty of turning his hand to every thing, and no disposition to hide his talent in a napkin. A physician had been engaged for the vessel; but when, two days before sailing, the disciple of Esculapius saw the diminutive craft, he declined to proceed: – Mr. Snow volunteered to perform his duties; he had read a little medicine at odd hours; and by the aid of Rees's Guide, and Smee's Broadsheet, his practice was uniformly successful – either in spite of, or on account of, his informal professional training. The sailors, as might be expected from their Scotch blood, were desirous of having religious worship on board: – Mr. Snow offered his services as chaplain, reading and expounding the Scriptures, and offering up prayer.

On the 6th of June, 1850, the Prince Albert set sail from Aberdeen; a fortnight brought them within two hundred miles of the shores of Greenland. Then came, for a week, a succession of heavy gales, which drove them back upon their course; so that in six days their progress was not more than a dozen miles. The 1st of July, however, found them off Cape Farewell. Some idea of the multifarious occupations of the many-officed Mr. Snow, at a time when his proper duties had not commenced, may be gathered from his description of

LIFE ON SHIPBOARD

"At half-past six I used to turn out; and, warm or cold, wet or dry, take an immediate ablution in the pure and natural element. For half an hour I would then walk on deck, fair or foul; and, a little before eight, examine the men's forecastle; see to their condition, and whether any of them were sick; and if so, give them medicine. At eight bells, I would then take the chronometrical time for Captain Forsyth, while he observed the altitude of the sun, to get our longitude. Latterly I used, by his desire, to take a set of sights also myself, taking the time from a common watch, and comparing it afterward with the chronometer. The chronometers were then wound up by me, and the thermometer, barometer, &c., registered. At eight o'clock the two mates went to breakfast; the captain and I getting ours soon after them. During the forenoon I had to attend to the stores, provisions, &c.; write my accounts, journals, and other papers; and at noon worked up the ship's reckoning, the observations, and wrote the ship's log, examining our present position and future course. The mates had their dinner at noon: the captain and I at three P.M.; after which, a stroll for an hour or so on deck was taken by both of us. Tea came round at six, and at eight P.M. I used to try the temperature of the air on deck, and of the sea. After that, we would read together in the stern cabin. At ten, we would take our hot grog; and, generally about eleven, when free

from rough weather or the neighborhood of ice, turn in for the night. Very little candle was required below at night, as there was seldom more than an hour or two's darkness during any part of our voyage, until we were returning. It was not long after this date, moreover, that we had continued daylight through the whole twenty-four hours."

The principal obstruction and danger in arctic navigation arises from the ice; fields of which often occur of twenty or thirty miles in diameter, and ten or fifteen feet in thickness. From these crystal plains rise sometimes isolated, sometimes in groups, elevations of thirty or more feet in height, called *hummocks*. Dr. Scoresby once saw a field so free from hummocks and fissures that a coach might have traversed it for leagues in a straight direction, without obstruction. In May or June these fields begin to drift along in solemn procession to the southwestward, in which direction they hold their steady course, whether in calm or in spite of adverse winds. When these floating continents emerge from the drift ice which had hitherto protected them, they are shattered and broken up by the long, deep swell of the ocean. A ground-swell, hardly perceptible in the open sea, will break up a field in a few hours. These fields sometimes acquire a rotary motion, which gives their circumference a velocity of several miles an hour, producing a tremendous shock when one impinges upon another. "A body of more than ten thousand millions of tons in weight," says Dr. Scoresby, "meeting with resistance when in motion, produces consequences scarcely possible to conceive.

The strongest ship is but an insignificant impediment between two fields in motion." – Mr. Snow gives the following account of

TAKING THE FIRST ICE

"We had come so quickly and unexpectedly upon this "stream" (not having seen it, owing to the thick weather, until close aboard of it), that promptitude of decision and movement was absolutely necessary. It was one of those moments when the *seaman* comes forward, and by boldly acting, either in the one way or the other, shows what he is made of. In the present case the question instantly arose as to whether the vessel should at once run through the ice now before her, or wait until clearer and milder weather came. The mate, as ice-master, was asked by the captain which, in his opinion, was best. He advised *heaving to, to windward of it, and waiting*. The second mate was then asked; and he, without knowing the other's opinion, strongly urged the necessity of *running through at once*. Captain Forsyth, using his own judgment, very wisely decided upon the latter, and accordingly run the ship on. And a pretty sight, too, it was, as the "Prince Albert" under easy and working sail, in a moment or two more entered the intricate channels that were presented to her between numerous bergs and pieces of ice, rough and smooth, large and small, new and old, dark and white. It was hazy weather, snowing and raining at the time; and all hands having been summoned on deck, were wrapped in their oil-skin dresses and waterproof overcoats. Standing on the topsail-yard was the second mate conning the ship; half-way up the weather rigging

clung the captain, watching and directing as necessary; while aft, on the raised counter near the wheel, stood the chief mate telling the helmsman how to steer. This being the first ice in any large and continuous quantity that we had met, I looked at it with some curiosity. The moment we had entered within the outer edge of the stream the water became as smooth as a common pond on shore; and it was positively a pretty sight to see that little vessel dodging in and out and threading her way among the numerous pieces of ice that beset her proper and direct course. The ice itself presented a most beautiful appearance both in color and form, being variegated in every direction. We were soon in the very thick of it; and before five minutes had elapsed from our first taking it we could see no apparent means of either going on or retracing our steps. But it was well managed, and after about an hour's turning hither and thither, this way and that way, straight and crooked, we got fairly through, and found clear water beyond.

"Throughout the night the wind blew a complete hurricane, and the short high sea was perfectly furious; lashing about in all directions with the madness of a maelström, and with a violence that, apparently, nothing could resist. Heavy squalls, with sharp sleet and snowstorms from the southward, added to the fearful tempest that was raging. It was impossible to see three miles ahead, the weather being so thick. Occasionally an iceberg would dart out through the mist, heaving its huge body up and down in frightful motion, now advancing, next receding, and again

approaching with any thing but pleasant proximity. Our little vessel, however, as usual, stood it well. Could we have divested ourselves of the reality of the scene, it might have been likened to a fancy picture, in which some strange and curious dance was being represented between the sea, the ice, and the ship; the latter, by the aid of the former, gallantly lifting herself to, and then declining from the other. But it was too real; and the greater danger of the land being possibly near, was too strongly impressed upon our minds, to allow any visionary feeling to possess us at the time. It was the worst and most dangerous night we had yet had, and hardly a man on board rested quietly below until the height of it was past."

Soon after this a boat's crew was sent ashore for water, where in a lonely spot they discovered the grave of an European, with an inscription on a rude wooden tablet at its head, stating that "John Huntley of Shetland, was buried there in August, 1847." The sailors replaced the board which had blown down; and left the solitary grave, with the humble tribute of a wish for the repose of the poor fellow's soul. A few days later while on shore, Mr. Snow was spectator of the

OVERTURN OF AN ICEBERG

"I was speedily awakened to reality by a sudden noise like the cracking of some mighty edifice of stone, or the bursting of several pieces of ordnance. Ere the sound of that noise had vibrated on the air, a succession of reports like the continued discharge of a heavy fire of musketry, interspersed with the occasional roar of cannon, followed quickly upon one another, for the space of perhaps two minutes; when, suddenly, my eye was arrested by the oscillation of a moderate-sized iceberg not far beneath my feet, in a line away from the hill I was upon; and the next moment it tottered, and with a sidelong inclination, cut its way into the bosom of the sea upon which it had before been reclining. Roar upon roar pealed in echoes from the mountain heights on every side: the wild seabird arose with fluttering wings and rapid flight as it proceeded to a quarter where its quiet would be less disturbed: the heretofore peaceful water presented the appearance of a troubled ocean after a fierce gale of wind; and, amid the varied sounds now heard, human voices from the boat came rising up on high in honest English – strangely striking on the ear – hailing to know if I had seen the 'turn,' and also whether I wanted them to join me. But an instant had not passed before the mighty mass of snow and ice which had so suddenly overturned, again presented itself above the water. This time, however, it bore a different shape. The conical and rotten surface

that had been uppermost, when I had first noticed it, was gone, and a smooth, table-like plane, from which streamed numerous cascades and *jets d'eau*, was now visible. The former had sunk some hundred feet below, when the 'berg,' reversing itself, had been overturned by its extreme upper weight, and thus brought the bottom of it high above the level of the sea."

Northward, and still northward: thicker and more continuous grew the ice-plains, while ever and anon a sound like the discharge of heavy artillery booming along the lonely seas, announced that one iceberg after another had burst amid this freezing arctic midsummer. They now found that they were approaching the great Pack, where their labors were properly to begin. Due preparations were made, by laying in order ice-anchors, claws, and axes, getting tow-ropes, warps, and tracking-belts in order for instant use, and

INSTALLING THE CROW'S NEST

"The 'Crow's Nest' is a light cask, or any similar object, appointed for the look-out man aloft to shelter himself in, and is in large ships generally at the *topmast* head. In smaller vessels, however, it is necessary to have it as high up as possible, in order to give from it a greater scope of vision than could be attained lower down. Consequently, in the *Prince Albert* it was close to the 'fore-truck,' that is, completely at the mast-head. In our case, it was a long, narrow, but *light* cask, having at the lower part of it a trap, acting like a valve, whereby any one could enter; and was open at the upper part. In length it was about four feet, so that a person on the look-out had no part of himself exposed to the weather but his head and shoulders. In the interior of it was a small seat, slung to the hinder part of the cask, and a spyglass, well secured. To reach this, a rope ladder was affixed to the bottom of it, as seen in the engraving. This is called the 'Jacob's Ladder,' and the boatswain may be observed attaching the lower parts of it to the foremast-head. Upon the top-gallant yard are two men, busy in securing the cask to the mast, while the second mate is inside trying its strength, and giving directions concerning it. The 'Crow's Nest' is a favorite place with many whaling captains, who are rarely out of it for days when among the ice. I was very frequently in it myself, fair weather or foul – from six to a dozen times a day – both

for personal gratification, and for the purpose of looking out. It was a favorite spot with me at midnight, when the atmosphere was clear, and the whole beauty of arctic scenery was exposed to view. It was all fresh to me: I enjoyed it; and had enough to do, admiring the enormous masses of ice we were passing, the white-topped mountains in the distance, and the strange aspect of every thing around me. It seemed, as we slowly threaded our way through the bergs, that we were about approaching some great battle-field, in which we were to be actively engaged; and that we were now, cautiously, passing through the various outposts of the mighty encampment; at other times I could almost fancy we were about to enter secretly, by the suburbs, some of those vast and wonderful cities whose magnificent ruins throw into utter insignificance all the grandeur of succeeding ages. Silently, and apparently without motion, did we glide along, amidst dark hazy weather, rain, and enough wind to fill the sails and steady them, but no more."

Northward yet, and ever northward: – More frequent and massive grew the icebergs among which the little "Prince Albert" threaded its way; while far and near, to the east and north and west the eye met nothing but a uniform dazzling whiteness shot up from the glittering ice-peaks. Now and then a bear was seen, sitting a grim sentinel, by some seal-hole, from which his prey was soon "expected out." As they advanced the ice closed in around them, until at last they were fairly

"We were fairly 'in the ice:' but ice of which most readers have

no idea. The water frozen in our ponds and lakes at home is but as a mere thin pane of glass in comparison to that which now came upon us. Fancy before you miles and miles of a tabular icy rock eight feet or more, solid, thick throughout, unbroken, or only by a single rent here and there, not sufficient to separate the piece itself. Conceive this icy rock to be in many parts of a perfectly even surface, but in others covered with what might well be conceived as the ruins of a mighty city suddenly destroyed by an earthquake, and the remains jumbled together in one confused mass. Let there be also huge blocks of most fantastic form scattered about upon this tabular surface, and in some places rising in towering height, and in one apparently connected chain, far, far beyond the sight. Take these in your view, and you will have some faint idea of what was the kind of ice presented to my eye as I gazed upon it from aloft. We had at last come to the part most dreaded by the daring and adventurous whalers. *Melville's Bay*, often called, from its fearful character, the 'Devil's Nip,' was opening to my view, and stretching away far to the northward out of sight. But neither bay nor aught else, except by knowledge of its position, could I discover. Every where was ice; and the wonder to me was, how we were to get on at all through such an apparently insurmountable barrier.

"Our position now was becoming more and more confined as to sailing room. The channel in which we had hitherto been quietly gliding, narrowed till little better than the breadth of the ship. At 4^h 30^m P.M. we could get no further, a barrier of

'hummocky' ice intervening right across our passage between us and some open water, visible not above seventy yards from us. Speedily the channel through which we had come began to close, and after trying in vain to force our way through the obstruction, we found ourselves at six o'clock completely beset. The *Devil's Thumb*, which was now plainly visible, at this time bore S.E. (compass) about thirty miles. Other land was also seen topping over enormous glaciers, which were most wonderful to look at, and used to entrance my gaze for hours. At six o'clock our actual labors in the ice commenced. It was beginning to press upon us rather hard; and from the appearance of that which blocked our way, it was evident there had been a heavy squeeze here, and we were afraid of getting fixed in another. Accordingly every effort was made to remove the obstacle which impeded our passage. We first began to try and *heave* the ship through by attaching strong warps to ice anchors, which latter being fastened in the solid floe, enabled a heavy strain to be put in force. The windlass was then set to work, but to no purpose, as we hardly gained a fathom. We next tried what heaving out the pieces that were in our way would do, but this proved of no avail. The saws were then set to work to cut off some angular projections that inconveniently pressed against our side; and while this was being done, I sprung on to the hummocky pieces and examined the difficulty. The obstacle, however, was not removed; and at two in the morning a crack in the large floe to the westward of us was observed to be gradually enlarging. In less than half an hour

the water appeared in larger quantities astern, and a 'lane' was opened, by a circuitous route, into the clear space ahead of us, whither we wanted to go. All hands were called to the ship, and the vessel's head turned round to the southward, any further attempt to get through the channel we had been working at being given up. Sail was made to a light breeze, and some delicate manœuvring had to be accomplished in getting the ship round and in among some heavy ice, toward the passage we wished to enter.

"When I went on deck the next morning about eight, I found the weather very thick, with heavy rain. Our position seemed to me but little improved from that of the past night, for numerous 'bergs' of every size and shape appeared to obstruct our path. A fresh breeze was blowing from the S.E., and our ship was bounding nimbly to it in water as smooth as a mill-pond. But no sooner did she get to the end of her course one way, than she had to retrace her steps and try it another. We seemed completely hemmed in on every side by heavy packed ice, rough uneven hummocks, or a complete fleet of enormous bergs. Like a frightened hare did the poor thing seem to fly, here, there, and every where, vainly striving to escape from the apparent trap she had got into. It was a strange and novel sight. For three or four hours – indeed ever since we had entered this basin of water, we had been vainly striving to find some passage out of it, in as near a direction as possible to our proper course, but neither this way, nor any other way, nor even that in which we

had entered (for the passage had again suddenly closed), could we find one. At last, about ten A.M., an opening between two large bergs was discovered to the N.W. Without a moment's delay our gallant little bark was pushed into it, and soon we found ourselves threading through a complete labyrinth of ice rocks, if they may be so called, where the very smallest of them, ay, or even a fragment from one of them, if falling on us, would have splintered into ten thousand pieces the gallant vessel that had thus thrust herself among them, and would have buried her crew irretrievably. Wonderful indeed was it all. Numerous lanes and channels, not unlike the paths and streets of a mighty city, branched off in several directions; but our course was in those that led us most to the northward. Onward we pursued our way in this manner for about two hours, when, suddenly, on turning out of a passage between some lofty bergs, we found the view opening to us, a field of ice appearing at the termination of the channel, and at the extreme end a schooner fast to a 'floe,' that is, lying alongside the flat ice, as by a quay. The wind was fair for us, blowing a moderate breeze, so that we soon ran down to her in saucy style, rounding to just ahead of her position, and making fast in like manner. To our great joy we found that, as we had suspected, and, indeed, knew, as soon as colors were hoisted, it was indeed Sir John Ross in the 'Felix.' Glad was I of an opportunity to see the gallant old veteran, whose name and writings had latterly been so frequently before me. Directly we got on board, Sir John Ross came to meet us; I saw before me

him who, for four long years and more, had been incarcerated, hopelessly, with his companions, in those icy regions to which we ourselves were bound. I was struck with astonishment! It was nothing, in comparison, for the young and robust to come on such a voyage; but that *he*, at his time of life, when men generally think it right – and right, perhaps, it is, too – to sit quietly down at home by their own firesides, should brave the hardship and danger once again, was indeed surprising.

"In the evening both vessels had to move into another position, in consequence of the bergs approaching too closely toward us. To watch these mountain, icy monsters in a calm, as they slowly and silently, yet surely and determinedly, move about in the narrow sheet of water by which they chance to be encompassed, one could well imagine that it was some huge mysterious thing, possessed of life, and bent on the fell purpose of destruction. Onward it almost imperceptibly glides, until reaching an opposing floe, it forces its way far through the solid ice, plowing up the pieces and throwing them aside in hilly heaps with a force and power apparently incredible. Should it happen that an impetus is given to it by wind, or other causes besides those thus occasioned by the tide, or current, it is mighty in its strength, and terrific in the desolation it produces. Nothing can save a ship if thus caught by one, as was the case in the memorable and fatal year of 1830, in this very bay, when vessels were 'squeezed flat' – 'reared up by the ice, almost in the position of a rearing horse! others thrown fairly over on their broadsides;

and some actually overrun by the advancing floe and totally buried by it.'"

The obstructions presented by the ice continued to increase so that in a whole fortnight, in spite of the most strenuous exertions, they made only twelve miles in their northward course. And even this, as they subsequently learned, was more than was performed by the government expedition, which was five weeks in advancing thirty miles. On the third of August, in Melville's Bay, night closed in upon

"There was still more danger now, on account of the heavier and worse kind of ice about us. Several bergs and rugged hummocks were in very close quarters to us. At four A.M. we had again to unship the rudder; and this we could hardly do, in consequence of being completely beset. The 'Felix,' was just ahead; but not a particle of water any where near or around us could be seen. Several times both vessels were in extreme danger; and once we sustained a rather heavy pressure, being canted over on the starboard side most unpleasantly. But the 'Prince Albert' stood it well; although it was painfully evident that should the heavy outer floes still keep setting in upon those which inclosed us, nothing could save her. To describe our position at this moment it will be only necessary to observe that both vessels were as completely in the ice as if they had been dropped into it from on high, and frozen there. It had been impossible for me to sleep during the night in consequence of the constant harsh grating sound that the floes caused as they slowly and heavily

moved along or *upon* the ship's side, crushing their outer edges with a most unpleasant noise close to my ear. My sleeping berth was half under and half above the level of the water, when the ship was on an even keel. In the morning I heard the grating sound still stronger and close to me: I threw myself off the bed and went on deck. From the deck, I jumped on to the ice, and had a look how it was serving the poor little vessel. Under her stern I perceived large masses crushed up in a frightful manner, and with terrific force, sufficient, I thought, to have knocked her whole counter in. My only wonder was how she stood it; but an explanation, independent of her own good strength, was soon presented to me in the fact that the floe I was standing upon was moving right round, and grinding in its progress all lesser pieces in its way. This was the cause of safety to ourselves and the 'Felix.' Had the heavy bodies of ice been impelled directly toward us, as we at first feared they would be, instead of passing us in an angular direction, we should both, most assuredly, have been crushed like an egg-shell. The very *bergs*, or the *floating* ones, near which we had been fast on the previous day, were aiding in the impetus given by the tide or current to the masses now in motion; and most providential was it that no wind was blowing from the adverse quarter at the time, upon each side of the ship the floes were solid and of great thickness, and pressing closely upon her timbers. Under the bow, several rough pieces had been thrown up nearly as high as the level of the bowsprit, and these were in constant change, as the larger masses drove by them.

"I ascended on deck, and found all the preparations for taking to the ice, if necessary, renewed. Spirits of wine, for portable fuel, had been drawn off, and placed handy; bags of bread, pemmican, &c., were all in readiness; and nothing was wanting in the event of a too heavy squeeze coming. We could perceive that, sooner or later, a collision between the two floes, the one on our larboard and the other on our starboard side, must take place, as the former had not nearly so much motion as the latter; but where this collision would occur was impossible to say. Between the 'Felix' and us, the passage was blocked principally by the same sort of pieces that I have mentioned as lying under our bow; and astern of us were several small bergs that might or might not be of service in breaking the collision. Very fortunately they proved the former; for, presently, I could perceive the floe on our starboard hand, as it came flushing and grinding all near it, in its circular movement, catch one of its extreme corners on a large block of ice a short distance astern, and by the force of the pressure drive it into the opposite floe, rending and tearing all before it; while at the same time itself rebounded, as it were, or swerved on one side, and glided more softly and with a relaxed pressure past us. This was the last trial of the kind our little 'Prince' had to endure; for afterward a gradual slackening of the whole body of ice took place, and at ten it opened to the southward. We immediately shipped the rudder, and began heaving, warping, and tracking the ship through the loose masses that lay in that, the only direction for us now to pursue, if we wished to get clear at all."

On the 10th of August, as the sun, which now never sank below the horizon, rose above a low-lying fog-bank; one of the government expeditions was seen emerging from the mist. The expedition consisted of two screw steamers, each having a sailing vessel in tow. A strange sight it was to see these steamers – the first that ever burst into that silent sea – gliding along amid the eternal ice of the arctic circle. They proved of great service in breaking through the ice, dashing stem on against the massy barriers; then backing astern, to gain headway, and repeating the manœuvre until a passage was forced. When the ice was too thick to be broken in this manner, a hole was drilled in it, into which a powder-cylinder was placed, the mine fired, and the fragments dragged out by the steamers. The "Prince Albert" and "Felix" were taken in tow, for some three hundred miles by the steamers. Mr. Snow gives the following sketch and description of

"I have before made mention of the remarkable stillness which may be observed at midnight in these regions; but not until now did it come upon me with such force, and in such a singular manner. I can not attempt to describe the mingled sensations I experienced, of constant surprise and amazement at the extraordinary occurrence then taking place in the waters I was gazing upon, and of renewed hope, mellowed into a quiet, holy, and reverential feeling of gratitude toward that mighty Being who, in this solemn silence, reigned alike supreme, as in the busy hour of noon when man is eager at his toil, or the custom of the civilized world gives to business active life and vigor. Save

the distant humming noise of the engine working on board of the steamer towing us, there was no sound to be heard denoting the existence of any living thing, or of any animate matter. Yet there we were, perceptibly, nay, rapidly, gliding past the land and floes of ice, as though some secret and mysterious power had been set to work to carry us swiftly away from those vexatious, harassing, and delaying portions of our voyage, in which we had already experienced so much trouble and perplexity. The leading vessels had passed all the parts where any further difficulty might have been apprehended, and this of course gave to us in the rear a sense of perfect security for the present. All hands, therefore, except the middle watch on deck, were below in our respective vessels; and, as I looked forward ahead of us, and beheld the long line of masts and rigging that rose up from each ship before me, without any sail set, or any apparent motion to propel such masses onward, and without a single human voice to be heard around, it did seem something wonderful and amazing! And yet, it was a noble sight: six vessels were casting their long shadows across the smooth surface of the passing floes of ice, as the sun, with mellowed light, and gentler, but still beautiful lustre, was soaring through the polar sky, at the back of Melville's Cape. Ay, in truth it was a noble sight; and well could I look upward to the streaming pendant of my own dear country that hung listlessly from the mast-head of the 'Assistance,' and feel the highest satisfaction in my breast that I, too, was one of her children, and could boast myself of being born on her own free

soil, under her own revered and idolized flag. But even as I beheld that listless symbol of my country's name, pendant from the lofty truck, my glance was directed higher; and as it caught the pale blue firmament of heaven, still in this midnight hour divested of star or moon that shine by night, and brightened by the sun; my heart breathed a prayer that He, who dwells far beyond the ken of mortal eye, would deign to grant that the attempt now making should not be made in vain, but that those whom we were now on our way to seek might be found and restored to their home and sorrowing friends; and that, until then, full support and strength might be afforded them."

After parting company with the other vessels, the "Prince Albert" stood on her way westward, until they almost reached the spot where it had been proposed to winter, and where the design of the expedition would begin to be put in execution. But they found the harbor which they had proposed to enter blocked up with ice; and so unaccountable a discouragement came over the expedition, that on the 22d of August a sudden resolution was taken to return forthwith. The Journal of Mr. Snow is extremely guarded as to the reasons for this determination. The vessel had performed admirably; every preparation had been made for wintering; they were provisioned for two years; the crew were in excellent health: and yet the whole expedition, which had been fitted out at such a sacrifice, was abandoned, almost before it was fairly begun. We are led to infer that the true reason was that the officers in command had not the cool, determined

courage requisite for such a charge. But we are sure that such a deficiency can not be laid to the charge of our author. From this time forth a tone of deep and bitter chagrin runs through the Journal at this inglorious termination of the expedition. It was no small addition to this feeling of intense mortification, that on the very day when they determined to abandon the enterprise, and return home, the American Expedition fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, which they had seen, a fortnight before, blocked up by ice, as they supposed, in Melville's Bay, but which had now overtaken them, notwithstanding their own tow by the steamers, was seen boldly pressing its way where they themselves dared not follow. Notwithstanding this feeling of mortification, Mr. Snow has too intense a sympathy with daring and courage, ennobled by high and philanthropic purpose, to fail to do ample justice to

THE AMERICAN RELIEF EXPEDITION

"Large pieces of ice were floating about, and setting rapidly up the inlet. We had to stand away for some distance, to round the edge of this stream; and as we approached the far end, we perceived that a vessel, which we had some time before seen, was apparently standing right in toward us. At first, we took her to be Sir John Ross's schooner, the 'Felix,' but a few moments more settled the point, by her size and rig being different, and her colors being displayed, which proved her to be one of the 'Americans!' All idea of sleep was now instantly banished from me. The American vessels already up here, when we had fancied them still in Melville's Bay, not far from where we had left them on the 6th instant! Much as I knew of the enterprising and daring spirit of our transatlantic brethren, I could not help being astonished. They must have had either some extraordinary luck, or else the ice had suddenly and most effectually broken up to admit of their exit, unaided by steam or other help, in so short a time. I felt, however, a pleasure in thus finding my repeated observations concerning them so thoroughly verified; and I was not sorry for themselves that they were here. All exclusive nationality was done away with. We were all engaged in the same noble cause; we were all striving forward in the same animating and exciting race, and none should envy the

other his advance therein. We showed our colors to him; and Captain Forsyth immediately determined to go on board of him, and see whether the same plan of search for him was laid out as for us. The boat was lowered, and in a short time we were standing on the deck of the 'Advance,' Lieutenant De Haven, of the American Navy, and most cordially received, with their accustomed hospitality, by our transatlantic friends.

"The 'Advance' was most extraordinarily fortified to resist any pressure of the ice, and to enable her to force her way against such impediments as those she encountered this evening. Her bow was one solid mass of timber – I believe I am right in saying, from the foremast. Her timbers were increased in size and number, so that she might well be said to have been doubled inside as well as out. Her deck was also doubled, then felted, and again lined inside, while her cabin had, in addition, a sheathing of cork. The after-part of the vessel was remarkably strong; and a movable bulk-head, which ran across the forepart of the cabin, could at any time be unshipped to afford a free communication fore and aft when needed. The crew, if I remember rightly, lived in a strongly built 'round-house' on deck, amidships, one end of which was converted into a cook-house, called a 'galley,' and another the 'pantry.' *Ten* men formed the number of the working seamen; there were no 'ice-masters,' nor regular 'ice-men:' but most of the sailors were long accustomed to the ice. A steward and a cook completed the full complement of the ship. The officers lived in a truly republican manner. The whole cabin was thrown into

one spacious room, in which captain, mates, and surgeon lived together. Their sleeping berths were built around it, and appeared to possess every accommodation to make them comfortable.

"The 'Advance' was one of two vessels (the other being the 'Rescue' – a smaller craft) that had been bought and fitted out in the most noble and generous manner, solely by one individual – Henry Grinnell, Esq., a merchant of New York. This truly great and good man had long felt his heart yearn toward the lost ones, whom we were now seeking, and their friends; and desiring to redeem the partial pledge given by the government of the United States to Lady Franklin, he yielded to the strong impulses awakened by some of her private letters, which he had had the opportunity of reading, and being blest with an ample fortune, he determined to employ no small portion of it in sending out at his own expense an expedition to this quarter of the world, to aid in the search that England was making this year after her gallant children. It required, however, not a trifling sum to accomplish this, and I well know with what distrust and doubt of its fulfillment the first notice of his intentions was received in New York and elsewhere, when publicly made known. But he was not a man, it has appeared, to promise what he means not, or can not perform. At a very heavy outlay he purchased two vessels, one of, I believe, 125 tons, and the other of 95 tons, and had them strengthened and prepared in a most efficient manner for the service they were to enter upon. Applying to Congress, then assembled, he got these ships received into the naval force,

and brought under naval authority. Officers and crews were appointed by the Board of Administration for Maritime Affairs, and the government, moreover, agreed to pay them as if in regular service, making an additional allowance on each pay, of a grade in rank above. This having been accomplished, and all things in readiness, on the 24th of May, 1850, he had the satisfaction of seeing his two ships and their brave crews depart from New York on their generous mission. He accompanied them himself for some distance, and finally bid them farewell on the 26th, returning in his yacht to the city, where, as he has often declared, he can sit down now in peace, and be ready to lay his head at rest forever; knowing that he has done his duty, and striven to perform the part of a faithful steward with the wealth which he enjoys.

"The 'Advance' was manned by sixteen persons, officers included. Her commander, Lieutenant De Haven, a young man of about twenty-six years of age, had served in the United States exploring expedition, under Commodore Wilkes, in the Antarctic Seas. He seemed as fine a specimen of a seaman, and a rough and ready officer, as I had ever seen. Nor was he at all deficient in the characteristics of a true gentleman, although the cognomen is so often misapplied and ill-understood. With a sharp, quick eye, a countenance bronzed and apparently inured to all weathers, his voice gave unmistakable signs of energy, promptitude, and decision. There was no mistaking the man. He was undoubtedly well-fitted to lead such an expedition, and I felt

charmed to see it.

"His second in command (for they were very differently organized from us) was still younger and more slim, but withal of equally determined and sailorlike appearance. Next to him was a junior officer, of whom I saw but little; but that little was enough to tell me that the executives under Captain De Haven would be efficient auxiliaries to him. Last of all, though not least among them, was one of whom I must be excused for saying more than a casual word or two. It was Dr. Kane, the surgeon, naturalist, journalist, &c., of the expedition. Of an exceedingly slim and apparently fragile form and make, and with features to all appearance far more suited to a genial clime, and to the comforts of a pleasant home, than to the roughness and hardships of an arctic voyage, he was yet a very old traveler both by sea and land. His rank as a surgeon in the American navy, and his appointment, at three days' notice, to this service, were sufficient proof of his abilities, and of his being considered capable of enduring all that would have to be gone through. While our captain was talking to the American commander, Dr. Kane turned his attention to me, and a congeniality of sentiment and feeling soon brought us deep into pleasant conversation. I found he had been in many parts of the world, by sea and land, that I myself had visited, and in many other parts that I could only long to visit. Old scenes and delightful recollections were speedily revived. Our talk ran wild; and *there*, in that cold, inhospitable, dreary region of everlasting ice and snow, did we

again, in fancy, gallop over miles and miles of lands far distant, and far more joyous. Ever-smiling Italy, and its softening life; sturdy Switzerland, and its hardy sons; the Alps, the Apennines, France, Germany, and elsewhere were rapidly wandered over. India, Africa, and Southern America were brought before us in swift succession. Then came Spain and Portugal, and my own England; next appeared Egypt, Syria, and the Desert; with all of these was he personally familiar, in all had he been a traveler, and in all could I join him, too, except the latter. Rich in anecdote and full of pleasing talk, time flew rapidly as I conversed with him, and partook of the hospitality offered me. Delighted at the knowledge that I had been residing for some time in New York, he tried all he could to make me enjoy the moment."

After parting with the American Expedition, the "Prince Albert" took her homeward way, reaching Aberdeen on the 1st of October. "As it was quite dark," says Mr. Snow, "few witnessed our arrival, and I was not sorry for it". Had we returned fortunate, it would have been different; as it was, why, the night was, I thought, better suited to our condition. The "Prince Albert" brought the latest tidings received of the "Advance" and "Rescue," when

BROTHER JONATHAN GIVES JOHN BULL "A LEAD."

"If I had ever before doubted the daring and enterprising character of the American, what I saw and heard on board of the 'Advance' would have removed such doubt; but these peculiar features in the children of the Stars and Stripes were always apparent to me, and admiringly acknowledged. I was given a brief history of their voyage to the present time, as also an outline of their future plans. They intended to push on wherever they could, this way or that way, as might be found best, in the direction of Melville Island, and parts adjacent, especially Banks's Land; and they meant to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the Pack or out of the Pack. As long as they could be moving or making any progress, in any direction that might assist in the object for which they had come, they meant still to be going on, and, with the true characteristic of the American, cared for no obstacles or impediments that might arise in their way. Neither fears, nor the necessary caution which might easily be alleged as an excuse for hesitation or delay, at periods when any thing like fancied danger appeared, was to deter them. Happy fellows! thought I: no fair winds nor opening prospects will be lost with you; no dissension or incompetency among your executive officers exist to stay your progress. Bent upon one errand alone, your minds set upon *that* before you embarked, no

trifles nor common danger will prevent you daring every thing for the carrying out of your mission. Go on, then, brave sons of America, and may at least some share of prosperity and success attend your noble exertions!

"If ever a vessel and her officers were capable of going through an undertaking in which more than ordinary difficulties had to be encountered, I had no doubt it would be the American; and this was evinced to me, even while we were on board, by the apparently reckless way in which they dashed through the streams of heavy ice running off from Leopold Island. I happened to go on deck when they were thus engaged, and was delighted to witness how gallantly they put aside every impediment in their way. An officer was standing on the heel of the bowsprit, conning the ship and issuing his orders to the man at the wheel in that short, decisive, yet *clear* manner, which the helmsman at once well understood and promptly obeyed. There was not a rag of canvas taken in, nor a moment's hesitation. The way was before them: the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly or a long *detour* made; and, despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course*. Two or three shocks, as she came in contact with some large pieces, were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sung out, 'So: steady as she goes on her course;' and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little barky nobly following in the American's wake; and, as I afterward learned, she got through

it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the 'mad Yankee,' as he was called by our mate."

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE PINS?

Every body uses pins – men, women, and children. Every body buys them. Every body bends them, breaks them, knocks off their heads, and loses them. They enter into every operation, from the drawing-room to the scullery. Go where you will, if you look sharp, you may calculate with certainty on picking up a pin – in the streets, in the cabs, on door-steps and mats, in halls and drawing-rooms, sticking in curtains and sofas, and paper-hangings, in counting-houses and lawyers' offices, keeping together old receipts and bills, and fragments of papers, in ladies' needlework, in shopkeepers' parcels, in books, bags, baskets, luggage – they are to be found every where, let them get there how they may, by accident or design. Their ubiquity is astounding – and their manufacture, being in proportion to it, must be something prodigious. There is no article of perpetual use with which we are so familiar; and out of this familiarity springs indifference, for there is no article about whose final destination we are so profoundly ignorant. We know well enough the end of things (not half so useful to us) that wear out in the course of time, or that are liable to be smashed, cracked, chipped, put out of order, or otherwise rendered unavailable for further service; but of the fate of this little article, so universal in its

application, so indispensable in its utility, we know nothing whatever. Nobody ever thinks of asking, What becomes of the Pins? For our own parts, we should be very glad to get an answer to that question, and should be very much obliged to any person who could furnish us with it.

The question is by no means an idle one. If we could get at the statistics of pins, we should have some tremendous revelations. The loss in pins, strayed, stolen, and mislaid, is past all calculation. Millions of billions of pins must vanish – no woman alive can tell how or where – in the course of a year. Of the actual number fabricated, pointed, headed, and papered up for sale from one year's end to another (remember they are to be found in every house, large and small, within the pale of civilization), we should be afraid to venture a conjecture; but, judging from what we know of their invincible tendency to lose themselves, and our own inveterate carelessness in losing them, we apprehend that, could such a return be obtained, it would present an alarming result. Think of millions of billions of pins being in course of perpetual disappearance! And that this has been going on for centuries and centuries, and will continue to go on, probably, to the world's end. A grave matter to contemplate, my masters! A pin, in its single integrity, is a trifle, atomic, in comparison with other things that are lost and never found again. But reflect for a moment upon pins in the aggregate. The grand sum-total of human life is made up of trifles – all large bodies are composed of minute particles. Years are made up of

months, months of weeks, weeks of days, days of hours, hours of minutes, minutes of seconds; and, coming down to the seconds, and calling in the multiplication-table to enlighten us, we shall find that there are considerably upward of thirty-one millions of them in a year. Try a similar experiment with the pins. Assume any given quantity of loss in any given time, and calculate what it will come to in a cycle of centuries. Most people are afraid of looking into the future, and would not, if they could, acquire a knowledge of the destiny that lies before them. Pause, therefore, before you embark in this fearful calculation; for the chances are largely in favor of your arriving at this harrowing conclusion, that, by the mere force of accumulation and the inevitable pressure of quantity, the great globe itself must, at no very distant period, become a vast shapeless mass of pins.

As yet we have no signs or tokens of this impending catastrophe, and are entirely in the dark about the process that is insidiously conducting us to it; and hence we ask, in solemn accents, What becomes of the Pins? Where do they go to? How do they get there? What are the attractive and repulsive forces to which they are subject after they drop from us? What are the laws that govern their wanderings? Do they dissolve and volatilize, and come back again into the air, so that we are breathing pins without knowing it? Do they melt into the earth, and go to the roots of vegetables, so that every day of our lives we are unconsciously dining on them? The inquiry baffles all scholarship; and we are forced to put up with the obscure

satisfaction which Hamlet applies to the world of apparitions, that there are more pins in unknown places and unsuspected shapes upon the earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

LAMARTINE ON THE RELIGION OF REVOLUTIONARY MEN

I know – I sigh when I think of it – that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. Is it because the idea of God – which arises from all the evidences of Nature, and from the depths of reflection, being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable – and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the most unreflective of all European races – this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding?

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, and to pray for us? Is it because we are and have been a military people, a soldier-nation, led by kings, heroes, ambitious men, from battlefield to battlefield, making conquests, and never keeping them, ravaging, dazzling, charming, and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia,

the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven; our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying – they live and die looking at the spectator, or, at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying – and compare.

Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, ascended, and descended in their political life of popularity in the ingratitude of glory, in the contempt of their fellow-citizens – always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the liberator of America died, confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul.

Sidney, the young martyr of a patriotism, guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expiate his country's dream of liberty, said to his jailer – "I rejoice that I die innocent toward the king, but a victim, resigned to the King on High, to whom all life is due."

The Republicans of Cromwell only sought the way of God, even in the blood of battles. Their politics were their faith – their reign a prayer – their death a psalm. One hears, sees, feels, that God was in all the movements of these great people.

But cross the sea, traverse La Mancha, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political

actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that His name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France! The victims only have a God; the tribunes and lictors have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death – "Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music" – not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibyls. Not a glance toward heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting – "Oh, Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn, the Marseillaise!

Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner, "you will show my head to the people – it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation;

his last sigh, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister – death – itself recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty, won by so much heroism and so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier and some apostate republicans travestied into courtiers. An atheistic republicanism can not be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful and God non-existent! So finish atheist revolutions! —*Bien Publique.*

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THOMAS HARLOWE

All amid the summer roses
In his garden, with his wife,
Sate the cheerful Thomas Harlowe,
Glancing backward through his life.

Woodlarks in the trees were singing,
And the breezes, low and sweet,
Wafted down laburnum blossoms,
Like an offering, at his feet.

There he sate, good Thomas Harlowe,
Living o'er the past in thought;
And old griefs, like mountain summits,
Golden hues of sunset caught.

Thus he spake: "The truest poet
Is the one whose touch reveals
Those deep springs of human feeling
Which the conscious heart conceals.

"Human nature's living fountains,
Ever-flowing, round us lie,
Yet the poets seek their waters
As from cisterns old and dry.

"Hence they seldom write, my Ellen,
Aught so full of natural woe,
As that song which thy good uncle
Made so many years ago.

"My sweet wife, my life's companion,
Canst thou not recall the time
When we sate beneath the lilacs,
Listening to that simple rhyme?

"I was then just five-and-twenty,
Young in years, but old in sooth;
Hopeless love had dimmed my manhood,
Care had saddened all my youth.

"But that touching, simple ballad,
Which thy uncle writ and read,
Like the words of God, creative,
Gave a life unto the dead.

"And thenceforth have been so blissful
All our days, so calm, so bright,
That it seems like joy to linger
O'er my young life's early blight.

"Easy was my father's temper,
And his being passed along
Like a streamlet 'neath the willows,

Lapsing to the linnet's song.

"With the scholar's tastes and feelings,
He had all he asked of life
In his books and in his garden,
In his child, and gentle wife.

"He was for the world unfitted;
For its idols knew no love;
And, without the serpent's wisdom
Was as guileless as the dove.

"Such men are the schemer's victims.
Trusting to a faithless guide,
He was lured on to his ruin,
And a hopeless bankrupt died.

"Short had been my father's sorrow;
He had not the strength to face
What was worse than altered fortune,
Or than faithless friends – disgrace.

"He had not the strength to combat
Through the adverse ranks of life;
In his prime he died, heart-broken,
Leaving unto us the strife.

"I was then a slender stripling,
Full of life, and hope, and joy;

But, at once, the cares of manhood
Crushed the spirit of the boy.

"Woman oft than man is stronger
Where are inner foes to quell,
And my mother rose triumphant,
When my father, vanquished, fell.

"All we had we gave up freely,
That on him might rest less blame;
And, without a friend in London,
In the winter, hither came.

"To the world-commanding London,
Came as atoms, nothing worth;
'Mid the strift of myriad workers,
Our small efforts to put forth.

"Oh, the hero-strength of woman,
When her strong affection pleads,
When she tasks her to endurance
In the path where duty leads!

"Fair my mother was and gentle,
Reared 'mid wealth, of good descent,
One who, till our time of trial,
Ne'er had known what hardship meant.

"Now she toiled. Her skillful needle

Many a wondrous fabric wrought,
Which the loom could never equal,
And which wealthy ladies bought.

"Meantime I, among the merchants
Found employment; saw them write,
Brooding over red-lined ledgers,
Ever gain, from morn till night.

"Or amid the crowded shipping
Of the great world's busy hive,
Saw the wealth of both the Indies,
For their wealthier marts, arrive

"So we lived without repining,
Toiling, toiling, week by week;
But I saw her silent sufferings
By the pallor of her cheek.

"Love like mine was eagle sighted;
Vainly did she strive to keep
All her sufferings from my knowledge,
And to lull my fears to sleep.

"Well I knew her days were numbered;
And, as she approached her end,
Stronger grew the love between us,
Doubly was she parent – friend!

"God permitted that her spirit
Should through stormy floods be led,
That she might converse with angels
While she toiled for daily bread.

"Wondrous oft were her communings,
As of one to life new-born,
When I watched beside her pillow,
'Twixt the midnight and the morn.

"Still she lay through one long Sabbath,
But as evening closed she woke,
And like one amazed with sorrow,
Thus with pleading voice she spoke:

"'God will give whate'er is needful;
Will sustain from day to day;
This I know – yet worldly fetters
Keep me still a thrall to clay!

"'Oh, my son, from these world-shackles
Only thou canst set me free!'
'Speak thy wish,' said I, 'my mother,
Lay thy lov'd commands on me!'

"As if strength were given unto her
For some purpose high, she spake:
'I have toiled, and – like a miser —
Hoarded, hoarded for thy sake.

"'Not for sordid purpose hoarded,
But to free from outward blame,
From the tarnish of dishonor,
Thy dead father's sacred name,

"'And I lay on thee this duty —
'Tis my last request, my son —
Lay on thee this solemn duty
Which I die and leave undone!

"'Promise, that thy dearest wishes,
Pleasure, profit, shall be naught,
Until, to the utmost farthing,
Thou this purpose shalt have wrought!'

"And I promised. All my being
Freely, firmly answered, yea!
Thus absolved, her angel-spirit,
Breathing blessings, passed away.

"Once more in the noisy, jostling
Human crowd; I seemed to stand,
Like to him who goes to battle,
With his life within his hand.

"All things wore a different aspect;
I was now mine own no more:
Pleasure, wealth, the smile of woman

All a different meaning bore.

"Thus I toiled – though young, not youthful
Ever mingling in the crowd,
Yet apart; my life, my labor,
To a solemn purpose vowed.

"Yet even duty had its pleasure,
And I proudly kept apart;
Lord of all my weaker feelings;
Monarch of my subject heart.

"Foolish boast! My pride of purpose
Proved itself a feeble thing,
When thy uncle brought me hither,
In the pleasant time of Spring.

"Said he, 'Thou hast toiled too closely;
Thou shalt breathe our country air;
Thou shalt come to us on Sundays,
And thy failing health repair!'

"Now began my hardest trial.
What had I with love to do?
Loving thee was sin 'gainst duty,
And 'gainst thy good uncle too!

"Until now my heart was cheerful;
Duty had been light till now,

– Oh that I were free to woo thee;
That my heart had known no vow!

"Yet, I would not shrink from duty;
Nor my vow leave unfulfilled!
– Still, still, had my mother known thee,
Would she thus have sternly willed?

"Wherefore did my angel-mother
Thus enforce her dying prayer?
– Yet what right had I to seek thee,
Thou, thy uncle's wealthy heir!

"Thus my spirit cried within me;
And that inward strife began,
That wild warfare of the feelings
Which lays waste the life of man.

"In such turmoil of the spirit,
Feeble is our human strength;
Life seems stripped of all its glory:
– Yet was duty lord at length.

"So at least I deemed. But meeting
Toward the pleasant end of May
With thy uncle, here he brought me,
I who long had kept away.

"He was willful, thy good uncle;

I was such a stranger grown;
I must go to hear the reading
Of a ballad of his own.

"Willing to be won, I yielded.
Canst thou not that eve recall,
When the lilacs were in blossom,
And the sunshine lay o'er all?

"On the bench beneath the lilacs,
Sate we; and thy uncle read
That sweet, simple, wondrous ballad,
Which my own heart's woe portrayed.

"'Twas a simple tale of nature —
Of a lowly youth who gave
All his heart to one above him,
Loved, and filled an early grave.

"But the fine tact of the poet
Laid the wounded spirit bare,
Breathed forth all the silent anguish
Of the breaking heart's despair.

"'Twas as if my soul had spoken,
And at once I seemed to know,
Through the poet's voice prophetic,
What the issue of my woe.

"Later, walking in the evening
Through the shrubbery, thou and I,
With the woodlarks singing round us,
And the full moon in the sky;

"Thou, my Ellen, didst reproach me,
For that I had coldly heard
That sweet ballad of thy uncle's,
Nor responded by a word.

"Said I, 'If that marvelous ballad
Did not seem my heart to touch;
It was not from want of feeling,
But because it felt too much.'

"And even as the rod of Moses
Called forth water from the rock;
So did now thy sweet reproaches
All my secret heart unlock.

"And my soul lay bare before thee;
And I told thee all; how strove,
As in fierce and dreary conflict,
My stern duty and my love.

"All I told thee – of my parents,
Of my angel-mother's fate;
Of the vow by which she bound me;
Of my present low estate.

"All I told thee, while the woodlarks
Filled with song the evening breeze,
And bright gushes of the moonlight
Fell upon us through the trees.

"And thou murmured'st, oh! my Ellen,
In a voice so sweet and low;
'Would that I had known thy mother.
Would that I might soothe thy woe!'

"Ellen, my sweet, life's companion!
From my being's inmost core
Then I blessed thee; but I bless thee,
Bless thee, even now, still more!

"For, as in the days chivalric
Ladies armed their knights for strife,
So didst thou, with thy true counsel,
Arm me for the fight of life.

"Saidst thou, 'No, thou must not waver,
Ever upright must thou stand:
Even in duty's hardest peril,
All thy weapons in thy hand.

"'Doing still thy utmost, utmost;
Never resting till thou'rt free! —
But, if e'er thy soul is weary,

Or discouraged – think of me!'

"And again thy sweet voice murmured,
In a low and thrilling tone;
'I have loved thee, truly loved thee,
Though that love was all unknown!

"'And the sorrows and the trials
Which thy youth in bondage hold,
Make thee to my heart yet dearer
Than if thou hadst mines of gold!

"'Go forth – pay thy debt to duty;
And when thou art nobly free,
He shall know, my good old uncle,
Of the love 'twixt thee and me!'

"Ellen, thou wast my good angel!
Once again in life I strove —
But the hardest task was easy,
In the light and strength of love.

"And, when months had passed on swiftly,
Canst thou not that hour recall —
'Twas a Christmas Sabbath evening —
When we told thy uncle all?

"Good old uncle! I can see him,
With those calm and loving eyes,

Smiling on us as he listened,
Silent, yet with no surprise.

"And when once again the lilacs
Blossom'd, in the merry May,
And the woodlarks sang together,
Came our happy marriage day.

"My sweet Ellen, then I blessed thee
As my young and wealthy wife,
But I knew not half the blessings
With which thou wouldst dower my life!"

Here he ceased, good Thomas Harlowe;
And as soon as ceased his voice —
That sweet chorusing of woodlarks
Made the silent night rejoice.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES. – AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 468.)

PART THE FIRST – MORNING

VII

"I am not about to relate a family history," he began; "but there are some personal circumstances to which I must allude. At nineteen, I was left the sole protector of two sisters, and of a ward of my father, whose guardianship also devolved upon me. It was a heavy responsibility at so early an age, and pressed hard upon a temperament better adapted for gayety and enjoyment. I discharged it, however, with the best judgment I could, and with a zeal that has bequeathed me, among many grateful recollections, one source of lasting and bitter repentance."

"Repentance, Forrester?" I cried, involuntarily.

"You may understand the sort of dangers to which these young creatures were exposed in the spring-tide of their beauty, protected only by a stripling, who knew little more of the world than they did themselves. Upon that point, perhaps, I was too sensitive. I knew what it was to struggle against the natural feelings of youth, and was not disposed to place much trust in the gad-flies who gathered about my sisters. Well – I watched every movement, and I was right. Yet, with all my care, it so happened that an offense – an insult such as your heartless libertines think they may inflict with impunity on unprotected women – was

offered to one of my sisters. Our friendless situation was a mark for general observation, and it was necessary that society should know the terms I kept with it. My enemy – for I made him so on the instant – would have appeased me, but I was inaccessible to apologies. We met; I was wounded severely – my opponent fell. This fearful end of the quarrel affected my sister's health. She had a feeling of remorse about being the cause of that man's death, and her delicate frame sunk under it."

"Perhaps," said I, "there might have been other feelings, which she concealed."

"That fear has cast a shadow over my whole life. But we will not talk of it. I must hasten on. There was a fatal malady in our family – the treacherous malady which is fed so luxuriously by the climate of England. My remaining sister, plunged into grief at our bereavement, became a prey to its wasting and insidious influence. You saw that the servant who opened the door was in mourning? I have mentioned these particulars that you may understand I was not alone in the world, as I am now, when the lady you have seen came to reside in my house. At that time, my sisters were living."

"And she?"

"Was my father's ward, of whom I have spoken. During the early part of her life she lived in Scotland, where she had friends. Now listen to me attentively. Gertrude Hastings lost her mother in her childhood; and upon the death of her father, being a minor, her education and guardianship devolved upon my father, who

was trustee to her fortune. At his death, which took place soon afterward, the trust came into my hands. It was thought advisable, under these circumstances, that she should have the benefit of wiser counsel than my own, and for several years she was placed in the house of her mother's sister, who lived at no great distance from the English Border. It was my duty to visit her sometimes." He hesitated, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Well – I entreat you to proceed."

"Let me collect myself. I visited her sometimes – at first at long intervals, then more frequently. Every man in his youth forms some ideal, false or true, of the woman to whom he would devote his love. Such dreams visited me, but my situation forbade me to indulge in them, and I resolved to devote myself to the charge I had undertaken, and to forego all thoughts of marriage. I never found this conflict beyond my strength until I saw Gertrude Hastings."

I was struck with horror at these words, and shuddered at what I feared was yet to come. He perceived the effect they took upon me, and went on:

"You are precipitate in your judgment, and I must beg that you will hear me patiently to the end. I will be brief, for I am more pained by the disclosure than you can be. Why should I prolong a confession which you have already anticipated? I loved her; and every time I saw her, I loved her more and more. I was justified by the circumstances that drew us together – the equality of our births – the connection of our families. She was free to choose

– so was I. I knew of no impediment, and there was none at the time she inspired me with that fatal passion which, when it grew too strong to be concealed from her, she was unable to return."

I breathed more freely; but seeing the emotion under which poor Forrester was laboring, I kept silence, and waited for him to resume.

"I despise what is called superstition," he said, "as much as any of those bald philosophers we are in the habit of meeting. When they, or you, or I, talk of supernatural agencies, we must each of us be judged by the measure of our knowledge. Ignorance and unbelief evade the question they fear to examine by the easy process of rejecting the evidence on which it rests. If the evidence be trustworthy, if it be clear and coherent in every particular, if it be such as we should be bound to admit upon matters that come within the range of our experience, I have yet to learn upon what grounds it can be rejected when it relates to matters of which we know nothing. Our inability to refute it should make us pause before we heap odium on the witnesses who vouch for its truth."

Forrester was proceeding in this strain, apparently under an apprehension that the disclosure he was about to make required some prologue of this kind to bespeak credit for it, little suspecting that there were incidents in my own life which rendered me too easy a recipient of such statements. But I interrupted him by an assurance that I was quite prepared to believe in things much more extraordinary than any which he could have to relate. He then returned to the narrative.

"Gertrude's aunt had been bred up in Scotland, and was a staunch supporter of the old customs, and a stickler for the popular faith in the ceremonies that are practiced there on certain anniversaries. On one of these occasions, Gertrude, whose imagination had, probably, been affected by the stories she had heard concerning them, was induced, half in play and half in earnest, to try the virtue of one of the charms prescribed for the Eve of All Hallows. We might safely smile at these things, if they did not sometimes, as in this instance, lead to serious results. You see I am relating it to you calmly and circumstantially, although it has blighted my existence. The charm worked out its ends to a miracle. The table was laid out with supper, the necessary incantations having been previously performed, and Gertrude, hiding behind a screen, waited for the appearance of the lover who was to decide her future destiny. They say there was a long pause – at least it seemed so to her – and then a footstep was heard, and then the figure of a man entered the room, and seated himself at the table. Trembling with terror, she looked out from her hiding-place, and saw him clearly within two or three yards of her. The chair had been so placed that his face was exactly opposite to her. She scanned his features so accurately, that she remembered the minutest particulars, to the color of his hair and eyes, and the exact form of his mouth, which had a peculiar expression in it. The figure moved, as if to rise from the chair, and Gertrude, struck to the heart with fear, uttered a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the ground. Her friends, who were

watching outside, rushed into the room, but it was empty."

"And that figure – has she never seen it since?"

"Never till to-night. *She recognized you in an instant.*"

My amazement at this narrative nearly deprived me of the power of speech.

"What followed this?" I inquired.

"A delusion that has occupied her thoughts ever since. It took such complete possession of her, that all arguments were useless. When she was asked if she believed it to be real, her invariable answer was that it was real to her. I suffered her to indulge this fancy, hoping that one day or another she would recover from what I regarded as a trance of the mind; but I was mistaken. She always said she was sure of your existence; and looked forward to the realization of her destiny, like one who lived under an enchantment. By slow degrees I relinquished all hopes, and resolved to sacrifice my own happiness to hers, if the opportunity should ever arrive. After this she came to London, broken down in health, and rapidly wasting away under the influence of the protracted expectation that was destroying her. Then it was I first met you. I had some misgiving about you from the beginning, and prevailed upon her to describe to me again and again the person of my spectral rival. It was impossible to mistake the portrait. My doubts were cleared up, and the duty I had to perform was obvious. But I determined to make further inquiry before I revealed to either what I knew of both, and having heard you speak of your birth-place and residence, I went into the country,

satisfied myself on all points respecting you, and at the same time learned the whole particulars of your life. Still I delayed from day to day my intention of bringing you together, knowing that when it was accomplished my own doom would be sealed forever. While I delayed, however, she grew worse, and I felt that it would be criminal to hesitate any longer. I have now fulfilled my part – it remains for you to act upon your own responsibility. My strength exerted for her has carried me so far – I can go no further."

As he uttered these words he rose and turned away his head. I grasped his hand and tried to detain him. He stood and listened while I expressed the unbounded gratitude and admiration with which his conduct inspired me, and explained, hurriedly, the fascination that had held me in a similar trance to that which he had just described. But he made no observation on what I said. It appeared as if he had resolved to speak no more on the subject; and he exhibited such signs of weariness and pain that I thought it would be unreasonable to solicit his advice at that moment. And so we parted for the night.

VIII

I pondered all night upon the history related to me by Forrester. In the desire to escape from the clouds which still darkened my judgment, I endeavored to persuade myself at one moment that Forrester was trying to impose upon me, and at

another that he must be laboring under a mental aberration. The pride of reason revolted from the incredible particulars of that extraordinary narrative; yet certain coincidences, which seemed to confirm their truth, made me hesitate in my skepticism. If I had related to him what had happened to myself, he would have had as good a right to doubt my sanity or veracity as I had to doubt his. This was what staggered me.

I sifted every particle of the story, and was compelled to confess that there was nothing in it which my own experience did not corroborate. The fetch, or wraith, or whatever it was that had appeared to Gertrude, was a counterpart illusion to the figure that had appeared to me. Upon her memory, as upon mine, it had made so vivid an impression, that our recognition of each other was mutual and instantaneous. That fact was clear, and placed the truth of Forrester's statement beyond controversy. It was competent to others, who had no personal evidence of such visitations, to treat with indifference the mysteries of the spiritual world; but I was not free, however much I desired it, to set up for a philosophical unbeliever. All that remained, therefore, was to speculate in the dark on the circumstances which were thus shaping out our destiny, and which, inscrutable as they were, commanded the submission of my reason and my senses.

It occurred to me that, as Gertrude's residence beyond the border might not have been distant many miles from the spot where I imagined I had seen her, it was possible – barely possible – that her appearance there might have been a reality after all.

This supposition was a great relief to me, for I would gladly have accepted a natural solution of the phenomenon, and I accordingly resolved to question her upon the subject.

I thought the next day would never come, yet I shuddered at its coming. I was eager to see her again, although I dreaded the interview; and I will frankly acknowledge, that when I approached the house I trembled like a man on the eve of a sentence which was to determine the issue of life or death.

The blinds were down in all the windows, and the aspect of the whole was chill and dismal. Where sickness is, there, too, must be cheerlessness and fear. The passion which had so long possessed me was as strong as ever, but it was dashed with a hideous terror; there was so much to explain and to be satisfied upon before either of us could rightly comprehend our situation.

I knocked faintly. There was no answer. I knocked again, more loudly, but still lowly, and with increasing apprehension. The door was opened by Forrester. He looked dreadfully haggard, as if he had been sitting up all night, worn by grief and watching. I spoke to him, something broken and hardly articulate: he bent his head, and, raising his hand in token of silence, beckoned me to follow him. He was evidently much agitated, and a suspicion crossed my mind that he already repented the sacrifice he had made. But I did him wrong.

When we reached the door of the room in which we had seen Gertrude on the preceding night Forrester paused, as if to gather up his manhood for what was to follow; then, putting forward his

hand, he pushed open the door.

"Go in – go in," he cried, in a choking voice; and hurrying me on he retreated back into the shadow, as if he wished to avoid being present at our meeting.

The room was in deep twilight. The curtains were drawn together over the windows, and there was less disorder in the apartment than when I had last seen it. The evidences of illness which I had observed scattered about were removed, and the furniture was more carefully arranged. The atmosphere was heavy, and affected me painfully. But I thought nothing of these things, although the slightest incident did not escape me. Gertrude still lay upon the sofa, and appeared to be more tranquil and composed. There was a solemn hush over her as she lay perfectly calm and motionless. I fancied she was asleep, and approached her gently. Her hands were stretched down by her sides, and I ventured to raise one of them to my lips. I shall never forget the horror of that touch. A thrill shot through my veins, as if a bolt of ice had struck upon my heart and frozen up its current at the fountain. It was the hand of a corpse.

In the first feeling of madness and despair which seized upon me I ran my hands wildly over her arms, and even touched her face and lips, doubting whether the form that lay before me was of this world. Some such wild apprehension traversed my brain; but the witnesses of death in the flesh were too palpable in many ways to admit of any superstitious incredulity. The violent surprise and emotion of the night before had proved too much

for her wasted strength, and she had sunk suddenly under the fearful re-action.

The shock overwhelmed me. Not only was she taken from me at the very instant of discovery and possession, but all hope of mutual explanation was extinguished forever. Upon one point alone had I arrived at certainty, but that only rendered me more anxious to clear up the rest. I had seen her living, had spoken to her, and heard her voice; and now she was dead, the proof of her actual humanity was palpable. It was some comfort to know that she to whom I had dedicated myself under the influence of a sort of sorcery, was a being actuated by passions like my own, and subject to the same natural laws; but it was the extremity of all conceivable wretchedness to lose her just as I had acquired this consoling knowledge. The phantom had scarcely become a reality when it again faded into a phantom.

A few days afterward, for the second time, I followed a hearse to the grave. The only persons to whom I had consecrated my love were gone; and this last bereavement seemed to me at the time as if it were final, and as if there was nothing left for me but to die. My reason, however, had gained some strength by my rough intercourse with the world; and even in the midst of the desolation of that melancholy scene I felt as if a burden had been taken off my mind, and I had been released from a harassing obligation. At all events I had a consciousness, that as the earth closed over the coffin of Gertrude, I passed out of the region of dreams and deceptions, and that whatever lay in advance of me,

for good or evil, was of the actual, toiling, practical world. The exodus of my delusion seemed to open to me a future, in which imagination would be rebuked by the presence of stern and harsh realities. I felt like a manumitted slave, who goes forth reluctantly to the hard work of freedom, and would gladly fall back, if he could, upon the supine repose which had spared him the trouble of thinking for himself.

Forrester bore his agony with heroic endurance. I, who knew what was in his heart, knew what he suffered. But his eyes were still and his lips were fixed, and not a single quiver of his pulses betrayed his anguish to the bystanders. When the last rites were over, and we turned away, he wrung my hand without a word of leave-taking, and departed. A few days afterward he left England. The associations connected with the scenes of his past life – with the country that contained the ashes of all he loved – embittered every hour of his life, and he wisely sought relief in exile. I was hurt at not having received some communication from him before he went away; but I knew he was subject to fits of heavy depression, and his silence, although it pained me at the time, did not diminish the respect and sympathy inspired by his conduct.

I will not dwell upon the immediate effect which the dissolution of Gertrude, and the phantoms connected with her, had upon my mind. Shattered and subdued, I re-entered the world, which I was now resolved, out of cowardice and distrust of myself, not to leave again; taking mental exercise, as an invalid,

slowly recovering from the prostration of a long illness, tests his returning strength in the open air. I had a great fear upon me of going into the country, and being once more alone. The tranquillity of Nature would have thrown me back into despair, while the crowded haunts of London kept me in a state of activity that excluded the morbid influences I had so much reason to dread. Of my new experiences in the second phase of my life, as different from the former as light from darkness, I shall speak with the same fidelity which I have hitherto strictly observed.

PART THE SECOND – NOON

I

When I had deposited Gertrude in the grave I was a solitary tree, singled out by the lightning, from the rest of the forest, and blasted through every part of its articulation. There was no verdure in my soul. I was dead to the world around me. I lived in what was gone – I had no interest in what was to come. I believed that the fatal spell that had exercised such a power over my thoughts and actions had accomplished its catastrophe, and that there was nothing further for me to fulfill but death. My Idol had perished in her beauty and her love. She had withered before my eyes, destroyed by the supernatural passion which had bound us to each other. How then could I live, when that which was my life had vanished like a pageant in the sky? I thought I could not survive her. Yet I did. And seeing things as I see them now, and knowing the supremacy of time over affliction, I look back and wonder at the thought which desolated my heart under the immediate pressure of a calamity that appeared irreparable, but for which the world offered a hundred appeasing consolations.

I went again into the bustle – the strife of vanities, ambitions, passions, and interests. At first I merely suffered myself to be carried away by the tide; my plank was launched, and I drifted

with the current. But in a little time I began to be excited by the roar and jubilee of the waters.

For many months Gertrude was ever present to me, in moments of respite and solitude. As certain as the night returned, the stillness of my chamber was haunted by her smiles. The tomb seemed to give up its tenant in the fresh bloom and sweet confidence of life, and she would come in her star-light brightness, smiling sadly, as if she had a feeling of something wanted in that existence to which death had translated her, and looking reproachfully, but sweetly down upon me for lingering so long behind her. By degrees, as time wore on, her form grew less and less distinct, and, wearied of watching and ruminating, I would fall asleep and lose her; and so, between waking and sleeping, the floating outlines vanished, and she visited me no more. At last I almost forgot the features which were once so deeply portrayed upon my heart. Poor human love and grief, how soon their footprints are washed away!

I resided entirely in London, without any settled plan of life, tossed about upon the living surge, and indifferent whither it swept me. I lived from hour to hour, and from day to day, upon the incidents that chanced to turn up. People thought there was something singular in my manner, and that my antecedents were ambiguous; consequently I was much sought after, and invited abroad. My table was covered with cards. I was plagued with inquiries, and found that ladies were especially anxious to know more about me than I chose to tell. My silence and reserve piqued

their curiosity. Had I been a romantic exile, dressed in a bizarre costume, with an interesting head of hair, and an impenetrable expression of melancholy in my face, I could not have been more flattered by their inconvenient attentions. Out of this crush of civilities I made my own election of friends. My acquaintance was prodigious – my intimacies were few. Wherever I went I met a multitude of faces that were quite familiar to me, and to which I was expected to bow, but very few individuals whom I really knew. I had not the kind of talent that can carry away a whole *London Directory* in its head. I could never remember the names of the mob of people I was acquainted with. I recognized their faces, and shook their hands, and was astonished to find how glibly they all had my name, although I hardly recollected one of theirs, and this round of nods and how-d'ye-do's constituted the regular routine of an extensive intercourse with society. The clatter, frivolous as it was, kept me in motion, and there was health in that; but it was very wearisome. A man with a heart in his body desires closer and more absorbing ties. But we get habituated to these superficialities, and drop into them with surprising indifference; knowing or hoping that the sympathy we long for will come at last, and that, if it never comes, it is not so bad a thing after all, to be perpetually stopped on the journey of life by lively gossips, who will shake you by the hand, and insist upon asking you how you are, just as cordially as if they cared to know.

There was one family I visited more frequently than the rest

of my miscellaneous acquaintance. I can hardly explain the attraction that drew me so much into their circle, for there was little in it that was lovable in itself, or that harmonized with my tastes. But antagonisms are sometimes as magnetic as affinities in the moral world. They were all very odd, and did nothing like other people. They were so changeable and eccentric that they scarcely appeared to me for two evenings in succession to be the same individuals. They were perpetually shifting the slides of character, and exhibiting new phases. Their amusements and occupations resembled the incessant dazzle of a magic lantern. They were never without a novelty of some kind on hand – a new whim, which they played with like a toy till they got tired of it – a subtle joke, with a little malicious pleasantry in it – or a piece of scandal, which they exhausted till it degenerated into ribaldry. Their raillery and mirth, even when they happened to be in their most good-natured moods, were invariably on the side of ridicule. They took delight in distorting every thing, and never distorted any thing twice in the same way. They laughed at the whole range of quiet, serious amiabilities, as if all small virtues were foibles and weaknesses; and held the heroic qualities in a sort of mock awe that was more ludicrous and humiliating than open scoffing and derision. In this way they passed their lives, coming out with fresh gibes every morning, and going to bed at night in the same harlequinade humor. It seemed as if they had no cares of their own, and made up for the want of them by taking into keeping the cares of their neighbors; which they tortured so

adroitly that, disrelish it as you might, it was impossible to resist the infection of their grotesque satire.

One of the members of this family was distinguished from the rest by peculiarities special to himself. He was a dwarf in stature, with a large head, projecting forehead, starting eyes, bushy hair, and an angular chin. He was old enough to be dealt with as a man; but from his diminutive size, and the singularity of his manners, he was treated as a boy. Although his mental capacity was as stunted as his body, he possessed so extraordinary a talent for translating and caricaturing humanity, that he was looked upon as a domestic mime of unrivaled powers. He could run the circle of the passions with surprising facility, rendering each transition from the grave to the gay so clearly, and touching so rapidly, yet so truly, every shade of emotion, that your wonder was divided between the dexterity, ease, and completeness of the imitation, and the sagacious penetration into character which it indicated. Acting, no doubt, is not always as wise as it looks; and the mimicry that shows so shrewd on the surface is often a mere mechanical trick. But in this case the assumptions were various, distinct, and broadly marked, and not to be confounded with the low art that paints a feeling in a contortion or a grimace. During these strange feats he never spoke a word. He did not require language to give effect or intelligence to his action. All was rapid, graphic, and obvious, and dashed off with such an air of original humor that the most serious pantomime took the odd color of a jest without compromising an atom of its grave

purpose. Indeed this tendency to indulge in a kind of sardonic fun was the topping peculiarity of the whole group, and the dwarf was a faithful subscriber to the family principles.

I suffered myself to be most unreasonably amused by this daily extravagance. The dwarf was a fellow after my own fancy: an irresponsible fellow, headlong, irregular, misshapen, and eternally oscillating to and fro without any goal in life. He never disturbed me by attempts to show things as they were, or by over-refined reasoning upon facts, in which some people are in the habit of indulging until they wear off the sharp edge of truths, and fritter them down into commonplaces. In short, he never reasoned at all. He darted upon a topic, struck his fangs into it, and left it, depositing a little poison behind him. His singularities never offended me, because they never interfered with my own. He turned the entire structure and operations of society to the account of the absurd; and made men, not the victims of distaste as I did, but the puppets of a farce. We arrived, however, at much the same conclusion by different routes, and the dwarf and I agreed well together; although there was an unconfessed repulsion between us which prohibited the interchange of those outward tokens of harmony that telegraph the good fellowship of the crowd.

From the first moment of our acquaintance I had a secret distrust about my friend the dwarf. I shrank from him instinctively when I felt his breath upon me, which was as hot as if it came from a furnace. I felt as if he was a social Mephistophiles,

exercising a malignant influence over my fate. Yet, in spite of this feeling, we became intimate all at once. As I saw him in the first interview, I saw him ever after. We relaxed all formalities on the instant of introduction, when he broke out with a gibe that put us both at our ease at once. We were intimates in slippers and morning-gowns, while the rest of the family were as yet on full-dress ceremony with me.

II

After I had known this family a considerable time, a lady from a distant part of the country, whom I had never seen or heard of before, came on a visit to them. She was a woman of about twenty-five years of age, with a handsome person, considerable powers of conversation, and more intellect than fine women usually take the trouble to cultivate or display, preferring to trust, as she might have safely done, to the influence of their beauty. Her form was grand and voluptuous; her head, with her hair bound up in fillets, had a noble classical air; and her features were strictly intellectual. She had never been married; and exhibiting, as she did at all times, a lofty superiority over the people by whom she was surrounded in this house, it opened a strange chapter of sprightly malevolence to observe how they criticised her, and picked off her feathers, whenever she happened to be out of the room. They affected the most sublime regard for her, and the way they showed it was by wondering why she remained single,

and trying to account for it by sundry flattering inuendos, with a sneer lurking under each of them.

The men had no taste – this was said so slily as to make every body laugh – or perhaps they were afraid of her; she was hard to please; her mind was too masculine, which made her appear more repulsive than she really was; she did not relish female society, and men are always jealous of women who are superior to themselves, and so, between the two – hem! – there was the old adage! Then she aimed at eccentricity, and had some uncommon tastes; she was fond of poetry and philosophy, and blue stockings are not so marketable as hosiery of a plainer kind: in short, it was not surprising that such a woman should find it rather difficult to suit herself with a husband. But whoever did succeed in overcoming her fastidiousness would get a prize!

These criticisms, probably, awakened an interest in my mind about this lady. She was evidently not understood by her critics; and it was by no means unlikely that, in attributing peculiarities to her which did not exist, they might have overlooked the true excellencies of her character. In proportion as they depreciated her, she rose in my estimation, by the rule of contrarieties. It had always been a weakness of mine to set myself against the multitude on questions of taste, and to reverse their judgment by a foregone conclusion. I then believed, and do still in a great measure believe, that persons of genius are not appreciated or comprehended by the mob; but I occasionally committed the mistake of taking it for granted that persons who were

depreciated by the mob must of necessity be persons of genius.

Astræa – for so she was familiarly called, at first in the way of covert ridicule, but afterward from habit – was thoroughly in earnest in every thing she said and did. She could adapt herself to the passing humor of vivacity or sarcasm without any apparent effort, but her natural manner was grave and dominant. Beneath the severity of her air was an unsettled spirit, which a close observer could not fail to detect. It was to carry off or hide this secret disquietude of soul (such, at least, it appeared to me), that, with a strong aversion to frivolity, she heeded all the frivolous amusements; but then it was done with an effort and excess that showed how little her taste lay in it, and that it was resorted to only as an escape from criticism. She had no skill in these relaxations, and blundered sadly in her attempts to get through them; and people tried to feel complimented by her condescension, but were never really satisfied. And when she had succeeded in getting up the group to the height of its gayety, and thought that every body was fully employed, she would take advantage of the general merriment and relapse into her own thoughts. It was then you could see clearly how little interest she took in these things. But she was too important a person to be allowed to drop out, and as she was well aware of the invidious distinction with which she was treated, she would speedily rally and mix in the frivolity again. All this was done with a struggle that was quite transparent to me. She never played that part with much tact. Yet her true character baffled me, notwithstanding.

There was an evident restlessness within; as if she were out of her sphere, or as if there were a void to be filled, a longing after something which was wanted to awaken her sympathies, and set her soul at repose. Of that I was convinced; but all beyond was impenetrable obscurity.

The mystery that hovered about her manner, her looks, her words, attracted me insensibly toward her. She was an enigma to the world as I was myself; and a secret feeling took possession of me that there were some latent points of unison in our natures which would yet be drawn out in answering harmony. This feeling was entirely exempt from passion. Gertrude had absorbed all that was passionate and loving in my nature – at least, I thought so then. And the difference between them was so wide, that it was impossible to feel in the same way about Gertrude first and Astræa afterward. Simplicity, gentleness, and timidity, were the characteristics of Gertrude; while Astræa was proud, grand, almost haughty, with a reserve which I could not fathom. If it be true that the individual nature can find a response only in another of a certain quality, then it would have been absurd to delude myself by any dreams of that kind about Astræa. If I had really loved Gertrude, I could not love Astræa. They were essentially in direct opposition to each other. As for Astræa, she appeared inaccessible to the weaknesses of passion; her conversation was bold, and she selected topics that invited argument, but rarely awakened emotion. Energetic, lofty, and severe, her very bearing repelled the approaches of love. He would have been a brave

man who should have dared to love Astræa. I wondered at her beauty, which was not captivating at a glance, but full of dignity. I wondered, admired, listened, but was not enslaved.

She treated me with a frankness which she did not extend to others. This did not surprise me in the circle in which I found her. It was natural enough that she should avail herself of any escape that offered from that atmosphere of *persiflage*. I was guided by a similar impulse. But the same thing occurs every day in society. People always, when they can, prefer the intercourse which comes nearest to their own standard. It does not follow, however, that they must necessarily fall in love. Such a suspicion never entered my head.

I soon discovered that her knowledge was by no means profound; and that her judgment was not always accurate. Setting aside the showy accomplishments which go for nothing as mental culture she was self-educated. She had been an extensive reader, but without method. She touched the surface of many subjects, and carried away something from each, to show that she had been there, trusting to her vigorous intellect for the use she should make of her fragmentary acquisitions. It was only when you discussed a subject fully with her that you discovered her deficiencies. In the ordinary way, rapidly lighting upon a variety of topics, she was always so brilliant and suggestive that you gave her credit for a larger field of acquirements than she really traversed. This discovery gave me an advantage over her; and my advantage gave me courage.

One evening we were talking of the mythology, one of her favorite themes.

"And you seriously think," I observed, in answer to something she said, "that the story of Hercules and the distaff has a purpose?"

"A deep purpose, and a very obvious moral," she replied.

"Will you expound it to me?"

"It is quite plain – the parable of strength vanquished by gentleness. There is nothing so strong as gentleness."

This reply took me by surprise, and I observed, "I should hardly have expected that from you." I was thinking more of the unexpected admission of the power of gentleness from the lips of Astræa, than of the truth or depth of the remark.

"Do you mean that as a compliment?" she inquired.

"Well – no. But from a mind constituted like yours, I should have looked for a different interpretation."

"Then you think that my mind ought to prostrate itself before a brawny development of muscles?"

"No, no; remember, you spoke of gentleness."

"That is the mind of woman," she answered, "taking its natural place, and asserting its moral power. For gentleness, like beauty, is a moral power."

"Beauty a moral power?" I exclaimed.

"That is its true definition, unless you would degrade it by lowering it to the standard of the senses," she replied, kindling as she spoke. "It elevates the imagination; we feel a moral exaltation

in the contemplation of it; it is the essential grace of nature; it refines and dignifies our whole being; and appreciated in this aspect, it inspires the purest and noblest aspirations."

This creed of beauty was very unlike any thing I had anticipated from her. If any body in a crowded drawing-room had spoken in this style, I should have expected that she would have smiled somewhat contemptuously upon them.

"Your definition is imperfect," I ventured to say; "I do not dispute it as far as it goes, but it is defective in one article of faith."

"Oh! I am not sent from the stars – though they have voted me Astræa – to convert heathens. Pray, let us have your article of faith."

"I believe implicitly in your religion," said I; "but believing so much, I am compelled to believe a little more. If beauty calls up this homage of the imagination, and inspires these pure and elevating aspirations, it must awaken the emotions of the heart. To feel and appreciate beauty truly, therefore, is, in other words, to love."

"That is an old fallacy. If love were indispensable to the appreciation of beauty, it would cruelly narrow the pleasures of the imagination."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I believe them to be inseparable."

"You are talking riddles," she replied, as if she were getting tired of the subject; "but, true or false, I have no reliance upon

the word love, or the use that is made of it. It means any thing or nothing."

"Then you must allow me to explain myself;" and so I set about my explanation without exactly knowing what it was I had to explain. "I spoke of love as an abstract emotion." She smiled very discouragingly at that phrase, and I was, therefore, bound to defend it. "Certainly there is such a thing – listen to me for a moment. I was not speaking of the love of this or that particular object – a love that may grow up and then die to the root; but the love which may be described as the poetical perception and permanent enjoyment of the ideal."

"We must not quarrel about the word," interrupted Astræa, as if she wished to bring the conversation to a close; "we agree, possibly, in the thing, although I should have expressed it differently."

"I grant," said I, trying to gather my own meaning more clearly, "love must have an object. Abstractions may occupy the reason, but do not touch the heart. When beauty appeals to the heart it must take a definite shape, and the love it inspires must be addressed to that object alone."

"We have changed our argument," observed Astræa, quickly, "and see, we must change our seats, too, for supper is announced."

I felt that I was rhapsodizing, and that, if I had gone on much further, I must have uttered a great deal that Astræa would have inevitably set down as rank nonsense. I was not sorry, therefore,

that the conversation was broken off at that dubious point. We were both scared out of our subtleties by the flutter and laughter that rang through the room as every body rose to go to supper; and in a few moments I found myself seated at table with Astræa next to me, and my friend the dwarf seated exactly opposite.

III

The chatter of the party was, as usual, noisy and sarcastic. They were in an extraordinary flow of spirits, and indulged their unsparing raillery to an extravagant excess. The dwarf had quite a roystering fit upon him, and tossed his great shapeless head about with such outrageous fun, that one might suppose he was laboring under a sudden access of delirium, or had, at least, fallen in with a rare God-send to exercise his powers of frantic ridicule upon. These things, no doubt, presented themselves to me in an exaggerated light, for I was a little out of humor with myself; and could not help contrasting the reckless levity of the group with the stillness of Astræa, who must have secretly despised the companionship into which she was thrown.

Whenever any body uttered a joke (and dreary and miserable jokes they were), the dwarf, who acted a sort of chorus to their obstreperous humors, would jerk his head back with a theatrical "Ha!" and spread out his hands like so many coiling snakes, with an indescribable exaggeration of astonishment. Then a sneer and chirrup would run round the table, rising presently into a loud

laugh, which the lady of the house would discreetly suppress by lifting her finger half way to her face – a signal that was understood to imply a cessation of hostilities when the ribaldry was supposed to be going too far.

I looked at Astræa involuntarily on one of these occasions, and found her eyes turned at the same instant to mine. The same thought was in both our minds. We both abhorred the coarseness of the scene, and felt the same desire to be alone. The position which thus extracted the feelings that we held in common was full of peril to us; but at such moments one never thinks of peril.

I asked her to take wine, pouring it into her glass at the same moment. This implied a familiarity between us which I certainly did not intend, and should not have been conscious of if I had not chanced to notice the face of the dwarf. He was looking straight at us, his mouth pursed out, and his head thrust forward as if to make way for a sudden writhing or elevation of his shoulders. It was the express image of a man who had discovered something very strange, or in whom a previous doubt had just been confirmed. I could not at all comprehend his meaning; but I knew he had a meaning, and that threw me back upon myself to find out the point of the caricature. I attributed it to the unceremonious freedom I had taken with Astræa, and regretted that I had given occasion to so pitiful a jest; but I was by no means satisfied that there was not an *arrière pensée* in the mind of the dwarf.

The spiteful mirth went on in a rapid succession of vulgar

inuendos, puns, and jokes. The peculiarities of one intimate friend after another were anatomized with surprising skill; nobody was spared; and the finger of the hostess was in constant requisition to check the riot, and direct the scandal-hunters after fresh quarry. As none of the people who were thus made the subjects of unmerciful ridicule were known to me or Astræa, we took no part in their dissection, and imperceptibly dropped into a conversation between ourselves.

We resumed our old subject, and talked in low and earnest tones. I supposed that they were all too much engaged in the personal topics that afforded them so much amusement to think about us, and had no suspicion that they were observing us closely all the time. I was apprised of the fact by the astounding expression I detected on the face of my indefatigable Mephistophiles: I shall never forget it. It was a face of saturnine ecstasy, with a secret smile of pleasure in it, evidently intended for me alone, as if he rejoiced, and wondered, and congratulated me, and was in high raptures at my happiness. I was astonished and confounded, and felt myself singularly agitated; yet, I knew not why – I was not angry with him: for although his manner was inexplicable, and ought to have been taken as an offense from its grossness, still, for some unaccountable reason, it was pleasant rather than disagreeable to me.

I forgot the little demon, however, in the delight of looking at Astræa, and listening to her. There was such a charm in her eyes, and in the sound of her voice, that I was soon drawn again within

its powerful influence. As to the subject of our conversation, it was of secondary interest to the pleasure of hearing her speak. Whatever I said was but to induce her to say more. To struggle in an argument was out of the question – all I yearned for was the music of her tones. Not that I quite lost the thread of our discussion, but that I was more engaged in following the new graces and embellishments it derived from her mode of treating it, than in pursuing the main topic. Again I turned to the dwarf, and there he was again glaring upon us with a look of transport. But his fiery eyes no longer leaped out upon me alone; they were moved quickly from Astræa to me alternately, and were lighted up with a wild satisfaction that appeared to indicate the consummation of some delirious passion. I never saw so much mad glee in a human face; all the more mad to me, since I was entirely ignorant of the source from whence it sprang. Once I thought Astræa observed him, but she turned aside her head, and hastily changed the conversation, apparently to defeat his curiosity.

Many times before I took leave that night the mime repeated his antics; and, as if to make me feel assured that I was really the object of his pantomimic raptures, he squeezed my hand significantly at parting, and with more cordiality than he had ever shown me before.

As I bade Astræa "good-night," she gave me her hand – in the presence of the whole family; there was nothing to conceal in her thoughts. I took it gently in mine, and, gazing for a moment

intently into her face, in which I thought I perceived a slight trace of confusion, I bowed and withdrew.

That was a night of strange speculation. For some time past, I had thought little of Gertrude – had almost forgotten her. That night she returned, but unlike what she had ever been before. The smile, like sunlight let in upon the recesses of a young bud, no longer cleft her lips; and her eyes were cold and glassy. I felt, too, that I had recalled her by an effort of the will, and that she did not come involuntarily, as of old.

There was a sense of guiltiness in this. Was Gertrude fading from my memory? – and was Astræa concerned in the change? No, Astræa was nothing to me – she was out of my way – the height on which she stood was frozen. What was it, then, that troubled and excited me, and blotted out the past?

I was more unhappy than ever; yet it was an unhappiness that carried me onward, as if there was an escape for it, or a remedy. I was perplexed and disturbed. I was like a bird suddenly awakened in its cage amidst the glare of torches. I tried to think of Gertrude, but it was in vain. The thought no longer appeased me. The dwarf-mime was before me with all his devilish tricks and gestures. I could not rid myself of his hideous features. They danced and gibbered in the air, and were always fastened upon me. He was like a human nightmare; and even the gray dawn, as it came through the curtains, only showed that misshapen head more clearly. What was this dwarf to me that he should haunt me thus, and become an agony to my soul. Was he my fate? or

was he sent to torture me to some deed of self-abandonment? I should have gone mad with this waking dream, but as the morning advanced, and the light spread, my aching eyes closed in an uneasy sleep.

I was dissatisfied with myself, without exactly knowing why. I hated the dwarf, yet was fascinated by the very importunity that made me hate him. Why should he meddle with me? Why should he exult in any diversion of my fortunes? What was he to me, or Astræa to either of us? I was an unchartered ship, in which no living person had an interest, drifting on the wide waste of waters. Why should his eyes traverse the great expanse to keep watch on me? Could he not let me founder on the breakers, without making mocking signals to me from the shore, where he and his stood in heartless security? My sleep was full of dreams of that malignant demon, and I awoke in a state of actual terror from their violent action on my nerves.

IV

The next morning I went out, determined to dissipate these harassing reflections, and, above all things, resolved not to see Astræa. I wandered about half the day, perfectly sincere in my intention of avoiding the quarter of the town in which she lived. My mind was so much absorbed, that I was quite unconscious of the route I had taken, until, raising my eyes, I saw the dwarf standing before me on the steps of his own door. I had dropped

into the old track by the sheer force of habit, and have no doubt that my tormentor put the worst construction on the flush that shot into my face at seeing him. The same riotous glee was in his eyes that I had noticed, for the first time, on the evening before; but it now took something of a look of triumph that perplexed me more than ever.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with a chuckle that literally palpitated through his whole body – "you are come at last. I have been looking out for you the whole morning."

"Indeed!"

"How did you sleep last night?" he continued; "what sort of dreams had you? I'll answer for it that no dancing dervish ever went through such contortions!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Why, there!" he replied, "you turn red and white by turns. Are you hit? – are you hit? Confess yourself, and I will comfort you."

"Come, come," said I, anxious not to provoke the explanation I panted for, yet dreaded, "this *badinage* is sorry work for the day-light. You should keep it till the lamps are lighted!"

"Have at you, then," he returned, his features undergoing a comical transition into affected gravity; "I will talk proverbs with you, and look as gloomy as a mute at a funeral: " giving, at the same time, an irresistible imitation of one of those ghastly, wire-drawn, drunken faces. "Mercy upon us! what ominous tokens are in that doleful countenance of yours! The candle gives out

its warning-sheet for the bespoken of the grave; the sea has its sights and sounds for the doomed man who is to sup with the fishes; the cricket challenges death in the hearth; the devil gives three knocks at the door when some miserable wretch is passing through the mortal agony; and there are signs in your face of a living torture, which any man galloping by may see. What does it mean? Is the leaf only turned over by the wind, and will the next blast whisk it back again? or are its fibres riven past recovery?"

I could not bear this tantalizing mockery; and if I had not been afraid of exciting the malice of that fiendish nature, there must have been an explosion at this moment. I managed, however, to control myself, and spoke to him calmly, but with a resolution in my voice which admitted of no mis-construction. "Now, listen to me, my friend," I said, "and understand distinctly what I am going to say. You have extraordinary talents for sarcasm, but I must ask you not to practice them upon me. I don't like to be questioned and criticised in this way. I dare say you don't intend any thing beyond an idle joke; but I don't like being made the subject of jokes. I covet no favor from you but to be spared your gibes – and that is not much for you to grant."

"The hardest thing in the world to grant!" he answered. "To be spared my gibes! What is to become of us, if I'm not to have my gibes? You might as well ask me to look you straight in the face and not to see you. Nonsense! you mustn't impose such a penance upon me."

"But why do you jest with me in this way? Do you think I am

a fit object for burlesque and buffoonery?"

"Burlesque and buffoonery?" he returned, twitching his mouth as if he were stung to the quick; "I do not burlesque you, and I am not a buffoon."

"Then drop this strange humor of yours, and try to be serious with me."

"Do you desire me to be serious with you?"

"Most assuredly I do. I don't understand any thing else."

"Then it is a bond between us henceforth," he cried, in a tone of deep earnestness. "From this hour I jest with you no more."

As he spoke he glanced at me darkly under his eyebrows, and turned into the house. I was rather taken by surprise at this new manifestation of his versatile genius, and followed him mechanically, utterly forgetful of the wise resolution with which I had set out.

We went into the drawing-room. Astræa was surrounded by a group o girls, some kneeling, others dispersed about her, while she was directing their employment on a piece of tapestry on a large frame. The *tableau* was striking, and I thought Astræa never looked so well Her fine figure was thrown into a graceful attitude, the head slightly averted, and one hand pointing to the tracery, while the other was raised in the air, suspending some threads of the embroidery. The face that formed a circle round her were looking up, beaming with pleasure and presented an animated picture. Here was Astræa in a new aspect. I felt the injustice her flippant critics had committed in unsexing her, and depriving her

of her domestic attributes.

Our entrance disturbed the group, and, springing up, they took to flight like a flock of birds.

"You see, Astræa," said the dwarf, in a sharp voice, meant to convey sneer through a compliment, "you are not allowed to be useful in this world. You are invaded at all your weak points: the force of you attraction will not suffer you to enjoy even your needle in private."

"A truce, sir, to this folly!" exclaimed Astræa, turning from him an advancing to meet me.

The dwarf twirled painfully on his chair, as if the scorn had taken full effect upon him. We had both struck him in the same place. Had we premeditated a plan of operations for wounding his vanity we could not have acted more completely in concert.

"I hope," said I, desiring to change the subject, "you have recovered our merriment of last night?"

"Merriment?" interposed Mephistophiles; "Good! *Your* merriment You and Astræa were like dull citizens yawning over a comedy, which we were fools enough to act for you. When next we play in that fashion may we have a livelier audience."

"The reproach, I am afraid, is just," I observed, looking at Astræa. But she was not disposed to give the vantage ground to Mephistophiles. "I hope next time you may have an audience more to your liking," she observed; "tastes differ, you know, in these matters."

"Yes, that's quite true," returned the dwarf, dryly; "but *your*

tastes, it seems agree wonderfully."

Thus Astræa and I were coupled and cast together by the mime, who evidently took a vindictive delight in committing us to embarrassments of that kind. To have attempted to extricate ourselves would probably have only drawn fresh imputations upon us; so we let it pass.

Every body has observed what important events sometimes take their spring in trifles. The destiny of a life is not unfrequently determined by an accident. I felt that there was something due to Astræa or the freedom to which she was exposed on my account. Yet it was an exceedingly awkward subject to touch upon. The very consciousness of this awkwardness produced or suggested other feelings that involved me in fresh difficulties. I felt that I ought to apologize for having brought this sort of observation upon her; but I also felt that explanations on such subjects are dangerous, and that it is safer to leave them unnoticed. The impulse, however, to say something was irresistible; and what I did say was not well calculated to help me out of the dilemma.

"I feel," said I, quite aware at the moment I spoke that it would have been just as well to have left my feelings out of the question – "I feel that I ought to apologize t you for bringing discredit on your taste. The whole fault of the dullness lies with me."

"Not at all," she replied; "I am perfectly willing to take my share of it. Be assured that the highest compliment is often to be extracted from some people's sarcasms."

This was a "palpable hit," and I apprehended that it would

rouse the dwarf to a fierce rejoinder. But he had left the room, and we were alone.

There was a pause; and Astræa, who had more courage under the embarrassment than I could command, was the first to speak. "They mistake me," she said slowly; "it has been my misfortune all my life to be misunderstood. Per aps the error is in myself. Possibly my own nature is at cross-purposes, marring and frustrating all that I really mean to do and say. I try to adapt myself to other people, but always fail. Even my motive are misinterpreted, and I can not make myself intelligible. It must be some original willfulness of my nature, that makes me seem too proud to the proud, and too condescending to the humble; but certain it is that both equally mistake me."

"*I* do not mistake you, Astræa," I cried, startled by the humility of her confession.

"I feel you do not," she answered.

"They say you are scornful and unapproachable – not so! You are as timid at heart as the fawn trembling in its retreat at the sound of the hunter's horn. But you hold them, with whom you can not mingle, by the bond of fear. You compel them to treat you with deference, from the apprehension that they might otherwise become familiar. The translate your high intelligence into haughtiness; and because they can not reach to your height, they believe you to be proud and despotic."

"I know not how that may be," she returned; "but I will acknowledge that my feelings must be touched before the mere

woman's nature is awakened. They who do not know me think – "

"That you are insensible to that touch," said I, supplying the unfinished sentence; "they libel you, Astræa! Achilles had only one vulnerable spot, but that was fatal. Protected in all else, you are defenseless on one point, and when that is struck your whole nature is subjugated. Do I describe you truly? When the woman is awakened, the insensibility and fortitude in which you are shut up will melt away – your power will be reduced to helplessness: absorbing devotion, unbounded tenderness, which are yearning for their release, will flow out; the conqueror will become the enslaved, living, not for victories which you despise, but for a servitude which will bring your repressed enthusiasm into action. For this you would sacrifice the world – pride, place, applause, disciples, flattery!"

"Not a very agreeable picture – but, I am afraid, a faithful one."

"Strong feelings and energy of character are not always best for our happiness," I went on; "you expected too much; you found the world cold and selfish, and your heart closed upon it. This was the action of a temperament eager and easily chilled; and it was natural enough that people who could not move your sympathies should think that your heart was dead or callous. Yet there it was, watching for the being who was one day to call up its idolatry – for it is not love that will constitute your happiness, Astræa – it must be idolatry. It is that for which you live – to relinquish yourself for another. All is darkness and probation with you till

she who now inspires so much worship to which she is indifferent, shall herself become the worshiper. It is the instinct of your nature, the secret of the enigma, which makes you seem exactly the opposite of what you are."

I might have run on I know not to what excess, for I felt my eloquence kindling and rising to an extravagant height, when I perceived Astræa change color and avert her eyes.

"Have I offended you, Astræa?" I inquired.

"Offended me?" she answered; "no, you have done me a service. You have shown me the error of my life – the folly and delusion of hoping for a destiny different from that of the ordinary lot."

"Why do you call it a delusion? You will yet find that haven of rest toward which your heart looks so tremulously. The bird whose instinct carries it over the wild seas from continent to continent sometimes droops its jaded wings and sinks, but it makes land at last."

"No, no; it was a dream. There is no reality in such foolish notions."

"Come," said I, with increasing earnestness, "you must not speak against your convictions. You do not think it a dream – you rely confidently on the hope that the time will come – "

"The thought is madness," interrupted Astræa, quickly; "no – no – no – there is no such hope for me. Do not misconceive me. You have read my nature as clearly as if the volume of my whole life to its inmost thoughts were laid open before you. But the

dream is over. It might have been the pride and glory of my soul to have waited upon some high Intelligence – to have followed its progress, cheered it patiently in secret to exertion, encouraged its ambition, and lain in the shadow of its triumphs. It is over. That may never be!"

Her voice shook, although she looked calmly at me as she spoke, trying to conceal her emotion. Her hand accidentally lay in mine. There was a danger in it which I would not see.

"And you have not found the Intelligence for which you sought?" I demanded, in a voice that conveyed more than it expressed in words.

"Yes," she replied slowly, "I have found Intelligence – original, hard, athletic; but wanting in the sympathy that alone wins the heart of woman."

"Astræa," I replied, "your imagination has pictured an ideal which I fear you will never find realized."

"I *have* found it!" she cried, betrayed into a transport of feeling; then, checking herself, she added, "and I have lost it. Would to God I had never found it!"

Her head drooped – it touched my shoulder; my arm pressed her waist – I was ignorant of it; a haze swam before my eyes. Tumultuous sensations beat audibly at my heart. Astræa, the haughty beauty – the intellectual, proud Astræa – where was her dominant power – her lofty self-possession now? Subdued, bowed down by emotion, the strength of her will seemed to pass from her to me, reversing our positions, and placing in my hands

the ascendency she had so lately wielded. The air seemed to palpitate with these new and agitating feelings. I made an effort to control myself and speak, but could only pronounce her name

"Astræa!"

There were a hundred questions in the word; but she was silent, and in her silence a hundred answers.

"Not here, Astræa," I cried; "we shall be more free to speak elsewhere – away from those vacant eyes through which no hearts find utterance for us. One word, and I will be still – one word – "

She trembled violently, and pressed my hand convulsively, as if she desired that I should not ask that word. But it was no longer possible to restrain it.

That word was spoken.

A shudder passed over her, and as she bent her head I felt a gush of tears upon my hand. At that moment a muffled step was on the stairs, and I had scarcely time to disengage myself when our imp half opened the door, and looked in with a leer of ribaldry and suspicion that chilled me to the core.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM PENN'S CONVERSION TO QUAKERISM. [1]

Penn did not remain long in London. His father, anxious to keep him apart from his old Puritan friends – and to sustain the habit of devotion to his temporal interests into which he seemed gradually falling, sent him again into Ireland. He had no suspicion that the enemy of his peace lay in ambush at the very gates of his stronghold. But the youth had not resided more than a few months at Shangarry Castle before one of those incidents occurred which destroy in a day the most elaborate attempts to stifle the instincts of nature. When the admiral in England was pluming himself on the triumphs of his worldly prudence, his son, on occasion of one of his frequent visits to Cork, heard by accident that Thomas Loe, his old Oxford acquaintance, was in the city and intended to preach that night. He thought of his boyish enthusiasm at college, and wondered how the preacher's eloquence would stand the censures of his riper judgment. Curiosity prompted him to stay and listen. The fervid orator took for his text the passage – "There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world." The topic was peculiarly adapted to his own situation.

[1] From a new life of Penn, by Hepworth Dixon, in the press of Blanchard and Lea, Philadelphia.

Possessed by strong religious instincts, but at the same time docile and affectionate – he had hitherto oscillated between two duties – duty to God and duty to his father. The case was one in which the strongest minds might waver for a time. On the one side – his filial affection, the example of his brilliant friends, the worldly ambition never quite a stranger to the soul of man – all pleaded powerfully in favor of his father's views. On the other there was only the low whisperings of his own heart. But the still voice would not be silenced. Often as he had escaped from thought into business, gay society, or the smaller vanities of the parade and mess-room – the moment of repose again brought back the old emotions. The crisis had come at last. Under Thomas Loe's influence they were restored to a permanent sway. From that night he was a Quaker in his heart.

He now began to attend the meetings of this despised and persecuted sect, and soon learned to feel the bitter martyrdom to which he had given up all his future hopes. In no part of these islands were the Quakers of that time treated as men and as brethren – and least of any where in Ireland. Confounded by ignorant and zealous magistrates with those sterner Puritans who had lately ruled the land with a rod of iron, and had now fallen into the position of a vanquished and prostrate party – they were held up to ridicule in polite society, and pilloried by the vulgar in the market-place. On the 3d of September (1667), a meeting of these harmless people was being held in Cork when a company of soldiers broke in upon them, made the whole congregation

prisoners and carried them before the mayor on a charge of riot and tumultuous assembling. Seeing William Penn, the lord of Shangarry Castle and an intimate friend of the viceroy, among the prisoners, the worthy magistrate wished to set him at liberty on simply giving his word to keep the peace, but not knowing that he had violated any law he refused to enter into terms, and was sent to jail with the rest. From the prison he wrote to his friend the Earl of Ossory – Lord President of Munster – giving an account of his arrest and detention. An order was of course sent to the mayor for his immediate discharge; but the incident had made known to all the gossips of Dublin the fact that the young courtier and soldier had turned Quaker.

His friends at the vice-regal court were greatly distressed at this untoward event. The earl wrote off to the admiral to inform him of his son's danger, stating the bare facts just as they had come to his knowledge. The family were thunderstruck. The father especially was seriously annoyed; he thought the boy's conduct not only mad but what was far worse in that libertine age – ridiculous. The world was beginning to laugh at him and his family: – he could bear it no longer. He wrote in peremptory terms, calling him to London. William obeyed without a word of expostulation. At the first interview between father and son nothing was said on the subject which both had so much at heart. The admiral scrutinized the youth with searching eyes – and as he observed no change in his costume, nor in his manner any of that formal stiffness which he thought the only

distinction of the abhorred sect, he felt re-assured. His son was still dressed like a gentleman; he wore lace and ruffles, plume and rapier; the graceful curls of the cavalier still fell in natural clusters about his neck and shoulders: he began to hope that his noble correspondent had erred in his friendly haste. But a few days served to dissipate this illusion. He was first struck with the circumstance that his son omitted to uncover in the presence of his elders and superiors; and with somewhat of indignation and impatience in his tone demanded an interview and an explanation.

William frankly owned that he was now a Quaker. The admiral laughed at the idea, and treating it as a passing fancy, tried to reason him out of it. But he mistook his strength. The boy was the better theologian and the more thorough master of all the weapons of controversy. He then fell back on his own leading motives. A Quaker! Why, the Quakers abjured worldly titles: and he expected to be made a peer! Had the boy turned Independent, Anabaptist – any thing but Quaker, he might have reconciled it to his conscience. But he had made himself one of a sect remarkable only for absurdities which would close on him every door in courtly circles. Then there was that question of the hat. Was he to believe that his own son would refuse to uncover in his presence? The thing was quite rebellious and unnatural. And to crown all – how would he behave himself at court? Would he wear his hat in the royal presence? William paused. He asked an hour to consider his answer – and withdrew to his own chamber.

This enraged the admiral more than ever. What! a son of his could hesitate at such a question! Why, this was a question of breeding – not of conscience. Every child uncovered to his father – every subject to his sovereign. Could any man with the feelings and the education of a gentleman doubt? And this boy – for whom he had worked so hard – had won such interest – had opened such a brilliant prospect – that he, with his practical and cultivated mind, should throw away his golden opportunities for a mere whimsy! He felt that his patience was sorely tried.

After a time spent in solitude and prayer, the young man returned to his father with the result of his meditation – a refusal.

The indignant admiral turned him out of doors.

THE BIRTH OF CRIME – A SKETCH FROM LIFE

He was scarce past his childhood, and yet, at a glance, I perceived that he had commenced life's warfare for himself; that necessity had, with a stern, unbending brow, pointed out to him the way he was to take, and taught him, young as he was, that his fate must be to battle for himself on the path of life. His very humble and tattered dress, the sorrowful expression which had settled on his pallid yet interesting features, told their own story, and I involuntarily sighed while observing him. "Want alone," I mentally exclaimed, "has hitherto been his companion; light hearts, gamboling playmates of his own years, exuberance of the young spirit, which gives buoyancy to the foot, throws sunshine on the heart, and 'neath whose spell all things seem beautiful – he, poor boy! has never known. He knows naught of the green fields and flowers, of murmuring brooks and leafy trees, amidst whose branches sweet music dwells: in some pent-up, crowded alley is his home, and his young mind hath been awoke in confines close, amidst scenes of toil and misery."

The gentle and dejected expression of his countenance first attracted my attention, and, unobserved by him, I watched his movements as he slowly advanced down the crowded street toward the spot where I stood. Occasionally he paused, and after

looking up and down the busy thoroughfare, apparently awaiting or looking for some expected object to come in sight, he resumed his saunter, keeping close to the wall, so as to avoid intercepting the way of the numbers who were hurrying past him. The more I saw of the boy, the more was my interest in him increased, and my desire to know what object had brought him thither. So young, could his design be criminal? had he been initiated into the craft of pocket-picking? did he thus linger amidst the bustle of the crowded pathway to mark where he could successfully seize the spoil? I looked at him more earnestly as he approached me still nearer, and I felt that in the bare suspicion I had done him an injustice.

While I was thus speculating on his character, he paused within a few paces of me, and gazed earnestly down the street, where something appeared to be exciting his attention. Following the direction of his earnest look, I perceived at a little distance a gentleman on horseback slowly advancing, while looking inquiringly at the houses he was passing, as though in search of one of them in particular. He had arrived within a few yards of the place where I stood, when he halted, and dismounted: in an instant the boy I have spoken of was at his side, and touching the ragged apology for a cap which he wore, evidently tendered his services to hold the horse. The horseman cast a hasty glance at the little fellow, and was apparently about to resign the reins into his hands, when the door of the house before which he was standing opened, and a servant advanced

to address him. I indistinctly caught the words "from home" and "to-morrow," when the functionary retired to the house; the horseman remounted, and cantered down the street, leaving the boy disappointedly and wistfully gazing after him.

Yes, I saw the gleam which had irradiated the little fellow's face vanish; and fancied I heard a sigh, which his young breast heaved forth as he turned away dejectedly from the spot. Thus unsuccessful, I saw him next, from some of the passers-by, ask charity; but so timidly, that I saw he feared the repulse of harsh words, which, as I watched him, in some instances met his solicitations; while others passed him without the slightest notice. Apparently very tired, he now seated himself on a door-step, still looking eagerly about him, as though anxious for another opportunity to present itself, when he might, with success, offer his services. While he was thus employed, an open carriage came rattling up the street, and, pulling up, a lady alighted at the house immediately opposite to where the young street-wanderer sat. I watched the play of his features as his gaze rested upon two little fellows of apparently his own age who were in the carriage, and who, in spite of an elderly-looking nurse's efforts to restrain them, were gamboling with each other rather boisterously. In the true spirit of boyish glee and mischief, they were endeavoring with parasols to push off the hat of the footman; who, seemingly, as much amused as themselves, while standing by the carriage awaiting the lady's return, was giving them opportunities to accomplish their object. Yes, right joyous

were they; and with their costly dresses, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, presented a striking contrast to the little fellow, who, in rags and wretchedness, from the door-step, was earnestly observing them. I would have given much to have known his thoughts in those moments; to have read, like the pages of a book, the feelings of his heart, while watching them in their gambols. There was no envy in the expression of his countenance; but, by the fixedness of his gaze, I judged that the sight of the carriage and its young occupants, at that juncture, had given birth to a train of thoughts and ideas as new as they were, perhaps, saddening. Did he think that fate had dealt hardly with him? Did he in his cogitations become bewildered in a labyrinth of thought, in endeavoring to account for the why of their being so differently situated? or, did fancy in his young brain raise some strange speculation on the world and the designs of Him who made it?

After a short time had elapsed, the door of the house opened, and the lady came forth; she entered the carriage, the footman mounted behind, away they rattled down the street, and were soon out of sight. I turned to look at the boy; he seemed to have fallen into a reverie, sitting motionless, while his gaze rested on the part of the street where the carriage had disappeared.

When I again observed him, he had left his seat, and was rapidly crossing the street, to meet a female who, attired somewhat above the common garb, was advancing on the opposite side, and bearing in her arms a rather bulky parcel, which she appeared inconveniently to carry. As I had seen him

salute the horseman, the street-wanderer, in addressing her, touched his cap, and evidently tendered his services to carry the parcel. The woman paused for a moment to look at the applicant, when, either deeming him too diminutive for the burden, or actuated by a spirit of economy, with some brief but decisive remark she turned from him, and resumed her walk. At the same moment a boor of a porter, rather than diverge from his path, knocked roughly against the boy, who was standing on the pavement, and sent him staggering against the wall, continuing his heavy tread onward, without as much as turning his head to see whether or not the little fellow had fallen.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.