GRAHAM'S

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S

MAGAZINE,

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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Fiction, Literature and Articles

Poetry

Music & Illustrations

THE BLIGHTED HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," ETC.

It is many years since an individual of singular appearance took up his abode in the vicinity of a populous town—an unusual choice of place for one whom misfortune or misanthropy seemed to have rendered averse to human society, but not an injudicious one in this case, since the spot afforded the solitude of the desert without its remoteness from succor.

His humble dwelling, constructed with little skill or care, and scarcely discernible in the tangled thicket, was situated upon a rough hill that rose with picturesque abruptness from the level plain; toward the town rocky and precipitous, but descending on the opposite side with a softer outline. The gray rock was in some places naked to the sun; in others, covered with soil for the most part closely wooded. One spot, in the very midst of the deep shade, was susceptible of cultivation. It was but a strip, but it repaid the rude culture of the recluse with food sufficient for him, and served also to pasture two or three sheep—not doomed to bleed for their master's gratification, but to be harnessed with strips of bark to a little cart, which served him many useful purposes during the Summer, and when Autumn blasts began to lay bare the branches, bore his few movables toward the pleasant south. No one knew where he made his winter abode; but the flitting was regular as that of the birds, and when they and the flowers returned, back came our hermit to his hovel on the rock.

When we first heard of his existence, he was seldom disturbed or intruded upon. Curiosity had subsided, and the determined silence of the recluse was not calculated to induce a chance visiter to repeat his visit. Strangers were sometimes taken to the hermitage, but to those who had associated the flowing beard, staff, cross and rosary with the idea of a hermit, our recluse seemed but a poor representation of the class. He was a coarse, rough-looking person, clothed in a sort of Robinson Crusoe style; and his whole air was one which the most romantic imagination would have found it difficult to invest with the character of saintly repose which always marks the hermit of story. A student would sometimes terminate his ramble by a short rest in the bough-roofed hovel, or a schoolboy spend his Saturday afternoon in its neighborhood, for the sake of sharing the contents of his basket with the lonely tenant; and in such cases the reception offered by the recluse was quiet but kind, and the offered dainties usually repaid by the gift

of some of nature's treasures, which an out-door life enabled him to procure. He would heat his rude oven, and bake apples and potatoes for them, while they gathered berries or rambled through the craggy solitudes. But he scarcely ever spoke, and most of his days were passed in absolute solitude.

The accounts I had heard had aroused no little interest or curiosity respecting this strange being, when I was one day informed that the hermit was in the kitchen, and had asked leave to take—not exactly "the husks that the swine did eat"—but a piece of white bread which had been consigned to that base use by an unthrifty maid, and which had caught his eye as he passed her territory, driven from his wretched home by the pangs of hunger. I had heard that he sometimes asked alms in the kitchens of his young visiters, when from want of foresight he found himself without provisions; I was, therefore, not surprised when I heard of his coming. Quite curious, however, I followed my informant immediately, and found a tall, meagre figure, clad in a sort of wrapper of the coarsest kind of blanketing, confined at the waist with a piece of rope. His hair was "sable-silvered," and seemed utterly unconscious of comb or scissors; and his beard, not "descending" but full and bushy, concealed completely the mouth and chin, to which I usually look for the expression of character. So much of his face as could be seen showed little trace of refined sensibility. His eye was cold and stern, and one found it difficult to believe it had ever been otherwise, yet I fancied—who could forbear fancying something of an individual so singular in his appearance and habits?—that the deep furrows of his brow were not the gradual work of time, but the more severe scoopings of remorse or regret, and that they spoke of pangs such as only the strong mind can suffer.

My gaze offended or disconcerted him, for he stepped without the door, so as to screen himself from further scrutiny. I hastened to repair the involuntary fault by addressing him courteously, and inviting him to come in. He neither spoke nor raised his eyes from the ground; so, directing apart that food should be set before him, I left him to dispose of it at his pleasure, for it was evident that he was painfully shy, and that my presence was both unexpected and unwelcome.

I heard of him occasionally through the Summer, but nothing of novelty or interest until the hoarse voice of Autumn was heard on the hill, and the strides of approaching Winter rustled among the dry leaves of the forest, when it was ascertained that the recluse still occupied his airy Summer bower, being too unwell to commence his usual migration. Preparing a few of the little comforts of the sick room, I accompanied his young friends to

the rock, in hopes of discovering the nature of his illness and being able to contribute to its cure.

Forlorn and desolate indeed was the situation of the poor solitary. He had been unable to gather in the produce of his little plantation, and the corn was yet on the stalk, and the potatoes in the ground. The trees, stripped of their covering, no longer afforded shelter to the miserable hovel, and the hermit lay exposed to the chilling wind, warmed only by the poor sheep which huddled round him, having followed him to his retreat for protection from the blast, or for the food which the bare and frozen banks now denied them.

He received thankfully the provisions we offered, but resisted every proposal for removing him to a more comfortable asylum, or even for improving the miserable pallet on which he lay. He showed no symptoms of any particular disease, but a general decline of the powers of life. His appearance was much altered, and his face of a transparent paleness; but this might well have been occasioned by the want of such food as his feeble appetite required. He felt quite sure he should be better now, and said he had lain in bed only to keep himself warm. Finding him resolute in rejecting further aid, the young people gathered a supply of fuel, and filled his kettle and hung it over a good fire, and arranged the few comforts we had brought on a rude shelf by the bedside, and we left him to himself, feeling that however grateful he might be for intended kindness, human society was evidently distasteful to him.

It was evident to us all that he was much softened since his illness. He no longer maintained an obstinate silence, nor when he spoke was it with that deep hoarse voice which had been remarkable before. There was more of refinement in his language, and of intelligence in his eye; and I could not help thinking that the roughness I had noticed had been artificial—assumed only to suit the character he had adopted. Our young people now visited him more frequently, and others, hearing of his indisposition, offered more comforts than he would consent to receive; but he declined gradually, so gradually, indeed, that those who saw him often were scarce aware of the change, until one morning he was found dead in his bed.[1] No clue to his name or kindred was found among his poor effects; but he had consigned to one favored individual a memoir of his life, or at least of that portion of it which had been passed among men. Other papers there were—the outpourings of a vehement spirit—of a rebellious and untamed heart, which had dared to sit in judgment on the decrees of the Most High, and to draw from the various calamities of life bold and blasphemous conclusions against the justice and goodness of Providence. These were of course

committed to the flames; but the short record of his own disastrous career, written apparently in a different spirit, and after he had ceased to "contend against God," is here given, not without a hope that useful lessons may be derived from the errors of a proud and self-deifying heart.

THE HERMIT'S STORY.

My father was a substantial farmer. By unremitting industry in early life he had amassed a few hundreds, and these had become thousands by prudent management and rigid economy; so that from my earliest recollection he was at ease as to worldly possessions. His own career having been thus prosperous, he naturally desired that his only son should follow in his footsteps, and with his noble farm inherit his fondness for agricultural pursuits. Though deficient in education himself, he allowed me its advantages, and I was many years at school, with only the occasional interruption of a summons home when haying or harvesting required the entire force of the household. At such times my father spoke often to me of his wish that I should be prepared to relieve him from the cares which his years began to render irksome; of my own good fortune in being the inheritor of such a farm, and of his in having a son capable of carrying out his plans of further improvement—but I was fated to disappoint him. Fated, did I say! Let me rather own that at school I imbibed a love of letters, but not a sense of duty; a high opinion of my own powers, and a secret conviction that those powers would be wasted in the inglorious occupation of tilling the ground. My thirst for knowledge referred only to mental gratification; and I pursued my studies with an ardor of which those who have always had ready access to the treasures of literature can have but little conception. At home I scarce saw a book, beyond the Bible and a few elementary works; and when at college my eyes first opened upon the stores of ages, I became absolutely intoxicated with delight, and rioted indiscriminately in whatever seemed for the moment most desirable to my excited fancy. The result of this kind of reading was any thing but advantageous. Mental dissipation is scarcely less injurious to the moral sense than is its ruinous brother vice. The generous and self-denying virtues are almost as incompatible with the one as with the other. Under the influence of my new-found pleasure it cost me not a pang to disappoint the long-cherished hopes of my father, and it was with a secret swell of conscious superiority that I announced to him my resolution never to be a farmer.

His anger and his astonishment knew no bounds. He bitterly lamented his folly in having sent me to college, "although," as he observed, "there

was nothing in the nature of learning to make a fool of a boy." This was very true, yet the small and ill-chosen and worse digested amount of it which I had imbibed, had only filled my head with vanity, and my heart with undutiful thoughts. The entreaties of my mother and sister delayed the catastrophe for awhile. My father consented to try me at business, and I condescended to be tried; but nothing but disaster ensued. When not willfully careless, I was ruinously absent-minded, and it was not until I had killed half the cows, by letting them spend the night in a field of clover, and spiked the best horse on the tongue of a stage-coach, while I lay reading Thomson's Summer on the top of a load of hay, that my poor father gave it up in despair. He gave me a small amount of money, a horse, and a supply of clothing, and then, with anger in his eye and grief and mortification in his heart, sent me to seek my fortune where I could find a situation more congenial to my taste.

In spite of my headstrong folly I could not but feel a little misgiving as I turned my back on my home, and on the kindest of mothers, and prepared to try the wide world for a subsistence. The "still small voice" that upbraided me with the sorrow of my parents I strove to silence by a determination to return to them when I should have earned a name and a fame that should cover the waywardness of my youth, and crown their latter days with pride and joy. As a stepping-stone to fortune, however, it was highly necessary that I should at once determine upon some mode of earning a regular subsistence, and my passion for books, not to say my incapacity for any thing else, pointed at once to the situation of a teacher. I had no dread of this occupation. I ascribed the various satirical descriptions of its horrors to the incapacity of those who had attempted it. To a teacher qualified as I felt myself to be, I was confident the whole favored district would throng; and I anticipated with delight the astonishment of the natives when they discovered the attainments of their schoolmaster.

The first difficulty that occurred when I sought this delightful employment was the lack of proper testimonials. It had not entered my mind that a person of my appearance and acquirements would need credentials among ignorant rustics; but I found, with no little disgust, that I was required to go through the whole formula of recommendations and certificates, and prove my title to the honor of teaching a district school by as many papers as would have served to accredit a minister plenipotentiary. A long interval occurred before certificates could arrive from my Alma Mater, and by the time I had been examined and entered upon my new duties, an acquaintance with my patrons and their children had served to damp my ardor considerably. I dropped, by degrees, the hope of making

orators and statesmen out of the materials committed to my care; and contented myself with the more modest hope of eradicating some of the bad habits and ignorant conceit of my pupils—a sad and discouraging task. To write upon blank paper is easy, but when the surface has already been scribbled over, who can expect to produce fair and graceful lines?

Most of my scholars were the sons of farmers, who had no idea that the whole of a child's time ought to be given to the school. Many omissions occurred, and those who did attend regularly came to the writing-desk or the reading class with hands hardened by labor, or heads preoccupied by more congenial ideas. These difficulties, however, lessened in no degree the expectations of the parents.

"I expect," said one sturdy father to me, "that now we've got sich a high-larnt master, my boy'll write like copperplate afore the quarter's out;" and another, whose son spent a full month in committing the multiplication table, told me, he hardly knew how to spare him for three months, but he wanted he should "larn surveying."

The proportion of reasonable parents and capable children was lamentably small; but all this I could have borne if I had found what I expected—abundant leisure for reading. But, alas! the mornings and evenings, which were to have consoled me for the most laborious drudgery, were not at my command. That odious "boarding round"—a custom which ought to be abolished by statute—gave me every week a new home, if such sojourn may bear the sacred name of home; and every home seemed more uncomfortable than the last. One single fire for the household during all the morning business made reading impossible in Winter weather; and in the evenings, when, children and business being out of the way, I might have had a chance by the fireside, I found myself so fagged by the labors of the day, that even books had no charm which could sustain my drooping eyelids. The comfortable and well ordered home I had left often rose sweet and tempting upon my weary soul; but pride forbade me to confess my error and seek again its sheltering roof. I knew my father would be ready to receive me at a word; but that word I determined never to speak.

To a temperament such as mine, the trials at which I have but hinted were unreasonably severe. Better regulated minds would have found them much more tolerable; to me they were irons entering the soul, and I felt often tempted to fly from them, as I had done from other and far less evils that had thwarted my bent at home. I did, however, exercise sufficient self-command to fulfill my agreement; but no entreaties could induce me to engage with the same set for another season; and with the pittance which my

Winter of torment had earned, I set forward again, hoping to find some nook of earth where the abilities which I still valued, though at a more reasonable rate, might procure me a livelihood while I was deciding on a permanent plan of life.

I came just at evening upon a lovely spot—a village lying on a small but rapid stream which flowed through a highly cultivated valley. There was a mill with its busy, pleasant hum; a smith's shop round which the usual number of idlers were collected; a neat tavern where there were no idlers at all; one pretty street through which, at this sunset hour, many fair forms were flitting; and, on the brow of a hill which overlooked the whole, a church on whose taper spire the last rays of the sun seemed to linger with affectionate delay. I gazed with delight, and, still sanguine as ever, decided that this favored spot should be my home for the present. A school here, I thought, could not be like other schools—and, as far as my own experience went, I was for once right.

There was no lack of testimonials this time, and I soon found myself established in a select school, which promised better support and more leisure than I had enjoyed in my former situation. I entered upon my new duties with interest, but had already begun to discover that all schools in the country are alike in some particulars, when an incident occurred which changed at once the bent of my repining thoughts, and the whole color of my life.

Margaret ——, a beautiful girl whose health had from childhood been so delicate as to prevent her from attending school regularly, was now, in her seventeenth year, placed under my charge. Her father, the rich man of the neighborhood, was anxious that Margaret should employ an interval of improved strength in repairing as far as possible the deficiencies of her early training, and he requested extra attention on my part, in the shape of private lessons, which brought me every evening to his house.

My imagination had often dwelt on the lovely beings who rise under the creative wand of the poet, and I had sighed to think that only in books may we hope to meet these shapes of beauty, lit from within by souls yet more divine; but in Margaret —— did my charmed eyes discover more than poet ever painted. The softest beauty—a clear and most ingenuous mind—and a gentleness which can never be feigned—all the qualities which I should have chosen if I had been endowed, Pygmalion-like, with the power of giving life to the dreams of fancy, were united in this fair creature. There lacked only that knowledge which it was to be my blissful task to impart, and which her young enthusiasm drank in as does the thirsty earth the long

delayed shower. How I rejoiced that her mind had been no further cultivated! I would not that any other breath should aid the expansion of this tender flower. And none other did: it was mine to watch its unfolding, and imbibe its fragrance; mine to wear it in my heart of hearts. Lessons which books do not furnish passed between the master and the pupil. Margaret accepted my offered heart, and as frankly gave her own in exchange; and in less than two years from the time when I first saw her she became the dearer part of myself.

Is not this a trick of the imagination? Have *I*—the outcast of society—the disowned of Heaven—the companion only of the beasts that perish—have *I* ever been the beloved of Margaret—the pride of our parents—the approved and applauded of all within our little circle? Is this cold and almost pulseless heart the same which once swelled with triumph as I gazed on my wife's sweet face, and fed my pride with the thought that if I had tamely yielded to the inglorious lot marked out by my father, I should never have found this—the world's best treasure? Alas! what darkness would have veiled that joyous scene if Fate had foreshown, in the place of the happy bridegroom, the squalid wretch whose appearance now scarcely claims kindred with his species!

My father, pleased with a wealthy and influential connection, made generous provision for my outset in life. My sister had married, and her husband proved a valuable substitute for an undutiful son. This fortunate circumstance conveniently served to quiet those troublesome whispers with which conscience would occasionally beset me. Yet the sadness which had become habitual to my mother's face conveyed a reproach to my better sense which selfish pride could never wholly disregard. Every look of hers told me that no son-in-law could ever supply my place to her; and that the disappointment occasioned by my cold-hearted desertion had thrown a chilling shade on the evening of her days. Yet one glance at my idol always sufficed to put to flight every repentant thought.

Yet the part of my life which I look back upon with the least remorse is the period that immediately followed my marriage. During those four happy years, inspired by the various excellences in my wife's character, I labored assiduously to correct my faults. I forgot my self-importance as far as possible, and endeavored to promote the happiness of all around me, even at the sacrifice of some of my own cherished inclinations. Imperfect as were my efforts, they were sincere, and with my Margaret, at least, eminently successful. Never was the pure light of our domestic happiness dimmed for a moment even by the overflowings of that wayward self-will which had so

often brought tears to the eyes of my poor mother. How indeed could I have lived to tell this sad story, if to all the rest were added the recollection that I had ever inflicted one pang on that loving heart?

It was my intention, when I began this record, to have passed over the incidents of my early life, and to have recalled little more than the horrible catastrophe which has darkened the sun and extinguished the stars to my blighted soul for so many years. But with the attempt to say anything of myself, human feelings and the natural longing for human sympathy revived at once within me. Recollections of the entire past flooded my soul, and would have vent. Far different have long been my contemplations, and who does not know that rebellious thoughts bring their own just misery with them? The very consolation which I experience in the recital of my sorrows, reproaches me with the insane folly of having withdrawn myself from my kind until I am no longer flt for their communion. But I must not lose time which I feel will be but short.

My father-in-law had large contracts connected with internal improvements, and, besides keeping his accounts, I frequently superintended the labors of his workmen in the quarry and in the forest. The latter was to me an ever new delight. To explore its tangled thickets, to roam through long branch-roofed vistas until the resounding strokes of the woodman were lost in the distance; and then, amid the hush of noonday twilight, to give myself up to romantic musings or to solemn contemplation, was among the very few enjoyments that could reconcile me to leaving my happy home, even for a day.

On one of these occasions, when I had strayed until hunger overtook me, and I had begun to think the way home would seem too long. I came unexpectedly upon an Indian wigwam. Its inmates, a young man and his mother, received me with grave courtesy; and, at my request for food, the white-haired squaw set before me corn-bread and succatash, with a calabash of water, which was nectar to my eager thirst. The young man, a tall and well-looking specimen of his race, was one whom we had employed in searching for timber suited to our purposes, and I took this opportunity to engage him to explore a new and wild tract for some trees of great size which were necessary at that time. His manner wore that cold and stern indifference which veils the fiery soul of his race; but he promised compliance and I left him, having in vain tried to press upon himself and his mother some compensation for my refreshment.

In consequence of my commission, Indian John, as this young man was called in the neighborhood, came several times to my house, and upon one

occasion crossed my wife's path as she was going out. It was then that I learned that Margaret had a deep and unconquerable dread of an Indian. Her family accounted for it by the circumstance of her having been frightened by one when a child. The occurrence, as repeated to me, did not seem likely to have made so lasting an impression on the mind of a girl brought up on the outskirts of civilization; but it proved to be indelibly imprinted on her imagination, and was supposed to have been the first cause of her delicate health. A country girl entrusted with the care of her when four or five years old, took her one day into the woods near her father's, in search of wild flowers; and, leaving her under a tree to amuse herself with those already gathered, penetrated further, hoping to find some still brighter and more beautiful. In her absence a drunken Indian found the child, and for mere mischief, as is supposed, gave one of those shrill yells, said to be among the most appalling of all earthly sounds. The girl, brought back by the whoop, found Margaret in strong convulsions; and for some weeks she hovered between life and death, and afterward suffered many years from the enfeebled condition of her nerves. Ever since that time she had dreaded the sight of one of the dark race, and I now understood why she had always declined my invitations to go with me to the forest. She refrained from mentioning her secret fears, for she shrunk from avowing what she considered a silly weakness. With her a weakness was not a thing to be boasted of, but to be struggled against and overcome.

But now that I had discovered this tender point, I made it my study to guard my beloved from every chance that could excite such painful feelings. I took measures to put an end to Indian John's visits—declining his services, and forbidding my men to employ him. Still he had requests to prefer, occasionally; and finding be continued to show himself at my door, I represented to him my wife's fears, and foolishly bribed him to absent himself. After this I found he would take advantage of my absence to apply for food or money, as if determined to enjoy the pleasure of tormenting one who dared to cast dishonor on his haughty race. At length, distracted by his pertinacity, I threatened and then struck him. He neither returned the blow nor offered resistance, when I put him forth forcibly, forbidding him ever to approach my doors again.

But Margaret never was at rest after that unhappy day. An Indian, she said, never forgave; and she was convinced, by the diabolical glance which John cast upon me as I spurned him from my door, that he would only wait some safe opportunity to take his revenge. She thought not of herself—her fears were for me alone; and I readily promised not to wander forth alone, as had been my wont, but for her sake to be ever wary of my exasperated

enemy. Yet I often reminded her of the subdued condition of the Indian race. "The white man," I said, "has a bridle on the neck and a bit in the mouth of the savage; he has broken his spirit and bent him to his will. The red man is no longer the untamed and untamable. The deadly hatred, unappeasable but by the blood of the offender, is no longer part of his nature. His vices as well as his virtues have lost their savage strength. The whiskey of the white man has obliterated all that is fearful, as well as all that is grand, from his character. There is nothing to be feared from so contemptible a being as the wretched Indian."

She heard me shudderingly; for an antipathy so deeply rooted is not to be influenced by reasoning. I found her often depressed, and the paleness which had marked her when I first saw her, began again to encroach upon the roses which health and happiness had brought to her cheek. Hoping, by a temporary absence from the scene of such unpleasant impressions, to dissipate their effect, I proposed to her a visit of a few weeks to my parents, who were always delighted to have her with them, and to whom she was warmly attached. She assented gladly, and we prepared for the journey.

Visions of my home! how is it that, after all this dreary interval, ye rise on my soul with the freshness of yesterday! That pretty cottage—that trellised porch, with its pendant wreaths and its overhanging roof—the trees which my own hand planted, and which grew to my wish, as if proud to shade the dwelling of Margaret! How often, since that dreadful day, have I stood again amid those fairy scenes, holding that dear band in mine, and listening, as of yore, to that softest voice; then started from my broken slumber to solitude and wretchedness! Ob! the bitterness of the contrast! Yet were not those gleams of bliss an earnest of what may yet be in store for the reclaimed wanderer?

Being obliged to be absent for a few hours in preparing for leaving home, I took my wife to her father's, not liking to leave her exposed to any agitating accident in her present feeble state. I told her I would return to tea, and bade her be ready to set out for my father's on the morrow. "Ready, aye, ready!" was her smiling reply, as I mounted and rode off, full of spirits and fearless of all ill. When I reached the spot where the road wound round a hill not far distant, I turned to exchange a parting sign, knowing that Margaret would watch me till I disappeared. She never looked lovelier. She stood on the steps of the portico, one arm thrown round a slender pillar, and the rich drapery of honeysuckle mingling with the bright tresses which descended in curls to her bosom. As I gazed, she kissed a white rose which she tossed toward me, and then waved her hand as if to bid me begone. Why do I

describe her appearance at that particular moment, when I must have seen her so often with greater advantages of dress and situation. Alas! it was the last time! I never saw her thus again.

After finishing my business at the nearest town, I hastened homeward, and reached my father-in-law's about dark. On inquiring for Margaret, I found she had gone home half an hour before, having yet some little affairs to attend to, in preparation for her journey. I hurried home, but no fond welcome awaited me. My wife had not returned. I stood as if transfixed. A dread misgiving seized me; yet it was so indefinite that I knew not which way my fears pointed. Her maid thought she might have gone for some trifling purchase to the village quite near us, but on inquiry it was found that she had not been seen there. Every house in the neighborhood was tried, and the alarm became general. Her father now joined me, and his first inquiry was whether any Indians had been seen about. Well do I remember the icy dart that pierced my heart at that question. After all my incredulity, I felt at once certain that Indian John was in some way concerned in our loss. This was at once confirmed by the answer of a boy in the crowd, that he had met Indian John on the road, on horseback, with a sick squaw wrapped in a blanket before him; and, he added, that he thought that he had the squire's bay horse. I flew to the stable—the horse was gone.

We were soon mounted and on our way to the woods. I burst the door of the wigwam—it was deserted. We had now no clue to guide us, but followed any path we happened to descry, by the light of a clouded moon. Once or twice we found the clearings of white men, but when aroused they could give us no information. At length, just as the day was breaking, we reached the bank of a river, and a log-hut, the owner of which told us there were wigwams on the opposite side. I was about to dash into the stream, but the man called to me to take his boat. The ford was not safe, he said, though an Indian had crossed it that night on horseback. I left the boat for men in their senses, and made my own way across, I know not how.

From this moment my recollections begin to be less distinct. I remember the beating of my heart, which shook me from head to foot. I remember, too, that with a tiger-like stealth, I crept to the nearest hut, and looked through a crevice in the side. I see my wife now—as she sat on the ground, propped against the wall—her face pale and swollen, and her eyes so fixed and glassy that I thought for a moment I beheld but her lifeless body. But the Indian too was there, and, as he moved, those deathlike orbs turned their ghastly light upon him, with an expression of such terror—I stood like

stone-cold, powerless, almost senseless—till he moved toward her—then, with a yell like his own, I sprung upon him—but I know no more. . . .

We were in the boat on the river—they put an oar into my hands, and my wife lay in her father's arms unconscious of our presence, or of any thing that had befallen her. One man steered, and another held the cord with which they had bound the arms of the Indian. My mind was perfect chaos—but one idea stood out clear amid the confusion—that was vengeance. "Vengeance!" seemed the voice of every breath I drew, and all distracted as I was, I had yet mind enough left to plan its execution. I had no weapon for instant action; but the idea of plunging the wretch into the water, as soon as Margaret should be in safety, and holding him there until his hated breath had ceased, feasted my boiling passions, and I rowed with convulsive eagerness to hasten the blissful moment. Vengeance was sure, and already I seemed to roll the sweet morsel under my tongue, when the Indian, bursting the cord, with one bound sprung over me, seized Margaret, and, with a yell of triumph, plunged with her into the water. I followed, but rage blinded me; and he easily eluded my grasp, darting off whenever I approached, and always keeping his helpless burthen under water. At length, casting toward me the now lifeless corpse, he made for the farther shore. To others I left the care of my beloved, while I pursued her destroyer. I overtook him as he gained the opposite bank, grappled with him, and snatching his own knife, buried it in his heart. He fell dead, but my hatred still survived. I continued to plunge the weapon again and again into his abhorred carcase, until my fiery strength failed, and I sunk exhausted and insensible upon the ground. The efforts of those about me recalled me to a brief sense of my misery, but fever and delirium followed, and, before I recovered my reason, the form I had so idolized was forever hidden from my sight.

From the time that I once more awoke to the knowledge of my utter desolation, my mind has never possessed its original clearness, until now that the light of another world seems rapidly opening upon it. Yet I remember the slow return of reason, and that the first use I made of my powers was to crawl to the window of the room to look at my once happy home. I had been carried to my father-in-law's, and nursed with all the care that cruel kindness could suggest, to preserve a life which could be but a burthen. My illness must have been of long continuance. The fields were bare; the trees were in the latest livery of autumn. The little brook, bound in icy chains, no longer sparkled on its way, as when Margaret and I last stood on its green banks, and spoke of its sweet music, and of the old willow which shaded half its width. Death seemed stamped upon all things. When my eye rested on that beloved roof—the window where she sat at work so

often—the arched gale at which she used to wait my alighting—I expected to see a funeral procession pass down its leaf-strewed walk. When I last saw it, all was repose and beauty without; all love and happiness within. Now—but who can enter into such feelings? Let me hasten to a conclusion.

When my strength returned, and I was endeavoring to form some definite plan for the wretched remnant of life, I was informed that a trial would be necessary. A trial! It was but a form, they said, but it must be submitted to. I was passive—dumb with utter misery—yet I must undergo an examination, and I did endure it; I remember the tearing open of my yet bleeding wounds—the coarse handling of those who could not conceive the torture they were inflicting; and I was told that I must be ready to answer yet again. From that time I brooded over the means of escape from this new suffering—not only for my own sake but for that of others. I shudder even now at the recollection of my feelings toward the unconscious questioner; for the madness of grief was yet on me, and the rude calling up of the image of my lost love, pale, dying, as I had last beheld her, brought also the blind rage of the moment, till I longed to clutch again the reeking knife. It was too much. I left the roof which so kindly sheltered my wretched bead, and rushed onward without a plan—without a hope for the future. I need not dwell upon my unhappy wanderings; upon the cold, the hunger, the bitter suffering, which assails him who roams without money and without friends. The wants of the body were disregarded until they became intolerable, and then, if some kind hand did not give what nature required, I dug the earth for roots, or climbed the trees for nuts, like the scarce wilder denizens of the forest. By day my thoughts wandered in aimless misery from my past happiness to my present condition, too often mingling with thoughts of wo, blasphemous murmurings against the Author of my being. In dreams the last dread scene was a thousand times repeated. Again I grappled with the destroyer of my peace, and felt his warm blood in my face; or endued by a revengeful fancy with supernatural power, and no longer limited to such puny retribution, whole tribes seemed given to my revenge. I hunted them to the brink of precipices, and hurled them headlong down; or, kindling forests, and enclosing them within the blazing circle, I gloated upon their fierce agonies, unsatisfied even then. After a whole year of wandering, during which I endured more than words can describe, I bethought me of this wild spot. I had visited it once during my college life, and knew it was too difficult of access to be thought worth cultivation. Here I built this rude shed, and none noticed or molested me. One winter I had passed in the half-roofed hovel, but at the return of the next I left it for a warmer clime, but hastened back in the spring in time to plant for the support of the life I

loathed, yet might not, unbidden, lay down. These journeyings, the tillage of this hard soil, and the daily wants which belong even to savage life, occupied much of my time; but I had still many hours of wretched leisure, in which to brood over the past, and to lift my daring thoughts in impotent questionings of the justice of God.

The change that has come over my feelings, though one which has turned darkness to light, and blasphemous murmurings to humble praises, is one which, with all its blessedness, I am unable to describe. I know not when it was that I began to be a new creature; but I know that the first proof of it to my own conviction, was the longing desire to return to my parents—to throw myself at their feet, and ask their forgiveness for my early fault. But, alas! I had thrown my life away. Not only were my habits such that I could now scarcely endure the sight of my fellow beings, but the years that had elapsed since my mad flight left no hope that my parents were yet among the living. I must carry this sorrow with me to the grave, in humble hope that my late repentance may be accepted. Having been found of Him that I sought not, I wait with a calmness beyond my hopes, for that happy moment when, in His good pleasure, He shall dismiss me from the scene of my sins and sufferings, to an union with the loved and lost.

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[1] Those of our readers who were acquainted with New Haven twenty years ago will recognize in this sketch an attempt to describe the person known as “The Hermit of East Rock.”

NI-MAH-MIN.

BY LOUIS L. NOBLE.

I.—*Three friends wander in the Ottawa land.*

THE HURON.

The Huron is a lovely river,
  The loveliest below the moon:
    It was of old,
    ’Tis now so cold,
’Tawa[2] children shrink and shiver.
  Wading it at noon.
O, it is a crystal river!
Wade it—you will shriek and shiver.
It hath, I ween, its sunless birth
Nigh the centre of the earth;
So dark, so deep, such silent things
The little lakes from which it springs.
Yea, from many a lonely lake
It windeth like a silver snake
  To the winding vale
Ever to the drowsy willow,
Dreaming on its wavy pillow,
  Murmuring a tale;
Ever babbling gentle vows
To the lowly bending boughs
  In the breathing gale.
O, ye poets, bless the Giver
Of the happy Huron river!
Come sit with me upon the hill,
And own it is the sweetest still.

THE HILL.

By Huron river is a hill—
’Tis steep, ascend it as you will;

And yet—I almost wonder why—
Altho' so sunny and so high,
The lazy woodman takes the time
Up the weary side to climb.
I pass it early, I pass it late,
    When the deer is in his lair;
A something always, sure as fate,
    Will make me linger there.
A little trail—a crooked path
Around the river-side it hath,
Leading to the summit-oak,
Gashed with many a hatchet-stroke:
The little trail, the jaggy path,
A wonder-working power it hath
Upon the foot, upon the eye,
To tempt you on, to tempt you high:
Thrice—you cannot help it well—
Thus it always each befell—
Just thrice, ere on the peak you are,
You pause to breathe and gaze afar.
At every turn, the wilderness
    Doth liken fairy-land the more;
And, while you grow from little less,
    The world looks wider than before.
Below the blue, the airy cope,
No fairer mount, no greener slope
Sweet blossoms yieldeth to the bee,
Or carpet for the panther's glee.

THE GRAVES.

The summit is bald us bald can be,
Save that ancient battle-tree,
And a weather-wasted stone,
    Of old the hunter's seat,
While he picks and turns the bone
    Whitening at his feet:
But loiter on the southern brow
    With careful eye, and you will see,
Beneath a brooding cedar-bough,

Upon a little swell below,
    Indian graves just three.
Just three there are, nor less nor more;
They tell you two—they tell you four;
But I have sat, and sat alone,
Upon the turf of every one,
When Autumn fires had swept so clean
The very mole-paths could be seen;
And so I know, without a guess,
They number three, no more nor less.
And each is but a simple mound,
    With never a stone to mark the head;
Witch-hazels make a ring around,
    A weeping ring around the dead.
Summer and Winter a lonely spot,
Yet lovely, and never to be forgot:
The fox he steps how lightly there!
    And while I love that hallowed earth
    Around the church in the vale of my birth
I cannot all conceal the prayer
I feel, that blest repose to share.

THE ASCENT.

It is, my youthful partners, we,
In holy friendship wedded three,
Who love to wander, hand to hand,
Round this olden Indian land.
Far away from men and strife
We lead a wild romantic life;
Kissing friends with every spring
Where a shade the willows fling;
Fatal lovers, tenderest foes
To the timid bucks and does.
You missed your deer in yonder dell,
And I my lordly elk—'twas well.
Last night our pony broke his fetter—
To range than serve a king is better—
I would not bear upon my back
The burden of a pony's pack;

And so, I say, ’twas meet and well
Our rifles failed us in the dell.
The shades are long, the sun is low—
Down the endless trail we go.
Courage! yet a mile or two,
And we gain our bark canoe.

Yonder, rising o’er the trees,
Like a billow on the seas,
When the bosom of the deep
Heaveth in its awful sleep,
See the Huron’s monarch height
Smiling to his lakes “good night.”

Hold! we’re in the magic track—
Keep we on, or wander back?
Draw your gun-rod—let it fall—
Woodmen so determine all:
Back or forward—both are right—
Woodmen never fear the night:
Be green the turf and cool the stream,
Sweetly till the dawn they dream.
Though fairies haunt the mazy trail,
Hunters never fear nor fail—
Forward, see, the rod will fall—
Hunters so determine all.

How the distant river flashes
Where it on the rapid dashes!
See the currents cross and curl!
See the glistening eddies whirl!
Hark the murmur and the hum!
Through the silent air they come:
Waters break the blessed calm—
Bees are busy on the balm.
At the dying hour of day,
How rich and vast the far-away!
Passion-flushed, the virgin blue
    Woos the distant deepening green;
Warm lakes breathe the roseate hue
    Listening woods and lawns between.

Merrily round the waters flow—
Wearily upward now we go;
Many a lazy footstep up,
Ere upon the peak we sup.
Steeper still the pathway grows—
Merrily yet the river flows;
Deepening, darkening, ere it rolls
Smoothly on to the foamy shoals.
Quick!—'tis gone—the sun is down—
Bright is fading into brown:
The air is thin—the air is chill—
Hurra!—we're on the Indian hill.

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[2] Tawa—the native abbreviation for Ottawa.

II.—*The three friends sit by the fire of their encampment. Two are startled. The third, with philosophy, calls them to quiet; and, under mysterious influence, unfolds a scene in an ancient story; in which a character is introduced.*

THE ENCAMPMENT.

O, happy in the times of old
Were the roving red men bold!
O, happy we, with simah ripe[3]
In the soothing nut-brown pipe,
With pleasing quiet thought to play,
While the evening wears away!
Why look behind? what rises near?
Whence those hasty looks of fear?
A blazing brand has fallen apart—
No more—and still with dread you start.
Over the shoulder do not gaze,
But calmly on that peaceful blaze:
Dismiss each strange disturbing doubt;
There's nothing but the night without;
And yield, my youthful friends, to me
A moment for philosophy.

’Twas once I watched this fire alone,
And heard, or thought I heard, a moan:
Fear I never felt till then;
It brought me to my feet again:
What sound it was I will not say;
Nor shall I to my dying day:
Though well I know I might have found
A cause in nature for the sound.
It moved my soul no less with dread
Than it had been the walking dead.

It was, I own, the faith of youth—
Feelings echo now its truth—
That that which works the trouble here,
And wraps the mortal mind with fear,
Or prompts its mightiest power to cast
Its fancy-light upon the past,
Is soul, is spirit—three or four—
Linked to fleshly form no more;
Yet lingering, flitting round at will,
At dawn, or dusk, returning still,
Becomes, and all for love, the mind
Of things it loved and left behind.
An owl hoots on a perished limb—
A hungry wolf is mocking him—
Wood-pigeons in the shade, a pair,
Mournful make the pensive air—
Zephyrus breathes—the hard oaks strive,
In all their weaving boughs alive—
And cooling, dappling shadows play
Where glassy waters whirl away—
What is it?—will it ever be—
It has not always been to me—
The music, motion, and the might
Of the communing, loving sprite?
Ah, what are they but voice and wings
In which a spirit flies and sings,
For pleasure in the being free
Creatures to make its organ be,

And thus reveal by things of sense
Its presence ere we wander hence?
Nay, more, the sympathies which bled
With being being, friend with friend,
And in mysterious union wed
The living and the viewless dead,
Go forth and hail the shadow guest,
What time the grosser passions rest,
And bid him welcome to the breast:
Alarmed, the startled senses hear
Strange converse at the inward ear;
Fear feeling wakes—around we gaze—
Thought moulds, and busy fancy plays
With deeds unwrit of former days.

THE INSPIRATION.

And now be calm, although there be
A goodlier company than three;
Although a fourth, unheard, unseen,
Our wedded hearts hath come between:
For love, no doubt, it would unfold
Its ancient story all untold;
A tale—could death awake from dust,
And wipe the scalping-knife of rust—
Three warriors, through the evening gloom,
Would tell us from their lowly tomb.
Companions, what's the trouble? why
So fix me with a fearful eye?
Glows on my cheek an Indian hue?—
Behold, the flames are red, are blue,

And yield, as fitfully they flare,
A glossy blackness to my hair:
Or has my low familiar tone
A ring, a richness not its own?
Mercy! what's the work and will?
Troubled looks are on me still:
Am I asleep, and strangely dreaming?
Voice and vision all a seeming?
Or do you see, in sooth, in me

A warrior of a century?
Yea, the Spirit of the height
Holds and rules me for the night:
Fancy, feeling, all myself
Fades into the haunting elf;
And I utter not mine own—
All the tale is his alone.

THE VISION.

Heavily sinks the evening's black;
The flame how feebly beats it back;
Flashing it through the curling smoke
Now and then a sudden stroke.
See! yonder in the upper dark,
With waning brightness whirls a spark.
It wanders on—it winds alone—
It hangs—it faints—and look!—'tis gone.
And yet it surely did not die
To other than the outward eye?
It sees it still—the mental sight;
Bathes in and breathes its mystic light,
As on it courses far and fast
To pierce the dimness of the past.
Ah! what is that I now behold,
Following in its wake of gold?
A comet swelling to a sun,
As the ideal bound is won;
And gilding, as it gleams below,
Our mount a hundred years ago.

MO-WAH.

A 'Tawa bounds before a flame:
He is a runner of might and fame;
And he must speed it with the wind
To leave that billow of fire behind:
The strong gale whistles the hungry flame
Fiercely on to the flying game;
And though he flee like a wolf-chased doe,

Peril and wo to that Ottawa—wo!
Deep in the prairie, like a break
In the broad night-cloud, sleeps a lake:
To every hunter, alive or dead,
It was, and is, a pond of dread:
It never was frozen, yet ever is cold;
And its depth was never told:
And Mo-wah is as bold a man
As breasts the swell of Mich-i-gan;
Yet never in the hottest chase
Hath he bathed his heated face,
Nor sought the elk that turned to slake
His death-thirst in the magic lake:
But will he shun its margin now,
And to the red destroyer bow?
Shall the enchantment of a tale,
Unknown, untold beyond its vale,
That spirit chain which ne'er could yield
Upon the bloodiest battle field?
'Tis dark among the darkest ones,
That tale—he thinks it as he runs.

A murdered sire—a mother wild—
A ruined and deserted child—
The blackest heart—the foulest hand
Of proudest chief in 'Tawa land—
The chant of the distracted girl,
While the flames around her curl,
And she dances just beyond
On the border of the pond,
Ere upon the blue she springs,
Murmuring, when no more she sings,
"When the fires of Autumn chase
The falsest, darkest of my race
To the first and only bride
Who will not tremble at his side;
In the waning of the moon,
At the warning of the loon,
Let the bridal maidens come
With the garlands and the drum;
While they beat and sing it low,

We will dance and drown below;
When the hoot-owl shouts for day,
Then my curse shall pass away."
'Tis dark among the darkest ones,
The tale—he thinks it as he runs.

The trembling sod begins to sink;
A bound will fetch him to the brink;
Streaming o'er his shoulders bare,
Blazes snatch and crisp his hair;
Hark!—but once—a startling yell—
And onward rolls the crackling swell:
A lurid whirl—a wild hurra
Hath swallowed lake and Ottawa:
As when a thousand tramp the turf,
The prairie feels the fiery surf;
And welkin, woods, and vales afar
Partake to loneliest deeps the jar.
Hark—hark again! a pealing shout,
Like victor in the battle rout—
Lo! the fading blackness through
He rises on the scowling blue:
Aloft, his red hand clenched in ire,
A moment mocks the baffled fire;
Then leaps he to the smoking plain,
And Mo-wah is "The Bold" again.

—

Light, life is from the vision past;
'Twas beautiful, and richly wrought:
Ah! why could not the picture last?
Ah! how hath faded all to naught?
Perchance, at this, its first creation,
For aye, the prompting sprite has fled;
Perchance that cheerless desolation
A gloom around the fancy shed:
Stir the dying brands do you,
I will shape the tale anew.

[3] Simah—Tobacco.

III.—*The story-teller proceeds with his tale. The spirit of Mish-qua-gen, whose name he assumes, prompts him to speak in the present time. Three more of the chief characters. are introduced.*

THE MEETING.

I feel a hunter, hale and young;
Mine arrow is sure, my bow is strung;
By the mossy yellow log
  I look, I listen here—
Hark! he comes, my yelping dog;
  Before him trips a deer:
He is a buck of antler good;
How fast he leaves the sounding wood!

But, ah! he snuffs me in the wind—
He tucks, and leaves the hound behind.
On the mossy yellow log,
  Chilly and damp, I linger here:
Look! he comes, my weary dog;
  Life to the bounding deer!

List to the lonely wood-dove's moan!
She sings because she sits alone
  Upon her native tree:
'Tis all for grief—she has no fear;
She knows no hawk, no archer near,
  Nor sees what I can see—
The hoary chief of Huron's hill
Come lightly in the morning still.

"Whoop! whoop!" how loud the woodlands ring!
  Aloft the pigeon vaults;
Flushes in mist her shining wing;
  The ancient hunter halts.

Mish-qua-gen. Whither, old man, in the foggy dawn,
By hazle-thicket and willow-lawn?

Sear boughs weave in the moaning wind,
The narrow trail is crooked and blind,
Age has dimmed the hunter's sight,
  And frosted his glossy hair,
Whither, alone in the early light,
  I say, does the old man fare?

Old Man. Whoop! Hugh! what does a warrior mind
A chilly mist, or an autumn wind,
Who hath not asked, on the track of a foe,
A warmer bed than a drift of snow?
Hugh! whoop! what is it to him,
A tangled trail, though crooked and dim,
Who never will thrid a forest where
He hath not crept to the den of a bear?
Though Time has gently dropped me down
The wintry hues of an eagle's crown,
I yet can ruffle his plumes as when
I bent the ash with younger men.
I shot the king of the bucks last night;
I shot him alone, in the cool starlight,
And hung him high on a bended beech,
Out of the springy panther's reach:
Thither I fare, in the early light,
For the king of the bucks I killed last night.

Mish-qua-gen. Pull the wolf-skin round thy breast;
On this mossy maple rest;
Thou hast thoughts and words at will,
Youthful blood, old chief, to thrill.

Old Man. Mish-qua-gen, no! though true it be
The past has yet a voice in me;
Though deeds of death and danger roll
Like Huron o'er Wah-se-ga's soul;
I have not, by my co-mon,[4] here
A tale, Mish-qua-gen, for thine ear:
A word—no more—when Man-i-to[5]
His children gives a hunting-snow,
A parting look to thy week-wam smoke,
And come away to the warrior's oak.

WAH-SE-GA.

That is the chief of Wash-te-naw,
Old Huron's noblest Ottawa;
He dwells, where dwelt his sire before,
  Upon the river height;
He hunts, as he was wont of yore,
  In the misty morning light.

NI-MAH-MIN.

He hath a son, a younger son,
The tallest brave of many a one;
  He bends his father's bow:
Of fifty falcon-footed men,
By flame or flood, the fleetest ten
  To him are slack and slow:
Ni-mah-min bends a bow of fame;
To him the fastest ten are lame.

ME-NAK.

He hath a son, an elder son,
The mildest chief of many a one;
  He darts his father's spear:
Of ten canoes that dive and dash
Where fierce the rapids foam and flash,
  Nine rock and roll in fear:
Me-nak he is a spearman brave;
In sport he rides the roughest wave.

I know the red-armed 'Tawns well:
  Full often, at the feast of deer,
We listen, while the fathers tell
  O'er battles of a by-gone year:
And when the banquet hour is past,
Our hatchets at the oak we cast;
And greener marksmen side and see
Whose hand is surest of the three.

—

How delicate the glowing thread
By which the soul is fancy-led!
A trembling gossamer that breaks
In the vision where it shakes.
A whisper, where the night wind weaves
Away among the upper leaves,
Quick hath changed the hunter hale,
    With his panting dog,
To the teller of a tale,
    By a burning log.

How the voiceless, solemn night
Crowds upon our little light?
A giant oak, of rugged bark,
    All its ancient wounds o'ergrown,
Half in glimmer, half in dark,
    Guards us in the gloom alone;
The battle oak, of ragged bark,
Alone stands out of the voiceless dark.
Haply, the ceaseless whisper there
Is but a habit of the air;
A gentle breathing, which it keeps
Because it on the water sleeps;
And is, in all that endless sound,
To sudden noise and echoes round,
Just what the eternal swell of ocean
Is to its mighty billowy motion.

List! It whispers on again,
Softer, sadder now than then—
Ha! the rising smoke—it weaves
Away among the upper leaves,
And wrought that gentle, quick alarm
Which snapped the thread and broke the charm.
Morning darkens into gloom:
    The hoary archer, Huron's chief.
    Is stiller than the last-year leaf
A-mouldering on his tomb.

[4] Co-mon—Scalping-knife.

[5] Man-i-to—The Great Spirit.

IV.—*The story-teller, as Mish-qua-gen, proceeds. The last character but one introduced. The action of the poem commences.*

Youth claims a thousand sympathies;
A thousand, all unasked, we give;
Arouse ye, boys, and ope your eyes!
The heart upon the past does live:
And hence a joy I feel to be
Once more that bowman young:
How fleet my foot! how light and free!
His spirit sure is moving me—
Is speaking in my tongue.

THE HUNTING-SNOW.

Save young Mish-qua-gen, at his will,
Who walks, to-night, the Huron hill?
Say rather, in the frosty dawn,
Who looks but me upon the lawn,
Upon the vole below?
A fleecy shape the breath it takes,
The mocasin a music makes,
A music in the snow.

Hark! it leaps from dell to dell,
The echo of the cracking ice:
Hunters would not have you tell—
For then 't would be to tell it twice—
When split the lakes with thunder-sound,
A glorious day is coming round.
Who moves upon the mount but me?
Look around the big oak tree!
The early smoke of the sach-em's fire
Than ten tall pines is shooting higher;
And many are stirring in the gray
To catch the promise of the day.

Lo! ke-sus[6] comes: a mighty spark
Is burning on the woodlands dark:
He comes: the wondrous blush, that stole
Upon the azure of the pole,
Fades with the bright eternal star;
And the blue on high, and the earth afar
Return the everlasting smile
That would their splendor cold beguile.
Meeting, parting, many a pair
Look and loiter here and there;
Beating every breast with pleasure,
While they grove and prairie measure:
Fairest morn it is of four;
Track and trail are drifted o'er:
And not a browsing buck will shake
The shining snow from bush or brake
That will not grieve that he could dare,
To-day, to wander from his lair.

Hast thou a goodlier sight beheld,
Wah-se-ga, in thy days of eld?
Beneath thy native oak they stand,
The best, the bravest of the land—
Sharp-eyed Ko-mon of red scalp-lock,
Ke-kose of Wa-ca-min-qui-ock,[7]
Mu-quah of woody Wash-te-nung,
And Wah-ca-quet in dances sung,
Tong-quish the tall, and Too-ta-gen,
With forty more, all mighty men;
Albeit, I trow, it were not well
The name or fame of more to tell,
Save three—that wonder of the wave,
Me-nak, the mild, the spearman brave—
The archer fleet, of Huron old,
Ni-mah-min—and Mo-wah, "the bold;"
It is a goodly sight to see!—
They circle thy paternal tree.

THE DANCE.

The drum! the hollow, hollow drum—
One beat for two of the drummer's heart—
Tum—tum—tum—
And swelling under,
Low like thunder,
Comes the heavy hum;
And the singers mind their part:
The circle all hath hanging hands,
Sinking, rising, where it stands—
Ever sinking at the knee,
Timing with the minstrelsy;
They have beat and sung it twice—
Hark! the tune is closing thrice—
"Whoop!" the desert has the din—
Swiftly on the toe they spin.
Now their silvery voices blending,
Forward, backward, twisting, bending,
Arrows tossing, bounding high,
Rudely on the ring they fly;
Wampum rattling, bells a-jingling,
Dogs bewildered, madly mingling—
"Whoop!" the desert owns the peal—
All come down upon the heel.

Wah-se-ga see! a warrior he—
A fine old warrior—one of three;
He marches from the week-wam door,
Between them, yet a pace before.
That silent eye, though calm and still,
Does all the silent circle thrill;
And words are in his heart, they know,
When his keen eye is silent so.

THE ELK.

"Wah-se-ga on his bear-skin dreams—
The sach-em with the seer, I trow,
Of old, was child of Man-i-to—
Wah-se-ga on his bear-skin dreams,
An elk there lives by 'Tawa streams
A spirit-band, in spirit-land,

Would hunt upon the silver sand.
No mortal eye hath seen his path;
No lair, no drinking-place he hath;
And yet in winding Huron's groves,
Moon after moon, he boldly roves:
Forever blest the hand will be
That sets the Elk of Huron free.

"Upon his breast a shining star
Will mark him to the eye afar—
But hold! he bears a charmed life—
Naught but the prophet's sacred knife,
And sach-em's feathery shaft, they say,
Can ever take that life away.
Me-nak, my son, be thine the deed;
The first-born well may claim the meed;
Thy father's bow—the prophet's steel
Death to the goblin elk will deal:
But yet if one in all the ring
There be, who fain would try his string,
My wam-pum girdle be the prize,
That hour the king of antlers dies.
Hunters, away! in spirit-land,
They wait upon the silver sand;
Forever blest the hand will be
That sets the Elk of Huron free."

[*To be continued.*

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[6] Ke-sus—The Sun.

[7] Wa-ca-min-qui-ock, or Wa-ca-mut-qui-ock—The old name for the Huron river.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY," ETC.

Few names connected with the American marine have so much claim to celebrity as that of the subject of this sketch. His services were of a character so bold and romantic, the means he employed were seemingly so inadequate to the ends he had in view, and his success, on one occasion in particular, so very brilliant as to have given rise, on the part of his political and personal enemies, to much unmerited and bitter calumny, while his admirers and friends have been induced to lean a little too strongly to the side of eulogy and undiscriminating praise. As the matter of the life and character of this distinguished officer has been frequently the subject of comment in biographies, of more or less merit, within the last few years, and a great mass of evidence has been produced to remove the veil which was so long drawn before his early years, this is perhaps the time when an attempt may best be made to arrive at a just appreciation of the deeds of the officer, and the qualities of the man. In assuming this task, we shall avail ourselves of such of the best authenticated facts that offer, reasoning for ourselves on their results and principles.

There are no longer any doubts thrown over the birth and early life of Paul Jones. His grandfather was a regular gardener, in the neighborhood of Leith, of the name of Paul. His father, John Paul, was apprenticed to the same trade, and at the expiration of his indentures, he entered into the service of Mr. Craik, of Arbigland, in which situation he passed the remainder of his days. We have the assertion of Jones himself, that there never existed any connection between the Earl of Selkirk and his father, as has been long and generally asserted; and we may add, the present head of that noble family has assured the writer of this article that the Pauls were never in the service of his grandfather.

John Paul, the gardener of Craik, of Arbigland, married Jean Macduff, the daughter of a small farmer in the parish of New Abbey. Seven children were the fruits of this connection, two of which died in infancy. John was the youngest of the remaining five. William, the eldest of the family, left Scotland at an early age, and finally married and settled at Fredericksburgh, in Virginia. He was the principal cause of subsequently attracting his distinguished brother to America. The daughters were Elizabeth, Janet and

Mary Ann. The first never married; the second became the wife of a watchmaker in Dumfries, of the name of Taylor; and the third had two husbands, the first of whom was named Young, and the second Loudon. Several of the descendants of these sisters came to America, where some of them are now living.

John, the fifth and youngest surviving child of this humble family, was born July 6th, 1747, at Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean, Scotland. His early education was such as marked his condition, in a country like the land of his birth. It was plain, substantial, and moral. The boy appears to have improved his limited opportunities, however, for while his taste, sentiments and language, in after life, betray the exaggeration of an imperfect instruction, his handwriting, orthography and principles prove that the essentials had not been neglected. Still, the acquirements he obtained at school could not have been great, for we find him regularly apprenticed to the sea at the age of twelve. His master was a Mr. Younger, a merchant in the American trade, and a resident of Whitehaven, a port at the entrance of the Solway, in the adjoining kingdom of England.

Thus far, there was nothing unusual in the career of the boy. He neither ran away to go to sea, nor did any thing to throw a tinge of romance around this period of his life. His first voyage was to America; with which country his personal connection may be said to have commenced at the age of thirteen. The vessel in which he sailed was the Friendship, of Whitehaven, Benson master, and her destination the Rappahannock. Here he found his brother William established, and, while in port, young Paul became an inmate of his house.

Jones manifested great aptitude for his profession, and soon acquired all that portion of seamanship that is not dependent on experience and judgment; the last two being ever the work of time. The affairs of his master becoming embarrassed, however, the indentures were given up, and the lad was left to shift for himself at an age when counsel and government were the most necessary. It is a proof that young Paul was not a common youth, that there is no difficulty in tracing him through all this period of his humble career. As soon as left to his own exertions he shipped as third mate in the King George, a slaver out of Whitehaven. This must have occurred about the year 1763, or when he was eighteen, as we find him, in 1766, the first mate of the Two Friends, of Kingston, Jamaica, a vessel in the same trade. It would seem that he made but two voyages to the coast of Africa, and his tender years, necessities, and the opinions of the day, may well prove his apology. The pursuit did not please him, and he left the Two Friends on her

return, and sailed for Whitehaven, as a passenger, in the John of that port. This circumstance proved of great importance to him, for the master and mate died of yellow fever, on the passage, when Mr. Paul assumed the direction, and carried the vessel safely to her haven. His reward was the command of the brig he had most probably been the means of saving.

This must have occurred in the year 1767. Here, then, we find our hero, the son of an humble gardener, in command of a sea-going craft, at the early age of twenty, or at that of twenty-one, at the latest. Such preferment frequently occurs in cases where connections and patronage unite to push a youth forward; but never with the obscure and unpatronized, without the existence of a high degree of merit. We want no better evidence that Paul was discreet, intelligent, industrious and worthy of respect, at that period of his life, than this single fact; merchants never trusting their property out of their reach without sending their confidence along with it. The new master also discharged the duties of supercargo; additional proof of the early stability of his character.

Our young seaman sailed but two years in this employment. It is probable that he left the service of the house which had given him his first command in consequence of a prosecution that was instituted against him, for causing the death of the carpenter of his brig, a man named Mungo Maxwell. This occurrence was the foundation of much calumny against Jones, when, at a later day, the passions and interests of nations got to be connected with his character. The circumstances appear to have been as follows.

Jones had occasion to correct Maxwell, in the usual nautical mode, or by flogging. The punishment was probably severe, and it is equally probable that it was merited. The man, shortly after, shipped in another vessel called the Barcelona Packet, where he died in the course of a week or two, after a few days of low spirits, accompanied by fever. This occurred in June, 1770. It would seem, however, that Maxwell complained to the authorities of Tobago, in which island the parties then were, of the flogging he had received from Capt. Paul, and that the latter was summoned to appear before the judge of the vice-admiralty court to answer. A certificate of the judge is extant, in which it is stated that Maxwell's shoulders exhibited the proofs of severe flogging, but, that he dismissed the complaint as frivolous, after a hearing. The certificate adds, that the deponent, the statement being in the form of an affidavit, carefully examined the back of Maxwell, and that he has no idea the man could have died in consequence of the flogging

mentioned. Another affidavit, made by the master of the Barcelona Packet, establishes the other facts.

The later biographers of Jones have alluded to this subject, though not always in a way that is sustained by their own proofs. Sands, the best and most logical of them all, has fallen into a leading error in his account of this affair. He appears to think that Maxwell instituted a prosecution against his commander in England, confounding the facts altogether. Maxwell died long before he could have reached England, on his passage from Tobago, where he had been flogged, to one of the Leeward Islands; nor does it appear that he ever took any legal step in the matter, beyond the complaint laid before the vice-admiralty judge. That a prosecution for murder was menaced or instituted against Jones is shown by one of his own letters. Capt. Mackenzie, on no visible authority, refers this prosecution to the envy of some of his neighbors and competitors of Kircudbright. There does not seem to be any conclusive reason, however, for supposing that the prosecution occurred any where but in the West Indies. It may have taken place in Great Britain, though the term "British jury," which Jones uses in connection with this affair, would apply as well to a colonial as to an English or Scottish jury. There was no trial, nor is it even certain, though it is probable, that there was even a formal prosecution at all; Jones' allusion to the subject being in the following words—viz:

> "I have enclosed you a copy of an affidavit, made before Governor Young by the judge of the court of vice-admiralty, at Tobago, by which you will see with how little reason my life has been thirsted after, and which is much dearer to me, my honor, by maliciously loading my fair character with obloquy and vile aspersions. I believe there are few who are hard-hearted enough to think I have not long since given the world every satisfaction in my power, being conscious of my innocence before Heaven, who will one day judge even my judges. I staked my honor, life and fortunes for six long months on the verdict of a British jury, notwithstanding I was sensible of the general prejudices which ran against me; but, after all, none of my accusers had the courage to confront me. Yet I am willing to convince the world, if reason and facts will do it, that they have had no foundation for their harsh treatment," &c.

This language might well have been used by a man who remained openly within reach of the law, for six months, inviting by his presence a

legal investigation of charges that involved a felony, without any legal steps having been commenced. The precise facts are of less importance, as it is now reasonably certain that Maxwell did not die in consequence of the flogging he received from Jones, for could a case have been made out against the latter, it is not probable it would have been abandoned altogether, when enmity was so active and prejudice so general. Nor is it material where this persecution was practiced, his subsequent career proving that our subject was by no means deserving of the character of an officer failing of humanity. At all events, the occurrence appears to have embittered several of the earlier years of Jones' life; to have made an impression against him in his native country, and to have contributed to induce him to abandon Scotland; his last visit to that country, except as an enemy, taking place in 1771.

Between the years 1770 and 1773, Paul was either sailing between the mother country and her islands, "staking his life on the verdict of a British jury" at home, or was engaged in mercantile pursuits in the West Indies. In the latter year he repaired to Virginia, in consequence of the death of his brother William, to whose estate he had fallen heir. This call upon his services and time was probably sudden and imperative, as he subsequently complains much of the losses he suffered, in consequence of having left his affairs in Tobago in the hands of careless or unfaithful agents.

At a later period of his life, Jones became a little remarkable for a display of poetic taste. This tendency, which can scarcely be said to have ever approached the "sacred fire," was seen even at this early day, for he subsequently spoke of his intention to devote the remainder of his days to calm contemplation and poetic ease when he revisited Virginia. This feeling may have been aided by a false estimate of the amount of his late succession, and quite probably received some incentive from the discontent of a man who had just escaped from an inquiry that he deemed a persecution. It is certain that, while resident in Virginia, he assumed the name of Jones; calling himself John Paul Jones, instead of John Paul, which was his legal and proper appellation. The motive of this change of name, as well as the reason of the selection he made, are left to conjecture. It is probable the latter was purely arbitrary, as he does not appear to have had any near relatives or friends of the name of Jones. For the change itself, the most rational supposition is that it was induced by his difficulties in connection with the affair of Mungo Maxwell. Sands thinks it may have come from a determination of founding a new race, when Jones transferred himself to a new country. Mackenzie fancies it may have proceeded from a wish to conceal his intended service against England from the friends he had

left in Scotland, or, a desire to prevent his enemies from recognizing him as a native of Great Britain, in the event of capture. Neither of these reasons is satisfactory. That of Sands is purely imaginary, and unlikely to occur to a man who does not seem to think of marrying at all. Those of Mackenzie are equally untenable, since the friends Jones left in Scotland were too humble in station to render it necessary, or useful, or probable, while the change of name took place before the war broke out. How could one born in the colonies be thought any safer in the event of capture, in 1775, than one born in Great Britain, allegiance being claimed from all its subjects alike, by the British crown? In a letter to Robert Morris, Jones says, "I conclude that Mr. Hewes has acquainted you with a very great misfortune which befell me some years ago, and which brought me to North America. I am under no concern, whatever, that this, or any other past circumstance of my life, will sink me in your opinion. Since human wisdom cannot secure us from accidents, it is the greatest effort of human wisdom to bear them well." This passage has induced Mr. Sands to think the "great misfortune" was some heavy mercantile loss. There is no evidence to show, nor is it at all probable, that Jones had then been in circumstances to justify his using such an expression as used to a man of Robert Morris' rank and extensive dealings; and it is far more rational to suppose that the word "accidents" has been loosely applied to the circumstances connected with Maxwell's death, than to any other event of Jones' life. If a "great misfortune" had any agency in bringing him to America, it was probably this event; and it may have induced him to change his name, in a moment of disgust, or of morbid resentment.

It is an additional reason for supposing that feeling had some connection with Jones' determination to retire to Virginia, that he soon found himself in comparative poverty. The estate of his brother, of which he must have been the principal, if not the only heir, as William Paul died intestate and childless, could not have amounted to much, and the state of the times probably assisted in depressing its value. The year 1775, therefore, found Jones in every respect in a proper mood to seek service in the young marine that sprung up out of the events of the day. He offered his services, accordingly, and they were accepted. There is reason to think Jones had a real attachment to the colonies, as well as to the principles for which they contended; and it is certain that, having fairly cast his fortunes in them, he had just as good a moral right to maintain both as any native of the country. The obligations created by the mere accidents of birth, can never, in a morel sense, justly be put in competition with the social ties that are deliberately formed in later life, and he is a traitor only who betrays by deceiving. The

argument that a native of England, established in America in 1775, had not the same moral right to resist parliamentary aggression as the subject born in the colonies, is like advancing a distinction between the social claims and duties of the man born in Yorkshire and those of the man born in London. By the English constitution, itself, the resident of the British capital had a right to oppose the aggressions which led to the American Revolution; and it was a right that did not extend to open revolt merely because the aggressions did not affect him in that direct and positive manner that alone justifies resistance to existing law under the plea of necessity. All attempts, then, to brand Jones as a pirate, and as having been peculiarly a traitor to his country, must rest on fallacies for their support; his case being substantially the same as those of Charles Lee, Gates, Montgomery, and a hundred others of merit and reputation; the difference of serving on the ocean, instead of on the land, and of being the means of carrying the war into the island of Great Britain, itself, was the only reason why so much odium has been heaped on the one, while the others have virtually escaped.

Jones does not appear to have had any connection with the American Navy, until a short time before the passage of the law of December 22, 1775, which, in fact, gave it legal and efficient existence. By this law, a commander-in-chief, four captains, and thirteen lieutenants were appointed. The latter were classed as first, second and third lieutenants, and of these the name of John Paul Jones takes rank of all others of the highest grade. His commission is said to have been dated the 7th of December, fifteen days before the passage of the law. This, in fact, made him the sixth in rank in the service; though other appointments were shortly after made, and the question of permanent rank was reserved for future consideration. Thus, in the following year, when independence had been declared, and the rank was regulated, we find Dudley Saltonstall, the oldest captain by the law of December, 1775, placed as the fourth on the list, and Abraham Whipple, the second, reduced as low as to be the twelfth. As respected himself, Jones subsequently complained of a similar mortification, though it would seem unjustly, as the whole matter was understood when the appointments were made. There was some hardship in his case, however, as two of those who were his junior lieutenants in 1775, were made captains above him in 1776. Still, it was in a revolution, related to original appointments, and every thing depended on the original understanding.

Jones was ordered to the Alfred 24, Commodore Hopkins' own vessel, as her first lieutenant. A sloop called the Providence was purchased, and he was offered the command of her, but declined it in consequence of his ignorance of the mode of sailing such a craft. Jones always affirmed that he

first hoisted the flag of the United Colonies, with his own hands, when Commodore Hopkins first visited the Alfred. This occurred on the Delaware, off Philadelphia; and the flag was the pine-tree and rattlesnake, the symbols used by the colonies.

As a matter of course, Jones was in the expedition against New Providence. The squadron did not get out of the Delaware until the 17th February, 1776, lying frozen in, at Reedy Island, for six weeks. It is supposed that this circumstance enabled Capt. Barry to get to sea in the Lexington before it, though that brig was purchased and commissioned subsequently to the equipment of the vessels of Com. Hopkins' squadron.

Jones was useful in piloting the vessels through some difficulties on the Bahama Banks, and seems to have enjoyed a consideration every way equal to his rank. In the action which occurred with the Glasgow 24, on the return of the squadron to America, he was stationed on the gun-deck of the Alfred, and had no other responsibility than attached to the management of his battery. He states, himself, that the main-deck guns of the Alfred were so near the water as to have been useless in a good breeze. On this occasion, however, the wind was light, and nothing occurred to disturb the fire but the position of the vessel. Her wheel-rope was shot away, and, broaching to, the Alfred was sharply raked by the Glasgow, for some time, and must have been beaten but for the presence of the other vessels. As it was, the English ship got into Newport; a sufficient triumph of itself, when it is remembered that she had four or five enemies on her, two of which were but little her inferiors in force. On the 11th of April, Com. Hopkins carried his vessel into New London.

This was unquestionably Jones' first cruise, and the affair with the Glasgow was his first engagement. In that day slavers were not obliged to fight their way, or to run, as at present; and there is no evidence that our hero had ever before met an enemy. He must have been at sea two or three years, during the continuation of the war of 1756, but he nowhere speaks of any adventures with the French cruisers. As the squadron sailed on the 17th February, and got into New London on the 11th April, the cruise lasted only fifty-three days; though it may be deemed an adventurous one, when we recollect the power of England and the indifferent qualities of the vessels.

From New London, Com. Hopkins carried all his vessels round to Providence, when the affair with the Glasgow resulted, as unfortunate military operations are very apt to do, in courts martial. Capt. Hazard, of the Providence 12, the sloop Jones had once declined accepting, was cashiered, and Jones was appointed to succeed him. His orders were dated May 10th,

1776. There being no blanks, the order to take the Providence as her captain was written by Com. Hopkins on the back of the commission Jones held from Congress, as a lieutenant. Being, at that time, certainly the oldest lieutenant in the navy, his right to the command could not well be questioned.

The first service on which Jones was employed, after getting his vessel, was to transport certain troops to New York. Having done this with success, he returned to Rhode Island, hove out his sloop, and prepared her for more critical exploits. In June he was ready again for sea. He was now employed a few days in conveying military stores through the narrow waters about the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound; and, as this was done in the presence of an enemy of greatly superior force, it was an extremely delicate and arduous duty. He was frequently chased, and several times under fire, but always escaped by address and precaution. On one occasion he covered the retreat of a brig that was coming in from the West Indies, laden with military supplies for Washington, and which was hard pressed by the Cerberus frigate. By drawing the attention of the latter to himself, the brig escaped, and, proving a fast vessel, she was subsequently bought into the service, and called the Hampden.

It would seem that the spirit, enterprise and seamanship Jones displayed, during the fortnight he was thus employed, at once gave him a character in the navy; his boldness and success having passed into history, although no event of a brilliancy likely to attract the common attention occurred. This is a proof that seamen appreciated what he had done.

In July, Jones sailed for Boston, always with convoy; thence he proceeded to the Delaware. As this was the moment when Lord Howe's fleet was crowding the American walers, the service was particularly critical, but it was successfully performed. While at Philadelphia, Jones received his commission as captain, signed by John Hancock; it was dated August the 8th. This fact rests on his own assertion; though Mr. Sherburne has given a copy of a commission dated October 10th, which he appears to think was the true commission of Jones. In this he is probably right; new commissions, arranged according to the regulated rank, having doubtless been issued accordingly. It will be seen that independence was declared a little before the arrival of the Providence at Philadelphia.

Hitherto, Jones had sailed under the orders of Com. Hopkins. He was now brought in immediate contact with the Marine Committee of Congress; and it is a proof of the estimation in which he was held, that the latter offered him the command of the Hampden, the vessel he had rescued from

the Cerberus, by his own address. Jones, by this time, had got to understand the Providence, and he preferred remaining in her, now that he had her ready for immediate action, to accepting a vessel that had still to be equipped, though the latter was much the most considerable craft. The Providence mounted only twelve four-pounders, and she had a crew of seventy men.

The Marine Committee next ordered the Providence out on a cruise that was not to exceed three months, giving her commander roving orders. Jones sailed on the 12th August, and went off Bermuda. Here he fell in with the Solebay, frigate, which vessel outsailed him on a wind, with a heavy sea going, and actually got within pistol shot of him, in spite of all his efforts. While closing, the frigate kept up a steady fire from her chase-guns. Jones saw that he must change his course, if he would escape; and, getting ready, he bore up, set his square-sail, studding-sails, &c., and went off before the wind, directly under the broadside of his enemy. The manœuvre was a bold one, but its success must have been, in some measure, owing to a concurrence of favorable circumstances. There was a cross sea on, and the Solebay not anticipating any serious conflict with so inconsiderable an enemy, doubtless had her broadside guns secured; or, if either battery had been manned at all, it was probably on the weather side, the Providence having been a little to windward during most of the chase. Previously to putting his helm up, Jones edged gradually away, thus effecting his intention completely by surprise; the officers of the Solebay having reason to suppose they were gradually weathering on the chase, until they saw her going off dead before the wind. By the time the frigate could get her light sails set, the sloop was beyond the reach of grape, and her safety was ensured, the Providence being unusually fast under her square canvas.

After this critical chase, which had some such reputation, though in a less degree, at the commencement of the war of the Revolution, as that of the Constitution possessed at the commencement of the war of 1812, the Providence went to the eastward. Off the Isle of Sable, she fell in with the Milford 32, which chased her, under fire, for nearly eight hours. Jones does not appear to have run the same risk on this occasion, as in the affair of the Solebay, though he evidently considered the adventure creditable to himself. In point of fact, he kept, most of the time, just without the drop of the enemy's shot, though there were moments when both vessels kept up a distant cannonade. If there was any particular merit on the part of the Americans, it was in the steadiness and judgment in which Jones estimated his own advantages, and the audacity with which he used them. Such experiments certainly give confidence to a marine, and increases its means of usefulness, by bringing the hazards a vessel is compelled to run down to a

just and accurate standard. Manœuvering boldly, in face of a superior force, either on shore or afloat, is an evidence of high military confidence, and insomuch a pledge of both spirit and skill. The influence of both these little affairs must have been highly beneficial on the temper of the American navy.

The day succeeding the last chase, Jones went into Canseau, where he destroyed the English fishing establishment, burned several vessels, and shipped some men. He next went to Isle Madame, and made several descents of a similar character, displaying great activity and zeal. In the course of the cruise the Providence made sixteen prizes, besides destroying a great number of fishermen. She was out more than six weeks, reaching Providence, on her return, October 7th, 1776.

The representations of Capt. Jones induced Com. Hopkins to send an expedition against the colliers of Cape Breton, including the adjacent fisheries. The Alfred had not been out since her first cruise, and was then lying in the river without a crew. That ship, the Hampden and Providence were selected for the purpose, and the command of the whole was assigned to Jones. No better proof of the estimation in which he was held, or of the influence he had obtained by means of his character, is needed than this fact. The orders were dated October 22d, 1776, and were perfectly legal; for, though Congress regulated the rank on the 10th, Com. Hopkins continued at the head of the navy until the succeeding January, when his office was abolished.

Jones soon found he could not collect a sufficient number of men for the three vessels, and he came to a determination to sail with only the Alfred and Hampden. This arrangement was changed, however, in consequence of the Hampden's getting ashore, and her officers and people were transferred to the Providence. This occurred on the 27th October, and the two vessels were unable to get out until the 2d of November. As it was, Jones conceived he put to sea very short-handed; the Alfred mustering only 140 souls, whereas she had sailed from Philadelphia, the previous February, with 235.[8]

As this is the time at which the rank was regulated, though the circumstances do not seem to have yet been known in Rhode Island, it is proper to explain the influence the new arrangement had on the position of our subject. In the first appointments, Jones ranked as the senior first lieutenant of the navy. The fourth officer of the same grade was Mr. Hoysted Hacker, who was promoted to a command soon after Jones himself received his own advancement. Still, Capt. Jones ranked Capt. Hacker, and the latter

had actually been appointed to command the Hampden, in the expedition to the eastward.

This same officer was transferred to the Providence, and actually sailed as a subordinate to Jones on the 2d November, when, by the regulated rank established by a vote of Congress twenty-two days before, he was placed above him on the new list of captains. On that list appear the names of twenty-four captains. Of these, Jones ranks as the eighteenth, and Capt. Hacker as the sixteenth. It is not surprising that the former complained of such a change; though his arguments against the elevation of many respectable gentlemen who were placed over him, under original appointments, at the regular formation of the marine, after the declaration of independence, are by no means as strong.

The Alfred and Providence went to the eastward, as had been arranged, crossing the shoals. They passed many of the enemy's ships that were lying off Block Island, in the night, anchoring in Tarpaulin Cove, for light to go over the shallow water. While lying in the Cove, a privateer was examined for deserters, four of which were found, and a few men were pressed, as Jones always maintained, in obedience to orders from Com. Hopkins. This affair, subsequently, gave Jones a good deal of trouble. He was sued by the owner of the privateer, the damages being laid at £10,000; Com. Hopkins declining to justify the act. This, for some time, was one of the many grievances of which Jones was in the habit of complaining.

Off Louisburg, three prizes were made, one of which proved to be very valuable. It was a large store-ship, called the Mellish, conveying clothing to the British troops. The following night, the Providence parted company in a snow-storm. The two smaller prizes were now ordered in, but Jones continued his cruise, keeping the Mellish in company, on account of her great importance to the American cause. A landing was made at Canseau, a good deal of injury done to the enemy, and the ships again put to sea. Off Louisburg, Jones took three colliers, out of a convoy, in a fog. Two days later, he captured a fine Letter of Marque, out of Liverpool. The Alfred was now full of prisoners, and, it being of great importance to secure the Mellish, Jones shaped his course for Boston. On the 7th December, he fell in with his old acquaintance, the Milford, and had another critical chase, in which he succeeded in covering the Mellish, though the Letter of Marque was captured, owing to a false manœuvre of the prize master. On the 15th, the Alfred went into Boston, the Mellish, for the sake of certainty, going to Dartmouth.

At Boston, Jones received an order from Com. Hopkins to transfer the Alfred to Capt. Hinman, who was his junior, on the regulated list, even, by two numbers. This was certainly a hard case, and cannot well be accounted for, except through the existence of prejudice against our hero. That Jones was the subject of many prejudices, throughout his life, is beyond a question; and it can scarcely be doubted that some of these feelings had their origin in faults of character. It is highly probable that he had some of the notions that the Englishman, or European, is known still to entertain toward the Americans, and which were much more general half-a-century since than they are to-day, the betrayal of which would not be very likely to make friends. It is undeniable that the Americans were an exceedingly provincial people in 1777; nor is the reproach entirely removed at the present time, and nothing is more natural than to hear men educated in a more advanced state of society, declaiming about defects that strike them unpleasantly; or nothing more natural than to find those strictures producing an active and blind resentment. Jones was unaided, too, by connections; even the delegates of Virginia appearing not to take the usual interest of the representative, in an unknown and unsupported stranger. His chief reliance seems to have been on Mr. Hewes, of the Marine Committee, and on Robert Morris; the latter of whom became his firm friend in the end.

Jones remonstrated against this appointment of Capt. Hinman, and succeeded in getting an order to place the Alfred, Columbus, Cabot, Hampden and Providence under his own command, with directions to sail to the southward, with great discretionary powers. These orders produced no results; Com. Hopkins, according to Jones' account of the matter, throwing impediments in the way. It is probable, too, that in February, 1777, the country was not in a condition to fit out a military enterprise of so much importance; want of means being quite as instrumental in defeating Jones' hopes as want of will. There is, also, reason for thinking that Hopkins distrusted Jones' feelings as regards the country; the result most likely of some of his loose and indiscreet remarks.

Many of Jones' official letters, written during the cruises he had made, have been preserved, and aid in throwing light on his character. In general, they are plainly and respectably written, though they are not entirely free from the vaunting which was more in fashion formerly than it is to-day; and occasionally they betray an exaggerated and false taste. On the whole, however, they may be received as superior to the reports of most of the commanders of the age; many captains in even the regular marine of the mother country making reports essentially below those of Jones' in sentiment, distinctness, and diction.

Hopkins having some of Jones' new squadron with himself, at Providence, and refusing to give them up, the latter made a journey to Philadelphia, in order to demand redress of Congress. He does not appear to have been regularly apprised of the regulated rank, until this occasion. A memorial, addressed to Congress, at a later day, and on the subject of rank and his other grievances, was intemperate in language, and probably did his cause, which was tolerably strong in facts, no good. Speaking of the officers who were put above him on the regulated list, he says—"Among those thirteen, there are individuals who can neither pretend to parts nor education, and with whom, as a private gentleman, *I would disdain to associate*." This is sufficiently vain-glorious, and downright rude. If he betrayed similar feelings while at Philadelphia, it is not surprising that his claims were slighted.

Jones had an explanation with Hancock on the subject of his rank, and left Philadelphia, soothed with assurances that his services were appreciated. He had the indiscretion, however, to let the commission dated August 5th, 1776, pass out of his hands, and was never able to recover it. This commission, he afterward affirmed, was the first granted after the declaration of independence, and entitled him to be put at the head of the list of captains.

By the journal of Congress, it would seem that a resolution was passed on the 15th March, 1777, directing that one of those ships that had been previously ordered to be purchased, should be given to "Capt. John Paul Jones, until better provision can be made for him." Referring to the dates of these different transactions, we are left to believe that this resolution was passed as some atonement for depriving our hero of his former command: that the project of sending him out with the vessels which Com. Hopkins detained, was subsequently formed, and a third means of employing this active officer was suggested after his visit to Philadelphia. It must be confessed, however, that much confusion exists in the dates of many of the events connected with the life of Jones, those connected with the resolutions of Congress, in particular, often appearing irreconcilable with known occurrences, unless we suppose that the passage of a resolution and its promulgation were by no means simultaneous. Thus it is that we find Jones expressing his surprise at the regulated rank, in April, 1777, though it was enacted in October, 1776.

The ship which was assigned to Jones, under the resolution just mentioned, was a vessel called the Ranger. She lay at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and wanted a great deal of work to fit her for sea. Her new

captain immediately set about the necessary arrangements, when the third project alluded to was brought up, and he received fresh orders. The commissioners in Paris had ordered a very heavy frigate to be built in Holland, on account of government. This ship was, at first, called the *Indien*, and subsequently the South Carolina. She was one of the heaviest single-decked ships that had then ever been constructed, mounting Swedish thirty-sixes on her main deck. The idea was now to give this ship to Jones, and to send him out to join her, with a party of officers and men, in a French Letter of Marque, called the Amphitrite, that had recently arrived with stores from Europe. The arrangement contemplated that Jones should cruise in the Amphitrite, on his way out, and, as France was then at peace with England, this could only be effected by a transfer of property. Owing to some difficulty of this nature, the scheme fell through; and, in June, by another resolution, Jones was ordered to the Ranger, again. This ship he commenced fitting for sea, though it required months to effect the object. While engaged in the negotiation about the Amphitrite, Jones received a third commission as a captain, from the Marine Committee, direct. The two preceding it had been commissions to command particular vessels, while the present made him, in general terms, a captain in the navy, by virtue of which he might command any vessel of the government. This was done because the committee did not know precisely what the commissioners in France had effected in the way of ships in Europe. The date of this last commission corresponded with that given under the regulated rank.

It is worthy of remark that the very day Congress ordered Jones to the Ranger, it adopted the stars and stripes as the flag of the republic. This was June 14th, 1777. One at the first things Jones did, on reaching his ship, was to hoist this new ensign. He always claimed to have been the first man to hoist the flag of 1775, in a national ship, and the first man to show the present ensign on board a man of war. This may be true or not. There was a weakness about the character of the man that rendered him a little liable to self-delusion of this nature, and, while it is probable he was right as to the flag which was shown before Philadelphia, the town where Congress was sitting, it is by no means as reasonable to suppose that the first of the permanent flags was shown at a place as distant as Portsmouth. The circumstances are of no moment, except as they serve to betray a want of simplicity of character, that was rather a failing with the man, and his avidity for personal distinction of every sort.

The Ranger was not ready for sea before the 15th October. Even then her equipment was very imperfect, the vessel having but one suit of sails, and some of these were made of insufficient cloth. The ship was frigate built,

like most of the sloops of that day, and was pierced for twenty-six guns; viz. eighteen below, and eight above. This number was furnished, but he rejected all but those for the main deck, mounting eighteen sixes. Even these guns he considered as three diameters of the bore too short. Of men he had enough, but his stores were very short, and it is a singular fact, that he could obtain but a barrel of rum for his whole crew. Under such difficulties, however, was the independence of this country obtained.

The Ranger sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for France, Nov. 1st, 1777. This was the first time Jones had left America, or the American waters, since his arrival in Virginia, after the death of his brother. He still went to Europe in expectation of obtaining the Dutch-built frigate, intending to cruise in her, with the Ranger in company. On the 2d Dec. the Ranger arrived at Nantes, having made two captures on the passage. She saw a convoy, but got nothing from it, and had a short chase with a two decked ship. On all occasions, Jones represents his people, who were principally eastern men, as behaving well.

A severe disappointment awaited Jones on reaching France. Owing to the jealousy of England, the commissioners had found themselves under the necessity of transferring the ship building in Holland to the King of France; an arrangement which deprived them of all authority over her.[9] Jones submitted to this defeat of his hopes with a moderation and good sense that are in his favor; thus proving, we think, that his many previous complaints were founded on just principles, in his own opinion at least, and not in querulousness of character, as has been sometimes alleged; for, in this case, the evil being unavoidable, he saw no good motive for quarreling with fortune. He consoled himself with the knowledge that Congress thought him worthy of so important a trust, and says, “I can bear the disappointment with philosophy.”

As soon as ell hopes of getting another and better ship were abandoned, Jones took the Ranger round to Quiberon Bay, convoying some American vessels. Here he met the fleet of M. Le Motte Picquet, and opened a negotiation for a salute. His request was acceded to, and salutes were exchanged, not only with this distinguished officer, but, a few days later, with the Compte d’Orvillers, the commander-in-chief of the Brest fleet. In consequence of these proceedings, Jones claimed the honor of having received the first salute to the American flag, as he did that of having first hoisted the flag itself. It is certain he is mistaken as to the former of these claims, unless he means the particular flag adopted by Congress, June, 1777; for a serious difficulty occurred in consequence of a Dutch governor’s

having saluted an American vessel of war, in the West Indies, the year previously. Still, the motive and the feeling were the same, and it was certainly a point gained to obtain a salute from a French commander-in-chief at the time mentioned.

While lying among the French ships, Jones seems to have had a good deal of communication with its flag officers. He even went so far as to submit certain plans to them for expeditions to America, a general war being now certain, and his projects show an active and fertile mind. These qualities, indeed, form the great and distinctive features of his character, one military scheme being no sooner disposed of than he turned his thoughts to another with untiring ingenuity.

April 10th, 1778, the Ranger again went to sea alone, Jones having relinquished all hope of doing any thing, for the present at least, without achieving it with his own limited means. It is usual to ascribe more credit to the great cruise that succeeded than to this of the Ranger, and yet Jones probably never showed more of his real character than in the enterprise which he now undertook. We shall first relate the events as they occurred, and then give a summary of their character and importance.

On the 14th the Ranger took a vessel, loaded with flaxseed, and bound to Ireland. This prize secured, she shaped her course for St. George's Channel. Off Dublin he captured a London ship. The weather being favorable, Jones now determined to make a descent at Whitehaven, the place out of which he had first sailed, in order to destroy the shipping by fire. With this view, on the evening of the 18th, he was off the port, and, about ten at night, he was on the point of landing himself at the head of a party of volunteers, when the wind shifted, and began to blow so fresh, directly on shore, as to render the descent impracticable. The ship made sail to claw off the land.

The next day the Ranger chased a revenue wherry unsuccessfully, and, though the ship was disguised as a merchantman, it is thought the crew of the boat suspected her of being an enemy. It could not well be otherwise, indeed, since Jones, in his desire to get the boat, kept up a smart fire on her for some time. The next morning he found himself so near a coaster as to be compelled to sink her, in order to prevent the discovery of his presence. Another attempt in shore was abandoned, the same day, on account of the state of the wind.

All this time Jones was close in with the land, visible from the shore, and looking into the different bays and roadsteads as he passed along the coast.

One cutter he chased into the Clyde as high as the Rock of Ailsa, and he sunk a Dublin sloop, to prevent intelligence.

On the 20th, the Ranger was off Carrickfergus, and detained a fishing-boat that came alongside. A ship was at anchor in the road, which the prisoners said was the Drake, Capt. Burden, a vessel of about the size, armament and metal of the Ranger; though she is said to have carried two more guns. This was just such an opportunity as Jones wanted, and though he was alone on an enemy's coast, and might be said to be fighting with a halter round his neck, he at once resolved to attack his enemy at anchor, as soon as it was dark. That night, therefore, the Ranger stood in, with a strong breeze, with the intention of laying the Drake athwart hawse, grappling, and fighting it out. Owing to the darkness, however, and the anchor's hanging, the Ranger brought up about half a cable's length on the Drake's quarter, instead of the position desired, and Jones at once saw the expediency of abandoning the design. He ordered the cable cut, on the instant, so as to give the appearance of its having parted in snubbing, made sail, and began to beat out of the loch. As no warlike demonstration had yet been made, singular as it may seem, this was done without molestation from the Drake. It was Jones' intention to work to windward, and to renew the attempt the same night, but it blew so fresh that he was glad to get an offing on any terms. The wind increased to a gale, and he stood over toward the coast of Scotland to find a lee.

As soon as the weather moderated, Jones determined to renew the attempt on Whitehaven. On the night of the 22d he got off that port again, though not as close in as he wished, in consequence of the lightness of the wind. At midnight he left the ship, having with him, in two boats, thirty-one volunteers. Day began to dawn just as the party reached the outer pier. Jones now divided his men. One party was sent under Lieut. Wallingford, to set fire to the shipping on the north side of the harbor, while he went himself with the other to do the same on the south. There was a small fort on Jones' side, with a few men in it as a guard. He scaled the walls, found the men in the guard-house, where he secured them, and spiked the guns. Jones now took a single officer and went a distance of a quarter of a mile to another battery, the guns of which he also spiked.

On his return from the distant battery, Jones expected to find the ships on fire. So far from this, however, nothing material had been done. Mr. Wallingford had altogether abandoned his portion of the enterprise, the candle on which he relied having burnt out just as it was time to use it. The same accident had occurred on his own side of the harbor also. It was now

broad daylight, and the alarm had been given, but Jones would not abandon his design. A candle was procured from a house, and a fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship. As this vessel lay surrounded by a hundred and fifty, or two hundred other craft, all high end dry, the tide being out, there is no question that a good fire, fairly kindled, would have destroyed the whole.

The great object of Jones was now to repair the loss of time. The sun had risen, and the people of the place were already in motion, though confused and in alarm. The fire burnt but slowly, and search was made for combustibles to aid it. At length a barrel of tar was found and poured upon the flames; Jones then collected his men and ordered them to embark from the end of the pier. By this time the inhabitants of the place were out in thousands, and some of the men ran toward the pier; Jones met these last with a presented pistol, ordering them off, at the risk of their lives. Such was the influence of courage and steadiness, that these men retreated, leaving the pier in possession of this handful of enemies. As the flames now burst out of the steerage and began to ascend the rigging, and the sun had been up an hour, Jones thought it prudent to retire. He had remained some time on the pier all alone, and embarked without molestation, though the eminences around were covered with spectators.

The boats retired without difficulty. Attempts were made to fire on them from the batteries, but the guns were all spiked. One or two pieces, however, had escaped, or, as Jones believed, ship's guns were dragged down upon the pier, and began to play upon the adventurers, without effect. No person was injured in the affair, and only one man was missing. This person is supposed to have deserted, and to have given the alarm; such a man coming to several houses with the news that a ship had been set on fire. Nor was any material damage done to the shipping, the people of the place succeeding in extinguishing the flames, before they reached the other vessels. Jones took three prisoners, whom he brought off as a sort of trophy.

The same day the Ranger crossed the Solway and made a landing at St. Mary's Isle, where is the seat of the Earls of Selkirk. Jones had but a single boat on this occasion, and he landed again in person. His object was to seize Lord Selkirk, fancying that a prisoner of his rank might be useful in affecting the treatment of the Americans who were then in the English prisons. Ascertaining, soon after he had landed, that Lord Selkirk was not at home, Jones returned to his boat. But the men complained of being again disappointed, and, after some discussion, their captain assented that they might go to the house and ask for plate. They were limited to accepting such as was offered. The truth is not to be concealed, that an officer was at the

head of this party, but many of the officers of that period were men taken from trading vessels, and were actuated by motives that were little honorable to them. Lady Selkirk received the officers of this party herself, none of the men being suffered to enter the house. Some plate, valued at about £100, was delivered, and the party retired, doing no other harm.

In the present day such an act would be entirely unjustifiable. No American officer would dare to be guilty of it openly; and it is to be hoped no one would wish to do it at all. Acts very similar to it, however, have been committed on our own coasts within the last thirty years, if not with the connivance of officers, at least in their presence. If we go back a century earlier, it was the common mode of warfare of the Drakes and other commanders of the English service. As it was, Jones was sensible of its unworthiness, and he subsequently purchased the plate and restored it to its owner. Owing to the difficulties of communication, nearly, or quite ten years elapsed before Lord Selkirk actually recovered his property, but he acknowledges that he got it at last, and expressed his satisfaction with the course pursued by Jones.

A letter written by Jones to Lady Selkirk, on this occasion, has been often published, and has been much praised. It has much of the exaggerated and false taste of the writer, while it shows creditable sentiments. Its great fault is a want of simplicity, a defect that seems to have pervaded Jones' character. That Jones committed a fault in allowing the plunder at all is undeniable, though he seems to have yielded solely to a temporary expedient, reserving to himself the intention to repair the wrong at the earliest occasion. Sordid he was not; and admitting the redemption to have been an after thought even, there is no reason for believing that he was any way influenced by a wish to make money. With such an end in view, a man of his enterprise would scarcely have limited his efforts to accepting the little plate that was offered. He would have stripped the house.

The Landing at St. Mary's Isle occurred on the 23d April, and the following morning the Ranger once more appeared off Carrickfergus, where Jones saw symptoms that the Drake was preparing to come out. That the character of the American ship was not known, however, is clear, from the fact that the Drake sent a boat out to reconnoitre. This boat was decoyed alongside, and her officer and crew captured. From his prisoners Jones ascertained that intelligence of what had occurred at Whitehaven reached Carrickfergus the previous night, and no doubt was entertained that the ship which had appeared off the one place was the vessel that had made the attempt on the Drake in the other. The latter vessel had weighed the lost

anchor of the Ranger; and it was now ascertained that she had received many volunteers on board, and was coming out in quest of her enemy. The only doubt, therefore, which could exist among the English was whether the vessel now in the offing was the same as that which had made the attempt at Whitehaven.

When the Drake got under way she was accompanied by several boats filled with persons who were disposed to be witnesses of the action. Jones hove-to and waited for his enemy, amid a scene that might well have disturbed the self-confidence of a man of less fortitude. He was in the narrow waters of the most powerful naval power on earth, with the three kingdoms in plain view. Alarm smokes were raised on each side of the channel in great numbers, showing that his foes were up and doing. He had already given occasion for extraordinary activity, and an enemy that had enjoyed time to get perfectly ready, and which, to say the least, was always his equal in force, was coming out from her moorings purposely to engage him. This, according to a favorite expression of Jones himself, was literally going "into harm's way."

The tide was not favorable, and the English ship came out very slowly, The Ranger's drift was to windward, and her helm was put up several times in order to run down toward her enemy, when she would throw her main-top-sail aback and lie with her courses in the brails. As soon as the amateurs ascertained that the boat which was towing astern of the strange ship was that sent out by the Drake, they all bore up and ran back into the loch. At length, long after the turn of the day, the English ship succeeded in weathering the headland, and was enabled to lay a straight course into the offing. She now set her colors, and the Ranger showed what it was then the fashion of England to call the "rebel flag." Jones filled and stood off the land, under easy canvas, to lead his enemy out mid-channel. The Drake followed, gradually closing, until she got within hail.

Jones had at length gained his point, and was in momentary expectation of commencing an action with an enemy's ship of equal force. While he awaited her fire, he was hailed, with a demand to know who and what he was. The answer was given by the master, under Jones' direction—"This is the American continental ship Ranger," he said; "we wait for you, and beg you will come on. The sun is little more than an hour high, and it is time to begin." This cool invitation was scarcely given before the Ranger fell broad off and delivered her fire. The Drake answered this attack, the two ships closing and running off before a light wind. It was soon apparent that the Ranger was getting the best of it; her adversary's spars and sails beginning

to suffer. Still the action was animated and well maintained for just one hour and four minutes, when the Drake called out for quarter; her ensign being shot away previously.

The battle was fairly fought, side by side, and the victory not only gallantly, but neatly won. Jones states, in his account of the cruise, that no one on board the Drake placed her people, including the volunteers, at less than one hundred and sixty, while some admitted there must have been one hundred and ninety souls on board. He estimated the loss of the Drake, in killed and wounded, at forty-two, though this exceeds the English statement by nearly half. The volunteers must have rendered the official accounts of the English very problematical, and there was somewhat of conjecture in that of Jones. Capt. Burden fell by a musket-shot in the head, though he was found alive on taking possession of the prize. The English first lieutenant, also, was mortally wounded. The Drake's fore and main-top-sail yards were both down on the cap—main-top-gallant yard and gaff were hanging up and down, the jib was in the water, and, otherwise, she had sustained much injury aloft.

The Ranger suffered far less. She had two men killed and six wounded. Mr. Wallingford, the lieutenant who landed at Whitehaven, was one of the former, and a seaman among the wounded subsequently died. The gunner was hurt, and Mr. Powers, a midshipman, lost an arm. Jones remarks in one of his letters, that he gave the dead a "spacious grave."

The weather continued good, and the repairs proceeded actively. At first Jones intended to steer the direct course for France, but the wind coming foul, he changed his purpose and passed upchannel, again. The evening of the 25th, or that of the day after the engagement, the two ships were off the bay of Belfast, once more, and here Jones dismissed the fishermen he had taken. He gave them a boat, money and other necessaries, and lent them a sail of the Drake's, as a hint to those ashore concerning the fate of that vessel.

On the 8th May, the Ranger, with the Drake in company, arrived safely at Brest. Some bad weather had been encountered on the passage, but no event worthy of being mentioned occurred, unless it be that Jones felt himself bound to arrest his first lieutenant, Simpson, for disobedience of orders, in managing the prize. This affair gave him a good deal of trouble subsequently, though nothing of serious moment grew out of it. The Ranger appears to have been well manned, but badly officered, as would be likely to happen with a vessel fitted in an eastern American port, at that early day.

A great sensation was produced by this cruise of the Ranger. It lasted but twenty-eight days; only one week passed between the arrival off the Isle of Man and the action with the Drake. Every hour of this time was passed in ceaseless activity. One enterprise was no sooner ended than another was begun. The reader has only to cast an eye at the map, to understand the boldness with which the ship moved. Her audacity probably caused her impunity, for there was scarcely a more critical position, as to mere localities, in the narrow seas, than that into which Jones carried her. It is true, he knew every foot of the way, but he must have known the dangers of his path, as well as its disadvantages. The attempt on Whitehaven betokened a military mind, though it would scarcely be justified under any other principles of hostility than those so much in vogue with the English themselves. It was merited retaliation, and only failed through the incompetence of subordinates. Throughout the whole of this cruise, indeed, Jones displayed the highest species of courage; that of justly appreciating his own resources, and of not exaggerating dangers, a union of spirit and judgment that ever produces the best commanders.

Jones has been censured for having selected the region of his birth as the scene of his exploits. While it has been admitted that he had a perfect moral and political right to espouse the cause of his adopted country, it has been urged that he ought to have refrained from selecting, as the scene of his exploits, the very port out of which he had formerly sailed. We apprehend that this is the reasoning of a sickly and superficial sentimentality, rather than of healthful sentiment. Had he captured and destroyed fifty sail belonging to Whitehaven, at sea, nothing would have been thought of the occurrence, but to destroy the same, or any other number, in their port is ranked as an error, and by some it is classed with crimes! Others have even fancied that a desire to revenge himself for imaginary wrongs led him to the coast of Scotland, and to Whitehaven, and that, under the pretence of serving public interests, he was, in truth, avenging private griefs. A calm consideration of the facts will show the injustice of these charges.

Jones was ordered to France. He was ordered to cruise against England, on the English coast. In this latter particular, he followed the precedents of Wiches and Conyingham. In selecting the scene of his exploits, he went into a sea with which he was familiar, an immense advantage of itself, and one, in a military point of view, he would have been censurable for neglecting, under the circumstances. If it were justifiable to retaliate for the enemy's burnings, it was proper to do so under the greatest advantages, and at the least risk to those employed on the service, and this could be done but by the greatest intimacy with the localities. To say that an officer is not to turn his

knowledge to account in this way, because it was acquired under the sanction of ordinary intercourse and a state of peace, is like saying that Jones should not use the knowledge of navigation acquired in an English school to the injury of an English vessel. If he had a right to bear arms at all, in such a contest, he had a perfect right to use all the means practiced in civilized warfare, in effecting his objects.

That private feelings were kept out of view, in this short but brilliant cruise, is seen from the fact that no injury was done, or attempted on shore, when the means offered. It would have been as easy to set fire to the house, on St. Mary's Isle, as to carry off the plate. The shipping alone was fired at Whitehaven, and generally the conduct of Jones showed a spirit of generous hostility, rather than one of vindictive resentment. In a civil war, men must thus use the local information acquired in youth, or neglect their duties. No class of warriors do this more than sailors, who constantly avail themselves of knowledge obtained in the confidence of friendly intercourse to harass their enemies. It is proper to add that the letter of Jones to Lady Selkirk, apologizing for taking the plate, was dated the day the Ranger anchored at Brest.

The cruise of the Ranger brought Jones much reputation. Still he had many causes of complaint, being greatly in want of funds. His difficulties were, in truth, the difficulties of the country and the times, rather than of any intention to harass him. He was fortunate enough to make many important friends, and was much caressed in the naval circles of Brest. His recent success gave a species of authority to his bold opinions, and it was not long ere various schemes were entertained for employing him on other expeditions against the enemy. The Duc de Chartres, afterward the celebrated Egalité, interested himself to obtain the Indian, still, for Jones, the ship being then at the disposal of the King of France. All Jones' projects had a far-sighted reach, as was shown in his wish to burn the shipping at Whitehaven, which he says would have greatly distressed Ireland for coal. Some of his schemes were directed to convoys, others to the destruction of shipping, and some again to descents on the coast. Even Franklin entertained the hope of getting possession of the Indian for him, after all; a plan for which was actually arranged with the French Minister of Marine. An exchange of prisoners was agreed on, with a view to man the vessel, one of the important results which attended the late cruise. It is an evidence how much the public appreciated that cruise, that the Prince of Nassau, an officer who subsequently caused Jones much trouble, had an idea of sailing under his orders.

The breaking out of the war between England and France defeated many of Jones' hopes, though it rendered the connection of the Americans with the latter country much more simple than it had been. Holland objected to giving up the Indian, and thus put an end to all his expectations from that quarter. To increase his vexations, the difficulty with his first lieutenant remained unsettled, notwithstanding his own efforts to obtain a court-martial, it being the opinion of the commissioners and others, that Jones had himself released his subordinate from arrest in a way that precluded a trial. This matter terminated by Simpson's sailing for America, in command of the Ranger, leaving Jones in France to push his projects of higher aim.

For some time, Jones expected to receive different frigates from the French Minister, which were to serve under the American flag. Many difficulties arose to disappoint him, until all the various plans were concluded by the scheme actually adopted. As this enterprise was connected with the great action of Jones' life, it is necessary to explain it a little in detail.

M. Le Ray, a banker of Paris much connected with America, and who, from owning the estate of Chaumont, was styled Le Ray de Chaumont, had taken an active part in Jones' plans. Under his direction an arrangement, or *concordat*, to the following effect was made. The French officers employed were to receive American commissions for the cruise, and rank and command were to be according to seniority. This provision left Jones at the head of the squadron, he being the oldest American captain connected with the expedition. Succession was provided for, with the exception of the command of the Cerf, a cutter, the first lieutenant of which craft was to succeed his own captain, in the event of his removal or loss. The distribution of prize money was to be in the proportions regulated by the laws of the two countries, respectively, and the prizes were to be sent in to the order of M. Le Ray.

In addition to the express provisions of this *concordat*, which was signed by all the commanders and M. Le Ray, it was understood that the latter, as apparent agent of the King of France, should furnish certain vessels, which were to revert to their former owners after the cruise, and that the American commissioners were to order the Alliance, a new frigate which had recently come to Europe, to join the squadron.

There is still something mysterious about the character of this celebrated expedition. There is no doubt that Jones believed that he was to be fairly employed as a naval captain of an allied power, in command against the common enemy, in conformity with the ordinary practice on such occasions;

but, it is by no means certain that this was his real position. It is true, that the commissioners gave legality to the enterprise, but there are certain reasons for thinking that private cupidity may have had more connection with it than is usual with public measures. Intrigue was so common and so elaborate in France, that one is hardly safe in forming any precise opinion under the circumstances, though nothing is more apparent than the fact that Jones' squadron was not composed of ships of war belonging to France, united with ships of war belonging to America, in order to carry out the purposes of ordinary warfare. Still, most of the expense appears to have been borne by the French government, and joint orders were received from the public functionaries of the two countries. Jones had a strong distaste for the *concordat*, which probably gave the whole affair too much of the character of a privateering compact, and he subsequently declared that he would not have signed it, had it not been presented at the last moment, by M. Le Ray, himself, under circumstances that rendered a refusal difficult.

Under the arrangement made, a squadron was finally, though very imperfectly, equipped. It contained five vessels, or three frigates, a brig, and a cutter. The ships were the Duke of Duras, the Alliance end the Pallas; the brig was called the Vengeance, end the cutter the Cerf, or Stag. Of all these crafts, but two were regularly constructed for war, the Alliance 32, and the Stag 12. The Alliance was an exceedingly fast American built ship of the class of large thirty-twos. All the other vessels were French.

After all his delays and disappointments, Jones could get no better vessel for his own pennant than the Duc de Duras, an Indiaman, then fourteen years old. She proved in the end to be both dull and rotten, though she was purchased as fast and sound. She was a long, single-decked ship, and was pierced for twenty-eight guns on her main deck. Her armament was intended for eighteens. This would have placed her about on a level, as to force, with the English thirty-eights of that day, supposing that she carried ten or twelve light guns on her quarter-deck and forecastle. The eighteens were yet to be cast, however, and, failing to appear, Jones put twelves in their places. To supply this material deficiency, he caused twelve ports to be cut in the gun-room, or below, where he mounted six eighteens, intending to fight them all on one side in smooth water. Eight nines and sixes were placed above, making a total armament of forty-two guns; or of twenty-four in broadside, supposing the six eighteens to be fought together. Three hundred and eighty souls composed her crew. The last was a motley set, including natives of nearly every known maritime Christian nation, and having no less than one hundred and thirty of them enlisted in the character of soldiers.

The Alliance had an ordinary American crew, while the other vessels appear to have been purely French. To render the whole more incongruous, however, the Alliance had a Frenchman for a captain; a person of the name of Landais, whom Congress had appointed in compliment to its new ally. M. Landais had been educated in the navy of his native country, but had left it in consequence of an irascible temper that was constantly getting him into trouble, end which proved to be of great disservice to the expedition in the end. Some persons even called his sanity in question.

Jones found a few native Americans to make sea-officers and petty officers of, in the Duc de Duras, but he mentions in one of his statements that altogether they did not exceed thirty. He changed the name of his vessel, however, to the Goodman Richard, or le Bon Homme Richard, in compliment to Franklin, as near an approach to nationality as that circumstance would well allow.

This motley squadron sailed from Groix June 19th, 1779, or more than a year after Jones' return from his cruise in the Ranger. All that precious time had been wasted in endeavoring to obtain a command. The first object was to convoy some vessels southward, which duty was successfully performed. An accident occurred, however, by means of which the Alliance ran into the Richard, injuring both vessels so much as to render it necessary to return to port. The vessels separated, by orders, to do this, leaving the Richard alone for a day or two. While thus situated two English cruisers were made, and Jones offered battle, but it is supposed the enemy mistook him for a ship of the line, as they carried a press of canvas to escape. The occurrence is of no other importance, except to show that the people of the Richard were ready to fight; Jones praising the alacrity they manifested.

The rottenness of the old Indiaman does not appear to have been discovered until after she got back to the roads of Groix, in order to be repaired. While the work was in progress, a court-martial sat, and broke the first lieutenant of the Richard. About this time, a cartel arrived at Nantes, bringing in more than a hundred exchanged American seamen, from Mill prison. A short time before this exchange was made, Mr. Richard Dale, late a master's mate of the U. S. brig Lexington, had made his escape from the same prison, and had joined Jones in his old capacity. This gentleman, a native of Virginia, and subsequently the well known naval captain of his name, was now made first lieutenant of the Richard by Jones, who had blank commissions by him. The men of the cartel were applied to, and many of them entered, thus giving the Richard a respectable body of Americans to help to sustain the honor of the flag she wore. Among the exchanged

prisoners were two gentlemen of the name of Lunt, both natives of New Hampshire, and distant relatives. Henry Lunt was made second lieutenant of the Richard, while Cutting Lunt, his kinsman, is sometimes called the third lieutenant, and sometimes the master. Both these officers were respectable men, and appear to have given Jones satisfaction, until adverse circumstances deprived him of their services. In consequence of this arrangement, it is believed that every quarter-deck sea-officer of the Richard was a native American, Jones himself and one midshipman excepted.

It is a proof of the native goodness of Jones' heart, that, while lying at l'Orient, surrounded by perplexities, he sent a bill for £30 to his relatives in Scotland. This was not his only remittance, by several; and, as money was far from being plenty with him in that day, they show the strength of his affections, and his desire to serve his sisters.

When all was ready to go out again, two privateers, the Monsieur and the Grandeville, put themselves under Jones' orders, raising his force to seven sail. As the Monsieur was frigate-built, and carried forty guns, her junction was thought a matter of no slight importance.

On the 10th August, Jones issued some general orders to his captains, laying great stress on the point of not parting company; the commonest of all embarrassments with an irregular force at sea. The Richard had not proved a fast ship; the Pallas, a light 20 gun ship, was decidedly dull, having also been built for a merchantman; the Vengeance was barely respectable, while the Cerf was every way a noble cutter, though of trifling force. The Alliance, one of the fastest ships that ever floated, had been badly ballasted by Mons. Landais, on some philosophical principles of his own, and lost her qualities for that cruise. Such, then, was the character of the force, with which Jones once more ventured into the narrow seas, in quest of glory.

[*To be continued.*

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[8] Clarke, Mackenzie, and various other writers give the Alfred and Columbus, each, 300 men, on the expedition against New Providence; crews altogether disproportioned to the sizes of the ships. Jones' own authority is used for what we say.

[9] The *Indien* was subsequently hired to the State of South Carolina, and had her name changed to that of the state. The negotiation was carried on through the agency of the Chevalier de Luxembourg. In his History of the Navy, the writer mentions his belief that this Chevalier de Luxembourg was not a sovereign prince, as has been supposed, but a member of the House of Montmorency. In an *Acte de famille* of this illustrious house, which was made in this century, we find these words—viz.

"1731. The Duke of Chatillon had but one son, Charles Paul Sigismund, known by the name of Duke of Bouleville; who had an only son, Charles Anne de Montmorency-Luxembourg, Duke of Olonne. The Duke of Olonne had two sons, of which one, known as the *Chevalier de Luxembourg*, is dead without issue."

There is no question that this Chevalier de Luxembourg is the person who hired the Indian to the State of South Carolina, *on shares*. As the ship had been given to the king, may not this have been an experiment in royal privateering?

I MET HIM IN THE CROWD TO-NIGHT.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I met him mid the crowd to-night—
They told me I would meet him there—
My lip was gay, mine eyes were bright,
As if I knew no thought of care;
I touched his hand amid the dance
And passed him as a stranger by,
I trembled 'neath his searching glance
And changed to smiles a rising sigh.

It was a weary part to play,
Yet I deceived the thoughtless throng,
I mingled with the fair and gay,
I breathed the blithest jest and song,
My seeming mirth the crowd beguiled
And he too paused my words to hear,
But only sighed when others smiled—
He did not think my joy sincere.

For when I chanced to meet his gaze,
There was a softness in his eye
That spoke to me of other days
And woke a dream of memory;
A look, half sadness half regret,
That probed the weakness of my breast,
Though brief the space our glances met,
Within that space the truth he guessed.

I turned with clouded brow aside,
He had no right my soul to see,
When near him stood his lovely bride.
His chosen when his choice was free;
Yet her that I had deemed so blest
Won not his fickle worship now,
Soon wearied of a love possest
He thought not of his plighted vow.

And when I saw he strove to wake
    In me a feeling of the past,
I scorned him for my rival's sake
    And from my soul his image cast;
The love long nursed in lonely tears
    Fled from me like a dream of pain,
My heart may mourn o'er wasted years,
    But never beat for him again.

Our eyes in parting met once more,
    My pale cheek caught no deeper shade,
Mine eyes no hidden sorrow wore,
    Nor pensive tenderness betrayed;
What bitter pain it seemed to me
    When first again he met my sight,
But now my heart, though cold, is free,
    Free'd with the *gaze* I met to-night.

MARIE LAMBERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

Louis the Fourteenth was alone in his closet, occupied with state documents, memorials, and petitions. The royal visage grew dark as it glanced over the contents of an ill-written, badly spelled placard which had been torn from the *cheval de bronze*, on the *pont-neuf*, and placed before his majesty. A small, silver hand-bell was grasped in anger, and a page obeying the hasty summons, was despatched in quest of General Gombaud. The monarch placed the placard carefully aside, and had waded half through the document next in turn, when the general was announced.

Achille Gombaud, bearing the rank and honors of general, had been withdrawn from the army of the frontier, to be placed in command of the newly established police department. The qualities which secured the nomination to this post were cunning, vigilance, courage—not unmixed with ferocity—and a harsh impenetrability of manner and deportment which repelled familiarity, and kept aloof sympathy. His age was past sixty, his face long and wrinkled, the nose hooked, the chin prominent, eyebrows blanched and grizzled, arching over a pair of eyes unusually large and round, with expression dull and impassive, though not unmeaning, wandering from object to object, with quiet glance watching their prey, though confronting steadily the beholder who had temerity to encounter their gaze. The general's body was slightly bent through force of habit, or perhaps age, though he afforded no other indication of infirmity. The head, as monsieur walked, projected over a heavy gold-headed cane—essential adjunct in preserving the equipoise of the overbalanced figure—save when, on meeting acquaintance of superior rank, to whom he was obliged to extend civility—then the huge head, with its long wig, was thrown jauntily back, the cane dangled at the wrist, whilst, with arm extended, he proffered the contents of the customary gold snuff-box.

"How—general," exclaimed Louis in displeasure, "have you yet caught Daru, or any of his associates?"

"May it please your majesty—I have not!" replied the general, bowing profoundly. He spoke in tone unusually subdued, for he foresaw a storm, and deprecated its wrath.

The anger of Louis found loud, though measured vent, in expatiating on the indignity the crown had suffered, by a king's courier being stopped and plundered within two miles of Paris—by the robber, in bravado, daring to avow his name, his authority over a large band of brigands—by the many outrages committed within the city by this self-styled Daru, from the consequences of which—to the scandal of the monarch and disgrace of the new intendant of police—both he and his associates had, as yet, escaped scathless, their haunts or hiding-places untracked, unknown.

Gombaud, in apology, failed not to extol in liveliest colors his own unwearied zeal in promoting and animating the researches of his satellites. But Louis demanded angrily whether the general were content to lose the laurels he had won in Flanders, by allowing himself to be foiled by a street-robber? If he were, the King of France certainly was not disposed to sit quiet whilst his despatches were stolen, and the messenger who bore them plundered.

"May it please your majesty," rejoined Gombaud in humble tone, "your majesty's subjects are so loyal, that I feel convinced even this Daru would never have perpetrated the outrage, if he had known when he commenced the assault whose livery he so wantonly insulted."

"Hah!" exclaimed Louis, musing awhile—then adding, after a pause, "I hear, general, you have found leisure to be smitten with the charms of Marie Lambert, daughter of our notary of that name. When does the marriage take place?"

The intendant of police was perfectly dismayed by the question—it was not the blushing dismay of a youth of two-and-twenty; no mantling crimson flushed his withered cheek, yet he looked sadly confused. He foresaw the too palpable inference, yet was he forced to confess that to-morrow was fixed for the happy day. Gliding back adroitly to the original subject, he informed Louis that in addition to the royal reward of twenty thousand crowns for the apprehension of Daru and the gang, he had added, as further encouragement to his officers, five thousand more, payable from his own purse.

"Twenty-five thousand!" said the king, affecting to ponder—then suddenly addressing the general, whilst he handed the placard torn from the *cheval de bronze*, "your liberality, Monsieur Gombaud, is far outstripped by Daru—for see! affixed to the statue of our immortal ancestor is Daru's proclamation, offering fifty-thousand crowns for the person of General Achille Gombaud, fairly bound and gagged!"

Gombaud, hitherto unaware of the existence of the libelous and daring placard, was about to speak, but the king motioned him to be silent.

"When I appointed General Gombaud," said Louis, in a quiet, dignified tone, "to the command of our police, I was guided in the selection by his reputation for strict discipline. I heard he was a terror to evil-doers. His age gave warrant that he would not easily be turned from the strict vigilance of duty to join in the frivolities of Paris. Let him recollect that he *was* general of division—that he is *now* lieutenant-general of police."

When Gombaud bowed himself out of the presence—forbidden further defence—he looked so crestfallen that the young page in waiting, though quite inexperienced in courtly physiognomy, stared at the heretofore pompous official with astonishment. But the youth's wonderment recalled the general to self-possession, and by the time he had passed the musketeer at the palace-gates he looked as impenetrable and callous as usual.

"*Was* general of division—*am* lieutenant-general of police!" muttered Gombaud, repeating the words of his majesty; "that means, I suppose, *shall* be prisoner in the Bastile, if I cannot catch Daru! And goods friends have I! or this cursed placard would not have found its way to the closet; and my marriage with the little sylph Marie! all conversation for the back stairs! *pasques dieu!*"

So went on murmuring the doughty Achille, vowing vengeance against his secret enemies, threatening secret martyrdom to the brigand chief—when he caught him; yet the image of Marie gradually took possession of his mind. To-morrow was the wedding-day—a hundred calls had he to make, and as many audiences to grant—the coachmaker, the jeweler, the upholsterer, and numberless others; they had furnished his new house and stables, it is true, but he was dissatisfied—it was his nature—there was much to alter and adapt to his taste, and no time to do it in. But who is that sour-looking wretch watching so suspiciously the equipage of Madame La Marechale—perhaps Daru! No—it is one of the general's own myrmidons. Curse Daru! Was there no peace for a man on the eve of marriage?

Monsieur Lambert was a notary of considerable practice. Of low extraction, he had acquired by industry and parsimony a fair fortune, and was blessed with an only child—Marie Lambert, heiress of his wealth. Like many of that class, whose affluence enabled them to compete in external splendor with the noblesse, he was anxious to ally himself with a family of note. In addition to antiquity of descent, General Gombaud possessed another much coveted acquisition in a son-in-law—the personal favor of his

sovereign. None had more free access to the Tuileries than Gombaud—no one oftener summoned to private audiences. His age—perhaps too old—but then age has its advantages. Marie in a few years would be in condition to make another alliance, with all the advantages of a widow of one of high official station. Monsieur Lambert being a widower, Marie was therefore deprived of a mother's aid, to advise or remonstrate in her behalf, so the unequal marriage was decided on. The notary's house, indeed, gave shelter to one of her own sex, a crabbed housekeeper, who was not without influence, but she was far from being friendly to mademoiselle.

Among the friends of the contracting parties, the approaching marriage was the subject of much merriment. Monsieur Lambert's aspiring predilections being well known, his selection of the general excited no surprise; nor was it matter of astonishment or novelty, that an old man was smitten with a youthful face, owned by a pretty heiress. But the contrast between bride and bridegroom was too striking to escape the ridicule of Parisians. Marie was but sixteen, and looked younger; her figure *petite*, her deportment graceful—but it was the gracefulness of extreme youth; the features were small and regular, and though exceedingly pretty, and, when lit up with a smile, very fascinating, yet in ordinary wore a prim, demure expression, as of a girl but just escaped from the discipline of the conventual school. Let us not, however, put too much confidence in the innocence and simplicity of a face, though it hath seen but sixteen summers.

Marie by the side of Gombaud! Achille Gombaud, awful, portentous, if not venerable, at the feet of Marie! Was it not ludicrous? Would she not run, it was asked, to place herself on his knee—ought not the general to have a pocket well stored with *bonbons*? Would she not hang to his skirts in the streets, not to outstrip his slow, stately march? Such were the questions asked each other by friends picturing the ill-matched pair. Much ridicule had been spared during the courtship, by the extraordinary demands on the general's services; for what with searching after Daru, appeasing the irritation of Louis, and forwarding the marriage preparations, poor Gombaud was in sad perplexity, and had but little time for wooing—it must be owned much to the satisfaction of the future bride.

In a dingy back room, in Lambert's house, opening from his own office, sat the notary's clerk, Adolphe De Regnier. He was a distant relative, an orphan, born in the south of France, who in utter destitution had traveled almost barefoot to Paris, attracted by one solitary star of hope—his kinsman's wide-spread reputation. Lambert would perhaps have disowned the claim, but finding the youth wrote excellently, in several styles and

characters, he placed him in the office, at a salary which did keep soul and body together. Adolphe as yet had managed to subsist—but it was as much as he could do—whilst he rented a miserable lodging in the most miserable and dismal portion of the city, by mounting seven or eight stories to the top of a house situate in the *isle du cité*, in the most lonely, and, as it was averred, dangerous street in that quarter. But Adolphe had nothing to lose, and was without fear. Occasionally, when his services were hard tasked, he was invited to a seat at his kinsman's table, which brought him more closely and sociably in contact with the notary, the ill-natured, prying housekeeper, Josephine, and last, though not least estimated, the demure little beauty, Marie Lambert.

The same day which witnessed the interview between Louis and the chief of police, beheld Adolphe, as usual, at his desk. On this occasion he was busily engaged engrossing the fair copy of a document, the rough original of which, sketched by the rapid hand of Lambert, lay outspread before the youth. It was the marriage-settlement. The task had more than ordinary attraction for Adolphe. Whilst engrossing the usual run of official papers—a dull mechanical employment—his mind was far away, reveling in the forests of his native province, or if wandering for a moment back to Paris, it was but to listen to the passing steps of Marie, and wonder if she were happy. But as he slowly progressed with the marriage-settlement, his thoughts grew intense and concentrated; he felt uneasy, restless, miserable, as though threatened by impending calamity. His eyes were suffused, though tearless; he could scarcely decipher Lambert's characters, which seemed magnified, blurred, distorted; and he threw down the pen in despair. Marie, as it appeared by the document, had a second baptismal name—it met the eye for the first time—was illegibly written, so he passed into the notary's own office to inquire the correct spelling. Lambert had quitted the house, and the youth, emboldened by he knew not what feeling, resolved to make the inquiry of Marie herself. Fortunately she was alone in the family parlor.

The maiden exhibited considerable surprise at his appearance—for he was neither favored by invitation, nor had ever assumed the privilege, of encroaching unasked on the domestic privacy of the family—but he could discover no trace of displeasure. She looked With some alarm at the half-open door leading to an adjoining apartment, which he had the tact to close ere he approached where she sat. As he held in hand the rough draft of settlement—ready excuse, if necessary, for wandering from his post—Marie, supposing he was in quest of her father, broke silence by saying Monsieur Lambert had gone out on matters of business. The quick eye of Adolphe ran over the various articles outspread on the table at which Marie sat—caskets

of jewelry, lace, velvet, and, thrown carelessly aside, an opened note—doubtless, as the youth thought, the perfumed billet of monsieur. But amidst the marriage-presents, she looked unquiet, unhappy.

"Every thing," said Adolphe, "reminds me that we shall soon lose mademoiselle—even the difficulty which made me venture here." And he explained the cause which obstructed further progress in engrossing. Marie, with a faint smile, afforded the information—adding in reply to his insinuation respecting the marriage, that she should be happy, and so, she was sure, would be General Gombaud, to see her cousin Adolphe, at their hôtel. It was the first invitation Marie, as bride, had given, and she uttered it almost stammeringly, blushing the while, but whether at her own awkwardness, or from other cause, could not be divined. Adolphe was doubly awkward in his acknowledgments—in fact, he knew not what he said—but gaining courage, remarked that from slight experience of Paris, he much preferred the mode in which marriages were conducted in the south. There, it was the occasion of merriment and hilarity—dancing and feasting for many days together—every one was happy. Adolphe ought to have known better than to indulge in this strain—perhaps from previous confusion he was glad to launch any topic on which he could expatiate with facility, and, like many in a similar predicament, blundered from bad to worse. Poor Marie burst into tears. He flew to her side, upbraiding himself aloud for having foolishly spoken aught which could give pain. He had been guilty, he confessed, of having awoke some secret chord of unhappiness, and prayed forgiveness. Could he requite the injury inflicted, his services—the services of one poor and humble in means, though proud of hope, and of an unspotted name, proud of being kinsman to Marie Lambert—were at her command—his life at her service.

This chivalrous declaration, couched in language more high-flown than the maiden had ever heard addressed to herself—for Gombaud, perhaps not insensible to ridicule, wisely helped out his tender sayings with a gold trinket, a present of Valenciennes lace—caused her to smile midst her tears. She had no service to exact, in which life was endangered—no giants were there to kill—no monsters were there to slay—unless we except him of the gold-headed cane. We know not whether his image were present to her thoughts, but it certainly was not absent from the mind of Adolphe, who had a very great desire, at the moment, to encounter in mortal conflict the doughty general. Be it as it may, the warm Provençal blood of the youth, emboldened by what he had already done and said, was fanned into passion by the half-playful smile which gleamed through her tears.

“You hate this marriage, mademoiselle,” exclaimed the youth, “and I will prevent it!”

“Adolphe! Monsieur Adolphe! what mean you?” cried Marie in alarm, rising from the chair.

“Only confess you abhor the alliance!” cried Adolphe, his eyes sparkling with fire, his hand grasping the delicate fingers of the maiden.

“Well, I will, monsieur, if you be but quiet and silent,” rejoined Marie, endeavoring to release her hand.

“Then you do hate General Gombaud?” continued the youth.

“I cannot say otherwise with truth,” replied Marie sorrowfully.

“Then, away with him forever!” exclaimed Adolphe, tearing in twain Lambert’s draft of the settlement.

Marie could not avoid laughing outright at the energy and folly of her champion. She pointed out, what was equally as plain to him when his momentary enthusiasm had subsided, that destroying the document would not cripple the intentions of her parent and elderly admirer.

Then, ought she to fly to the protection of the superior of the convent where she had been educated? No! both agreed that scheme was not feasible; for Adolphe had of necessity picked up some knowledge of law, and Marie was by nature gifted with strong sense—so it was concluded the lady superior had no power to withhold one of the maiden’s age from the authority and control of her parent, unless she had taken a religious vow. Other plans, more romantic but less tangible, were suggested and abandoned, for no vantage ground of safety could be thought of, proof against legally armed parental authority. And short space of time remained for execution of any scheme—for to-morrow was the wedding-day!

It would be difficult to assert how far Marie was guilty of wilful intention in leading Adolphe to the final proposal deliberated. The offer certainly was his own, and with him must rest the responsibility, but we do not acquit our heroine of participation in bringing it about, though as her finesse equaled her delicacy, we cannot afford verbal proofs. Adolphe demonstrated clearly there was no escape for her but by substituting himself in lieu of General Gombaud, and instead of waiting till the morrow for the old man, to accept on the instant the younger one. The damsel certainly hesitated, but Adolphe affected to treat her scruples as only a hesitancy arising through not seeing the path clear—the original idea was good, but wanted much perfecting to be effectual. He had a partial acquaintance with

the Curé of St. Elizabeth, who would require but slight pressing, if backed by extra fees, to perform the ceremony immediately. But to avoid suspicion, it was necessary Adolphe should return to his desk after the marriage, for the remainder of the day, and forego the society of his young bride till the evening—it was equally essential she should have a plea of absence, sufficing to Monsieur Lambert. If that point were gained, and love conquered her antipathy to accept the shelter of his dismal, poverty-stricken roof for one night, they would at early morn depart with the Marseilles and southern post; whilst to distract pursuit, when it was discovered both had fled, he would leave in his desk, at the notary's, the pretended copy of a letter, inferring a very different route from the one really taken. In the south he had relatives, who certainly had shown themselves averse to assist him in his orphan state, but who would be strongly tempted to offer aid when it was known he had espoused the heiress of the famed notary, Lambert. By their intervention a reconciliation might be effected, or at least protection afforded against the abduction of the bride, by the father or the friends of Gombaud.

Such was Adolphe's plan of campaign, nor was the demure, innocent-looking little beauty behind-hand with her lover in framing and adjusting her own share in the exploit. She had been educated at, and resided under the roof of the Benedictine Convent till the age of fifteen, was the favorite pupil of the lady superior, a personage of great sanctity, high in the confidence of Monsieur Lambert. Owing to the secluded and parsimonious style of living of the notary, for many years a widower, and, till the last twelvemonth, without even the presence of a daughter to grace his house, Marie, on quitting the convent, found herself destitute of female society, and her father, through the influence of Josephine, indisposed to encourage it. Her loneliness led to frequent visits to the convent; and now on the eve of marriage, deserted by the bridegroom, whose brain was half turned by Daru, Louis, and marriage preparations, without the society of youth of her own sex to gladden the last evening of maiden liberty, and sympathize with the hopes and fears of the bride, Marie, as she thought and told Adolphe, might very naturally be supposed to entertain a wish of passing a few hours with her kind friend, the lady superior; and if she left on her father's desk a little note, stating she had been invited by the holy instructress to receive her blessing, listen to her prayers, on the eve of entering a new career, absence would meet with approbation rather than censure. So reasoned our demure little beauty of sixteen.

"But, Adolphe!" cried the damsel suddenly, as the thought occurred, "what hours of terror I shall suffer in your dismal rooms till you return! And

suppose we were tracked or watched by Josephine, whilst you are at your desk I might be dragged home, or taken to General Gombaud's hotel!"

Adolphe smiled mysteriously. "Fear not," he said, "I have a curious adventure to relate connected with my dismal rooms, as you call them, which I will tell when we come from church. It will make Mademoiselle Lambert quite easy that old Gombaud will not trouble her; though the loneliness, I fear, I cannot remedy."

Cleverly, cunningly as the lovers manœuvered, Adolphe quitted the notary's alone, followed in a short time by Marie, whose last thoughts turned on the surprise which the bridemaids—almost strangers to our heroine—would experience on arriving in the morning to assist the bride from the couch, and aid in the decorative mysteries of the toilet, to find her flown; yet, cleverly as the escape had been managed, and much as the youthful couple prided themselves on the stratagem, they had totally forgotten the possibility of being overheard. The prying Josephine, astonished at Adolphe's intrusion into the parlor, had been an attentive listener, and heard nearly all that was said. Desirous of sinking Marie in her father's esteem, she suffered the maiden to leave the parental roof, that the offenders might be caught in the very act of offence; whether dragged from the altar during the ceremony, or separated in the holy sanctuary previous to or after the espousal—for she deemed the clandestine marriage of no avail or force—the more humiliating, marked, and public the disgrace of Marie, the more her aim and long pursued intent would be served. The notary, however, was so long absent that Adolphe was again at his desk, slowly finishing the marriage settlement, ere the former came home, accompanied by General Gombaud. The rage of the notary, when he learned from Josephine what had occurred, was furious and intense, and he was prevented only by the united strength of Gombaud and the housekeeper, from rushing into Adolphe's office and inflicting summary vengeance on the youth; but passion subsiding, he agreed to leave the punishment of both culprits to the management of the worthy pair. That his daughter, whom he had caused to be educated so strictly, should fling herself away on a strolling beggar, whom he had taken into his office through pure charity—whose only claim was some twentieth degree of consanguinity—seemed monstrous, unnatural! —to run off with a vagrant, without even previous attachment, in order to escape an alliance which would cast a splendor on the humble name of Lambert, was beyond endurance! Such was the tenor of the notary's exclamations, till gradually soothed by the officious Josephine, he allowed himself to be partially comforted, and retired to his chamber to await the proceedings of Gombaud and his female ally.

It was their intention, in the first place, without affording the least chance of suspicion to Adolphe, that both should repair in a hired coach to the vicinity of the youth's lodgings, remove, by force if necessary, the young truant, convey her to the Benedictine Convent, there to receive at the hands of the worthy superior such reproof and imposition of penance as the flagrancy of the case demanded. As for the male offender, he was to be permitted to leave the notary's unharmed, that he might suffer the exquisite torments which awaited arrival at his miserable garret on finding the bride flown. "Sharp pang enough for one evening," said Gombaud, chuckling, as he gained Monsieur Lambert's sanction to these proceedings. On the morrow, a severe lecture, followed by a fortnight's solitary discipline in the Conciergerie or other public prison, and being turned adrift again on the world, would be, as the doughty chief of police remarked, perhaps punishment enough for all parties, unless it should be judged expedient to call to severe account the *curé* who had performed the ceremony, and who must be summoned, at any rate, to the Archiepiscopal Palace, that the registry might be formally cancelled.

The vehicle was ordered to stop at a short distance from the house pointed out by Josephine as the residence of Adolphe—she knew the spot, having been there more than once when the youth fell sick and was unable to attend to his duties. Gombaud alone descended from the coach to reconnoitre—it being judged expedient to avoid as much as possible the gaze of neighbors, or inhabitants of the lower floors of the youth's aerial lodging—cursing, as he went, the necessity of mounting the lofty, dilapidated pile of building; a hard task sweetened only by thoughts of revenge. 'Twas the second door, as Josephine said, beyond the narrow street he was now crossing. In passing the corner, he was accosted by a man in mean attire, whose first impulse on beholding the general was rapid flight, but quickly regaining composure, made humble salutation to the functionary, respectfully inquiring whom he sought. Gombaud, who had been gaping skyward, wondering whether the lofty attic window projecting from the roof, was the hiding place of *la petite mignon*, answered the interrogation without particular survey of the party addressing him.

"Adolphe De Regnier!" rejoined the man, " 'tis the second door *au huitième* down the side-street."

"Sacre!" growled the general at the very mention of *huitième*. But was not the courteous stranger wrong, for he had been directed the second door beyond the intersecting street? His informant, however, described the person of Adolphe so correctly, that Gombaud concluded he had been misinformed

by the housekeeper, and entered the doorway pointed out. He had reached no further than the foot of the stairs, when the street door was closed against his retreat—a loud whistle was succeeded by the voice of the obliging stranger, who, pointing a pistol at the general's breast, bade him stir not a foot till requested.

"Welcome! thrice welcome, General Achille Gombaud!" exclaimed his jailer. "I am rough, but *mille pardons*! Who would have expected this honor? General! I am Daru!—nay, drop the cane, or I shall lose temper; I am rather fiery, like the flint of my pistol. Comrades!" continued the robber, addressing half-a-dozen ruffians who came rushing down the stairs at summons of the whistle, "comrades! I have saved fifty-thousand crowns—for, behold! I have taken the general myself; but I shall behave liberally—we halve the reward."

"Villains! will ye murder me in cold blood?" exclaimed Gombaud, planting his back against the wall, and feeling for his walking rapier; but in vain, for it had been already dexterously removed without his knowledge.

"No—we murder not," replied the chief, "we will not hurt a hair of your head; but mayhap may find means to send monsieur to Martinique, or Africa. Our hearts, general, are set on good King Louis making a second choice, for you are—excuse rudeness—a trifle not to our taste!"

Gombaud, still undaunted, attempted further resistance, but was immediately lifted off his feet and carried up stairs, swearing and shouting horribly the while, till a stop was put to the noise by a gag. Two of the party, meanwhile, by their leader's order, left the house—one jumping into the coach beside the old lady, whilst the other mounted the box, and commanded the coachman to drive forward.

A weary afternoon and evening for the impatient Adolphe, with the accursed marriage-settlement before his eyes, along which he traveled with tortoise-like progress, oft throwing down the pen to picture his young bride, frighted, solitary, dismayed, sitting in the dismal chamber, awaiting the slow hour of his return. Once—'twas soon after return from the church—Josephine came peering into his office, with some idle excuse in her mouth, eyeing him intently till he grew frightened for the safety of the dear secret. Perhaps, as he thought, she missed Marie; but, however, the crabbed housekeeper departed without hinting her thoughts; and great was the relief of Adolphe that Monsieur Lambert came not near to observe his ill-concealed agitation.

The task, though long, was at length completed, the seals affixed, and the document carefully placed on the notary's desk—Adolphe wondering at his long absence, dreading some secret mischief the cause. Without one parting glance at the dingy office—scene of ill-paid labor—he flew, rather than walked, over the badly paved lanes and streets—strided, three or four steps at a bound, up the eight-storied common stair, stood breathless at the door of his apartment, feeling each moment an age, while the cautious Marie undid the fastenings at the well-known long-expected summons.

She was then safe! Love was crowned with success—the bare sloping wall of the miserable attic held a treasure which the poor orphan, Adolphe De Regnier, would not have exchanged for the fee simple of his whole native province. The first joyful greeting over, the youth thought he beheld traces of alarm and uneasiness in his young bride, which he attributed to her fears lest Monsieur Lambert should send to the convent, and make an untimely discovery. 'Twas his own dread on this point which suggested the same motive for her apparent anxiety; yet he endeavored to re-assure her fears, urging that, at the worst, if his humble garret were subjected to a domiciliary visit, the secret hiding-place pointed out would prove a safe refuge for her, whilst he out-braved the resentment of those who came in search. But, to his surprise, he learned that her fears took rise from a fresh horror, connected with this very hiding-place. With the pardonable curiosity of woman, she confessed that, to while away the long hours, she had opened the cupboard, removed the sliding panel, and crept into a dim, spacious apartment, nearly choked with piles of clothing, weapons, household furniture of rare value; had found it, in short, a lumber-room laden with rich treasure heaped up, mouldering with damp. Whilst gazing in astonishment, recalling to mind the accident which made Adolphe, only two days previously, aware of the existence of such a place, she was frighted by hearing groans, occasionally mixed with oaths, proceed from a closet or apartment not far distant. Bitterly she blamed her rash curiosity, wished herself safe in Adolphe's chamber, but it was many minutes ere she ventured to move a step, lest the echo of her footfall should arouse danger. Even when she summoned courage to return, and had carefully replaced the panel, the noise was still heard at intervals.

Adolphe laughed at the story, but when he found Marie ill at ease, even under his protection, he resolved manfully to explore the mystery. Arming himself with pistols, an old sword—his entire armory—and taking a shaded lamp, he once more crept through the opening, previously discovered by the panel vibrating against accidental pressure, and was again amidst the rich and varied spoils, followed by Marie, who had not courage to remain

behind. She clung fearfully to his skirts; and when he stumbled over an unheeded obstacle, she per force fell, too; and they rose together midst mutual cautioning, gentle expostulation, and half-loving, half-reproachful smiles, seen only when Adolphe turned the bright side of his lamp to ascertain whether Marie were hurt. A door was at length discovered; a strong oaken frame, fastened by two locks, whose bolts shot into staples on the inside, and were therefore not impregnable to one in the situation of Adolphe, who had the choice, were he so disposed, either to wrench aside the staples, or drive the bolts of the locks inward. The young people looked at each other in silent surprise. It is a strange place, at length whispered Adolphe; not a very honest place, for if the owner of such rich gear as they beheld had fairly come by it, he would not suffer his unused treasures to rot and mildew. The neighborhood, he remarked, bore not the best character; but poverty has no choice, and need have no fear. But hark! what sound is that? They listened, whilst Adolphe shaded his lamp so as to shut in the rays. The noise evidently proceeded from an adjoining apartment, separated only by a boarded partition; it came distinctly to the ear, and seemed caused by the movements of some party struggling on the floor in pain, or in the endeavor to escape from bonds. Adolphe manfully grasped the sword, and, taking his fair helpmate by the hand—for she trembled—applied his ear to the partition. As he knelt listening, he felt Marie's little fingers shake with tremor; attention was, however, forcibly arrested by the enunciation, in a thick husky voice, of half-a-dozen oaths following each other slowly, as though uttered with difficulty. Marie, in alarm, endeavored to drag her husband from the spot, but—it was the first matrimonial difference—he refused to stir.

"*Jour de Dieu!*" cried the voice, "is there no help? Shall I die of hunger or pain?—these cursed ropes cut to the very bone—I must perish before morning, the victim of a cut-throat. Daru! Daru! what a name to stab the reputation of a man of honor!"

"We are both lost, Adolphe! we are lost!" exclaimed Marie, dropping on her knees; "it is General Gombaud—he has discovered us!"

"Hush! hush!" said Adolphe, in a whisper, whilst he playfully held his finger before her lips, "a most fortunate discovery!"

Instant conviction flashed on young De Regnier, on hearing the name of Daru apostrophized by the general, that he and Marie were now in the secret stronghold of that famed robber, and that Gombaud—most likely in searching after his lost bride—had fallen, unguardedly, into the villain's power. Daru's boastful reward, offered for the person of the police intendant,

was already common gossip; but that it should ever have assumed a character beyond the vain, insolent boast of a freebooter, was—as Adolphe momentarily reflected—fatal to the well-earned laurels of the *chef de police*, his post, even perhaps his liberty. As copyist in a notary's office, the youth had grown acquainted with the details of many a politic, daring scheme. Prompted by love and the desperate state of affairs, he made up his mind to risk every thing on the chance of *a coup de main*. To inspire Marie with courage to face the adventure, he told her there was now a chance, if she acted with firmness and intrepidity, of releasing themselves with honor and advantage from their embarrassed fortunes, at the expense of the general, who, it appeared very plainly, was in the predicament of a prisoner bound hand and foot. Our heroine, who dreaded more the apparition of her father, or Josephine, than even the terrors of a strange house, inhabited by robbers, promised, more readily than Adolphe expected, to smother her fears, and assume a courage though she felt it not. It was a good omen of her valor, that she offered no resistance to De Regnier's entreaty to sit quietly on a heap of richly laced coats, which had doubtless been worn at Versailles or the Tuileries, whilst he returned to procure an instrument to loosen the staples of the locks.

"Would you believe it, Adolphe?" said Marie, in a whisper, to her returning husband, who imprinted a kiss on her lips, the sweet reward of courage; "he has sworn twice, dreadfully, and declares his misfortune is owing to me! He wishes he had never seen me!"

"If he keep to that wish," replied the youth, "we need not trouble our friends in the south."

The staples were twisted aside without noise, and Adolphe enjoining his young bride to keep strict guard, without quitting the post she then occupied, passed into a room, spacious and dark as the one he had quitted, but without its rich spoil, void even of furniture, save a low, wooden bedstead on which lay outstretched the figure of a man. Turning the lantern in that direction, he beheld the general, his mighty rival, an object of pity even to his greatest enemy—bound hands and feet to the four posts of the bedstead, the limbs stretched out as though he were impaled cruciform. By extraordinary efforts, he had dislodged the gag, recovered the exercise of his speech, but further approach to liberty seemed hopeless; in struggling he had tightened the cords so much that he suffered extreme agony, which found vent, and perhaps relief, in the oaths and adjurations which so frighted our little heroine during her lone vigil. The long flowing wig being displaced, the bare pate of the poor general was exposed; the face was pale, and bore deep

traces of mental and bodily distress; blood had flowed from a lip, bitten in vexation and despair, over the rich lace scarf which covered the throat. The strong rays from the lantern made distinctly visible the bed and its wretched occupant, whilst the person of Adolphe was shrouded in gloom.

"Hide not thy knife, ruffian, behind the light, but come forward and strike!" cried the resolute old soldier.

De Regnier closed the lantern, and, approaching the bedside, stood over the prisoner, whose eyeballs glared fearfully in the dark.

"General," asked the youth, "what would you award him who should set you free, keep secret the disgrace you now suffer, and afford the means of capturing those who brought you to this pass?"

"Twenty-five thousand crowns already offered, ten thousand more from my private purse, my estate will not afford more, and——whatever else in reason you ask. But I pray you, loosen but a little the cord which binds the right ankle—it jars me so fearfully—or I cannot listen to you."

Adolphe did as bidden, and then, in rejoinder, remarked that one condition more was essential—that the general should renounce right to the hand of Marie Lambert, in favor of his deliverer, and should use his own, and, if necessary, the influence of King Louis in persuading Monsieur Lambert to consent to the union.

"*Mille diables!*" shouted Gombaud, "what, marry *la petite mignon* to a cut-throat—one base enough to sell his comrades! You may tighten the cord, Monsieur Poltron, as much as you like, or unpocket your knife, but I am not bought and sold in that fashion."

"It gladdens me much, general, to hear these sentiments," replied Adolphe, "but let me loosen the other limbs, and we may come the more cheerfully to a right understanding."

Adolphe! Adolphe! was at this instant uttered, in a loud whisper—the youth started—it was the voice of Marie.

"What, a comrade!" cried Achille Gombaud, "does it take two——"

"Be quiet, old man, for a few seconds," uttered the youth, in a petulant tone, flying at the call of the forlorn beauty. She sat shivering with cold and dread, and was only half persuaded by the caresses of Adolphe to remain a little longer whilst he concluded a treaty with the general. What would become of both, and of General Gombaud, asked Marie, if the robbers were to approach before the treaty were ratified?

“That can never happen with the delicate ear of Marie for sentinel,” replied Adolphe, returning to the prisoner. The young man now resolved to show himself and his pretensions more openly, believing that if he reposed confidence in the general—who was a man of honor—he should gain more than by working on the prisoner’s sense of fear and apprehension of disgrace. At least, this was the ostensible motive, but in reality, though unconsciously, he was in a considerable degree influenced by horror and disgust at being taken, even for a few minutes, for one of Daru’s gang. Acting under this impression, he loosened the cords, though without giving the general entire liberty; the lantern was so placed that each party might read the countenance of the other.

“I wait your reply to my terms, General Gombaud,” said the youth, after narrating the strange incidents which brought them together under the robber’s roof. Achille Gombaud was a long while silent.

“I deserve this!” he said at length, in a bitter tone, speaking to himself rather than to Adolphe. “I deserve this!—fool! fool! to venture unguarded through the cursed streets—in a quarter, too, where—but, *mille diables*! I will not submit to anyone but my royal master. I yielded not an inch, young man, to Daru, himself, nor will I make myself ridiculous by negotiating with a notary’s clerk. Marie Lambert, you say, loves you—let me have the confession from her lips, alone—and—I love her too well to behave ungenerously—let her approach now, she has naught to fear.”

Adolphe’s pride was much hurt by the austerity of the general’s remarks, yet he submitted, and was successful in prevailing on Marie to approach the couch; there was no danger, as he whispered, for the general was still bound, and he should remain within call. In the dismal lumber-room, De Regnier waited the result of the conference between his young bride and her elderly lover—waited, not without some pang of jealousy, for which he felt there was no just cause; nor without a sense of humiliation, for which there might exist better ground in the assumption and overbearing deportment of the intendant of police. But Adolphe wisely reflected that the happiness of Marie was risked, even to extremity, by their sudden, unprepared union and uncertain plans of future life; smothering a disposition to quarrel with the general’s haughtiness, he eagerly snatched at the hinted prospect of reconciliation. He was soon recalled to the presence of Gombaud.

“Marie and I,” said the intendant, “have made up our quarrel, Monsieur De Regnier; and I am certain mademoiselle now loves me better than ever she did”—here an exclamation and start from Adolphe caused the speaker to

pause, but he continued—"since I have listened to her pleadings in your favor."

Adolphe at these joyful words flew to cut the ropes which still held fast the prisoner, proposing that they should instantly escape through the sliding panel, and down his staircase to the street.

"Not so fast, young man! not so fast!" cried Gombaud, "one of my conditions with Marie was, that you should have the twenty-five thousand crowns. But we have not yet caught Daru, and you must win the reward ere you wear it."

Gombaud's scheme was as follows. Adolphe should conduct Marie to a place of safety—the hôtel of the intendancy of police, if she disliked meeting her father at present—and that De Regnier, being furnished with the general's signet-ring, would have no difficulty in procuring the aid of a military police force sufficient for the purpose required. That the suspicions of Daru or his confederates might not be awakened, should they think fit to visit their prisoner, he determined to remain partially bound, though furnished with all Adolphe's armory for use, if occasion required.

It was a torturing, unpleasant half hour which followed the departure of Marie and her spouse; and the general lay ill at ease, listening on one side for the chance visit of his jailers, and on the other for the approach of succor. But the old man braved the risk to ensure the capture of Daru—any success short of capture was as naught in his eyes.

A noise was now heard—it was the step of one approaching, but from which quarter he could not tell. Ah! joyful event! It is in the lumber-room, light shines through the partition—the door opens, and Adolphe appears alone, armed to the teeth. The guard, he said, was set at both nations—one division hidden near the entrance into which Gombaud was deluded; the other lining the staircase which conducted to De Regnier's apartment.

"But you have not exposed my awkward predicament?" asked Gombaud.

"Nay, general," replied the youth, "in my story to the lieutenants, I gave you the credit of tracking the robber to his den, and holding watch till you procured assistance."

Monsieur nodded complacently, end as he followed the youth, cried —"Now mark! The gang understand the trick of the panel, and will use it as a *dernier resort*—my hopes of success are founded on this belief." In Adolphe's room, the old man staid a few moments to adjust his apparel in

fitting order to be seen by subordinates—the panel was carefully shut, the chamber-door closed, and the strategy functionary, having disposed his men throughout the winding staircase, at the points he deemed best, sent an orderly with command to the officer of the other division to commence the attack.

Soon the heavy din of beating down doors, removing obstacles, was heard intermingled with the discharge of fire-arms. The strife each minute grew louder—the tramp of feet and clash of arms were heard overhead—Adolphe's chamber-door flew open, and a disorderly gang of ruffians threw themselves down the staircase. Nearly all were caught, as in a net, by the wily Gombaud—a few retreated through the panel aperture, but were finally captured by the advancing party of assailants. Many of the gang, at that hour abroad on their nefarious duties, escaped, but amongst the captured was—to the extreme joy of Gombaud, who soon recognized the stranger who had misdirected him—the notorious chief, Daru. They were led to prison—and next morning, by Order of Gombaud, sent to the galley service at Toulon, lest by their staying longer in Paris the secret of the intendant's ignominious adventure might transpire.

It was a late hour at night, for one of the notary's quiet habits, when he was summoned by royal messenger to repair without delay to the palace. Monsieur Lambert, who was waiting impatiently the long expected return of Gombaud and Josephine with his wilful-headed daughter, obeyed the mandate in astonishment. He was much surprised to find closeted with the monarch, the general, young De Regnier and the truant Marie.

Louis, in his accustomed style of mingled condescension and dignity, acquainted the notary that General Gombaud, in capturing Daru and his gang, had been mainly assisted by the coolness and address of the youth, De Regnier, and that the little heroine, Marie, being also present at the scene of danger, had exhibited courage which won the monarch's admiration. It was no secret to royalty that his majesty's intendant of police was on the eve of marriage with mademoiselle; nor should it be kept longer secret from Monsieur Lambert that General Gombaud, discovering that affection existed between Marie and the youth, had magnanimously relinquished his claim to her hand, and besought the king to intercede with the father in favor of De Regnier.

"Now we can no more refuse the petition of Monsieur Gombaud," continued the monarch, "than could the general avoid yielding to generous imputes, by which he sacrifices his own affection."

The notary, though not pleased with the substitution, gave assent with the best grace he could assume. Louis, as one used to command rather than entreat, then, and not before, hinted to Lambert that the match was not an unequal one, as he had provided a post for Monsieur De Regnier, who being also entitled to the reward of twenty-five thousand crowns, would have wherewithal to surround his young bride with a becoming *appanage*, The notary replied with show of deep humility, that he was grateful for his majesty's favors, and he valued his son-in-law yet more, inasmuch as he was of good though impoverished family. The latent scorn which animated this declaration, conveying intimation from the man to the monarch, that he valued not his son-in-law for what the king had made him, but for prior advantages which royalty had no share in bestowing, implied a smothered resentment against the interference of Louis, which the latter, a quick-witted prince, was at no loss to perceive; but he was in good humor, through recent events, and suffered the covert impertinence to pass unrebuked. When the notary returned home he found Josephine, who had been carried to St. Denis and confined in a lonely house in that town, but report coming from Paris that Daru was taken and the game up, she was set at liberty, and hastened to her old quarters. In her faithful ear the notary failed not to stigmatize Gombaud as a fool, Marie an ungrateful daughter, Adolphe a scheming villain, and the king a busy meddler in matters he ought to refrain from. There followed this confidence, a declaration of more tender character, and the housekeeper shortly became Madame Lambert.

The other personages of our history were dismissed the royal presence in far better humor. Gombaud, by the capture, gained several steps in the military profession and enjoyed high credit with Louis. He was secretly much ruffled and vexed to lose the pretty Marie, but wisely judged he had escaped handsomely from peril even at that sacrifice. Adolphe De Regnier and his young wife had no reason to repent their hasty courtship and marriage. Both kept secret the true version of the aid afforded Gombaud, holding to the compact with fidelity.

LAMENT OF THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERDESS.

The morning smiles, the Spring beguiles,
The flowers are fresh, the grass is green,
The birds disport in wanton wiles,
The sun is bright, the air serene.

Yes, all I see, and all I hear,
Invites to peace, and hope, and joy,
But naught can now my bosom cheer,
Or the sharp canker-worm destroy.

Remorse is festering in my side,
I think of him whose heart I won,
Whose heart I broke with scorn and pride,
And strive in vain the thought to shun.

I hate all that is blithe and fair,
The flowers, the meads and warbling birds,
The wild woods and the whispering air,
The bleating flocks and lowing herds.

I hail them not, I feel them not,
Nor all their bland seductions heed;
My heart is dead but to one thought,
A thought that ever makes it bleed.

The shepherd's pipe, like screech-owl's din,
But heralds forth the silent dead,
And conjures up that fatal sin
Which wrings my heart and mads my head.

And when I see a shepherdess,
With blooming cheek end laughing eye,
Lighted with sunny happiness,
With envy I could almost die.

She never trifled with a swain;
She ne'er deceived with lips and eyes;

Nor did she e'er love's transports feign,
Or snare, to kill the fluttering prize.

Nor will she ever live like me
By day end night to pine and mourn;
To nurse the babe of misery,
And know no other eldest born.

J. K. P.

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
Both dream, and thought, and feeling interwound,
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
This song of Soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air—
But if I did it—as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud—my flesh would perish there,
Before that dread apocalypse of soul!

THE ADVANTAGES OF COMING DOWN THE WRONG CHIMNEY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

What I have been
It skills not; what I will be is resolved on.

Fletcher.

" 'Tis better in a tale
Be Agamemnon, than himself indeed."

Mabel Wynne was the topmost sparkle on the crest of the first wave of luxury that swept over New York. Up to her time, the aristocratic houses were furnished with high buffets, high-backed and hair-bottomed mahogany chairs, one or two family portraits and a silver tray on the side-board, containing cordials and brandy for morning callers. In the centre of the room hung a chandelier of colored lamps, and the lighting of this and the hiring of three negroes (to "fatigue," as the French say, a clarionet, a bass viol and a violin) were the only preparations necessary for the most distinguished ball. About the time that Mabel left school, however, some adventurous pioneer of the Dutch *haut ton* ventured upon lamp-stands for the corners of the room, stuffed red benches along the walls and chalked floors; and upon Ibis a French family of great beauty, residing in the lower part of Broadway, ventured upon a fancy ball with wax candles instead of lamps, French dishes and sweetmeats instead of pickled oysters and pink champaign; and, the door thus opened, luxury came in like a flood. Houses were built on a new plan of sumptuous arrangement, the ceilings stained in fresco and the columns of the doors within painted in imitation of bronze and marble; and at last the climax was topped by Mr. Wynne, who sent the dimensions of every room in his new house to an upholsterer in Paris, with *carte blanche* as to costliness and style, and the *fournisseur* to come out himself and see to the arrangement and decoration.

It was Manhattan tea-time, old style, and while Mr. Wynne, who had the luxury of a little plain furniture in the basement, was comfortably taking his toast and hyson below stairs, Miss Wynne was just announced as "at home," by the black footman, and two of her admirers made their highly-scented *entrée*. They were led through a suite of superb rooms, lighted with lamps

hid in alabaster vases, and ushered in at a mirror-door beyond, where, in a tent of fluted silk, with ottomans and draperies of the same stuff, exquisitely arranged, the imperious Mabel held her court of 'teens.

Mabel Wynne was one of those accidents of sovereign beauty which nature seems to take delight in misplacing in the world—like the superb lobelia flashing among sedges, or the golden oriole pluming his dazzling wings in the depth of a wilderness. She was no less than royal in all her belongings. Her features expressed consciousness of sway—a sway whose dictates had been from infancy anticipated. Never a surprise had startled those languishing eyelids from their deliberateness—never a suffusion other than the humid cloud of a tender and pensive hour had dimmed those adorable dark eyes. Or, so at least it seemed!

She was a fine creature, nevertheless—Mabel Wynne! But she looked to others like a specimen of such fragile and costly workmanship that nothing beneath a palace would be a becoming home for her.

"For the present," said Mr. Bellallure, one of the gentlemen who entered, "the bird has a fitting cage."

Miss Wynne only smiled in reply, and the other gentleman took upon himself to be the interpreter of her unexpressed thought.

"The cage is the accessory—not the bird," said Mr. Blythe, "and, for my part, I think Miss Wynne would show better the humbler her surroundings. As a Perdita upon the greensward, and open to a shepherd's wooing, I should inevitably sling my heart upon a crook—"

"And forswear that formidable, impregnable vow of celibacy?" interrupted Miss Wynne.

"I am only supposing a case, and you are not likely to be a shepherdess on the green." But Mr. Blythe's smile ended in a look of clouded reverie, and, after a few minutes' conversation, ill sustained by the gentlemen, who seemed each in the other's way, they rose and took their leave—Mr. Bellallure lingering last, for he was a lover avowed.

As the door closed upon her admirer, Miss Wynne drew a letter from her portfolio, and turning it over and over with a smile of abstracted curiosity, opened and read it for the second time. She had received it that morning from an unknown source, and as it was rather a striking communication, perhaps the reader had better know something of it before we go on.

It commenced without preface, thus:

“On a summer morning, twelve years ago, a chimney-sweep, after doing his work and singing his song, commenced his descent. It was the chimney of a large house, and becoming embarrassed among the flues, he lost his way and found himself on the hearth of a sleeping chamber occupied by a child. The sun was just breaking through the curtains of the room, a vacated bed showed that some one had risen lately, probably the nurse, and the sweep, with an irresistible impulse, approached the unconscious little sleeper. She lay with her head upon a round arm buried in flaxen curls, and the smile of a dream on her rosy and parted lips. It was a picture of singular loveliness, and something in the heart of that boy-sweep, as he stood and looked upon the child, knelt to it with an agony of worship. The tears gushed to his eyes. He stripped the sooty blanket from his breast, and looked at the skin white upon his side. The contrast between his condition and that of the fair child sleeping before him brought the blood to his blackened brow with the hot rush of lava. He knelt beside the bed on which she slept, took her hand in his sooty grasp, and with a kiss upon the white and dewy fingers poured his whole soul with passionate earnestness into a resolve.

“Hereafter you may learn, if you wish, the first struggles of that boy in the attempt to diminish the distance between yourself and him—for you will have understood that you were the beautiful child he saw asleep. I repeat that it is twelve years since he stood in your chamber. He has seen you almost daily since then—watched your going out and coming in—fed his eyes and heart on your expanding beauty, and informed himself of every change and development in your mind and character. With this intimate knowledge of you, and with the expansion of his own intellect, his passion has deepened and strengthened. It possesses him now as life does his heart, and will endure as long. But his views with regard to you have changed nevertheless.

“You will pardon the presumption of my first feeling—that to attain my wishes I had only to become your equal. It was a natural error—for my agony at realizing the difference of our conditions in life was enough to absorb me at the time—but it is surprising to me how long that delusion lasted. I am rich now. I have lately added to my fortune the last acquisition I thought desirable. But with the thought of the next thing to be done, came like a thunderbolt upon me the fear that after all my efforts you might be destined for another! The thought is simple enough. You would think that it would have haunted me from the beginning. But I have either unconsciously shut my eyes to it, or I have been so absorbed in educating and enriching myself that *that* goal only was visible to me. It was perhaps fortunate for my perseverance that I was so blinded. Of my midnight studies, of my labors, of

all my plans, self-denials and anxieties, you have seemed the reward! I have never gained a thought, never learned a refinement, never turned over gold and silver, that it was not a step nearer to Mabel Wynne. And now, that in worldly advantages, after twelve years of effort and trial, I stand by your side at last, a thousand men who never thought of you till yesterday, are equal competitors with me for your hand!

"But, as I said, my views with regard to you have changed. I have, with bitter effort, conquered the selfishness of this one life-time ambition. I am devoted to you, as I have been from the moment I first saw you—life and fortune. These are still yours—but without the price at which you might spurn them. My person is plain and unattractive. You have seen me, and shown me no preference. There are others whom you receive with favor. And with your glorious beauty and sweet, admirably sweet, qualities of character, it would be an outrage to nature that you should not choose freely, and be mated with something of your kind. Of those who now surround you I see no one worthy of you—but he may come! Jealousy shall not blind me to his merits. The first mark of your favor (and I shall be aware of it) will turn upon him my closest, yet most candid scrutiny. He must love you well—for I shall measure his love by my own. He must have manly beauty, and delicacy, and honor—he must be worthy of you, in short—but he need not be rich. He who steps between me and you takes the fortune I had amassed for you. I tell you this that you may have no limit in your choice—for the worthiest of a woman's lovers is oftenest barred from her by poverty.

"Of course I have made no vow against seeking your favor. On the contrary, I shall lose no opportunity of making myself agreeable to you. It is against my nature to abandon hope, though I am painfully conscious of my inferiority to other men in the qualities which please a woman. All I have done is to deprive my pursuit of its selfishness—to make it subservient to your happiness purely—as it still would be were I the object of your preference. You will hear from me at any crisis of your feelings. Pardon my being a spy upon you. I know you well enough to be sure that this letter will be a secret—since I wish it. Adieu!"

Mabel laid her cheek in the hollow of her hand and mused long on this singular communication. It stirred her romance, but it wakened still more her curiosity. Who was he? She had "seen him and shown him no preference!" Which could it be of the hundred of her chance-made acquaintances? She conjectured at some disadvantage, for she had "come out" within the past year only, and her mother having long been dead, the visiters to the house were all but recently made known to her. She could set

aside two thirds of them, as sons of families well known, but there were at least a score of others, any one of whom might, twelve years before, have been as obscure as her anonymous lover. Whoever he might be, Mabel thought he could hardly come into her presence again without betraying himself, and, with a pleased smile at the thought of the discovery, she again locked up the letter.

Those were days (to be regretted or not, as you please, dear reader!) when the notable society of New York revolved in one self-complacent and clearly defined circle. Call it a wheel, and say that the centre was a belle and the radii were beaux—(the periphery of course composed of those who could "down with the dust.") And on the fifteenth of July, regularly and imperatively, this fashionable wheel rolled off to Saratoga.

"Mabel! my daughter!" said old Wynne, as he bade her good night the evening before starting for the springs, "it is useless to be blind to the fact that among your many admirers you have several very pressing lovers—suitors for your hand I may safely say. Now, I do not wish to put any unnecessary restraint upon your choice, but as you are going to a gay place, where you are likely to decide the matter in your own mind, I wish to express an opinion. You may give it what weight you think a father's judgment should have in such matters. I do *not* like Mr. Bellallure—for, beside my prejudice against the man, we know nothing of his previous life, and he may be a swindler or any thing else. I *do* like Mr. Blythe—for I have known him many years, he comes of a most respectable family, and he is wealthy and worthy. These two seem to me the most in earnest, and you apparently give them the most of your time. If the decision is to be between them, you have *my* choice. Good night, my love!"

Some people think it is owing to the Saratoga water. I venture to differ from them. The water *is* an "alternative," it is true—but I think people do not so much alter as develop at Saratoga. The fact is clear enough—that at the Springs we change our opinions of almost every body—but (though it seems a bold supposition at first glance) I am inclined to believe it is because we see so much more of them! Knowing people in the city and knowing them at the Springs is very much in the same line of proof as tasting wine and drinking a bottle. Why, what is a week's history of a city acquaintance? A morning call thrice a week, a diurnal bow in Broadway, and perhaps a quadrille or two in the party season. What chance in that to ruffle a temper or try a weakness? At the Springs, now, dear lady, you wear a man all day like a shoe. Down at the platform with him to drink the waters before breakfast—strolls on the portico with him till ten—drives with him to

Barkydt's till dinner—lounges in the drawing-room with him till tea—dancing and promenading with him till midnight—very little short altogether of absolute matrimony. And, like matrimony, it is a very severe trial. Your "best fellow" is sure to be found out, and so is your plausible fellow, your egotist, and your "spoon."

Mr. Beverly Bellallure had cultivated the male attractions with marked success. At times he probably thought himself a plain man, and an artist who should only paint what could be measured with a rule, would have made a plain portrait of Mr. Bellallure. But—the atmosphere of the man! There is a physiognomy in movement—there is aspect in the harmonious link between mood and posture—there is expression in the face of which the features are as much a portrait as a bagpipe is a copy of a Scotch song. Beauty, my dear artist, cannot always be translated by canvas and oils. You must paint "the magnetic fluid" to get a portrait of some men. Sir Thomas Lawrence seldom painted any thing else—as you may see by his picture of Lady Blessington, which is like her without having copied a single feature of her face. Yet an artist would be very much surprised if you should offer to sit to him for your magnetic atmosphere—though it expresses (does it not?) exactly what you want when you order a picture! You wish to be painted as you appear to those who love you—a picture altogether unrecognizable by those who love you not.

Mr. Bellallure, then, was magnetically handsome—positively plain. He dressed with an art beyond detection. He spent his money as if he could dip it at will out of Pactolus. He was intimate with nobody, and so nobody knew his history; but he wrote himself on the register of Congress Hall as "from New York," and he threw all his forces into one unmistakable demonstration—the pursuit of Miss Mabel Wynne.

But Mr. Bellallure had a formidable rival. Mr. Blythe was as much in earnest as he, though he played his game with a touch-and-go freedom, as if he was prepared to lose it. And Mr. Blythe had very much surprised those people at Saratoga who did not know that between a very plain man and a very elegant man there is often but the adding of the rose-leaf to the brimming jar. He was perhaps a little gayer than in New York, certainly a little more dressed, certainly a little more prominent in general conversation—but without any difference that you could swear to, Mr. Blythe, the plain and reliable business man, whom every body esteemed without particularly admiring, had become Mr. Blythe the model of elegance and ease, the gentleman and conversationist *par excellence*. And nobody could tell how the statue could have lain so long unsuspected in the marble.

The race for Miss Wynne's hand end fortune was a general sweepstakes, and there were a hundred men at the Springs ready to take advantage of any falling back on the part of the two on the lead; but with Blythe and Bellallure Miss Wynne herself seemed fully occupied. The latter had a "friend at court"—the belief, kept secret in the fair Mabel's heart, that he was the romantic lover of whose life and fortune she had been the inspiration. She was an eminently romantic girl with all her strong sense; and the devotion which had proved itself so deep and controlling was in reality the dominant spell upon her heart. She felt that she must love that man, whatever his outside might be, and she construed the impenetrable silence with which Bellallure received her occasional hints as to his identity, into a magnanimous determination to win her without any advantage from the romance of his position.

Yet she sometimes wished it had been Mr. Blythe! The opinion of her father had great weight with her, but, more than that, she felt instinctively that he was the safer man to be entrusted with a woman's happiness. If there had been a doubt—if her father had not assured her that "Mr. Blythe came of a most respectable family"—if the secret had wavered between them—she would have given up Bellallure without a sigh. Blythe was every thing she admired and wished for in a husband—but the man who had *made himself for her*, by a devotion unparalleled even in her reading of fiction, held captive her dazzled imagination if not her grateful heart. She made constant efforts to think only of Bellallure, but the efforts were preceded ominously with a sigh.

And now Bellallure's star seemed in the ascendant—for urgent business called Mr. Wynne to the city, and on the succeeding day Mr. Blythe followed him, though with an assurance of speedy return. Mabel was left under the care of an indulgent chaperon who took a pleasure in promoting the happiness of the supposed lovers, and driving, lounging, waltzing and promenading, Bellallure pushed his suit with ardor unremitted. He was a skillful master of the art of wooing, and it would have been a difficult woman indeed who would not have been pleased with his society—but the secret in Mabel's breast was the spell by which he held her.

A week elapsed and Bellallure pleaded the receipt of unexpected news, and left suddenly for New York—to Mabel's surprise exacting no promise at parting, though she felt that she should have given it with reluctance. The mail of the second day following brought her a brief letter from her father, requesting her immediate return; and, more important still, a note from her incognito lover. It ran thus:

"You will recognize my handwriting again. I have little to say—for I abandon the intention I had formed to comment on your apparent preference. Your happiness is in your own hands. Circumstances which will be explained to you, and which will excuse this abrupt forwardness, compel me to urge you to an immediate choice. On your arrival at home, you will meet me in your father's house, where I shall call to await you. I confess, tremblingly, that I still cherish a hope. If I am not deceived—if you can consent to love me—if my long devotion is to be rewarded—take my hand when you meet me. That moment will decide the value of my life. But be prepared also to name another if you love him—for there is a necessity, which I cannot explain to you till you have chosen your husband, that this choice should be made on your arrival. Trust and forgive one who has so long loved you!"

Mabel pondered long on this strange letter. Her spirit at moments revolted against its apparent dictation, but there was the assurance, which she could not resist trusting, that it could be explained and forgiven. At all events, she was at liberty to fulfill its requisitions or not—and she would decide when the time came. Happy was Mabel—unconsciously happy—in the generosity and delicacy of her unnamed lover! Her father, by one of the sudden reverses of mercantile fortune, had been stripped of his wealth in a day! Stunned and heart-broken, he knew not how to break it to his daughter, but he had written for her to return. His sumptuous house had been sold over his head, yet the purchaser, whom he did not know, had liberally offered the use of it till his affairs were settled. And, meantime, his ruin was made public. The news of it, indeed, had reached Saratoga before the departure of Mabel—but there were none willing to wound her by speaking of it.

The day was one of the sweetest of Summer, and as the boat ploughed her way down the Hudson Mabel sat on the deck lost in thought. Her father's opinion of Bellallure, and his probable displeasure at her choice, weighed uncomfortably on her mind. She turned her thoughts upon Mr. Blythe, and felt surprised at the pleasure with which she remembered his kind manners and his trust-inspiring look. She began to reason with herself more calmly than she had power to do with her lovers around her. She confessed to herself that Bellallure might have the romantic perseverance shown in the career of the chimney-sweep and still be deficient in qualities necessary to domestic happiness. There seemed to her something false about Bellallure. She could no say in what—but he had so impressed her. A long day's silent reflection deepened this impression, and Mabel arrived at the city with changed feelings. She prepared herself to meet him at her father's

house, and show him by her manner that she could accept neither his hand nor his fortune.

Mr. Wynne was at the door to receive his daughter, and Mabel felt relieved, for she thought that his presence would bar all explanation between herself and Bellallure. The old man embraced her with an effusion of tears which she did not quite understand, but he led her to the drawing-room and closed the door. Mr. Blythe stood before her!

Forgetting the letter—dissociated wholly as it was, in her mind, with Mr. Blythe—Mabel ran to him with frank cordiality and gave him her hand! Blythe stood a moment—his hand trembling in hers—and as a suspicion of the truth flashed suddenly on Mabel's mind, the generous lover drew her to his bosom and folded her passionately in his embrace. Mabel's struggles were slight, and her happiness unexpectedly complete.

The marriage was like other marriages.

Mr. Wynne had drawn a little on his imagination in recommending Mr. Blythe to his daughter as "a young man of most respectable family."

Mr. Blythe was the purchaser of Mr. Wynne's superb house, and the old man ended his days under its roof—happy to the last in the society of the Blythes, large and little.

Mr. Bellallure turned out to be a clever adventurer, and had Mabel married him she would have been Mrs. Bellallure No. 2—possibly No. 3. He thought himself too nice a man for a monopoly.

I think my story is told—if your imagination has filled up the interstices, that is to say.

THE MOTHER—A SONNET.

Beautiful bride of old historic race,
Beautiful mother of the noblest boy,
That e'er sweet hope repaid with sweeter joy,
Canst lift the veil from that sweet sunny face?
Canst read the virtues of each warlike peer,
That left his fame in trust to after days,
Kindling his future sons to deeds of praise,
Rivals of Hastings, Cressy, and Poitiers?
If noblest steeds their sires' high strain partake.
If soars the eagle's nestling to the sun,
If staunchest hounds the staunchest whelps do make,
Fear not—thy child as clear a course shall run
As hers—who ne'er the haughty boast did rue
That all her sons were brave, and all her daughters true.

E. W. H.

THE MOTHER

THE SONS OF THE WILDERNESS.

REFLECTIONS BESIDE AN INDIAN MOUND.

BY JUDGE CONRAD.

Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus.

Virgil.

I.

The cotter's window throws no cheerful light;
Toil sweetly sleeps; and o'er the fragrant plain,
As infant's slumber, all is calm. The night
Hath not a voice, save that the nodding grain
Rustles with every breath; and the sad strain
Of the far whip-po-wil melts on the ear,
Now hushed, and now, o'er the still'd stream again
Mournfully wafted. Might not fancy here,
Beside this death-fill'd mound, in shadows trace,
Flitting and pale, the forms of an extinguished race?

II.

By whom, and how, extinguished? Who dare say?
Yet Nature, ever just,—(from every hill
Where their bones whiten to th' unpitying day;
From every loved and lovely dell where still
Their mounds arise; from river and from rill,
Which, blushing, told their slaughter to the sea)—
With the low voice that never slumbers, will
Ask how a race of God's thus ceased to be:
And ocean, crimsoned earth and shriek-torn air
Echo—(what can we say?)—where is thy brother? where?

III.

We will be dumb. But history will say,
That we were exiles, feeble, full of wo;
And our red brethren, in an evil day,
Sheltered, and fed, and saved us: we, to show
How warm in Christian breast the grateful glow,
Robb'd them of home, and drove them to the wild,
Further, and further yet; till, blow on blow—
(Alas! we spared nor warrior, wife, nor child!)—
Left every nook of desperate refuge red;
And all that bore their name were numbered with the dead.

IV.

The cheek will flush, and start the pitying tear,
When the page tells, how, by Potomac's tide,
That bandit band, convict and cavalier,
On fire for gold—which from the Indian's side
They would have dug, and laugh'd with demon pride—
Scoff'd at all friendship, faith and gratitude;
And Murder wooed, as lover woos his bride.
With jest and song, they merrily embrued
Their hands in blood; and the dark game began,
Grenville, accursed! with thee, at flaming Secotan.[10]

V.

Their title we inherit. 'Twas the right,
The robber-right of conquest—one but known
In the dark chancery of fiends.[11] The white,
Ev'n while the Indian's sheltering arms were thrown
Around him, gashed the breast on which his own
Was pillow'd. Kindness fell upon his heart
Like dew upon the rock; and shriek and groan
To him were harmony. Why did not start
That warrior race to arms, their homes to save,
And fling their feeble foes back on th' Atlantic wave?

VI.

This might have been; this should have been. But they

Deemed the white man Manitto's son, and spared;
And, when the dream was o'er, the fateful day
Had fled—and they were doomed! They vainly dared
The hopeless fight, and fell: yet, falling, bared
Their iron bosoms to their foes; and died,
As heroes love to live. Each peril shared,
The warrior, smiling in his stoic pride,
Sang his death song, and joy'd. They struck too late;
Their star had set; yet they nor bowed to force nor fate.

VII.

Ev'n he whose daring mocked romance, but knew
The Indian as a victim.[12] Not a wrong
He left unwreaked, as Opecancanough,
The iron forest Lear, remembered long.
For his loved land that chieftain struggled strong;
And when a century closed his eyes, still beat
His heart th'alarum of his tribe. The song
Of war arose: the Indian, fierce and fleet,
Rushed to the sacrifice. No dark-eyed maid
Availed, in that dread hour, the trembling white to aid.

VIII.

Vain was thy love, fond Pocahontas![13] Thou
Dreamed not so false the race which thou had'st saved:
Yet—though with fainting heart—thy flashing brow,
Queenly and cold, that scene of torture braved.
Loving and lost, thy grief and scorn were graved
Where no one turned the leaf. Didst thou not think,
Fawn of the Desert! of the day when waved
The war club o'er his head, and thou didst sink
Between him and the death? Alas! that love,
Young, yearning, truthful, hath no home save that above!

IX.

So at the North, where e'en Religion drew
From the red breast of War its daily food;

Where Virtue was a frailty, if there grew
Upon its rocky breast a flower that wooed
With its soft blush the day. Like ice embrued
With blood, their temper froze into the hue
Of murder; and, with saintly phrase and good,
They hunted down, his native forests through,
The red man to the death; and ere could cease
His last throes, thanked, with eyes upraised, the Prince of Peace!

X.

"Welcome the white man!" When with smiles they met
The weary pilgrim on the pebbly shore,
Little they dreamed how soon their hearts would wet
His blade. Yet long their wrongs they meekly bore;
Till the dead rose their warriors to implore
Against the spoilers of their graves:[14] the cry
Rang from the mountain forest to the shore.
Alas! the Indians only struck to die—
To die with tortures deadlier than their own!
And so they perished all—without a grave or groan!

XI.

The white men knew no friends; no faith knew they;
Treaties, oath-sealed, were bonds of straw: their hate,
Deadly and deep, was proved in many a fray:
But deadlier far their smile. Behold the fate
Of all who loved and trusted! Not a state
Remains to boast their friendship—all have gone!
As well the Indian with the panther mate
As with the white man, with his heart of stone.
Better, with arms in hand, die, foe, and free,
Than sink betrayed and spumed, as sank the Cherokee!

XII.

War-worn and faint returned that hapless band:[15]
They had been struggling for the white men's right;

And turned—a remnant—to their native land.
    But the scalp-broker watched, with fell delight,
Their way. What recked he that, in many a fight,
    Those wasted warriors bared unto the foe
Their breasts for him and those who by the light
    Of his glad fireside sported! 'Twas enow,
They Indians were—had scalps? Their price to gain,
That hero band, betrayed, were by the white man slain!

XIII.

"Let us not," Atakullakulla said—
    "Like our false foes, our hands in blood embrue
Of friends. The whites, who now our forests tread,
    Be sacred: then—the hatchet dug—we'll do
Deeds that will make the treacherous pale-face rue
    The hour he wronged us." So they did. But vain
Their forest valor; and, at length, they sue
    Fur peace. What terms are given? Alas! they stain
The page that tells them! Blood must still be shed:
Four quivering scalps were asked—new-torn, fresh, reeking, red!

XIV.

Who has not heard of Logan?[16] He was known
    As the Peacemaker—generous, gentle, brave:
Alas! the seeds of mercy he had sown
    Saved not his loved ones from a bloody grave!
Loud rang the war-whoop. By Ohio's wave,
    Ev'n from the rising to the setting day,
They battled; and "*Be strong! be strong! and save!*"
    Rose sternly o'er the din of that affray.
O'ercome; lone Logan sought the setting sun:
For who was left to shed a tear for him? Not one.

XV.

But these were heathens: why not strike them down!
    Alas! the cross has no protection been![17]

As witnessed Lichtenau, the Christian's own.
The Hurons burst, with hearts for carnage keen,
Upon it; but were met with love: the scene
Our history shames. The savage chieftain spoke:
"I came, with fire, to spoil the valleys green
Of the false white man's friends. Your words awoke
My better soul. Be safe"—the warrior said—
"We are your friends: love God: and be of none afraid."

XVI.

The savage foe thus: how the Christian friend?
The white men came, proposing peace—good will:
Each heart was glad; they dreamed not of the end
Of that dark plot! The plenteous viands fill
The welcome board, and all is blythe; until,
Sudden encompassed, that meek race were driven—
Old men, pale matrons, and babes shrieking shrill—
Before the sword, into the house of Heaven:
The church was made their prison and their grave;
As if, in God's own fane, the avenging God to brave.

XVII.

They knelt to Him—their only friend—on high,
And hymn'd His praise. Ev'n then, the while man rush'd
Upon them—as they knelt! with hideous cry,
Knife, club and axe—the fiends, with fury flushed,
Their task commenced. All perished! Mingling, gushed
The veins of sire and wife; the white-hair'd sage
And sucking-babe, beneath the war club crushed,
Their brains together plashed the wall; and age
And youth weltered in one red heap. 'Twas done!
Ev'n hell howled o'er the deed, and shuddered Phlegethon!

XVIII.

If God's guilt-blasting justice be not stayed;
If murder hath a voice, ev'n from the ground
Which it hath fatten'd—*are not we afraid*?

Realms have their judgment day; as Spain hath found:
And now, a hissing to the nations round,
She standeth, stricken by th' Eternal hand;
Her voice a wail, and her torn breast one wound.
Before the dower of a virgin world
Was hers, how bright, how bold Iberia's brow![18]
She won with blood that world: Alas! what is she now?

XIX.

With her own blood-hound's eager thirst, she rush'd
To Murder's banquet; till her victim's vein
Murmured, to her, a music, as it gushed,
Sweeter than rills on Andalusia's plain.
And then, with dripping hands and reeling brain,
Drunken with blood, she gathered up the gold
Of her new India; and amid her slain,
She sat, a Moloch! But, unheard, untold,
Did those shrieks rise to Heaven? Or, unseen, fell
That guiltless blood to earth? Let her dark annals tell.

XX.

Her wealth hath turned, within her crimson'd hand,
To withered leaves; her glory set in blood;
And foreign swords have reaped her guilty land,
Sluicing her veins, and leaving Spain aflood
In her own gore. A foreign king hath stood
Upon her trampled honor; and her name
Is a scorned byword with the just and good.
Thus, gored and guilty; lost to freedom, fame;
A haggard, hated ruin; she hath now
Nought of the boasted Past, but her blood-spotted brow!

XXI.

Our country's father was the red man's friend.[19]
Were not his glorious life one stream of light,
A moral milky-way, where brightly blend
A thousand stellar virtues o'er the night

Of human wrong, still would the truth and right,
For this alone, his memory consecrate.
Alas! our councils since have been their blight;
And still, with wolfy steadiness, our hate
Their fainting race pursues: the spirit dread
That dyed the Atlantic surf still makes the prairie red.

XXII.

Wrong upon wrong; homes fired, and towns laid low;
Still by the Sire of Waters, where the grave
Of his tribe rose, the Indian lingered slow;
Willing to die, but impotent to save:
The white man struck—and then what could the brave,
To madness gored, but meet him? 'Tis the tale
Of old; fraud first, then force: for they who crave
The red man's fields pause not to fat the vale
With his tribe's blood. They fought; they failed; they fled—
A further wild to seek, and mount their distant dead.

XXIII.

In vain, in vain! through forest and o'er stream,
A nation—furnished, faint, heart-stricken—fled;
Father, wife, child! They did not, could not, deem
The whites would come the last red drop to shed.
By Mississippi's side, their blankets spread,
The mother clasped unto her throbbing breast
Her shrivel'd infant, wond'ring if 'twas dead;
And the stern warrior's trembling lip confest
A father's agony.—He starts! His ear
Catches the measured tread. "My arms! the whites are near!"

XXIV.

O, what a field for hearts which, 'neath the blaze
Of our gemm'd flag, would court an equal foe;
And pluck, from bristling perils, noble bays!
Each volley lays wife, warrior, infant low:
For, harmless, falls the famished warrior's blow.

Environed; flight cut off; submission vain—
For the white flag was scorned—(O scene of wo!)
They madly plunged—beneath the leaden rain—
Into the torrent stream, and mixed their blood,
The Christian's rage to shun, with Mississippi's flood!

XXV.

On a young mother's breast an infant slept,
When broke the foe upon their forest ground;
She sunk; her heart its purple tear-drops wept
Upon her child, which, in her death-clasp bound,
Beneath her fell. Thus was the infant found,
When battle ceased to fright that distant dell.
Cold was the mother: but her neck around
Was one arm of her child; the other fell
Shattered and torn. They had not heard its moan:
Murder held there its court; its revel reigned alone!

XXVI.

The scene of blood and crime was left alone;
The battle-smoke roll'd slowly o'er the hill;
The forest only heard some gurgled groan;
And, in the vale, the slaughter-shout was still.
The stealthy wolf was left to gorge at will
O'er his red carnival. The hush was broke
But by the eager vulture: screaming shrill,
He watch'd, impatient, from the blasted oak,
Then swoop'd to join the feast. And thus, alone,
They tore the quivering flesh, and stripp'd the whiten'd bone.

XXVII.

Soon was all trace of murder gone: the rain—
The tears of Heaven, shed o'er that scene of wo—
Wash'd from the leaves and grass the guilty stain;
And the warm blood which mingled with the flow
Of Mississippi—drops which fired the glow
Of stern and patriot hearts—was swept away

Forever, with its wave. *Forever?* No!
The rain that fell on Sodom could not save
That witness of our sin. On to the main
It flows, red, red with blood, of victims we have slain!

XXVIII.

And later yet, the Seminole bled.
It was no war for peace, no war for right:
Our Country to the desolate red man said:
"Go! Go! for you have land and we have might.
Go join your wretched brethren, in their flight
Unto the West!" "What, leave our people's graves!"
The Seminole wept, "Alas! the night
Is o'er our race. Shall we say to the braves,
Whose bones here moulder, 'Rise and with us go!'
Ye're rich: leave us to die here in our want and wo!

XXIX.

"Leave us the wet morass and sterile heath!
Soon will we wither 'neath the white-man's sun;
Add not another pang unto the death
Of a sad tribe, whose race is almost run!
Wait! we will die; for wrong has nearly done
Its worst upon us. Wait! So dark a crime
Will wake the anger of the Mighty One!"
How did we answer! Tell it not to Time!
Hear it not, Heaven! 'Twas in the cannon's roar,
Mingling with shriek and groan, on Withlacooche's shore!

XXX.

The record lives. A nation's burning blush
Cannot consume, its tears wash out, the stain!
Yet boldly did the fore-doomed victims rush
Upon their foe. The gallant Dade was slain
With all his host; and year on year, in vain,
Our thousands died: till Osceola came,
Beneath the sacred flag, a peace to gain

For his thinn'd tribe. He deemed our faith and fame
A shield: Alas, that e'er that faith was tried!
Deceived, betrayed, in bonds, he, broken hearted, died!

XXXI.

Blame not the soldier. He struck not the blow.
Not his the fault—not his the warrior's pride.
Weeping, with generous sorrow, for his foe,
He fought reluctant, and inglorious died.
He left his love-lit hearth, his shrieking bride,
Mother and sister, all that gives life worth,
To perish by the Withlacooche's side:
His warm corpse hurried 'neath the reddened earth;
Left—with no prayer his half-dug grave to bless—
To the lean, prowling wolf, of that dark wilderness.

XXXII.

The red-man changed but once. He was our friend;
Trusted, and was betrayed; became our foe.
Since, life has had to him no other end:
Freedom, revenge! He could not, would not know
Submission. Dearer to him than the flow
Of his heart's blood, was freedom; and he met
The contest on the shore. Nor did he go
From his sire's graves till they with blood were wet.
He died; but left the white-man's howls to tell,
That man was ne'er so wrong'd, and ne'er aveng'd so well!

XXXIII.

No inch of ground was tamely lost. Each hill
Was made a barrier, and each vale a grave,
Ere it was left: when, tearless, stern and still,
Those Spartans of the forest sadly gave
A last look to the homes they could not save;
And turned, with heavy step and heaving breast,
Unto the West—the West—new wrongs to brave;
For, like the sun, the Indian, to the West,

Hastes to his setting. But, returning, they
Oft met, like midnight storm, and burst upon their prey.

XXXIV.

Wo! then, to those who slept where theirs had slept!
Wo! to the wife and child that, from the plain
Which they had planted, gather'd food! They swept,
Like fire, the land. They laughed, with fierce disdain,
At mercy. For, had not the white-man slain
Their cherish'd? Ay, he was the spoiler, he
Had pour'd forth Indian blood like summer rain!
Race against race! why spare? for one must fall!
Why spare? They smote; smote fiercely, and smote all!

XXXV.

They were not saints. But were they cowards? slaves?
When did the Indian bow, when he could bleed?
When did he leave his people's forest graves
Untracked in blood? Thus did the plot proceed;
With many a cruel, many a noble deed:
A plot, whose acts were ages, actors kings.
Those Catos of the desert sought no meed
Of fame: no pen records, no patriot sings
Their praise. Enough, they never shed a tear;
They never knew a shame, a shackle, nor a fear.

XXXVI.

But, save a feeble few, they are no more!
Their many tribes passed, one by one, away.
Some, like a sapless oak, moss-grown and hoar,
Fell piece-meal; others, 'neath the angry sway
Of the tornado wild, uprooted lay.
In the earth's palmistry, 'tis said, the sea
Works, with a halcyon surge, its secret way
Upon the shore; or, in its stormy glee,
Bursts inland: thus, by fraud or force, the wave
Of the vast sea of wrong has swept the red-man's grave!

XXXVII.

Shall that few perish? From the East, the cloud,
    Which o’er their path its fatal shadow threw,
Has wester’d. They in vain have bled, have bow’d:
    From vale to vale their feeble hands withdrew.
Still haunted, hunted still. What can they do
    But die? It is their doom. Their tribes will join
Their sires, who, in the hunting ground, pursue
    Their game, where still the Indian’s sun can shine.
Our altars raised above a race undone,
Who will be left to mourn for Logon, then? Not one!

NOTES.

[10] The outrage at Secotan was one of the first and worst committed by the English. The earliest colonists of that section of the country appear to have been, for the most part, a band of reckless adventurers. They were not impelled to the daring enterprise by religious zeal, a hatred of oppression, or a desire to seek a refuge and home in America; but came to patch up the fortunes which their prodigality had wasted, by seizing the golden treasures of the new world. They contemplated no permanent abode in the country, and came, not to win by their labor the wilderness into smiles, but by deeds of desperate and unholy emprize to throttle fortune, as it were, and compel her favors. Impatient, heady and unscrupulous, they respected no right and paused at no outrage. Perhaps it may be harsh to denominate them a band of robbers and murderers; but if rifling and destroying the natives be robbery and murder, the epithets would not be misapplied. The sole object of the first colonists under Sir Richard Grenville was *gold*; and, failing in this, their disappointment was wreaked upon the inoffensive natives. The latter relieved their wants and even saved them from starvation; and, in return, the colonists fired one of their towns, to revenge a suspected and trifling theft; and attacked a concourse of 1800 natives when in attendance upon the funeral of their king, killing all who did not escape into the woods. This colony perished from its own vices; and every attempt to settle Virginia failed until 1607, when the energy of the celebrated Smith secured success.

[11] Some observations on the pretexts used by the early settlers, and by their eulogists since, to justify their aggressions, may not be inappropriate; but the limits of a note will not admit even a cursory view of the general character of the policy of the whites to the injured and almost obliterated people from whom was stolen the land upon which our household altars have been reared. Had we space it would be gratifying to do justice to them, and justice, however harsh, to their oppressors. But why, it may be asked, should such an investigation be made? Why should we toil to remove the superincumbent errors which conceal our origin, when our labor must be rewarded only with regret and humiliation? Let the invidious task be left to foreign hands; and be it our more grateful duty to cherish national pride instead of self-reproach. The task is one of peril; but it is not the less attractive. There is nothing more elevated than a well-founded national pride; there is nothing more abject than national vanity, founded in falsehood and prejudice. We, as a nation, are too rich in just glory, to borrow the flickering glare of fable. The truth can detract nothing from a national history whose career has been sun-like; and his patriotism must be sickly indeed who can regard a country like ours with loss of pride, because, though most of the nations of old claimed to derive their origin from gods, history proves that we have sprung from mere mortals. The national egotism which can be thus wounded, is not more wholesome or commendable than the same infirmity in individuals; in both cases it averts the eye of introspection from faults to be amended, and induces an unmanly self-worship destructive of every better and nobler characteristic. Besides, if we conclude that the acquisition of this country by the whites was wrongful, we learn nothing more of ourselves than history tells us of every other people. From the chosen people in their sanguinary conquest of the promised land, down to the latest appropriation of the soil of another race, the story has been the same. Force is the only fixed law of nations; and, though the code may not be justified, it has always been admitted. If the settlers of this country

did attain it by injustice, they did no more—though far be it from us to justify it on that ground—than the Indians themselves boast of having done to an earlier race of inhabitants. But an inquiry like this should have a higher object than to irritate or soothe our national pride; that object is truth—and truth is never a treason; that object is justice—justice to the dead, to the race which has passed away without the ability to leave the story of their wrongs to posterity; justice to the living—to those who, though degraded in character and broken in spirit and resources, still exist, to yield when we demand, or resisting to add to the white-man's victims. There are still upward of 300,000 Indians within the territory of the United States. They are at our mercy. It will be well if the contemplation of the *crimes* (we will use no gentler word) of the past can avert those of the future. The aborigines have been regarded as out of the pale of human right—by some, because they are not Christians, though the most enlightened of the Greeks and Romans could not boast a religion so pure and lofty as theirs—by others, because their maxims of morality and policy do not accord with those received in Europe. The candid inquirer will venture to treat them *as men*. In the intercourse between them and the Europeans, each should be regarded as bound by their own laws—the European by his international code, the Indian by the universal principles of natural justice. The subject of the controversy between the two races—a controversy of ages and empires—is *the right to the soil. What constitutes that right?* The European originally pleaded the right of discovery, and, under the prerogatives thus derived, the charter of the crown. It is unnecessary now seriously to argue that such a claim cannot effect the aboriginal inhabitants. About the close of the fifteenth century, the elder Cabot and his son sailed along the coast of this country, in search of a northwest passage; and, though they neither landed nor went through the farce of taking possession, this voyage ascertained the right of Great Britain to half a continent! This is certainly an easy and comfortable mode of acquisition. The munificence of his holiness, the Pope, secured his Catholic Majesty still further privileges—the

entire land and people were bestowed upon him; and, thus fortified, the right to rob, murder and roast the natives became indisputable. But with other nations, not so fortunate, the right of discovery was set up, not against the natives, but against European governments, and amounted to nothing more than a right to exclude other settlers. Thus far, as a means of preventing collision between the different European governments that hastened, upon the wings of the wind, to batten upon poor America, it was most wise and prudent; but, used to justify the appropriation of the land of the natives, it is an absurdity too gross for refutation. But another, and even a worse claim was more frequently insisted upon. I refer to the *right of conquest*. This title—a title which is recorded in blood—is the original tenure of much of the land which we now occupy. Evil is good, if that title be justifiable, and rapine and murder pure and praiseworthy.

The only universal and unchanging right to territory on the part of a nation, is a *time-sanctioned occupancy*. That right is based in the necessity of things, in the order of Providence, in justice and in reason; treaties and titles are not its source, but its evidence; and it exists as fully without as with them. But *what constitutes such occupancy*? It is urged that the *best* occupancy—that which will sustain, in a certain territory, the largest number of inhabitants—is the most rightful. If that be the case, England has a rightful claim to any sparsely-settled portion of Russia which she may select, and China to any part of England more thinly occupied than her own territory. The better portion of our own country may be appropriated under this claim, and we will have no right to remonstrate against the invasion. This absurdity cannot be received, or the settled condition of nations would be lost, and the world would become the theatre of an universal and eternal war.

It is only necessary that the occupancy, for whatever purpose, should be actual. Whether possessed for agriculture, for grazing, or for hunting, if the possession be not a constructive, but a real one, it is sufficient to constitute a right to the soil. That our Indians were thus in

possession of all sections of the country will not be denied. From the mounds and other evidences discovered, there is reason to believe that the population was, at one time, even crowded. Shortly previous to the Plymouth settlement, a plague prevailed which carried off large numbers of the inhabitants, and which was charitably characterized, by the pious colonists, as a great providence, inasmuch as it destroyed "multitudes of the barbarous heathen to make way for the chosen people of God." Notwithstanding the ravages of this pestilence, the Pilgrims found the land still populous. Nor were the inhabitants wholly, nor even mainly, dependent on the chase; they were an agricultural people, however rude their tillage. The New England immigrants made their first settlements on the very cornfields of the natives; the Virginians were sustained by levying contributions in maize from the aborigines; and the settlements on the Delaware were relieved, in their extremity, by the agricultural productions voluntarily tendered by the benevolent Indians. Those of the original settlers who affected a regard for justice, did not deny the rightful and exclusive possession of the land by the natives; on the contrary, they acknowledged their title by purchase, and their jurisdiction by treaty. The very necessity of such a course—and nothing but necessity induced it—is the strongest evidence that the original inhabitants not only possessed the country, but possessed it in sufficient power to repel a forceful invasion. It may be maintained, therefore, that, at the period of the European migrations to this country, the Indians were the exclusive lords of the soil; and that all acts in derogation of their right were violations of national law and natural justice.

It is better perhaps that this country should be crowded with a civilized population, than left to a possession disputed between savage beasts and men but little less savage. But though we may rejoice in our rich heritage, a blameless one to us and to our forefathers for many generations, still we should know that it is a heritage of blood. Nor should we be betrayed into the awful error that the eternal principles of justice can yield

to a blood-boltered expediency. Though it was desirable that the Europeans should settle America, it was more desirable that the rights of the inhabitants should be observed. The settlers should have come in the name of peace and justice: they should have extorted nothing by force, and won nothing by indirection. Their policy should have been such that, for the advantages received from the natives, the natives should have been proportionably and permanently benefited.

[12] The character of that extraordinary adventurer is too well known to justify its portraiture here; but we may remark that, romantic as was his courage and love of adventure, he appears to have known no higher rule of action than expediency, and to have shrunk from no treachery nor outrage to effect his purpose. At the head of the Virginia colonists he appears, in his conduct to the Indians, to nave acted wholly in the character of a chief of banditti. One of the first of his exploits was to head a marauding expedition against the unoffending natives, to attack their towns, fire upon their people and rob their granaries. These outrages were constantly resorted to when stratagem failed; and the colonists were actually fed and sustained by systematic robbery. The forbearance of the natives under these wrongs seems incredible. But it seems that, in all the European colonies, the audacity of the whites at first stunned the Indians into a bewildered stupor. Superstition, also, spread its dark and protecting wings over the strangers, and, though the Indian warrior hated, he dared not strike. After a time, the delusion passed away, and they combined to redeem their land; but the invaders had grown strong while they hesitated, and their efforts were fruitless.

Smith's adventures in Virginia are so interwoven with the romance of our country, that even our children are familiar with them. The depredations of the whites were, at intervals, continued. They seized the land of the natives, as if it had been their own; and when fraud was inadequate to obtain as much corn as was required, there was an unhesitating recourse to violence. Upon one occasion, when the supply of provisions was low, Smith proceeded to Pumunkey, the residence of Opecancanough, and, when the chief refused to supply him, Smith seized him by the hair of his head, in the midst of his men, "with his pistol redie bent against his breast. Thus he held the trembling king, near dead with fear, and led him amongst his people. They, fearing for the life of their chief, came in laden with presents to redeem him, and soon freighted the boats of the English with provisions." These and other outrages excited in

Opecancanough the utmost abhorrence of the whites; and he made it the business of a long life to extirpate them.

Lord De La War, who succeeded Smith in Virginia, pursued a course, in comparison with which the outrages of Smith were benevolent and praiseworthy. In order to strike terror in Powhattan, the Indian emperor, he directed that an Indian should be caught, then caused his right hand to be chopped off, and sent him, thus maimed and bleeding, to Powhattan, with instructions that, unless the monarch humbled himself, such should be the fate of all the Indians. The same policy induced the capture of Pocahontas. She had been the guardian angel of the colony; and, in addition to the rescue of Smith, had, on several occasions, with great exertion, and at fearful peril, saved the settlement from destruction by the Indians. In *grateful* return for all these services, the English bribed an Indian to betray the devoted princess into their hands, and made her a prisoner. The stern old chief staggered beneath this unexpected blow; he was not prepared for the fell anatomy by which the white-man probed the paternal weakness of his heart: and to save his child from the white-man's gratitude and mercy, he, after a severe mental conflict, submitted to a peace: the father triumphed, the monarch yielded, and Powhattan became, in effect, the vassal of the strangers.

Opecancanough, the second in succession from Powhattan, seemed chosen by nature as the scourge of the white-men. He had early distrusted their character and purposes; and, after the outrage upon his own personal dignity, he swore, against the invaders of his country, a hostility as settled and more sacred than that of Hannibal against Rome. He determined to adopt some wide and sweeping scheme of destruction; and, as the measure of his people's wrongs was overflowing, they readily united in his plan of vengeance. A day was fixed for an universal rising, and the secret, though deposited with a whole people, was undivulged. The day arrived; the Indians arose from their ambush like so many avenging spirits, and, in one hour, 347 whites perished. Out of eighty

plantations only six were saved. This was the first united effort of the Indians against the invaders of their country.

Next season, the settlers of Virginia, determined not to be outdone in barbarity by the Indians, devised a scheme of vengeance, by which they might attain the height of perfidy and inhumanity. They invited the Indians to treat with them; they extended the most solemn assurance of forgiveness for past offences, and gave them the most sacred promises of security for their persons. The Indians believed them. They trusted, were betrayed, and murdered in great numbers. The deliberate falsehood, treachery and barbarity of this policy would have elicited universal horror had the massacre been committed by *red* savages; perpetrated by the whites, it was passed without even a frown from the complaisant genius of History.

Opecancanough escaped the slaughter to strike another blow for his country. Years passed over; the chief grew old and feeble; still he labored unweariedly to unite his countrymen against the whites, and he succeeded. In 1644, he had coalesced the Indian tribes over on extent of 500 miles, and prepared to wreak his vengeance upon the foes of his race. The character of this chief and the incidents of his conspiracy may be referred to as equal, in tragic interest, to any thing in history. Opecancanough was at this time an hundred years old. Age and suffering had bowed his frame to the earth, and so feeble was he that he was unable, without aid, even to lift his eyelids. But, thus wasted and worn out, he determined to lead his warriors to this final and desperate conflict for the possession of the graves of their ancestors. Historians have exhausted eulogy in describing the heroism of Muley Moluc, who flung himself from his litter and sacrificed his life for the cause in which he struggled; but the devotion of the Indian chieftain surpasses that of the Moor. Like him, he was borne into the conflict on a litter. He had determined to sweep the country from the frontier to the sea; and five hundred whites fell beneath the tomahawks of his warriors, before his career of desolation was stayed. He was met, defeated and taken prisoner. The time-burthened chief was unable to struggle against his

captors, or even to see the hand that struck him, for some coward arm inflicted upon him a mortal wound. The historian informs us that just before Opecancanough expired, he ordered an attendant to lift his eyelids, when he discovered a multitude pressing around him to gratify an untimely curiosity, and see the dying moments of an unsubdued Indian king. Aroused and indignant, he deigned not to observe the crowd around him, but, raising himself from the ground, demanded, with the expiring breath of authority, that the governor should be called to him. When he came, Opecancanough said to him, indignantly, “Had it been my fortune to have taken Sir William Berkly prisoner, I would not meanly have exposed him as a show to my people;” and, uttering the unfinished rebuke, he sunk back and expired.

The death of Opecancanough fixed the superiority of the whites in Virginia so decisively, that thereafter there was nothing left to the Indian but submission. The volcano of Indian vengeance was exhausted; and, though its suppressed anger was occasionally manifested in a muttered menace, or in the cloud which hung upon its brow, the terrible power which poured its eruptions of death upon the foe had departed. The red-men of Virginia were pushed gradually beyond the mountains. Their inheritance became the undisputed possession of the spoiler. But they carried the remembrance of their wrongs into the wilderness: they treasured up their wrath for the day of wrath, as was tragically proved by the banks of the Monongahela, on the memorable day of Braddock’s defeat.

[13] After the marriage of Pocahontas and Rolfe, she visited London.

"King James' queen and court paid her the same honors that were due to a European lady of the same quality, after they were informed by Captain Smith what services she had done the English nation, and particularly how she had saved the captain's life, when his head was upon the block. But it seems before this princess married Rolfe, she had been given to understand that Captain Smith was dead; for he was the first man she had set her affections upon, and I make no doubt he had promised to marry her when he was in her father's court: for when he came to wait upon her, on her arrival in England, she appeared surprised, turned away from him with the utmost scorn and resentment, and it was some hours before she would be prevailed with to speak to him. She could not believe any man would have deceived her, for whom she had done so much, and run so many hazards; and when she did vouchsafe to hear his excuses, she still reproached him with ingratitude. In all her behavior, 'tis said, she behaved herself with great decency and suitable to her quality".—*Salmon.*

[14] The first offence given to the natives in New England, was by the robbery of a grave. The Indians cherish a superstitious and affectionate reverence for the remains of their departed, and an insult to the burial-place of the mother of their chief was seriously resented. The sachem, in an address to his warriors, said, “When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath this globe, and birds grew silent, I began to settle to repose: but, before mine eyes were closed, methought I saw a vision, and my spirit was much troubled. A spirit cried aloud, Behold, my son, whom I have cherished, the breast that nourished thee, the hands that lapt thee warm and fed thee oft; canst thou forget to take revenge on these wild people that have my monument defaced in despiteful manner, disdaining our ancient antiquities and honorable customs? See, now the sachem’s grave lies, like unto the common people of ignoble race, defaced. Thy mother doth complain, implores thy aid against this thievish people now come hither. If this be suffered, I shall not rest in quiet within my everlasting habitation.” This said, the spirit vanished. Having thus appealed to the superstitious feelings of the people, he led them against the whiles, but a few discharges from the muskets of the English terrified them into submission, and they gave in their allegiance to the King of England.

An encounter took place with the natives in the infancy of the colony, which reflects no credit upon the English. One of their settlements, being in want of corn, supplied itself by depredations upon the Indians. The sufferers required that the English law should be enforced against the offender; and, as the colony was too weak to risk a war, the English promised satisfaction. But the real offender was a stout and valuable member of the colony, and they were reluctant to part with him. In this extremity, they sagely determined upon the following course. There was an old weaver in the settlement who was sick, bed-rid, and of course useless: they spared the real offender, as an useful citizen, and hanged the weaver in his place. This ludicrous incident has been immortalized by Hudibras.

"This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel)
The natives craved the saints to render
Unto their hands, or hang, the offender.
But they, maturely having weighed
They had no more but him of the trade,
(A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)
Resolved to spare him; yet to do
The Indian, Hogan Mogan, too,
Impartial justice, in his stead, did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid."

But, though this matter commenced in comedy—at least to all but the principal actor, the scape-goat weaver—it ended in a deep and bloody tragedy. The Plymouth colony, having heard of the extremities to which the settlement first referred to had been brought, despatched Capt. Miles Standish and a party to punish the Indians, for what does not appear, though it is alleged that they were insolent and had evil *intentions*. Standish, on his arrival, won the confidence of their chief and invited them to partake a feast. When they were assembled, Standish and his men closed the doors, snatched the Indians' knives which hung upon their necks, and with them slew their guests. Mr. Winslow, in his account of this murder, says, "It is incredible how many wounds these chiefs received before they died—not making any fearful noise, but catching at their weapons and striving to the last." At the same time, all the Massachusetts Indians who had placed themselves in the hands of the English were slaughtered. This was the first blow struck: it was struck by the Pilgrims, and was as wicked a murder as was ever committed by scarlet hypocrisy in the name of God! And such was the opinion even at the time. When Mr. Robinson, the father of the Plymouth colony, and one of the ablest, purest and most liberal men of his day, heard how his people had conducted in this affair with the Indians, he wrote to them to consider of the

disposition of Capt. Standish, "who was of warm temper." "He doubted," he said, "whether there was not wanting that tenderness of the life of man, made after God's image, which was so necessary; and, above all, that it would have been happy if they had converted some before they had killed any."

The Pequot war was the first which enabled the colonists to show their powers against the Indians in any general engagement. It was the deliberate purpose of the English to exterminate the Pequots—to destroy man, woman and child, so that none might remain to cumber the soil which the white-man coveted. The Pequots had sought refuge in a fort situated in a swamp. They were surprised and beset in the night, and, after an ineffectual resistance, massacred by hundreds. They attempted to escape, but were hunted from wigwam to wigwam and killed in every secret place. No quarter was given by the puritans—no age nor sex was spared, women and children were cut to pieces while endeavoring to hide themselves in and under the beds. At length, the fort was set on fire and the dead and dying consumed together. Morton, the pious author of New England's memorial, who exults over this butchery with peculiar unction, says, "At this time, it was a fearful sight to see them thus frying in the fire, and the streams of blood quenching the same: and horrible was the scent thereof: But the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the praise thereof to God." The equally pious Mr. Mather informs us that "it was supposed that no less than five or six hundred Pequot souls were brought down to hell that day." In this pleasant process of peopling the nether world, the worthy writer no doubt included all the infants whom the merciful puritans slew, or who were burned in the conflagration, and the scent of whose scorching flesh was sweet incense to the Deity. The actors in this fiendish scene flattered themselves that they had done good service in the murder of the infidels; and Mr. Winthrop feelingly says, in a letter describing the slaughter, "Our people are all in health, the Lord be praised; and though they had marched all day, and had been in fight all night, yet they professed

they found themselves so as they could willingly have gone to such another business." The desolating consequences of the massacre may be estimated from the facts mentioned by Mr. Morton. "The prisoners were divided, some to those of the river, and the rest to us of these parts. We send the male children to Bermuda by Mr. Wm. Pierce, and the women and maid children are disposed about the towns." Thus was a nation extirpated.

We should not pass over without mention the fate of Miantonimo. He was powerful, and that was a crime not to be forgiven. Although friendly to the whites, he was treated as a foe. Charges were raised against him, and, conscious of his innocence, he repaired to Boston, met and repelled them. At length a war arose between him and Uncas, a neighboring chief. Miantonimo had been furnished by a friend with a heavy suit of armor, which kindness was his ruin. He was taken prisoner, when brought before Uncas, his foe, he refused to abuse himself by pleading for his life, and was sent by that subservient chief to the English. The whites had no quarrel with Miantonimo. They wished his death but dared not destroy him. The commissioners of the united colonies determined that there was no sufficient ground to justify his being put to death, but were of opinion that it would not be safe to set him at liberty. The issue was a distinct one—justice demanded his liberation, expediency his murder. They were embarrassed. To remove the difficulty, five of the most judicious *elders* were called into the council, and with this addition to the number of the assembly, there was not much difficulty in determining in favor of death. As the murder of a friend might, however, look disgracious, it was determined to keep the deed of blood secret; and Uncas was privately directed to take the magnanimous Miantonimo, the friend of the white man, into his own territory and execute him. It was accordingly done, and the act of pious treachery and solemn murder is recorded against its authors forever. When Aristides reported to the Athenian people that a scheme which had been referred to him was eminently expedient, but unjust—that pagan people with one voice

rejected it: when the same question was put to the "judicious elders," they regarded the deliberate murder of a friend as a trifling sacrifice of principle to expediency.

The most important feature of Indian history in New England is the first and final stand made against the whites by King Philip. On the death of Massassoit, the early and fast friend of the settlers, his son Alexander became chief of the tribe. Upon a *surmise* that Alexander was not friendly to the whites, the English sent Mr. Winslow and a band of stout men to seize him. They effected the outrage, and made an independent and friendly king their prisoner. But his proud spirit could not brook his degradation: the ingratitude and unkindness of the English so preyed upon his spirits that he was at once thrown into a fever, and the high-souled Indian died of grief and mortification. Thus was murdered the son of the white man's benefactor, and the chief of a nation for fifty years in alliance with the English.

The hapless Alexander was succeeded by Metacom or Philip, who was made of sterner stuff. He was never born to be a slave. Philip had the genius of a statesman, the zeal of a patriot, and the fortitude of a martyr. Having conceived the glorious idea of rescuing his country and saving his race, he united the various tribes of New England, and prepared to make a last and desperate stand. His plans were anticipated, or they would probably have proved successful. A traitor of his tribe named Sausaaman, having justly forfeited his life, was put to death by the Indians. The whites espoused the cause of the traitor, and without jurisdiction or right, tried and executed three Indians charged with being concerned in his death. This outrage upon their natural independence maddened the Indians, and the contest was precipitated when the plans of Philip were yet immature. It is said that this stoic of the woods wept when the first blood was shed—he foresaw the struggle that must ensue, and knew that it was a struggle of life and death to him and to his country. It is not necessary to enumerate the accumulated provocations which drove Philip into hostilities. He could not avoid it, except by the most abject submission. Peace

was destruction as well as degradation, and war, though it might be more sudden, could not be more certainly fatal. The details of the contest that ensued are familiar to every reader. On the part of the English, the sanguinary spirit which characterized the former Indian wars distinguished this. No mercy was given. Premiums were paid for Indian scalps: and those of the natives that were not slain nor hunted alive were only spared to be shipped and sold for slaves. The result of the war was decisive of the fate of the Indians in New England. The Pokanokets were exterminated. The Narraghansetts lost 1000 of their number in a single battle. The Indians on the Connecticut river were driven off, and the country fell into the hands of the whites by the right of conquest. Philip never smiled after the first blow. Despairing and gloomy, but undaunted and active, he performed prodigies which induced the pilgrims to believe that he possessed supernatural power. He endured his reverses unshrinkingly, and so far was he from dreaming of submission, that he slew with his own hand, upon the spot, the only Indian that ever dared to propose it. After witnessing the destruction not only of his family but of his entire people, the gloomy chief was himself slain by the whites, and saved the misery of surviving his country. He was quartered and his remains treated with signal indignity. His only son, a boy of nine years, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and was shipped to Bermuda and sold as a slave. The Plymouth court had some scruples of conscience in adopting this ungenerous and cruel measure, and applied to the clergymen of the colony. These reverend gentlemen, instead of interposing to avert the crime, recommended the murder of the poor boy. The measure originally contemplated was, however, preferred: and this wretched relic of a wretched race was sold, by Christians, into slavery. A distinguished writer has given the following sketch of Philip: “He was a patriot, attached to his native soil—a prince, true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, and of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and

with an untamed love of liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forest, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and rendered him the theme of the poet and historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle."

[15] The incident referred to is strikingly illustrative of the aggressions by which the whites have so often driven the natives to war. The Legislature of Virginia had offered a premium for Indian scalps—a bounty for murder (one of the settled points of European policy toward the Indians.) A body of Cherokees from the South had served in the campaign with the English, and proceeded on their way homeward, *under the command of British officers*. The band was watched with longing eyes by the dealers in scalps, as they returned through Virginia. They waylaid them as they passed on, war-worn and wasted, and murdered them without mercy. Forty innocent men—the friends and champions of their murderers—were thus slaughtered for their scalps. At one place, a monster entertained a party of Indians, and treated them kindly, while at the same time he caused a gang of his kindred ruffians to lie in ambush where they were to pass, and when they arrived they were shot down to a man! Of the entire band one fugitive escaped, and bore the tale of treachery and blood to the Cherokees. And what did these savages? Did they rush to their weapons and precipitate themselves upon the frontiers like a torrent? They had not yet caught the white man's love of blood. Atakullakulla, their chief, secreted the white men then in the Indian country, to protect them from the first burst of rage. He then assembled his warriors, inveighed with great bitterness against the murderous English, and swore that never should the hatchet be buried until the blood of their slaughtered countrymen was atoned for. "But," said he, "let us not violate our faith or the laws of hospitality by imbruing our hands in the blood of those now in our power. They came to us in the confidence of friendship, with belts of wampum to cement a perpetual alliance with us. Let us carry them back to their own settlements, and then take up the hatchet like warriors." Not only was this noble course pursued: but the Cherokees, before they dug up the hatchet and lighted their war-fires, sent deputies to entreat that justice might be done them. It was denied; and they rushed in thousands upon the frontier. In such a

contest who were the savages; and with which side did the God of justice take part?

We will add a word in relation to the progress and character of the war thus commenced. After the first burst of indignation, the Cherokees became tired of the contest, and sent a deputation of thirty chiefs to sue for peace. Governor Lyttleton refused to hear them, and ordered them into close and cruel confinement. Enraged at this treatment of their ambassadors, the Indiana again flew to arms, and defeated the numerous and well-appointed armies sent against them. Again the Indians solicited peace, and again it was denied them. A powerful force was raised, and a fearful struggle ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the Indians. The victors were guilty of every species of treachery and barbarity. In order to whet to the keenest edge the appetite for blood, the Assembly raised the premium on Cherokee scalps from £25 to £35. Again, and now in the humblest manner, the Indians sued for peace: and the whites, sated with slaughter, consented. The Cherokees submitted to every condition imposed but one. Of that one it is impossible to speak without a thrill of horror. It was required that the humbled Cherokees should, in the face of the English army, and for their entertainment, butcher four Cherokees—four of their own brethren; or, if preferred, present to the English four green Cherokee scalps, fresh from the heads of the victims. This was the demand of Christians: the savages shrunk from it with horror. By an earnest appeal, they succeeded in procuring the remission of the infernal homage; and returned to their desolate wigwams to ponder, with grateful admiration, on the white man’s mercy.

[16] A braver warrior or a better man than Logan perhaps never existed in a race of unconverted savages. During the French war Logan refused to take part, and was active only in deeds of mercy, doing all in his power to soften the horrors of his contest. In 1774, some white land-jobbers, to whom an Indian war is as profitable as a battle to carrion-birds, determined that blood should be spilled. Led by a monster named Colonel Cressap, they fell in with a party of friendly Indians; and, under the guise of unsuspected friendship, fell upon and slaughtered them. Among the victims were several of the family of the white man's friend—Logan. Shortly after, another party, men, women and children, were betrayed and destroyed. Col. Cressap secreted a band of whites in the vicinity of a body of Indians, and invited the latter to leave their encampment and drink with him. Those who did so were murdered; and as their companions, who heard the firing, crossed the river they were deliberately fired upon and killed. Among the murdered was a brother of Logan and his sister, whose delicate situation greatly aggravated the horrid crime.

> "And what man knowing this,
> And having human feelings, does not blush
> And hang his head to think himself a man."

These outrages were without provocation or pretext. It is not pretended that the Indians had given offence. It was unprovoked, deliberate, cold-blooded murder. In the war which ensued, for Logan immediately sounded the war-whoop, the Indians performed prodigies of valor. The final battle took place on the Ohio. Never was a battle better fought. The Indians had erected a breastwork, and there, under Logan, Cornstalk, Elenipsico, Red Eagle and other mighty chiefs of the combined tribes, they maintained the contest from the rising to the setting of the sun. The whites displayed equal gallantry, and the fire was never remitted. The officers manifested the most chivalric courage, cheering on their men even with their last breath. Within the breastwork, Cornstalk, one of the boldest warriors that ever met a foe, raged like a wounded

lion; and amid and above the din of battle, his voice of thunder was heard crying to his men, “Be strong! Be strong!” In the most appalling moment of the fight, a faint-hearted Indian attempted to desert; the eagle eye of the chief marked him, and striding up to him be sunk his tomahawk in the front of the coward and traitor, and pointed his warriors furiously to the terrible example. But valor was vain against discipline; and the Indians, after a noble contest, were forced to retire over the Ohio. A peace was shortly after negociated; but Logan refused to attend the council. He desired peace, but would not meet in amity those who had made his old age desolate, and sullenly remained at home—the home which rang no more with the wild glee of his innocent little ones. The white man had swept *all*!

> “All hit pretty chickens and their dam
> At one fell swoop.”

And he sat there in his desolation and pondered on the Christian’s humanity. But so important was his presence deemed that Lord Dunmore refused to conclude the treaty without him. They sent for him: and the reply of the injured chief is considered one of the noblest specimens of eloquence on record. A paraphrase of it has been attempted by Campbell, but its simple pathos defies imitation. The conclusion of this speech is unequaled: “For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!”

The peace was concluded—and what became of Logan? The heart-broken chief wandered from the scene of his sorrows to the west; where, to complete the tragedy, he was himself murdered by a white man.

[17] It is alleged by high authority (see the articles in the North American Review, ascribed to Cass,) that the Indians cannot be converted: the readiest answer to the impious and profane absurdity is, that they have been converted. A large body of Indians had been converted by the Moravian missionaries, and settled in the west; where their simplicity, harmlessness and happiness seemed a renewal of the better days of Christianity. During the Revolutionary war these settlements, named Lichtenau and Gnauddenhutten, being located in the seat of the frontier Indian contests, were exposed to outrage from both parties. Being, however, under the tuition and influence of the whites, and having adopted their religion and the virtuous portion of their habits, they naturally apprehended that the hostile Indians, sweeping down upon the American frontier, would take advantage of their helplessness and destroy them as allies of the whites. Subsequent events enable us to compare the red and white man and determine which is the savage. A party of 200 hostile Hurons fiercely approached the Moravian Indians' towns. The Christian Indians conducted themselves, in this trying extremity, with meekness and firmness. They sent a deputation with refreshments to their approaching foes; and told them that, by the word of God, they were taught to be at peace with all men, and entreated for themselves and their white teachers peace and protection. And what replied the savage, fresh from the wilds and panting for blood? Did he mock to scorn the meek and Christian appeal? Did he answer with the war-whoop and lead on his men to the easy slaughter of his foes? What else could be expected from an Indian? Yet such was *not* the response of the red warrior. He said that he was on a war party, and his heart had been evil, and his aim had been blood; but the words of his brethren had opened his eyes. He would do them no harm. "Obey your teachers," said he, "worship your God, and be not afraid. No creature shall harm you."

Such was the treatment of hostile Indians—let us now examine the conduct of friendly whites. One would think the inquiry unnecessary. They were the white man's

friends, of course he cherished them; his allies, of course he protected them; his Christian brethren, of course he loved them. We will see how these duties were fulfilled. In the winter of 1782, a body of 80 or 90 whites were gathered on the frontier, determined to shed Indian blood. There were, however, no Indians within their reach, except their innocent and Christian friends at the Moravian towns. They were not, however, to be disappointed of their feast of blood. They proceeded to the towns of the Christian Indians—not in hot blood, for it was distant two days' march—but prepared, cooly and with Epicurean deliberation, to enjoy the luxury of murder. Messengers were despatched by Col. Gibson to warn the victims of their danger; but strong in their innocence and in their confidence of the white man's justice (the white man's justice, indeed!) they refused to fly. The whites arrived at the village on the second day. The historian informs us that on their arrival at the town, they professed peace and good will to the Moravians, and informed them that they had come to take them to Fort Pitt for their safety. The Indians surrendered, delivered up their arms, and appeared highly delighted with the prospect of their removal; and began with all speed to prepare food for the white men and for themselves on their journey. A party of white men and Indians was immediately despatched to Salem, a short distance from Gnauddenhutten, where the Indians were gathering in their corn, to bring them in to Gnauddenhutten. The party soon arrived with the whole number of Indians from Salem. In the mean time the Indians at Gnauddenhutten were confined in two houses, some distance apart, and placed under guards; and when those from Salem arrived they were divided, and placed in the same houses with their brethren of Gnauddenhutten. The prisoners being thus secured, a council of war was held to decide on their fate. The officers, unwilling to take on themselves the whole responsibility of the decision, agreed to refer the question to the whole number of the party. The men were accordingly drawn up in a line. The commandant of the party, Col. David Williamson, then put the question to them, in form, whether the Moravian Indians should be

taken prisoners to Pittsburg, or put to death? requesting all who were in favor of saving their lives to step out of the line and form a second rank. On this, sixteen, some say eighteen, stepped out of the rank: but, alas! this line of mercy was far too short for that of vengeance. The prisoners were ordered to prepare for death. From the time they were placed in the guard-houses they foresaw their fate, and began their devotions, singing hymns, praying and exhorting each other to place a firm reliance in the Savior of men. That was, alas! their only reliance! The whites commenced the butchery; and, without distinction of age or sex, destroyed them all. The hyenas that thus lapped up the blood of infants went unpunished: indeed, had the Indian Pension Bill of 1636 passed, they would have been entitled to a rich annuity for a deed which has, perhaps, no parallel in the annals of crime. For, dark as were the cruelties of Spain, she never sacrificed her Christian friends. And yet, with this record before us, we *dare* to talk of the cruelty of the Indians!

The massacre at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, was scarcely less atrocious. A number of Christian Indians lived inoffensively in the neighborhood of Lancaster. Their only offence was that they were Indians. The whites possessed themselves of the land of these Indians, saying that it was against the laws of God that it should remain in the hands of heathens when Christians wanted it. They were Christian professors, used Bible phrases, talked of God's commanded vengeance on the heathen, and said the saints should inherit the earth. Accordingly, these saints commenced by the murder of fourteen Christian Indians. The other Christian Indians, terrified at the outrage, fled to Lancaster, and, for protection, were placed in prison. But the Paxtang boys—so were the miscreants called—followed them, entered Lancaster, and at mid-day broke open the prison and murdered the unresisting and unoffending men, women and children who had there sought refuge. Other Indians in amity with us, hearing of this massacre, fled for protection to Philadelphia. They were received with great coldness, (except by the Quakers, the steady friends of the afflicted

Indian.) and after several removals were sent to New York. In the mean time, however, the Paxtang boys, to the number of several hundred, marched to Philadelphia, not only to destroy the wretched Indians, but to punish their protectors. They arrived at Germantown where they were met by a deputation of citizens headed by Benjamin Franklin, who succeeded in appeasing them; and these white savages returned to their homes. I will only add that they went unpunished. Who ever heard of white men being punished for the murder of Indians?

[18] Art thou, too, fallen, Iberia! Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thy pomp is in the grave; thy glory laid
Low in the pit thine avarice hath made!

Cowper.

[19] General Washington's policy during the war, and after it as President of the United States, was one of strict probity and Christian benevolence to the Indian; and its success proved his wisdom as well as his justice. The Indians regarded him with the utmost confidence and affection. Indeed the organization of the government heralded a milder and better era for the red man. Since that time, we have no doubt that the government has cherished a sincere desire to bind up the wounds of that persecuted end fainting people. But the same wolfish spirit in our border population, which has heretofore followed the red man from forest to forest, marking each recession with outrage and bloodshed, is as fierce and unsparing now as at first. Their aggressions have induced wars; and the same perfidious and sanguinary temper has characterized those wars. The Black Hawk contest is fresh in the remembrance of all. Like every Indian war, it arose in a quarrel for their lands. The first blow was struck by the whites. The Indians sent a deputation with a white flag to the whites—they were made prisoners. They sent another deputation—they were fired upon and killed. The whites, 270 in number, hastened to attack Black Hawk with a wretched band of 40 warriors. What could they do but fight? And they did fight, like lions at bay, and defeated the aggressors. Thus commenced the war—how did it end? Indian wars in this country have for centuries had but one history. They are commenced in aggression by the whites, prosecuted in suffering to both parties, characterized by mutual cruelties, and consummated by a grand massacre of Indians, men, women and children. Black Hawk attempted to flee with his tribe from the evil genius of his race, to a remoter wilderness. They were followed by the whites, with the steadiness of blood-hounds. Parties of them sought to make submission, displaying the white flog and appearing without arms: the white men's answer to their moving appeal for mercy was sent in a volley of bullets, showered among their women and children. After a weary pursuit, the American army, 1000 strong, overtook the wretched band of fugitive men, women and children. The Indians were few, famished,

helpless, surrounded by women and children: they endeavored, so says Black Hawk, to surrender; but the whites refused their submission; they were to be slaughtered—to be offered to

> "The fire-eyed maid of smoky war
> All hot and reeking."

The soldiers poured a deadly fire upon the starved and fainting fugitives. There was no escape for them. They could not yield, for the whites rejected their submission—they could not fly, for they were environed—there was but one desperate resource—it was a milder death from the waters of the Mississippi than could be expected at the hands of the Christians. Accordingly, men, women and children plunged into the river, where they either drowned or were shot by the whites. And this took place within a few years. Did not an universal shudder shake the bosom of the whole republic? No; it was published one day and forgotten the next.

The following incident, which occurred in this battle, will illustrate the character of the war. A young Indian mother, only nineteen years old, stood among the other females, with a daughter four years old in her arms. The whites fired upon these females, and as the child clung around her mother's neck, a ball struck its right arm above the elbow, and, shattering the bone, passed into the breast of its mother, who fell dead to the ground. She fell upon the child and confined it to the ground also. During the whole battle this babe groaned and called for relief, but who would leave the banquet of blood to aid a dying infant? After the battle, however, the child was taken from the bleeding breast of its dead mother and carried to the surgeon. The amputation of the arm was necessary; but the child, fearful as was the wound, forgot it in the agony of famine. A piece of raw meat was thrown to the little sufferer, which she continued ravenously to devour during the operation, The sufferings of the famished infant may be imagined from the fact that neither the knife nor the saw of the surgeon interrupted her feast, or extorted a tear or a groan. We derived this fact from an

eye witness, an officer in the army, who has since been sacrificed in Florida; and find it recorded, with an unimportant variation, in Drake's Indian Biography.

TIME.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

Let those lament thy flight
Who find a new delight
In every hour that o'er them swiftly flies;
Whose hearts are free and strong
As some well-caroled song
That charms the ear with ever fresh surprise.

To Wealth's stern devotee
Too fast the moments flee,
That gainful schemes to golden issues bring;
And Fame's deluded child
By Glory's dream beguiled,
To twine his laurel wreath would stay thy wing.

They who have learned to bind
The warm and restless mind
In soft content to Pleasure's rosy car,
May sigh to hold thee back,
And linger on the track
That sends no lofty promise from afar.

But by the heart that turns
To those celestial urns
That with Love's dew forever overflow,
Uncherished are the years
No sympathy endears,
When all thy flowers droop beneath the snow.

What holy spell is thine
To bless a lonely shrine
Or wake glad echoes where no music flows?
Why to a barren thing
With senseless ardor cling,
Or gardens till that never yield a rose?

Yet when devotion pure

Breeds courage to endure,
And grace to hallow the career of time,
When for another's joy
Thy moments we employ,
Like clouds by sunbeams lit, they grow sublime.

The tender, true and brave
Disdain a gift to save
In which self only claims a weary part;
Nor would thy course delay
To pamper their frail clay,
And life consume in tricks of soulless art.

Haste, then, till thou hast brought
The good so fondly sought,
And Love's bright harvest richly waves at last!
Then will I call thee mine,
And hail thee as divine,
The present cherish, nor lament the past.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
  But in my breast and in my brain
Awake the pangs that pass not by.
  The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain
  Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we liv'd in vain,
  I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

Byron.

In the Spring I love to walk along the alleys of Laurel Hill, to mark the first expanding of the tree buds; and to see the flowers spring timidly up in the uncertain sun, and trembling at the breeze that sweeps across the Schuylkill. Summer, too, has its delights in this place; flowers mature, and fruits and vegetation strengthen, the trees stand out proud in their thickened foliage, and the sythe of the mower cuts down the accumulation of grass that pours its rich odors upon the senses in delightful luxuriance, like the blessed memory of those whom death hath laid beneath the teeming soil.

The Autumn has double charms: the seared leaf sweeps widely round in the eddying between the tombs; and the grass has sobered down its hue. Standing amid these things, one thinks of the decaying forms of men ready to be shaken into the receptacles below, and this life loses a portion of the undue attraction that keeps us from a profitable contemplation of *that* which is to come.

Nor is Winter destitute of delights in such a place. Thick masses of snow lie here and there in grave-shapes, as if the spirit of the storm had fanned and winnowed the purest production of the clouds to make a monument for some air spirit that had ceased to do the errand of love.

Here and there the rose-bush extends its thorny branches without a leaf, and the shriveled stems of flowers stretch up from beneath their snowy covering, monuments of kindly affections, and evidences that all is not lost. An open grave at such a time has not all the repulsive looks that it possesses in other seasons; the fresh earth comes up with comparative warmth, and the

deep pit seems a hiding place to which we may retreat from the chills of the world, until the storms of life shall have passed away, “and one unbounded Spring encircles all.”

Leaning, some weeks since, over the post that forms the landmark of some lot holder in that populous abode of the dead, and looking down into a grave reopened to receive a new tenant, I discovered, through the thin layer of gravel below, the coffin plate of the first occupant of the place; and on inquiry learned that the husband’s grave had been opened to receive the body of the wife.

The chilly air of a February day; and the coldness increased by a layer of snow upon the ground, induced me to retreat into the house, where I found a person awaiting the funeral. It is natural to discourse of the dead when we lay them in the earth, and as neither my associate nor I had direct interest in the fate of the deceased, the freedom of gossip was not destroyed by any delicacy of feeling on the part of my companion, who seemed to have an intimate acquaintance with all the circumstances of the deceased.

Few young women of our city were deemed more attractive than Amelia Wilberson. Her beauty, her cultivated mind, and the respectable position of her family, gave her consequence in the eyes of young men; more than one of whom made an offer of name and hand, including of course, for the present at least, a heart also. And it was evident that one of the many found his hopes strengthened by the good wishes of the parents, and not repressed by any particular coldness of the object of devotion.

Mr. Tudor, of respectable connection in the east, and fair standing in this city, demanded of the mother of Amelia permission to address the daughter; and having received the sanction which he claimed, it was expected by the parents that Amelia would communicate to them the proposition which she should receive. She was silent, and when subsequently addressed evaded the subject, and yet continued to treat Mr. Tudor with as much courtesy, at least, as the most favored visiters at the house could boast.

“My daughter,” said Mrs. Wilberson to Amelia, one day as they sat in the chamber of the former, “not only do you appear to treat Mr. Tudor with reserve unbecoming the position in which he has placed himself in our family, but I am fearful that you are acquiring with him and with others a name not desirable to one so frank and candid as you have generally been.”

“But, mother, I respectfully but promptly declined the offer of Mr. Tudor.”

“Promptly, my child, but not decidedly—too promptly to give the appearance of having well considered the offer, and yet not with the circumstances and decision that forbid a hope from perseverance.”

“Shall I to-day, mother, give him the answer verbally, or by letter?”

“Not by any means, my child, unless he has to-day renewed his offer to you.”

“He has not. I hope he will not.”

“You don’t like him, then?”

“It is impossible to dislike Mr. Tudor for any qualities which he possesses,” said Amelia, somewhat hesitatingly.

“Is it then, Amelia, as I have reason to suspect—to *believe* rather let me say, for suspicion is not the word to use toward you—is it that you cannot like Mr. Tudor on account of qualities in another person?”

Amelia made no reply.

“Then, my child, you love Henry Wilder.”

“Mother, could I love him without his avowal of affection for me?”

“Your own heart will tell you that, Amelia. Has Mr. Wilder offered himself to you?”

“Never, never, mother.”

“It is strange,” said Mrs. Wilberson, “that neither your father nor I have seen this.”

But it was not strange, neither father nor mother looked on to see what was going forward in the active scene, where the young and innocent heart of their child was open to every impression. They heard her narrative of the day’s conversation and evening’s amusement; but where there is neither coquetry nor artifice, the young female has no conference with even a mother upon that strange confusion with which her heart is agitated as it begins to love.

“Does Mr. Wilder love you, Amelia?”

“I think he does.”

“Why then has he not avowed it?”

“Perhaps the difference between his position and that of father’s is the cause.”

“But, Amelia, his position is as good now as was your father’s at his age.”

“That may be true, mother, but he is very proud you know—and very, very bashful,” added Amelia, blushing deeply.

“Amelia,” said Mrs. Wilberson, “I have received from Mr. Tudor a direct offer for your hand. He thinks he is acceptable, and he knows, so he says, that he can make you happy. He has been constantly in company with Wilder, and seems never to have suspected an attachment between you two; nay, he has even made a confidant in part of Mr. Wilder. He presses his suit with great earnestness, and will look for a reply from me this afternoon.”

Amelia turned pale at the proposition, and yet was not wholly regretful. No woman ever received such an offer from a respectable man without a sense of pleasure—of gratitude, indeed—self love is gratified, even though the love for another is for a moment disturbed.

Mrs. Wilberson pressed the suit of her client with the earnestness of a patron, and yet without the authority of a parent. She set forth the advantages of the match, and the probable comforts which it would ensure; while she gently hinted, to alarm the pride of her daughter, that it would be a source of mortification to her to find that she had refused so desirable an offer for the sake of constancy to a man who had never announced his intentions, or even his wishes to her, and might, for aught she knew, fulfill a marriage engagement with some other lady before the month was out.

Amelia was distressed, and having made some reply to her mother, asked time to consider the proposition. “Let me,” said she, “have one week in which to make up my mind.”

“And at the end of that time,” said Mrs. Wilberson, “Mr. Tudor may depend upon an answer?”

“He may.”

Almost every evening during this important week Tudor and Wilder were, with others, at the house of Mr. Wilberson; and poor Amelia, with an aching heart, weighed the merits of the two young men, hoping that Wilder would relieve her from the position in which she was placed.

On the evening before the answer was to be given, the two young men left the house together, and Tudor in the fullness of his heart told Wilder what he awaited on the coming morning.

Wilder passed a sleepless night. The next morning he addressed a note to Amelia, in which only the following lines were penned.

> "*Miss Wilberson*: I ask only two days; postpone your answer until Monday evening, and if I do not prove that I deserve you, I relinquish all to Tudor.
>
> "Henry Wilder."

Mrs. Wilberson was astonished to hear, at the end of the week, her daughter desirous again to postpone her answer; but the letter of Mr. Wilder seemed to warrant the request, and she excused her daughter to Tudor.

Mr. Wilder did not present himself at the house of Mr. Wilberson until Monday evening. There was company in the room during the whole evening, and it was observed that Wilder was so agitated that he scarcely uttered a coherent sentence. He evidently sought an opportunity to speak to Amelia. He asked for Mrs. Wilberson; she had retired.

The next morning, as Wilder was on his way to Mr. Wilberson's he met Tudor, who, in a vain attempt to talk of some commonplace subject, revealed his secret that he had that morning been accepted at Mr. Wilberson's; "at least," said he, "I am placed on probation."

"But you are not well, Wilder."

"No, a sudden affection of the heart. I will leave you."

The marriage of Tudor and Amelia was, at the request of the latter, once or twice postponed, but at length took place. The manly virtues of the husband inspired respect; his kindness insured gratitude, and the shrinking away from society by Amelia was construed by Tudor into special affection for himself; who could tell that it was not so? The constant attentions which a virtuous wife bestows on a worthy, a loving husband, must to him at least seem to be the evidence of love.

But the health of Amelia gave way, and her husband found it necessary to convey her to one of the West India Islands, to avoid the rigors and changes of the winter months in the Middle States.

"Put into my trunk," said she to her servant, "that work-box; a Christmas present," said she to her husband, "from Mr. Wilder, and I have not used it since the night before the day you troubled my mother so early for an answer."

"Poor Wilder," said Tudor, "I hope he finds himself well and easy where he is; if he stands ever in need I trust he will remember that he has friends who are able and willing to serve him,"

A tear glistened in the eye of Amelia; her husband kissed the cheek which it wet, and advised haste in further packing.

When Tudor and his wife reached Havana, they made preparations for a winter's residence in the interior of the island, and found themselves comfortable among those who derived benefit from their expenditures, and were anxious to prolong the advantages of the visit by multiplying its comforts.

One day, when alone in her chamber, Amelia opened her trunk and discovered the small box, the present of Wilder, which she had brought from home, and she determined to dispose therein her housewife accompaniments. On opening the box she discovered a neatly folded letter, sealed and addressed to Miss Amelia Wilberson; she hastily broke the seal and read

"*Philadelphia, Jan. 16, 1811.*

"*Miss Wilberson*: I have for months sought to express to you in words the feelings and the wishes with which your charms have inspired me. I am sensible of my unworthiness—but I cannot answer to my own heart for the lasting misery I should inflict upon myself, were I at this moment, and under existing circumstances, to allow my fears and my consciousness of undeservedness to prevent me from addressing you by letter. I am unable at the present moment to find an opportunity to address you orally. How much and how long I have ventured to love you I will not attempt to describe; but I know that my proposition *may* come too late to-morrow. May I hope—may I venture to approach your parents with the assurance that you have not forbidden me—give me at least a few weeks to hope in—I know where the danger lies—and who is my rival—I do him no wrong—I only ask that I may win your affections—if *he* has them, then God bless him—nay, he is blessed—and he is worthy the blessing—I will call at your door to-morrow morning; if you will not see me, a single word by letter, through your servant, will inform me of my fate and my duty.

"Most respectfully,
"Henry Wilder."

When Tudor returned to the room, his wife was sitting apparently abstracted, with the letter of Wilder crushed in her hands. She seemed the very picture of despair.

"Are you well?" asked he.

"I am faint, very faint."

While Tudor hastened to procure some aid, Amelia thrust the letter into her trunk, and awaited her husband's return.

From that day Tudor marked a change in the conduct of his wife: a severer discharge of duties, and more fixed attention to religious concerns. The Spring arrived, and Tudor and his wife returned to Havana and took passage for the United States.

Whether Tudor had imbibed disease in Havana, or whether other causes operated, it was not known; but he had scarcely reached his house in Philadelphia before he found himself so unwell that he was compelled to call in medical advice. The disease gained strength, and Amelia, laying aside all other duties, or merging them in those of the wife, devoted herself night and day to the care of her husband. No application was made to him, no medicine administered without her direct aid. She hovered over his bed like a guardian angel, and seemed to lose all thoughts of self in her devotion to the sick. It was noticed by some, as remarkable, that the care and attention, nay, the language of Amelia to her husband had less of the tender, wife-like solicitude, than of the thorough devotion, the all sacrificing attention of the careful nurse. It is difficult to describe in words the difference between these two kinds of attention, and yet the difference is obvious to *some*. Religious devotion, a solemn sense of duty to our kind, a deep and abiding sympathy for the suffering, and a familiarity with the office, will make the sick bed labors of one most efficient, most useful. If to these be added a deep, undisturbed, *particular* affection, then there is a longer resting of the eyes upon the patient after the attention bestowed, the hand lingers yet more upon the temple it bathes, and a closer breathing is observed as some new symptom is developed. It is not the duty performed, but that which is to be discharged, something of a slight jealousy of all that would share in, lest they should monopolize the labors.

Amelia did her duty faithfully—and when the gleam of reason returned to her husband, he thanked her for all her wife-like cares, her patience with him under all trials, and especially for the unceasing attention with which she had solaced him in sickness, and smoothed his bed of death: "All these," he added, as he turned his bright eye upon his wife, full of grateful affection,

“all these, Amelia, all these are fruits of your undivided love; may Heaven bless you for such kindness of heart to one who could only *try* to deserve it. How happy have I been even on this bed, from which I felt I could not rise; how proud, indeed, to be thus attended, to be the single object of the love of one so pure.”

The lip of Tudor trembled convulsively—the spirit fled while it was breathing out its love and gratitude.

Amelia was unable to attend the funeral of her husband, and it was not until some months after his death, that she rode to Laurel Hill.

Leaving the carriage, she was conducted to the grave of Tudor, and, hanging over the hillock, she thought of all the virtues which had adorned his character, and most of those that commended his memory to her constant gratitude.

Strange it may seem to some—and perhaps unfaithful to the duties of one lately widowed—but, as she thus mused over the grave of Tudor, she thought of Wilder, of his love for her, of her feelings for him, of all that had passed, all that both had suffered, and then the new freedom of her own position passed her mind. She might in time be his.

Let us not smile at such thoughts, under such circumstances; if the thoughts of every man or woman were blazoned forth, those of Amelia would seem natural and pure. They were pure; they were visitants, not tenants of the mind; they came, but she entertained them not; and when she thought of her *freedom*, she chastened the mind, and, kneeling upon the new laid sod, she vowed solemnly, dutifully, sternly, to live and die the widow of him below. She would make a sacrifice of more than the Indian widow makes. The great suttee which should distinguish her mourning should be her heart. To cherish constant love for the dead, and to preserve herself from other love, is a sacrifice which any woman might make; but to sacrifice a love of the living to the memory of the deceased; to live day by day through a cheerless life, chained to the memory of the departed, and consumed by love of the living, that should be the offering expiatory of the wrong which she had committed; a wrong unfelt by the object, but still inflicted.

Amelia rose from the grave of her husband, strong in her new formed resolution. She turned to depart, and her eye rested upon the care-worn features of Wilder. He was leaning against a large tree, and seemed absorbed in the scene before him. No sooner did he discover that he was seen by Amelia, than he turned suddenly and left the place. Amelia was conveyed to the carriage, and thence to her chamber. Several months after that scene, a

servant entered the chamber of Amelia, and said that a gentleman, wrapped closely in a cloak, had requested that a note should be given to her, and he would wait an answer.

The note bore only the words,

"Shall I meet you once more, and when?

"February 2, 1843. H. W."

Amelia raised herself slowly from her pillow, and with much emphasis said:

"Tell the gentleman *he may meet me next week where he saw me last*."

* * * * *

The heavy tramp of horses upon the frozen gravel walks denoted the approach of the funeral train. We went forth to the grave. The coffin was born forward and lowered into its resting place. A short service was read, and the company turned to depart. I lingered to see the closing of the grave, and to think over the vicissitudes of her who had now come to rest in the earth with her husband, and to think of what might have been her fate had her affections been allowed to minister to her comfort.

As the grave-digger took his shovel to conclude his labors, a hand was laid upon his arm.

"You will, my friend, pause a little—give me only a moment."

He looked down and sighed, "And here at length we meet."

The grave-digger thrust his shovel into the earth and beckoned me away.

When we returned, the stranger had drawn his hat over his brow, and was wiping some sand from his knees.

He departed.

"Do you know that gentleman?" said I to the grave-digger.

"He visits us often," he said, "and I think he will soon take up his rest among us here."

"What is his name?" I asked.

He pointed to a stake—a land mark between Tudor's burying-place and the adjoining lot—it was marked

"H. Wilder's lot."

And, before the grass grew green upon the resting place of Tudor and his wife—before the birds had formed their new alliances of love and care—before even affection had planted a rose between these tenements, Wilder was carried forth to occupy the nearest place to Amelia which propriety would allow.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND G——.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Dispute it as a man—
I shall do so,
But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most pleasant to me.

Macbeth.

Gone by, but ne'er forgotten—this is truth,
And who would wish it to be otherwise,
And who would seal the fountain of our youth,
And who would bid us to close up our eyes
And look no more upon the buried past?
None but the weak and wayward, and to them
Life's morn is gone forever. Hope! thou hast
Many a glorious flower on thy stem,
But there are those by fading Memory strown
Down the dark vistas of receding time
That e'en for thee we would not all disown
Nor deem their sad remembrance to be crime.

And thou and I, dear friend, thus having paid
The tribute due to grief from all mankind,
Will pray Oblivion from his dusky shade
To leave our by-gone pleasant hours behind.
The hands of those who love us now shall dry
The tears for those who loved us and passed on.
Brightly has shone the long departed eye,
And rung the voice whose music is by-gone:
Sadly, but sweetly, will our memories flow
For those who died or fled from us; we yet
Forgive our wrongs, endure our griefs, but know
That we have never promised to forget.

COMING TO GET MARRIED.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

"Come to get married!" Dorothea was just on the point of lifting up the tea-urn, but she only held up both hands with such a queer smile, and looked at the pair as she would have done at a brace of nice ducks to be picked for her master's dinner.

Dear soul! Matrimony was a *terra incognita* to her, about which she had the most vague and grotesque ideas, as one might be supposed to have of the Fegee Islands. She had a just and conscientious sense of what was due to "creature comforts," presenting them in the best and most appropriate shape, and in this way she was of immense value to the worthy rector and his benign sister.

Indeed, so alive was she to all temporal concernments, that the good man at one time took occasion, when she was spreading the table for dinner, to read her an extra homily upon the interests of her soul. Poor Dorothea began to cry first, which still more inspired the eloquence of the good man, and then she hung down her head and blushed, and then, to his utter amazement, went off into such a fit of laughter as really to endanger suffocation in the paroxysm. Upon recovering from this, she exclaimed,

"It's of no sort o' use. Soon's ever a man talks to me alone, I always think of Jacob Flanders, and that sets me to laughing."

At this moment Aunt Jane looked grave, and directed some article to be carried to the kitchen, and then explained, with spinster-like propriety, how Jacob had even attempted the unseemly language of love to Dorothea, going so far as to kiss her hand, at the relation of which enormity, Aunt Jane slightly blushed, and the pastor's face departed very considerably from clerical gravity.

It is astonishing how much more complacently women regard the matrimonial intentions of others than do the other sex. Their sympathies are all alive upon the occasion, and they feel an interest and tenderness, perfect for the time being. Aunt Jane had not one particle of vanity or selfishness in the world. She had never thought of a man, except when she thought of her brother, and never seemed to imagine that she existed otherwise than as an appendage to him.

When the pair determined upon the desperate measure of matrimony appeared at the parsonage, she fixed her benign regards upon them, mechanically placed her finger upon the side of her smooth cheek, as she was wont to do when the pranks of the poodle arrested her attention from the intricacies of "reed stich" or "tent," and happening to be nearest Dorothea, she leaned one hand upon her shoulder, as much as to say, "Dear souls, how nicely they look together," and then she had a confused image of the tenderness of a pair of birds she once kept in a cage, and that used to look so lovingly upon the same perch all night side by side, each with its head behind its wing.

"So you have come to get married?" said the pastor, half rising from his chair, and speaking much more severely than the occasion would seem to justify.

Ralph assented, looking a little blank at the sternness of the good man, and half began to think, as a man is pretty apt to do, that he was doing a very foolish thing. Sybil's pretty face grew crimson, and her eyes dropped, but then she looked as if she thought it all quite natural, and she was content.

Ralph had come to Pennsylvania four years before, and settled in the village of ——, and, of course, became one of the parishioners of my friend. He had been betrothed to Sybil before leaving "fader land," and now that his enterprise and patient labor had met its reward of easy competence, he had sent for Sybil and her widowed mother to share it with him.

"Come to get married!" there was a long pause, and the minister compressed his lips, and cast his eyes onward almost with an expression of scorn. It was unnoted by the inmates of that little room, the simple-hearted women and that brave, loving pair whose hearts were unchanged by time, labor and separation, and soon the good man arose, and with even more than his wonted impressiveness, united two who should from henceforth be eternally one.

Those who have never known deep suffering are slow to detect its indications in others. Aunt Jane knew that her brother had in early life passed through a period of severe mental anguish, but he was now entirely calm, had been so for years, and she never imagined him to be otherwise than perfectly happy. Busied with the little genialities of every-day life, blessed with simple and ordinary desires, undisturbed by those ideal tendencies which so often embitter, at the same time that they ennoble the more imaginative, her life was placid as a heart full of content could make it. She saw fearful lines stamped upon the face of her brother, and supposed

that study and the sanctities of religion were making their busy impress—she never dreamed that the sorrow of early life had been seared by the lapse of years into his very soul.

We have said he looked sternly upon the young people who stood before him. He did so, and yet Herman Vortenberg was a kind-hearted, genial man, who regarded the infirmities of others with the eye of true charity, while his own life was a perpetual reaching for that ideal standard recognized by the Great Master when he said, “Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.”

COMING TO GET MARRIED

Marriage to him was a solemn and beautiful mystery, by which was typified that angelic existence in which the two were no longer twain, but one forever and forever in the Paradise of God.

A marriage, to his high and spiritual mind, must be a marriage of hearts; a union of soul with soul; a high and holy communion, by which the faculties of the soul were fully to be developed, its repose secured, and the whole nature with all its manifold attributes brought into harmonious action. He was no dreamer, but a deep spiritual thinker, basing his life upon his

insight of the Ideal. The revealments of great truths, brought out by the fervency of prayer, by fidelity to the good, by meek obedience to the indications of all spiritual discernments, all these were combined into great principles of action, earnest and unwavering.

He was now the meek, self-sacrificing apostle of truth, moving in a sphere of limited usefulness, yet content therein, inasmuch as it left him free from the stormier passions of his early youth. To most persons he seemed a man of calm, agreeable temperament, constitutionally incapable of strong emotion of any kind; but a close observer of the human face, or studier of human character, might detect the smouldering ashes of fierce and latent fires, once burning with terrific violence, though now extinct it may be forever.

He was exact, almost stern in the discharge of his parochial duties, discoursing much upon the sanctity of all human affections, the care, the earnestness and devotion with which they should be fostered—the hazard of mistakes, the danger of abuse, and the fearful lethargy induced by worldliness and all ungenial influences. Upon subjects like these a strange eloquence grew upon him, a solemn majesty that went forth infusing itself amid his hearers, like the waving shadow of a great banner, moving to and fro, and giving boldness to the outlines of all things upon which the light falleth.

Herman Vortenberg was now a solitary man, waiting with patient faith for the good yet in store for him, and firmly and resolutely casting aside the shadows which the evils of early experience might rest upon his soul. He had once gathered the household gods about him; once, in the impetuosity of early passion, when the strong physical man is so apt to be misled by the seductions of beauty, it was then that beneath the green tree, like the idolaters of old, he set him up an altar and bowed in worship. Alas! for the highest divinity came not to the feast, and he quenched, even with his heart's blood and the soul's tears, the fires of his altar. Calmly, solemnly did he take it away, and alone in the sanctuary of his own soul bow down to the worship of the good and the true.

He had just left the University, high in honor, and full of that aimless enthusiasm that so often bewilders and disturbs the soul of early genius, as yet unrelieved by action or expression. The seclusion, too, of a student's life, while it afforded no opportunity for the exercise of early emotion, left ample room for the dreams of the imagination, and thus fostered the germ as yet dormant. Relieved from the routine of a collegiate life, he was conscious of a wild sense of freedom, an exulting power, a longing for action, a confused

and aimless grandeur of existence, equal to all things, but undetermined as to what. He was like the steed of the desert, for awhile a captive, but now rejoicing in freedom, tossing its mane to the winds of heaven, with dilating nostril and spurning hoof "snuffing the battle afar off," and ready for the fierce encounter. Thus the study that had filled him with thought had left him unready for action. Knowledge had become his own, but wisdom was to be the growth of painful experience, of soul-sickening, soul-withering contact and grapple with the hardness of human destiny.

What wonder, then, that the fascinations of Bertha C—— should fire the brain of the youthful and romantic student? At the time of his departure for the University she was a gay, beautiful girl, abounding in intellect, and holding as by a spell all who approached her. A mere boy, he had regarded her then with a sort of wonder, a something in which he had no concernment, beautiful, but remote. A few years his senior, she scarcely bestowed a glance upon the studious boy, who had never directed a stray regard to her face. In the short vacations he had been equally indifferent. Absorbed in his studies, he heard of her seductions just as he read of those of Helen or Cleopatra, beings who hitherto raised no emotion of sympathy.

The day of his return from the University, a small party were invited to his father's house; Bertha was of the guests. Nothing but ordinary civilities passed between them, and yet, when the youth retired to his pillow, he found the low tones of her voice lingering upon his ear, like a stray chord of music.

For the first time in his life, he felt that the soul had other desires than that for knowledge, other pursuits than that of glory. He tried to arrest this unwonted current of thought, to compose himself to slumber, but in vain. At this moment, the faint notes of a song came to his ear. He listened with a tumultuous thrill. He hardly breathed. He fell as if his soul had suddenly been dissolved, and mingled and became a part of that sweet melody.

Trust it not, the idle story,
  Love hath no abiding here—
Bubbles all are fame and glory,
  Nothing real but the tear.

Smiles are false, and still deluding,
  Hiding withered hearts and seer;
Fleet are they, for sighs intruding
  Usher in the coming tear.

The words were sung to a listless air, and so low as to be almost undistinguished, but the melody thrilled the very soul of the young student, while the words were graven upon the memory unconsciously at the time, but to become the material for after years of bitter reflection. He listened till the words died away, and then, overcome by emotion, he stepped out upon the terrace.

The moon was calm and clear, and the night wind, fresh from the sweet south, gave another drop of intoxication to his bewildered senses. The building was a low one of stone, covered with vines, and sheltered by trees of a primitive growth, which the taste of his forefathers had preserved in making the "clearing." The long sweep of these gigantic trees, in the dim light, gave a cathedral-like grandeur to the scene, and inspired emotions of love and religion.

The old vines that draped the building had been suffered to grow almost without pruning, and, in some parts, the terrace was nearly encumbered by their growth. Lifting up these, at an angle of the building, the songster was revealed to him, half reclining upon a low form, her eyes lifted to the moon, and bathed in tears. Obeying the first wild impulse of his heart, Herman rushed forward and knelt at her feet. She moved not, but her lustrous eyes fell slowly to the face of the youth, and their calm light entered his very soul.

"Bertha!"

She smiled faintly; there was more of sadness than of tenderness in that faint smile, and yet it was a blending of both. Who does not know of the fearful power that lurks in the self-possessed gentleness, the half-dreamy tenderness of a beautiful and mature woman, when acting upon the young and inexperienced!

He seized her hand—he covered it with kisses. She did not repel him, and yet the smile died from her lips—a deep sigh escaped her, and she burst into tears.

The youth sprung to his feet. "Oh, God! I have offended you—you are unhappy, and I have added a new pang, I who would have died to serve you."

She took his hand in hers, and drew him to the seat beside her. Her tears dried away, and there, by that still light, her low, gentle tones of voice blended with the calm night, and "lapped him in Elysium." She spake of the fickleness of human hearts, of the mockery of life, of its weariness, soul-

sickening vapidness. It was a new theme to the student, with his fresh and untried nature. It stirred the deep fountains of his sympathy. He looked into her tearful eyes, listened to her low voice, and drunk in a strange and wild bewilderment.

When, at length, she arose to leave him, and her long curls, shading her cheek, revealed yet her pure spiritual brow and deep eyes; the youth seemed to awake to a sense of life and bereavement.

"Go, Herman," she whispered, "forget this night, forget that you have seen me, and may God bless you."

The student slept none that night. A new life had been revealed to him. He wondered at his former existence, so cold and unreal, and hour after hour did he pace his lonely room, thinking of Bertha.

Bertha would have left the farm-house the next day, but the good mother of Herman saw that he desired her stay, and she playfully commanded her to abide. Week after week the youth yielded to her fascinations. A new meaning was revealed to him in the aspect of nature, and the language of poetry, and Bertha seemed to hold the key that unlocked beautiful mysteries. At length their vows were plighted.

Herman was an only son, the heir to wealth. Bertha had more than a competence. Worldly calculations were unthought of. He lavished upon her the fullness and freshness of a heart whose fountains she only had stirred, and Bertha——

As yet, Herman had no plan for life. To live that he might elucidate great truths, that he might be as a city set upon a hill in the highway of goodness, had hitherto been his ideal. Now, why should he not live to impart happiness to a human soul. Why would not the vast destiny of life be accomplished with him by devoting himself to one human being; to foster the true and ennobling, to develop the hidden mysteries of his and her heart; to go out into the beautiful in nature and art, and thus build up the temple of God in their own souls.

Bertha's clear intellect and imaginative character seemed to have acquired a new strength by association with the impassioned youth. Yet that strange calmness, that touching sadness was ever the same. New *thought* had been elicited, but the foundations of emotion were unmoved. Her lustrous eyes met his with the same look of dreamy tenderness, the faint smile yet played upon her lips, and that self-possessed gentleness was all unchanged. Yet there, even these, that might have aroused the suspicions of

one versed in the hidden language of the heart, wrought with stupendous power upon the unsophisticated student. The elements of her character were unlike his own, but it was the contrast that results in harmony. Her repose was refreshing to him. It supplied what was wanting in his own nature. It was like the dew imparting life and vigor to the plant scorched by the meridian sun.

They were wed. No change grew upon the youth. Bertha's affluence of thought was a never failing source of interest. Her gentle manners, her sweet playfulness of fancy, supplied an unfailing source of delight. Yet, in the midst of all this, a strange yearning grew upon the heart of the youth. A sense of chill even in the presence of his beautiful wife; a void unfilled even by her tenderness.

Prone to metaphysical subtleties, he began to question the nature of his emotions. He believed that perfect human love would result in entire content —in soul-fullness. More than once had Bertha hinted at a former attachment, which he, with mistaken magnanimity, had forborne to listen to, as a subject most painful to herself. He remembered, too, that he had more than once found her in tears, which she instantly suppressed, and met him with a smile such as could dwell on no other lips.

It was now his turn to smile sadly, to meet the gaze of Bertha with an aching tenderness; to feel how awful, even here, are the mysteries and revealments of the soul.

One evening he found Bertha in the library, bending over an old Lutheran Bible, discolored by time, yet its velvet covering and silver clasps betokened the care with which it had been preserved. It had belonged to one of the early reformers, and was regarded with great reverence by the family. She did not look up when Herman entered, and he thought her lost in pleasant reverie over the interesting relic.

When, however, he approached her, he saw her face was bathed in tears, and she was engaged in reading the answer of Jesus to the materialists of those days. Placing her finger upon the text, she raised her eyes slowly to his face, and repeated, in a voice scarcely above a whisper,

"Whose wife shall she be in the resurrection?"

Herman turned ghastly pale; a cold sweat started upon his brow, he staggered to a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

Bertha shuddered; she knelt down, and laid her head upon his knee, looking upward with that mysterious, sad face, now pale and passionless as

marble. At length, she heaved a deep sigh, and fell senseless to the floor.

Herman placed her upon a couch and bathed her cold face, till the sad eyes opened and met his agonized expression.

"Oh, Herman, Herman! I have committed a deadly sin, in that I swore, before God, to love and honor you, while my love, aye the deep love of a strong woman's strong nature, had been that of another. I have never dared to call you husband. I have entreated you to call me Bertha, for the name wife has been too holy for me to respond to."

A fierce light grew in the eyes of the wronged man, as he listened to these fearful words. He grasped her wrist convulsively, and looked sternly into her pale face.

"Woman, tell me solemnly, before God, if you felt all this at the time you consented to be mine."

"No, on my soul, dear Herman, I did not even then know the whole extent of my love for another—another, with all his worth and manhood, now in his grave;" and she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Bertha, you have mocked me; you have perjured your own soul, and plunged me into everlasting misery. You have bound us with cords that death only can sever, while we must from henceforth be as strangers to each other."

A shriek, wild and piercing, burst from the lips of the wretched woman, and she once more relapsed into insensibility. Herman again bathed her brow, unconsciously murmuring, "Oh, God, so beautiful, and yet so wretched—so noble, and yet so weak!"

"Weak, most weak!" responded Bertha, without unclosing her eyes. "But, Herman, even truth must be gradually unfolded to the mind. The blessed Savior recognized the weakness of human understanding when he said, 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now,' and he fulfilled his great mission, leaving these things unsaid. Is not the mystery of marriage one of these things? Is the human mind, even after the lapse of centuries, prepared to receive the true doctrine?"

Again, Herman found himself listening to the eloquence of those sweet lips, content to live upon the honey of words so purely framed, and again he forgot the mysterious sadness and the tranquilness of manner that revealed a soul whose destiny had been sealed.

“Dear Herman, those truths have been growing upon me; slowly but surely unfolding themselves to my mind. At the time of our contract, I was a solitary being, yearning for sympathy. I would have been content as your friend, your sister, but your vehemence forbade that. I was fearful of losing you altogether. I thought love was a thing to be conquered, to be transferred even.”

“Bertha—”

“Herman, I must say all now, it is better for both.”

“Go on, go on.”

Again she shuddered, and clasped her hands upon her breast, as if to keep back her emotion.

“I thought, Herman, that old things would pass away, forgetting that material things only perish in the using, while love is indestructible and eternal, growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.”

“Bertha, you drive me mad. You, who love me not, can talk in this wise, while I, I who have expended my whole soul upon you—” And he paced the room with clenched hands.

Most gently did Bertha exercise her powerful ministry. “No, Herman, yours is not love. It is an intellectual admiration, a content in thought, a gratified imagination, but love is more than this. It is too intangible for definement, yet the soul knoweth its presence by its fullness of content in the beloved. Herman, let me say all. I had not been able to detect its tokens, till I found I would sooner lose you, Herman, than lose the memory even of my buried love.”

“Oh, God! oh, God! is this life!” exclaimed the unhappy man.

“It is fearful, Herman, the weakness, not the vice, of our nature that has brought this upon us. I have endured this, dear Herman, and even more.”

Both were, for a long time, silent.

“Then, this doctrine of the true marriage has been a gradual revealment,” said Herman; “you did not, could not, understand these things in their present light, and yet consent to take such fearful vows upon yourself.”

“Never, never. Oh, God! Herman, to souls like ours, made to discern the truth, such vows, where the two are not one in spirit, truly and entirely one before God, are a fearful desecration. It is mockery of that holiest of all Divine appointments.”

“True, most true.” He grasped her arm with a strong grasp, and replied, huskily, “yet we are bound in the light of human institutions—bound till death, death, shall sever the bonds. Bound by human ties, though from henceforth strangers upon earth,” and he fell headlong to the floor.

Long and fearful was the malady that followed this terrible explanation. Bertha watched over his couch with sister-like assiduity, preserving her calm gentleness of demeanor, even while others were blanched with fear. Often and often, in the silence of his slumber, did she kneel down and pray that the bitterness of his cup might be assuaged. Often, in the wildness of his delirium, did she respond with some seasonable word of sympathy, that brought comfort to the inner soul.

Was there no strife in the soul of that strong woman, think ye? Had she no need of human sympathy under her load of suffering? Alas! no; she suffered but as she had brought suffering upon others; suffered for the infirmity of her woman-nature, but hers were divine ministrations, comfort from the Beloved, help from God.

Most beautiful grew she in her spiritual loveliness. Worn and stricken as she was, the true soul draped even mortality with angelic garments.

Herman slowly recovered from that long fever, and again listened to the soothing and elevating language of Bertha.

“Whose wife shall she be in the resurrection? Not mine, not mine, Bertha. I can think calmly of it now. But oh, God! the agony I have suffered; surely, surely there is a fearful retribution here! no, not retribution, for mistakes are followed often by more severe and protracted misery than even vice. But then they do their office of discipline to the soul, while sin brandeth thereon a perpetual stain.”

“Yes, dear Herman, we must be ‘made perfect through suffering,’ and the dismay of darkness causeth us to turn in search of the light.” She took his hand, and the tears slowly gathered in her eyes, for she had that to say that was most painful to be uttered. Herman closed his eyes, divining what was the nature of that mute, yet eloquent appeal.

“Speak, dear Bertha, I understand what you would say.”

There was one wild gush of agony, and she buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud. Herman laid his hand gently upon her head, and thus, in silent and holy communion, each praying that comfort might come to the heart of the other, without the utterance of a single word, was the external bond reverently recognized between them, yet as reverently spurned by the

spirit as no bond of union. Herman pressed his lips to her cold hand, and she arose from her kneeling posture, and imprinted one last kiss upon his brow.

And thus they parted, she to cherish the image of the heavenly; he to wrestle in spirit, to strive as striveth the strong man for the mastery of self—to go out into high and holy pathways searching forevermore for the good promised to the faithful.

Here died out in his soul all the promptings of ambition. Here arose a noble desire to impress worthily some few minds in the great mass of humanity.

Herman traveled many years; he sought the society of the gifted and the learned. Alas! he found a sorrow lurking in every heart. He found that love alone is its own exceeding great reward; but that few, very few, are equal to the gift.

SONNETS TO ——.

I.

Now tripping forth, the fairy-footed Spring
Awakens bud and bloom, and, liberal, fills
The air with balm, mantling the sunny hills
With living green. The purple martens wing
Their wheeling course, and, twittering sharply, sing
In treble notes a strange and keen delight,
And as they upward soar in airy flight,
Shrill through the sapphire arch their pæans ring.
Oh sweetheart mine! shall I unfold the theme
Bird, bud and blossom teach our swelling hearts?
Thy tell-tale blush replies! Nor idle deem
Nor slight the lesson Nature thus imparts,
While even Zephyr from his flight above,
Stooping to kiss thy cheek, sighs tenderly of LOVE!

II.

Nay, chide me not that I am jealous, love,
For in my doting fondness I am grown
A very miser of the beauties thrown
Profusely round thee from the gods above:
I'm even jealous of the pliant glove
Embracing oft thy slight and fairy hand,
And of sly Zephyr, with his whisper bland,
Who steals a-wooing from the budding grove
And dallies o'er thy cheek with soft caress,
And of the ray that trembles as it glows
Upon thy fresh lips' rosy loveliness—
For that dear hand I would with mine enclose,
And lip and cheek I would were mine alone,
And mine the only heart that thou wouldst wish to own.

III.

Come, dear one, smile consent! Thy fair young brow
Was never arched for stern Denial's frown—
Could angels glance like April sunbeams down
From their high thrones, where burning splendors glow,
To this cold sphere, cloud-mantled, far below,
As April's suns awake the budding flower
And from its sweet cup quaff the dropping shower,
Warmed by their breath would young Love's roses glow,
From Feeling's flushing cheek they'd kiss the tear,
And words of comfort to the worn heart tell—
And art not thou, my life, their sister dear!
Then in thy soul let kindred kindness dwell—
Unfold the wings stretched o'er thy bosom fair
And let my wearied spirit nestle there!

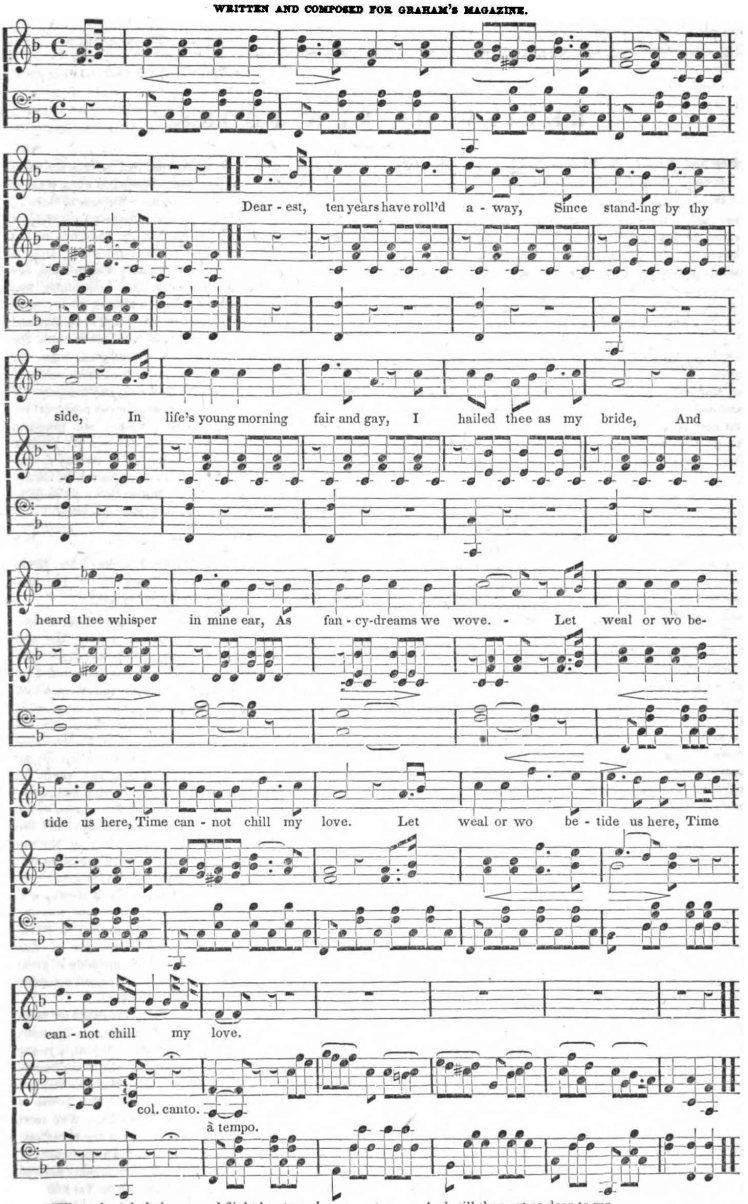
IV.

Come, dearest, to my heart. My soul and thine
A strange, ethereal, soft attraction feel:
Where'er I rove, my thoughts to thee incline,
Whate'er my purpose, still to thee I steal;
If in the temple to my God I kneel
My prayers for pardon blend with prayers for thee;
If on my senses slumber sets her seal
My dreaming spirit seeks thee, wild and free;
If in each other's presence blessed we stand,
Nearer and nearer still with smiles we move,
Soul melts with soul, as hand is joined in hand,
And throb and thrill attest the loadstar Love—
Bright, burning mystery! unknown to art,
But ever gently thus attracting heart to heart.

H.

TIME CANNOT CHILL MY LOVE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.



What, though their onward flight has traced
Deep furrows on thy brow
The sunlight of the blessed past
Shines on my mem'ry now:

And still thou art as dear to me—
Thy graces charming prove,
As when, in youth, I knelt to thee—
Time cannot chill my love.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Past and Present: By Thomas Carlyle. One volume duodecimo. Boston, Little & Brown.

We read every thing Carlyle writes with deep interest and careful attention, and though we are not wont to exclaim with the multitude against his vagueness and mysticism, we feel for him little of that profound reverence which seems to force his worshipers upon their knees at every new "utterance" with which he may favor the world. "Past and Present," lacks the lofty and sublime spirit of "Sartor Resartus," and the vivid, masterly painting of the "French Revolution," but to a good degree it combines the minor beauties of both these works. It is upon a subject of deep interest: the condition and prospects of England: and the views it expresses are philosophical and unquestionably true. The book consists of three parts: the first is entitled "The Ancient Monk," and aims, by an allegory, to set forth the superiority of the twelfth century over the nineteenth in this particular—a clear-sighted appreciation of manhood, a spirit to discover and welcome greatness and moral power wherever exhibited, and an ability to get a true aristocracy of talent to act the parts of governor. The present age, the author thinks, is under the dominion of Humbug, Sham, Pretension: the twelfth century trampled these under foot, and gave the sceptre to worth and genius; and we must learn to do the same if we would have in us any real life and truth, and substantial and permanent prosperity. The second part is called the "Modern Worker," and sets forth powerfully and truly the sad condition of the working classes, the uselessness of idlers, and the sad condition into which the misery and growing despair of the one class, and the luxury and inhumanity of the other, are fast hurrying modern society. The third part—called "Horoscope"—seeks to read the future, or rather to point to the sources whence deliverance must come, if it come at all. In the reorganization of labor, the establishment of a system whereby the laborer shall obtain a permanent interest in the work upon which he is engaged, and perchance a direct interest in the land he tills or the fruits he cultivates, Mr. Carlyle sees the beginning of the better day. The soul of the nation, too, must awake to manhood and strength; higher views of the aims of life must prevail; the gifted must acquire new power; and Mammonism must lose somewhat of its supremacy before health and perfect peace will be restored.

Now we do not complain that this is not practical—that It is visionary and vague—though doubtless it will thus strike the popular apprehension. It is the work of a philosopher, and is therefore necessarily theoretical: it goes back beyond the rules and shallow inductions of expediency to the first principles of national strength and social health. This is just what is needed and what should most be prized. The speculations of political economists, the devices of skillful slight-of-hand statesmen, are plentiful enough, perhaps somewhat too plentiful for the public good. It is well to turn thoughtful minds to a higher ground, to excite true-hearted men to a nobler effort, and to infuse into the atmosphere of political and social speculation a purer spirit, a higher and more nourishing life. Without this all state reform is quackery, and will show itself to be that by its fruits. Carlyle thus does high service to the cause of Humanity when he writes such books as this: and no true-hearted man can fail to thank him for them. But we are sure he does not do all he might, and that he does far more incidental mischief than he ought. Were this work written in the style of "Schiller's Life" or the "Review of Burns,"—were all its eccentricities and affectations carefully avoided, and had the author uttered the thoughts he has here so fantastically expressed, in the pure, strong style at his early days—a style which ordinary Englishmen, for whom he ought to have written, can understand, and which carries with it a convincing power—it would have aroused the intelligent throughout the nation to serious and sad reflection. Now, it will have this effect with the coterie, and remain a sealed book to the great mass, for whom it should have been prepared. The author seems to us thus completely to defeat his own aim, and to render his book, which is really one of the most able and powerful recently written, one of the least influence and practical effect. We are firmly of the opinion, too, that Mr. Carlyle is doing more than any other ten writers of the day to corrupt the language in which he writes—to destroy its beauty and despoil it of its chief glory. But we have no room to pursue this subject, or to say more of the book itself.

Marmaduke Wyvil, or the Maid's Revenge: By Henry William Herbert. Author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," etc., etc. New York and London, 1843.

Mr. Herbert understands, as well as any of our cotemporaries, the art of writing a historical novel. His previous works of this class have been greatly and deservedly praised, and in Marmaduke Wyvil he has surpassed them all, both in character-painting and in the skill with which he has woven the story. The period is that of the close of the civil wars of the English revolution—the action beginning on the day following the battle of

Worcester—and the earlier campaigns of the French commotions of the Fronde. The scene lies partly in England, partly in France, varying from the quiet English park and homestead, the country maypole and the village green, to the gay saloons of Paris, the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the gray towers of Notre Dame—from the study of the secluded scholar and the bower of ladies, to the camp and battle-field beside the Seine and Hyère. Among the real characters introduced are the Mareschals Turenne and Condé and the Duke of York, afterward James the Second; Louis Quatorze, Anne of Austria, the Cardinal de Retz, and many other of the magnificent personages of that strange and picturesque era, more prolific probably in great men and great events than any from the Norman conquest to the days of George the Fourth of England.

The story is briefly told. Alice Selby the daughter of an old abstracted scholar—wise in books and utterly ignorant of men and the world—saves Marmaduke Wyvil, a young and noble cavalier, from the pursuit of the Roundheads, and secretes him in a crypt of Woolverton Hall, her father's residence, with the old man's consent. The house is searched that night by the Puritans in vain. The next morning, at a village inn hard by, three men ore breakfasting: a pedlar, Bartram, a warrener in the employment of Selby, and a forester of Lord Fairfaix: when there arrives a farmer riding the horse of Wyvil, which he has found in the woods. They are all arrested by a party of Roundheads who come up; Despard, a cornet, ill-treats the idiot boy of the innkeeper, and, maddened by the opposition of Frank Norman, the forester, orders his men to shoot him, when in the nick of time arrives Henry Chaloner, cousin of Alice Selby, and Major General of the District, who stops the execution and dismisses Despard, who is afterward cashiered. Chaloner, after an interview at the inn with Alice—who has come out to see her poor pensioners—rides to the hall and acquaints her father that he is ordered to search it thoroughly the next day—with his regrets at the necessity, and his determination to do his duty. He subsequently rescues Alice when attacked by disbanded soldiers in the park—is wounded—and in the evening proposes to her, but is tenderly and tearfully rejected. The hall is once more searched, and unsuccessfully. Chaloner departs—Alice continues for months to minister to Wyvil in concealment, and both fall mutually in love. Despard, in disguise, hangs about the premises, satisfied of Wyvil's presence, and leagued with the disbanded soldiers to seize him for the reward by the government. The cavalier's escape from England is planned by the pedlar, Bartram—at the last moment he confesses his passion—is accepted by Alice—their love is sanctioned by her father, and he arrives in France after a desperate conflict in which Despard is killed by the idiot boy.

In France, Wyvil enters the royal army engaged in suppressing the civil war of the Fronde, and on various occasions greatly distinguishes himself. Rescuing Sir Henry Oswald and his daughter from the troops of the Prince of Lorraine, he wavers in his faith, gradually forgets Alice Selby, and loves and is loved by Isabella Oswald. Meantime, the pedlar, Bartram, or rather Colonel Penruddock, the royalist, is taken with letters on his person from Wyvil to Alice, which are read by the Parliament; Selby and his daughter are forced to fly to France, and their estates are sequestered and given by Cromwell's connivance to Chaloner, who pays the rents to Selby.

The French court returns to Paris, and Alice and her father go to stay with their relative, Madame de Gondi, a high court lady of English descent, married to a kinsman of Cardinal de Retz. Alice, walking in the Tuileries, overhears Wyvil deny her, and propose to Isabella Oswald. She is seen by Louis the Fourteenth, invited to a court ball, dances with the king, and is admired and honored by all the nobles. Wyvil sees her, his old love revives, he endeavors to regain his position with her; she detects him in falsehood both to herself and Isabella, and utterly rejects him. He returns to Isabella, who becomes acquainted with Alice Selby, and her friend. Alice, still attached to Wyvil, believing him to be really in love with Isabella, and that his temporary return to her was the effect of honorable feeling, sacrifices herself to Marmaduke's happiness, finds herself gradually falling into consumption, and endeavors to bring about their union. Her father discovers Wyvil's treachery, and in a violent altercation with him breaks a blood vessel and dies. She, ignorant of Wyvil's implication with his death, makes over part of her property—which has just been restored to her by Cromwell, who has sent her a free pardon by Chaloner, visiting Paris on his way to the Hague as envoy—to her false lover, who thus gains Sir Henry's consent to marry Isabella. This is the Maid's Revenge!

The marriage ceremony begins in Notre Dame. Alice is present, veiled, with Chaloner—she faints—Chaloner reveals Wyvil's baseness, who shrinks away discarded by all who know him. Alice dies, happy and forgiving. Upon her death-bed she conjures Chaloner to marry Isabella, who is also by her side, at some future day, and leaves him all her property. Chaloner, possessed by a fanatical idea that God has appointed him an avenger to slay Wyvil, visits him at night, and, in spite of his reluctance, forces him to accept his challenge to a mortal duel on the morrow. Wyvil, alone, half mad with remorse and despair, drinks deeply to recover his courage, fancies he sees the ghost of Alice beckoning him, pursues it, and rushing through the open window falls into the open street, and dies miserably; so Chaloner, coming in the morning to lead Wyvil to the field, finds the dead body, and

perceives and confesses the falsity and wickedness of his previous fancy. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!" Years afterward, Chaloner marries Isabella Oswald, and they live and die happily at Woolverton Hall.

The novel might as well have been called Principle and Passion, as the interest turns on the struggle between the two, and the victory of the former. Wyvil is not naturally nor thoroughly bad, but wavering, vacillating, impulsive, lacking fixed principle and resolution, and falling step by step into vice. Chaloner is a perfectly consistent, noble, calm, upright character. Although there is no lack of exciting action, and much more colloquy than in Mr. Herbert's other romances, there is, perhaps, too much of quietly elaborated still life in the work—yet, when scenes are painted with such Claude-like skill, the reader who has taste will not be likely to complain. The tone of Marmaduke Wyvil is throughout decidedly moral, and the author has the rare faculty of not making his morality so obtrusive as to be offensive.

Hoboken; A Romance of New York: By Theodore S. Thy. New York, Harper & Brothers; Philadelphia, Zieber & Co.

As in the "Countess Ida" and "Norman Leslie," Mr. Fay has endeavored in this novel to awaken the feelings of the heart and to array the convictions of the judgement against the crime of dueling. Henry and Franklin Lenox are sons of a popular lawyer in New York, and lovers of Fanny Elton, by whom both of them are rejected. Subsequently the younger Lenox resents an insult offered to Miss Lenox by a Captain Glendenning, of the British army, by knocking him down in the theatre, and a duel at Hoboken is the consequence. The bullet of Lenox passes through the hat of his adversary, who fires into the air and apologizes for the acknowledged insult. The parties become friends, and Glendenning returns to Montreal, where he is taunted by Colonel Nicholson, his commanding officer, with having too precipitately adjusted his quarrel. He revisits New York, and in a second meeting with Lenox kills him. The elder brother on being rejected by Miss Elton goes abroad, and while traveling on the continent with the Earl of Middleton—previously introduced to the reader as Colonel Nicholson—encounters Glendenning, whose life has been embittered by his unhappy affair in New York, and who now in his presence accuses the Earl of having forced him to the fatal duel with Franklin Lenox. He ascertains that the charge is true, challenges Middleton, and kills him. On returning to America he learns that his rejection by Fanny Elton was caused by the slanders of an enemy, and is married to her. Such, in brief, is the outline of the tale,

inwoven with which is a history of the gradual conversion of Henry Lenox from deism to a true faith and holy life. The characters are skillfully and boldly drawn, the incidents are generally natural and dramatic, and some of the scenes are painted with remarkable power. Yet the novel is far from being faultless, in many ways. The mother of the heroes is said to be a religious woman, but in her life are exhibited few of the graces of the Christian character, and she fails to exert that heavenly influence upon her sons which ever makes the pious mother the guardian angel. Captain Glendenning is absurdly represented as choosing to fight with the rifle, a weapon never used by Europeans in the duel. We might point out many trivial defects and errors in the work, but its excellence in the main is so great that we feel little inclination so to do. Very few more pure and elevating or more interesting fictions have been written by Americans. The author well deserves our gratitude for his earnest and long-continued efforts to induce the abandonment of a custom which here, if not more frequent, is certainly more sanguinary than in any other country, by the only effective means of reform, appeals to the understanding and the heart.

The History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the Time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand VII. By Don Juan Antonio Llorente. Philada.: J. M. Campbell & Co.

The author of this work was Secretary of the Tribunal of Madrid, from 1790 to 1702, and compiled from its official records the only authentic account of that celebrated court ever published. Mr. Prescott, in his admirable History of Ferdinand and Isabella, says it deserves to be studied as the record of the most humiliating triumph which fanaticism has been able to obtain over human reason, and that, too, during the most critical periods, and in the most civilized portion of the world. Messrs. Campbell & Co. have issued it as a part of their Select Library of Religious Literature.

Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie, with Sketches of American Life: By C. F. Hoffman, author of "Greyslaer," "A Winter in the West," Etc. New York, W. H. Collyer.

These "Wild Scenes" were published originally in London some three or four years ago, and were greatly praised by the appreciating critics of that metropolis. They are decidedly the most easy yet spirited, off-hand yet elaborate sketches of American life that have been written. In the edition before us the author has added "Ben Blower's Story," and "The Enchanted Gun," which our readers will remember is among the richest contributions

lately made to our own magazine. They are characteristic, though some of the scenes and sketches are us much distinguished for quiet beauty and pathos as these for provincial drollery and humor. Mr. Hoffman's style is easy, graphic, vigorous, and his language pure, idiomatic, uncorrupt. In these hot days nothing but a sight of the forests and the prairies themselves can be more grateful than these pictures of them and of the life led among them.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: By James Stephen. One volume, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Cary & Hart.

This volume contains eight articles from the Edinburgh Review, on William Wilberforce, Whitfield and Fronde, D'Aubigae's History of the Great Reformation, the Life and Times of Richard Baxter, the Physical Theory of Another Life, the Port Royalists, Ignatius Loyola and his associates, and Taylor's Edwin the Fair. As they severally appeared they were very generally attributed to Macauley who was supposed to be the only periodical writer of the day capable of producing papers at the same time so brilliant and so profound.

The Lawyer: His Character and Rule of Holy Life: By Edward O'Brien. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

A work written with simplicity and thoughtful earnestness resembling somewhat the "Country Parson" of pious George Herbert. Its main principle is the duty of governing legal practice by the *law of Conscience*.

The American Book Circular: With Notes and Statistics. Pamphlet. London, 1843.

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam are publishers and importers of foreign books in New York, and importers of American books in London, where the junior partner and writer of this clever pamphlet has his residence. The few preliminary notes and statistics appended to a classified list of some of the most important and recent American publications, are in reply to a passage in the tenth volume of the History of Europe, in which Mr. Alison describes that literature and intellectual ability of the highest order meet with little encouragement in this country, and that though the names of Cooper, Channing and Irving amply prove that our soil is not wanting in genius of the most fascinating character, yet that the fact that their works are nearly all published in London is a decisive proof of the necessity of European habits and ideas to its due development. Mr. Putnam most clearly demonstrates the

falsity of the historian's premises and conclusions, by an array of facts. He shows that the best works of our own authors are in nearly every instance published first at home, and that the best literature of England is as much read here as in Great Britain. He also points out numerous instances of literary piracy by the English quite as flagrant as any of which the Americans themselves have been accused: such as the publication of the writings of Dr. Bird, Dr. Ware, Joseph C. Neal, "Mary Clavers" and others, as original works by English authors, etc. Cases of this kind are most abundant.

The History of the Christian Religion and Church, during the First Three Centuries: By Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the German by Henry John Rose, B.D. One volume, octavo. Philadelphia, J. M. Campbell & Co.

Neander's History of the Christian Religion has been regarded from its first appearance at Berlin in 1825, as one of the most profound and impartial works of the kind ever written. The version by Mr. Rose is the only one that has been published in the English language, and the present is the first edition of it that has been printed in America, where the book has long been greatly needed, especially by the whole body of theological students. The author united deep scholarship and extensive views of human nature with warm feelings for the higher parts of the Christian scheme; and rich as is the theological literature of Germany we doubt whether it embraces a single work that will be more read than this in the after ages.

Travels in Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land: By the Rev. Stephen Olin, D.D., President of the Wesleyan University. With twelve illustrations on steel. Two volumes, duodecimo. New York, Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Olin is one of the most able and popular clergymen of the Methodist Church in the United States. He went abroad in 1639—visited the most interesting scenes of Europe, Africa and Asia, and returned in the early months of 1642. Though less elaborate and learned than Robinson, and somewhat less spirited than Stephens, the record of his travels is inferior in interest and value to the general reader to no work of the kind that has ever appeared in this country. His style is simple, pure and earnest, and his descriptions of manners, antiquities, etc., remarkably graphic.

The Portion of the Soul: By the Rev. Herman Hooker, author of "Popular Infidelity," etc. Third Edition, enlarged. Philadelphia, H. Hooker.

One of the most profound and beautiful religious essays in our language —equal, in thought and diction, to the best works of the "great masters" of practical theology, the fathers of the English church.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS No. VII
W. C. Bryant

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

Some photographs have been enhanced to be more legible.

A Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience.

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. XXIII No. 1 July 1843* edited by George Rex Graham]