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THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS,

WITH A BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL AQUATINT VIEW,

Drawn and engraved expressly for this work by Bennett.

At this elevation, you may wear woollen and sleep under blankets in midsummer; and that is a pleasant temperature where much hard work is to be done in the way of pleasure-hunting. No place so agreeable as Catskill, after one has been parboiled in the city. New-York is at the other end of that long thread of a river, running away south from the base of the mountain; and you may change your climate in so brief a transit, that the most enslaved broker in Wall-street may have half his home on Catskill. The cool woods, the small silver lakes, the falls, the mountain-tops, are all delicious haunts for the idler-away of the hot months; and, to the credit of our taste, it may be said they are fully improved—Catskill is a "resort."

From the Mountain-House, the busy and all-glorious Hudson is seen winding half its silver length—towns, villas, and white spires, sparkling on the shores, and snowy sails and gaily-painted steamers, specking its bosom. It is a constant diorama of the most lively beauty; and the traveller, as he looks down upon it, sighs to make it a home. Yet a smaller and less-frequented stream would best fulfil desires born of a sigh. There is either no seclusion on the Hudson, or there is so much that the conveniences of life are difficult to obtain. Where the steamers come to shore, (twenty a day, with each from one to seven hundred passengers,) it is certainly far from secluded enough; yet, away from the landing-places, servants find your house too lonely, and your table, without unreasonable expense and trouble, is precarious and poor. These mean and *menus plaisirs* reach, after all, the very citadel of philosophy. Who can live without a cook or a chambermaid, and dine seven days in the week on veal, consoling himself with the beauties of a river-side?

On the smaller rivers these evils are somewhat ameliorated; for in the rural and uncorrupt villages of the interior, you may find servants born on the spot, and content to live in the neighbourhood. The market is better, too, and the society less exposed to the evils that result from too easy an access to the metropolis. No place can be rural, in all the *virtues* of the phrase, where a steamer will take the villager to the city between noon and night, and bring him back between midnight and morning. There is a suburban look and character about all the villages on the Hudson which seems out of place among such scenery. They are suburbs; in fact, steam has destroyed the distance between them and the city.

The Mountain-House on the Catskill, it should be remarked, is a luxurious hotel. How the proprietor can have dragged up, and keeps dragging up, so many superfluities from the river level to that eagle's nest, excites your wonder. It is the more strange, because in climbing a mountain the feeling is natural that you leave such enervating indulgences below. The mountain-top is too near heaven. It should be a monastery to lodge in so high—a St. Gothard, or a Val-lambrosa. But here you may choose between Hermitages, "white" or "red," Burgundias, Madeiras, French dishes, and French dances, as if you had descended upon Capua.

(COMMUNICATED.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

I HAVE mentioned Mr. Randolph's admiration of those who made no pretensions to what they did not understand. "Shoemaker, stick to your last," was often in his mouth. Speaking one day of a favourite overseer, he said:

"With a little more education, sir, he would be fit for any office under the government. He has the *proper* kind of confidence in himself, sir. When he feels that he is in the right, he will not give up even to *me*, sir; and I respect him the more for it. Last year, sir, I undertook to instruct him in a new mode of planting tobacco on my estate, which I had picked up in Washington, and I requested him to give it a trial. He heard me patiently and then replied: 'I respect your opinions, Mr. Randall (for he never pronounced my name rightly) on all subjects but one—*planting tobacco*. You're my superior, sir, in every other kind of knowledge; but I reckon, sir, that I understand *planting tobacco* better than you or any other man on the plantation; and you need not lecture me out of your *books*, when I understand *nature*; therefore, sir, if you please, I'll plant your tobacco in my own way, or I'll not plant it at all!' His downright *common sense* (a scarce article just now!) was irresistible, sir, and I struck at once; gave it up, sir; and that season I raised a great crop."

Even his favourite slaves came in for a share of his praises. Who has not heard of the faithful "Juba" and "John?" Their devotion to their master surpassed "the love of woman." He was never tired of narrating some anecdote of their attachment. Many a time, when describing the character of some leading politician, whose character he did not particularly admire, he would say:

"Why, sir, he has not half the talents of my man Juba. Give Juba some more learning—book knowledge, I mean, sir, not *head-work*, he has *that*—and I'll match him against half the cabinet, sir, for real, substantial talents. He'd make a general, sir, or a member of congress, and cannot be corrupted *even in Washington, sir!*"

Mr. Randolph first entered congress in the year 1799. So very youthful was his appearance, that the speaker of the house of representatives hesitated before he administered to him the usual oath, saying:

"You must pardon me, Mr. Randolph, for asking whether you have reached the age to entitle you to a seat here?"

"Go, sir, and *ask my constituents*; it was *they* who sent me here!" was his indignant reply.

The speaker construed this characteristic answer into an affirmative, and immediately administered the oath. The actual fact was, that when elected he was *not* of the legal age; but he attained it *before* the meeting of congress, and thus barely "saved his distance."

It is well known that for some years he was one of the pets of the democratic party. He was very much flattered by the great "apostle of equal rights," Thomas Jefferson, and gave his support to the measures of the administration after the defeat of the elder Adams.

But I cannot imagine that Mr. Randolph was ever, in principle, a genuine democrat. All his feelings and all his tastes, when I knew him, were aristocratic. He was the

decided foe to "universal suffrage" and "voting by ballot." He used to say to me, whilst discussing the subject:

"Thank heaven, in old Virginia none but freeholders can vote; and they, sir, cannot avail themselves of that modern invention for deception, the '*ballot-box*,' to hide their sentiments of men and things. I hope, sir, that I may never live to see the day when a Virginia freeholder, be he rich or poor, will be ashamed to declare at the polls for whom he gives his suffrage! Nor when a candidate for Congress or the Legislature will refuse to meet his constituents face to face, and address them *in his own favour, sir!* No private caucuses, no newspaper harangues for me, sir; they may do '*north of Mason and Dixon's line*,' but do not suit our southern habits, sir."

"Well," said I, "I suppose you carry your notions of independence so far as to think a representative is not bound to obey his constituents unless his own opinion agrees with theirs?"

"Sir," said he, with a smile, "I don't like to answer direct interrogatories, and you are not my *father confessor*. On the first day of election it has always been my practice, as in old England, to attend at the court-house, where I consider that every *freeholder* has a right to ask me any question he chooses. How I would answer such a question as you have just put, sir, I cannot tell *elsewhere*, and especially to you who are *not* my constituent; but it is likely, sir, either that I would yield to my constituents, or *they to me*, for we never yet have quarrelled; and no other man ever had *such* constituents as I have, sir; they come of the good old Virginia stock, pure and unmixed."

He loved to talk of the "old times" when Virginia was the "empire state," and when her great men seemed to guide the spirit of the whole Union. He was full of anecdotes of these men, all characteristic; and some days their histories would form the chief topic of his conversation; but he generally wound up his very vivid description of past days after this manner:

"But, alas! sir, the '*glory of Israel* has departed.' *Old Virginia* is no more! *The Virginia gentleman* of my younger days, our pride and our boast, has ceased to be a reality; for which we may thank that suicidal act, the repeal of the good old English law of primogeniture, sir. Our politicians made a great mistake, sir, in breaking down our native aristocracy. Whilst it existed, we had an ascendancy in the councils of the nation, which has *now* nearly ceased; our patricians are on a par with the successful Yankee traders, and the backwoodsmen of a wilderness which we have foolishly permitted to be elevated into *new* states, sir. Why, sir, these Yankees are even making inroads upon our home-quarters. Not satisfied with being mere traders, sir, they want to purchase our estates! I must tell you an anecdote of one of them: he had made his fortune as a tobacco merchant, which I suppose gave him a *taste* for the *soil*, and, in the course of his '*travels in search of a plantation*,' he took a fancy to '*Roanoke*.' I had just finished my dinner, when a stranger was announced by Juba. 'Ask the gentleman into the parlour,' said I. In a few moments a tall, matter-of-fact New-Englander came in, and, very much at his ease, took a seat. After I had tendered him the hospitalities of my table, sir, I inquired to what I must attribute the honour of this unexpected visit? He replied, 'Why, Mr. Randolph, I was admiring this here plantation of yours, and, as far as I see, the land is *naturally* good, but rather over-worked; but no matter, the situation pleases me; and so, if you're reasonable in your price, I guess you'll find me liberal. Come, now, make no mystery, but just say what you'll take at a word, for *niggers* and

all?' As this was said under my own roof, I suppressed all anger, and very quietly said, 'Perhaps, sir, you will first accompany me a short walk?' To this he assented, and we walked in silence until we reached the stream that divides my estate from my next neighbour's. I then, looking him sternly in the face, said, 'You have grossly insulted me, sir, under my own roof; but Virginia hospitality forbade my noticing it there. How dare you, sir, ask John Randolph, of Roanoke, to part with his patrimonial estate, within view of these patrimonial oaks, and surrounded by his patrimonial slaves? If ever necessity compelled me to part with it, be assured, sir, to none of *your nation* would I transfer it. There lies my boundary—pass it—quickly, sir, quickly!—and the next time you ever commit a trespass on *this* side, look out, sir, for *my best rifle-ball*!' He was quickly out of sight, sir, and that is the *last* offer I ever received for '*Roanoke*.' The spirit of gain, sir, is fast destroying what little chivalry we had left; we are becoming a mere matter-of-fact, money-making people; and *we* poor southerners are bound, hand and foot, to our '*Egyptian taskmasters*' of New-England. Yes, sir, the '*glory* has departed from Israel!'"

In speaking of the great men whom he admired, I soon discovered that his three principal favourites were Chief-Justice Marshall, Mr. Tazewell, and Nathaniel Macon—whom he always called "Uncle Nat." If ever any question arose at the whist-table, he used playfully to exclaim, "I'll leave it to '*Uncle Nat*,' or '*Tazewell*;' their decisions are law to me, for they are always right."

He was equally plain in speaking of those whom he disliked; but, as it was very evident to me that his mind was filled with prejudices pre-conceived, which rendered him a partial judge, it would be out of place to record in these "recollections" the names of those whom he did not admire.

"You are aware, sir," said he to me one day, "that I opposed the war, as I thought it a very unnecessary one; but, after hostilities had actually commenced, I felt as an American citizen; and being desirous of giving what small aid I could to the government, I raised a corps among my neighbours, and then wrote to the secretary at war, requesting to be informed in what way I could be most useful? How long do you suppose it took for the cabinet to decide on my simple application? Nine days, sir!—*just the time it takes for a young puppy to open its eyes*."

This I give as a specimen of his peculiar satire in political matters. A disinterested person would be very apt to think that, with so many momentous affairs before him, the secretary was rather quick than otherwise in sending a reply within nine days.

Prejudiced as he was against New-England men, I was rather surprised with the answer he gave to my question—"Who is your favourite candidate for president after Mr. Monroe's time expires?"

"Why, sir," replied he, "I should at once say Rufus King, if it were not for the *wrong* vote he gave on the Missouri question. He is the best man north of the Potomac, a gentleman of the old school; and, above all, sir, he is *an honest man*—rather a singular exception among politicians at present, sir. He made a sad mistake on that question; but he believed himself in the right, sir, and I esteem him still, although he never will do for president *now*. A southern man we must have, but where to place my choice I cannot yet decide, sir. '*Uncle Nat*' would be the *best* man, but he is too wise to take it, if offered, and too honest to get it, if a candidate, sir."

I have mentioned that he had with him a very large box,

filled with books of every description. He was kind enough to offer me the use of them, saying :

"Take my advice, and don't read any of the novels; and when you get home, sir, tell your father that I recommended abstinence from novel-reading and *whiskey-punch*. Depend upon it, sir, they are both equally injurious to the brains."

His favourite author was "Milton," and he frequently gave us readings from "Paradise Lost," stopping occasionally to point out the beauties of the poem. Young, Thompson, Johnson and Southey did not please his taste; they were, he said, too artificial. But his classification of modern poems was very original.

"Sir, I place first on this list 'Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress,' for its great wit and satire; next the 'Two-penny Post-bag,' for similar excellencies; and third, 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' for every variety of sentiment, well expressed. But, sir, (no offence to Ireland,) I can't go Moore's songs; they are too sentimental by half; all ideal, sir, and *above* nature."*

Turning over his books one morning I was surprised to find a copy of "Fanny," Mr. Halleck's very clever satirical poem, which had been recently published.

"I am glad," said I, "that you do not proscribe *Yankee* poetry as well as *Yankee* codfish."

"Oh no, sir," replied he, "I always admire talent, no matter where it comes from; and I consider this little work as the best specimen of American poetry that we have yet seen. I am proud of it, sir; and I mean to take it to London with me, and to present it to that lady whose talents and conversation I shall most admire."

I may mention here, although somewhat out of place, that when we met in London in June following, I suddenly recollected this circumstance, and said to him :

"By the way, Mr. Randolph, to whom did you present 'Fanny'?"

"To your countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, sir; she has no competitor, in my estimation. She fairly won the book, sir."

He proposed one fine morning to read "Fanny" to me aloud, and on deck, where we were enjoying a fine breeze and noontide sun. It was the most amusing "reading" I ever listened to. The *notes* were much longer than the poem; for, whenever he came to a well-known name, up went his spectacles and down went the book, and he branched off into some anecdote of the person or of his family. Thus we "progressed" slowly from page to page, and it actually consumed *three* mornings before we reached,

"And music ceases when it rains
In Scudder's balcony."

The anecdotes were of too personal a nature for insertion here, but they were not the less entertaining to me at the time. Mr. Halleck may feel proud at having had so original a "commentator."

His "commonplace book" was a travelling library of knowledge, and deserved to be ranked among the "curiosities of literature." I never saw such a strange medley. Such chapters upon horses, slaves, farming, politics, epitaphs, family history, recipes for cooking, congressional anecdotes, marriages, deaths, etc. etc. They were alphabetically arranged for his own convenience. I had a great desire to steal that book!

An amusing proof of its *utility* occurred one day after dinner.

The conversation turned upon the old families of Phila-

delphia, and the captain casually remarked that a certain event occurred the same year that Mr. Smith was married to *Julia H.*

"You are wrong there, captain," interrupted Randolph; "it was *Jane H.* he married, and not *Julia.*"

"Really, Mr. Randolph," replied the captain, laughing, "although you *do* know everything, yet I hope you will admit that in the present case my knowledge exceeds yours, inasmuch as the young lady is a kind of relative."

"That may all be, captain," replied Randolph; "but, so certain am I of being right, I will bet you a pipe of wine."

"It would not be a fair bet," said the captain, "as I am so sure you are wrong."

"Never mind the odds, captain," rejoined Randolph; "I take all the risk, and make the bet with my eyes open. Will you bet, sir?"

"Well, sir," said the captain, "as you have already won one pipe from me, I shall take your kind offer, and thus win it back again. But how shall we decide it?"

"Stop a moment, sir," replied Randolph. "Steward, bring me my 'big book;' my *log-book*, as I call it. Now let us turn to the letter H."

And, sure enough, there was an account of the marriage of Mr. Smith to Miss *Jane H.*, with some additional circumstances which at once attracted the captain's attention, who exclaimed :

"By Jupiter, Mr. Randolph, it *was Jane*, sure enough; now I remember; but how the d—! could I make such a blunder! Two pipes of wine gone! I'll never contradict you again, sir. You're *always* right!"

We enjoyed a hearty laugh at the captain's expense, and Randolph told him the bet was all a joke, as he never meant to fill his cellar at his expense.

In explanation, Randolph told us that something had happened to him in connection with the *H.* family, which gave them an interest in his eyes, and he had noted down all their marriages; never, of course, expecting to make such use of the memorandum as our conversation so strangely called forth. After that day our gentlemen were very careful how they took up his bets on any subject. H.

(COMMUNICATED.)

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A NOVEL FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SCRIBE.

(CONCLUDED.)

The next morning when I awoke, after some hours of oppressive sleep, oh! how changed I found all around me—how changed I found myself! There was so much bitterness in my soul, such a void in my thoughts; a sadness so heavy and dull enveloped me like a winding-sheet that I was tempted to take myself for another, and seek her who, the evening before, was called by my name; she, the young girl so simple and credulous, so happy with little, so content to dream and love; she, who believed that sincerity, constancy, and disinterested love were virtues inseparable from the character of a man of honour. I could not get up; a burning fever kept me in my bed. Fortunately the state I was in appeared to have some resemblance to the symptoms of a slight epidemic, then prevalent in the neighbouring villages; this circumstance turned my attention and conjectures, and prevented two visits that would have been insupportable to me. Madame Laurenty and Clementine feared to expose themselves to the epidemic by coming to my room, and contented themselves by sending their inquiries. It was not thus with my excellent guardian, whose sincere and lively affection hindered him from making prudent calculations. He came to see me, and remained a long time at my pillow, and never appeared more tender or more affectionate. He spoke to me of the joy caused

* He never was a lover.—*Eds. NEW MIR.*

him by the approaching marriage of his daughter, and I had the strength to be calm when listening to it.

"When heaven," said he, "will to take me to itself, I shall close my eyes in peace, for I shall have the conviction that my wife and Laurette will find, in the son-in-law I have chosen, a guide, a protector and support, that will never fail them, and shall feel no uneasiness about their future welfare. I saw plainly, among the aspirants to the fortune of my eldest daughter, some men capable of making good husbands; but a person at the same time distinguished for his mind, his manners, and his heart, I could not find until you, my Adelaide, brought me the phoenix so rare in all places, and still more so in our province. I hope heaven will soon do me the favour to enable me to repay you by sending me a husband worthy of you."

This discourse, had it come from any other lips but his, would have caused all the feelings of my soul to revolt; now, on the contrary, it inspired me with feelings of resignation. The thought that my misery served to accomplish the dearest wishes of the benevolent man to whom I owed everything, sustained me, and impressed upon me the duty of the sacrifice. Turning all my thoughts to this view of the case, I firmly resolved in no way to lessen the joy of the house, and determined to wear, at least in my countenance, the victory I had not the power to obtain over my heart. Heaven knows this resolution was sincere; but how many efforts it cost me to execute it! how many burning tears flowed when I attempted to smile! how many times, instead of being strengthened by the sight of the happiness of him whom I called father, I felt myself suddenly rebel against the fate which gave to another the good I had so much hoped for! What anguish, what redoubled grief did the least occurrence bring me! What effort did it cost me to resist the strong temptation in our hours of meeting, not to tell every one—"You have killed me—you have killed me—let me go and die far away from you!"

However, my trial was rendered the less painful by the absence of Madame and Clementine, who went to Paris to make the wedding purchases, and by that of d'Artevalle, whom his service recalled to L'Orient. My guardian himself soon followed him, to prepare and embellish the apartments destined for the future bride and bridegroom in his house in the city. These successive departures left me alone at the chateau with the little Laurette and my faithful Marie Rose, the only two persons whose sight did not pain me. Nevertheless, I even avoided them; all society, all conversation was irksome; in the sufferings of my heart I had a taste for nothing but the solitude of the woods. I generally left my chamber early in the morning to seek the seclusion of the park, and, seated at the foot of some tree, would remain unconscious of the lapse of time. Marie Rose was obliged to look for me to tell me the hours of repast. I would then follow her to the house without saying a word, and, notwithstanding her prayers to detain me, would soon escape to resume my rambles, and give myself up to sad reveries.

We were at the commencement of September. The impression of involuntary melancholy, produced by the fall of the leaves and the clear sun, tempered by autumn, suited the languor of my soul, and sometimes even soothed me. But this calm without true peace, because at the bottom there was no repose, was succeeded by a thirst for excitement. It was like an instinct of nature impelling me to seek, in bodily fatigue, a diversion to the inward ill that was devouring me. I then made long excursions around the neighbourhood of the chateau, going at random from one hamlet to another, and frequently walked until my strength was exhausted. When I thought I ran the risk of losing myself in the unfrequented paths of the woods, I would take the road to L'Orient, in spite of the heat and dust. Sometimes I followed the course of the little river that ran through the meadows of Lampestras to the place where it loses itself in the sea. Every place was indifferent to me. I had no other wish than that of flying from myself, and, as if forgetfulness was to be the price of a long race, I went as far as I could.

One day, after reaching the sea-shore, I seated myself on the

rocks. Thick clouds obscured the heavens, and a wind that announced a storm roared around me. I watched the large waves rolling majestically towards the strand, and breaking themselves in white foam at my feet. The contemplation of this grand spectacle awoke in my soul thoughts of my native country, and remembrances of my infancy; and I contrasted, not without sadness, the gray and sombre sea which lay extended before me, and the arid coast of Low Brittany, with the azure waters and virgin forests of the Isle of Bourbon. Then came recollections of the misfortunes which compelled me to traverse the ocean to seek an asylum and pity in a strange land. I felt I was an exile and a poor orphan, and wept while my eyes followed the waves as they were rising higher and growing larger and larger.

At this moment a heavy step, resounding on the pebbles, drew my attention. I looked up and saw a tall man carrying a net on his shoulders. The uncommon sight of a woman on this wild coast appeared to strike him with astonishment; he regarded me fixedly, and, to my great surprise, I saw he was weeping; tears had furrowed his still young countenance, prematurely wrinkled from toil and suffering. He then turned away with an indifferent air, and soon disappeared behind the rocks. The unexpected appearance of this rude, disagreeable, and uncultivated man at first frightened me, yet on seeing the expression of profound grief depicted in his face, I was instantly reassured. However, I arose immediately, in the fear of becoming an object of curiosity to others, and walked along the shore to gain the path by which I had come. I had not gone far before I perceived the same man, standing near a boat drawn up on the sand. He appeared to be preparing to launch it, and was examining the sides attentively. On drawing nearer I saw he was still weeping, and thought I was not alone unfortunate, for a man, so rough in appearance, to shed tears was really much to be pitied.

Touched by a feeling of sympathy, which banished my timidity, I asked him if he were going to brave the sea in such a storm. His short and dry answer indicated he had no wish to enter into conversation. I repeated the question anxiously, and the accents of my voice, softened by the pity I felt, seemed to inspire him with confidence, and disposed him to unburden his mind. He informed me he was the father of three small children, and that his young wife, whom he dearly loved, was suffering from a malady in the breast, which the doctors despaired of ever curing. On that very day she had passed a severe crisis; he had seen her fall into several fainting fits; but as soon as a little life and calmness appeared to return, he had torn himself from her to hasten to labour for bread for his children.

"The sea is rough," said he, "it is not a good time for fishing; but my children will be hungry to-night;" and, added he, pointing to the sky, "*God is there for the unhappy.*"

"My friend," said I, "take the net out of the boat, put it on your shoulders, and show me the way to your house. I wish to see your wife. I will do all I can for her relief. I will take care of her; and I am sure we will be able to cure her."

The fisherman regarded me with an air which expressed both surprise and rapture; then, as if fearing to lose time in talking, he began his walk without exchanging another word.

We stopped before a wretched cabin, when the first object that struck my eyes was the poor woman I had come to visit. She was sitting at the door in a rude elbow-chair, sustaining herself with difficulty, and feeding three little children, from two to five years old, who crowded round her, eager to receive the spoonful of broth, which the mother dipped from an earthen dish placed on her knee. Her trembling hand and dejected air showed that she employed all the strength she had left in this maternal care. There was in this scene of devotedness, in the midst of suffering, something which affected me so greatly I was obliged to dry my eyes before saying a word. The simplicity of her replies showed so great sweetness of temper and so much resignation, that the sympathy and deep interest she had inspired me with increased. I encouraged her to hope. I caressed the children one after another. I learned their names, and I gave to their father all the money I

had with me. He received my feeble gift with expressions of the warmest gratitude; and on leaving the cabin, where I promised to return the next day, I heard them bless me as if I had been an angel from heaven.

During my visit the sky had become serene, all signs of the tempest had disappeared, and something similar to it had passed in my soul. On my return I felt more contented, and less occupied with my own fate. I thought of relieving the misery I had witnessed, and at night dreamed of the unfortunate family I wished to assist and console. I arose early in the morning to fulfil my task, and continued thus every day for more than a week to go in the morning and return at evening, whether it rained or shined. The poor woman, whom I had adopted for a sister, appeared to grow better, and said—
"You have saved me!"

What emotions of joy those words gave me! But one day, about the twelfth after our acquaintance, I reached the cabin without the fisherman's coming to meet me as usual, and without having heard at a distance the children announcing my approach by their cries. The door was half open, and when I pushed it to enter a melancholy spectacle met my eyes.

She, who had smiled on me the evening before with the glad expression of hope, was now on her death-bed—her glassy eyes and contracted features indicated her approaching end. Her husband stood back in the room pressing his hands to his forehead in silent and heavy despair; two women were kneeling in prayer near the bed; while at the pillow stood a priest in his robes, holding a crucifix in his hand, exhorting and consoling the dying woman. Seized with terror at the sight, I stopped short on the threshold, and was tempted to retreat, but a pious feeling retained and strengthened me. I walked towards the bed, knelt silently and listened to the words of the priest. It was the newly-elected curate of the parish of Lampestras. Although he appeared very young, yet his manners were grave and his deportment conformable to the dignity of a minister. His discourse was simple and full of feeling. He spoke of life as a season of trial, to be passed without complaining, and which God shortened for those he loved.

"My child," said he, "quit this vale of tears, where you have borne the burdens of the day, where you have laboured weeping. Heaven is the country of the poor, for in it there is neither hunger, nor thirst, nor suffering, nor fatigue. It is our last refuge, our last hope; or, rather, there is no other refuge, no other hope; all those of earth are vain."

These words, though not addressed to me, struck me as an admonition from on high. I repeated them to myself, "Our last hope, there is no other;" and, while praying with all the fervour of my soul for her whose sufferings were about to end, I felt an increase of spiritual strength; I felt as if I had found the arm on which I ought to lean.

I assisted at the last feeble struggles which terminated the existence of the fisherman's wife. The next day I followed her to the grave. I wept with those who had loved her. I performed all the duties I had assumed, and then once more found myself wholly absorbed in my own grief. Thoughts of Christian resignation and obedience to the will of God saved me this time from the species of feverish ennui that had formerly agitated me. But in this new course I often found myself wavering, and felt the want of exhortation and counsel—the want of confiding my anguish to some one whose voice could console and strengthen me. I resolved to go and find the curate of Lampestras, and tell him, under the seal of confession, all that I had hoped, all that I had suffered, and how I had lost myself by a fatal illusion. I thought over this scheme many days, but at the moment of putting it in execution, my heart failed me. A feeling of delicacy for myself, and those I should be obliged to name, and the fear of causing the family of my benefactor, and my benefactor himself, to be suspected of the slightest wrong, restrained me, and I renounced the infallible solace I had promised myself from the disclosure of the confession. "My life belongs not wholly to myself," I said bitterly; "I cannot, therefore, relate it to any one, not even to a priest.

I should perhaps have fallen again into despair, had not an-

other idea arisen to fill the void left when forced to abandon that. I thought of writing my story for a future confidant, for an unknown friend I might not find in many years, and perhaps never. This task, which I have now concluded, has been salutary for me; the attempt to recall all my recollections of infancy for a time diverted my sorrows; and when I came to the sad recital of my self-deception, I found a source of calmness in the scrupulous investigation of my sentiments, and even in the description of the scenes in which my heart was hopelessly broken. Now, although I am resigned to my fate, I feel, nevertheless, that my trials are not ended. The hardest, the most cruel of all is yet before me; but I hope God will sustain me; that he will enable me to see with a serene eye the joy which is going to fill this house; that I may accuse no one, hate no one; that I may yield without murmuring, repeating to myself, 'I submit to His hand;' and when all shall be accomplished, when I shall have passed the last suffering, perhaps He will raise me to a state in which I may again have a taste for life; and repose, if not in the happiness impossible for me ever to expect, at least in that peace which is the inheritance of souls without bitterness and without remorse. *****

Adelaide Sainville died of grief six months after the celebration of the marriage of M. d'Artevalle. Her love was stronger than her resignation. E. P.

THE WIDOW BY BREVET.

LET me introduce the courteous reader to two ladies.

Miss Picklin, a tall young lady of twenty-one, near enough to good looking to permit of a delusion on the subject, (of which, however, she had an entire monopoly,) with cheeks always red in a small spot, lips not so red as the cheeks, and rather thin, sharpish nose, and waist very slender; and last, (not least important,) a very long neck, scalded on either side into a resemblance to a scroll of shrivelled parchment, which might, or might not be considered as a *mis-fortune*—serving her as a title-deed to twenty thousand dollars. The scald was inflicted, and the fortune left in consequence, by a maiden aunt who, in the babyhood of Miss Picklin, attempted to cure the child's sore throat by an application of cabbage-leaves steeped in hot vinegar.

Miss Euphemia Picklin, commonly called Phemie—a good-humoured girl, rather inclined to be fat, but gifted with several points of beauty of which she was not at all aware, very much a pet among her female friends, and admitting, with perfect sincerity and submission, her sister's exclusive right to the admiration of the gentlemen of their acquaintance.

Captain Isaiah Picklin, the father of these ladies, was a merchant of Salem, an importer of figs and opium, and once master of the brig "Simple Susan," which still plied between his warehouse and Constantinople—nails and codfish the cargo outward. I have not Miss Picklin's permission to mention the precise date of the events I am about to record, and leaving that point alone to the imagination of the reader, I shall set down the other particulars and impediments in her "course of true love" with historical fidelity.

Ever since she had been of sufficient age to turn her attention exclusively to matrimony, Miss Picklin had nourished a presentiment that her destiny was exotic; that the soil of Salem was too poor, and the indigenous lovers too mean; and that, potted in her twenty thousand dollars, she was a choice production, set aside for flowering in a foreign clime, and destined to be transplanted by a foreign lover. With this secret in her bosom, she had refused one or two gentlemen of middle age, recommended by her father, besides sundry score of young gentlemen of slender revenues in her own set of acquaintances, till, if there had been anything besides poetry in Shakspeare's assertion that it is

"Broom groves

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,"

the neighbouring "brush barrens" of Saugus would have sold in lots at a premium. It was possibly from the want of nightingales, to whose complaining notes the gentleman of Verona "turned his distresses," that the discarded of Salem preferred the consolations of Phemie Picklin.

News to the Picklins! Hassan Keui, the son of old Abdoul Keui, was coming out in the "Simple Susan!" A Turk—a live Turk—a young Turk, and the son of her father's rich correspondent in Turkey! "Ah me!" thought Miss Picklin.

The captain himself was rather taken aback. He had known old Abdoul for many years, had traded and smoked with him in the *cafés* of Galata, had gone out with him on Sundays to lounge on the tombstones at Scutari, and had never thought twice about his yellow gown and red trowsers: but what the deuce would be thought of them in Salem? True, it was his son; but a Turk's clothes descend from father to son through three generations; he knew that, from remembering this very boy all but smothered in a sort of saffron blanket, with sleeves like pillowcases—his first assumption of the *toga virilis*. (Not that old Picklin knew Latin, but such was "his sentiment better expressed.") Then he had never been asked to the house of the Stamboul merchant, not introduced to his wives nor his daughters—(indeed, he had forgotten that old Keui was near cutting his throat for asking after them)—but of course it was very different in Salem. Young Keui must be the Picklin guest, fed and lodged, and the girls would want to give him a tea-party. Would he sit on a chair, or want cushions on the floor? Would he come to dinner with his breast bear and leave his boots outside? Would he eat rice pudding with his fingers? Would he think it indecent if the girls didn't wear linen cloths, Turkey fashion, over their mouths and noses? Would he bring his pipes? Would he fall on his face and say his prayers four times a day, wherever he should be, (with a clean place handy?) What would the neighbours say? The captain worked himself into a violent perspiration with merely thinking of all this.

The Salemites have a famous museum, and know "what manner of thing is your crocodile;" but a live Turk consigned to Captain Picklin! It set the town in a fever!

It would leave an indelicate opening for a conjecture as to Miss Picklin's present age, were I to state whether or not the arrival of the "Simple Susan" was reported by telegraph. She ran in with a fair wind one Sunday morning, and was immediately boarded by the harbour-master and Captain Picklin; and there, true to the prophetic boding of old Isaiah, the young Turk sat cross-legged on the quarter-deck, in a white turban and scarlet *etceteras*, smoking his father's identical pipe—no other, the captain would have taken his oath!

Up rose Hassan, when informed who was his visitor, and taking old Picklin's hand, put it to his forehead. The weather-stained sea-captain had bleached in the counting-house, and he had not, at first sight, remembered the old friend of his father. He passed the pipe into Isaiah's hand and begged him to keep it as a memento of Abdoul, for his father had died at the last Ramazan. Hassan had come out to see the world, and secure a continuance of codfish and good-will from the house of Picklin, and the merchant got astride the tiller of his old craft, and smoked this news through his amber-mouthed legacy, while the youth went below to get ready to go ashore.

The reader of course would prefer to share the first impressions of the ladies as to the young Mussulman's personal appearance, and I pass at once, therefore, to their disappointment, surprise, mortification, and vexation; when, as the bells were ringing for church, the front door opened, their father entered, and in followed a young gentleman in frockcoat and trowsers! Yes, and in his hand a hat—a black hat—and on his feet no yellow boots, but calfskin, mundane and common calfskin, and with no shaved head, and no twisted shawl around his waist; nothing to be seen but a very handsome young man indeed, with teeth like a fresh slice of cocoa-nut meat, and a very deliberate pronunciation to his bad English.

Miss Picklin's disappointment had to be slept upon, for she had made great outlay of imagination upon the pomp and circumstance of wedding a white Ohello in the eyes of wondering Salem; but Phemie's surprise took but five minutes to grow into a positive pleasure; and never suspecting, at any time, that she was visible to the naked eye during the eclipsing presence of her sister, she sat with a very admiring smile upon her lips, and her soft eyes fixed earnestly on the stranger, till

she had made out a full inventory of his features, proportions, manners, and other stuff available in dream-land. What might be Hassan's impression of the young ladies, could not be gathered from his manner; for, in the first place, there was the reserve which belonged to him as a Turk, and in the second place, there was a violation of all oriental notions of modesty in their exposing their chins to the masculine observation; and though he could endure the exposure, it was of course with that diffidence of gaze which accompanies the consciousness of improper objects—adding to his demeanour another shade of timidity.

Miss Picklin's shoulders were not invaded quite to the limits of *terra cognita* by the cabbage-leaves which had exercised such an influence on her destiny; and as the scalds somewhat resembled two maps of South America, (with Patagonia under each ear,) she usually, in full dress, gave a clear view of the surrounding ocean—wisely thinking it better to have the geography of her disfigurement well understood, than, by covering a small extremity, (as it were the Isthmus of Darien,) to leave an undiscovered North America to the imagination. She appeared accordingly at dinner in a costume not likely to diminish the modest embarrassment of Mr. Keui, (as she chose to call him)—extremely *décolleté*, in a pink silk dress with short sleeves, and in a turban with a gold fringe, the latter, of course, out of compliment to his country. "Money is power," even in family circles, and it was only Miss Picklin who exercised the privilege of full dress at a mid-day dinner. Phemie came to table dressed as at breakfast, and if she felt at all envious of her sister's pink gown and elbows to match, it did not appear in her pleasant face or sisterly attention. The captain would allow anything, and do almost anything, for his rich daughter; but as to dining with his coat on, in hot weather, company or no company, he would rather

"be set quick i' the earth,
And bowled to death with turnips."

though that is not the way he expressed it. The *parti carré*, therefore, (for there was no Mrs. Picklin) was, in the matter of costume, rather incongruous, but, as the Turk took it for granted that it was all according to the custom of the country, the carving was achieved by the shirt-sleeved captain, and the pudding "helped" by his bare-armed daughter, with no particular commotion in the elements. Earthquakes do not invariably follow violations of etiquette—particularly where nobody is offended.

After the first day, things took their natural course—as near as they were able. Hassan was not very quick at conversation, always taking at least five minutes to put together for delivery a sentence of English, but his laugh did not hang fire, nor did his nods and smiles; and where ladies are voluble, (as ladies sometimes are,) this paucity of ammunition on the gentleman's part is no prelude to discomfiture. Then Phemie had a very fair smattering of Italian, and that being the business language of the Levant, Hassan took refuge in it whenever brought to a stand still in English; a refuge, by the way, of which he seemed inclined to avail himself oftener than was consistent with Miss Picklin's exclusive property in his attention. Rebellious though Hassan might secretly have been to *this* authority over himself, Phemie was no accomplice, natural modesty combining with the long habit of subserviency to make her even anticipate the exactions of the heiress; and so Miss Picklin had "Mr. Keui" principally to herself, promenading him through the streets of Salem, and bestowing her sweetness upon him from his morning entrance to his evening exit; Phemie relieving guard very cheerfully, while her sister dressed for dinner. It was possibly from being permitted to converse in Italian during this half hour, that Hassan made it the only part of the day in which he talked of himself and his house on the Bosphorus, but that will not account also for Phemie's sighing while she listened—never having sighed before in her life, not even while the same voice was talking English to her sister.

Without going into a description of the Picklin tea-party, at which Hassan was induced to figure in his oriental costume, while Miss Picklin sat by him on a cushion, turbaned and (probably) cross-legged, à la *Sultana*, and without recording

other signs satisfactory to the Salemites, that the young Turk had fallen to the scalded heiress,

"As does the ospray to the fish, that takes it,
By sovereignty of nature,"

I must come plump to the fact that, on the Monday following, (one week after his arrival,) Hassan left Salem, unaccompanied by Miss Picklin. As he had asked for no private interview in the best parlour, and had made his final business arrangements with the captain, so that he could take passage from New-York without returning, some people were inclined to fancy that Miss Picklin's demonstrations with regard to him had been a little premature. And "some people" chose to smile. But it was reserved for Miss Picklin to look round in church, in about one year from this event, and have her triumph over "some people;" for she was about to sail for Constantinople—"sent for," as the captain rudely expressed it. But I must explain.

The "Simple Susan" came in, heavily freighted with a consignment from the house of Keui to Picklin and Co., and a letter from the American consul at Constantinople wrapped in the invoice. With the careful and ornate wording of an official epistle, it stated that Effendi Hassan Keui had called on the consul, and partly from the mistrust of his ability to express himself in English on so delicate a subject, but more particularly for the sake of approaching the object of his affections with proper deference and ceremony, he had requested that officer to prepare a document conveying a proposal of marriage to the daughter of Captain Picklin. The incomplete state of his mercantile arrangements, while at Salem the previous year, would account for his silence on the subject at that time, but he trusted that his preference had been sufficiently manifest to the lady of his heart; and as his prosperity in business depended on his remaining at Constantinople, enriching himself only for her sake, he was sure that the singular request appended to his offer would be taken as a mark of his prudence rather than as a presumption. The cabin of the "Simple Susan," as Captain Picklin knew, was engaged on her next passage to Constantinople by a party of missionaries, male and female, and the request was to the intent that, in case of an acceptance of his offer, the fair daughter of the owner would come out, under their sufficient protection, to be wedded, if she should so please, on the day of her arrival in the "Golden Horn."

As Miss Picklin had preserved a mysterious silence on the subject of "Mr. Keui's" attentions since his departure, and as a lady with twenty thousand dollars in her own right is, of course, quite independent of parental control, the captain, after running his eye hastily through the document, called to the boy who was weighing out a quintal of codfish, and bid him wrap the letter in a brown paper and run with it to Miss Picklin—taking it for granted that she knew more about the matter than he did, and would explain it all, when he came home to dinner.

In thinking the matter over, on his way home, it occurred to old Picklin that it was worded as if he had but *one* daughter. At any rate, he was quite sure that neither of his daughters was particularly specified, either by name or age. No doubt it was all right, however. The girls understood it.

"So, it's *you* Miss!" he said, as Miss Picklin looked round from the turban she was trying on before the glass.

"Certainly, Pa! who else should it be?"

And there ended the captain's doubts, for he never again got sight of the letter, and the turmoil of preparation for Miss Picklin's voyage, made the house anything but a place for getting answers to impertinent questions. Phemie, whom the news had made silent and thoughtful, let drop a hint or two that she would like to see the letter; but a mysterious air, and "la! child, you wouldn't understand it," was check enough for her timid curiosity, and she plied her needle upon her sister's wedding dress with patient submission.

The preparations for the voyage went on swimmingly. The missionaries were written to, and willingly consented to chaperon Miss Picklin over the seas, provided her union with a pagan was to be sanctified with a christain ceremonial. Miss Picklin replied with virtuous promptitude that the cake for the wedding was already soldered up in a tin case, and that

she was to be married immediately on her arrival, under an awning on the brig's deck, and she hoped that four of the missionaries' wives would oblige her by standing up as her bridesmaids. Many square feet of codfish were unladen from the "Simple Susan" to make room for boxes and bags, and one large case was finally shipped, the contents of which had been shopped for by ladies with families—no book of oriental travels making any allusion to the sale of such articles in Constantinople, though, in the natural course of things, they must be wanted as much in Turkey as in Salem.

The brig was finally cleared and lay off in the stream, and on the evening before the embarkation the missionaries arrived and were invited to a tea party at the Picklins. Miss Picklin had got up a little surprise for her friends with which to close the party—a "walking *tableau*," as she termed it, in which she should suddenly make her apparition at one door, pass through the room, and go out at the other, dressed as a sultana, with a muslin kirtle and satin trowsers. She disappeared accordingly half an hour before the breaking up; and, conversation rather languishing in her absence, the eldest of the missionaries rose to conclude the evening with a prayer, in the midst of which Miss Picklin passed through the room unperceived—the faces of the company being turned to the wall.

The next morning at daylight the "Simple Susan" put to sea with a fair wind, and at the usual hour for opening the store of Picklin and Co. she had dropped below the horizon. Phemie sat upon the end of the wharf and watched her till she was out of sight, and the captain walked up and down between two puncheons of rum which stood at the distance of a quarter-deck's length from each other, and both father and daughter were silent. The captain had a confused thought or two besides the grief of parting, and Phemie had feelings quite as confused, which were not all made up of sorrow for the loss of her sister. Perhaps the reader will be at the trouble of spelling out their riddles while I try to let him down softly to the catastrophe of my story.

Without confessing to any ailment whatever, the plump Phemie paled and thinned from the day of her sister's departure. Her spirits, too, seemed to keep her flesh and colour company, and at the end of a month the captain was told by one of the good dames of Salem that he had better ask a physician what ailed her. The doctor could make nothing out of it except that she might be fretting for the loss of her sister, and he recommended a change of scene and climate. That day Captain Brown, an old mate of Isaiah's, dropped in to eat a family dinner and say good-bye, as he was about sailing in the new schooner Nancy for the Black Sea—his wife for his only passenger. Of course he would be obliged to drop anchor at Constantinople to wait for a fair wind up the Bosphorus, and part of his errand was to offer to take letters and nicknackeries to Mrs. Keui. Old Picklin put the two things together, and over their glass of wine he proposed to Brown to take Phemie with Mrs. Brown to Constantinople, leave them both there on a visit to Mrs. Keui, till the return of the Nancy from the Black Sea, and then re-embark them for Salem. Phemie came into the room just as they were touching glasses on the agreement, and when the trip was proposed to her she first coloured violently, then grew pale and burst into tears; but consented to go. And, with such preparations as she could make that evening, she was quite ready at the appointed hour, and was off with the land-breeze the next morning, taking leave of nobody but her father. And this time the old man wiped his eyes very often before the departing vessel was "hull down," and was heartily sorry he had let Phemie go without a great many presents and a great many more kisses. * * * * *

A fine, breezy morning at Constantinople!

Rapidly down the Bosphorus shot the caïque of Hassan Keui, bearing its master from his country-house at Dolmabatchi to his warehouses at Galata. Just before the sharp prow rounded away toward the Golden Horn, the merchant motioned to the caikjis to rest upon their oars, and, standing erect in the slender craft, he strained his gaze long and with anxious earnestness toward the Sea of Marmora. Not a sail was to be seen coming from the west, except a man-of-war with a

crested flag at the peak, laying off toward Scutari from Seraglio Point, and with a sigh that carried the cloud off his brow, Hassan gaily squatted once more to his cushions, and the caique sped merrily on. In and out, among the vessels at anchor, the airy bark threaded her way with the dexterous swiftness of a bird, when suddenly a cable rose beneath her and lifted her half out of the water. A vessel newly-arrived was hauling in to a close anchorage, and they had crossed her hawser as it rose to the surface. Pitched headlong into the lap of the nearest caïkji, the Turk's snowy turban fell into the water and was carried by the eddy under the stern of the vessel rounding to, and as the caique was driven backward to regain it, the bareheaded owner sank back aghast—SIMPLE SUSAN OF SALEM staring him in the face in golden capitals.

"Oh! Mr. Keui! how do you do!" cried a well-remembered voice, as he raised himself to fend off by the rudder of the brig. And there she stood within two feet of his lips—Miss Picklin in her bridal veil, waiting below in expectant modesty, and though surprised by his peep into the cabin windows, excusing it as a natural impatience in a bridegroom coming to his bride.

The captain of the Susan, meantime, had looked over the taffarel and recognized his old passenger, and Hassan, who would have given a cargo of opium for an hour to compose himself, mounted the ladder which was thrown out to him, and stepped from the gangway into Miss Picklin's arms! She had rushed up to receive him, dressed in her muslin kirtle and satin trousers, though, with her dramatic sense of propriety, she had intended to remain below till summoned to the bridal. The captain, of course, kept back from delicacy, but the missionaries stood in a cluster gazing on the happy meeting, and the sailors looked over their shoulders as they heaved at the windlass. As Miss Picklin afterwards remarked, "it would have been a *tableau vivant* if the deck had not been so very dirty!"

Hassan wiped his eyes, for he had replaced his wet turban on his head, but what with his escape from drowning, and what with his surprise and embarrassment, (for he had a difficult part to play, as the reader will presently understand,) he had lost all memory of his little stock of English. Miss Picklin drew him gently by the hand to the quarter-deck, where, under an awning fringed with curtains partly drawn, stood a table with a loaf of wedding-cake upon it, and a bottle of wine and a Bible. She nodded to the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who took hold of a chair and turned it round, and placing it against his legs with the back towards him, looked steadfastly at the happy couple.

"Good morning—good night—your sister—*aspetta! per amor' di Dio!*" cried the bewildered Hassan, giving utterance to all the English he could remember, and seizing the bride by the arm.

"These ladies are my bridesmaids," said Miss Picklin, pointing to the missionaries' wives who stood by in their bonnets and shawls. "I dare say he expected my sister would come as my bridesmaid!" she added, turning to Mr. Griffin to explain the outbreak as she understood it.

Hassan beat his hand upon his forehead, walked twice up and down the quarterdeck, looked around over the Golden Horn as if in search of an interpreter to his feelings, and finally walked up to Miss Picklin with a look of calm resignation, and addressed to her and to the Rev. Mr. Griffin a speech of three minutes, in *Italian*. At the close of it he made a very ceremonious salaam, and offered his hand to the bride; and, as no one present understood a syllable of what he had intended to convey in his address, it was received as probably a welcome to Turkey, or perhaps a formal repetition of his offer of heart and hand. At any rate, Miss Picklin took it to be high time to blush and take off her glove, and the Rev. Mr. Griffin then bent across the back of the chair, joined their hands and went through the ceremony, ring and all. The ladies came up, one after another, and kissed the bride, and the gentlemen shook hands with Hassan, who received their good wishes with a curious look of unhappy resignation, and after cutting the cake and permitting the bride to retire for a moment to calm her

feelings and put on her bonnet, the bridegroom made rather a peremptory movement of departure, and the happy couple went off in the caique toward Dolma batchi amid much waving of handkerchiefs from the missionaries, and hurrahs from the Salem hands of the Simple Susan.

And now, before giving the reader a translation of the speech of Hassan before the wedding, we must go back to some little events which had taken place one month previously at Constantinople.

The Nancy arrived off Seraglio Point after a very remarkable passage, having still on her quarter the northwest breeze which had stuck to her like a bloodhound ever since leaving the harbour of Salem. She had brought it with her to Constantinople indeed, for twenty or thirty vessels which had been long waiting a favourable wind to encounter the adverse current of the Bosphorus, were loosing sail and getting under way, and the pilot, knowing that the destination of the Nancy was also to the Black Sea, strongly dissuaded Captain Brown from dropping anchor in the Horn, with a chance of losing the good luck, and lying, perhaps a month, wind-bound in harbour. Understanding that the captain's only object in stopping was to leave the two ladies with Keui the opium-merchant, the pilot, who knew his residence at Dolma-batchi, made signal for a caique, and kept up the Bosphorus. Arriving opposite the little village of which Hassan's house was one of the chief ornaments, the ladies were lowered into the caique and sent ashore—expecting of course to be received with open arms by Mrs. Keui—and then, spreading all her canvass, the swift little schooner sped on her way to Trebisond.

Hassan sat in the little pavilion of his house which looked out on the Bosphorus, eating his pillau, for it was the noon of a holiday, and he had not been that morning to Galata. Recognizing at once the sweet face of Phemie as the caique came near the shore, he flew to meet her, supposing that the "Simple Susan" had arrived, and that the lady of his love had chosen to come and seek him. The reader will understand of course that there was no "Mrs. Keui."

And now to shorten my story.

Mrs. Brown and Phemie were in Hassan's own house, with no other acquaintance or protector on that side of the world, and there was no possibility of escaping a true explanation. The mistake was explained, and explained to Brown's satisfaction. Phemie was the "daughter" of Captain Picklin, to whom the offer was transmitted, and as, by blessed luck, the Nancy had outsailed the Simple Susan, Providence seemed to have chosen to set right for once, the traverse of true love. The English embassy was at Bulgurlu, only six miles above, on the Bosphorus, and Hassan and his mother and sisters, and Mrs. Brown and Phemie were soon on their way thither in swift caiques, and the happy couple were wedded by the English chaplain. The arrival of the Simple Susan was of course looked for, by both Hassan and his bride, with no little dismay. She had met with contrary winds on the Atlantic, and had been caught in the Archipelago by a Levanter, and from the damage of the last she had been obliged to come to anchor off the little island of Paros and repair. This had been a job of six weeks, and meantime the Nancy had given them the go-by, and reached Constantinople.

Hassan was daily on the look-out for the brig in his trips to town, and on the morning of her arrival, his mind being put at ease for the day by his glance toward the Sea of Marmora, the stumbling so suddenly and so unprepared on the object of his dread, completely bewildered and unnerved him. Through all his confusion, however, and all the awkwardness of his situation, there ran a feeling of self-condemnation, as well as pity for Miss Picklin; and this had driven him to the catastrophe described above. He felt that he owed her some reparation, and as the religion which he was educated did not forbid a plurality of wives, and there was no knowing but possibly she might be inclined to "do in Turkey as Turkeys do," he felt it incumbent on himself to state the fact of his previous marriage, and then offer her the privilege of becoming Mrs. Keui No. 2, if she chose to accept. As he had no English at his command, he stated his dilemma and made his offer in the

best language he had—Italian—and with the result the reader has been made acquainted.

Of the return passage of Miss Picklin, formerly Mrs. Keui, under the charge of Captain and Mrs. Brown, in the schooner Nancy, I have never learned the particulars. She arrived at Salem in very good health, however, and has since been distinguished principally by her sympathy for widows—based on what, I cannot very positively say. She resides at present in Salem with her father, Captain Picklin, who is still the consignee of the house of Keui, having made one voyage out to see the children of his daughter Phemie and strengthen the mercantile connection. His old age is creeping on him, undistinguished by anything except the little monomania of reading the letters from his son-in-law at least a hundred times, and then wafering them up over the fireplace of his counting room—in doubt, apparently, whether he rightly understands the contents.

N. P. W.

WHO IS IT?

In the omnibus that plies between the head of Baker-street and Chancery Lane, (London) may be seen daily, (going East at ten and returning at four) a gentleman rather under the middle size, dressed neatly but unambitiously, and of an exterior so modest and retiring, that probably he has never been remarked by any chance fellow-passenger, or remembered two minutes after he was set down. If an intelligent observer were told simply that he was a person "of mark," he would say, after looking at him a few minutes, that his brows had that expression of pain which thought and sensibility are apt to leave; that while his cheek was red, the other parts of his face had the pallor of study, and that his feet and hands were very small. A deep-set hazel eye, with overhanging eyebrows, might or might not give sign of talent—dependant a little on the weather, and more on the mood of the person described. A nervous shrinking from contact with the newcomers into the omnibus, and, if he spoke, a plaintiveness of voice, almost feminine, would probably be the only remaining points the observer would add to his portraiture. This gentleman is a poet. He has written verse worthy of Shakspeare—I write it down with some reflection. In my opinion he is more of a poet (born and habitual) than Wordsworth or Rogers, or any English poet now living. I will prove it by quotation, and if I do not misjudge, there are not three people in the United States to whom this poetry, though it has been published eight or nine years, will not be entirely new. I should be surprised if there were twenty who could guess the author. Here is a passage against which I drew my pencil in reading:

"I see small difference
 'Twixt one sound and its next. All seem a-kin
 And run on the same feet, ever.
 Peace! Thou want'st
 One heavenly sense, and speak'st in ignorance.
 Seest thou no differing shadows which divide
 The rose and poppy? 'Tis the same with sounds.
 There's not a minute in the round of time
 But's hinged with different music. In that small space
 Between the thought and its swift utterance—
 Ere silence buds to sound—the angels listening
 Hear infinite varieties of song!
 And they who turn the lightning-rapid spheres,
 Have flown an evening's journey."

If there is not a "golden cadence" in that, which is far out of reach of Wordsworth's ear, I am wide in my judgment. Here is another passage ringing to the same exquisite harmony:—

"We have left, behind us,
 The riches of the meadows,—and now come
 To visit the virgin Primrose where she dwells,
 'Midst harebells and the wild-wood hyacinths.
 'Tis here she keeps her court. Dost see yon bank
 The sun is kissing? Near—go near! for there,
 ('Neath those broad leaves, amidst yon straggling grasses,)

*Immaculate odours from the violet
 Spring up for ever: Like sweet thoughts that come
 Winged from the maiden fancy, and fly off
 In music to the skies and there are lost,
 These ever-steaming odours seek the sun
 And fade in the light he scatters."*

Were these lines, so redolent of the wild-wood, hammered out between Baker-street and Chancery Lane? Yes—ten to one—for a poet, like that, carries nature in his heart, though his heart beat in an omnibus. I should not be surprised if the next thought I have to quote sprang into his brain while he was fishing in his pocket for sixpence to pay his fare:

"I've sometimes thought that I could shoot me down
 Unto the muddy bottoms of the sea,
 And hold my breath there,—'till, midst stones and shells,
 And jewels yet unborn, and riches sleeping,
 I tore up Fortune by her golden hair,
 And grew a God on earth."

Who shall set time or place to the up-spring of a thought of poetry? The author of these lines—these unfenced and free fancies—from year's end to year's end, is never out of London. His feet do not know the feel of natural earth. He lives, breathes, walks, practises law, in the most bounded, artificial, humdrum orbit possible to the human species, and yet his imagination has the sweep and range of an eagle on Mount Timolus. It would be only less curious than ludicrous to know the birthplace of the great thoughts of poets. Would you not think that the author of the following delicious lines had stolen abroad some rich summer night in Vaucluse or Sorrento, and conceived them with the odour of jasmine or orange flowers intoxicating his senses? Yet they were born, I know, in the clammy smoke of London—possibly while looking up and down the suburban street in which he lives, while waiting for the servant to answer the bell:

"'Tis night—still night! The murmuring world lies still!
 All things which are lie still and whisper not;
 The owl, the bat, the clock which strikes the hour
 And summons forgetful man to think of heaven.
 The midnight cricket on the ashy hearth,
 Are quiet, dumb! Hope, Fear, lie down'd in dreams;
 And conscience, calmer than a baby's breath,
 Murders the heart no more. Who goes? 'Tis naught—
 Save the bird echo, who comes back to me
 Afraid o' the silence. Love! art thou asleep?
 Rose o' the night, on whom the soft dew lies,
 Here come I, sweet, mocking the nightingale,
 To sing of endless love, passionate pain,
 And wishes that know no rest!"

Here is his notion of town:

"The town! What is there in the town to lure
 Our household dreams away from the fresh flowers?
 Is not the town a monster? ravenous?
 Fierce? hydra-headed? fed by peasant's strength?
 Deck'd out with plunder of the fields? along
 Whose limbs of stone and marble arteries
 Innumerable emmets crawl, till they
 Sink dead, with excess of feasting?"

In the way of a flight out of his own human sphere, here is something Shaksperian:

"Methinks
 There's something lonely in the state of kings!
 None dare come near them. As the eagle, poised
 Upon his sightless throne in upper air,
 Scares gentle birds away, so kings (cut off
 From human kindred by the curse of power)
 Are shunned and live alone. Who dare come near
 The region of a king? There is a wall
 (Invisible, indeed, yet strong and high)
 Which fences kings from close approach of men.
 They live respected—oh, that chest 'respect'
 As if the homage that abases others
 Could comfort him that has't. Alone—alone!
 Prisoned in ermine and a velvet chair—
 Shut out from hope, (the height being all attained,)
 Yet touched by terrours—what can soothe a king!

There is a scene in which a murderer reproaches his em-

ployer, and the proud villain's retort would be a bright passage in Ford or Massinger :

Sir Philip.—You come o' the sudden !

Brand.—Ay, sir, unannounced
As doth the wind, or raging waters, when
They burst their bonds, and on the hearths of men
Rush down with cries of ruin !

Sir Philip.—You are learned ;
What is't you want ?

Brand.—Sir, the philosopher's stone—
Justice ; long sought, ne'er found. I've kept sad watch
In hopes your pity would dissolve at last,
And flow upon us. But your heart is steel,
(Hard, cold, thrice-tempered in an orphan's tears,)
And will not melt, nor bend.

Sir Philip.—Where doth this lead ?

Brand.—I'll tell you, so you've patience—Let us turn
Our thoughts back through the crimes of thirty years,
And we shall see each other as we were ;
Both young and one imprudent. I—(let loose
By manhood from the bondage of my youth)
Plunged into riot : You, more wise, lent out
Your wisdom to great men, who paid you back
(With something better than the courtier's coin)
With place and profit : on which helps you rose
To greatness. Then, a sudden tempest wreck'd
The vessel where your fortunes lay embayed,
And hurled you down to your ancient poverty.
—Tired of the toil of rising, and long used
To silken pleasures, you could not put on
Your youthful habits ; but, with discontent,
(The villain's sword,) walked thoughtful up and down,
Seeking some wretch still needier than yourself,
And came on—*me!* I was ('twas my black hour!)
So closely knit to every basest grief,
So famish'd and in such frightful beggary,
That I have quarrell'd with the homeless cur,
For scraps the stomach sickens at. You saw this ;
And (though you had before refused my wants)
Proffer'd—I know not what ; 'twas wealth—'twas life ;
(For by my bones the lean and traitorous flesh
Had fled and left a desperate skeleton ;)
And ready was I to do aught 'gainst earth,
Nay, 'gainst high heaven,—if 'twere but for a meal !
But what's all this ? you know't as well as I.
You had a dying brother—he a son,
Whose life eclipsed and hid you from the light—
'Twas but a little blood, and all was over !
You tempted, and—I fell !

Sir Philip.—Why, you were then
A murderer ready-made. What cant is this ?
Were you not paid ? Your bones well armed with flesh ?
That flesh apparell'd like a gentleman ?
Dog that you are, why—when all's fairly done,
The bargain consummate, the coin paid down,
And you still fattening at my yearly cost—
Why do you come, and with your diseas'd tongue
Howl at bright fortune ? Will you starve again ?
Shrink into bone ? Swear yourself out aloud
The butcher of a child ? Wilt hang ? Wilt kneel
And let the scuffling crowd spit scorn upon thee ?
What is't you ask ? What end do you propose—
That thus with insolent, useless, base remorse,
You beard me in my house, and bid me shake
Your vulgar hand in bloody fellowship ?"

Is there a writer of such colloquial, dramatic, emphatic verse now living, asks the reader, and can the leading actors be at a loss where to go for a great drama ? It is saying little to any reader of Bulwer's *Sea-Captain*, *Richelieu* and *Lady of Lyons*, that, if those plays are worth paying five pounds for, a play by the above hand were worth five hundred. You will say the difference is in the dramatic quality. If so, it is in the latter author's favour—for what can be more dramatic than the conception of character in this fine extract ? The truth is, Sir Lytton is a wise man of the world, and our author is not. Our author sits at home and broods out his exquisite poetry with a sweet domestic circle his only theatre, and Sir Lytton sends for Mr. Macready, and offers him the skeleton of a play to PUT IN SHAPE, i. e. to re-model and mark with directions for stage effect, and when it is done, it is much more Macready's production than Sir Lytton's. So would not do the man I speak of, though he would write and deliver to Mr. Macready a hun-

dred times better play, even for the stage, than the original *Sea-Captain*, *Lady of Lyons*, or *Richelieu*.

The readers of the *New Mirror* will not be displeased to get such poetry as I have quoted with or without a name—but I have more that I wish to quote than will come into the proper space of a critical article, and so, leaving a week for a guess at the author, I break off here. N. P. W.

We greet heartily the publication in numbers of "*The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe*;" but few writers of fiction are at all comparable with this fine author for clearness of plot and individuality of character. No. I contains a most thrilling story, entitled, "*The Murders in the Rue Morgue*," and a laughable sketch, which, to illustrate the truth of our commendatory remarks, we subjoin :

I CANNOT just now remember when or where I first made the acquaintance of that truly fine-looking fellow, Brevet-Brigadier-General John A. B. C. Smith. Some one *did* introduce me to the gentleman, I am sure ;—at some public meeting, I know very well ;—held about something of great importance, no doubt ;—and at some place or other, of this I feel convinced—the name of which I have stupidly forgotten. The truth is that the introduction was attended, upon my part, with a degree of anxious and tremulous embarrassment which operated to prevent any definite impressions of either time or place. I am constitutionally nervous ;—this, with me, is a family failing, and I can't help it. In especial, the slightest appearance of mystery—of any point I cannot exactly comprehend—puts me at once into a pitiable state of agitation.

There was something, as it were, remarkable—yes, *remarkable*, although this is but a feeble term to express my full meaning—about the entire individuality of the personage in question. What this something was, however, I found it impossible to say. He was, perhaps, six feet in height, and of a presence singularly commanding. There was an *air distingué* pervading the whole man, which spoke of high breeding, and hinted at high birth.

His head of hair would have done honour to Brutus ; nothing could be more richly flowing, or possess a brighter gloss. It was of a jetty black ; which was also the colour, or more properly the no colour, of his unimaginable whiskers. You perceive I cannot speak of these latter without enthusiasm ; it is not too much to say that they were the handsomest pair of whiskers under the sun. At all events, they encircled, and at times partially overshadowed, a mouth utterly unequalled. Here were the most entirely even, and the most brilliantly white of all conceivable teeth. From between them, upon every proper occasion, issued a voice of surpassing clearness, melody, and strength. In the matter of eyes, my acquaintance was, also, pre-eminently endowed. Either one of such a pair was worth a couple of the ordinary ocular organs. They were of a deep hazel, exceedingly large and lustrous ; and there was perceptible about them, ever and anon, just that amount of interesting obliquity which gives pregnancy to expression.

The bust of the general was, unquestionably, the finest bust I ever saw. For your life you could not have found a fault with its wonderful proportion. This rare peculiarity set off to great advantage a pair of shoulders, which would have called up a blush of conscious inferiority into the countenance of the marble Apollo. I have a passion for fine shoulders, and may say that I never beheld them in perfection before. His arms, altogether, were admirably modelled. Nor were the lower limbs less marvellously superb. These were, indeed, the *ne plus ultra* of good legs. Every connoisseur in such matters admitted the legs to be good. There was neither too much flesh nor too little—neither rudeness nor fragility. I could not imagine a more graceful curve than that of the *os femoris*, and there was just that due gentle prominence in the rear of the *fibula* which goes to the conformation of a properly-proportioned calf. I wish to heaven my young and talented friend Chiponchipino, the sculptor, had but seen the legs of Brevet-Brigadier-General John A. B. C. Smith.

But, although men so absolutely fine-looking are neither as plenty as raisins nor blackberries, still I could not bring

myself to believe that *the remarkable* something to which I alluded just now—that the odd air of *je ne sais quoi* which hung about my new acquaintance—lay altogether, or indeed at all, in the supreme excellence of his bodily endowments. Perhaps it might be traced to the *manner*;—yet here again I could not pretend to be positive. There *was* a primness, not to say stiffness, in his carriage—a degree of measured, and, if I may so express it, of rectangular precision, attending every movement, which, observed in a more *petite* figure, would have had the least little savour in the world of affectation, pomposity, or constraint, but which, noticed in a gentleman of his undoubted dimension, was readily placed to the account of reserve, *hauteur*, of a commendable sense, in short, of what is due to the dignity of colossal proportion.

The kind friend who presented me to General Smith whispered in my ear, at the instant, some few words of comment upon the man. He was a *remarkable man*—a very remarkable man—indeed one of the *most* remarkable men of the age. He was an especial favourite, too, with the ladies—chiefly on account of his high reputation for courage.

"In that point he is unrivalled—indeed he is a perfect desperado—a downright fire-eater, and no mistake," said my friend, here dropping his voice excessively low, and thrilling me with the mystery of his tone.

"A downright fire-eater, and no mistake. Showed that, I should say, to some purpose, in the late tremendous swamp-fight, away down south, with the Bugaboo and Kickapoo Indians. (Here my friend placed his forefinger to the side of his nose, and opened his eyes to some extent.) Bless my soul!—blood and thunder, and all that!—*prodigies* of valour!—heard of him, of course?—you know he's the man!"

"Man alive, how *do* you do? why how *are* ye? very glad to see ye, indeed!" here interrupted the general himself, seizing my companion by the hand as he drew near, and bowing stiffly, but profoundly, as I was presented. I then thought, (and I think so still,) that I never heard a clearer or a stronger voice, nor beheld a finer set of teeth; but I *must* say that I was sorry for the interruption *just at that moment*, as, owing to the whispers and insinuations aforesaid, my interest had been greatly excited in the hero of the Bugaboo and Kickapoo campaign.

However, the delightfully luminous conversation of Brevet-Brigadier-General John A. B. C. Smith soon completely dissipated this chagrin. My friend leaving us immediately, we had quite a long *tête-à-tête*, and I was not only pleased but *really*—instructed. I never heard a more fluent talker, or a man of a greater general information. With becoming modesty, he forebore, nevertheless, to touch upon the theme I had just then most at heart—I mean the mysterious circumstances attending the Bugaboo war—and, on my own part, what I conceive to be a proper sense of delicacy forbade me to broach the subject, although, in truth, I was exceedingly tempted to do so. I perceived, too, that the gallant soldier preferred topics of philosophical interest, and that he delighted, especially, in commenting upon the rapid march of mechanical invention. Indeed, lead him where I would, this was a point to which he invariably came back.

"There is nothing at all like it," he would say; "we are a wonderful people, and live in a wonderful age. Parachutes and rail-roads—man-traps and spring-guns! Our steam-boats are upon every sea, and the Nassau balloon-packet is about to run regular trips (fare either way only twenty pounds sterling) between London and Timbuctoo. And who shall calculate the immense influence upon social life—upon arts—upon commerce—upon literature—which will be the immediate result of the application of the great principles of electro-magnetics? Nor is this all, let me assure you! There is really no end to the march of invention. The most wonderful—the most ingenious—and let me add, Mr.—Mr.—Thompson, I believe, is your name—let me add, I say, the most *useful*—the most truly *useful* mechanical contrivances, are daily springing up like mushrooms, if I may so express myself, or, more figuratively, like—ah—grasshoppers—like grasshoppers, Mr. Thompson—about us and—ah—ah—around us!"

Thompson, to be sure, is not my name; but it is needless to say that I left General Smith with a heightened interest in the man, with an exalted opinion of his conversa-

tional powers, and a deep sense of the valuable privileges we enjoy in living in this age of mechanical invention. My curiosity, however, had not been altogether satisfied, and I resolved to prosecute immediate inquiry among my acquaintances touching the Brevet-Brigadier-General himself, and particularly respecting the tremendous events in which he performed so conspicuous a part—*quorum pars magna fuit*—during the Bugaboo and Kickapoo campaign.

The first opportunity which presented itself, and which (*horresco referens*) I did not in the least scruple to seize, occurred at the church of the Reverend Doctor Drummum-mupp, where I found myself established, one Sunday, just at sermon-time, not only in the pew, but by the side, of that worthy and communicative little friend of mine, Miss Tabitha T. Thus seated, I congratulated myself, and with much reason, upon the very flattering state of affairs. If any person knew anything about Brevet-Brigadier-General John A. B. C. Smith, that person, it was clear to me, was Miss Tabitha T. We telegraphed a few signals, and then commenced, *sotto voce*, a brisk *tête-à-tête*.

"Smith!" said she, in reply to my very earnest inquiry; "Smith!—why, not General John A. B. C.? Bless me, I thought you *knew* all about *him*! This is a wonderfully inventive age! Horrid affair that!—a bloody set of wretches, those Kickapoos!—fought like a hero—prodigies of valour—immortal renown. Smith!—Brevet-Brigadier-General John A. B. C.!—why, you know he's the man!"

"Man," here broke in Doctor Drummum-mupp, at the top of his voice, and with a thump that came near knocking down the pulpit about our ears; "man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower!" I started to the extremity of the pew, and perceived by the animated looks of the divine, that the wrath which had proved so nearly fatal to the pulpit had been excited by the whispers of the lady and myself. There was no help for it; so I submitted with a good grace, and listened, in all the martyrdom of a dignified silence, to the balance of that very capital discourse.

Next evening found me a somewhat late visitor at the Rantipole theatre, where I felt sure of satisfying my curiosity at once, by merely stepping into the box of those exquisite specimens of affability and omniscience, the Misses Arabella and Miranda Cognoscenti. That fine tragedian, Climax, however, was doing *lego* to a very crowded house, and I experienced some little difficulty in making my wishes understood; especially as our box was next to the slips, and completely overlooked the stage.

"Smith?" said Miss Arabella, as she at length comprehended the purport of my query; "Smith?"—why, not General John A. B. C.?"

"Smith?" inquired Miranda, musingly. "Bless me, did you ever behold a finer figure?"

"Never, madam; but *do* tell me!"

"Or such inimitable grace?"

"Never, upon my word!—but pray inform me!"

"Or so just an appreciation of stage effect?"

"Madam!"

"Or a more delicate sense of the true beauties of Shakespeare? Be so good as to look at that leg!"

"The devil!" and I turned again to her sister.

"Smith?" said she, "why not General John A. B. C.? Horrid affair that, wasn't it?—great wretches, those Bugaboos—savage and so on—but we live in a wonderfully inventive age!—Smith!—O yes! great man!—perfect desperado—immortal renown—prodigies of valour! *Never heard!* (This was given in a scream.) Bless my soul!—why he's the man!"

"—mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owed'st yesterday!"

here roared out Climax just in my ear, and shaking his fist in my face all the time, in a way that I *couldn't* stand, and I *wouldn't*. I left the Misses Cognoscenti immediately, went behind the scenes forthwith, and gave the beggarly scoundrel such a thrashing as I trust he will remember to the day of his death.

At the *soirée* of the lovely widow, Mrs. Kathleen O'Trump, I was very confident that I should meet with no similar disappointment. Accordingly, I was no sooner seated at the card-table, with my pretty hostess for a partner,

than I propounded those questions the solution of which had become a matter so essential to my peace.

"Smith?" said my partner, "why, not General John A. B. C.? Horrid affair that, wasn't it?—diamonds, did you say?—terrible wretches, those Kickapoos!—we are playing *whist*, if you please, Mr. Tattle—however, this is the age of invention, most certainly—the age, one may say—the age *par excellence*—speak French?—oh, quite a hero—perfect desperado:—*no hearts*, Mr. Tattle! I don't believe it—immortal renown and all that—prodigies of valour! *Never heard!*!—why, bless me, he's the man!"

"Mann?—Captain Mann?" here screamed some little feminine interloper from the farthest corner of the room. "Are you talking about Captain Mann and the duel?—oh, I *must* hear—do tell—go on, Mrs. O'Trump!—do now go on!" And go on Mrs. O'Trump did—all about a certain Captain Mann who was either shot or hung, or should have been both shot and hung. Yes! Mrs. O'Trump, she went on, and I—I went off. There was no chance of hearing anything farther that evening in regard to Brevet-Brigadier-General John A. B. C. Smith.

Still, I consoled myself with the reflection that the tide of ill-luck would not run against me forever, and so determined to make a bold push for information at the *route* of that bewitching little angel, the graceful Mrs. Pirouette.

"Smith?" said Mrs. P., as we twirled about together in a *pas de zephyr*, "Smith?—why not General John A. B. C.? Dreadful business that of the Bugaboos, wasn't it?—terrible creatures those Indians!—do turn out your toes, I really am ashamed of you—man of great courage, poor fellow—but this is a wonderful age for invention—O dear me, I'm out of breath—quite a desperado—prodigies of valour—*never heard!*!—can't believe it—I shall have to sit down and enlighten you—Smith! why he's the man!"

"Man-fred, I tell you!" here bawled out Miss Bas-Bleu, as I led Mrs. Pirouette to a seat. "Did ever anybody hear the like? It's Man-fred, I say, and not at all by any means Man-Friday." Here Miss Bas-Bleu beckoned to me in a very peremptory manner; and I was obliged, will I will I, to leave Mrs. P. for the purpose of deciding a dispute touching the title of a certain poetical drama of Lord Byron's. Although I pronounced, with great promptness, that the true title was Man-Friday, and not any means Man-fred, yet when I returned to seek for Mrs. Pirouette she was not to be discovered, and I made my retreat from the house in a very bitter spirit of animosity against the whole race of the Bas-Bleus.

Matters had now assumed a really serious aspect, and I resolved to call at once upon my particular friend, Mr. Theodore Sinivate;—for I knew that here at least I should get something like definite information.

"Smith?" said he, in his well-known peculiar way of drawing out his syllables; "Smith?—why, not General John A—B—C.? Savage affair that with the Kickapo-o-o-o-s, wasn't it? Say! don't you think so?—perfect desperado—great pity, 'pon my honour!—wonderfully inventive age!—pro-o-odigies of valour! By-the-by, did you ever hear about Captain Mann?"

"Captain Mann be d—d!" said I, "please to go on with your story."

"Hem!—oh well—quite *la même cho-o-ose*, as we say in France. Smith, eh? Brigadier-General John A—B—C.? I say—(here Mr. S. thought proper to put his finger to the side of his nose)—I say, you don't mean to insinuate now, really, and truly, and conscientiously, that you don't know all about that affair of Smith's, as well as I do, eh? Smith? John A—B—C.? Why, bless me, he's the ma-a-an!"

"Mr. Sinivate," said I, imploringly, "is he the man in the mask?"

"No-o-o-o!" said he, looking wise, "nor the man in the mo-o-o-on."

This reply I considered a pointed and positive insult, and I left the house at once in a high dudgeon, with a firm resolve to call my friend, Mr. Sinivate, to a speedy account for his ungentlemanly conduct and ill breeding.

In the meantime, however, I had no notion of being thwarted touching the information I desired. There was one resource left me yet. I would go to the fountain head. I would call forthwith upon the general himself, and demand, in explicit terms, a solution of this abominable piece of mystery. Here at least there should be no chance for

equivocation. I would be plain, positive, peremptory—as short as pie-crust—as concise as Tacitus or Montesquieu.

It was early when I called, and the general was dressing; but I pleaded urgent business, and was shown at once into his bed-room by an old negro valet, who remained in attendance during my visit. As I entered the chamber, I looked about, of course, for the occupant, but did not immediately perceive him. There was a large and exceedingly odd-looking bundle of something which lay close by my feet, on the floor, and, as I was not in the best humour in the world, I gave it a kick out of the way.

"Hem! ahem! rather civil that, I should say!" said the bundle, in one of the smallest, and altogether the funniest little voices, between a squeak and a whistle, that I ever heard in all the days of my existence.

"Ahem! rather civil that, I should observe."

I fairly shouted with terror, and made off at a tangent, into the farthest extremity of the room.

"God bless me, my dear fellow," here again whistled the bundle, "what—what—what—why, what *is* the matter? I really believe you don't know me at all."

What *could* I say to all this—what *could* I? I staggered into an arm-chair, and, with staring eyes and open mouth, awaited the solution of the wonder.

"Strange you shouldn't know me, though, isn't it?" presently re-squeaked the bundle, which I now perceived was performing, upon the floor, some inexplicable evolution, very analogous to the drawing on of a stocking. There was only a single leg, however, apparent.

"Strange you shouldn't know me, though, isn't it? Pompey, bring me that leg!" Here Pompey handed the bundle a very capital cork leg, all ready dressed, which it screwed on in a trice, and then it stood upright before my eyes. Devil the word could I say.

"And a bloody action it *was*," continued the thing, as if in a soliloquy; "but then one musn't fight with the Bugaboos and Kickapoos, and think of coming off with a mere scratch. Pompey, I'll thank you now for that arm. Thomas (turning to me) is decidedly the best hand at a cork leg; he lives in Race-street, No. 79—stop, I'll give you his card; but if you should ever want an arm, my dear fellow, you must really let me recommend you to Bishop." Here Pompey screwed on an arm.

"We had rather hot work of it, that you may say. Now, you dog, slip on my shoulders and bosom. Petit makes the best shoulders, but for a bosom you will have to go to Ducrow."

"Bosom!" said I.

"Pompey, will you *never* be ready with that wig? Scalping is a rough process after all; but then you can procure such a capital scratch at De L'Orme's."

"Scratch!"

"Now, you nigger, my teeth! For a *good* set of these you had better go to Parmy's at once; high prices, but excellent work. I swallowed some very capital articles, though, when the big Bugaboo rammed me down with the butt end of his rifle."

"Butt end! ram down!! my eye!!!"

"O yes, by-the-by, my eye—here, Pompey, you scamp, screw it in! Those Kickapoos are not so very slow at a gouge; but he's a belied man, that Dr. Williams, after all; you can't imagine how well I see with the eyes of his make."

I now began very clearly to perceive that the object before me was nothing more or less than my new acquaintance, Brevet-Brigadier-General John A. B. C. Smith. The manipulations of Pompey had made, I must confess, a very striking difference in the appearance of the personal man. The voice, however, still puzzled me no little; but even this apparent mystery was speedily cleared up.

"Pompey, you black rascal," squeaked the general, "I really do believe you would let me go out without my palate."

Hereupon the negro, grumbling out an apology, went up to his master, opened his mouth with the knowing air of a horsejockey, and adjusted therein a somewhat singular-looking machine, in a very dexterous manner that I could not altogether comprehend. The alteration, however, in the entire expression of the countenance of the general was instantaneous and surprising. When he again spoke, his voice had resumed the whole of that rich melody and strength which I had noticed upon our original introduction.

"Confound the vagabonds!" said he, in so clear a tone that I positively started at the change, "confound the vagabonds! they not only knocked in the roof of my mouth, but took the trouble to cut off at least seven-eighths of my tongue. There isn't Bonfanti's equal, however, in America, for good articles of this description. I can recommend you to him with confidence, (here the general bowed,) and assure you that I have the greatest pleasure in so doing."

I acknowledged his kindness in my best manner, and now took leave of him at once, with a perfect understanding of the state of affairs—with a full comprehension of the mystery which had troubled me so long. It was envied. It was a clear case. Brevet-Brigadier-General John A. B. C. Smith was the man—that was used up!

From Mrs. Child's delightful "Letters from New-York," we copy the annexed chapter on music:

It is curious to observe by what laws ideas are associated; how, from the tiniest seed of thought, rises the umbrageous tree, with moss about its foot, blossoms on its head, and birds among its branches. Reading my last letter, concerning the spiral series of the universe, some busy little spirit suggested that there should somewhere in creation, be a flower that made music. But I said, do they not all make melody? The Persians write their music in colours; and perchance, in the arrangement of flowers, angels may perceive songs and anthems. The close relationship between light and music has been more or less dimly perceived by the human mind everywhere. The Persian, when he gave to each note a colour, probably embodied a greater mystery than he understood. The same undefined perception makes us talk of the harmony of colours, and the tone of a picture; it led the blind man to say that his idea of red was like the sound of a trumpet; and it taught Festus to speak of "a rainbow of sweet sounds." John S. Dwight was inspired with the same idea, when he eloquently described music as "a prophecy of what life is to be; the rainbow of promise, translated out of seeing into hearing."

But I must not trust myself to trace the beautiful analogy between light and music. As I muse upon it, it is like an opening between clouds, so transparent, and so deep, deep, that it seems as if one could see through it beyond farthest star—if one could but gaze long and earnestly enough.

"Every flower writes music on the air," and every tree that grows enshrines a tone within its heart. Do you doubt it? Try the willow and the oak, the elm and the poplar, and see whether each has not its own peculiar sound, waiting only for the master's hand to make them discourse sweet music. One of the most remarkable instruments ever invented gives proof of this. M. Guzikow was a Polish Jew; a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was forever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forest stood round him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favourite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice; for music to him was life. His old familiarity with tones of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across these he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood, of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end, and some at the other; in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God. They who have heard it, describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin. The emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some of the large cities, he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg.

The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He covered his head, according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in colour from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy, natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to foot all was black, as his own hair and eyes, re-

lieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual and poetic beauty of his appearance; and ringlets à la Guzikow were the order of the day.

Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood; the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice; then gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds, clear-warbling, like a nightingale; the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze—but above them all, swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong like a sky-lark piercing the heavens! They who heard it listened in delighted wonder, that the trees could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.

There is something pleasant to my imagination in the fact that every tree has its own peculiar note, and is a performer in the great concert of the universe, which forever rises before the throne of Jehovah. But when the idea is applied to man, it is painful in the extreme. The emperor of Russia is said to have an imperial band, in which each man is doomed all his life long to sound one note, that he may acquire the greatest possible perfection. The effect of the whole is said to be admirable; but nothing would tempt me to hear this human musical machine. A tree is a unit in creation; though, like everything else, it stands in relation to all things. But every human soul represents the universe. There is horrible profanation in compelling a living spirit to utter but one note. Theological sects strive to do this continually; for they are sects because they magnify some one attribute of deity, or see but one aspect of the divine government. To me, these fragmentary echoes are most discordant; but doubtless the angels listen to them as a whole, and perhaps they hear a pleasant chorus.

Music, whether I listen to it, or try to analyse it, ever fills me with thoughts which I cannot express—because I cannot sing; for nothing but music can express the emotions to which it gives birth. Language, even the richest flow of metaphor, is too poor to do it. That the universe moves to music I have no doubt; and could I but penetrate this mystery, where the finite passes into the infinite, I should surely know how the world was created. Pythagoras supposed that the heavenly bodies, in their motion, produced music inaudible to mortal ears. These motions he believed conformed to certain fixed laws, that could be stated in numbers, corresponding to the numbers which express the harmony of sounds. This "music of the spheres" has been considered an idea altogether fanciful; but the immortal Kepler applied the Pythagorean theory of numbers, and musical intervals, to the distances of the planets; and a long time after, Newton discovered and acknowledged the importance of the application. Said I not that the universe moved to music? The planets dance before Jehovah; and music is the echo of their motions. Surely the ear of Beethoven had listened to it, when he wrote those misnamed "waltzes" of his, which, as John S. Dwight says, "remind us of no dance, unless it be the dances of the heavenly systems in the sublime career through space."

Have you ever seen Retsch's illustration of Schiller's Song of a Bell? If you have, and know how to appreciate its speaking gracefulness, its earnest depth of life, you are richer than Rothschild or Astor; for a vision of beauty is an everlasting inheritance. Perhaps none but a German would have thus entwined the sound of a bell with the whole of human life; for with them the bell mingles with all of mirth, sorrow, and worship. Almost all the German and Belgian towns are provided with chiming bells, which play at noon and evening. There was such a set of musical bells on the church of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg. The bell-player was a gray-headed man, who had for many years rung forth the sonorous chimes, that told the hours to the busy throng below. When the church was on fire, either from infirmity, or want of thought, the old man remained at his post. In the terrible confusion of the blazing city, no one thought of him, till the high steeple was seen wreathed with flame. As the throng gazed upward, the firm walls of the old church, that had stood for ages, began to shake. At that moment the bells sounded the well-known German Choral, which usually concludes the Protestant service, "Nun danket alle Gott"—"Now all thank God." Another moment and there was an awful crash! The bells which had spoken into the hearts of so many generations, went silent forever. They and the old musician sunk together into a fiery grave; but the echo of their chimes goes sounding on through the far eternity.

They have a beautiful custom at Hamburg. At ten o'clock in the morning, when men are hurrying hither and yon in the great whirlpool of business, from the high church tower comes down the sound of sacred music, from a large and powerful horn appropriated to that service. It is as if an angel spake from the clouds, reminding them of immortality.

You have doubtless heard of the mysterious music that peals over the bay at West Pascagoula. It has for a long time been one of the greatest wonders of the Southwest. Multitudes have heard it, rising as it were from the water, like the drone of a bagpipe, then floating away—away—

away—in the distance—soft, plaintive and fairy-like, as if Æolian harps sounded through the liquid element; but none have been able to account for the beautiful phenomenon.

"There are several legends touching these mysterious sounds. One of them relates to the extinction of the Pascagoula tribe of Indians; the remnant of which, many years ago, it is said, deliberately entered the waters of the bay and drowned themselves, to escape capture and torture, when attacked by a neighbouring formidable tribe. There is another legend, as well authenticated as traditional history can well be, to the effect, that about one hundred years ago, three families of Spaniards, who had provoked the resentment of the Indians, were beset by the savages, and to avoid massacre and pollution, marched into the bay, and were drowned—men, women and children. Tradition adds, that the Spaniards went down to the waters following a drum and pipe, and singing, as enthusiasts are said to do, when about to commit self-immolation. Slaves in the neighbourhood believe that the sounds, which sweep with mournful cadence over the bay, are uttered by the spirits of those hapless families; nor will any remonstrance against the superstition abate their terror, when the wailing is heard." Formerly, neither threats nor blows could induce them to venture out after night; and to this day, it is exceedingly difficult to induce one of them to go in a boat alone upon the quiet waters of Pascagoula Bay. One of them, being asked by a recent traveller what he thought occasioned that music, replied:

"Well, I think it's dead folks come back agin; dat's what I does. White people say it's dis ting and dat ting; but it's noing, massa, but de ghosts of people wat didn't die nat'ally long time ago—Indians or Spaniards, I believe dey was."

"But does the music never frighten you?"

"Well, it does. Sometimes when I see out alone on de bay in a skiff, and I hears it about, I always finds myself in a perspiration; and de way I works my way home, is of de fastest.

But in these days few things are allowed to remain mysterious. A correspondent of the Baltimore Republican thus explains the music of the water-spirits:

"During several of my voyages on the Spanish main, in the neighbourhood of 'Paraguay' and San Juan de Nicaragua, from the nature of the coast, we were compelled to anchor at a considerable distance from the shore; and every evening, from dark to late night, our ears were delighted with Æolian music, that could be heard beneath the counter of our schooner. At first I thought it was the sea breeze sweeping through the strings of my violin, (the bridge of which I had inadvertently left standing,) but after examination I found it was not so. I then placed my ear on the rail of the vessel, when I was continually charmed with the most heavenly strains that ever fell upon my ear. They did not sound as close to us, but were sweet, mellow, and aerial; like the soft breathings of a thousand lutes, touched by fingers of the deep sea-nymphs, at an immense distance.

"Although I have considerable 'music in my soul,' one night I became tired and determined to fish. My luck in half an hour was astonishing; I had half-filled my bucket with the finest white catfish I ever saw; and it being late, and the cook asleep, and the moon shining, I filled my bucket with water, and took fish and all into my cabin for the night.

"I had not yet fallen asleep, when the same sweet notes fell upon my ear; and, getting up, what was my surprise to find my 'catfish' discoursing sweet sounds to my bucket.

"I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip an excrescence, divided by soft, wiry fibres. By the pressure of the upper lip thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created similar to that produced on the tongue of the jews-harp."

So you see the Naiads have a band to dance by. I should like to have the mocking-bird try his skill at imitating this submarine melody. You know the Bob-o-link with his mimicable strain of "linked sweetness, long drawn out?" At a farm-house occupied by my father-in-law, one of these rich warblers came and seated himself on a rail near the window, and began to sing. A cat-bird (our New-England mocking-bird) perched near and began to imitate the notes. The short, quick, "bob-o-link," "bob-o-link," he could master very well; but when it came to the prolonged trill of gushing melody, at the close of the strain—the imitator stopped in the midst. Again the bob-o-link poured forth his soul in song; the mocking-bird hopped nearer, and listened most intently. Again he tried; but it was all in vain. The bob-o-link, as if conscious that none could imitate his God-given tune, sent forth a clearer, stronger, richer strain than ever. The mocking-bird evidently felt that his reputation was at stake. He warbled all kinds of notes in quick succession. You would have thought the house was surrounded by robins, sparrows, whippoorwills, black-birds, and linnets. Having shown off his accomplishments, he again tried his powers on the all-together-inimitable trill. The effort he made was prodigious; but it was mere talent trying to copy genius. He couldn't do it. He stopped, gasping, in the midst of the prolonged melody, and flew away abruptly, in evident vexation.

Music, like everything else, is now passing from the few to the many. The art of printing has laid before the multitude

the written wisdom of ages, once locked up in the elaborate manuscripts of the cloister. Engraving and daguerreotype spread the productions of the pencil before the whole people. Music is taught in our common schools, and the cheap accordion brings its delights to the humblest class of citizens. All these things are full of prophecy. Slowly, slowly, to the measured sound of the spirit's music, there goes round the world the golden band of brotherhood; slowly, slowly, the earth comes to its place, and makes a chord with heaven.

Sing on, thou true-hearted, and be not discouraged! If a harp be in perfect tune, and a flute, or other instrument of music, be near it, and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without wakening an answer from the other. Behold, thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air, as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say. In the sunny West Indies, in gay and graceful Paris, in frozen Iceland, and the deep stillness of the Hindoo jungle, thou wilt wake a slumbering echo, to be carried on forever through the universe. In word and act sing thou of united truth and love; another voice shall take up the strain over the waters; soon it will become a WORLD CONCERT—and thou above there, in that realm of light and love, well pleased wilt hear thy early song, in earth's sweet vibration to the harps of heaven.

An anecdote of Washington and his mother which ought to be printed in letters of gold:

Young George Washington was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come to shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

(COMMUNICATED.)

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

FAIR eventide, like a blushing bride
Unveils her glorious eye,
And a herald star in the depths afar
Of the blue, unclouded sky
With a blessed light on the brow of night
Is flashing goldenly.

In the azure tent of the firmament
It circles its path of years,
Still gliding by in harmony
With the song of its tuneful peers,
Till wane and droop the starry troop
Of myriad sister-spheres.

With a tempest sweep through the sky deep
Upon the hunter blast,
Quenching the gleam of its golden beam,
Dark clouds are hurrying fast;
But its shafts will dart from its radiant heart,
When the tyrant storm is past.

Brightly emperaled in the spirit-world
Is Love's immortal star;
It gleameth high in a summer sky
O'er Passion's storms afar,
The richest gem of a diadem
Where priceless jewels are.

A music rings on the spirit's strings
From its bright and lofty throne;
It speaketh thence with an eloquence
Of sweet, melodious tone,
That wiles the heart the world apart
To its Eden-joye alone.

A veil of cloud like a sable shroud
Hath dimmed Love's angel rays;
A murky gloom hath shorn the bloom
Of its silver light away;
But still divine in shade or shine
It flasheth there alway.

JOTTINGS.

We have before us a few pages of Watson's new work, entitled "Annals and Occurrences of New-York City and State in the Olden Time." The present is an enlargement of his former book, published many years ago, and entitled "Sketches of our Domestic History in the Olden Time." Its merit may be judged by the fact that the old edition was comprised in a duodecimo of two hundred pages, and that the new is to contain about five hundred pages, in one octavo volume; to be embellished with thirty new engravings, and supplied to subscribers at two dollars per copy, payable when delivered. It now carries the reader inland, and shows the state of the country; and the beginning of its towns "few and far between," when the Indians were still contending for the soil, even as late as the period of the revolutionary war. The facts which our author has gleaned concerning Indian ravages and spoils, at places now only known for their sumptuous elegance and prosperity, will not fail to create the liveliest interest. Mr. Watson is unique in his style; he tells a straightforward story, with such graphic delineations and associations as enables the reader to see and contemplate the men and manners of our primitive days, and to feel our presence amid the doings of our forefathers. On a former occasion we said, "to those who look with fondness on the simplicity of past times, and love to travel the swift progress of this city of enchantment, this book will afford a treat of the most gratifying kind." The author has compiled a great variety of particulars of the early habits, manners, customs, laws and regulations of our Dutch and English ancestors. To the aged this book will revive the recollections of their early youth; and to the young it will communicate a knowledge of the past, which, but for Mr. Watson, they might never have acquired. It comprises a view of New-York in its primitive state; notices of ancient memorials and modern changes; superstitions; incidents of the revolutionary war; and various other matters, which will enable us to compare the present with the past, and cause us to wonder at the changes produced. We conclude by cordially recommending the book to the notice of all who feel a veneration for the good old times, and for honest, simple-hearted people. The work is in the press of Messrs. Baker & Crane, booksellers, No. 158 Pearl-street; where, and also at the Mercantile Library Association, those who feel disposed can have an opportunity of examining the prospectus.

Endicott's "Picture of Saratoga Springs" contains views from original drawings of the principal buildings and places of the village, with brief descriptions of each. It is one of the most highly-finished and accurate works that has yet issued from the lithographic press of this country. The view of the United States Hotel (so admirably kept by the Messrs. Marvin) is a beautiful specimen of art; and the same thing may be said with truth of the Union Hall, the Pavilion, Washington Grove, Putnam's Bath, Congress and Columbian Springs, the Railroad Depot, Saratoga Lake, the Lake House, the High-rock and Iodine Springs, the Pavilion Fountain, and the Hamilton Spring and Bath House. This interesting and superb scrap-book is dedicated to the visitors of the Springs, and may be had of the publishers, No. 22 John-street. Mr. Endicott has likewise published for framing two fine views of the United States Hotel. The first represents the exterior of the noble building, and the second the beautiful grounds and cottages belonging to the establishment of the Marvin's.

We copy, as usual, a few items from the Nat. Intelligencer:

The most ruthless violation of delicacy and proper feeling which I have seen in my time, made its appearance under the sanction of Mr. Lockhart, in the last number of the London Quarterly Review. It occurs in the biographical article on THEODORE HOOK, and if not written by Mr. Lockhart himself, (which I presume it was not, knowing that he keeps a cat's-paw for such work,) is the production of the jackal of the Quarterly, one Abraham Hayward. The whole article is sufficiently blameable, (at least by the rule of *nil mortuis nisi bonum*), mainly taken up as it is with a detailed history of the personal and public immoralities of the great wit who is the

subject of the biography; but the description of the last scene of his life, as given by the clergyman who was called in to him, is, in my opinion, an atrocious violation of sacred confidence and privacy, of which the American press, abused as it has been by this very journal for its licentiousness, is as yet incapable. The professed object of the article is to review the life of the most admired and brilliant man of modern times, (whose personal friends and associates are still meeting daily around the festal board, with but the void occasioned by his death,) and a picture is drawn of his last hours, from details furnished in violation of his sacred trust by the clergyman who intruded upon him unexpectedly—a picture which must now be associated forever with all thought and memory of Hook—a disgusting and revolting object thrust cruelly in between his genius and the world's admiration. The invasion of the secrecy of private life has been the object of the heaviest anathemas of this same Review, and it is the burden of Dickens's horror of America that this is the leading feature of its newspaper press; and where is the American writer who would venture to desecrate the new-made grave of a gifted man with the cold-blooded heartlessness of this disgusting article in the Quarterly? Mr. Hayward may do it in London. He is a diner-out, and his pickings-up of the betrayed humiliations of the private life of genius amuse first the dinner-tables of May-Fair, and then are cooked up as a feast to the reading palate of the English public. I know the process, and have heard many such an abominable violation from the man's own lips. But it would not do for a table in America, and there is no penny paper in America, let alone its Quarterlies, that would publish such an unfeeling outrage. Poor Hook! His envied and brilliant career, by his own account, was far from happy even in its brightest hours; but he had taken some pride in his literary reputation; and to have that pounced upon at the moment when it is set before the world completed by his death, and so defiled with ridicule and disgust that his name will henceforward suggest nothing but an offensive picture to a world that were else ready to forget every defect in paying mournful honours to his genius—this, I am happy to say, is a tribute to departed greatness exclusive to England's leading Review, and seasoned exclusively to English appetite. I met Mr. Hook very frequently while in England, and have often seen him passing the jest in hilarious companionship with the same man (as the style and some corroborative circumstances show me) who has now murdered his reputation. His powers of wit and repartee were certainly wonderful, but as far as I could judge there was a certain *gêne* in the company always, inseparable from the compulsion of laughter. His failures at wit were frequent, and his position, I thought, even then, was a painful and unenviable one. I never saw him in a very small or familiar party, and presume he was pleasantest when the least was expected of him; but the "prepare to laugh," which is conveyed by the look around a table when a professed wit and story-teller is about to speak, is a damper at least on my enjoyment of anything he may say. And so I have heard those express themselves, in speaking of Hook, for whose favour and smiles he took the most pains.

I understand that Mr. Horsley Palmer, the late Governor of the Bank of England, who was in this country some months since, has bought a house in New-York with the intention of taking up his permanent residence here. This gives great pleasure to all who had an acquaintance with that merchant-prince.

Mrs. Norton is now announced as being about to visit the United States. I doubt her coming, though I know that, before her separation from her husband, she contemplated sending her sons here for the better chance of a career in a republican country. The life of Mrs. Norton's titled elder brother is exceedingly precarious from ill health, I understand, and, with the prospect of becoming Lady Grantley, as she will in case of the present Lord Grantley's death, she has probably modified her notions of a republican education for her young honourables. With her magnificent beauty, this first living poetess would be a sight to see this side of the water.

(INTERCEPTED FOR THE NEW MIRROR.)

THE BEVERLEY CORRESPONDENCE.

CINNA BEVERLEY, ESQ., TO ALEXIS VON PHUHL.

Astor-House, Sept. 1. 1843.

MY DEAR NEPH-LING—I congratulate you on the attainment of your degree, as "Master of Arts." In other words, I wish the sin of the Faculty well repented of, in having endorsed upon parchment such a bare-faced fabrication. Put the document in your pocket and come away! There will be no occasion to air it before doomsday, probably, and fortunately for you, it will then revert to the Faculty. *Qui escat adhuc*—as I used to say of my tailor's bills till they came through a lawyer.

And now what is to become of you? I do not mean as to what your grandmother calls your "temporal welfare." You were born to gold dust like a butterfly's wing. Ten thousand a year will ooze into your palm like insensible perspiration—(principally from investments in the "Life and Trust.") But your *style*, my dear boy—your idiosyncrasy of broadcloth and beaver, satin and patent-leather—your outer type—your atmosphere—your cut!—Oh Alexis!

But let us look this momentous matter coolly in the face.

America has now arrived at that era of civilized aggrandizement when it is worth a gentleman's while to tie his cravat for the national meridian. We can afford to wish St. James-street "*bon voyage*" in its decline from empire. We dress better than Great Britain. *Ilum fuit*. The last appeal of the universe, as to male toggery, lies in the approval of forty eyes lucent beneath twenty bonnets in Broadway. In the decision of twenty belles or thereabouts, native in New-York, resides at this present crisis, the *idolon* of the beau supreme. *Homage à la mode Manhatanesque!*

But, to the sanctum of fashion there is no thoroughfare. Three persons, arriving at it by the same road, send it flying like "Loretto's chapel through the air." Every man his own guide thither, and his path trackless as a bird's alley to his nest! I can but give you some loose data for guidance, and pray that "by an instinct you have," you may take a "bee-line" of your own.

Of course you know that during the imitative era just past, there have been two styles of men's dress—the Londonish and the Parisian—pretty equally popular, I should say. The London man dresses loose above, the Paris man loose below—tight hips and baggy coat in St. James-street—baggy trousers and pinched coat on the Boulevard. The Englishman puts on his cravat with summary energy and a short tie—the Frenchman rejoices in a voluptuous waterfall of satin; and each, more particularly in this matter of neckcloth, abhors the other. John Bull shows his shirt-collar till death—Monsieur sinks it with the same pertinacity. English extravagance, fine linen—French extravagance, primrose kids.

Something is due, of course, to the settled principles of art. By the laws of sculpture, the Frenchman is wrong—the beauty of the male figure consisting in the breadth of the shoulders and the narrowness of the hips; and this formation shows blood and breeding, moreover, as, to have small hips, a man's progenitors must not have carried burthens. So—for me—trousers snug to the barrel and coat scant of skirt but prodigal above. Decide for yourself, notwithstanding. There is a certain *je ne sais quoi* in bagginess of continuation—especially on a tall man. It only don't suit my style!

And, as to cravat, I have the same weak leaning toward Bond-street. The throat looks poulticed in those heavy voluminous-nesses. Black diminishes the apparent size too, and, the more shirt-bosom visible, the broader the apparent chest. It depends on the stuff somewhat. Very rich billows of flowered satin look ruinous—and that the ladies love. But in every other particular, if you *will* wear these eclipsers of linen, you must be as lavendered as a lily at dawn—compensatory, as it were! And if you show your collar, for heaven's sake, let it follow the curve of your jaw-bone, and not run athwart it like a rocket aimed at the corner of your eyebrow! I am sensitive as to this last hint. The reform was my own.

One caution—*never* be persuaded that there is such a thing as a fashion of hat!! Believe me, the thing is impossible! Employ an artist. George Flagg has a good eye for a gentleman's belongings, and he'll make a drawing of you with reference to a hat. No hat is endurable that will not look well in a picture. Ponder the brim. Study how the front curve cuts the line of the eyebrow. Regulate it by the expression of face common to you when dawdling. See if you require lengthening or crowding down—physiognomically, I mean. Low crowns are monstrous vindictive. Bell crowns are dressy—white hats rowdy. And, once fixed in your taste by artistical principles, be pretty constant through life to that hat. Have it re-produced, (rigidly without consultation with your hatter,) and give it a shower-bath before wearing. Unmitigated new hat is truly frightful. Orlando Fish takes your idea cleverly, touching a tile of your own.

As to the Castaly of coats, I am driven to believe that the true fount is at Philadelphia. One marvellous coat after another arrived at Saratoga while I was there, and to my astonished research as to their origin, there was but one reply—"Carpenter." What may be the address of this Carpenter of coats, I know not yet. But I shall know, and soon—for he builds to a miracle. Trousers, as you know, are sent home in the rough, and adapted by perseverance. They are a complex mystery, on the whole. Few makers know more than a part in the science of cutting them, and you must supply the rest by clear expounding and pertinacious experiment. The trade is trying, and should be expiative of crime in the "sufferer."

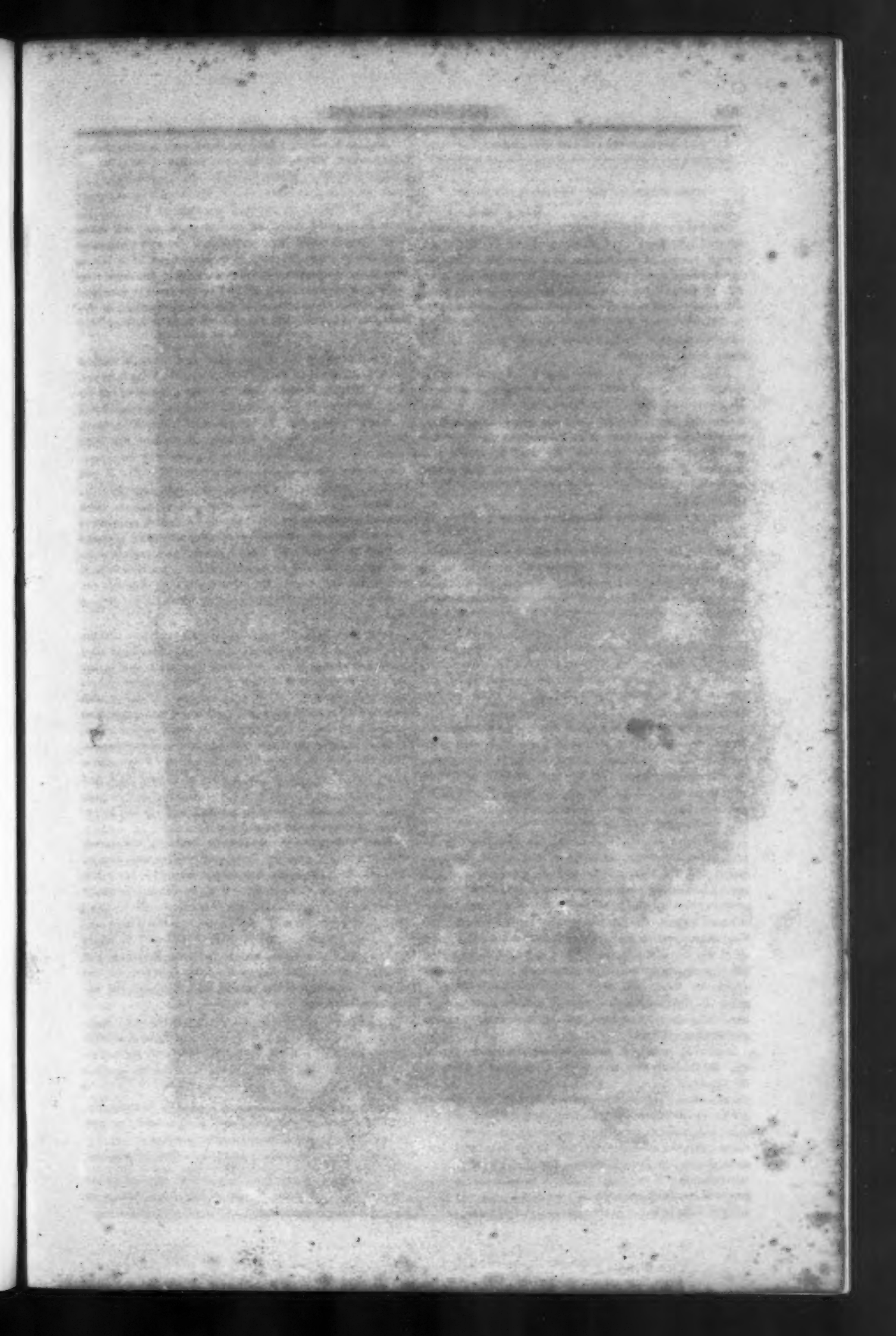
There is but one simple idea in boots—patent-leather and straight on the inside. But, by the way, to jump abruptly to the other extremity, how do you wear your hair? For Cupid's and the Graces' sake, don't be English in *that!* Short hair on a young man looks to me madhouse-y. Ugh! Straight or curly, leave it long enough to make a boot-lace for a lady! And see that it looks thread-able by slight fingers—for if you should chance to be beloved there will be fingers unemployed but for that little endearment. So at least I conjecture—bald myself, and of course, not experienced authority.

But whatever you decide, don't step into the street rashly! Keep yourself "on private view" for a few days after you are made up, and call in discreet judges for the benefit of criticism—an artist or two among them for the general effects. First impressions are irrevocable.

Adieu, my boy! Caution—and ponder on Balzac's dictum:—*Les femmes aiment les fats, parceque les fats sont les seuls hommes qui eussent soin d'eux-mêmes.*

Your affectionate uncle, CINNA BEVERLEY

P. S. A short cane—say as long as your arm—is rather knowing, now. Nobody carries a long stick, except to poke at snakes in the country.



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