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THE NOVELTY WORKS, WITH SOME DESCRIPTION OF THE MACHINERY AND THE PROCESSES EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF MARINE STEAM-ENGINES OF THE LARGEST CLASS

BY JACOB ABBOTT

Perhaps no one of those vast movements which are now going forward among mankind, and which mark so strikingly the industrial power and genius of the present age, is watched with more earnest interest by thinking men, than the successive steps of the progress by which the mechanical power of steam and machinery is gradually advancing, in its contest for the dominion of the seas. There is a double interest in this conflict. In fact, the conflict itself is a double one. There is first a struggle between the mechanical power and ingenuity of man, on the one hand, and the uncontrollable and remorseless violence of ocean storms on the other; and, secondly, there is the rivalry, not unfriendly, though extremely ardent and keen, between the two most powerful commercial nations on the globe, each eager to be the first to conquer the common foe.

The armories in which the ordnance and ammunition for this warfare are prepared, consist, so far as this country is concerned, of certain establishments, vast in their extent and capacity, though unpretending in external appearance, which are situated in the upper part of the city of New York, on the shores of the East River. As the city of New York is sustained almost entirely by its commerce, and as this commerce is becoming every year more and more dependent for its prosperity and progress upon the power of the enormous engines by which its most important functions are now performed, the establishments where these engines are invented and made, and fitted into the ships which they are destined to propel, constitute really the heart of the metropolis; though, the visitor, who comes down for the first time by the East River, from the Sound, in the morning boat from Norwich or Fall River, is very prone to pass them carelessly by – his thoughts intent upon what he considers the superior glory and brilliancy which emanate from the hotels and theatres of Broadway.

In fact, there is very little to attract the eye of the unthinking traveler to these establishments as he glides swiftly by them in the early morning. He is astonished perhaps at the multitude of steamers which he sees lining the shores in this part of the city, some drawn up into the docks for repairs; others new, and moored alongside a pier to receive their machinery; and others still upon the stocks in the capacious ship-yards, in the various stages of that skeleton condition which in the ship marks the commencement, as in animal life it does the end, of existence. Beyond and above the masts and spars and smoke-pipes of this mass of shipping, the observer sees here and there a columnar chimney, or the arms of a monstrous derrick or crane, or a steam-pipe ejecting vapor in successive puffs with the regularity of an animal pulsation. He little thinks that these are the beatings which mark the spot where the true heart of the great metropolis really lies. But it is actually so. The splendor and the fashion of the Fifth Avenue, and of Union-square, as well as the brilliancy, and the ceaseless movement and din of Broadway, are the mere incidents and ornaments of the structure, while these

establishments, and others of kindred character and function, form the foundation on which the whole of the vast edifice reposes.

We select, rather by accident than otherwise, the Novelty Works as a specimen of the establishments to which we have been alluding, for description in this Number. A general view of the works as they appear from the river, is presented in the engraving at the head of this article, with the docks and piers belonging to the establishment in the fore-ground.

The entrance to the inclosure is by a great gateway, through which the visitor on approaching it, will, very probably see an enormous truck or car issuing, drawn by a long team of horses, and bearing some ponderous piece of machinery suspended beneath it by means of levers and chains. On the right of the entrance gate is the porter's lodge, with entrances from it to the offices, as represented in the plan on the adjoining page Beyond the entrance, and just within the inclosure may be seen a great crane used for receiving or delivering the vast masses of metal, the shafts, the cylinders, the boilers, the vacuum pans, and other ponderous formations which are continually coming and going to and from the yard. Beyond the crane is seen the bell by which the hours of work are regulated.

The plan upon the adjoining page will give the reader some idea of the extent of the accommodations required for the manufacture of such heavy and massive machinery. On the right of the entrance may be seen the porter's lodge, shown in perspective in the view below. Beyond it, in the yard, stands the crane, which is seen likewise in the view. Turning to the left, just beyond the crane, the visitor enters the iron foundry, a spacious inclosure, with ovens and furnaces along the sides, and enormous cranes swinging in various directions in the centre. These cranes are for hoisting the heavy castings out of the pits in which they are formed. The parts marked v v v, are ovens for drying the moulds.

Turning to the right from the foundry, and passing down through the yard, the visitor finds himself in the midst of a complicated maze of buildings, which extend in long ranges toward the water, with lanes and passages between them like the streets of a town. In these passages companies of workmen are seen, some going to and fro, drawing heavy masses of machinery upon iron trucks; others employed in hoisting some ponderous cylinder or shaft by a crane, or stacking pigs of iron in great heaps, to be ready for the furnaces which are roaring near as if eager to devour them. And all the time there issues from the open doors of the great boiler-shops and forging-shops below, an incessant clangor, produced by the blows of the sledges upon the rivets of the boilers, or of the trip-hammers at the forges.

The relative positions of the various shops where the different operations are performed will be seen by examination of the plan. The motive power by which all the machinery of the establishment is driven, is furnished by a stationary engine in the very centre of the works, represented in the plan. It stands between two of the principal shops. On the right is seen the boiler, and on the left the engine – while the black square below, just within the great boiler-shop, represents the chimney. Other similar squares in different parts of the plan represent chimneys also, in the different parts of the establishment. These chimneys may be seen in perspective in the general view, at the head of this article, and may be identified with their several representations in the plan, by a careful comparison. The one belonging to the engine is the central one in the picture as well as in the plan – that is, the one from which the heaviest volume of smoke is issuing.

This central engine, since it carries all the machinery of the works, by means of which every thing is formed and fashioned, is the life and soul of the establishment – the *mother*, in fact, of all the monsters which issue from it; and it is impossible to look upon her, as she toils on industriously in her daily duty, and think of her Titanic progeny, scattered now over every ocean on the globe, without a certain feeling of respect and even of admiration.

A careful inspection of the plan will give the reader some ideas of the nature of the functions performed in these establishments, and of the general arrangements adopted in them. The magnitude and extent of them is shown by this fact, that the number of men employed at the Novelty Works is

from one thousand to twelve hundred. These are all *men*, in the full vigor of life. If now we add to this number a proper estimate for the families of these men, and for the mechanics and artisans who supply their daily wants, all of whom reside in the streets surrounding the works, we shall find that the establishment represents, at a moderate calculation, a population of *ten thousand souls*.

The proper regulation of the labors of so large a body of workmen as are employed in such an establishment, requires, of course, much system in the general arrangements, and very constant and careful supervision on the part of those intrusted with the charge of the various divisions of the work. The establishment forms, in fact, a regularly organized community, having, like any state or kingdom, its gradations of rank, its established usages, its written laws, its police, its finance, its records, its rewards, and its penalties. The operation of the principles of system, and of the requirements of law, leads, in such a community as this, to many very curious and striking results, some of which it would be interesting to describe, if we had space for such descriptions. But we must pass to the more immediate subject in this article, which is the structure of the engine itself, and not that of the community which produces it.

The engraving on the next page represents the interior of the engine-room of the Humboldt – a new steamer, which was lying at the dock at the time of our visit, receiving her machinery; though probably before these pages shall come under the eye of the reader, she will be steadily forcing her way over the foaming surges of the broad Atlantic. The machinery, as we saw it, was incomplete, and the parts in disorder – the various masses of which it was ultimately to be composed, resting on temporary supports, in different stages, apparently of their slow journey to the place and the connection in which they respectively belonged. The ingenious artist, however, who made the drawings, succeeded in doing, by means of his imagination, at once, what it will require the workmen several weeks to perform, with all their complicated machinery of derricks, tackles, and cranes. He put every thing in its place, and has given us a view of the whole structure as it will appear when the ship is ready for sea.

There are *two* engines and *four* boilers; thus the machinery is all double, so that if any fatal accident or damage should accrue to any part, only one half of the moving force on which the ship relies would be suspended. The heads of two of the boilers are to be seen on the left of the view. They are called the *starboard* and *larboard* boilers – those words meaning *right* and *left*. That is, the one on the right to a person standing before them in the engine room, and facing them, is the starboard, and the other the larboard boiler. It is the larboard boiler which is nearest the spectator in the engraving.

The boilers, the heads of which only are seen in the engraving, are enormous in magnitude and capacity, extending as they do far forward into the hold of the ship. In marine engines of the largest class they are sometimes thirty-six feet long and over twelve feet in diameter. There is many a farmer's dwelling house among the mountains, which is deemed by its inmates spacious and comfortable, that has less capacity. In fact, placed upon end, one of these boilers would form a tower with a very good sized room on each floor, and four stories high. The manner in which the boilers are made will be presently explained.

The steam generated in the boilers is conveyed to the engine, where it is to do its work, by what is called the steam pipe. The steam pipe of the larboard engine, that is, of the one nearest the spectator, is not represented in the engraving, as it would have intercepted too much the view of the other parts. That belonging to the starboard engine, however, may be seen passing across from the boiler to the engine, on the back side of the room. The destination of the steam is the *cylinder*.

The cylinder, marked C, is seen on the extreme right, in the view. It may be known, too, by its form, which corresponds with its name. The cylinder is the heart and soul of the engine, being the seat and centre of its power. The steam is generated in the boilers, but while it remains there it remains quiescent and inert. The action in which its mighty power is expended, and by means of which all subsequent effects are produced, is the lifting and bringing down of the enormous piston which plays within the cylinder. This piston is a massive metallic disc or plate, fitting the interior of

the cylinder by its edges, and rising or falling by the expansive force of the steam, as it is admitted alternatively above and below it.

The round beam which is seen issuing from the centre of the head of the cylinder is called the piston rod. The piston itself is firmly secured to the lower end of this rod within the cylinder. Of course, when the piston is forced upward by the pressure of the steam admitted beneath it, the piston rod rises, too, with all the force of the expansion. This is, in the case of the largest marine engines, a force of about a hundred tons. That is to say, if in the place of the cross head – the beam marked H in the engraving which surmounts the piston – there were a mass of rock weighing a hundred tons, which would be, in the case of granite, a block four feet square and eighty feet high, the force of the steam beneath the piston in the cylinder would be competent to lift it.

The piston rod, rising with this immense force carries up the cross head, and with the cross head the two *side rods*, one of which is seen in full, in the engraving, and is marked S. There is a side rod on each side of the cylinders. The lower ends of these rods are firmly connected with the back ends of what are called the *side levers*. One of these side levers is seen in full view in the engraving. It is the massive flat beam, marked L, near the fore-ground of the view. It turns upon an enormous pivot which passes through the centre of it, as seen in the drawing, in such a manner that when the cylinder end is drawn up by the lifting of the cross head, the other end is borne down to the same extent, and with the same prodigious force. There is another side beam, on the other side of the cylinder, which moves isochronously with the one in view. The forward end of this other beam may be seen, though the main body of it is concealed from view. These two forward ends of the levers are connected by a heavy bar, called the *cross tail*, which passes across from one to the other. From the centre of this cross tail, a bar called the connecting rod rises to the crank, where the force exerted by the steam in the cylinders is finally expended in turning the great paddle wheels by means of the main shaft, S, which is seen resting in the pillow block, P, above. These are the essential parts of the engine, and we now proceed to consider the mode of manufacturing these several parts, somewhat in detail.

The boilers are formed of wrought iron. The material is previously rolled into plates of the requisite thickness, and then the first part of the process of forming these plates into a boiler is to cut them into proper forms. The monster that fulfills the function of shears for this purpose, bears a very slight resemblance to any ordinary cutting implement It resembles, on the other hand, as represented in the adjoining engraving, an enormous letter U, standing perpendicularly upon one of its edges. Through the centre of the upper branch of it there passes a shaft or axle, which is turned by the wheels and machinery behind it, and which itself works the cutter at the outer end of it by means of an eccentric wheel. This cutter may be seen just protruding from its place, upon the plate which the workmen are holding underneath. The iron plates thus presented are sometimes nearly half an inch thick, but the monstrous jaw of the engine, though it glides up and down when there is nothing beneath it in the most gentle and quiet manner possible, cuts them through, as if they were plates of wax, and apparently without feeling the obstruction.

The plates, when cut, are to be bent to the proper curvature. The machine by which this bending is effected is seen above, in the back-ground. It consists of three rollers, placed in such a position in relation to each other, that the plate, in being forced through between them, is bent to any required curvature. These rollers are made to revolve by great wheels at the sides, with handles at the circumference of them, which handles act as levers, and are worked by men, as seen in the engraving.

The separate plates of which a boiler is composed are fastened together by means of massive rivets, and it is necessary, accordingly, to punch rows of holes along the edges of the plates for the insertion of the rivets. This process may be seen on the *left* in the above engraving. Two men are holding the plate which is to be punched. The punch is driven through the plate by means of the great lever, which forms the upper part of the engine. The upright part in front is driven forward by means of the cam in the large wheel behind, a part of which only is seen in the engraving. This cam raises the long arm of the lever by means of the pulley in the end of it, and so drives the point of the punch

through the plate. There is a support for the plate behind it, between the plate and the man, with a small opening in it, into which the punch enters, driving before it the round button of iron which it has cut from the plate.

On the right, in the above engraving, is a punching engine worked by men, the other being driven by steam power. These machines are sufficient to make all the ordinary perforations required in boiler-plates. Larger holes, when required, have to be bored by a drill, as represented in the following engraving.

The view below represents the interior of one of the great boiler rooms where the boilers are put together by riveting the plates to each other at their edges. Some men stand inside, holding heavy sledges against the heads of the rivets, while others on the outside, with other sledges, beat down the part of the iron which protrudes, so as to form another head to each rivet, on the outside. This process can be seen distinctly in the boiler nearest to the observer in the view below. The planks which are seen crossing each other in the open end, are temporary braces, put in to preserve the cylindrical form of the mass, to prevent the iron from bending itself by its own weight, before the iron heads are put in.

Sometimes operations must be performed upon the sides of the boiler requiring the force of machinery. To effect this purpose, shafts carried by the central engine to which we have already alluded, are attached to the walls in various parts of the room, as seen in the engraving. Connected with these shafts are various drilling and boring machines, which can at any time be set in motion, or put to rest, by being thrown in or out of gear. One of these machines is seen on the right of the boiler above referred to, and another in the left-hand corner of the room quite in the back-ground. Near the fore-ground, on the left, is seen a forge, where any small mass of iron may be heated, as occasion may require.

The semi-cylindrical piece which lies in the centre of the room, toward the fore-ground, is part of a locomotive boiler, and is of course much smaller in size than the others, though it is constructed in the same manner with the large boilers used for sea-going ships. The process of riveting, as will be seen by the engraving, is the same. One man holds up against the under side of the plate a support for the rivet, while two men with hammers form a head above – striking alternately upon the iron which protrudes.

From the boiler we proceed to the cylinder, which is in fact the *heart* of the engine, – the seat and centre of its power. It is to the cylinder that the steam, quietly generated in the boiler, comes to exercise its energy, by driving, alternately up and down, the ponderous piston. The cylinder must be strong so as to resist the vast expansive force which is exercised within it. It must be stiff, so as to preserve in all circumstances its exact form. It must be substantial, so as to allow of being turned and polished on its interior surface with mathematical precision, in order that the piston in ascending and descending, may glide smoothly up and down, without looseness, and at the same time without friction. To answer these conditions it is necessary that it should be formed of cast iron.

The cylinders are cast, accordingly, in the iron foundry, which, as will be seen by the plan, is on the left, as the visitor enters the works. There is a range of monstrous cranes extending through the interior of the room, as represented in the plan, one of which is exhibited conspicuously in the engraving below. At different places in the ground, beneath this foundry, for it has no floor, there have been excavated deep pits, some of which are twelve feet in diameter and eighteen feet deep, the sides of which are secured by strong inclosures, formed of plates of boiler iron riveted together. These pits are filled with moulding sand – a composition of a damp and tenacious character, used in moulding. The mould is made and lowered into one of these pits, the pit is filled up, the sand being rammed as hard as possible all around it. When all is ready, the top of the mould, with the cross by which it is to be lifted and lowered surmounting it, presents the appearance represented on the right hand lower corner of the engraving below.

A reservoir to contain the melted metal necessary for the casting is then placed in a convenient position near it, with a channel or conduit leading from it to the mould. This reservoir may be seen

in the engraving near the centre of the view, at the foot of the crane. An inclined plane is then laid, as seen in the engraving, to the left of the reservoir, up which the workmen carry the molten metal in ladles, which, though they do not appear very large, it requires *five men* to carry. A party carrying such a ladle may be seen in the engraving in the back-ground on the left. These ladles are filled from the various furnaces, the iron throwing out an intense heat, and projecting the most brilliant scintillations in every direction, as it flows. In the case of the largest castings it requires sometimes four or five hours to get together, from the furnaces, a sufficient supply of metal. The largest reservoir thus filled will hold about thirty tons of iron.

The flowing of the metal from the reservoir to the mould in a great casting, forms a magnificent spectacle. The vast mass of molten iron in the reservoir, the stream flowing down the conduit, throwing out the most brilliant corruscations, the gaseous flames issuing from the upper portions of the mould, and the currents of melted iron which sometimes overflow and spread, like mimic streams of lava, over the ground, present in their combination quite an imposing pyrotechnic display. In fact there is a chance for the visitor, in the case of castings of a certain kind, that he may be treated to an explosion as a part of the spectacle. The imprisoned vapors and gases which are formed in the mould below, break out sometimes with considerable violence, scattering the burning and scintillating metal in every direction around.

When the casting is completed it is of course allowed to remain undisturbed until the iron has had time to cool, and then the whole mass is to be dug out of the pit in which it is imbedded. So much heat, however, still remains in the iron and in the sand surrounding it, that the mould itself and the twenty or thirty men engaged in disinterring it, are enveloped in dense clouds of vapor which rise all around them while the operation is proceeding.

It is necessary that the sand which surrounds these moulds should be rammed down in the most compact and solid manner to sustain the sides of the mould and enable them to resist the enormous pressure to which it is subject, especially in the lower portions, while the iron continues fluid. In the case of iron, the weight of four inches in height is equivalent to the pressure of a pound upon the square inch. In a pit, therefore, eighteen feet deep, as some of the pits at this foundry are, we should have a pressure at the bottom of fifty-four pounds to the inch. Now, in the most powerful sea-going steamers, the pressure of steam at which the engines are worked, is seldom more than *eighteen* pounds to the inch; that of the Cunard line is said to be from twelve to fifteen, and that of the Collins line from fifteen to eighteen. In other words there is a pressure to be resisted at the lower ends of these long castings equal to three times that at which the most powerful low pressure engines are worked, and which sometimes results in such terrific explosions.

When the cylinder is freed from the pressure of the sand around it, in its bed, the great iron cross by which the mould was lowered into the pit, as seen in the engraving of the Casting, is once more brought down to its place, and the stirrups at the tops of the iron rods seen in the engraving below, are brought over the ends of the arms of the cross. The lower ends of these rods take hold of a frame or platform below, upon which the whole mould, together with the cylinder within it, is supported. The arm of the crane is then brought round to the spot. The hook pendant from it is attached to the ring in the centre of the cross, and by means of the wheels and machinery of the crane, the whole is slowly hoisted out, and then swung round to some convenient level, where the ponderous mass is freed from its casing of masonry, and brought out at last to open day. It is then thoroughly examined with a view to the discovery of any latent flaw or imperfection, and, if found complete in every part, is conveyed away to be the subject of a long series of finishing operations in another place, – operations many and complicated, but all essential to enable it finally to fulfill its functions.

These cylinders though very massive and ponderous are not the heaviest castings made. They are much exceeded in weight by what is called a bed plate, which is an enormous frame of iron cast in one mass, or else in two or three separate masses and then strongly bolted together, to form a foundation on which the engine is to rest in the hold of the ship. The bed plate can not be seen in the

view of the engine room already given, as it lies below the floor, being underneath all the machinery. A bed plate weighs sometimes thirty-five tons – which is the weight of about five hundred men. Such a mass as this has to be transported on ways, like those used in the launching of a ship. It is drawn along upon these ways by blocks and pullies, and when brought alongside the ship is hoisted on board by means of an enormous derrick, and let down slowly to the bottom of the hold – the place where it is finally to repose, unless perchance it should at last be liberated by some disaster, from this dungeon, and sent to seek its ultimate destination in the bottom of the sea.

The engraving below represents the forges, where all those parts of the machinery are formed and fitted which consist of wrought iron. The room in which these forges are situated is called the smith's shop, in the plan. In the back-ground, a little to the right, is one of the trip hammers, in the act of striking. The trip-hammer is a massive hammer carried by machinery. The machinery which drives it may at any time be thrown in or out of gear, so that the blows of the hammer are always under the control of the workman. The iron bar to be forged is far too heavy to be held by hand. It is accordingly supported as seen in the engraving, by a crane; and only guided to its place upon the anvil by the workmen who have hold of it. The chain to which this bar is suspended comes down from a little truck which rests upon the top of the crane, and which may be made to traverse to and fro, thus carrying whatever is suspended from it further outward, or drawing it in, as may be required. All the cranes, both in the smith's shop and in the foundry, are fitted with the same contrivance. These trucks are moved by means of a wheel at the foot of the crane.

On the extreme right of the picture, and somewhat in the distance, may be seen another trip-hammer with a bar upon the anvil beneath it, this bar being suspended likewise from a crane. When the iron becomes too cold to yield any longer to the percussion, the hammer is stopped, the crane is swung round, and the iron is replaced in the forge to be heated anew; and at length, when heated, it is brought back again under the hammer as before.

The forging of shafts requires heavier machinery even than this. The enormous mass of iron that is in this case to be forged, is bricked up in a furnace to be heated, and remains there many hours. The masonry is then broken away and the red hot beam is swung round under the hammer, as seen below. It is suspended from the crane by heavy chains, and is guided by the workmen by means of iron handles clamped to it at a distance from the heated part, as seen in the engraving in the adjoining column. The hammer is lifted by means of the cam below it, as seen in the engraving below. This cam is a projection from an axis revolving beneath the floor, and which, as it revolves, carries the cams successively against a projection upon the under side of the hammer, which is partly concealed in the engraving by the figure of the man. When the point of the cam has passed beyond the projection it allows the hammer to fall.

While the process of forging such a shaft is going on, one man throws water upon the work, to effect some purpose connected with the scaling of the iron, while another, with an instrument called the callipers, measures the diameter of the shaft, to regulate the size, as the forging proceeds.

The shafts, when forged, are to be turned in a lathe, and the engine used for this purpose is represented on the left in the engraving below. The shaft itself is seen in the lathe, while the tool which cuts it as it revolves, is fixed firmly in the "rest," which slides along the side. The point of the tool is seen in the engraving, with the spiral shaving which it cuts falling down from it. The shaft is made to revolve by the band seen coming down obliquely from above, at the hither end of the engine. The wheel by which the band turns the lathe has different grooves at different distances from the centre, in order that the workmen may regulate the velocity of the rotation – as different degrees of velocity are required for the different species of work. The *rest*, to which the cutting tool is attached, is brought slowly along the side of the shaft as the shaft revolves, by means of a long screw which is concealed in the frame of the lathe, and which is turned continually by the mechanism of the small wheels which are seen at the hither end of the engine.

On the right hand of this view is represented another kind of lathe called a *face lathe*, which is employed for turning wheels, and flat plates, and interiors of cavities, and such other pieces of work as do not furnish two opposite points of support. In the fore-ground are a company of men drawing a massive piece of iron upon a truck, destined apparently to be turned in the left hand lathe.

Although thus a great part of the work in respect to all the details of the engine, is performed by machinery, much remains after all to be wrought and fashioned by hand. In passing through the establishment the visitor finds the workmen engaged in these labors, in every conceivable attitude and position. One man is filing a curved surface with a curved file, another is hidden almost wholly from view within a great misshapen box of iron: a third is mounted upon a ladder, and is slowly boring through the wall of some monstrous formation, or cutting away excrescences of iron from some massive casting with a cold chisel. In a word, the details are so endlessly varied as to excite the wonder of the beholder that any human head should have been capable of containing them all, so as to have planned and arranged the fitting of such complicated parts with any hope of their ever coming rightly together.

They do come together, however, at last, and then follows the excitement of the trial. There is nothing more striking in the history of the construction of a steam engine than this, that there can be no partial or private tests of the work by the workmen in the course of its progress – but every thing remains in suspense until all is complete, and the ship and the machinery are actually ready for sea. The immense and ponderous masses which constitute the elements of the mighty structure are hoisted slowly on board and let down into their places. Multitudes of men are incessantly employed for many weeks in arranging the limbs and members of the monster, and in screwing and bolting every thing into its place. Still nothing can be tried. The machinery is too ponderous and massive to be put in action by any power less than that of the mighty mover on which its ultimate performance is to depend; and this mover has not yet been called into being.

At length the day of trial arrives. The engineers, the workmen, the owners, and perhaps many spectators, have assembled to watch the result. The boiler is filled; the fires are lighted. Hour after hour the process goes on of raising the force and pressure of the steam. All this time, however, the machinery lies inert and lifeless. It is a powerless mass of dead and heavy brass and iron. At length an engineer, standing upon a platform, with a lever in his hand, receives the signal, opens the valve, and breathes into the monstrous body the breath of life. The ponderous piston slowly rises; the beam descends; the crank turns; the vast paddles revolve, and the monster walks away through the water with its enormous burden, having leaped suddenly, at its first breath, into the complete and full possession of its gigantic powers.

In due time the equipment is complete, and the ship having received on board its burden of costly cargo and valuable lives, moves away from the shore, with a certain expression of calm and quiet dignity in her appearance and demeanor, which almost seems to denote a consciousness on her part of the vast responsibilities which she is assuming, and of the abundant power which she possesses fully to sustain them all.

CHARLES WOLFE

It is probable that to many of our readers the name which stands at the head of this sketch is unknown, and that those who recognize it will only know it as that of the author of the well-known lines upon the death of Sir John Moore – a lyric of such surpassing beauty, that so high a judge as Lord Byron considered it the perfection of English lyrical poetry, preferring it before Coleridge's lines on Switzerland – Campbell's Hohenlinden – and the finest of Moore's Irish melodies, which were instanced by Shelley and others. Yet, unknown as the Rev. Charles Wolfe is, it is unquestionable that he was a man possessing the highest powers of imagination, and a powerful intellect, cultivated to a very high point of perfection, and fitting him to become one of the brightest stars of the world of literature. Why he is unknown is then probably a question which will suggest itself to the minds of many, and the answer must be, because he *did* so little for the world to remember him by. The whole of his literary remains, including his sermons, and a biographical sketch, which fills one half of the book, is contained in a moderate sized octavo volume, published after his death by the Rev. J. A. Russell, Archdeacon of Clogher, whose affection for the memory of Mr. Wolfe prompted him to edit and give to the world the fragmentary manuscripts, which are the only lasting and appreciable records of the residence of a great spirit among us. But it may be asked why, with such capabilities and powers as we have stated Mr. Wolfe to possess, he did so little? and to that interrogation many replies may be given. Mr. Wolfe died at the early age of 32, just when the powers are in their full vigor – and in the later years of his life he had devoted himself enthusiastically to the duties which devolved upon him as the curate of a large and populous parish in the north of Ireland. Neither of these reasons, however, is sufficient, for we know that the poetic intellect is precocious, and brings forth fruit early. Shelley, who died younger, left productions behind him, which will hand his name down to the latest posterity; and the comparatively voluminous writings of the witty dean, Sidney Smith, prove that a man may bear the weight of the clerical office, and take an active part in politics in addition, and yet leave enough behind him to keep his name green in the memory of the world.

The true reason why Mr. Wolfe did so little is no doubt to be found in the character of his mind, and this is easily traceable, both in the mild, child-like, almost simple, but intelligent expression of the portrait which forms a frontispiece to the volume to which we have adverted, and in most of the passages of his life. There was a want of strong resolution, and an absence of concentration so marked, that he seldom read completely through even those books which most deeply interested him – there was a nervous susceptibility, and an openness to new impressions, which caused him as it were to dwell upon every passage he did read, to linger over its beauties, to start objections to its theories, to argue them out, and to develop to its fullest every suggestive thought; and there was in him a spirit of good-nature trenching upon weak compliance, which put his time at the service of all who chose to thrust employment upon him. Added to this, and arising out of his want of steady resolution and earnest will, there was a habit of putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, of which he was himself fully sensible, and which he speaks of in one of his letters, as that "fatal habit of delay and procrastination, for which I am so pre-eminently distinguished."

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., of Blackball, in the County of Kildare, Ireland, and was born in Dublin on the 13th of December, 1791. The family was not unknown to fame, for the celebrated General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, was one of its members, and Lord Kilwarden, an eminent man at the Irish bar, and who was afterward elevated to the dignity of a judgeship, was another. At an early age the father of our hero died, and the family removed to England, where Charles Wolfe was sent to a school at Bath. Here, however, at the age of ten years, his studies were interrupted by failing health for a period of twelve months. After that, he was in the establishment of Dr. Evans, of Salisbury; and in 1805 we find him at Winchester school, under the superintendence of Mr. Richards, senior. Here he became conspicuous for his classical knowledge,

and his great powers of versification, which gave promise of future excellence. What appears more distinctly, though, than his mental ability at this age, was the amiability of his disposition, and the tractability of his nature. His kindness, cheerfulness, and open sympathy drew to him the love of his fellows; and the esteem in which he was held by his masters may be judged from the fact, that during the whole period of his pupilage his conduct never drew down upon him punishment, or even a reprimand. His tender and affectionate disposition endeared him to his own family, with whom he was an especial favorite; and in connection with this, we may mention one circumstance strongly indicative of his yielding character. In spite of his gentle nature, he, animated no doubt by that desire for glory so common to poetical minds, and which, looking on the brighter side of war, hides its terrors and its horrors from the young and ardent, wished to enter the army; but finding that the idea gave pain to his mother, he immediately abandoned the notion, and appears from thenceforth to have looked upon the clerical office as his destined part in life. Strange transition, from the aspiration to carry forth death and destruction to that of being the bearer of the glad tidings of "peace on earth, and good-will toward men." The change, however, is one which we believe to be not unfrequent. The same desire for fame urges men to the bar, the pulpit, and the tented field, and but for maternal love, Charles Wolfe, carrying with him that martial spirit which now and then breaks out in his poetry, might have been like his namesake, the General, a blood-stained hero, instead of a peaceful, loving Irish curate. So powerful are circumstances to mould man's fate – and Wolfe was of that mould on which circumstances act with peculiar force. Had he been a soldier, it may be that the occupation would have strengthened his *physique* at the expense of his mentality, and that his bodily powers, unimpaired by sedentary habits, would have carried him on to a good old age. There is food for reflection in that idea, of how every course in life has its mixed good and evil.

In 1808 the family returned to Ireland, and in 1809 Charles Wolfe became a student of Dublin University. Here his classical learning and poetical attainments soon made him conspicuous, and he carried off prizes from the most distinguished of his competitors. The Historical Society of the University, the object of which was the cultivation of history, poetry, and oratory, also afforded him scope for the display of his talents, and gave him opportunity to win several medals and prizes. Most of the few poetical efforts of Mr. Wolfe were made at this period, including the Death of Sir John Moore, and a beautiful song, connected with which is an anecdote so strikingly characteristic of the nature of the author's mind, and so indicative of his extreme sensibility, that it is worth notice.

He was particularly open to the influence of music, and one of his favorite melodies was the popular Irish air "Gramachree," to which, at the request of a friend, he wrote the following song:

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee:
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be:
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

"And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,

Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

"If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene —
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave —
And I am now alone.

"I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."

His friends asked him whether he had any real incident in his mind which suggested the stanzas; he said, "he had not; but that he had sung the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

In the first year of Mr. Wolfe's attendance at the university, death took his mother, to whom he was most affectionately attached – an event which for some time interrupted his studies, and when he resumed them, he did not manifest much inclination to apply himself to the exact sciences. Here, however, that kindness of disposition which made him more useful to others than to himself, and induced him to neglect his own interests, and lend himself to those of his friends with an almost fatal facility, came to his aid, and stood him in good stead. The desire to assist a less gifted acquaintance impelled him to study more strenuously than he would have done, for his own benefit, and had the effect of so drawing out his own talents for scientific pursuits, that at an examination upon the severer sciences he carried away the prize from a host of talented candidates. Soon after, when his straitened circumstances induced him to become a college tutor, he found the benefit of his scientific acquirements; but in that capacity his amiability of character was a disadvantage to him, for he was so anxious for the progress of his pupils, and so prodigal of his time and labor upon them, that he had but little opportunity for his own studies, or for relaxation.

After the usual period at the university, Mr. Wolfe took a scholarship, with the highest honors, and went into residence, and in 1814 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His friends, seeing the talents he evinced for scientific pursuits, urged him to read for a fellowship, and for some time he prosecuted his studies with marked effect; but the want of the power of continuous application, and intense concentration, made him the sport of every trifling interruption, and the habit he had of throwing aside books partly read, and dwelling upon striking passages and disputable theories, impeded his progress. It is probable, however, that with his great mental facilities, a less amount of exertion would have sufficed than with less gifted students, and that despite his want of industrial energy, and his unfavorable habits of mind, he would have succeeded, but he was doomed to be disappointed in a manner which must have had a very depressing effect on a mind constituted as his was. He had formed an intimacy with a family in the vicinity of Dublin, and while his visits to the beautiful scenery in which their dwelling was situated, stimulated his poetical faculties, the charms of a daughter of the house touched the sensitive heart of the young scholar. The attachment was mutual,

and ripened apace, but his want of "prospects" induced the prudent parents to break off the intimacy. The expectant fellowship indeed would have afforded him sufficient means, but a barbarous statute was in force which imposed celibacy upon the fellows, and barred his hopes. If this disappointment had happened to a man of strong resolute will it would, in all likelihood, after the first shock was over, have thrown him back upon his studies more determinedly than ever, but on a nature like that of our hero, it had the contrary effect. It damped his ardor, he lost both his mistress and the chance of preferment; and, turning to religion for consolation, he was ordained in November, 1817, and shortly after was engaged in temporary duty in the North of Ireland, and finally settled as curate of Donoughmore, where he continued the greater part of the remainder of his life.

For the occupation of the ministry, Mr. Wolfe, notwithstanding his youthful military tendency and love of society, was eminently fitted. His mind was naturally of a devotional cast, and fitted peculiarly for his new position. He was thoroughly in earnest – the strong impulse supplied by intense devotional feeling served to counteract his want of application. The kindness of his heart, and the desire to serve others, which was so prominent a feature of his mind, made him untiring; the dislike of contest which marked him led him to dwell on the vital points common to all religions, and avoid controversial ground. That want of self-esteem, too, which at the university had ever made him distrustful of his own powers, and kept him from claiming the stanzas on Sir John Moore, when they were claimed by, or attributed to others, induced him to converse familiarly with the peasant, and to submit to contradiction and even insult from those who, both socially and intellectually, were inferior to himself. Add to this, that he thoroughly understood the Irish character, which had many points in common with his own impulsive versatile nature, and it may be conceived how influential he was in his remote curacy. Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic, all gathered round him and often filled his little church, listening to his concise, plain-spoken sermons, which far oftener treated of the hopes and mercies than the terrors and punishments of Christianity, and in his parish school the children of all denominations were taught together. This, however, was not to last long. He had applied himself too assiduously to his task for his physical strength. Oppressed with a sense of the responsibility of his position he had, upon entering upon the ministry, given up all thoughts of literature. He lived in an old, half-furnished house, slept in a damp room, and traversed bog and moor on foot in all weathers to visit his flock. Under these labors the latent tendency of his constitution developed itself, his cough became day by day more violent, and in 1821 it was evident that consumption had laid its hand upon its prey. Still he was unwilling to retire from his ministry, and it was only in compliance with the reiterated entreaties of his friends that he at last proceeded to Scotland to consult a celebrated physician. His return to his parish after that short absence proved the estimation in which he was held among the people. As he rode by the cabins of the peasantry, the occupants rushed out, and, with all the impulsive devotion of the Irish toward those whom they regard as benefactors, fell upon their knees, and invoked blessings upon him, and pursued the carriage in which he rode, with fervent prayers. His health, however, still continued to fail, and his friends at length persuaded him to remove to Dublin, where he continued to preach occasionally, till his physician forbade such effort, and to use his own words, "stripped him of his gown." Toward the winter of 1821, it was thought advisable to remove him to Bordeaux for a time, but adverse gales twice drove him back to Holyhead, and he suffered so much from fatigue and sea-sickness that it appeared best to locate him near Exeter, where he staid till the spring of 1822, in the house of a clergyman, whose practice among the poor had qualified him to act the part of a physician to the invalid. In the spring, apparently somewhat improved, he returned to Dublin, and in the summer made a short voyage to Bordeaux, where he staid about a month. He then again returned to Dublin, and from that time steadily declined. In November, 1822, accompanied by a relative and the Rev. Mr. Russell, his biographer, he removed to the Cove of Cork, but all efforts to recruit his failing strength were unavailing, and he expired there on the 21st of February, 1823, in the 32d year of his age. About a twelvemonth previous to his death, he had been preferred to the important curacy of Armagh, but he never lived to visit his new parish. All

the letters written during his protracted illness prove his amiability, and the patience with which he suffered, as well as the ardor of the Christian faith on which he so confidently leaned, and few men were more sincerely mourned by a large number of devoted and admiring friends.

Charles Wolfe was one of those characters eminently fitted to make good men, but destitute of some of the qualities for what the world calls greatness. He was a high type of that class who form the cynosure of their own peculiar circles, where they are admired as much for the kindliness of their nature as the extent of their attainments, and the power and versatility of their talents. But wanting the self-esteem, the unwavering self-confidence, the perseverance and unshaken resolution which go to make up greatness, he possessed in an eminent degree those kindly sympathies, tender feelings, and that earnest devotion to the interests and wishes of his fellows, which among friends and intimates make goodness so much more lovable than greatness.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 478.)

CHAPTER XXVI

A REMNANT OF "FONTENOY."

There was no resisting the inquisitive curiosity of my companion. The short, dry cough, the little husky "ay," that sounded like any thing rather than assent, which followed on my replies to his questions, and, more than all, the keen, oblique glances of his shrewd gray eyes, told me that I had utterly failed in all my attempts at mystification, and that he read me through and through.

"And so," said he, at last, after a somewhat lengthy narrative of my shipwreck, "and so the Flemish sailors wear spurs?"

"Spurs! of course not; why should they?" asked I, in some astonishment.

"Well, but don't they?" asked he again.

"No such thing; it would be absurd to suppose it."

"So I thought," rejoined he; "and when I looked at yer 'honor's' boots (it was the first time he had addressed me by this title of deference), and saw the marks on the heel for spurs, I soon knew how much of a sailor you were."

"And if not a sailor, what am I, then?" asked I; for, in the loneliness of the mountain region where we walked, I could afford to throw off my disguise without risk.

"Ye'r a French officer of dragoons, and God bless ye; but ye'r young to be at the trade. Arn't I right now?"

"Not very far from it certainly, for I am a lieutenant of hussars," said I, with a little of that pride which we of the loose pelisse always feel on the mention of our corps.

"I knew it well all along," said he, coolly; "the way you stood in the room, your step as you walked, and, above all, how ye believed me when I spoke of the spring tides, and the moon only in her second quarter, I saw you never was a sailor anyhow. And so I set a-thinking what you were. You were too silent for a peddler, and your hands were too white to be in the smuggling trade; but when I saw your boots, I had the secret at once, and knew ye were one of the French army that landed the other day at Killala."

"It was stupid enough of me not to have remembered the boots!" said I, laughing.

"Arrah, what use would it be?" replied he; "sure ye'r too straight in the back, and your walk is too reg'lar, and your toes turns in too much, for a sailor; the very way you hould a switch in your hand would betray you!"

"So it seems; then I must try some other disguise," said I, "if I'm to keep company with people as shrewd as you are."

"You needn't," said he, shaking his head, doubtfully; "any that wants to betray ye, wouldn't find it hard."

I was not much flattered by the depreciating tone in which he dismissed my efforts at personation, and walked on for some time without speaking.

"Yez came too late, four months too late," said he, with a sorrowful gesture of the hands. "When the Wexford boys was up, and the Kildare chaps, and plenty more ready to come in from the North, then, indeed, a few thousand French down here in the West would have made a differ; but what's the good in it now? The best men we had are hanged, or in jail; some are frightened; more are traitors! 'Tis too late – too late!"

"But not too late for a large force, landing in the North, to rouse the island to another effort for liberty."

"Who would be the gin'ral?" asked he, suddenly.

"Napper Tandy, your own countryman," replied I, proudly.

"I wish ye luck of him!" said he, with a bitter laugh; "'tis more like mocking us than any thing else the French does be, with the chaps they sent here to be gin'rals. Sure it isn't Napper Tandy, nor a set of young lawyers, like Tone and the rest of them, we wanted. It was men that knew how to drill and manage troops – fellows that was used to fightin'; so that when they said a thing, we might believe that they understhood it, at laste. I'm ould enough to remimber the 'Wild Geese,' as they used to call them – the fellows that ran away from this to take sarvice in France; and I remimber, too, the sort of men the French were that came over to inspect them – soldiers, real soldiers, every inch of them: and a fine sarvice it was. Volle-face!" cried he, holding himself erect, and shouldering his stick like a musket; "marche! Ha, ha! ye didn't think *that* was in me; but I was at the thrade long before you were born."

"How is this," said I, in amazement, "you were not in the French army?"

"Wasn't I, though? maybe I didn't get that stick there." And he bared his breast as he spoke, to show the cicatrix of an old flesh-wound from a Highlander's bayonet. "I was at Fontenoy!"

The last few words he uttered, with a triumphant pride, that I shall never forget. As for me, the mere name was magical. "Fontenoy" was like one of those great words which light up a whole page of history; and it almost seemed impossible that I should see before me a soldier of that glorious battle.

"Ay, faith!" he added, "'tis more than fifty, 'tis nigh sixty years now since that, and I remember it as if it was yesterday. I was in the regiment 'Tourville;' I was recruited for the 'Wellon,' but they scattered us about among the other corps afterward, because we used now and then to be fighting and quarrelin' among one an' other. Well, it was the Wellons that gained the battle; for after the English was in the village of Fontenoy, and the French was falling back upon the heights near the wood – arrah, what's the name of the wood? – sure I'll forget my own name next. Ay, to be sure, Verzon – the 'wood of Verzon.' Major Jodillon – that's what the French called him, but his name was Joe Wellon – turned an eight-pounder short round into a little yard of a farm-house, and, making a breach for the gun, he opened a dreadful fire on the English column. It was loaded with grape, and at half-musket range, so you may think what a peppering they got. At last the column halted, and lay down; and Joe seen an officer ride off to the rear, to bring up artillery to silence our guns. A few minutes more, and it would be all over with us. So Joe shouts out as loud as he could, 'Cavalry there! tell off by threes, and prepare to charge!' I needn't tell you that the devil a horse nor a rider was within a mile of us at the time; but the English didn't know that; and, hearin' the order, up they jumps, and we heerd the word passin', 'Prepare to receive cavalry!' They formed square at once, and the same minute we plumped into them with such a charge as tore a lane right through the middle of them. Before they could recover, we opened a platoon fire on their flank; they staggered, broke, and at last fell back in disorder upon Aeth, with the whole of the French army after them. Such firin' – grape, round-shot, and musketry – I never seed afore, and we all shouting like divils, for it was more like a hunt nor any thing else; for ye see the Dutch never came up, but left the English to do all the work themselves, and that's the reason they couldn't form, for they had no supportin' colum'.

"It was then I got that stick of the bayonet, for there was such runnin' that we only thought of pelting after them as hard as we could; but ye see, there's nothin' so treacherous as a Highlander. I was just behind one, and had my sword-point between his blade-hones, ready to run him through, when he turned short about, and run his bayonet into me under the short ribs, and that was all I saw of the battle; for I bled till I fainted, and never knew more of what happened. 'Tisn't by way of making little of Frenchmen I say it, for I sarved too long wid them for *that*– but sorra taste of that victory ever they'd see if it wasn't for the Wellons, and Major Joe that commanded them! The English knows it well, too! Maybe they don't do us many a spite for it to this very day!"

"And what became of you after that?"

"The same summer I came over to Scotland with the young Prince Charles, and was at the battle of Preston-pans afterward; and, what's worse, I was at Culloden! Oh, that was the terrible day! We were dead bate before we began the battle. We were on the march from one o'clock the night

before, under the most dreadful rain ever ye seen! We lost our way twice; and, after four hours of hard marching, we found ourselves opposite a mill-dam we crossed early that same morning; for the guides led us all astray! Then came ordhers to wheel about face, and go back again; and back we went, cursing the blaguards that deceived us, and almost faintin' with hunger. Some of us had nothing to eat for two days, and the Prince, I seen myself, had only a brown bannock to a wooden measure of whiskey for his own breakfast. Well, it's no use talking, we were bate, and we retreated to Inverness that night, and next morning we surrendered and laid down our arms – that is, the 'Regiment du Tournay,' and the 'Voltigeurs de Metz,' the corps I was in myself."

"And did you return to France?"

"No; I made my way back to Ireland, and after loiterin' about home some time, and not liking the ways of turning to work again, I took sarvice with one Mister Brooke, of Castle Brooke, in Fermanagh, a young man that was just come of age, and as great a devil, God forgive me, as ever was spawned. He was a Protestant, but he didn't care much about one side or the other, but only wanted divarsion and his own fun out of the world; and faix he took it, too! He had plenty of money, was a fine man to look at, and had courage to face a lion!

"The first place we went to was Aix-la-Chapelle, for Mr. Brooke was named something – I forget what – to Lord Sandwich, that was going there as an embassador. It was a grand life there while it lasted. Such liveries, such coaches, such elegant dinners every day, I never saw even in Paris. But my master was soon sent away for a piece of wildness he did. There was an ould Austrian there – a Count Riedensegg was his name – and he was always plottin' and schamin' with this, that, and the other; buyin' up the sacrets of others, and gettin' at their sacret papers one way or the other; and at last he begins to thry the same game with us; and as he saw that Mr. Brooke was very fond of high play, and would bet any thing one offered him, the ould Count sends for a great gambler from Vienna, the greatest villain, they say, that ever touched a card. Ye may have heerd of him, tho' 'twas long ago that he lived, for he was well known in them times. He was the Baron von Breckendorf, and a great friend afterward of the Prince Ragint and all the other blaguards in London.

"Well, sir, the baron arrives in great state, with dispatches, they said, but sorrow other dispatch he carried nor some packs of marked cards, and a dice-box that could throw sixes whenever ye wanted; and he puts up at the Grand Hotel, with all his servants in fine liveries, and as much state as a prince. That very day Mr. Brooke dined with the count, and in the evening himself and the baron sits down to the cards; and, pretending to be only playin' for silver, they were betting a hundred guineas on every game.

"I always heerd that my master was cute with the cards, and that few was equal to him in any game with pasteboard or ivory; but, be my conscience, he met his match now, for if it was ould Nick was playin' he couldn't do the thrick nater nor the baron. He made every thing come up just like magic: if he wanted a seven of diamonds, or an ace of spades, or the knave of clubs, there it was for you.

"Most gentlemen would have lost temper at seein' the luck so dead agin' them, and every thing goin' so bad, but my master only smiled, and kept muttering to himself, 'Faix, it's beautiful; by my conscience it is elegant; I never saw any body could do it like that.' At last the baron stops and asks, 'What is it he's saying to himself?' 'I'll tell you by-and-by,' says my master, 'when we're done playing;' and so on they went, betting higher and higher, till at last the stakes wasn't very far from a thousand pounds on a single card. At the end, Mr. Brooke lost every thing, and in the last game, by way of generosity, the baron says to him, 'Double or quit?' and he tuk it.

"This time luck stood to my master, and he turned the queen of hearts; and as there was only one card could beat him, the game was all as one as his own. The baron takes up the pack, and begins to deal, 'Wait,' says my master, leaning over the table, and talking in a whisper; 'wait,' says he, 'what are ye doin' there wid your thumb?' for sure enough he had his thumb dug hard into the middle of the pack.

"'Do you mane to insult me,' says the baron, getting mighty red, and throwing down the cards on the table, 'Is that what you're at?'

"'Go on with the deal,' says Mr. Brooke, quietly; 'but listen to me,' and here he dropped his voice to a whisper, 'as sure as you turn the king of hearts I'll send a bullet through your skull! Go on now, and don't rise from that seat till you've finished the game.' Faix, he just did as he was bid; he turned a little two or three of diamonds, and gettin' up from the table, he left the room, and the next morning there was no more seen of him in Aix-la-Chapelle. But that wasn't the end of it, for scarce was the baron two posts on his journey, when my master sends in his name, and says he wants to speak to Count Riedensegg. There was a long time, and a great debatin', I believe, whether they'd let him in or not; for the count couldn't make if it was mischief he was after; but at last he was ushered into the bedroom where the other was in bed.

"'Count,' says he, after he fastened the door, and saw that they was alone, 'Count, you tried a dirty thrick with that dirty spalpeen of a baron – an ould blaguard that's as well known as Freney, the robber – but I forgive you for it all, for you did it in the way of business. I know well what you was afther; you wanted a peep at our dispatches – there, ye needn't look cross and angry – why wouldn't ye do it, just as the baron always took a sly glance at my cards before he played his own. Well, now, I'm just in the humor to sarve you. They're not trating me as they ought here, and I'm going away, and if you'll give me a few letthers to some of the pretty women in Vienna, Kateuka Batthyani, and Amalia Gradoffsky, and one or two men in the best set, I'll send you in return something will surprise you.'

"It was after a long time and great batin' about the bush, that the ould count came in; but the sight of a sacret cipher did the business, and he consented.

"'There it is,' says Mr. Brooke, 'there's the whole key to our correspondence, study it well, and I'll bring you a sacret dispatch in the evening – something that will surprise you.'

"'Ye will – will ye?' says the count.

"'On the honor of an Irish gentleman, I will,' says Mr. Brooke.

"The count sits down on the spot and writes the letters to all the princesses and countesses in Vienna, saying that Mr. Brooke was the elegantest, and politest, and most trusty young gentleman ever he met; and telling them to treat him with every consideration.

"'There will be another account of me,' says the master to me, 'by the post; but I'll travel faster, and give me a fair start, and I ask no more.'

"And he was as good as his word, for he started that evening for Vienna, without lave or license, and that's the way he got dismissed from his situation."

"And did he break his promise to the count, or did he really send him any intelligence?"

"He kept his word like a gentleman; he promised him something that would surprise him, and so he did. He sent him the weddin' of Ballyporeen in cipher. It took a week to make out, and I suppose they've never got to the right understandin' it yet."

"I'm curious to hear how he was received in Vienna after this," said I. "I suppose you accompanied him to that city."

"Troth I did, and a short life we led there; but here we are now, at the end of our journey. That's Father Doogan's down there, that small, low, thatched house in the hollow."

"A lonely spot, too. I don't see another near it for miles on any side."

"Nor is there. His chapel is at Murrah, about three miles off. My eyes isn't over good; but I don't think there's any smoke coming out of the chimley."

"You are right – there is not."

"He's not at home, then, and that's a bad job for us, for there's not another place to stop the night in."

"But there will be surely some one in the house."

"Most likely not; 'tis a brat of a boy from Murrah does be with him when he's at home, and I'm sure he's not there now."

This reply was not very cheering, nor was the prospect itself much brighter. The solitary cabin, to which we were approaching, stood in a rugged glen, the sides of which were covered with a low furze, intermixed here and there with the scrub of what once had been an oak forest. A brown, mournful tint was over every thing – sky and landscape alike; and even the little stream of clear water that wound its twining course along, took the same color from the gravelly bed it flowed over. Not a cow nor sheep was to be seen, nor even a bird; all was silent and still.

"There's few would like to pass their lives down there, then!" said my companion, as if speaking to himself.

"I suppose the priest, like a soldier, has no choice in these matters."

"Sometimes he has, though. Father Doogan might have had the pick of the county, they say; but he chose this little quiet spot here. He's a friar of some ordher abroad, and when he came over, two or three years ago, he could only spake a little Irish, and, I believe, less English; but there wasn't his equal, for other tongues, in all Europe. They wanted him to stop and be the head of a college somewhere in Spain, but he wouldn't. 'There was work to do in Ireland,' he said, and there he'd go, and to the wildest and laste civilized bit of it besides; and ye see that he was not far out in his choice when he took Murrah."

"Is he much liked here by the people?"

"They'd worship him, if he'd let them, that's what it is; for if he has more larnin' and knowledge in his head than ever a bishop in Ireland, there's not a child in the barony his equal for simplicity. He that knows the names of the stars, and what they do be doing, and where the world's going, and what's comin' afther her, hasn't a thought for the wickedness of this life, no more than a sucking infant! He could tell you every crop to put in your ground from this to the day of judgment, and I don't think he'd know which end of the spade goes into the ground."

While we were thus talking, we reached the door, which, as well as the windows, was closely barred and fastened. The great padlock, however, on the former, with characteristic acuteness, was locked without being hasped, so that, in a few seconds, my old guide had undone all the fastenings, and we found ourselves under shelter.

A roomy kitchen, with a few cooking utensils, formed the entrance hall; and as a small supply of turf stood in one corner, my companion at once proceeded to make a fire, congratulating me as he went on with the fact of our being housed, for a long-threatening thunder storm had already burst, and the rain was swooping along in torrents.

While he was thus busied I took a ramble through the little cabin, curious to see something of the "interior" of one whose life had already interested me. There were but two small chambers, one at either side of the kitchen. The first I entered was a bedroom, the only furniture being a common bed, or a tressel like that of an hospital, a little colored print of St. Michael adorning the wall overhead. The bed-covering was cleanly, but patched in many places, and bespeaking much poverty, and the black "soutane" of silk that hung against the wall seemed to show long years of service. The few articles of any pretension to comfort were found in the sitting-room, where a small book-shelf with some well-thumbed volumes, and a writing-table covered with papers, maps, and a few pencil-drawings, appeared. All seemed as if he had just quitted the spot a few minutes before; the pencil lay across a half-finished sketch; two or three wild plants were laid within the leaves of a little book on botany; and a chess problem, with an open book beside it, still waited for solution on a little board, whose workmanship clearly enough betrayed it to be by his own hands.

I inspected every thing with an interest inspired by all I had been hearing of the poor priest, and turned over the little volumes of his humble library to trace, if I might, some clew to his habits in his readings. They were all, however, of one cast and character – religious tracts and offices, covered with annotations and remarks, and showing, by many signs the most careful and frequent perusal. It was easy to see that his taste for drawing or for chess were the only dissipations he permitted himself to indulge. What a strange life of privation, thought I, alone and companionless as he must be! and

while speculating on the sense of duty which impelled such a man to accept a post so humble and unpromising, I perceived that on the wall right opposite to me there hung a picture, covered by a little curtain of green silk.

Curious to behold the saintly effigy so carefully enshrined, I drew aside the curtain, and what was my astonishment to find a little colored sketch of a boy about twelve years old, dressed in the tawdry and much-worn uniform of a drummer. I started. Something flashed suddenly across my mind, that the features, the dress, the air, were not unknown to me. Was I awake, or were my senses misleading me? I took it down and held it to the light, and as well as my trembling hands permitted, I spelled out, at the foot of the drawing, the words "Le Petit Maurice, as I saw him last." Yes: it was my own portrait, and the words were in the writing of my dearest friend in the world, the Père Michael. Scarce knowing what I did, I ransacked books and papers on every side, to confirm my suspicions, and although his name was nowhere to be found, I had no difficulty in recognizing his hand, now so forcibly recalled to my memory.

Hastening into the kitchen, I told my guide, that I must set out to Murrah at once, that it was above all important that I should see the priest immediately. It was in vain that he told me he was unequal to the fatigue of going further, that the storm was increasing, the mountain torrents were swelling to a formidable size, that the path could not be discovered after dark; I could not brook the thought of delay, and would not listen to the detail of difficulties. "I must see him and I will," were my answers to every obstacle. If I were resolved on one side, *he* was no less obstinate on the other; and after explaining with patience all the dangers and hazards of the attempt, and still finding me unconvinced, he boldly declared that I might go alone, if I would, but that he would not leave the shelter of a roof, such a night, for any one.

There was nothing in the shape of argument I did not essay. I tried bribery, I tried menace, flattery, intimidation, all – and all with the like result. "Wherever he is to-night, he'll not leave it, that's certain," was the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe, and I retired beaten from the contest, and disheartened. Twice I left the cottage, resolved to go alone and unaccompanied, but the utter darkness of the night, the torrents of rain that beat against my face, soon showed me the impracticability of the attempt, and I retraced my steps crest-fallen and discomfited. The most intense curiosity to know how and by what chances he had come to Ireland mingled with my ardent desire to meet him. What stores of reminiscence had we to interchange! Nor was it without pride that I bethought me of the position I then held – an officer of a Hussar regiment, a soldier of more than one campaign, and high on the list for promotion. If I hoped, too, that many of the good father's prejudices against the career I followed would give way to the records of my own past life, I also felt how, in various respects, I had myself conformed to many of his notions. We should be dearer, closer friends than ever. This I knew and was sure of.

I never slept the whole night through; tired and weary as the day's journey had left me, excitement was still too strong for repose, and I walked up and down, lay for half an hour on my bed, rose to look out, and peer for coming dawn! Never did hours lag so lazily. The darkness seemed to last for an eternity, and when at last day did break, it was through the lowering gloom of skies still charged with rain, and an atmosphere loaded with vapor.

"This is a day for the chimney corner, and thankful to have it we ought to be," said my old guide, as he replenished the turf fire, at which he was preparing our breakfast. "Father Doogan will be home here afore night, I'm sure, and as we have nothing better to do, I'll tell you some of our old adventures when I lived with Mr. Brooke. 'Twill sarve to pass the time, any way."

"I'm off to Murrah, as soon as I have eaten something," replied I.

"'Tis little you know what a road it is," said he, smiling dubiously. "'Tis four mountain rivers you'd have to cross, two of them, at least, deeper than your head, and there's the pass of Barnascorny, where you'd have to turn the side of a mountain, with a precipice hundreds of feet below you, and

a wind blowing that would wreck a seventy-four! There's never a man in the barony would venture over the same path, with a storm ragin' from the nor'west."

"I never heard of a man being blown away off a mountain," said I, laughing contemptuously.

"Arrah, didn't ye then? then maybe ye never tried in parts where the heaviest plows and harrows that can be laid in the thatch of a cabin are flung here and there, like straws, and the strongest timbers torn out of the walls, and scattered for miles along the coast, like the spars of a shipwreck."

"But so long as a man has hands to grip with."

"How ye talk; sure when the wind can tear the strongest trees up by the roots; when it rolls big rocks fifty and a hundred feet out of their place; when the very shingle on the mountain side is flyin' about like dust and sand, where would your grip be? It is not only on the mountains either, but down in the plains, ay, even in the narrowest glens, that the cattle lies down under shelter of the rocks; and many's the time a sheep, or even a heifer, is swept away off the cliffs into the sea."

With many an anecdote of storm and hurricane he seasoned our little meal of potatoes. Some curious enough, as illustrating the precautionary habits of a peasantry, who, on land, experience many of the vicissitudes supposed peculiar to the sea; others too miraculous for easy credence, but yet vouched for by him with every affirmative of truth. He displayed all his powers of agreeability and amusement, but his tales fell on unwilling ears, and when our meal was over I started up and began to prepare for the road.

"So you will go, will you?" said he, peevishly. "'Tis in your country to be obstinate, so I'll say nothing more; but maybe 'tis only into throubles you'd be running after all!"

"I'm determined on it," said I, "and I only ask you to tell me what road to take."

"There is only one, so there is no mistakin' it; keep to the sheep path, and never leave it except at the torrents; you must pass them how ye can, and when ye come to four big rocks in the plain leave them to your left, and keep the side of the mountain for two miles, 'till ye see the smoke of the village underneath you. Murrah is a small place, and ye'll have to look out sharp or maybe ye'll miss it."

"That's enough," said I, putting some silver in his hand as I pressed it. "We'll probably meet no more; good-by, and many thanks for your pleasant company."

"No, we're not like to meet again," said he, thoughtfully, "and that's the reason I'd like to give you a bit of advice. Hear me now," said he, drawing closer and talking in a whisper; "you can't go far in this country without being known; 'tisn't your looks alone, but your voice, and your tongue, will show what ye are. Get away out of it as fast as you can! there's thraitors in every cause, and there's chaps in Ireland would rather make money as informers than earn it by honest industry! Get over to the Scotch islands; get to Isla or Barra; get any where out of this for the time."

"Thanks for the counsel," said I, somewhat coldly, "I'll have time to think over it as I go along," and with these words I set forth on my journey.

CHAPTER XXVII

"THE CRANAGH."

I will not weary my reader with a narrative of my mountain walk, nor the dangers and difficulties which beset me on that day of storm and hurricane. Few as were the miles to travel, what with accidents, mistakes of the path, and the halts to take shelter, I only reached Murrah as the day was declining.

The little village, which consisted of some twenty cabins, occupied a narrow gorge between two mountains, and presented an aspect of greater misery than I had ever witnessed before, not affording even the humblest specimen of a house of entertainment. From some peasants that were lounging in the street I learned that "Father Doogan" had passed through two days before in company with a naval officer, whom they believed to be French. At least, "he came from one of the ships in the Lough, and could speak no English." Since that the priest had not returned, and many thought that he had gone away forever. This story, varied in a few unimportant particulars, I heard from several; and also learned that a squadron of several sail had, for three or four days, been lying at the entrance of Lough Swilly, with, it was said, large reinforcements for the "army of independence." There was then no time to be lost: here was the very force which I had been sent to communicate with; there were the troops that should at that moment be disembarking. The success of my mission might all depend now on a little extra exertion, and so I at once engaged a guide to conduct me to the coast, and having fortified myself with a glass of mountain whiskey, I felt ready for the road. My guide could only speak a very little English; so that our way was passed in almost unbroken silence; and, as for security, he followed the least frequented paths, we scarcely met a living creature as we went. It was with a strange sense of half pride, half despondency, that I bethought me of my own position there – a Frenchman, alone, and separated from his countrymen – in a wild mountain region of Ireland, carrying about him documents that, if detected, might peril his life; involved in a cause that had for its object the independence of a nation; and that against the power of the mightiest kingdom in Europe. An hour earlier or later, an accident by the way, a swollen torrent, a chance impediment of any kind that should delay me – and what a change might that produce in the whole destiny of the world. The dispatches I carried conveyed instructions the most precise and accurate – the places for combined action of the two armies – information as to the actual state of parties, and the condition of the native forces, was contained in them. All that could instruct the newly-come generals, or encourage them to decisive measures were there; and, yet, on what narrow contingencies did their safe arrival depend! It was thus, in exaggerating to myself the part I played – in elevating my humble position into all the importance of a high trust – that I sustained my drooping spirits, and acquired energy to carry me through fatigue and exhaustion. During that night, and the greater part of the following day, we walked on, almost without halt, scarcely eating, and, except by an occasional glass of whisky, totally unrefreshed; and I am free to own, that my poor guide – a bare-legged youth of about seventeen, without any of those high-sustaining illusions which stirred within my heart – suffered far less either from hunger or weariness than *I* did. So much for motives. A shilling or two were sufficient to equalize the balance against all the weight of my heroism and patriotic ardor together!

A bright sun, and a sharp wind from the north, had succeeded to the lowering sky and heavy atmosphere of the morning, and we traveled along with light hearts and brisk steps, breasting the side of a deep ascent, from the summit of which my guide told me, I should behold the sea – the sea, not only the great plain on which I expected to see our armament, but the link which bound me to my country! Suddenly, just as I turned the angle of a cliff, it burst upon my sight – one vast mirror of golden splendor – appearing almost at my feet! In the yellow gleams of a setting sun, long columns

of azure-colored light streaked its calm surface, and tinged the atmosphere with a warm and rosy hue. While I was lost in admiration of the picture, I heard the sound of voices close beneath me, and, on looking down, saw two figures who, with telescopes in hand, were steadily gazing on a little bay that extended toward the west.

At first, my attention was more occupied by the strangers than by the object of their curiosity, and I remarked that they were dressed and equipped like sportsmen, their guns and game-bags lying against the rock behind them.

"Do you still think that they are hovering about the coast, Tom?" said the elder of the two, "or are you not convinced, at last, that I am right?"

"I believe you are," replied the other; "but it certainly did not look like it yesterday evening, with their boats rowing ashore every half hour, signals flying, and blue lights burning; all seemed to threaten a landing."

"If they ever thought of it, they soon changed their minds," said the former. "The defeat of their comrades in the west, and the apathy of the peasantry here, would have cooled down warmer ardor than theirs. There they go, Tom. I only hope that they'll fall in with Warren's squadron, and French insolence receive at sea the lesson we failed to give them on land."

"Not so," rejoined the younger; "Humbert's capitulation, and the total break-up of the expedition ought to satisfy even your patriotism."

"It fell far short of it, then!" cried the other. "I'd never have treated those fellows other than as bandits and freebooters. I'd have hanged them as highwaymen. There was less war than rapine; but what could you expect? I have been assured that Humbert's force consisted of little other than liberated felons and galley slaves – the refuse of the worst population of Europe!"

Distracted with the terrible tidings I had overheard – overwhelmed with the sight of the ships, now glistening like bright specks on the verge of the horizon, I forgot my own position – my safety – every thing but the insult thus cast upon my gallant comrades.

"Whoever said so was a liar, and a base coward, to boot!" cried I, springing down from the height and confronting them both where they stood. They started back, and, seizing their guns, assumed an attitude of defense, and then, quickly perceiving that I was alone – for the boy had taken to flight as fast as he could – they stood regarding me with faces of intense astonishment.

"Yes," said I, still boiling with passion, "you are two to one, on your own soil besides, the odds you are best used to; and yet I repeat it, that he who asperses the character of General Humbert's force is a liar."

"He's French."

"No, he's Irish," muttered the elder. "What signifies my country, sirs," cried I passionately, "if I demand retraction for a falsehood."

"It signifies more than you think of, young man," said the elder, calmly, and without evincing even the slightest irritation in his manner. "If you be a Frenchman born, the lenity of our government accords you the privilege of a prisoner of war. If you be only French by adoption, and a uniform, a harsher destiny awaits you."

"And who says I am a prisoner yet?" asked I, drawing myself up, and staring them steadily in the face.

"We should be worse men, and poorer patriots, than you give us credit for, or we should be able to make you so," said he quietly, "but this is no case for ill-temper on either side. The expedition has failed. Well, if you will not believe *me*, read that. There, in that paper, you will see the official account of General Humbert's surrender at Boyle. The news is already over the length and breadth of the island; even if you only landed last night, I can not conceive how you should be ignorant of it!" I covered my face with my hands to hide my emotion; and he went on: "If you be French, you have only to claim and prove your nationality, and you partake the fortunes of your countrymen."

"And if he be not," whispered the other, in a voice which, although low, I could still detect, "why should *we*, give him up?"

"Hush, Tom, be quiet," replied the elder, "let him plead for himself."

"Let me see the newspaper," said I, endeavoring to seem calm and collected; and taking it at the place he pointed out, I read the heading in capitals, "CAPITULATION OF GENERAL HUMBERT AND HIS WHOLE FORCE." I could see no more. I could not trace the details of so horrible a disaster, nor did I ask to know by what means it occurred. My attitude and air of apparent occupation, however, deceived the other; and the elder, supposing that I was engaged in considering the paragraph, said, "You'll see the government proclamation on the other side, a general amnesty to all under the rank of officers in the rebel army, who give up their arms within six days. The French to be treated as prisoners of war."

"Is he too late to regain the fleet," whispered the younger.

"Of course he is. They are already hull down; besides, who's to assist his escape, Tom? You forget the position he stands in."

"But I do not forget it," answered I, "and you need not be afraid that I will seek to compromise you, gentlemen. Tell me where to find the nearest justice of the peace, and I will go and surrender myself."

"It is your wisest and best policy," said the elder; "I am not in the commission, but a neighbor of mine is, and lives a few miles off, and if you like we'll accompany you to his house."

I accepted the offer, and soon found myself descending the steep path of the mountain in perfect good-fellowship with the two strangers. It is likely enough, that if they had taken any peculiar pains to obliterate the memory of our first meeting, or if they had displayed any extraordinary efforts of conciliation, that I should be on my guard against them; but their manner, on the contrary, was easy and unaffected in every respect. They spoke of the expedition sensibly and dispassionately, and while acknowledging that there were many things they would like to see altered in the English rule of Ireland, they were very averse from the desire of a foreign intervention to rectify them.

I avowed to them that we had been grossly deceived. That all the representations made us, depicted Ireland as a nation of soldiers, wanting only arms and military stores to rise as a vast army. That the peasantry were animated by one spirit, and the majority of the gentry willing to hazard every thing on the issue of a struggle. Our Killala experiences, of which I detailed some, heartily amused them, and it was in a merry interchange of opinions that we now walked along together.

A cluster of houses, too small to be called a village, and known as the "Cranagh," stood in a little nook of the bay; and here they lived. They were brothers; and the elder held some small appointment in the revenue, which maintained them as bachelors in this cheap country. In a low conversation that passed between them, it was agreed that they would detain me as their guest for that evening, and on the morrow accompany me to the magistrate's house, about five miles distant. I was not sorry to accept their hospitable offer. I longed for a few hours of rest and respite before embarking on another sea of troubles. The failure of the expedition, and the departure of the fleet, had overwhelmed me with grief, and I was in no mood to confront new perils.

If my new acquaintances could have read my inmost thoughts, their manner toward me could not have displayed more kindness or good-breeding. Not pressing me with questions on subjects where the greatest curiosity would have been permissible, they suffered me to tell only so much as I wished of our late plans; and as if purposely to withdraw my thoughts from the unhappy theme of our defeat, led me to talk of France, and her career in Europe.

It was not without surprise that I saw how conversant the newspapers had made them with European politics, nor how widely different did events appear, when viewed from afar off, and by the lights of another and different nationality Thus all that we were doing on the Continent to propagate liberal notions, and promote the spread of freedom, seemed to their eyes but the efforts of an ambitious power to crush abroad what they had annihilated at home, and extend their own influence

in disseminating doctrines, all to revert, one day or other, to some grand despotism, whenever the man arose capable to exercise it. The elder would not even concede to us that we were fit for freedom.

"You are glorious fellows at destroying an old edifice," said he; "but sorry architects when comes the question of rebuilding; and as to liberty, your highest notion of it is an occasional anarchy. Like school-boys, you will bear any tyranny for ten years, to have ten days of a 'barring out' afterward."

I was not much flattered by these opinions; and what was worse, I could not get them out of my head all night afterward. Many things I had never doubted about now kept puzzling and confounding me, and I began, for the first time, to know the misery of the struggle between implicit obedience and conviction.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES

I went to bed at night in all apparent health; save from the flurry and excitement of an anxious mind, I was in no respect different from my usual mood; and yet when I awoke next morning, my head was distracted with a racking pain, cramps were in all my limbs, and I could not turn or even move without intense suffering. The long exposure to rain, while my mind was in a condition of extreme excitement, had brought on an attack of fever, and before evening set in, I was raving in wild delirium. Every scene I had passed through, each eventful incident of my life, came flashing in disjointed portions through my poor brain; and I raved away of France, of Germany, of the dreadful days of terror, and the fearful orgies of the "Revolution." Scenes of strife and struggle – the terrible conflicts of the streets – all rose before me; and the names of every blood-stained hero of France now mingled with the obscure titles of Irish insurrection.

What narratives of my early life I may have given – what stories I may have revealed of my strange career, I can not tell; but the interest my kind hosts took in me grew stronger every day. There was no care nor kindness they did not lavish on me. Taking alternate nights to sit up with me, they watched beside my bed, like brothers. All that affection could give they rendered me; and even from their narrow fortunes they paid a physician, who came from a distant town to visit me. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed, and sit at the window, or stroll slowly in the garden, I became aware of the full extent to which their kindness had carried them, and in the precautions for secrecy, I saw the peril to which my presence exposed them. From an excess of delicacy toward me, they did not allude to the subject, nor show the slightest uneasiness about the matter; but day by day some little circumstance would occur, some slight and trivial fact reveal the state of anxiety they lived in.

They were averse, too, from all discussion of late events, and either answered my questions vaguely or with a certain reserve; and when I hinted at my hope of being soon able to appear before a magistrate and establish my claim as a French citizen, they replied that the moment was an unfavorable one; the lenity of the government had latterly been abused; their gracious intentions misstated and perverted; that, in fact, a reaction toward severity had occurred, and military law and courts-martial were summarily disposing of cases that a short time back would have received the mildest sentences of civil tribunals. It was clear, from all they said, that if the rebellion was suppressed, the insurrectionary feeling was not extinguished, and that England was the very reverse of tranquil on the subject of Ireland.

It was to no purpose that I repeated my personal indifference to all these measures of severity; that in my capacity as a Frenchman and an officer, I stood exempt from all the consequences they alluded to. Their reply was, that in times of trouble and alarm things were done which quieter periods would never have sanctioned, and that indiscreet and over-zealous men would venture on acts that neither law nor justice could substantiate. In fact, they gave me to believe, that such was the excitement of the moment, such the embittered vengeance of those whose families or fortunes had suffered by the rebellion, that no reprisals would be thought too heavy, nor any harshness too great, for those who aided the movement.

Whatever I might have said against the injustice of this proceeding, in my secret heart I had to confess that it was only what might have been expected, and coming from a country where it was enough to call a man an aristocrat and then cry "a la lanterne," I saw nothing unreasonable in it all.

My friends, advised me, therefore, instead of preferring any formal claim to immunity, to take the first occasion of escaping to America, whence I could not fail, later on, of returning to France. At first, the counsel only irritated me, but by degrees, as I came to think more calmly and seriously

of the difficulties, I began to regard it in a different light; and at last I fully concurred in the wisdom of the advice, and resolved on adopting it.

To sit on the cliffs, and watch the ocean for hours, became now the practice of my life – to gaze from daybreak almost to the falling of night over the wide expanse of sea, straining my eyes at each sail, and conjecturing to what distant shore they were tending. The hopes which at first sustained, at last deserted me, as week after week passed over, and no prospect of escape appeared. The life of inactivity gradually depressed my spirits, and I fell into a low and moping condition, in which my hours rolled over without thought or notice. Still, I returned each day to my accustomed spot, a lofty peak of rock that stood over the sea, and from which the view extended for miles on every side. There, half hid in the wild heath, I used to lie for hours long, my eyes bent upon the sea, but my thoughts wandering away to a past that never was to be renewed, and a future I was never destined to experience.

Although late in the autumn, the season was mild and genial, and the sea calm and waveless, save along the shore, where, even in the stillest weather, the great breakers come tumbling in with a force, independent of storm, and listening to their booming thunder, I have dreamed away hour after hour unconsciously. It was one day, as I lay thus, that my attention was caught by the sight of three large vessels on the very verge of the horizon. Habit had now given me a certain acuteness, and I could perceive from their height and size that they were ships of war. For a while they seemed as if steering for the entrance of the "lough," but afterward they changed their course, and headed toward the west. At length they separated, and one of smaller size, and probably a frigate from her speed, shot forward beyond the rest, and, in less than half an hour, disappeared from view. The other two gradually sunk beneath the horizon, and not a sail was to be seen over the wide expanse. While speculating on what errand the squadron might be employed, I thought I could hear the deep and rolling sound of distant cannonading. My ear was too practiced in the thundering crash of the breakers along shore to confound the noises; and as I listened I fancied that I could distinguish the sound of single guns from the louder roar of a whole broadside. This could not mean saluting, nor was it likely to be a mere exercise of the fleet. They were not times when much powder was expended unprofitably. Was it then an engagement? But with what or whom? Tandy's expedition, as it was called, had long since sailed, and must ere this have been captured or safe in France. I tried a hundred conjectures to explain the mystery, which now, from the long continuance of the sounds, seemed to denote a desperately contested engagement. It was not 'till after three hours that the cannonading ceased, and then I could descry a thick dark canopy of smoke that hung hazily over one spot in the horizon, as if marking out the scene of the struggle. With what aching, torturing anxiety I burned to know what had happened, and with which side rested the victory.

Well habituated to hear of the English as victors in every naval engagement, I yet went on hoping against hope itself, that Fortune might for once have favored us; nor was it till the falling night prevented my being able to trace out distant objects, that I could leave the spot and turn homeward. With wishes so directly opposed to theirs, I did not venture to tell my two friends what I had witnessed, nor trust myself to speak on a subject where my feelings might have betrayed me into unseemly expressions of my hopes. I was glad to find that they knew nothing of the matter, and talked away indifferently of other subjects. By daybreak, the next morning, I was at my post, a sharp nor'wester blowing, and a heavy sea rolling in from the Atlantic. Instinctively carrying my eyes to the spot where I had heard the cannonnade, I could distinctly see the tops of spars, as if the upper rigging of some vessels, beyond the horizon. Gradually they rose higher and higher, till I could detect the yard-arms and cross-trees, and finally the great hulls of five vessels that were bearing toward me.

For above an hour I could see their every movement, as with all canvas spread they held on majestically toward the land, when at length a lofty promontory of the bay intervened, and they were lost to my view. I jumped to my legs at once, and set off down the cliff to reach the headland, from whence an uninterrupted prospect extended. The distance was greater than I had supposed, and in my

eagerness to take a direct line to it, I got entangled in difficult gorges among the hills, and impeded by mountain torrents which often compelled me to go back a considerable distance; it was already late in the afternoon as I gained the crest of a ridge over the Bay of Lough Swilly. Beneath me lay the calm surface of the lough, landlocked and still; but further out, seaward, there was a sight that made my very limbs tremble, and sickened my heart as I beheld it. There was a large frigate, that, with studding-sails set, stood boldly up the bay, followed by a dismasted three-decker, at whose mizen floated the ensign of England over the French "tri-color." Several other vessels were grouped about the offing, all of them displaying English colors.

The dreadful secret was out. There had been a tremendous sea fight, and the Hoche, of seventy-four guns, was the sad spectacle which, with shattered sides and ragged rigging, I now beheld entering the Bay. Oh, the humiliation of that sight! I can never forget it. And although on all the surrounding hills scarcely fifty country people were assembled, I felt as if the whole of Europe were spectators of our defeat. The flag I had always believed triumphant now hung ignominiously beneath the ensign of the enemy, and the decks of our noble ship were crowded with the uniforms of English sailors and marines.

The blue water surged and spouted from the shot holes as the great hull loomed heavily from side to side, and broken spars and ropes still hung over the side as she went, a perfect picture of defeat. Never was disaster more legibly written. I watched her till the anchor dropped, and then, in a burst of emotion, I turned away, unable to endure more. As I hastened homeward I met the elder of my two hosts coming to meet me, in considerable anxiety. He had heard of the capture of the Hoche, but his mind was far more intent on another and less important event. Two men had just been at his cottage with a warrant for my arrest. The document bore my name and rank, as well as a description of my appearance, and significantly alleged, that although Irish by birth, I affected a foreign accent for the sake of concealment.

"There is no chance of escape now," said my friend; "we are surrounded with spies on every hand. My advice is, therefore, to hasten to Lord Cavan's quarters – he is now at Letterkenny – and give yourself up as a prisoner. There is at least the chance of your being treated like the rest of your countrymen. I have already provided you with a horse and a guide, for I must not accompany you myself. Go, then, Maurice. We shall never see each other again; but we'll not forget you, nor do we fear that you will forget *us*. My brother could not trust himself to take leave of you, but his best wishes and prayers go with you."

Such were the last words my kind-hearted friend spoke to me; nor do I know what reply I made, as, overcome by emotion, my voice became thick and broken. I wanted to tell all my gratitude, and yet could say nothing. To this hour I know not with what impression of me he went away. I can only assert, that, in all the long career of vicissitudes of a troubled and adventurous life, these brothers have occupied the chosen spot of my affection, for every thing that was disinterested in kindness and generous in good feeling.

They have done more, for they have often reconciled me to a world of harsh injustice and illiberality, by remembering that two such exceptions existed, and that others may have experienced what fell to *my* lot.

For a mile or two my way lay through the mountains, but after reaching the high road, I had not proceeded far when I was overtaken by a jaunting-car, on which a gentleman was seated, with his leg supported by a cushion, and bearing all the signs of a severe injury.

"Keep the near side of the way, sir, I beg of you," cried he; "I have a broken leg, and am excessively uneasy when a horse passes close to me."

I touched my cap in salute, and immediately turned my horse's head to comply with his request.

"Did you see that, George?" cried another gentleman, who sat on the opposite side of the vehicle; "did you remark that fellow's salute? My life on't he's a French soldier."

"Nonsense, man – he's the steward of a Clyde smack, or a clerk in a counting-house," said the first, in a voice which, though purposely low, my quick hearing could catch perfectly.

"Are we far from Letterkenny just now, sir?" said the other, addressing me.

"I believe about five miles," said I, with a prodigious effort to make my pronunciation pass muster.

"You're a stranger in these parts, I see, sir," rejoined he, with a cunning glance at his friend, while he added, lower, "Was I right, Hill?"

Although seeing that all concealment was now hopeless, I was in no wise disposed to plead guilty at once, and therefore, with a cut of my switch, pushed my beast into a sharp canter to get forward.

My friends, however, gave chase, and now the jaunting-car, notwithstanding the sufferings of the invalid, was clattering after me at about nine miles an hour. At first I rather enjoyed the malice of the penalty their curiosity was costing, but as I remembered that the invalid was not the chief offender, I began to feel compunction at the severity of the lesson, and drew up to a walk.

They at once shortened their pace, and came up beside me.

"A clever hack you're riding, sir," said the inquisitive man.

"Not so bad for an animal of this country," said I, superciliously.

"Oh, then, what kind of a horse are you accustomed to?" asked he, half insolently.

"The Limousin," said I, coolly, "what we always mount in our Hussar regiments in France."

"And you are a French soldier, then?" cried he, in evident astonishment at my frankness.

"At your service, sir," said I, saluting; "a Lieutenant of Hussars; and if you are tormented by any further curiosity concerning me, I may as well relieve you by stating that I am proceeding to Lord Cavan's head-quarters, to surrender as a prisoner."

"Frank enough, that!" said he of the broken leg, laughing heartily as he spoke.

"Well, sir," said the other, "you are, as your countrymen would call it, '*bien venu*,' for we are bound in that direction ourselves, and will be happy to have your company."

One piece of tact my worldly experience had profoundly impressed upon me, and that was, the necessity of always assuming an air of easy unconcern in every circumstance of doubtful issue. There was quite enough of difficulty in the present case to excite my anxiety, but I rode along beside the jaunting-car, chatting familiarly with my new acquaintances, and, I believe, without exhibiting the slightest degree of uneasiness regarding my own position.

From them I learned so much as they had heard of the late naval engagement. The report was that Bompard's fleet had fallen in with Sir John Warren's squadron, and having given orders for his fastest sailers to make the best of their way to France, had, with the Hoche, the Loire, and the Resolve, given battle to the enemy. These had all been captured, as well as four others which fled, two alone of the whole succeeding in their escape. I think now that, grievous as these tidings were, there was nothing of either boastfulness or insolence in the tone in which they were communicated to me. Every praise was accorded to Bompard for skill and bravery, and the defense was spoken of in terms of generous eulogy. The only trait of acrimony that showed itself in the recital was, a regret that a number of Irish rebels should have escaped in the Biche, one of the smaller frigates; and several emissaries of the people, who had been deputed to the admiral, were also alleged to have been on board of that vessel.

"You are sorry to have had missed your friend, the priest of Murrah," said Hill, jocularly.

"Yes, by George, that fellow should have graced a gallows if I had been lucky enough to have taken him."

"What was his crime, sir?" asked I, with seeming unconcern.

"Nothing more than exciting to rebellion a people with whom he had no tie of blood or kindred! He was a Frenchman, and devoted himself to the cause of Ireland, as they call it, from pure sympathy – "

"And a dash of popery," broke in Hill.

"It's hard to say even that; my own opinion is, that French Jacobinism cares very little for the pope. Am I right, young gentleman – you don't go very often to confession?"

"I should do so less frequently if I were to be subjected to such a system of interrogatory as yours," said I, tartly.

They both took my impertinent speech in good part, and laughed heartily at it; and thus, half amicably, half in earnest, we entered the little town of Letterkenny, just as night was falling.

"If you'll be our guest for this evening, sir," said Hill, "we shall be happy to have your company."

I accepted the invitation, and followed them into the inn.

(To be continued.)

THE UNNAMED SHELL

At the corner of the boulevard Montmartre, near the angle of the faubourg, is situated a magazine of natural history, that continually draws around its windows groups of curious idlers. Open the door, walk in, and, in place of a mere merchant, you will be surprised to encounter an artist and a scholar. The man is still young, yet he has explored a portion of Southern Africa; and has joined in formidable chases of elephants, lions, and all the wild animals of those barbarous regions. He has sought his treasures of natural history in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, China, and Cochin-China; has visited Batavia, Samarang and Madura; and returned to Paris rich in knowledge and collections.

It is rarely that you will find him alone. The laboratory of the boulevard Montmartre is the rendezvous of all the scholars, travelers, naturalists, artists, and authors, who bask in the sunshine of celebrity. Temming, the old glory, yet with so much youth about him, of natural history; Wilson, collector for his brother in the immense undertaking of completing the museum of Philadelphia; Philippe Rousseau, who bestows life and animation on the animals which he paints; Ledieu, Léon Gozlan, Biard; Delgorgue, the intrepid chaser of elephants; Lagéronière, who was for one instant on the point of becoming the king of a savage tribe, and of whom Dumas, in his "Thousand and One Phantoms," has related in so improbable a manner a fabulous episode of real adventures; Gray, whom London cites with pride among its naturalists; Mitchell, director of the London Zoological Gardens; Henry Monnier, the sparkling reflection of Molière; Alphonse Karr; Deshayes, for whom conchology and the labyrinths of its classifications have no further mysteries; De Lafresnage, chief of ornithologists; Emile Blanchard, who spends his life in the dissection of living atoms, or beings almost microscopical; Delamarre-Piquot, who travels from one world to another, to gather the alimentary substances with which he wishes to endow Europe; M. Michelin, who consecrates his rare holidays to an unrivaled collection of polypi; there they are to be found, every day, studying, admiring, copying, describing, all the strange animals that come from every quarter of the globe to this little corner of the boulevard Montmartre, thence to be distributed among the collections of Europe and America.

There may one listen to sallies of fancy, scientific discussion, episodes of likely and unlikely adventures, tales that make one burst with laughter, histories that fill the eyes with tears, real dramas that freeze the soul with horror, and of which the historian is almost always the hero. In the midst of all this noise of conversation and going and coming, the master of the establishment loses not a moment. He issues orders, he lends a helping hand; he classes, describes, and attends to strangers: and occasionally sends as presents to other museums unparalleled treasures of natural history. Just let us mention, *en passant*, that the museum of Paris has been loaded for twenty years back with his precious gifts. At each step you take in the galleries, you may read his name inscribed upon numerous objects, before which the curious in such matters stop with surprise, and the learned with admiration.

One evening, he was laboring with his usual feverish activity to form collections of shells, according to their species, and after the method of Lamarck; for to popularize science is his fervent desire and constant aim. These collections would not nearly reimburse him for the trouble and cost bestowed upon them; but they would create a few conchologists the more; they would facilitate the studies of those who had already commenced their initiation into the marvels of a science so attractive, by the beautiful objects to which it consecrates itself, and this was what the enthusiastic *savant* wished above all.

"Ah!" said one of the visitors, taking up a shell, "I never see a spiral, without calling to mind a drama that was once enacted here, and which I will relate to you:

"It was eight or ten years ago, one evening, as it might be to-day. The smoke from five or six cigars filled the laboratory with its fantastic rings. A lamp, vailed under a semi-opaque shade, served only to render more visible the shadows of this strange chamber. Here and there, the glow from the hearth illuminated animals from all parts of the world, hung at random upon the walls, which

they confusedly burdened. The master of the magazine took up a shell which chance placed under his hand, and presented it to a tall man, hoary with age, who was silently seated, according to his custom, a little on one side. The stranger approached the lamp, looked at the shell, smiled, sighed, and placed it in his pocket. A light crash was heard; he re-seated himself, and revived the fire of his half-extinguished cigar. Then, perceiving that every one was looking curiously at him – 'I have broken it,' said he; and he threw the fragments of the shell upon the floor, and ground them beneath his heel.

"For several instants there was a profound silence, caused by the surprise of the company at this gratuitous destruction. The old man continued, with a melancholy smile, 'I will tell you, gentlemen, wherefore I broke the shell. Science, or rather its fanaticism, leads to strange weaknesses. If my folly can any where find indulgence, surely it will be among you, who are all, more or less, collectors. Perhaps, I shall even meet with some auditor not only capable of comprehending, but likewise of imitating me. This shell is a spiral that has never been either named or copied. I possess in my collection the only similar one that is known to the scientific world. I procured it, ten years ago, from this magazine. The first time that I saw this unique shell, my heart beat with joy,' continued the old man, with a voice that had regained all the energy of youth. 'I was poor, but I must have it at whatever price. I carried it home with me, and passed entire days in contemplating it, and examining its minutest details. Two years were necessary to make up its price – two entire years of privation. Each month, I carried the dealer small sums, often spared from my most pressing necessities. What mattered it? I possessed the shell; it was mine alone; no one could show me its like. I would not permit any one to describe it. When, on rare occasions, I displayed it to some initiated ones, it was upon the condition that they would not speak of it in their faunas. A lover madly enamored, is not more jealous than I then was, than I still am, of this treasure. When the two years of which I have spoken had elapsed, and I had paid the price of my dear spiral, I came here one evening as usual. On opening, according to my custom, one of the boxes that contain the shells, I uttered a cry. I had found another spiral similar to that which I possessed! Judge of my sorrow, of my despair. My shell was no longer unique. Another collection possessed a treasure similar to mine. A cold sweat bathed my forehead. Though very poor, though I had resigned the little employment which I had held in an office, and my humble allowance was transformed into a pension more humble still, I hesitated not. I bought the shell, and carried it with me, but this time without joy. I possessed several good pictures, dear and old heirlooms belonging to my family. I sold them to pay for the shell, which I broke as soon as I had made up the price. Three years more elapsed, and poverty weighed down my old age more and more. The failure of a bank had deprived me of a little sum of money, the interest of which, added to my pension, had enabled me to live, and to augment, from time to time, my collection of a few good shells. Deprived of this enjoyment, the only one that remained to me, I had no consolation but in the possession of the treasure-hoard which I could no longer increase. My precious spiral often detained me before it for hours. One evening (never shall I forget, the sorrow the sight cost me), I beheld here – there – in that box – three spirals like mine! Maledictions hovered about my lips. I took the shells in my fingers, I slowly examined them, and returned them to my friend. 'I can not buy them,' I said. He raised his eyes, he saw my palor and my tears – my tears, gentlemen, for I wept! He smiled, took a hammer, and pulverized the three precious shells. You saw what he did just now. God bless him for his disinterestedness, and his devotion to an old friend! I should die of despair, gentlemen, if, during my life, another possessed a spiral like mine.'

"Speaking thus, the old man rose, and left us, enveloping himself, as well as he could, in his fragmentary cloak."

One morning, three or four years ago, God separated the fanatic conchologist from the collection that was his life. They found the aged man seated before his cabinet, opposite to his unique spiral. He had died alone, with his eyes fixed upon that which had possessed his affections during so many years. His collection has now reverted to the friend who showed so much sympathy with his jealousy and insensate passion.

By a strange caprice of fortune, no other spiral similar to his has since arrived in Europe. It still remains unique and nameless, as when he possessed it. For the rest, this spiral, which occupied so large a place in the existence and affections of a scientific man, has, for a common eye, nothing in its appearance to justify the intense passion that it inspired. Its rarity constitutes its value. One of our most learned conchologists is now engaged, in describing, classing, and publishing a drawing of it. We hope that, in memory of its first possessor, he will give it the name of *l'hélice innominata*, the "nameless spiral."

THE STORY OF GIOVANNI BELZONI

One day in the beginning of the year 1803, Mr. Salt, whose name has since become so celebrated among the discoverers of Egyptian antiquities, observed before one of the public rooms of Edinburgh, a great crowd assembled. For almost every one there exists a mysterious attraction in the sight of a number of people, and Mr. Salt, no wiser than his neighbors, pushed his way, when the doors were opened, into the room. There, on a sort of stage, he saw a tall and powerfully-built young man, performing various gymnastic exercises, and feats of strength. While this Hercules in tinsel was lifting enormous weights, and jumping from a table over the heads of twelve men, a pretty, delicate-looking young woman, was arranging some hydraulic machines and musical glasses, with which the entertainment was to terminate. As the price of admission was nominal, she occasionally also handed round a small wooden bowl, in order to collect gratuities from the spectators.

Very few of those who were enjoying the exhibition gave any thing; and when the young woman approached her husband, and showed him the few coins she had received, he hastened to terminate his performance. Mr. Salt pitied the poor fellow, and as the young woman was passing, said to her:

"You forgot to present your bowl for my contribution. Here it is."

He slipped a silver coin into her hand. Both she and her husband thanked him warmly; the latter in broken English, and with an Italian accent.

Mr. Salt, who had but just returned from Rome, replied in Italian; and, perceiving in the stranger's manner of expressing himself a degree of refinement not to be expected from a mountebank, asked him whence he came, and what was his history?

"Six months ago, sir," replied the man, "if any man had told me that I should be reduced to earn my bread by exhibiting my strength in public, I should have felt greatly inclined to knock him down. I came to England for the purpose of making known some hydraulic machines of my invention; but the spirit of routine, and the love of ignorance, closed every avenue against me. Previously, before losing all my hopes of success, I married this young girl. Had I been alone in the world, I verily believe that the bitter destruction of my expectations would have rendered me careless of supporting life; but how could I leave *her* in misery?"

"But why not try to display your really extraordinary strength and dexterity under more favorable circumstances? Why do you not offer your services to some theatrical manager?"

"Hungry people, sir, can not wait. I did not think of resorting to this method of earning a piece of bread, until I saw my wife ready to perish for the want of it."

The kind Mr. Salt not only relieved his immediate wants, but offered to recommend him and his wife to the manager of Astley's Circus, in London. Gratefully and eagerly did the wanderers accept this offer; and while, in company with their benefactor, who paid for their places on the coach, they journeyed toward town, the man related his history. Born at Padua, the son of a poor barber, and one of fourteen children, Giovanni Battista Belzoni felt from his earliest youth a longing desire to visit foreign lands. This "truant disposition" was fostered, if not caused, by the stories of maritime adventures told him by an old sailor; who was strongly suspected of having, during many years, practiced the profession of a pirate.

The reading, or rather devouring, of a translated copy of "Robinson Crusoe" (and it is a most remarkable circumstance that the book which has for its avowed purpose the disheartening of restless adventurers, should have made wanderers and voyagers innumerable), gave form and fixedness to his purpose of rambling; and, in company with his youngest brother, the boy set out one fine morning, without any intention but the somewhat vague one of "traveling to seek their fortune." The young fugitives walked several miles, without knowing, in the least, whither they were going, when a peddler, who was riding slowly by in a cart, accosted them, and asked if they were going to Ferrara. Belzoni, although he never heard the name before, immediately answered in the affirmative. The good-natured

merchant, pleased with the countenances, and pitying the tired looks of the children, not only gave them a place in his vehicle, but shared with them his luncheon of bread, cheese, and fruit. That night they occupied part of their companion's lodging; but next day, as his business required him to stop at the village where they slept, the two boys took leave of him, and pursued their journey. Their next adventure was not so fortunate. Meeting an empty return carriage, they asked the *vetturino* to give them a ride; and he consenting, they joyfully got in. Arrived at Ferrara, the *vetturino* asked them for money. Giovanni, astonished, replied that they had none; and the unfeeling man stripped the poor children of their upper garments, leaving them half-naked and penniless in the streets of an unknown city. Giovanni's undaunted spirit would have led him still to persevere in the wild-goose chase which had lured him from his home; but his brother Antonio wept, and complained so loudly, that he was fain to console the child by consenting to retrace their steps to Padua. That night, clasped in each other's arms, they slept beneath a doorway, and the next morning set out for their native city, begging their food on the journey.

The severe chastisement which Giovanni, as the instigator of this escapade, received on his return, did not in anywise cure his love of rambling. He submitted, however, to learn his father's trade, and at the age of eighteen, armed with shaving and hair-cutting implements, he set out for Rome, and there exercised the occupation of a barber with success. After some time, he became deeply attached to a girl who, after encouraging his addresses, deserted him and married a wealthy rival. This disappointment preyed so deeply on Belzoni, that, renouncing at the same time love and the razor, the world and the brazen bowl of suds, he entered a convent, and became a Capuchin. The leisure of the cloister was employed by him in the study of hydraulics; and he was busy in constructing an Artesian well within the monastic precincts when the French army under Napoleon took possession of Rome. The monks of every order were expelled and dispersed; and our poor Capuchin, obliged to cut his own beard, purchased once more the implements of his despised calling, and traveled into Holland, the head-quarters of hydraulics, which were still his passion. The Dutch did not encourage him, and he came to this country. Here he met his future wife, and consoled himself for his past misfortunes by marrying one who proved, through weal and woe, a fond and faithful partner. The crude hydraulic inventions of a wandering Italian were as little heeded here, as on the Continent; and we have already seen the expedient to which Belzoni was obliged to have recourse when Mr. Salt met him in Edinburgh.

Having reached London, the kind antiquary introduced his *protégés* to the manager of Astley's. The practiced eye of the renowned equestrian immediately appreciated at their value the beauty and athletic vigor of the Paduan Goliath; and he engaged both him and his wife at a liberal salary. He caused a piece, entitled "The Twelve Labors of Hercules" to be arranged expressly for his new performers; and Mr. Salt had soon afterward the satisfaction of seeing Giovanni Belzoni appear on the stage, carrying twelve men on his arms and shoulders, while madame, in the costume of Cupid, stood at the top, as the apex of a pyramid, and waved a tiny crimson flag.

After some time, Mr. Salt went to Egypt as consul, and there became acquainted with Signor Drouetti. The two friends, equally enthusiastic on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, set to work to prosecute researches, with an ardor of rivalship which approached somewhat too nearly to jealousy. Each aspired to undertake the boldest expeditions, and to attempt the most hazardous excavations. But the great object of their ambition was an enormous bust of Memnon, in rose-colored granite, which lay half buried in the sand on the left bank of the Nile.

Signor Drouetti had failed in all his attempts to raise it, nor was Mr. Salt a whit more successful. One day, while the latter was thinking what a pity it was that such a precious monument should be left to perish by decay, a stranger asked to speak with him. Mr. Salt desired him to be admitted; and immediately, despite his visitor's Oriental garb and long beard, he recognized the Hercules of Astley's.

"What has brought you to Egypt?" asked the astonished consul.

"You shall hear, sir," replied the Italian. "After having completed my engagement in London, I set out for Lisbon, where I was employed by the manager of the theatre of San Carlo to perform the part of Samson, in a scriptural piece which had been arranged expressly for me. From thence I went to Madrid, where I appeared with applause in the theatre Della Puerta del Sol. After having collected a tolerable sum of money, I resolved to come here. My first object is to induce the Pasha to adopt an hydraulic machine for raising the waters of the Nile."

Mr. Salt then explained his wishes respecting the antiquities; but Belzoni, could not, he said, enter upon that till he had carried out his scheme of water-works.

He was accompanied, he said in continuation, by Mrs. Belzoni, and by an Irish lad of the name of James Curtain; and had reached Alexandria just as the plague was beginning to disappear from that city, as it always does on the approach of St. John's day, when, as almost every body knows, "out of respect for the saint," it entirely ceases. The state of the country was still very alarming, yet Mr. Belzoni and his little party ventured to land, and performed quarantine in the French quarter; where, though really very unwell, they were wise enough to disguise their situation; "for the plague is so dreadful a scourge," he observed, "and operates so powerfully on human fears and human prejudices, that, during its prevalence, if a man be ill, he must be ill of the plague, and if he die, he must have died of the plague."

Belzoni went straight to Cairo, where he was well received by Mr. Baghos, interpreter to Mohammed Ali, to whom Mr. Salt recommended him. Mr. Baghos immediately prepared to introduce him to the Pasha, that he might come to some arrangement respecting the hydraulic machine, which he proposed to construct for watering the gardens of the seraglio. As they were proceeding toward the palace, through one of the principal streets of Cairo, a fanatical Mussulman struck Mr. Belzoni so fiercely on the leg with his staff, that it tore away a large piece of flesh. The blow was severe, and the discharge of blood copious, and he was obliged to be conveyed home, where he remained under cure thirty days before he could support himself on the wounded leg. When able to leave the house, he was presented to the Pasha, who received him very civilly; but on being told of the misfortune which had happened to him, contented himself with coolly observing "that such accidents could not be avoided where there were troops."

An arrangement was immediately concluded for erecting a machine which was to raise as much water with one ox as the ordinary ones do with four. Mr. Belzoni soon found, however, that he had many prejudices to encounter, and many obstacles to overcome, on the part of those who were employed in the construction of the work, as well as of those who owned the cattle engaged in drawing water for the Pasha's gardens. The fate of a machine which had been sent from England taught him to augur no good for that which he had undertaken to construct. Though of the most costly description, and every way equal to perform what it was calculated to do, it had failed to answer the unreasonable expectations of the Turks – because "the quantity of water raised by it was not sufficient to inundate the whole country in an hour! – which was their measure of the power of an English water-wheel."

When that of Belzoni was completed, the Pasha proceeded to the gardens of Soubra to witness its effect. The machine was set to work, and, although constructed of bad materials, and of unskillful workmanship, its powers were greater than had been contracted for; yet the Arabs, from interested motives, declared against it. The Pasha, however, though evidently disappointed, admitted that it was equal to four of the ordinary kind, and, consequently, accorded with the agreement. Unluckily, he took it into his head to have the oxen removed, and, "by way of frolic," to see what effect could be produced by putting fifteen men into the wheel. The Irish lad got in with them; but no sooner had the wheel begun to turn than the Arabs jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, relieved from its load, flew back with such velocity, that poor Curtain was flung out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs; and, being entangled in the machinery, would, in all probability, have lost his life, had not Belzoni applied his prodigious strength to the wheel, and stopped it. The accident, however, was fatal to the project and to the future hopes of the projector.

At that time the insolence of the Turkish officers of the Pashalic was at its height, and the very sight of a "dog of a Christian" raised the ire of the more bigoted followers of the Prophet. While at Soubra, which is close to Cairo, Belzoni had a narrow escape from assassination. He relates the adventure in his work on Egypt:

"Some particular business calling me to Cairo. I was on my ass in one of the narrow streets, where I met a loaded camel. The space that remained between the camel and the wall was so little, that I could scarcely pass; and at that moment I was met by a Binbashi, a subaltern officer, at the head of his men. For the instant I was the only obstacle that prevented his proceeding on the road; and I could neither retreat nor turn round, to give him room to pass. Seeing it was a Frank who stopped his way, he gave me a violent blow on my stomach. Not being accustomed to put up with such salutations, I returned the compliment with my whip across his naked shoulders. Instantly he took his pistol out of his belt; I jumped off my ass; he retired about two yards, pulled the trigger, fired at my head, singed the hair near my right ear, and killed one of his own soldiers, who, by this time, had come behind me. Finding that he had missed his aim, he took a second pistol; but his own soldiers assailed and disarmed him. A great noise arose in the street, and, as it happened to be close to the seraglio in the Esbakie, some of the guards ran up; but on seeing what the matter was, they interfered and stopped the Binbashi. I thought my company was not wanted, so I mounted my charger, and rode off. I went to Mr. Baghos, and told him what had happened. We repaired immediately to the citadel, saw the Pasha, and related the circumstance to him. He was much concerned, and wished to know where the soldier was, but observed that it was too late that evening to have him taken up. However, he was apprehended the next day, and I never heard or knew any thing more about him. Such a lesson on the subject was not lost upon me; and I took good care, in future, not to give the least opportunity of the kind to men of that description, who can murder an European with as much indifference as they would kill an insect."

Ruined by the loss of all his savings, which he had spent in the construction of his water machines, Belzoni once more applied to Mr. Salt, and undertook the furtherance of his scheme, to convey to England the bust of Memnon. So eager was he, that the same day, the Italian set out for the ruins of Thebes, and hired a hundred natives, whom he made clear away the sand which half covered the stone colossus. With a large staff in his hand, Belzoni commanded his army of Mussulmans, directed their labors, astonished them with displays of his physical strength, learned to speak their language with marvelous facility, and speedily came to be regarded by them as a superior being, endowed with magical power.

One day, however, his money failed; and at the same time the rising of the Nile destroyed in two hours, the work of three months. The *fellahs* rebeled: one of them rushed toward Belzoni, intending to strike him with his dagger. The Italian coolly waited his approach, disarmed him; and then, seizing him by the feet, lifted him as though he had been a hazel wand, and began to inflict vigorous blows on the other insurgents with this novel and extemporary weapon of defense. The lesson was not thrown away: very speedily the *fellahs* returned to their duty; and after eighteen days' incessant labor, Memnon trembled at his base, and was moved toward the bank of the Nile.

The embarkation of this enormous statue presented difficulties almost as great as those which attended its disinterment and land transport. Nevertheless, the intelligence and perseverance of Belzoni surmounted every obstacle; and he brought his wondrous conquest to London, where its arrival produced a sensation similar to that caused more recently in Paris by the sight of the Obelisk of Luxor. Loaded with praise, and also with more substantial gifts, Belzoni, now become an important personage, returned to Egypt and to his friend Mr. Salt. The latter proposed to him to go up the Nile, and attempt the removal of the sand-hills which covered the principal portion of the magnificent temple of Ebsamboul. Belzoni readily consented, set out for Lower Nubia, ventured boldly among the savage tribes who wander through the sandy desert; returning to Thebes, he was rewarded, not only by the success of his special mission, but also by discovering the temple of Luxor.

In all his undertakings, however enterprising, Belzoni was aided and cheered by the presence of his wife. The expedition to Nubia was, however, thought too hazardous for her to undertake. But in the absence of her husband she was not idle; she dug up the statue of Jupiter Ammon, with the ram's head on his knee; which is now in the British Museum.

The temple of Luxor had been so completely and for so long a period, buried in sand, that even its existence remained unsuspected. It had been dedicated to Isis by the Queen of Rameses the Great; and the descriptions which travelers give of it, resemble those of the palaces in the "Arabian Nights." Four colossal figures, sixty-one feet in height, are seated in front. Eight others, forty-eight in height, and standing up, support the roof of the principal inner hall, in which gigantic bas-reliefs represent the whole history of Rameses. Sixteen other halls, scarcely smaller than the first, display, in all their primitive splendor, many gorgeous paintings, and the mysterious forms of myriads of statues.

After this discovery, Belzoni took up his temporary abode in the valley of *Biban el Mouloch* (Tombs of the Kings). He had already remarked there, among the rocks, a fissure of a peculiar form, and which was evidently the work of man. He caused this opening to be enlarged, and soon discovered the entrance to a long corridor, whose walls were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphical paintings. A deep fosse and a wall barred the further end of the cave; but he broke a passage through, and found a second vault, in which stood an alabaster sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics. He took possession of this and sent it safely to Europe. His own account of these difficulties is extremely interesting:

"Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the walls, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs, with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that can not be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downward, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling

from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways – some standing, some lying, and some on their heads."

Afterward, Belzoni traveled to the shores of the Red Sea, inspected the ruins of Berenice; then returned to Cairo, and directed excavations to be made at the bases of the great pyramids of Ghizeh; penetrated into that of Chephren – which had hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans – and discovered within it the sacred chamber where repose the hallowed bones of the bull Apis. The Valley of Faioum, the Lake Mœris, the ruins of Arsinoë, the sands of Libya, all yielded up their secrets to his dauntless spirit of research. He visited the oasis of El-Cassar, and the Fountain of the Sun; strangled in his arms two treacherous guides who tried to assassinate him; and then left Egypt, and returned to Padua with his wife.

The son of the humble barber had now become a rich and celebrated personage. A triumphal entry was prepared for him; and the municipal authorities of his native city met him at the gate, and presented him with an address. Manfredini was commissioned to engrave a medal which should commemorate the history of the illustrious traveler. England, however, soon claimed him; and on his arrival in London, he was received with the same honors as in his own country. Then he published an account of his travels, under the following title: "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries in the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Cities of Egypt and Nubia, &c."

In 1822, Belzoni returned to Africa, with the intention of penetrating to Timbuctoo. Passing in the following year from the Bight of Benin toward Houssa, he was attacked with dysentery; was carried back to Gato, and thence put on board an English vessel lying off the coast. There, with much firmness and resignation, he prepared to meet his end. He intrusted the captain with a large amethyst to be given to his wife, and also with a letter which he wrote to his companion through good and evil days. Soon afterward, he breathed his last. They buried him at Gato, at the foot of a large tree, and engraved on his tomb the following epitaph in English —

"*Here lies Belzoni, who died at this place, on his way to Timbuctoo, December 3d, 1823.*"

Belzoni was but forty-five years old when he died. A statue of him was erected at Padua, on the 4th of July, 1827. Very recently, the government of Great Britain bestowed on his widow the tardy solace of a small pension.

Giovanni Belzoni, the once starving mountebank, became one of the most illustrious men in Europe! – an encouraging example to all those who have not only sound heads to project, but stout hearts to execute.

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES. – AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 613.)

PART THE SECOND – NOON

V

To reason upon the effects of the discovery, or confession of our feelings, was not a process for which either of us was qualified by temperament or inclination. We did not pause to consider whether it was prudent to take our hearts and natures for granted all at once, and risk upon the strange delight of a single moment of luxurious emotion the happiness, perhaps, of a whole lifetime. We did not stop to ask if there were any obstacles in the way, any jarring chords to be attuned, any thing to be known or thought of into which our position demanded a scrutiny. We resigned ourselves at once to our impulses. We believed that we had seen enough of the world, and were strong enough in our self-sustaining power, and clear enough in our penetration, to dispense with ordinary safeguards, and act as if we were superior to them. We made our own world, and so went on as if we could control the planet in which we lived at our own will and pleasure.

I soon perceived that my attentions to Astræa had become a subject of much remark. The peering coterie about us were so vigilant in matters of that kind, that, as it appeared afterward, they had found out the fact before it had taken place. For my own part, there was nobody half so much surprised at the circumstance as I was myself. I believed that the heart, like that plant which is said to blow once and die, was incapable of a second growth of love; but I now felt the fallacy of that doctrine, and was at first humiliated by the discovery. It struck me like a great heresy against truth and purity; it seemed to lay bare before me the corruptibility and feebleness of poor human nature. To strive against it, however, was idle. The second growth was in full flower, yet with a difference from the first, which I could detect even against the grain of the passion that was subjugating me. I felt that the second growth was less simple and devotional than the first; that it had more exuberance, and was of a wilder character; that it struck not its roots so deeply, but spread its blossoms more widely; that it was less engrossing, but more agitating; that it was cultivated with greater consciousness and premeditation, risked with more caution, fed with more prudence, and tended more constantly – but all with a lesser waste of the imagination; that its delights were more fervid but less appeasing; that it looked not so much into the future with hope and promise, as it filled the present with rapture; that its memories were neither so sad nor so vivid, and that it let in caprice, and vanity, and unreasonableness, and self-love, and the world's esteem, which are all as dust in the balance, or a feather in the whirlwind, to impetuous love. I was amazed to find myself a daily waiter upon beauty. Yet so it was. The vision of Gertrude was now gone from my path – the spectre had vanished in the broad light of the new passion.

Still, while I paid my court to Astræa, it was not with any intention of publicity, but furtively, as if a private dread hung over us, or as if we thought it pleasanter to vail our feelings from observation. We understood each other in silent looks, which we supposed to be unintelligible to every body else; she seemed to avoid, designedly, all appearance of interest in me, and sometimes played the part to such admiration, as to give me not a few passing pangs of doubt and uneasiness; and I, seeing how scrupulous she was on that point, and not choosing to incur rude jests at her expense, was equally unwilling to betray a feeling which was rendered the more delicious by secrecy. We imagined ourselves secure; but neither of us could have had much worldly sagacity or we must have known that all our caution was fruitless. Basilisks' eyes were around us, and we trod a path beset with serpents. Fortunately we were both looked up to as persons who could not be approached with familiarity; and that preserved us from the open badinage to which others, in similar circumstances, might have been subjected.

Alone, and liberated from this vexatious surveillance, we gave free vent to our thoughts. The suddenness of our new confidence, and the rapidity with which we already shaped its issues, bewildered us by the intensity of the emotions that came crowding for speech and explanation. Astræa sometimes had misgivings, although she never knew how to give them a definite form. One day she said to me, "We are wrong in giving way to this feeling. It is not a love likely to procure us peace.

I say this to you because I feel it – perhaps, because I know it; but I confess myself unable to argue upon a question upon which my reason, my whole being is held in suspense. I say so, simply because I ought to say so, and not because I am prepared of myself to act, or even to advise. I am like a leaf in a tempest, and can not guide myself. I yield to the irresistible power that has swept me from the firm land, and deprived me of the strength to regain it."

I fancied that this left me but one course to take, and I replied, "We have pronounced our destiny, Astræa, for good or for evil. We ought to have no choice but to abide by it. If you do not fail in your faith, mine is irrevocable."

At these words she looked gravely at me, and answered,

"My faith dies with me. It is a part of my life. It was not taken up in an hour, to be as lightly thrown aside. Without it, life would be insupportable; with it, life in any shape of seclusion, privation, banishment, contains all the blessings I covet upon earth. It was not for that, or of that I spoke. Understand me clearly, and put no construction on my words outside their plain and ordinary meaning. All I ask, all that is necessary for me is your society; to hear you speak, to drink in the words of kindness and power that flow from your lips, to be ever near you, to tend, solace, and console you. I should be content to enjoy the privilege of seeing that you were happy, without even aspiring to the higher glory of creating happiness for you. That is my nature – capable of a wider range, and a loftier flight, but happiest in its devotion. In any capacity I will serve you – and feel that the servitude of love is dominion!"

So firm and constant was the character of Astræa, tinged with a romantic inspiration, that all this homage was serious and real, and issued gravely from her heart through her lips. She meant every syllable she spoke in its true sense; and I felt that she was ready to fulfill it, and sustain it to the end. She believed that all endurances were possible for love's sake, and that she could even enact miracles of stoicism in the strength of her fidelity.

For many months our intercourse, always thus sophisticating its aims and interpretations, was carried on in secret. We had become necessary to each other; but being still shut up in our mystery, we had not made as much advance toward any definite result as one single moment of disclosure to the people we were among would have inevitably compelled us to decide upon. We were very prudent in our outward bearing, and hardly aware of the avidity with which the concealed passion was devouring our hearts.

The dwarf followed me, and hovered about me more than ever. But I learned to bear with him on account of his being in the house with Astræa. Any body who was constantly in her society, and admitted to terms of intimacy with her, was welcome to me – as relics from the altar of a saint are welcome to the devotee, or a leaf snatched, from a tree in the haunts of home is welcome to the exile. It was a pleasure when I met him even to ask for Astræa, to have an excuse for uttering her name, or to hear him speak of her, or to speak of her myself, or to talk of any thing that we had before talked of together. Such are the resources, the feints, the stratagems, the foibles of love!

VI

One night my indefatigable Mephistophiles took me to a tavern. He was in a vagrant mood, and I indulged him.

"Come, we shall see life to-night," he said.

"With all my heart," I replied. It was not much to my taste, but I fancied there was something unusual in his manner, and my curiosity was awakened to see what it would lead to.

We entered a bustling and brilliantly-lighted house. Numerous guests were scattered about at different tables, variously engaged in getting rid of time at the smallest possible cost of reflection. The dwarf sauntered through the room, whispered a waiter, and, beckoning me to follow, led the way up-stairs to a lesser apartment, where we found ourselves alone.

"You will not see much life here," I observed, rather surprised at his selection of a secluded room in preference to the lively *salon* through which we had just passed.

"We can make our own life," he answered, with a sarcastic twinge of the mouth, "and imagine more things in five minutes than we should see or hear below in a month."

I thought this very odd. It looked as if he had some concealed motive; but I acquiesced in his notion, and was secretly pleased, not less at the exchange of the din and riot for ease and quietness, than at the opportunity it opened to him for the free play of the humor, whatever it was, that I could plainly see was working upon him.

We drank freely – that was a great resource with him when he was in a mood of extravagance – talked rapidly about a chaos of things, laughed loudly, and in the pauses of the strange revel relapsed every now and then into silence and abstraction. During these brief and sudden intervals, the dwarf would amuse himself by drawing uncouth lines on the table, with his head hanging over them, as if his thoughts were elsewhere engaged, and the unintelligible pastime of his fingers were resorted to only to hide them.

I could not tell why it was, but I felt uneasy and restless. My companion appeared to me like a man who was mentally laboring at some revelation, yet did not know how to begin it. He was constantly talking at something that was evidently troubling his mind, yet he still evaded his own purpose, as if he did not like the task to which he had set himself. Throughout the whole time he never mentioned Astræa's name, and this circumstance gave me additional cause for suspicion.

At last, summoning up all his energy, and fixing himself with the points of his elbows on the table, and his long, wiry hands, which looked like talons, stretched up into his elfin hair at each side of his face, while his eyes, shooting out their malignant fires, were riveted upon me to scan the effect of what he was about to say, he suddenly exclaimed,

"You have been remarked in your attentions to Astræa."

The mystery was out. And what was there in it, after all? I was a free agent, and so was Astræa. Why should he make so much theatrical parade about so very simple a business?

"Well!" I exclaimed, scarcely able to repress a smile, which the exaggerated earnestness of his manner excited.

"Well! You acknowledge that it is so?"

"Acknowledge? Why should I either acknowledge or deny it? There is no treason in it; the lady is the best judge – let me add, the only judge – of any attentions I may have paid to her."

"But I say you have been remarked – it has been spoken of – it is already a common topic of conversation."

"Indeed! A common topic of conversation! Well, I have no objection, provided my good-natured friends do not say any thing injurious, or wound the lady's feelings by an improper use of my name."

He paused for a moment, and lowering his voice, then went on,

"You never said any thing of this before."

"Why should I? The inquiry was never made of me before."

"I have made no inquiry," he retorted. "I didn't ask you to confess. You have avowed it all yourself, unconsciously."

I felt that the dwarf was getting serious, and that he was likely to make me more in earnest before he was done than I had at first anticipated. I saw the necessity of showing him at once that I would not brook his interference, and I addressed him in a more deliberate tone than I had hitherto adopted.

"Allow me to ask," I demanded, "what interest you may take in this matter, and by what right you assume the office of interrogating me so authoritatively?"

"By what right?" he answered. "My right to do so is rather clearer than your right to refuse an explanation. You met her at my mother's house – you meet her there. She is under our roof, under our guardianship and protection. That gives me the right. It is not pleasant to interfere in this way; but I am called upon to do so by my position, and I delayed it in the hope that you would render it unnecessary."

"Why should you hope so? Why should you desire any explanation on the subject? The lady is her own mistress: she is under your roof, it is true; but not under your control. The same thing might happen under any other roof, and nobody would thereby acquire a right to interfere in a matter that concerns her alone. You will surely see the propriety of not suffering your curiosity to meddle any further in the affair?"

"Meddle!" he reiterated; "control! Are these the phrases with which you taunt me? But," dropping his voice again, he added, "you are right in suggesting that I have discharged my office when I demand, to what end those very marked attentions are paid to Astræa?"

"You make an unwarrantable demand, and you shall have a fitting answer to it; and my answer is, that to Astræa alone will I confide my confession, as you call it. She is old enough and wise enough to think and act for herself; nor will I consent to compromise my respect for her understanding by admitting that she requires an arbitrator – perhaps I ought to say, champion."

"Have a care," he replied, kindling up all at once into a sort of frenzy – "have a care what you say or do. You move in darkness – you tread on smothered fire."

"Do you threaten me?" said I.

"No; I do not threaten you. Look at your arm and mine – compare your muscles with my shrunken and stunted frame," he cried, with an expression of pain and bitterness; "I do not threaten you, but I warn you – mark me, I warn you! Heed my warning, I beseech, I implore you – nay, heed it for your life!"

I could not but admire the sibyl-like grandeur of his head and outstretched arms as he uttered these strange words. His voice was hoarse with some surging emotion; and if so poor a creature could have been the recipient of a supernatural inspiration, he might have sat at that moment for the portrait of one of the deformed soothsayers in a tale of magic.

"Do I understand you correctly?" said I; "or are you only playing off some new freak upon me? Answer me frankly one question, and I shall be better able to comprehend the meaning of your mysterious menace. Are you – but I know it is absurd, I feel that the question is very ridiculous, only that your reply to it will, perhaps, set us both right – do you love Astræa? I really can not conceive any thing short of some such feeling to justify this violence."

"Love her? *I* love *Astræa?* If there be a mortal I hate in the core of my heart, it is Astræa. Are you satisfied?" he replied, with an expression of fiendish satisfaction in his face, as if he were glad of the excuse for giving vent to his malignity.

"Hate her?" said I, calmly; "that is unreasonable: but the whole discussion is unreasonable. I have given you my answer; none other shall you have from me. So, good-night."

"One word," he said, leaping out of his chair into the middle of the room. "One word before you go. I am a dwarf – do not delude yourself into any contempt of me on that account. I know as

well as you do my disadvantages in the world; I am as conscious as you are of my physical defects and shortcomings, my distorted spine, and the parsimony of nature in all particulars when she made me. But I have passions like other men; and I pursue them like other men, only, as I am shut out from the summary and open process, I am compelled, perchance, to the choice of dark and crooked means. Perhaps, too, my passions are all the more turbulent and dangerous because they are pent up in an incapable frame, and denied the vents and appliances which men like you have at their command. Mark me! see Astræa no more. Let your last interview with her be your last forever. Enter our house no more; that interdict, at least, I have a right to pronounce. But for myself, and from myself, and apart from the privilege of my own roof, I warn you at your peril, and on my own responsibility, never to see Astræa again."

"Are you mad?" I exclaimed. "Never to see Astræa again! To forsake her society at your bidding! Wherefore do you make this monstrous demand? Do you not feel how preposterous it is to thrust yourself into a quarrel with me in a matter which not only does not concern you, but which involves the feelings, perhaps the whole future happiness, of a person whom you have just ostentatiously declared is the object of your hate?"

"I make no quarrel with you," he answered; "I will not quarrel with you. I should be mad, indeed, if I did. What! set myself against your thews and sinews? No, no – I break no bones with you – but I tell you, once again, your fate is in my hands. I am your destiny, if you will have it so. You may trample on the oracle; but you can not, with all your show of bravery and your proud pretensions, with the lady, too, in triumph on your side, escape its denunciations."

"Did you, or did you not," I inquired, bewildered by his language, and not quite satisfied that he was in possession of his senses, "did you, or did you not, observe those attentions some months ago of which you now complain for the first time?"

"I did," he answered.

"And why did you not then speak to me on the subject?"

"Because it wasn't ripe!"

"Ripe? If you have any meaning in these obscure hints, why do you not explain it for your own sake, since you can not believe that I will submit patiently to your insane threats? Again I ask you, did you, or did you not, promote these attentions by every artifice and suggestion in your power?"

"I did."

"Did you not watch them anxiously, forward them daily, and exult in their progress, until you became secretly convinced that both Astræa's feelings and mine were engaged beyond recall?"

"I did – I did – I did!" roared the dwarf.

"Did you not produce this very result yourself? Did you not seek it, urge it, fan it to its height, and even glory in the flame you had nursed so cunningly?"

"I did – I did – I did!" he shrieked, his whole body seeming to take part in the frenzy that convulsed him.

"Fiend!" I cried; "inexplicable devil! what would you have, then? What is your aim in thus coming with your curses between us?"

"You shall never know," he replied, "unless to deplore it to the last hour of your life. You can never know unless you outrage my will. I have the power to make you wretched forever, to blight and destroy you. And if you treat my warning with contempt, I will do it without fail, without mercy, without remorse. The jester who has contributed so largely to your entertainment, and furnished such a delectable theme for your secret and cowardly mockery, will shoot a bolt of a graver cast when you least expect it, and think yourself most secure. Mark me – note me well. These are not words of rage, or transient passion: remember them, be wise, and look to your safety. See Astræa no more. With this I leave you. Our next meeting must be of your making."

I was alone. Overwhelmed and awed by the demoniacal maledictions of the wretched creature whom I had hitherto so intensely despised, I knew not what to think, or how to act. He had assumed a

fresh shape, more marvelous than any he had hitherto put on in the whole round of his extraordinary mummery. The raillery and tipsy recklessness which appeared constitutional in him had suddenly passed away, leaving not a solitary trace behind. Even his figure, while he had been speaking, seemed to heave with a new life, and to dilate into unnatural dimensions. I was perplexed to the last extremity; not that the malice of the demon could scare me from my resolves, but that his motives were so impenetrable as to suffer no clew to escape by which I could discover the evil purpose that lay at the bottom.

It was not the machination or revenge of a disappointed suitor. He never could have aspired to a hope of Astræa, and he avowed his aversion to her. She was ignorant of all this bravado about her; and would be even more indignant to hear of it than I was to suffer it. I resolved, therefore, not to insult her by revealing it to her. Fortunately, I had made an appointment to meet her alone on the following day. That meeting would decide every thing. She might, perhaps, throw some light upon what was at present a profound mystery to me. At all events, my course was clear. Under the circumstances in which I was placed, I felt that there lay but one alternative before me.

VII

My resolution was taken, as I thought, very composedly. I tried to persuade myself that I was not in the least ruffled or agitated by the scene I had passed through; but I was secretly conscious, notwithstanding, of a vague dread which I endeavored in vain to stifle. The defiance which the dwarf had so insolently flung at me, the contrast he drew between his shriveled frame and my physical advantages, and the Satanic pride with which he rose superior to his wretched deformities, gave me no slight cause for uneasiness, although I could not analyze the nature of the fear that possessed me. All through the night I abandoned myself to the wildest speculations upon the unaccountable conduct and designs of my arch-enemy; but as morning advanced that oppressive train of reflections gave way to more agreeable thoughts, just as the hideous images of the night-mare vanish before the approach of day.

The prospect of meeting Astræa excluded all other considerations. As impediments to the flow of a current only serve to increase its force, so the opposition which the dwarf had thrown in my way gave an additional impetus to my feelings. The very publicity which our intercourse had attracted altered our relations to each other. It was no longer possible to indulge in the romantic dreams, secret looks, and stolen conversations with which we had hitherto pampered our imagination; it was necessary to act. I felt the responsibility that was thus cast upon me; and I confess that I was rather obliged to my villainous Mephistophiles than angry with him for having, as it were, brought all my wayward raptures to so immediate and decisive a conclusion. As to his anathemas and warnings, I treated them as so much buffoonery on the wrong side of the grotesque. In short, I was too much engrossed by the approaching interview, and too much intoxicated by the contemplation of the result to which it inevitably led, to think at all about that imp of darkness and his ludicrous fulminations. Astræa occupied brain and heart, and left no room for my tormentor.

I fancied she looked unusually happy that morning; but not so happy as I was, not so disturbed and unsettled by happiness. She was perfectly tranquil, and it was evident that nothing had transpired in the interval to awaken a suspicion of what had occurred between me and the dwarf. She observed at once that a change had taken place in my manner.

"You are in marvelously high spirits to-day," she said; "but this exuberant gayety is not quite natural to you."

"High spirits! I am not conscious of it."

"So much the worse," she replied; then, placing her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly at me, she added, "something has happened since I saw you. What is it? It would be wrong, and useless as well as wrong, to affect to deny it."

I had noticed at times in Astræa an air of solemnity, which would fall upon her face like a shadow, slowly receding again before its habitual, but always subdued brightness; and occasionally I imagined that I detected a sudden and brief sternness in her eyes, which conveyed an impression that she was interrogating with their concentrated rays, the concealed thoughts of the person upon whom they were directed. These were some of the outward signs of that mystery of her nature which I never could penetrate. Upon this occasion a world of latent doubts and suspicions appeared to be condensed in her look. It seemed as if in that single glance she read the whole incident which, to spare her feelings, I was so unwilling to disclose.

"What do you suppose, Astræa," I inquired, "can have happened since I saw you?"

"You are not candid with me," she returned. "I ask you a question, and you answer by asking me another. If nothing has happened, you can easily satisfy me; if it be otherwise, and you are silent, I must draw my own conclusions."

"Whatever conclusions you draw, Astræa, I know you have too firm a reliance on my truth and devotion not to believe that I am actuated by the purest motives. Have I not always been sincere and frank with you?"

"Always."

"Have you not an implicit confidence in the steadfastness of my love?"

"Were it otherwise, should I be now standing here questioning you, or should there be need of questions of this kind between us? Confidence! Why am I so sensitive to the slightest fluctuations of tone and manner I observe in you, and where do I derive the intuitive perception of their meanings? Love must have confidence! But it has instincts also. I feel there is something – I am sure of it – but I will urge you no further. It is not, perhaps, for your happiness or mine that I should seek to know."

"Astræa," I exclaimed, passionately, "there is nothing I would conceal from you that I think you ought to know, or that would make you happier to know; and if I have any reserve from you, it is for your sake, and you must ascribe it to the tenderness of my regard for you."

"For *my* sake?" she repeated, with a slightly terrified and curious expression.

"Now listen to me; I have something to say to you which is of more importance to us both than these wise, loving conjectures of yours. Take my arm, and let us get into the Park."

We were near one of the inclosures of the Regent's Park; and when we reached a more secluded place, I resumed:

"First of all, I should like to have your own unbiased opinion about your friends with whom you are residing. Have you observed any change in their manner toward you?"

"Change? None whatever."

"Do you think – I mean from any thing you have yourself noticed – that they have watched our actions or been inquisitive in our affairs?"

She looked inquiringly at me, and hesitated.

"I think it would be impossible to be much with them and escape their *persiflage*, let us act as we might. But beyond that sort of idle criticism which they deal out indiscriminately to every body, I have observed nothing. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have reason to believe that my attentions to you have attracted more observation than either of us suspected; and that, in fact, they have made such remarks on us as no longer leaves our future course at our own time or option."

"You have reason to believe this?"

"The best possible reason."

"Who is your authority?"

"Will you not accept my own authority, without seeking further?"

"No. It is not a time to hold back from any false delicacy to me, or any mistaken respect for the confidence of others. Beware of such confidences, if there be any. They are not meant for your peace or mine, but to plunge us both into an abyss in which we shall be left to perish. I must know all. I am entitled to know it. If your love be a hundredth part as strong and devoted, and as prepared for sacrifice as mine, you will place a full and entire trust in me."

"And I do. You shall know all; but I must exact a solemn promise from you, before I tell you how, and in what manner, this information was communicated to me. It is impossible for me to foresee how it may affect or wound your feelings; and it is due to me, if I yield to your request against my own judgment, that you should pledge yourself, be the consequences what they may, to give me a public right to protect you against the further malignity – I can not call it by any milder term – of your enemies and mine."

She was deeply affected by this request, which was spoken in so low and tremulous a voice, so burdened with a painful earnestness, that she appeared to gather from it the final conviction that upon her answer depended the future happiness or misery of our lives. I confess, for my own part, that the pause which ensued, during which she almost unconsciously repeated to herself, "Be the

consequences what they may!" was to me harrowing beyond expression. It seemed as if there was some sinister influence at work to destroy us both; and that even the immediate prospect of our union was not sufficient to allay the terror that influence inspired, and into the causes and springs of which I now began to imagine she had a clearer insight than I had previously suspected. But I was steeped in a tumultuous passion, which would not suffer me to investigate intervening difficulties. What the source of her terror was I knew not; mine arose only from the apprehension of losing her; and to have secured her at that moment, looking as she did, in the agitation that gave such a wild lustre to her eyes, more lovely than ever, I would have cheerfully relinquished every thing else in the world. So far from being anxious to have the cause of her fears and hesitation cleared up, I was in the utmost alarm lest she should enter upon an explanation that might delay the consummation of my wishes. I sought only an affirmative reply to my request, which, come what might, would make her mine forever.

She loosened herself from my arm, and walked apart from me in silence. This action, and the sort of panic it indicated, filled me with alarm.

"Astræa, you have not answered my question. What is the reason of your silence?"

"Be the consequences what they may!" she reiterated. "I did not think of that, but it is right I should. I should have thought of it before – I did think of it; but of what avail, while I suffered myself to indulge in a dream which that thought ought to have dispelled?"

"You speak in a language that is unintelligible to me; but there is no time now for explanations. We must decide, Astræa, at once, for to-day and forever. I only ask your explicit pledge. Let us reserve explanations for hereafter."

"You say this in ignorance of what awaits you. I feel that I ought not to make any pledge until – " and she hesitated again.

"If I am satisfied to take your pledge, and all consequences with it, and to repay it with the devotion of my life, why, beloved Astræa, should you hesitate? Let the responsibility fall on me – of that another time. Every hour is precious now, and you will understand why I urge you so impatiently when I tell you that I can never again enter the house where you are now residing."

"I knew it. I saw it clearly from the first word you uttered. It was revealed to me in the very tone of your voice. Now hear me patiently. Your peace, your honor, all feelings that contribute to the respect and happiness of life, are at stake upon this moment."

The determination of her manner left me no choice but to listen.

"Are you prepared to risk all other ties, obligations, and prospects, in the consummation of this one object? to hazard friends, opinion, the world – perhaps it may be, to sacrifice them for the love that has grown up between us, and which, for good or evil, must this day bind us together, or sever us for the rest of our lives?"

"What a question to put to me! The 'world!' it is ashes without you. I tell you, Astræa, that if the choice lay between the grave and the single word that would sunder us, I would die rather than utter it. I don't know what your question implies – I don't seek to know; and would prefer to remain ignorant of it, that I may the more clearly prove to you the depth of my trust and devotion, which will be satisfied with the simple pledge that makes you mine. That, at least, you have in your own power; let me answer for the rest."

"Consider well what you are saying. Is your love strong enough to bear the hazards I have pointed out? Search your own nature – look into your pride, your sensitiveness to neglect and censure, your high sense of personal dignity. I have seen how ill you can brook slight affronts – do you believe that your love will enable you to bear great ones – scorn, contumely, perhaps opprobrium? Think, think, and weigh well your decision."

"Astræa, you put me upon the rack. I have no other answer to give. For you, and for your sake, come what may, I am ready to risk all!"

"For me and for my sake, if it be necessary, to forsake the world? to relinquish friends and kindred? to dedicate yourself in solitude to her who, in solitude, would be content to find her whole

world in you? To do this, without repining, without looking back with anguish and remorse upon the sacrifices you had made, without a regret or a reproach? A woman can do this. Is it so sure there lives a man equal to such trials?"

"If these sacrifices be imperative upon us, we make them together. There can be nothing for either of us to reproach the other with. And as to the solitude you speak of, my heart yearns for it. It is in that solitude we can the more fully understand and develop the profound devotion that shall have drawn us into it. I am sick of the world – weary and tired of it, and longing for the repose which you alone can consecrate. It will be no sacrifice to abandon the world for you. Sacrifice, my Astræa? it will be the crowning happiness of my life!"

"And you are confident that you can depend upon the firmness of your resolution? I do not ask this for my own sake – for I know myself, what I can suffer and outlive – but for yours."

"I solemnly and finally answer, that no earthly influence can shake my resolution."

"Then," said Astræa, placing her hand in mine, and in a grave voice, laden with emotion, "I am yours forever. Henceforth, I owe no allegiance elsewhere – here, in the sight of Heaven, I pledge my faith to you, and hold the compact as binding as if at this moment it were plighted at the altar."

I was transported with the earnestness of these words, and covering her hand with kisses, I exclaimed —

"And I ratify it, Astræa, my own Astræa, with my whole heart. Now, who shall divide us? We are one, and no human power can part us."

I then related to her the circumstances that had taken place the preceding evening. She heard me throughout with a calmness that surprised me. I expected that the extraordinary conduct of the dwarf would have excited her indignation; but she seemed to know him better than I did, and although I could perceive a heavy flush sometimes rush into her cheeks, and a sudden pallor succeed it, the narrative of his mysterious menaces did not appear to produce half as much astonishment in her mind as it did in mine.

"We will talk of this another time," she observed; "at present we must think of ourselves. I know his character – I know the demoniac revenge he is capable of; and, for our own safety, we must avoid him."

"Revenge!" I echoed. The phrase coming from Astræa fell strangely on my ears.

"I will leave the house to-morrow; but, for your sake, I will hold no communication with you till I am beyond his reach. Once assured of that, I will write to you, and you will come to me. This is the only act I will ask to take upon my own responsibility, and I do so because it will secure our mutual safety. From that hour I shall be implicitly guided by you."

I should have been glad to have adopted a different course, and to have claimed her openly. My pride, wounded by the insolent denunciations of the dwarf, demanded a more public vindication of her independence and mine; and this stolen flight, and the necessity it imposed upon me of observing a similar caution in my own movements, looked so like fear and evasion that I submitted to it very reluctantly. The notion of concealment and secrecy galled me, and even at this moment, when my happiness was on the eve of consummation, it gave me a thrill of uneasiness that cast an oppressive shadow over the future. Astræa, however, had evidently a strong reason for insisting on privacy, and I was too anxious about hastening our union to throw any new obstacle in the way of its accomplishment.

We separated in the Park, Astræa being unwilling to suffer me to escort her any further lest we should be seen together. This little incident, trifling as it was, increased the nervous annoyance and sense of humiliation I felt at being required to act as if I had any fear of the results; nor could I comprehend why she should be so much alarmed at being seen walking with me alone, when she knew that in a few days we should be indissolubly united. But I submitted to her wishes. Passion is willful and unreasonable, and takes a wayward pleasure in shutting its eyes, and rushing onward in the

dare. I stifled my vexation in the anticipation of the joy that lay before me, which would be victory enough over the impotent hatred of Mephistophiles.

VIII

Throughout the whole of the next day I waited anxiously in the expectation of hearing from Astræa. Evening came and passed, and there was no communication. When the last post-hour was gone by, and all hope of a letter was at an end, I ventured into the streets, hoping to gather some signs of her movements from the outside of her house. The blinds were down as usual in the drawing-room windows, and there seemed to be rather an extraordinary flush of lights within, as if some commotion was going forward. I could see huge, shapeless shadows of people moving about the room, in great bustle and excitement; and it appeared to me, from the frequency and confusion of then: motions, that the ordinary family party was augmented by additional numbers. The gathering, whatever it might have been, was not for festivity; and the constant swaying backward and forward, and vehement tossing of long streaks of heads and arms on the blinds, resembled the action of a violent domestic scene, in which the angry passions were strenuously engaged. I hardly knew what to conclude from this incoherent pantomime. Either Astræa was there, in the midst of a stormy contention; or she had left the house, and they were disputing furiously over the causes of her departure.

After I had been some time watching this unintelligible phantasmagoria, and vainly endeavoring to collect a meaning for it, the hall-door opened, and in the momentary gleam of light that shot into the street I saw the dwarf issuing out, muffled to the ears in a cloak. He stood for a moment on the pavement, and adjusting his cloak more carefully about his face, and crushing his hat down over his eyes, he set off at a quick pace in an opposite direction to that part of the street where I was standing. I confess I felt ashamed of the espionage in which I was occupied, and although I followed my mercurial fiend at a safe distance, for the distinct purpose of earthing him wherever he was going, I by no means liked the office which a sort of fatality had forced upon me. But I was somewhat reconciled to it by a secret conviction that the abominable little demon had himself come out upon an equally discreditable expedition, which I soon detected from the infinite pains he took to elude observation.

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