

VARIOUS

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WHAT SHALL BE THE END?

If we look to the development of slavery the past thirty years, we shall see that the ideas of Calhoun respecting State Sovereignty have had a mighty influence in gradually preparing the slave States for the course which they have taken. Slavery, in its political power, has steadily become more aggressive in its demands. A morbid jealousy of Northern enterprise and thrift, with the contrast more vivid from year to year, of the immeasurable superiority of free labor, has brought about a growing aversion, in the South, to the free States, until with every opportunity presented for pro-slavery extension, there has resulted the present organized combination of slave States that have seceded from the Union. When the mind goes back to the early formation of our Government and the adoption of the Constitution, it will be found that an entire revolution of opinion and feeling has taken place upon the subject of slavery. From being regarded, as formerly, an evil by the South, it is now proclaimed a blessing; from being viewed as opposed to the

whole spirit and teachings of the Bible, it is now thought to be of divine sanction; from being regarded as opposed to political liberty, and the elevation of the masses, the popular doctrine now is, that slavery is the corner-stone of republican institutions, and essential for a manly development of character upon the part of the white population. Formerly slavery was looked upon as peculiarly pernicious to the diffusion of wealth and the progress of national greatness; now the South is intoxicated with ideas of the profitableness of slave labor, and the power of King Cotton in controlling the exchanges of the world. And the same change has taken place in relation to the African slave-trade. While the laws of the land brand as piracy the capture of negroes upon their native soil, and the transportation of them over the ocean, it is nevertheless true that a mighty change in Southern opinion has taken place in respect to the character of this business. It is not looked upon with the same horror as formerly. It is apologized for, and in some places openly defended as a measure indispensable to the prosperity of the cotton States. As a natural inference from the theory of those who hold to the views of Calhoun upon State sovereignty, the doctrine of coercion in any form by the Federal Union is denounced, and to attempt to put it in practice even so far as the protection of national property is concerned, is construed into a war upon the South. Thus, while it is perfectly proper for the slave States to steal, and plunder the nation of its property, to leave the Union at their pleasure, and to do every thing in their power to destroy the unity of the

National Government, it is made out that to attempt to recover the property of the Federal Union is unjustifiable aggression upon the slave States. Thus we see eleven States in a confederate capacity openly making war upon the Federal Government, and compelling it either into a disgraceful surrender of its rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, or war for self-defense. Fort Sumter was not allowed to be provisioned, nor was there any disposition manifested to permit its possession in any manner honorable to the Government, although its exclusive property. It must be surrendered unconditionally, or be attacked.

The worst feature connected with the secession movement is the hot haste with which the most important questions connected with the interests of the people are hurried through. The ordinance of secession is not fairly submitted to the people, but a mere oligarchy of desperate men themselves assume to declare war, and exercise all the prerogatives of an independent and sovereign government. And yet the terms submitted in the Crittenden Resolutions as a peace-offering to the seceding States to win them back by concessions from the North, present a spectacle quite as mournful for the cause of national unity and dignity as the open rebellion of the seceding States. The professed aim of these States is either a reconstruction of the Constitution in a way that shall nationalize slavery and give it supreme control, or a forcible disruption of the Union. What are the terms proposed that alone appear to satisfy the South? They may be briefly comprehended in a short extract from a

speech delivered by Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, February 21, 1861:

'But the Senator from Kentucky asks us of the North by irrepealable constitutional amendments to recognize and protect slavery in the Territories now existing, or hereafter acquired south of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes; to deny power to the Federal Government to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, in the forts, arsenals, navy-yards, and places under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress; to deny the National Government all power to hinder the transit of slaves through one State to another; to take from persons of the African race the elective franchise, and to purchase territory in South-America, or Africa, and send there, at the expense of the Treasury of the United States, such free negroes as the States may desire removed from their limits. And what does the Senator propose to concede to us of the North? The prohibition of slavery in Territories north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, where no one asks for its inhibition, where it has been made impossible by the victory of Freedom in Kansas, and the equalization of the fees of the slave Commissioners.'

Here we have the true position in which the free States are placed toward the slaveholding States. Seven States openly throw off all allegiance to the Federal Union, do not even profess to be willing to come back upon any terms, and then such conditions are proposed by the other slaveholding States as leads to the repudiation of the Constitution in its whole spirit and

import upon the subject of slavery. The alternative, in reality, is either civil war or the surrender of the Constitution into the hands of pro-slavery men to be molded just as it may suit their convenience. The price they ask for peace is simply the liberty to have their own way, and that the majority should be willing to submit to the minority. They aim for a reconstruction of the Union that shall incorporate the Dred Scott decision into the whole policy of the Government and make slavery the supreme power of the country, and all other interests subservient to it. The North has its choice of two evils—unconditional and unqualified submission to the demands of slavery, or civil war. It is expected, since the country has yielded step by step to the exactions of slavery ever since the Government was instituted, that the free States will keep on yielding until the South has nothing more to ask for, and the North has nothing more to give. With such a servile compliance, the free States are assured that they will have no difficulty in keeping the peace. But the question to be decided is: Is such a kind of peace worth the price demanded for it? May it not be true that great as is the evil of civil war, it is less an evil than an unresisting acquiescence to the exactions of slavery, and the admission that any State that pleases can leave the Union? The theory of secession involves, if admitted, a greater disaster to the Federal Union than even the slow eating at its vitals of the cancer of slavery. National unity, one country, the sovereignty of the Constitution, are all sacrificed by secession. It involves in it either the worst anarchy or the worst despotism. United,

the States can stand, and command the respect of the world, but secession is an enemy to the country, the most cruel. Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, most forcibly says:

'Every man who has any remaining loyalty to the nation, or any hope and desire for the restoration of the seceding States to the Confederacy, must see that what is meant by the outcry against coercion is in the interest, of secession, and that what is meant is, in effect, that the Federal Government must be terrified or seduced into complete coöperation with the revolution which it was its most binding duty to have used all its power and influence to prevent.'

Jefferson Davis, in his late message, says: 'Let us alone, let us go, and the sword drops from our hands.' But what does this involve? The admission of the right of secession, which, as has been proved, is fatal to all national unity and preservation. Even if this arrogant demand was complied with, would peace be thus possible? Would not the breaking up of the Union involve the people in calamities that no patience, or wisdom upon the part of the North could avert? Remember a long border in an open country, stretching from the Atlantic, possibly even to the Pacific, is to be defended. Will the bordering people sink down from war, and all its exasperations, and become as peaceful as lambs? Constituted as human nature now is, will the dissolution of the Union create with the great North and South the experience of millennium prediction, 'The wolf shall dwell

with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and fating together; and a little child shall lead them'? Here is a line crossed by great rivers; we are to shut up the mouth of the Chesapeake bay, on Ohio and Western Virginia; we are to ask the Western States to give up the mouth of the Mississippi to a foreign power. Is it reasonable to suppose that no provocation will occur on this long frontier? Will no slaves run away? What is to be gained by a dissolution of the Union? Not peace; for if, when united, there exists such cause of dissension, the evil will be tenfold greater when separated. Not national aggrandizement, for division brings weakness, imbecility, and a loss of self-respect; it invites aggressions from foreign powers, and compels to submission to insults that otherwise would not be given. Not general competence, for the South is quite as dependent upon the North as the North upon the South.

Disunion is a violent disruption of great material interests that now are wedded together. The dream of separate State sovereignty, our great Union split into two or more confederacies, prosperous and peaceable, is Utopian. So far from the secession doctrine carried out leading to peace and prosperity, it can only lead to perpetual war and adversity. The request to be 'let alone,' is simply a request that the nation should consent to see the Constitution and Union overthrown, slavery triumphant, and the great problem that a free people can not choose its own rulers against the will of a minority prove a disgraceful failure. It is a request that a nation should purchase a temporary peace

at the price of all that is dear to its liberty and self-respect. The arrogance of the demand '*to be let alone*,' is only equaled by the iniquity of the means resorted to, to break up the best Government under the sun. The question of disunion, of separate State sovereignty, was fully discussed by our fathers. Thus Hamilton, whose foresight history has proved to be prophetic, says:

'If these States should be either wholly disunited, or only united in partial Confederacies, a man must be far gone in Utopian speculations, who can seriously doubt that the subdivisions into which they might be thrown would have frequent and violent contests with each other. To presume a want of motives for such contests, as an argument against their existence, would be to forget that men are ambitious, vindictive, and rapacious. To look for a continuation of harmony between a number of independent, unconnected sovereignties, situated in the same neighborhood, would be to disregard the uniform course of human events, and to set at defiance the accumulated experience of ages.'

From a consideration of the true import of the Constitution, in relation to slavery and the fallacy and wickedness of the doctrine of Secession, we are now prepared to deduce, from what has been said, the following reflections: First, the war in which the nation is now plunged should have strictly for its great end, the restoration of the Constitution and the Union to its original integrity; all side issues, all mere party questions should be now merged in one mighty effort, one persevering and self-sacrificing

aim to maintain the Constitution and the Union. As essential for this purpose, it is indispensable that all the rights guaranteed to loyal citizens in the slave States should be respected. The reason is two-fold. First, this war, upon the part of the North, is for the maintenance of the Constitution as our fathers gave it to us. Its object is not a crusade against slavery. What may be the results of the war in relation to slavery is one thing; what should be the simple purpose of the North is another. That this war, however it may turn, will be disastrous to slavery, is evident from a great variety of considerations. But that we should pretend to fight for the Constitution and the Union, and yet against its express provisions, in respect to those held in bondage by loyal citizens, is simply to act a part subversive of the true intent of the Constitution. To violate its provisions, in relation to loyal citizens South, is in the highest degree impolitic and suicidal. It is the constant aim of the enemies now in armed rebellion against the Union, to misrepresent the North upon this very point. By systematic lying, they have induced thousands South to believe that the election of Lincoln was designed as an act of war upon slave institutions, and to subvert the Constitution that protects them in all that they call their property.

There is nothing that the rebels South are more anxious to see than the Government adopting a policy that will give them a plausible pretense for continuing in rebellion. The Constitution places the local institution of slavery under the exclusive control of those States where it exists. Its language, faithfully interpreted,

is simply this: Your own domestic affairs you have a right to manage as you please, so long as you do not trespass upon the Union, or seek its ruin. All loyal citizens should be encouraged to stand by the Union in every Southern State, with the unequivocal declaration that all their rights will be respected, and that their true safety, even as noblest interests, must lie in upholding the North in the effort made to put down the vilest rebellion under the sun. My second reflection is, that those South, who are in armed rebellion against the Constitution and the Union, must make up their minds to take what the fortune of war gives them. This rebellion should be bandied without gloves. The North should permit nothing to stand in the way of a complete and permanent triumph. As Northern property is all confiscated South; as Union men there are treated with the utmost barbarity; as nothing held by the lovers of the Union is respected, the greatest injury in the end to the Constitution and the Union is, an unwise clemency to armed rebellion. In this death-struggle to test the vital question, whether the majority shall rule, let there be no holding back of money or men. Dear as war may be, a dishonorable peace will prove much dearer. Great as may be the sufferings of the camp and the battle-field, yet the prolonged tortures of a murdered Union, a violated Constitution, and Secession rampant over the country, will be found to be greater. My third reflection is, that the main cause of our civil war is slavery. It has now assumed gigantic proportions of mischief, and with its hand upon the very throat of the Constitution and the Union, it seeks its death.

The worst feature connected with it has ever been, that it is satisfied with no concession, and the more it has, the more it asks. By the very admission of the chiefs of this rebellion, it is confessedly got up for the sake of slavery, and to make it the corner-stone of the new Confederacy of States. The real issue involved by the rebellion is, complete independence of the North, the dissolution of the Union, and exclusive possession of all the territories south of Mason and Dixon's line; or reconstruction upon such conditions as would result in the repudiation of the old Constitution, the nationalization of slavery, and giving complete political control to a slaveholding minority of the country. This rebellion has placed the North where it must conquer, for its own best interests, and dignity, and the salvation of free institutions. It must conquer, to command future friendship and that respect without which Union itself is a mockery. Let the South see that the North can not be beaten, and the universal consciousness of this fact will command an esteem, and the useful fear of committing offense, that will do more to keep the peace than all the abject professions or humble submissions in the world. Having found out that the North not only is conscious of its rights, but has the willingness and the ability to defend them, it is certain that the country will yet have as much peace, general thrift, and noble enterprise with the onward march of virtue and intelligence, as may be reasonably expected of any community upon the face of the earth.

BONE ORNAMENTS

Silent the lady sat alone:
In her ears were rings of dead men's bone;
The brooch on her breast shone white and fine,
'Twas the polished joint of a Yankee's spine;
And the well-carved handle of her fan,
Was the finger-bone of a Lincoln man.
She turned aside a flower to cull,
From a vase which was made of a human skull;
For to make her forget the loss of her slaves,
Her lovers had rifled dead men's graves.
Do you think I'm describing a witch or ghoul?
There are no such things—and I'm not a fool;
Nor did she reside in Ashantee;
No—the lady fair was an F.F.V.

THE MOLLY O'MOLLY PAPERS

V

'Hearts are trumps,' is a gambler's cant phrase. That depends on the game you are playing. In many of the games of life the true trump cards are Diamonds; which, according to the fortune-teller's lore, stand for wealth. Indeed, Hearts are by many considered so valueless that they are thrown away at the very outset; whereas they should, like trumps, only be played as a last resort. No trick that can be won with any other card, should be taken with a heart—the card will be gone and nothing to show for it. If you wish wealth, win it if you can—honestly, of course—but don't throw in the heart. Are you ambitious—would you win honor? Very well, if for political honor you can endure it to be spit upon by the crowd, to have all manner of abuse heaped on you and your *forbears* to the remotest generation—a ceremony that in Africa follows the election, but is 'preliminary to the crowning,' but in this country is preliminary to the election—but if you can make up your mind to pass through this ordeal, well and good—but don't throw in the heart.... Yet in games on which is staked all that is worth playing for, 'hearts *are* trumps;' and he who holds the lowest card, stands a better chance of winning than he who has none, though in his hand may be all the aces of

the others, diamonds included. But, lest I go too far beyond the analogy—as I might ignorantly do, being unskilled in the many games of cards—I will drop the figurative.... Keep your heart for faith, love, friendship, for God, your country, and truth. And where the heart is given, it should be unreservedly. Its allegiance is too often withheld where it is due, yet this is better than a half-way loyalty; there should be no *if*, followed by self-interest.... The seal of confederate nobles, opposed to some measures of Peter IV. of Aragon, 'represents the king sitting on his throne, with the confederates kneeling in a suppliant attitude, around, to denote their loyalty and unwillingness to offend. But in the back-ground, tents and lines of spears are discovered, as a hint of their ability and resolution to defend themselves.' ... This kind of allegiance no true heart will ever give.

I take it for granted that you have a heart—not merely anatomically speaking, an organ to circulate the blood, but a something that prompts you to love, to self-sacrifice, to scorn of meanness, and, it may be, to good, honest hatred. All metals can be separated from their ores; but meanness is inseparable from some natures, so it is impossible to hate the sin without hating the sinner; we can't, indeed, conceive of it in the abstract. I don't mean hate in a malignant sense—here I may as well express my scorn of that sly hatred that is too cowardly to knock a man down, but quietly trips him up.

It is well enough for those who think that 'life is a jest,' (and a bitter, sarcastic one it must be to them,) to mock at all nobler

feelings and sentiments of the heart. None do they more condemn than friendship. I would not 'sit in the seat' of these 'scornful,' however they may have found false friends. Yet every man capable of a genuine friendship himself, will in this world find at least one true friend. Oxygen, which comprises one fifth of the atmosphere, is said to be highly magnetic; and any ordinary, healthy soul can extract magnetism enough from the very air he breathes to draw at least one other soul. Some people have an amazing power of absorption and retention of this magnetism. You feel irresistibly drawn toward them—and it is all right, for they are noble, true souls. There is a great difference between their attractive force and that kind of 'power of charming' innocence that villainy often has—just as I once saw a cat charm a bird, which circled nearer and nearer till it almost brushed the cat's whiskers—and had he not been chased away, he would have that day daintily lunched—and there would have been one songster less to join in that evening's vespers.

False—s there are—I will not call them false *friends*—this noun should never follow that adjective. To what shall I liken them—to the young gorilla, that even while its master is feeding it, looks trustingly in his face and thrusts forth its paw to tear him? Who blames the gorilla? Torn from its dam, caged or chained, it owes its captor a grudge. To the serpent? The story of the warming of the serpent in the man's bosom, is a mere fable. No man was ever fool enough to warm a serpent in his bosom. And the serpent never crosses the path of man if he can help it.

The most deadly is that which is too sluggish to get out of his way—therefore bites in self-defense. And the serpent generally gives some warning hiss, or a rattle. Indeed, almost every animal gives warning of its foul intent. The shark turns over before seizing its prey. But the false friend (I am obliged to couple these words) takes you in without changing his side.... In truth, a man, if he has a vice, be it treachery or any other, goes a little beyond the other animals, even those of which it is characteristic. We say, for instance, of a treacherous man, *He is a serpent*; but it would be hyperbole to call a serpent *a treacherous man*.

But these false friends, who deceive you out of pure malignity, who would rather injure you than not, who, perhaps, have an old, by you long-forgotten, grudge, and become your apparent friends to pay you back—these are few. Human nature, with all its depravity, is seldom so completely debased. But there are many who are only selfishly your friends. When you most need their friendship, where is it? When some great calamity sweeps over you, and, bowed and weakened, you would lean on this friendship, though it were but a 'broken reed,' you stretch forth your hand—feel but empty space.

Then there are some who let go the hand of a friend because they feel sure of him, to grasp the extended hand of a former enemy. Politicians, especially, do this. An enemy can not so easily be transformed into a friend. As in those paintings of George III., on tavern-signs, after the Revolution changed to George Washington, there will still be the same old features....

The opposite of this is what every generous nature has tried. To revive a dying friendship, this is impossible. If you find yourself losing your friendship for a person, there must be some reason for it. If the former dear name is becoming indistinct on the tablet of your heart, the attempt to re-write it will entirely obliterate it. It is said that a sure way to obliterate any writing, is to attempt to re-write it.... But it is not true that 'hot love soon cools.' With all my faults—and to say that I am an O'Molly is to admit that I have faults, and I am not sure that I would wish to be without them. To speak paradoxically, a fault in some cases does better than a virtue—as on some organs 'the wrong note in certain passages has a better effect than the right.' But, as I was saying, with all my faults, I have never yet changed toward a friend; I will not admit even to the ante-chamber of my heart a single thought untrue to my friend. Though it is true my friends are so few that I could more than count them on my fingers, had I but one hand.... And these few friends—what shall I say of them? They have become so a part of my constant thoughts and feelings, so a part of myself, that I can not project them—if I may so speak—from my own interior self, so as to portray them. Have you not such friends? Are there none whom to love has become so a *habit* of your life that you are almost unconscious of it—that you hardly think of it, any more than you think—'*I breathe*'?

There is probably no one who has not some time in his or her life felt the dreariness of fancied friendliness. I can recall in my own experience at least one time when this dreary feeling

came over me. It was during a twilight walk home from a visit. I can convey to you no idea of the utter loneliness of the unloved feeling; it seemed that not even the love of God was mine, or if it was, there was not individuality enough in it; it was so diffused; this one, whom I disliked—that insignificant person, might share in it. I know not how long I indulged in these thoughts, with my eyes on the ground, or seeing all things 'as though I saw them not,' but when I did raise them to take cognizance of any thing, there was, a few degrees above the horizon, the evening star; it shone as entirely on me as though it shone on me *exclusively*. It is thus, I thought, with *His* love; thus it melts into each individual soul. Such gentle thoughts as these, long after the star had sunk behind the western mountains, were a calm light in my soul. And I awoke the next morning, the old cheerful

Molly O'Molly.

VI

I have often thought what splendid members of the diplomatic corps women would make, especially married women. As much delicate management is required of them, they have as much financiering to do as any minister plenipotentiary of them all. Let a woman once have an object in view, and 'o'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense or rare; with head, hands, or feet, *she* pursues *her* way, and swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies;' but *she attains her object*.

You poor, hood-winked portion of humanity—man—you think you know woman; that she 'can't pull the wool over your eyes.' Just take a retrospective view. Did your wife ever want any thing that she didn't somehow get it? Whether a new dress, or the dearest secret of your soul, she either, Delilah-like, wheedled it out of you, or, in a passion, you almost *flung* it at her, as an enraged monkey flings cocoa-nuts at his tormentor.

And how she has changed your habits, has turned the course of your life, made it flow in the channel *she* wished, instead of, as heretofore, 'wandering at its own sweet will,' as the gently-winding but useless brook has been converted into a mill-race.

There is Mr. Jones. Before he married, as free and easy a man as ever smoked a meerschaum. Mrs. Jones is considered a pattern woman; but of that you can judge for yourself. Her first reformation was in regard to his club, from which he returned

home late, redolent of brandy-punch, and lavish of *my dears*. All she could say to him had no effect, till, after the birth of little Nellie, she joined a Ladies' Reading Society, meeting on his club evening; he wouldn't leave the baby to the care of a servant, consequently staid at home himself.

He was also in the habit of resorting to the gymnasium, ostensibly for exercise, as he was dyspeptic; but his wife suspected it was more to meet his old cronies. Finding retrenchment necessary, and looking on gymnastics somewhat as a Yankee looks on a fine stream that turns no mill, she dismissed one of the servants, and so arranged it that the surplus strength that formerly so ran to waste should make the fires, rock the cradle, and split certain hickory logs. Very soon Mr. Jones, who is a lawyer, found his business so much increased that he was obliged to remain in his office all day, except at meal-time; after which, however heartily he might have eaten, he never complained of indigestion. With this, thrifty Mrs. Jones was delighted, till one day she surprised him in his office, enveloped in tobacco-smoke, with elevated feet, reading a nice new novel; you may be sure that after that, she insisted on the exercise. As their family increased, thinking still further retrenchment necessary, she gently broached the relinquishing of the meerschaum. Finding him obstinate in his opposition, she one day accidentally broke it. It was one that he had been coloring for years; he had devoted time and attention to it, that, if properly directed, might have made him a German philosopher,

an antiquary, or a profound theologian; or, if devoted to his law studies, would have fitted him for Chief-Justice of the United States.

The countryman who mistook for a bell-rope the cord attached to a shower-bath, was not more astonished at the result of pulling it, than she was at the result of this trifling accident. Such an overwhelming torrent of abuse as was poured on her devoted head; such an array of offenses as was marshaled before her; Banquo's issue wasn't a circumstance to the shadowy throng. She had recourse to woman's only means of assuaging the angry passions of man—tears, (you know the region of constant precipitation is a perpetual calm;) but these, instead of operating like oil poured on the troubled waters, were rather like oil thrown on the fire. Pleading her delicate health, she hinted that his unkindness would kill her, and that, when she was gone, her sweet face would haunt him. Muttering something about one consolation, ghosts couldn't speak till spoken to, and he was sure he wouldn't break the spell of silence, he picked up his hat and strode out of the house, slamming the door after him. For a while, Mrs. Jones was struck with consternation; she felt somewhat as the woman must have felt who, in attempting to pull up a weed, overturned the monument that crushed her; and, though not quite crushed by the weight of Mr. Jones's indignation, she only resolved to give no more tugs at the weed that had taken such deep root in his heart; and that, if he brought home another meerschaum, (which he did that evening,) it was best to ignore

its existence. Mrs. Jones says she believes that the meerschaum absorbs 'the disagreeable' of a man's temper, as it is said to absorb that of tobacco; at least, her husband is never so serene as when smoking one. Indeed, it is said that the fiercest birds of prey can be tamed by tobacco-smoke.

Don't think that after this little *contretemps* all Mrs. Jones's authority was at an end; no, indeed; though she had, by stroking the wrong way the docile, domestic animal, roused him into a tiger, she hastened to smooth him down; and time would fail me to give even a list of her reforms.

After having heard her story, as I did, chiefly from her own lips, my wonder at the immense Union army, raised on such short notice, was considerably diminished. 'Extremes meet.' Probably Union and disunion sentiments met in the mind of many a volunteer Jones. Then, too, I used to wonder at the ease with which men apparently forget their buried wives, and marry again; and, as I then had a great respect for the race, thought their hearts must be very rich, new affections spring up with such amazing rapidity; like the soil of the tropics, whose vegetation is hardly cut down before there is a new, luxuriant growth. I've, however, since come to the conclusion, that the poor man, somehow feeling that he must marry, chooses in a manner at random, having, the first time, taken the greatest care, and 'caught a Tartar,' in the same sense that the man had with whom the phrase originated, that is, *the Tartar had caught him*.

In my childhood I was particularly fond of the hoidenish

amusement of jumping out of our high barn-window, and landing on the straw underneath. The first few times I went to the edge—then drew back—looked again—almost sprang—again stepped back—till finally I took the leap. Thus old bachelors take the matrimonial leap—not so widowers—how is it to be accounted for? Well, brother man, (for this is the nearest relationship to you that I can claim,) you do about as well in this way as in any other. You are destined to be taken in as effectually as was Jonah, when he made that 'exploration of the interior,' or, as was the fly, when Dame Spider's 'parlor' proved to be a dining-room.

Sam Slick says that 'man is common clay—woman porcelain.' Alas! there is but little genuine porcelain. It is a pity that you couldn't contrive to have a few jars before matrimony, to crack off some of the glazing, and show the true character of the ware.

And you, sister woman, learn a lesson from the 'tiny nautilus,' which, 'by yielding, can defy the most violent ragings of the sea.' And, though man is so nicely adapted to your management that it is obviously the end of his creation, remember Mrs. Jones's trifling miscalculation in regard to the meerschaum, and—'*N'éveillez pas le chat qui dort.*'

Abruptly yours, Molly O'Molly.

GLANCES FROM THE SENATE-GALLERY

The comparative excellence of different periods of eloquence and statesmanship affords a subject of curious and profitable contemplation. The action of different systems of government, encouraging or depressing intellectual effort, the birth of occasions which elicit the powers of great minds, and the peculiar characteristics of the manner of thinking and speaking in different countries, are observable in considering this topic. A pardonable curiosity has led the writer frequently to visit the United States Senate Chamber, and to place mentally the intellectual giants of that body in contrast with their predecessors on the same scene, and with the eminent orators and statesmen of other countries and other ages; and the result of such comparisons has always been to awaken national pride, and to convince that the polity bequeathed us by our fathers, no less than the distinctive genius of the race, have practically demonstrated that a free system is the most prolific in the production of animated oratory and vigorous statesmanship. Undoubtedly, the golden age of American eloquence must be fixed in the time of General Jackson, when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Rives, Woodbury, and Hayne sat in the Upper House; and whatever may be our wonder, when we contemplate the brilliant orations

of the British statesmen who shone toward the close of the last century, if we turn from Burke to Webster, from Pitt to Calhoun, from Fox to Clay, and from Sheridan to Randolph and to Rives, Americans can not be disappointed by the comparison. Since the death of the last of that illustrious trio, whose equality of powers made it futile to award by unanimity the superiority to either, and yet whose greatness of intellect placed them by common assent far above all others, the eloquence of the Senate has been less brilliant and less interesting. And yet it has not fallen below a standard of eloquence equal, if not superior, to that of any other nation. Unlike the English and the French, who have to go back more than half a century to deplore their greatest Senators and Ministers, the grave closed over the greatest American intellects within the memory of the present generation; and the contrast between the Senate of to-day and the Senate of a score of years ago, is too striking, perhaps, to give us an impartial idea of the abilities which now guide the nation.

The Senate which is at present deliberating on the gravest questions which our legislature has been called upon to consider since the establishment of the Constitution, is, without doubt, inferior in point of eminent talent, to the Senate of Webster's time, and even to the Senate which closed its labors on the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. In this latter body were three men, who, though far below the great trio preceding them, still occupied in a measure their commanding influence on the floor and before the country: one of whom now holds

an Executive office, another sits in the Lower House, and the third has passed away from the scenes of his triumphs forever. Mr. Seward, whose keen logic, accurate statement of details, and imperturbable coolness, remind one of Pitt and Grey, was considered, while Senator from New-York, as the leading Statesman of the body, and was the nucleus around which concentrated the early adherents of the now dominant party. Mr. Crittenden's fervent and earnest declamation, wise experience, and good-nature, gave him a high rank in the respect and esteem of his colleagues, while his age and life-long devotion to the service of the state, endowed him with unusual authority. The lamented Douglas, who surpassed every other American statesman in casual discussion, and whose name will rank with that of Fox, in the art of extempore debate, could not fail to be the leader of a large party, and the popular idol of a large mass, by the manly energy of his character, his devotion to popular principles, and a rich and sonorous eloquence, which convinced while it delighted.

It must also in candor be admitted, that the secession of the Southern Senators from the floor, made a decided breach in the oratorical excellence of that body. However villainous their statesmanship, and to whatever traitorous purposes they lent the power of their eloquence, there were several from the disaffected States who were eminent in a skillful and brilliant use of speech. Probably the man who possessed the most art in eloquence, and who united a keen and plausible sophistry with great brilliancy of

language and declamation with the highest skill, was Benjamin, of Louisiana. Born a Hebrew, and bearing in his countenance the unmistakable indications of Jewish birth, his person is small, thick, and ill-proportioned; his expression is far less intellectual than betokening cunning, while his whole manner fails to give the least idea, when he is not speaking, of the wonderful powers of his mind.

Shrewd and unprincipled, devoting himself earnestly and without the least scruple of conscience to two objects—the acquisition of money and the success of treason—he yet concealed the true character of his designs under an apparently ingenuous and fervent delivery, and in the garb of sentiments worthy a Milton or a Washington. His voice, deeply musical, and uncommonly sweet, enhanced the admiration with which one viewed his matchless delivery, in which was perfect grace, and entire harmony with the expressions which fell from his lips. How mournful a sight, to see one so nobly gifted, leading a life of baseness and vice, devoting his immortal qualities to the vilest selfishness, and to the betrayal of his country and of liberty! Should the descendant of an oppressed and persecuted race take part with oppressors? Senator Benjamin is a renegade to the spirit of freedom which animated his ancestors.

He who, among the Southern Senators, ranked as an orator next to Benjamin, now leads the rebellious hosts against the flag under which he was reared, and lends his unquestioned powers to the demolition of the great Republic of which he

was once a brilliant ornament. Certainly endowed with more forethought and practical wisdom than any of his Democratic colleagues, well qualified by his calm survey of every question and every political movement, to lead a large party, and forcible and ironical in debate, Jefferson Davis stood at the head of the disaffected in the Senate, as he now does in the field. Cautious and deliberate in speech, he yet never failed to launch out in strong invective, and to make effective use of irony in his attacks. He is in personal appearance, rather small and thin, with a refined and decidedly intellectual countenance, and a not unamiable expression. His health alone prevented his rising to the first rank of American orators; and what of his statesmanship was not directed to the accomplishment of partisan purposes, gave him much consideration. He was incapable, from a weak constitution, of sustaining, at great length, the vivacity and energy with which he commenced his speeches; and therefore, their sharp sarcasm and great power, made them appear more considerable in print than in the delivery. Even after he had enlisted all his energies in the detestable scheme which he is now trying to fulfill, his prudence halted at the rash idea he had embraced; and he attempted for a moment to stem the torrent, by voting for the Crittenden propositions. His delivery was graceful and dignified, his manner sometimes courteous, often contemptuous, and always impressive. His eloquence consisted rather in the lucid logic and deliberate thought evinced than for rhetorical beauty or range of imagination; occasionally, however,

he would diverge from the plain thread of argument, and rise to declamation of striking brilliancy and power. Over-quick, with all his natural phlegm, to discern and to resent personal affronts—oftentimes when there was no occasion therefor—he was a favorable exemplar of that peculiar, and to our mind, somewhat incomprehensible quality, which the Southern people glory in, and which they dignify by the stately epithet of 'chivalry.' On the whole, he must be regarded as the ablest, and therefore the most culpable and dangerous of the insurgent leaders; and he may, perhaps, be considered the first of Southern statesmen since the time of Calhoun.

Another Senator who occupied a high rank as a partisan and statesman among the Southern Democracy, was Hunter, of Virginia. He is a thickly-built person, with a countenance possessing but little expression, and far from intellectual; and would rather be noticed by one sitting in the gallery for the negligence of his dress, utter want of dignity, and exceedingly unsenatorial bearing, than for any other external qualities. But when he had spoken a few moments, a decided soundness of head, and shrewdness, appeared to enter into the composition of his mind. No man in the Senate had a juster idea of financial philosophy; and his services on the Committee devoted to that department, were highly appreciated by every one. He was, however, little trusted by loyal Senators, and his frequent professions of devotion to the Union, failed to conceal the bent of his mind toward those with whom he is now in intimate concert.

Sincerity had least place of all the virtues in his breast; and his hypocrisy, somewhat hidden by the apparent ingenuousness and conciliatory address of his manner, became manifest in actions and votes, rather than in words. He was, so far as can now be ascertained, one of the prime movers of the Senatorial cabal, or caucus, which was devoted either to the complete dominance of the Southern element in the Union, or to their forcible secession from the Union; and was probably as active and earnest a traitor, long before the doctrine of secession was ventured upon, as the most fiery of South-Carolina fire-eaters. Mr. Hunter is, in private, courteous and affable, and, indeed, in the debates in which he took part, he never transgressed the rules of respect due to his colleagues, or violated the dicta of parliamentary etiquette.

His colleague, Mason, is an irritable, petulant, arrogant man, not without a certain ability in debate, but censorious, and unconfined by the restraints of decency in his tirades against the North. He was 'one of the finest-looking men,' if we speak phrenologically, in the last Senate; and would always be noticed for his dignified manner and fine head, by a stranger visiting the Chamber for the first time. We have briefly noticed him, rather on account of the notoriety recently attached to his name by the 'Trent' affair, than from his prominence among Southern orators and statesmen—his talent, being, in fact, of a decidedly mediocre description.

While speaking of Mason, it will be *apropos* to allude to his late companion in trouble, John Slidell, who was certainly the

shrewdest politician and party tactician among his friends on the north side of the chamber; he is indeed the Nestor of intriguers. From the time when, early in life, he aspired to, and in a degree succeeded in controlling the politics of the Empire City, up to this hour, when he is with snake-like subtleness attempting to poison French honor, his career has been a series of successful intrigues. Utterly devoid of moral principle, he resembles his late colleague, Benjamin, in the immorality of his life, and the baseness of his ends, attained by as base means. He is rather a good-looking man, short, with snowy-white hair and red face, his countenance indicative of the secretiveness and cunning of his character. He was rather the caucus adviser and manager than one of the orators of his party; seldom speaking, and never except briefly and to the point. Imagination in him has been warped and made torpid by a life of dissipation, as well as by his practical tendencies. He is, like many other Southern statesmen, courteous and pleasing in social conversation; but is heartless, selfish, and malignant in his enmities.

Robert Toombs stood deservedly high in the traitorous cabal in the Senate; for, to a bold and energetic spirit, great arrogance of manner, and activity, he added a powerful mind and a clear head. In the street, he would strike you as a self-conceited, bullying, contemptuous person, with brains in the inverse proportion to his body, which was large and apparently strong. His manner, when addressing the Senators, had indeed much of an overbearing and insolent spirit; but the impression, in regard

to his character, after hearing him speak, was much better than before. There was an indication of strength behind the bullying, blustering air which he put on, which raised one's respect for his attainments. One of the most rabid and uncompromising of secession leaders, and bigoted in his hatred of the North, he was yet, in private, a courteous and hospitable gentleman, and, apparently at least, frank in the expression of opinion. Probably he had as little principle in political and social life as most of his associates in treason; while his great self-reliance, activity, and mental ability gave him a very high position in their confidence. He was tall and stout, though not corpulent; and was very negligent of his toilet and dress. Self-conceit was written on his countenance, and displayed itself in his arrogant assumptions of superiority. But his method of dealing with his Northern opponents was open and bold, although insolent and overbearing, and not like Hunter, Davis, and Benjamin, using ingenious sophistry and hidden sarcasm, cautiously smoothing over their real purpose, by rhetoric and elegant sentiment. Mr. Toombs became early an object of peculiar dislike to Northern men, by the rude ingenuousness with which he announced the last conclusions of his political creed, and the intolerable insolence with which, not heeding the admonitions of his more cautious confederates, he thundered out his anathemas of hatred and vengeance on what he was pleased to call 'Northern tyranny.' It was only when the crisis came, that others unfolded together their base character and their hypocrisy. Davis, who had been

fondled by New-Englanders but a year or two since, and Hunter, who had cried for peace and compromise, standing forth at last in the true light of traitors, and thereby proclaiming their past life a game of hypocrisy. Toombs, therefore, who was an original fire-eater, and hence could not be called a hypocrite, has become less an object of hatred to us of the loyal States, than those who, while they sat at the cabinet councils, or were admitted to the confidence of the Executive, or were sent to foreign courts, or presided over the Upper House, were using the power of such high trusts for the consummation of a conspiracy against their country, yet retaining the cant of patriotism and feigning a devotion to the Union. We have dwelt almost exclusively, in the present chapter, upon Senators whose highest honors have been tarnished or obliterated by the gravest of crimes, that of treason toward a vast community. But it has been with the idea that the least should be presented first, and that the greater should close the scene; as in royal processions, the monarch always brings up the rear. We conceive that the great talents which we have acknowledged, and which doubtless all will agree with us in acknowledging, the leaders of the Southern rebellion to possess, only enhance the magnitude of their offense, and serve to illustrate with greater force the enormity of their purposes. That a brainless fanatic like Lord George Gordon, or the Neapolitan fisherman, Massaniello, should stir up tremendous agitation, may be matter for critical study, but is hardly a subject of wonder. But that men gifted with exalted ability, undoubted caution, well-

balanced intellect, and apparently refined reason, all of which have been appreciated and acknowledged, should propound an erroneous doctrine of a chaotic system, and proceed to the violence of civil war, on what they must know to be a false and heretical plea, can only remind us of those devils who have been pictured by the matchless art of Milton, of Dante, and of Goethe, as possessing stately intellects with perfectly vicious hearts. We propose, in a future number, if these remarks on public characters are acceptable, to continue our remarks, by introducing the loyal Senators of the last Congress, a band of men who will be found to equal in talent, and immeasurably to surpass in moral rectitude and earnest patriotism, the bad company from whom we now part.

MACCARONI AND CANVAS. V

THE GRECO

The Café Greco, like the belle of many seasons, lights up best at night. In morning, in *deshabille*, not all the venerability of its age can make it respectable. Caper declares that on a fresh, sparkling day, in the merry spring-time, he once really enjoyed a very early breakfast there; and that, with the windows of the Omnibus-room open, the fresh air blowing in, and the sight of a pretty girl at the fourth-story window of a neighboring house, feeding a bird and tending a rose-bush, the old café was rose-colored.

This may be so; but seven o'clock in the evening was *the* time when the Greco was in its prime. Then the front-room was filled with Germans, the second room with Russians and English, the third room—the Omnibus—with Americans, English, and French, and the fourth, or back-room, was brown with Spaniards. The Italians were there, in one or two rooms, but in a minority; only those who affected the English showed themselves, and aired their knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon tongue and habits.

'I habituate myself,' said a red-haired Italian of the Greco to Caper, 'to the English customs. I myself lave with hot water from foot to head, one time in three weeks, like the English. It is an

idea of the most superb, and they tell me I am truly English for so performing. I have not yet arrive to perfection in the lessons of box, but I have a smart cove of a bool-dog.'

Caper told him that his resemblance to an English 'gent' was perfect, at which the Italian, ignorant of the meaning of that fearful word, smiled assent.

The waiter has hardly brought you your small cup of *caffè nero*, and you are preparing to light a cigar, to smoke while you drink your coffee, when there comes before you a wandering bouquet-seller. It is, perhaps, the dead of winter; long icicles are hanging from fountains, over which hang frosted oranges, frozen myrtles, and frost-nipped olives, Alas! such things are seen in Rome; and yet, for a dime you are offered a bouquet of camellia japonicas. By the way, the name camellia is derived from *Camellas*, a learned Jesuit; probably *La Dame aux Camélias* had not a similar origin. You don't want the flowers.

'Signore,' says the man, 'behold a ruined flower-merchant!'

You are unmoved. Have you not seen or heard of, many a time, the heaviest kind of flour-merchants ruined by too heavy speculations, burst up so high the crows couldn't fly to them; and heard this without changing a muscle of your face?

'But, signore, do buy a bouquet to please your lady?'

'Haven't one.'

'*Altro!*' answers the man, triumphantly, 'whom did I see the other day, with these eyes, (pointing at his own,) in a magnificent carriage, beside the most beautiful *Donna Inglesa* in Rome? *Iddio*

giusto!".... At this period, he sees he has made a ten strike, and at once follows it up by knocking down the ten-pin boy, so as to clear the alley, thus: 'For *her* sake, signore.'

You pay a paul, (and give the bouquet to—your landlady's daughter,) while the departing *mercante di fiori* assures you that he never, no, never expects to make a fortune at flowers; but if he gains enough to pay for his wine, he will be very tipsy as long as he lives!

Then comes an old man, with a chessboard of inlaid stone, which he hasn't an idea of selling; but finds it excellent to 'move on,' without being checkmated as a beggar without visible means of s'port. The first time he brought it round, and held it out square to Caper, that cool young man, taking a handful of coppers from his pocket, arranged them as checkers on the board, without taking any notice of the man; and after he had placed them, began playing deliberately. He rested his chin on his hand, and with knitted brows, studied several intricate moves; he finally jumped the men, so as to leave a copper or two on the board; and bidding the old man good-night, continued a conversation with Rocjean, commenced previous to his game of draughts.

Next approaches a hardware—merchant, for, in Imperial Rome, the peddler of a colder clime is a merchant, the shoemaker an artist, the artist a professor. The hardware-man looks as if he might be 'touter' to a broken-down brigand. All the razors in his box couldn't keep the small part of his face that is shaved from wearing a look as if it had been blown up with gunpowder,

while the grains had remained embedded there. He tempts you with a wicked-looking knife, the pattern for which must have come from the *litreus* of Etruria, the land called the *mother of superstitions*, and have been wielded for auguries amid the howls and groans of lucomones and priests. He tells you it is a Campagna-knife, and that you must have one if you go into that benighted region; he says this with a mysterious shake of his head, as if he had known Fra Diavolo in his childhood and Fra 'Tonelli in his riper years. The crescent-shaped handle is of black bone; the pointed blade long and tapering; the three notches in its back catch into the spring with a noise like the alarum of a rattle-snake. You conclude to buy one—for a curiosity. You ask why the blade at the point finishes off in a circle? He tells you the government forbids the sale of sharp-pointed knives; but, signore, if you wish to *use it*, break off the circle under your heel, and you have a point sharp enough to make any man have an *accidente di freddo*, (death from cold—steel.)

Victor Hugo might have taken his character of Quasimodo from the wild figure who now enters the Greco, with a pair of horns for sale; each horn is nearly a yard in length, black and white in color; they have been polished by the hunchback until they shine like glass. Now he approaches you, and with deep, rough voice, reminding you of the lowing of the large grey oxen they once belonged to, begs you to buy them. Then he facetiously raises one to each side of his head, and you have a figure that Jerome Bosch would have rejoiced to transfer to canvas. His

portrait has been painted by more than one artist.

Caper, sitting in the Omnibus one evening with Rocjean, was accosted by a very seedy-looking man, with a very peculiar expression of face, wherein an awful struggle of humor to crowd down pinching poverty gleamed brightly. He offered for sale an odd volume of one of the early fathers of the Church. Its probable value was a dime, whereas he wanted two dollars for it.

'Why do you ask such a price?' asked Rocjean, 'you never can expect to sell it for a twentieth part of that.'

'The moral of which,' said the seedy man, no longer containing the struggling humor, but letting it out with a hearty laugh; 'the moral of which is—give me half a baioccho!'

Ever after that, Caper never saw the man, who henceforth went by the name of *La Morale é un Mezzo Baioccho!* without pointing the moral with a copper coin. Not content with this, he once took him round to the *Lepre* restaurant, and ordered a right good supper for him. Several other artists were with him, and all declared that no one could do better justice to food and wine. After he had eaten all he could hold, and drank a little more than he could carry, he arose from table, having during the entire meal sensibly kept silence, and wiping his mouth on his coat-sleeve, spoke:

'The moral this evening, signori, I shall carry home in my stomach.'

As he was going out of the restaurant, one of the artists asked him why he left two rolls of bread on the table; saying they were

paid for, and belonged to him.

'I left them,' said he, 'out of regard for the correct usages of society; but, having shown this, I return to pocket them.'

This he did at once, and Caper stood astonished at the seedy-beggar's phraseology.

In addition to these characters, wandering musicians find their way into the café, jugglers, peddlers of Roman mosaics and jewelry, plaster-casts and sponges, perfumery and paint-brushes. Or a peripatetic shoemaker, with one pair of shoes, which he recklessly offers for sale to giant or dwarf. One morning he found a purchaser—a French artist—who put them on, and threw away his old shoes. Fatal mistake. Two hours afterward, the buyer was back in the Greco, with both big toes sticking out of the ends of his new shoes, looking for that *cochon* of a shoemaker.

To those who read men like books, the Greco offers a valuable circulating library. The advantage, too, of these artistical works is, that one needs not be a Mezzofanti to read the Russian, Spanish, German, French, Italian, English, and other faces that pass before one panoramically. There sits a relation of a hospodar, drinking Russian tea; he pours into a large cup a small glass of brandy, throws in a slice of lemon, fills up with hot tea. Do you think of the miles he has traveled, in a *telega*, over snow-covered steppes, and the smoking *samovar* of tea that awaited him, his journey for the day ended? Had he lived when painting and sculpture were in their ripe prime, what a fiery life he would have thrown into his works! As it is, he drinks cognac,

hunts wild-boars in the Pontine marshes—and paints Samson and Delilah, after models.

The Spanish artist, over a cup of chocolate, has lovely dreams, of burnt umber hue, and despises the neglected treasures left him by the Moors, while he seeks gold in—castles in the air.

The German, with feet in Italy and head far away in the Fatherland, frequents the German-club in preference to the Greco; for at the club is there not lager beer?... In imperial Rome, there are lager beer breweries! He has the profundities of the esthetical in art at his finger-ends; it is deep-sea fishing, and he occasionally lands a whale, as Kaulbach has done; or very nearly catches a mermaid with Cornelius. Let us respect the man—he *works*.

The French artist, over a cup of black coffee, with perhaps a small glass of cognac, is the lightning to the German thunder. If he were asked to paint the portrait of a potato, he would make eyes about it, and then give you a little picture fit to adorn a boudoir. He does every thing with a flourish. If he has never painted Nero performing that celebrated violin-solo over Rome, it is because he despaired of conveying an idea of the tremulous flourish of the fiddle-bow. He reads nature, and translates her, without understanding her. He will prove to you that the cattle of Rosa Bonheur are those of the fields, while he will object to Landseer that his beasts are those of the guinea cattle-show. He blows up grand facts in the science of art with gunpowder, while the English dig them out with a shovel, and the Germans

bore for them. He finds Raphael, king of pastel artists, and never mentions his discovery to the English. He is more dangerous with the *fleurette* than many a trooper with broadsword. Every thing that he appropriates, he stamps with the character of his own nationality. The English race-horse at Chantilly has an air of curl-papers about his mane and tail.

The Italian artist—the night-season is for sleep.

The English artist—hearken to Ruskin on Turner! When one has hit the bull's-eye, there is nothing left but to lay down the gun, and go and have—a whitebait dinner.

The American artist—there is danger of the youthful giant kicking out the end of the Cradle of Art, and 'scatterlophisticating rampageously' over all the nursery.

'I'd jest give a hun-dred dol-lars t'morrow, ef I could find out a way to cut stat-tures by steam,' said Chapin, the sculptor.

'I can't see why a country with great rivers, great mountains, and great institutions generally, can not produce great sculptors and painters,' said Caper sharply, one day to Rocjean.

'It is this very greatness,' answered Rocjean, 'that prevents it. The aim of the people runs not in the narrow channel of mountain-stream, but with the broad tide of the ocean. In the hands of Providence, other lands in other times have taken up painting and sculpture with their whole might, and have wielded them to advance civilization. They have played—are playing their part, these civilizers; but they are no longer chief actors, least of all in America. Painting and sculpture may take the

character of subjects there; but their rôle as king is—played out.'

'Much as you know about it,' answered Caper, 'you are all theory!'

'That maybe,' quoth Rocjean; 'you know what ΘΕΟΣ means in Greek, don't you?'

AMONG THE WILD BEASTS

There came to Rome, in the autumn, along with the other travelers, a caravan of wild beasts, ostensibly under charge of Monsieur Charles, the celebrated Tamer, rendered illustrious and illustrated by Nadar and Gustave Doré, in the *Journal pour Rire*. They were exhibited under a canvas tent in the Piazza Popolo, and a very cold time they had of it during the winter. Evidently, Monsieur Charles believed the climate of Italy belonged to the temperance society of climates. He erred, and suffered with his '*superbe et manufique ÉLLLLLÉPHANT!*' 'and when we reflect', ladies *and* gentlemen, that there *are* persons, forty and even fifty years old, who have never seen the Ellllephant!!!... and who DARE TO SAY so!!!...' Monsieur Charles made his explanations with teeth chattering.

Caper, anxious to make a sketch of a very fine Bengal tiger in the collection, easily purchased permission to make studies of the animals during the hours when the exhibition was closed to the public; and as he went at every thing vigorously, he was before long in possession of several fine sketches of the tiger and other beasts, besides several secrets only known to the initiated, who act as keepers.

The royal Bengal tiger was one of the finest beasts Caper had ever seen, and what he particularly admired was the jet-black lustre of the stripes on his tawny sides and the vivid lustre of

his eyes. The lion curiously seemed laboring under a heavy sleep at the very time when he should have been awake; but then his mane was kept in admirable order. The hair round his face stood out like the bristles of a shoe-brush, and there was a curl in the knob of hair at the end of his tail that amply compensated for his inactivity. The hyenas looked sleek and happy, and their teeth were remarkably white; but the elephant was the constant wonder of all beholders. Instead of the tawny, blue-gray color of most of his species, he was black, and glistened like a patent-leather boot; while his tusks were as white as—ivory; yea, more so.

'I don't understand what makes your animals look so bright,' said Caper one day to one of the keepers.

'Come here to-morrow morning early, when we make their toilettes, and you'll see,' replied the man, laughing. 'Why, there's that old hog of a lion, he's as savage and snaptious before he has his medicine as a corporal; and looks as old as Methusaleh, until we arrange his beard and get him up for the day. As for the ellllephant ... ugh!'

Caper's curiosity was aroused, and the next morning, early, he was in the menagerie. The first sight that struck his eye was the elephant, keeled over on one side, and weaving his trunk about, evidently as a signal of distress; while his keeper and another man were—blackening-pot and shoe-brushes in hand—going all over him from stem to stern.

'Good day,' said the keeper to him, 'here's a pair of boots for you! put outside the door to be blacked every morning, for

five francs a day. It's the dearest job I ever undertook...and the boots are ungrateful! Here, Pierre,' he continued to the man who helped him, 'he shines enough; take away the breshes, and bring me the sand-paper to rub up his tusks. Talk about polished beasts! I believe, myself, that we beat all other shows to pieces on this 'ere point. Some beasts are more knowing than others; for example, them monkeys in that cage there. Give that big fool of a shimpanzy that bresh, Pierre, and let the gentleman see him operate on tother monkeys.'

Pierre gave the large monkey a brush, and, to Caper's astonishment, he saw the animal seize it with one paw, then springing forward, catch a small monkey with the other paw, and holding him down, in spite of his struggles, administer so complete a brushing over his entire body that every hair received a touch. The other monkeys in the cage were in the wildest state of excitement, evidently knowing from experience that they would all have to pass under the large one's hands; and when he had given a final polish to the small one, he commenced a vigorous chase for his mate, an aged female, who, evidently disliking the ordeal, commenced a series of ground and lofty tumblings that would have made the fortune of even the distinguished—Léotard. In vain: after a prolonged chase, in which the inhabitants of the cage flew round so fast that it appeared to be full of flying legs, tails, and fur, the large monkey seized the female and, regardless of her attempts to liberate herself, he brushed her from head to foot, to the great delight

of a Swiss soldier, an infantry corporal, who had entered the menagerie a few minutes before the grand hunt commenced.

'*Ma voi!*' said the Swiss, pronouncing French with a broad German accent, 'it would keef me krate bleshur to have dat pig monkey in my gombany. He would mak' virst rait brivate.'

The keeper, who was still polishing away with sand-paper at the elephant's tusks, and who evidently regarded the soldier with great contempt, said to him:

'He would have been there long since—only he knows too much.'

'*Ma voi!* that's the reason you're draining him vor a Vrench gavalry gombany. Vell, I likes dat.'

'Oh! no,' said the keeper, 'his principles an't going to allow him to enter our army.'

'Vell, what are his brinciples?'

'To serve those who pay best!' quoth the Frenchman, who, in the firm faith that he had said a good thing, called Pierre to help him adorn the lion, and turned his back on the Swiss, who, in revenge, amused himself feeding the monkeys with an old button, a stump of a cigar, and various wads of paper.

The keeper then gave the lion a narcotic, and after this medicine, combed out his mane and tail, waxed his mustache, and thus made his toilette for the day. The tiger and leopards had their stripes and spots touched up once a week with hair-dye, and as this was not the day appointed, Caper missed this part of the exhibition. The hyenas submitted to be brushed down; but

showed strong symptoms of mutiny at having their teeth rubbed with a toothbrush and their nails pared.

In half an hour more, the keeper's labors were over, and Caper, giving him a present for his inviting him to assist as spectator at *la toilette bien bête*, or beastly dressing, walked off to breakfast, evidently thinking that *Art* was not dead in that menagerie, whatever Rocjean might say of its state of health in the world at large.

'To think,' soliloquized Caper, 'to think of what a bootless thing it is, to shoe-black o'er an elephant!'

ROMAN MODELS

The traveler visiting Rome notices in the Piazza di Spagna, along the Spanish steps, and in the Condotti, Fratina and Sistina streets, either sunning themselves or slowly sauntering along, many picturesquely-dressed men, women, and children, who, as he soon learns, are the professional models of the artists. For a fee of from fifty cents to a dollar, they will give their professional services for a sitting four hours in length, and those of them who are most in demand find little difficulty during the 'business season,' say from the months of November to May, in earning from one and a half to two dollars, and even more, every day. Many of them, living frugally, manage to make what is considered a fortune among the *contadini* in a few years; and Hawks, the English artist, who spent a summer at Saracenesca, found, to his astonishment, that one of the leading men of the town, one who loaned money at very large interest, owned property, and who was numbered among the heavy wealthy, was no other than a certain Gaetano, he had more than once used as model, at the price of fifty cents a sitting.

The government prohibiting female models from posing nude in the different life-schools, it consequently follows that they pose in private studios, as they choose; this interdiction does not extend to the male models; and when Caper was in Rome, he had full opportunities offered him to draw from these in the

English Academy, and in the private schools of Gigi and Giacinti. Supported by the British government, the English artist has, free of all expense, at this truly National Academy, opportunities to sketch from life, as well as from casts, and has, moreover, access to a well-chosen library of books. With a generosity worthy of all praise, American artists are admitted to the English Academy, with full permission to share with Englishmen the advantages of the life-school, free of all cost; a piece of liberality that well might be copied by the French Academy, without at all derogating from its high position—on the Pincian Hill.

If Gigi's school is still kept up, (it was in a small street near the Trevi fountain,) we would advise the traveler in search of the picturesque by all means to visit it, particularly if it is in the same location it was when Caper was there. It was over a stable, in the second story of a tumble-down old house, frequented by dogs, cats, fleas, and rats; in a room say fifty feet long by twenty wide. A semi-circle of desks and wooden benches went round the platform where stood the male models nude, or on other evenings, male and female models in costumes, Roman or Neapolitan. Oil lamps gave enough light to enable the artists who generally attended there to draw, and color in oils or water-colors, the costumes. The price of admittance for the costume class was one paul, (ten cents,) and as the model only posed about two hours, the artists had to work very fast to get even a rough sketch finished in that short time. Americans, Danes, Germans, Spaniards, French, Italians, English, Russians, were

numbered among the attendants, and more than once, a sedate-looking English-woman or two would come in quietly, make a sketch, and go away unmolested and almost unnoticed.

More than three-quarters of the sketches made by Caper at Gigi's costume-class were taken from models in standing positions. At the end of the first hour, they had from ten to fifteen minutes allowed them to rest; but these minutes were seldom wasted by the artist, who improved them to finish the lines of his drawing, or dash in color. The powers of endurance of the female models were better than those of the men; and they would strike a position and keep it for an hour, almost immovable. Noticeable among these women, was one named Minacucci, who, though over seventy years old, had all the animation and spirit of one not half her age; and would keep her position with the steadiness of a statue. She had, in her younger days, been a model for Canova; had outlived two generations; and was now posing for a third. If you have ever seen many figure-paintings executed in Rome, your chance is good to have seen Minacucci's portrait over and over again. Caper affirms that of any painting made in Rome from the years 1856 to 1860, introducing an Italian head, whether a Madonna or sausage-seller, he can tell you the name of the model it was painted from nine times out of ten! The fact is, they do want a new model for the Madonna badly in Rome, for Giacinta is growing old and fat, and Stella, since she married that cobbler, has lost her angelic expression. The small boy who used to pose for angels has smoked himself too yellow, and the

man who stood for Charity has gone out of business.

'I have,' said Caper to me the other day, 'too much respect for the public to tell them who the man with red hair and beard used to pose for; but he has taken to drinking, and it's all up with him.'

Spite of fleas, rats, squalling cats, dog-fights, squealing of horses, and braying of donkeys, lamp-smoke, and heat or cold, the hours passed by Caper in Gigi's old barracks were among the pleasantest of his Roman life. There was such novelty, variety, and brilliancy in the costumes to be sketched, that every evening was a surprise; save those nights when Stella posed, and these were known and looked forward to in advance. She always insured a full class, and when she first appeared, was the beauty of all the models.

Caper was sitting one afternoon in Rocjean's studio, when there was a tap at the door.

'*Entrate!*' shouted Rocjean, and in came a female model, called Rita. It was the month of May, business was dull; she wanted employment. Rocjean asked her to walk in and rest herself.

'Well, Rita, you haven't any thing to do, now that the English have all fled from Rome before the malaria?'

'Very little. Some of the Russians are left up there in the Fratina; but since the Signore Giovanni sold all his paintings to that rich Russian banker, *diavolo!* he has done nothing but drink champagne, and he don't want any more models.'

'What is the Signore Giovanni's last name?' asked Caper.

'Who knows, Signore Giacomo? I don't. We others (*noi altri*) never can pronounce your queer names, so we find out the Italian for your first names, and call you by that. Signore Arturo, the French artist, told me once that the English and Russians and Germans had such hard names they often broke their front-teeth out trying to speak them; but he was joking. *I* know the real, true reason for it.'

'Come, let us have it,' said Rocjean.

'*Accidente!* I won't tell you; you will be angry.'

'No we won't,' spoke Caper, 'and what is more, I will give you two pauls if you will tell us. I am very curious to know this reason.'

'*Bene*, now the *prete* came round to see me the other day; it was when he purified the house with holy water, and he asked me a great many questions, which I answered so artlessly, yes, so artlessly! whew! [here Miss Rita smiled artfully.] Then he asked me all about you heretics, and he told me you were all going to —be burned up, as soon as you died; for the Inquisition couldn't do it for you in these degenerate days. After a great deal more twaddle like this, I asked him why you heretics all had such hard names, that we others never could speak them? Then he looked mysterious, so! [here Miss Rita diabolically winked one eye,] and said he: 'I will tell you, *per Bacco!* hush, it's because they are so abominably wicked, never give any thing to OUR Church, never have no holy water in their houses, never go to no confession, and are such monsters generally, that their police are all the time

busy trying to catch them; but their names are so hard to speak that when the police go and ask for them, nobody knows them, and so they get off; otherwise, their country would have jails in it as large as St. Peter's, and they would be full all the time!

'H'm!' said Rocjean, 'I suppose you would be afraid to go to such horrible countries, among such people?'

'Not I,' spoke Rita, 'didn't Ida go to Paris, and didn't she come back to Rome with such a magnificent silk dress, and gold watch, and such a bonnet! all full of flowers, and lace, and ribbons? Oh! they don't eat 'nothing but maccaroni' there! And they don't have priests all the time sneaking round to keep a poor girl from earning a little money honestly, and haul her up before the police if her *carta di soggiorno* [permit to remain in Rome] runs out. I wish [here Rita stamped her foot and her eyes flashed] Garibaldi would come here! Then you would see these black crows flying, *Iddio giusto!* Then we would have no more of these *arciprete* making us pay them for every mouthful of bread we eat, or wine we drink, or wood we burn.'

'Why,' said Caper, 'they don't keep the baker-shops, and wine-shops, and wood-yards, do they?'

'No,' answered Rita, 'but they speculate in them, and Fra 'Tonelli makes his cousins and so on inspectors; and they regulate the prices to suit themselves, and make oh! such tremen-di-ous fortunes. [Here Rita opened her eyes, and spread her hands, as if beholding the elephant.] Don't I remember, some time ago, how, when the Pope went out riding, he found both sides of the way

from the Vatican to San Angelo crowded with people on their knees, groaning and calling to him. Said he to Fra 'Tonelli:

"What are these poor people about?"

"Praying for your blessed holiness,' said he, while his eyes sparkled.

"But,' said the Pope, 'they are moaning and groaning.'

"It's a way the *poblaccio* have,' answered 'Tonelli, 'when they pray.'

'The Pope knew he was lying, so, when he went home to the Vatican, he sent for one of his faithful servants, and said he:

"Santi, you run out and see what all this shindy is about?"

'So Santi came back and told him 'Tonelli had put up the price of bread, and the people were starving. So the Pope took out a big purse with a little money in it, and said he:

"Here, Santi, you go and buy me ten pounds of bread, and get a bill for it, and have it receipted!"

'So Santi came back with bread, and bill all receipted, and laid it down on a table, and threw a cloth over it. By and by, in comes 'Tonelli. Then the Pope says to him, kindly and smiling:

"I am confident I heard the people crying about bread to-day; now, tell me truly, what is it selling for?"

'Then 'Tonelli told him such a lie. [Up went Rita's hands and eyes.]

'Then the Pope says, while he looked so [knitting her brows]:

"Oblige me, if you please, by lifting up that cloth."

'And 'Tonelli did.

'Bread went down six *baiocchi* next morning!'

'By the way, Rita,' asked Rocjean, 'where is your little brother, Beppo?'

'Oh! he's home,' she answered, 'but I wish you would ask your friend Enrico, the German sculptor, if he won't have him again, for his model.'

'Why, I thought he was using him for his new statue?'

'He was; but oh! so unfortunately, last Sunday, father went out to see his cousin John, who lives near Ponte Mole, and has a garden there, and Beppo went with him; but the dear little fellow is so fond of fruit, that he ate a pint of raw horse-beans!'

'Of all the fruit!' shouted Caper.

'*Si, signore*, it's splendid; but it gave Beppo the colic next day, and when he went to Signore Enrico's studio to pose for Cupid, he twisted and wrenched around so with pain, that Signore Enrico told him he looked more like a little devil than a small love; and when Beppo told him what fruit he had been eating, Signore Enrico bid him clear out for a savage that he was, and told him to go and learn to eat them boiled before he came back again.'

'I will speak to the Signore Enrico, and have him employ him again,' said Rocjean.

'Oh! I wish you would, for the Signore Enrico was very good to Beppo; besides, his studio is a perfect palace for cigar-stumps, which Beppo used to pick up and sell—that is, all those he and father didn't smoke in their pipes.'

'Make a sketch, Caper,' said Rocjean, 'of Cupid filling up his

quiver with cigar-stumps, while he holds one between his teeth. There's a model love for you! Now, give Rita those two pauls you promised her, and let her go. *Adio!*"

GIULIA DI SEGNI

(Lines found written on the back of a sketch in Caper's portfolio.)

By Roman watch-tower, on the mountaintop,
We stood, at sunset, gazing like the eagles
From their cloud-eyrie, o'er the broad Campagna,
To the Albanian hills, which boldly rose,
Bathed in a flood of red and pearly light.
Far off, and fading in the coming night,
Lay the Abruzzi, where the pale, white walls
Of towns gleamed faintly on their purple sides.

The evening air was tremulous with sounds:
The thrilling chirp of insects, twittering birds,
Barking of shepherds' fierce, white, Roman dogs;
While from the narrow path, far down below,
We heard a mournful rondinella ring,
Sung by a home-returning mountaineer.

Then, as the daylight slowly climbed the hills,
And the soft wind breathed music to their steps,
O'er the old Roman watch-tower marched the stars,

In their bright legions—conquerors of night—
Shedding from silver armor shining light;
As once the Roman legions, ages past,
Marched on to conquest o'er the Latin way,
Gleaming, white-stoned, so far beneath our gaze.

Giula di Segni, 'mid the Volscians born,
Streamed in thy veins that fiery, Roman blood,
Curled thy proud lip, and fired thy eagle eyes.
Faultless in beauty, as the noble forms
Painted on rare Etrurian vase of old;
How life, ennobled by thy love, swept on,
Serene, above the mean and pitiful!

Stars! that still sparkle o'er old Segni's walls,
Oh! mirror back to me one glance from eyes
That yet may watch you from that Roman tower.

MR. BROWN BUYS A PAINTING

Caper's uncle, from St. Louis, Mr. William Browne, one day astonished several artists who were dining with him:

'My young men,' said he, 'there is one thing pleases me very much about you all, and that is, you never mention the word Art; don't seem to care any thing more about the old masters than I would about a lot of old worn-out broom-sticks; and if I didn't know I was with artists in Rome, the crib—no, what d' ye call it?'

'The manger?' suggested Rocjean.

'Yes,' continued Uncle Bill, 'the manger of art, I should think I was among a lot of smart merchants, who had gone into the painting business determined to do a right good trade.'

'Cash on delivery,' added Caper.

'Yes, be sure of that. Well, I like it; I feel at home with you; and as I always make it a point to encourage young business men, I am going to do my duty by one of you, at any rate. I shan't show favor to my nephew, Jim, any more than I do to the rest. And this is my plan: I want a painting five feet by two, to fill up a place in my house in St. Louis; it's an odd shape, and that is so much in my favor, because you haven't any of you a painting that size under way, and can all start even. I'll leave the subject to each one of you, and I'll pay five hundred dollars to the man who paints the best picture, who has his done within seven days, *and puts the most work on it!* Do you all understand?'

They replied affirmatively.

'But what the thunder,' asked Caper, 'are those of us who don't win the prize, going to do with paintings of such a size, left on our hands? Nobody, unless a steamboat captain, who wants to ornament his berths, just that size, and relieve the tedium of his passengers, would ever think of buying them.'

'Well,' replied Uncle Bill, 'I don't want smart young men like you all, to lose your time and money, so I'll buy the balance of the paintings for what the canvas and paints cost, and give two dollars a day for the seven days employed on each painting. Isn't

that liberal?'

'Like Cosmo de Medici,' answered Rocjean; 'and I agree to the terms in every particular, especially as to putting the most work on it! There are four competitors—put down their names. Légume, you will come in, won't you?'

'Certainly I will, by Jing!' answered the French artist, who prided himself on his knowledge of English, especially the interjections.

'Then,' continued Rocjean, 'Caper, Bagswell, Légume, and I, will try for your five hundred dollar prize. When shall we commence?'

'To-day is Tuesday,' replied Uncle Bill; 'say next Monday—that will give you plenty of time to get your frames and canvases. So that ends all particulars. There are two friends of mine here from the United States, one, Mr. Van Brick, of New York, and the other, Mr. Pinchfip, of Philadelphia, whom I think you all met here last week.'

'The thin gentleman with hair very much brushed, be Gad?' asked Légume.

'I don't remember as to his hair,' answered Uncle Bill, 'but that's the man. Well, these two I know will act as vampires, and I am sure you will be pleased with their verdict. Monday after next, therefore, we will all call, so be ready.'

The four artists took the whole thing as a joke, but determined to paint the pictures; and at Caper's suggestion, each one agreed, as there was a play of words in the clause, 'most work on it,' to

puzzle Uncle Bill, and have the laugh on him.

On the day appointed to decide the prize, Uncle Bill, accompanied by Messrs. Van Brick and Pinchfip, called first at Légume's studio; they found him in the Via Margutta, (in English, Malicious street,) in a light, airy room, furnished with a striking attention to effect. On his easel was a painting of the required size, representing Louis XV. at Versailles, surrounded by his lady friends. By making the figures of the ladies small, and crowding them, Légume managed to get a hundred or two on the canvas. A period in their history to which Frenchmen refer with so much pleasure, and with which they are so conversant, was treated by the artist with professional zeal. The merits of the painting were carefully canvassed by the two judges. Mr. Pinchfip found it exceedingly graceful, neat, and pretty. Mr. Van Brick admired the females, remarking that he should like to be in old Louis's place. To which Légume bowed, asserting that he was sure he was in every way qualified to fill it. Mr. Van Brick determined in his mind to give the artist a dinner, at Spillman's, for that speech.

Mr. Pinchfip took notes in a book; Mr. Van Brick asked for a light to a cigar. The former congratulated the artist; the latter at once asked him to come and dine with him. Mr. Pinchfip wished to know if he was related to the Count Légume whom he had met at Paris. Mr. Van Brick told him he would bring his friend Livingston round to buy a painting. Mr. Pinchfip said that it would afford him pleasure to call again. Mr. Van Brick gave

the artist his card, and shook hands with him:...and the judges were passing out, when Légume asked them to take one final look at the painting to see if it had not the *most work* on it. Mr. Van Brick instantly turned toward it, and running over it with his eye, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

'If the others beat that, I am mistaken,' said he. 'Look at there!' calling the attention of Uncle Bill and Mr. Pinchfip to a fold of a curtain on which was painted, in small letters,

'MOST WORK.'

'I say, Browne,' continued Mr. Van Brick, 'he is too many for you; and if the one who puts 'most work' on his painting is to win the five hundred dollars, Légume's chance is good.'

'Very ingenious,' said Mr. Pinchfip, 'very; it is a legitimate play upon words. But legally, I can not affirm that I am aware of any precedent for awarding Mr. Browne's money to Monsieur Légume on this score.'

'We will have to make a precedent, then,' spoke Van Brick, 'and do it illegally, if we find that he deserves the money. But time flies, and we have the other artists to visit.'

They next went to Bagswell's studio, in the Viccolo dei Greci, and found him in a large room, well furnished, and having a solidly comfortable look; the walls ornamented with paintings, sketches, costumes, armor; while in a good light under its one large window, was his painting. They found he had left his beaten

track of historical subjects, and in the *genre* school had an interior of an Italian country inn—a kitchen-scene. It represented a stout, handsome country girl, in Ciociara costume, kneading a large trough of dough, while another girl was filling pans with that which was already kneaded, and two or three other females were carrying them to an oven, tended by a man who was piling brush-wood on the fire. The painting was very life-like, and for the short time employed on it, well finished. It wanted the fire and dash of Légume's painting, but its truthfulness to life evidently made a deep impression on Uncle Bill. Stuck on with a sketching-tack to one corner was a piece of paper, on which was marked the number of hours employed each day on the work; it summed up fifty-four hours, or an average each day of nearly eight hours' work on it.

Mr. Pinchfip's note-book was again called into play. Mr. Van Brick had another cigar to smoke, remarking that the artist had triple work in his picture—head, bread, and prize-work: his picture representing working in, over, and for bread!

They next went to see Rocjean, in the Corso; they found him in a bournouse, with a fez on his head, a long chibouk in his mouth, smoking away, extended at full length on a settee, which he insisted was a divan. There was a glass bottle holding half a gallon of red wine on a table near him, also a bottle of Marsala, and half a dozen glasses. There was a roaring wood-fire in his stove—for it was December, and the day was overcast and cool.

'This is the most out and out comfortable old nest I've seen in

Rome,' said Mr. Van Brick, as they entered; 'and as for curiosities and plunder, you beat Barnum. *Will I take a glass of wine?* I am there!'

Rocjean filled up glasses. Mr. Pinchfip declining, as he never drank before dinner, neither did he smoke before dinner. He told them that the late Doctor Phyzgig, who had always been their (the Pinchfips') family physician, had absolutely forbidden it.

No one made any remark to this, unless Mr. Van Brick's expressive face could be translated as observing, in a quiet manner, that the late Doctor was possibly dyspeptic, and probably nervous.

Rocjean's painting represented a view of the Claudian aqueduct, mountains in the distance; bold foreground, shepherd with flocks, a wayside shrine, peasants kneeling in front of it. Over all, bold cloud effects. A very ponderous volume balanced on top of the picture, and leaning against the easel, invited Uncle Bill's attention, and he asked Rocjean why he had put it there? The artist answered that it was a folio copy of *Josephus*, his works, and, as he was anxious to comply with the terms of Mr. Browne, he had placed it there in order to put the *most work* on it.

Mr. Pinchfip having asked Rocjean why, in placing that book there, he was like a passenger paying his fare to the driver of an omnibus?

The latter at once answered:

'I give it up.'

'So you do,' replied Pinchfip. 'You are quick, sir, at answering

conundrums.'

Mr. Brick saw it. Finally Uncle Bill was made to comprehend.

'Very excellent, sir; very ingenious! Philadelphians may well be proud of the high position they have as punsters, utterers of *bon mots* and conundrums,' said Rocjean; 'I have had the comfort of living in your city, and thoroughly appreciating your—markets.'

After Rocjean's the judges and Uncle Bill went to Caper's studio. As they entered his room they found that ingenious youth walking, in his shirt-sleeves, in as large a circle as the room would permit, bearing on his head a large canvas, while a quite pretty female model, named Stella, sat on a sofa, marking down something on a piece of paper, using the sole of her shoe for a writing-desk.

'We-ell!' said Uncle Bill.

'One more round,' quoth Caper, with unmoved countenance, 'and I will be with you. That will make four hundred and fifty, won't it, Stella?'

'*Eh, Gia*, one more is all you want.' And making an extra scratch with a pencil, the female model surveyed the new-comers with a triumphant air, plainly saying: 'See there! I can write, but I am not proud.'

'What are you about, Jim?'

'Look at that painting!' answered Caper. 'The Blessing of the Donkeys, Horses, etc.; it is one of the most imposing ceremonies of the Church. As my specialty is animal, I have chosen it for my

painting; and not contented with laboring faithfully on it, I have determined, in order to put the thing beyond a doubt as to my gaining the prize, to put the *most work* on it of any of my rivals; so I have actually, as Stella will tell you, carried it bodily four hundred and fifty times round this studio.'

'Instead of a painting, I should think you would have made a panting of it,' spoke Mr. Van Brick.

'The idea seems to me artful,' added Mr. Pinchfip, 'but after all, this pedestrian work was not on the painting, but under it; therefore, according to Blackstone on contracts, this comes under the head of a consideration *do, ut facias*, see vol. ii. page 360. How far moral obligation is a legal consideration, see note, vol. iii. p. 249 Bossanquet and Puller's Reports. The principle *servus facit, ut herus det*, as laid down by....'

'Jove!' exclaimed Uncle Bill, 'couldn't you stop off the torrent for one minute? I'm drowning—I give up—do with me as you see fit.'

'And now,' said Mr. Van Brick, 'that we have seen the four paintings, let us, Mr. Pinchfip, proceed calmly to discover who has won the five hundred dollars. Duly, deliberately, and gravely, let us put the four names on four slips of paper, stir them up in a hat. Mr. Browne shall then draw out a name, the owner of that name shall be the winner.'

It was drawn, and by good fortune for him, Bagswell won the five hundred dollars. Thus Uncle Bill Browne bought one painting for a good round sum, and three others at the stipulated

price. Which one of the four had the *most work* on it, is, however, an unsettled question among three of the artists, to this day.

FOR THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH

Victory comes with a palm in her hand,
With laurel upon her brow;
Cypress is clinging about her feet,
But its dark blossoms are red and sweet,
And the weeping mourners bow.

It is well. Through her tears, the widow smiles
To the child upon her knee;
'Thou'rt fatherless, darling; but he fell
Gallantly fighting, and long and well,
For the banner of the free!'

Then, weeping: 'Alas! for my lost, lost love;
Alas! for my own weak heart;
I know, when the storm shall pass away,
My boy, in manhood, would blush to say:
'My blood had therein no part.'

The maiden her lover weeps, unconsolated,
So desolate is her gloom;
But a voice falls softly through the air,
Whispering comfort to her despair,
'Love *here* hath fadeless bloom.'

The father laments for his boy, who fell
By Cumberland's river-side;
The sister, her brother loved the best,
Whose blood, in the dark and troubled West,
The father of waters dyed.

The mother—oh! silence your Spartan tales—
Says bravely, hushing a moan:
'I have yet *one* left. My boy! go on;
Rear freedom's banner high in the sun!'
Then sits in the house alone.

To die for one's country is sweet, indeed!
To fight for the right is brave;
But there are brave hearts who vainly wait
Till triumph shall find them desolate,
Their hopes in a far-off grave.

O mourners! be patient; the end shall come;
The beautiful years of peace.
Remember! though hearts rebel the while
You hide your tears with a mournful smile,
That tyranny soon shall cease.

For victory comes, a palm in her hand,
Fresh garlands about her brow;
But the cypress trailing under her feet,
With crimson blossoms, by tears made sweet,
Shall wreath with the laurel now.

IN TRANSITU

When the acid meets the alkali,
How they sputter, snap, and fly!
Such a crackling, such a pattering!
Such a hissing, such a spattering!

All in foaming discord tossed,
One would swear that all is lost.
Yet the equivalents soon blend,
All comes right at last i' the end.

Country mine!—'tis so with thee.
Wait—and all will quiet be!
Men, while working out a mission,
Must not fear the fierce transition.

AMONG THE PINES

I sauntered out, after the events recorded in the last paper, to inhale the fresh air of the morning. A slight rain had fallen during the night, and it still moistened the dead leaves which carpeted the woods, making an extended walk out of the question; so, seating myself on the trunk of a fallen tree, in the vicinity of the house, I awaited the hour for breakfast. I had not remained there long before I heard the voices of my host and Madam P— on the front piazza:

'I tell you, Alice, I can not—must not do it. If I overlook this, the discipline of the plantation is at an end.'

'Do what you please with him when you return,' replied the lady, 'but do not chain him up, and leave me, at such a time, alone. You know Jim is the only one I can depend on.'

'Well, have your own way. You know, my darling, I would not cause you a moment's uneasiness, but I must follow up this d—d Moyer.'

I was seated where I could hear, though I could not see the speakers, but it was evident from the tone of the last remark, that an action accompanied it quite as tender as the words. Being unwilling to overhear more of a private conversation, I rose and approached them.

'Ah! my dear fellow,' said the Colonel, on perceiving me, 'are you stirring so early? I was about to send to your room to ask if

you'll go with me up the country. My d-d overseer has got away, and I must follow him at once.'

'I'll go with pleasure,' I replied. 'Which way do you think Moyer has gone?'

'The shortest cut to the railroad, probably; but old Cæsar will track him.'

A servant then announced breakfast—an early one having been prepared. We hurried through the meal with all speed, and the other preparations being soon over, were in twenty minutes in our saddles, and ready for the journey. The mulatto coachman, with a third horse, was at the door, ready to accompany us, and as we mounted, the Colonel said to him:

'Go and call Sam, the driver.'

The darky soon returned with the heavy, ugly-visaged black who had been whipped, by Madam P-'s order, the day before.

'Sam,' said his master, 'I shall be gone some days, and I leave the field-work in your hands. Let me have a good account of you when I return.'

'Yas, massa, you shill dat,' replied the negro.

'Put Jule—Sam's Jule—into the field, and see that she does full tasks,' continued the Colonel.

'Hain't she wanted 'mong de nusses, massa?'

'Put some one else there—give her field-work; she needs it.'

I will here explain that on large plantations the young children of the field-women are left with them only at night, being herded together during the day in a separate cabin, in charge of nurses.

These nurses are feeble, sickly women, or recent mothers; and the fact of Jule's being employed in that capacity was evidence that she was unfit for out-door labor.

Madam P—, who was waiting on the piazza to see us off, seemed about to remonstrate against this arrangement, but she hesitated a moment, and in that moment we had bidden her 'Good-by,' and galloped away.

We were soon at the cabin of the negro-hunter, and the coachman dismounting, called him out.

'Hurry up, hurry up,' said the Colonel, as Sandy appeared, 'we haven't a moment to spare.'

'Jest so, jest so, Cunnel; I'll jine ye in a jiffin,' replied he of the reddish extremities.

Emerging from the shanty with provoking deliberation—the impatience of my host had infected me—the clay-eater slowly proceeded to mount the horse of the negro, his dirt-bedraggled wife, and clay-incrusted children, following close at his heels, and the younger ones huddling around for the tokens of paternal affection usual at parting. Whether it was the noise they made, or their frightful aspect, I know not, but the horse, a spirited animal, took fright on their appearance, and nearly broke away from the negro, who was holding him. Seeing this, the Colonel said:

'Clear out, you young scarecrows. Into the house with you.'

'They hain't no more scarecrows than yourn, Cunnel J—,' said the mother, in a decidedly belligerent tone. 'You may 'buse my old man—he kin stand it—but ye shan't blackguard my young

'uns!'

The Colonel laughed, and was about to make a good-natured reply, when Sandy yelled out:

'Gwo enter the house and shet up, ye --.'

With this affectionate farewell, he turned his horse and led the way up the road.

The dog, who was a short distance in advance, soon gave a piercing howl, and started off at the speed of a reindeer. He had struck the trail, and urging our horses to their fastest speed, we followed.

We were all well mounted, but the mare the Colonel had given me was a magnificent animal, as fleet as the wind, and with a gait so easy that her back seemed a rocking-chair. Saddle-horses at the South are trained to the gallop—Southern riders deeming it unnecessary that one's breakfast should be churned into a Dutch cheese by a trotting nag, in order that one may pass for a good horseman.

We had ridden on at a perfect break-neck pace for half an hour, when the Colonel shouted to our companion:

'Sandy, call the dog in; the horses won't last ten miles at this gait—we've a long ride before us.'

The dirt-eater did as he was bidden, and we soon settled into a gentle gallop.

We had passed through a dense forest of pines, but were emerging into a 'bottom country,' where some of the finest deciduous trees, then brown and leafless, but bearing promise

of the opening beauty of spring, reared, along with the unfading evergreen, their tall stems in the air. The live-oak, the sycamore, the Spanish mulberry, the mimosa, and the persimmon, gayly festooned with wreaths of the white and yellow jessamine, the woodbine and the cypress-moss, and bearing here and there a bouquet of the mistletoe, with its deep green and glossy leaves upturned to the sun—flung their broad arms over the road, forming an archway grander and more beautiful than any the hand of man ever wove for the greatest heroes the world has worshiped.

The woods were free from underbrush, but a coarse, wiry grass, unfit for fodder, and scattered through them in detached patches, was the only vegetation visible. The ground was mainly covered with the leaves and burs of the pine.

We passed great numbers of swine, feeding on these burs, and now and then a horned animal browsing on the cypress-moss where it hung low on the trees. I observed that nearly all the swine were marked, though they seemed too wild to have ever seen an owner, or a human habitation. They were a long, lean, slab-sided race, with legs and shoulders like a deer, and bearing no sort of resemblance to the ordinary hog except in the snout, and that feature was so much longer and sharper than the nose of the Northern swine, that I doubt if Agassiz would class the two as one species. However, they have their uses—they make excellent bacon, and are 'death on snakes;' Ireland itself is not more free from the serpentine race than are the districts frequented by these

long-nosed quadrupeds.

'We call them Carolina race-horses,' said the Colonel, as he finished an account of their peculiarities.

'Race-horses! Why, are they fleet of foot?'

'Fleet as deer. I'd match one against an ordinary horse at any time.'

'Come, my friend, you're practicing on my ignorance of natural history.'

'Not a bit of it. See! there's a good specimen yonder. If we can get him into the road, and fairly started, I'll bet you a dollar he'll beat Sandy's mare on a half-mile stretch—Sandy to hold the stakes and have the winnings.'

'Well, agreed,' I said, laughing, 'and I'll give the pig ten rods the start.'

'No,' replied the Colonel, 'you can't afford it. He'll *have* to start ahead, but you'll need that in the count. Come, Sandy, will you go in for the pile?'

I'm not sure that the native would not have run a race with Old Nicholas himself, for the sake of so much money. To him it was a vast sum; and as he thought of it, his eyes struck small sparks, and his enormous beard and mustachio vibrated with something that faintly resembled a laugh. Replying to the question, he said:

'Kinder reckon I wull, Cunnel; howsomdever, I keeps the stakes, anyhow?'

'Of course,' said the planter, 'but be honest—win if you can.'

Sandy halted his horse in the road, while the planter and I

took to the woods on either side of the way. The Colonel soon maneuvered to separate the selected animal from the rest of the herd, and, without much difficulty, got him into the road, where, by closing down on each flank, we kept him till he and Sandy were fairly under way.

'He'll keep to the road when once started,' said the Colonel, laughing, 'and he'll show you some of the tallest running you ever saw in your life.'

Away they went. At first the pig seemed not exactly to comprehend the programme, for he cantered off at a leisurely pace, though he held his own. Soon, however, he cast an eye behind him—halted a moment to collect his thoughts and reconnoiter—and then, lowering his head and elevating his tail, put forth all his speed. And such speed! Talk of a deer, the wind, or a steam-engine—their gait is not to be compared with it. Nothing in nature I have ever seen run—except, it may be, a Southern tornado, or a Sixth Ward politician—could hope to distance that pig. He gained on the horse at every pace, and I soon saw that my dollar was gone!

'In for a shilling in for a pound,' is the adage, so turning to the Colonel, I said, as intelligibly as my horse's rapid steps, and my own excited risibilities would allow:

'I see I've lost, but I'll go you another dollar that you can't beat the pig!'

'No—sir!' the Colonel got out in the breaks of his laughing explosions; 'you can't hedge on me in that manner. I'll go a dollar

that *you* can't do it, and your mare is the fastest on the road. She won me a thousand not a month ago.'

'Well, I'll do it; Sandy to have the stakes.'

'Agreed,' said the Colonel, and away we went.

The swinish racer was about a hundred yards ahead when I gave the mare the reins, and told her to go. And she did go. She flew against the wind with a motion so rapid that my face, as it clove the air, felt as if cutting its way through a solid body, and the trees, as we passed, seemed taken with a panic, and running for dear life in the opposite direction.

For a few moments I thought the mare was gaining, and I turned to the Colonel with an exultant look.

'Don't shout till you win, my boy,' he called out from the distance where I was fast leaving him and Sandy.

I did not shout, for spite of all my efforts the space between me and the pig seemed to widen. Yet I kept on, determined to win, till, at the end of a short half-mile, we reached the Waccamaw—the swine still a hundred yards ahead! There his pig-ship halted, turned coolly around, eyed me for a moment, then quietly and deliberately trotted off into the woods.

A bend in the road kept my companions out of sight for a few moments, and when they came up I had somewhat recovered my breath, though the mare was blowing hard, and reeking with foam.

'Well,' said the Colonel, 'what do you think of our bacon 'as it runs'?''

'I think the Southern article can't be beat, whether raw or cooked, standing or running.'

At this moment the hound, who had been leisurely jogging along in the rear, disdainingly to join in the race in which his dog of a master and I had engaged, came up, and dashing quickly on to the river's edge, set up a most dismal howling. The Colonel dismounted, and clambering down the bank, which was there twenty feet high, and very steep, shouted out:

'The d—d Yankee has swum the stream!'

'Why so?' Tasked.

'To cover his tracks and delay pursuit; but he has overshot the mark. There is no other road within ten miles, and he must have taken to this one again beyond here. He's lost twenty minutes by that maneuver. Come, Sandy, call on the dog, we'll push on a little faster.'

'But he tuk to t'other bank, Cunnel. Shan't we trail him thar?' asked Sandy.

'And suppose he found a boat here,' I suggested, 'and made the shore some ways down?'

'He couldn't get Firefly into a boat—we should only waste time in scouring the other bank. The swamp this side the next run has forced him into the road within five miles. The trick is transparent. He took me for a fool,' replied the Colonel, answering both questions at once.

I had reined my horse out of the road, and when my companions turned to go, was standing at the edge of the bank,

overlooking the river. Suddenly I saw, on one of the abutments of the bridge, what seemed a long, black log—strange to say, *in motion!*

'Colonel,' I shouted, 'see there! a living log, as I'm a white man!'

'Lord bless you,' cried the planter, taking an observation, 'it's an alligator!'

I said no more, but pressing on after the hound, soon left my companions out of sight. For long afterward, the Colonel, in a doleful way, would allude to my lamentable deficiency in natural history—particularly in such branches as bacon and 'living logs.'

I had ridden about five miles, keeping well up with the hound, and had reached the edge of the swamp, when suddenly the dog darted to the side of the road, and began to yelp in the most frantic manner. Dismounting, and leading my horse to the spot, I made out plainly the print of Firefly's feet in the sand. There was no mistaking it—that round shoe on the off fore-foot. (The horse had, when a colt, a cracked hoof, and though the wound was outgrown, the foot was still tender.) These prints were dry, while the tracks we had seen at the river were filled with water, thus proving that the rain ceased while the overseer was passing between the two places. He was then not far off.

The Colonel and Sandy soon rode up.

'Caught a living log! eh, my good fellow?' asked my host, with a laugh.

'No; but here's the overseer as plain as daylight; and his tracks

not wet!

Quickly dismounting, he examined the ground, and then exclaimed:

'The d—! it's a fact—here not four hours ago! He has doubled on his tracks since, I'll wager, and not made twenty miles—we'll have him before night, sure! Come, mount—quick.'

We sprang into our saddles, and again pressed rapidly on after the dog, who followed the scent at the top of his speed.

Some three miles more of wet, miry road took us to the run of which the Colonel had spoken. Arrived there, we found the hound standing on the bank, wet to the skin, and looking decidedly chop-fallen.

'Death and d—n!' shouted the Colonel; 'the dog has swum the run, and lost the trail on the other side! The d—d scoundrel has taken to the water, and balked us after all! Take up the dog, Sandy, and try him again over there.'

The native spoke to Cæsar, who bounded on to the horse's back in front of his master. They then crossed the stream, which there was about fifty yards wide, and so shallow that in the deepest part the water only touched the horse's breast, but it was so roiled by the recent rain that we could not distinguish the foot-prints of the horse beneath the surface.

The dog ranged up and down on the opposite bank, but all to no purpose: the overseer had not been there. He had gone either up or down the stream—in which direction, was now the question. Calling Sandy back to our side of the run, the Colonel

proceeded to hold a 'council of war.' Each one gave his opinion, which was canvassed by the others, with as much solemnity as if the fate of the Union hung on the decision.

The native proposed we should separate—one go up, another down the stream, and the third, with the dog, follow the road; to which he thought Moye had finally returned. Those who should explore the run would easily detect the horse's tracks where he had left it, and then taking a straight course to the road, we could all meet some five miles further on, at a place indicated.

I gave in my adhesion to Sandy's plan, but the Colonel overruled it on the ground of the waste of time to be incurred in thus recovering the overseer's trail.

'Why not,' he said, 'strike at once for the end of his route? Why follow the slow steps he took in order to throw us off the track? He has not come back to this road. Six miles below there is another one leading also to the railway. He has taken that. We might as well send Sandy and the dog back at once, and go on by ourselves.'

'But if bound for the Station, why should he wade through the creek here, six miles out of his way? Why not go straight on by the road?' I asked.

'Because he knew the dog would track him, and he hoped by taking to the run to make me think he had crossed the country instead of striking for the railroad.'

I felt sure the Colonel was wrong, but knowing him to be tenacious of his own opinions, I made no further objection.

Directing Sandy to call on Madam P— and acquaint her with our progress, he then dismissed the negro-hunter, and we once more turned our horses up the road.

The next twenty miles, like our previous route, lay through an unbroken forest, but as we left the water-courses, we saw nothing but the gloomy pines, which there—the region being remote from the means of transportation—were seldom tapped, and presented few of the openings that invite the weary traveler to the dwelling of the hospitable planter.

After a time the sky, which had been bright and cloudless all the morning, grew overcast and gave out tokens of a coming storm. A black cloud gathered in the west, and random flashes darted from it far off in the distance; then gradually it neared us; low mutterings sounded in the air, and the tops of the tall pines a few miles away, were lit up now and then with a fitful blaze, all the brighter for the deeper gloom that succeeded. Then a terrific flash and peal broke directly over us, and a great tree, struck by a red-hot bolt, fell with a deafening crash, half-way across our path. Peal after peal followed, and then the rain—not filtered into drops as it falls from our colder sky, but in broad, blinding sheets, poured full and heavy on our shelterless heads.

'Ah! there it comes!' shouted the Colonel. 'God have mercy upon us!'

Suddenly a crashing, crackling, thundering roar rose above the storm, filling the air, and shaking the solid earth till it trembled beneath our horses' feet, as if upheaved by a volcano. Nearer

and nearer the sound came, till it seemed that all the legions of darkness were unloosed in the forest, and were mowing down the great pines as the mower mows the grass with big scythe. Then an awful, sweeping crash thundered directly at our backs, and turning round, as if to face a foe, my horse, who had borne the roar and the blinding flash till then, unmoved, paralyzed with dread, and panting for breath, sunk to the ground; while close at my side the Colonel, standing erect in his stirrups, his head uncovered to the pouring sky, cried out:

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