

The Spectre Steamer, and Other Tales

J. H. Ingraham

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"Marvellous is woman's love! strong and deep,
Like a full river that overflows its banks,
It rushes on; nor death itself hath power
To put a barrier to its rolling flood."

PREFACE.

There are few writers who have so happily hit upon the true vein of public taste as J. H. Ingraham. He is a man whose personal history would be read with no little interest by the million, and the vicissitudes of life through which he has passed, have given him a never failing resource for incident. His novellets and stories are read wherever Yankee sails whiten distant seas; and sailors have come to look upon him as a beacon friend to the inhabitants of the fore-castle, whose long and tedious night watches his tales have served to lighten. The collection of tales we have gathered here, commencing with "The Spectre Steamer," are characteristic of the author's style, and will be read with avidity by the public. Another series will be published shortly, when we hope to be able to offer a still more interesting collection.

THE SPECTRE STEAMER, OR, HUGH NORTHUP'S OATH. A Tale of the Mississippi.

It was in the spring of 1839, that I left New Orleans, in the splendid steamer Saint Louis, for Saint Louis. The morning was clear and brilliant, and the atmosphere of that agreeable elasticity which inspires the dullest with good spirits. We backed out slowly and majestically from our birth at the pier, and, gaining the mid-river, began to ascend the stream with rapid but stately motion. I stood upon the 'hurricane-deck,' with fifty other passengers, admiring the view of the city as we ran swiftly past it. Street after street terminating in a straight line in the cypress swamp, appeared and disappeared, and turret, spire, and terrace receded rapidly in the distance. The half league of shipping lying 'three deep' against the pier, and waiting for their freight of cotton, presented a grand and imposing spectacle. They were Americans and of all European nations, principally English and French; and as every ship wore her flag half-mast in honor of a captain of one of them who had died the day previous, their appearance was at once solemn (from association) and brilliant. Who that has ever visited New Orleans in the winter season, can forget the fine effect of this wide-stretching crescent of shipping that enfolds the city at either extremity like wings?

At length we left behind us the shipping and the huge cotton-presses lining the river shore abreast of it. The Capitol-like dome of Saint Charles, the dark tower of the Cathedral, and the lofty roofs of hotels, sunk rapidly from the eye, or were lost in the smoke that overhung the city; and on either shore the eye was relieved by the agreeable substitute of sugar-fields, woodlands, and pretty villas. We shortly passed the picturesque village of Carrollton, with its handsome racing buildings and fine 'course,' and the remainder of the day, sailed between noble sugar-plantations, extending a league inland from the river. The eye never wearied gazing on the pleasant residences of the planters, with their steep dark roof, light verandahs and vine-clad galleries, and upon the orangeries, gardens and groves of old trees, that thickly adorned the river banks for full thirty leagues above the city. The whole shore was, indeed, a continuous village of villas—a rural street, thronged with horsemen, private equipages, visiting from plantation to plantation, foot-travellers, lads and maidens, negroes and negresses! As we ran along close to the bank, it was like driving through a village street; we could converse with the pedestrian on shore, peep upon the tea-table party in the open hall, and keep company with the bonnetless ladies, taking an airing, driving in their rapid barouches, on the levee.

At length night came on, and the horizon on every side was illumined with vast flames rising from pyramids of dried sugar-cane, which the slaves take pleasure in kindling at night. From the upper-deck the sight was grand, and as the darkness deepened and the fires increased in number and size, it became truly sublime. Before us, half an hour after sunset, the whole horizon seemed in a blaze, and the red glare glowed and flushed the sky to the zenith. It seemed as if Tartarus was ahead, and that we were rushing into its fiery caverns! and, with the streaming sparks pouring from our black chimneys, the roar of the escape-pipes, and the thunder of the dashing paddles, the 'infernal' idea was, on reflection, by no means diminished in its force. The night was still, and the flames rose in vast columnar height, o'ertopped by clouds of murky smoke, that rolled sluggishly onward, eclipsing half the stars. The river, reflecting on its breast so many fires, seemed itself a lurid lake. I had never before, nor have I since, beheld so singular and wonderful a spectacle! We remained on deck till near morning, deeply interested in the extraordinary scene. For the distance of one hundred miles, which we run in the night, the fires blazed on either shore till morning! We seemed to be sailing along in a sort of majestic triumph, our way illumined by bonfires! Conceive a river a mile in breadth, lighted for a hundred, nay, two hundred and fifty miles, as it proved to be, by columns of flame half a mile from each other, on either bank of the river. Such was our first night on the Mississippi!

The next day we ascended between shores less highly cultivated and far less picturesque. We had exchanged the wide sugar fields and the noble villas of the planters for cotton plantations and their ruder habitations. Baton Rouge, with its French-looking edifices, its old church and handsome barracks, with its beautiful suburban lawns and green esplanade, wooed and won our passing admiration.

As the sun set, its last rays gilded the summit of the bold promontory on which Natchez is situated, and its

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effulgence was reflected back to us from its towers and domes and thousand windows. The next morning, we beheld the sun rise over the romantic city of Vicksburg, which is certainly one of the most imposing towns in the valley of the west, beheld from water. On leaving this place, we began to enter the wild and vast region of that portion of the great valley, watered by the Mississippi, upon which the hand of cultivation has been but little bestowed. For hundreds of miles this noble stream winds its majestic and tortuous way through an almost unbroken wilderness, save here and there, where an adventurous woodman has planted his hut, and at long intervals on some favorite site some new settlement. It was on the fourth day after our departure from New Orleans, that our huge steamer entered the wildest portions of this dark and inhospitable region. The gigantic forests stood silent and vast on either shore, as they had stood for centuries. Evening approached and we entered a narrow *shute*, but little broader than to give room for the passage of the steamer, so that the shadows cast from either bank met mid-way in the channel, and while twilight was yet in the sky, enveloped our course in the deepest gloom. Thus we went on, now winding our way between an island and the main, now stemming the broad current of the full river, now hugging the shore to take advantage of the eddy. I had gone below at ten o'clock to retire; but feeling wakeful I took up 'Hoffman's Winter in the West,' and read until the steward simultaneously pronounced over my head—'It is twelve o'clock, sir,' and extinguished the cabin lamp. I then went to the deck to breathe a little fresh air before going to my state-room. On gaining the hurricane deck I was struck with the brilliancy and beauty of the night. The stars really sparkled and danced in the deep heavens, and the dark, still bosom of the river was as thick and dazzling with them as were the skies. How silent and dark reposed the walls of forests of cypresses on either hand! How black their shadows that seemed to descend below the very foundations of the river! We were, at the moment, in the very centre of the stream, crossing over from one point to another to enter the 'cut off,' across the peninsula of 'Horse-Shoe Bend,' the mouth of which was indicated by a break in the shadows in the water ahead of us, rather than visible in the shore itself, which was dark and impervious to the eye. I walked forward as we neared it, to the pilot's house, within which he stood at the wheel. He was a fine old weather-beaten man, about fifty-four or five years of age, with just gray enough sprinkled amid his black locks to bear testimony to the long service he had seen. Loitering by his wheel of nights, I had gradually formed an acquaintance with him, and found he possessed a noble frankness of manner, good common sense, though uneducated, and much general intelligence, united singularly enough, to a strong bias towards superstition. He had been a boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, before, said he, 'sich varmint as steamers was thought on.' His name was Paul Fink, and he was cousin to the celebrated Mike Fink, whom the lamented Morgan Neville has immortalized in one of the happiest American tales ever written.

I now approached him as he stood alone at his wheel, his head enveloped in a foxskin cap, and his person wrapped in a white shaggy pea-jacket (for we were now in a latitude many degrees higher than New Orleans), where four days before we had worn straw hats and summer garments. Forward of the wheel-house, twenty feet from us on the part of the deck above the boilers, sat one of the passengers smoking a German pipe—a very extraordinary looking man—dark, silent, and mysterious, who had attracted much curious notice on board, both from the passengers and crew, otherwise we were alone on the vast and silent deck.

'A fine night, pilot,' I observed, in an indifferent tone, as I wrapped my cloak closer about me and leaned against the window of the wheel-house.

He made no reply at first, but fixing his eye steadily upon the boat's course as she approached the mouth of the 'Horse Shoe cut off,' gave the wheel two or three rapid revolutions and shot into its narrow inlet with that skilful and unerring certainty for which the pilots of the Mississippi are so remarkable. We now seemed sailing, so dark and gloomy was this passage, through a forest cavern, with only a narrow opening to the stars overhead. The long, pendant branches of the willows and cypresses, swept our decks, and the deep roar of our escape-pipes penetrated the lofty avenues of the eternal forest, and echoing and re-echoing, filled the wood with a continuous resounding thunder. Onward we went, our only guide through the gloomy passage the stars twinkling between the trees, that, towering from either bank, nearly met their tops midway the channel.

'Yes, sir, a pretty night,' responded the pilot, after we had fairly entered the 'shute, and casting a glance at the stars, he rolled his quid in his cheek, expectorated the superfluous juice, and gave his wheel a half turn to starboard.

'It surprises me,' I said, after a moment's silence, wishing to draw Paul into conversation, 'that you can steer with such accuracy amid this deep darkness. The water and the forests are equally black to my eye—it is

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impossible for me to distinguish the bank and waterline of either side of the channel.'

'It's all come o' practice,' he said, carelessly, 'and then there's somethin', too, in the boat's being used to the channel. Why this steamer knows every inch of the way between Orleans as well as I do. She'd make the trip alone, if she only know'd how to keep her steam up herself! Her old nose is just as familiar with the mouth of every 'shute,' as you are with the way to your own mouth! I could go to sleep here at my wheel, if 'twant for the discredit o' the thing, if the cap'n should come up and catch an old pilot at it, and she'd run herself! But, talking o' steamboats running themselves,' said Paul, ceasing his professional praise of his steamer, lowering his voice and speaking in an awed under tone; 'there's a boat on this river, sir, that has been runnin' alone this last twelve-month, and has never yet got to her port.'

'Ah, what is the story about her, Paul?' I inquired, seeing my superstitious friend was in the humor of talking.

'I'd tell it to you, especially as we are off agen Horse Shoe Bend, if—' and here Paul cast a suspicious and uneasy look towards the silent passenger, who, at that instant, rose from his seat and wrapping himself in his long, black cloak, began to pace the deck athwart ships; 'I'd tell it you, sir, if that old hunks was out o' the way. There's somethin' about that varmint I don't much like! He's on deck always all my watch, and the other pilot swears he is all his'n. Now a man what sits up all night and no watch to stand, *is* queer! I give such critters a wide berth as I would an ugly snag. Do you like the varmint's looks, stranger?' And all this was spoken in a low tone close to my ear, as I leaned in the window of the pilot-house.

'I don't see any thing very suspicious in his loving the deck in these fine nights,' I said, laughing; 'you always find me here, Paul, during the most of your trick at the wheel.'

'That's true, and glad I am to have you on deck in my watch; but there's a mighty difference, I tell ye, stranger, between a man that comes and talks like a Christian man with the pilot while the boat is running steady and he can listen to him, and one who never opens his crackers to man or beast, but goes stalking about the decks like a shadow in black, or sittin' in the cap'n's chair there, smoking a pipe as if his insides was a furnace. No, no,' continued Paul, bringing his wheel *to* half a dozen spokes, and eying the passenger suspiciously; 'I tell you there is no good in him, and you'll see before the trip is through.' Here the old pilot shook his head ominously, renewed his quid, and brought the boat *to* a point and a half, which he had let her fall off while talking.

I watched a few seconds, unconsciously, the movements of the mysterious passenger, againt whom Paul had taken up so strong a prejudice, as he slowly paced the deck a few feet forward of the wheel-house, the fire in the bowl of his pipe glowing at every whiff and lighting up his thin, swarthy visage. I could see in him, however, no more than a tall, thin, bilious looking gentleman, either Portuguese or an Italian, with dignified yet taciturn manners, one who loved the company of his pipe better than the companionship of his species. So turning from him I asked Paul to explain to me what he meant by his wandering steamer, that had never reached her port.

'Well, I'll tell it you, and there was never a better place to tell it than here in the Horse-Shoe Bend, which God grant we were well out of.'

'Is it a dangerous place?' I asked, struck by Paul's earnest manner.

'For one league above and one league below, I never go through it without the prayers my mother taught me, on my tongue. God help me! did you hear that?'

'What!' I exclaimed, starting.

'That steamer ahead! Do you hear her blow?' he cried, in such real alarm, that I could not help sympathizing in it. After listening a moment, I could hear nothing but our own boat. He seemed also in a moment after to be convinced that he was mistaken, and was inclined to attribute the supposed noise of a coming boat to his fancy.

'By heaven, I could have sworn it!' he said, taking a relieved breath.

'Why should a boat coming down alarm you, Paul?' I inquired.

'Did you ever hear of an earthly steamer coming *down* a shute, stranger?' he asked, with something like slight contempt. 'Don't every Christian boat in descending the river, take the broad open stream to have the full advantage of the current? You don't know every thing, stranger, yet!'

I acknowledged my ignorance of a great many things, and begged him to relate what he knew about the lost steamer. Paul gave a preliminary turn to the wheel, discharged half a gill of distilled tobacco into the huge spittoon at his feet, and casting a suspicious glance after the mysterious passenger, who had walked aft, and was now indistinctly seen a hundred feet distant from us, standing over the stern of the boat, gazing down into the

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boiling wake—he thus began—

‘You must know, stranger, Saint Louis has the finest steamers that run on the Mississippi river! She takes a pride, as she ought, in makin' 'em larger, handsomer, and faster than those of any other city. Louisville and Cincinnati has more of 'em but none can come up to the Saint Louis craft for prettiness from stem to stern, and real racehorse speed. This here very identical animal we are now walking at ten knots through this 'shute,' is a specimen! Well, you see, the merchants vied with each other who should make the shortest trip between Saint Louis and Orleans. This very Saint Louis, you are now on board, I saw built and launched, and a prettier varmint never swam than she was when she had got her engines and boilers aboard, and started from the pier on the first trip to Orleans, with sixty thousand dollars in freight! Was'nt she a beauty? I was the first man that took her wheel and stuck her nose down stream! She steered like a duck! and she had scarcely shaken off the smell of the nigger—tracks on her decks in Saint Louis, before she was along side of the levee in Orleans! Three days and twenty—one hours running eleven hundred miles! See her walk up stream now. Is'nt she a picture, stranger?’

I here assented to the truth of his panegyric upon his favorite boat, and Paul having brought the boat to from a yaw she had unkindly taken as he was warmly speaking in commendation of her, he thus continued—

‘Well, you see, the trip we made was *a brag!* Not a captain in Saint Louis could hold up his head after we got back in *five days* against stream! There was living there then, one Captain Hugh Northup, who had always hated our captain, the two having commanded rival steamers. It was said he had been engaged in no honest livelihood before he came to St. Louis, where he brought a great box of gold and silver with him and another of jewels. But somehow he grew in favor and invested money in steamboats, one of which he went captain of himself, and it was while running this boat he fell out with our captain for always beating him in his trips. So, you see, when he heard of our brag trip he swore like a pirate that he would beat it or be blown to the devil. Well, he sells out all his shares in other boats, gets together all his money and turns too to build with it a steamer that shall beat every boat on the river. Well, stranger, he was a year at work on her, and a power of money he laid out on her, and a pretty thing she was as ever two eyes looked upon. She was just the size and tonnage of this here boat, the Saint Louis—but her model! wasn't it a beauty to look at? Our captain could never see it as she lay upon the stocks, without swearing and spitting out his quid Many a good quid o' old Virginy did that new boat make the cap'n lose. Well, stranger, this new boat was launched, and when she had got all her fixins aboard and lay along side the levee, she, a *leetle bit*, cut out in shine the Saint Louis, I tell ye. All her cabin works was mahogany and bird's eye, touched off with gilding. Her furniture was rich enough for the President's house, and her carpets alone cost twenty—four hundred dollars! Her engine and boilers were the best that could be made in Ameriky. All Saint Louis came on board to see her, and Captain Northup gave a ball to a thousand people in her cabins. Well, he got her ready for her voyage; nothing was lackin' to make her complete—not even a silver tooth—pick for the steward! The day she was to sail, Captain Northup invited all the masters of the steamers in port and some of the big merchants to a sort of a dinner—breakfast at eleven o'clock, in the forenoon. Every body went that was invited, because they knew the champagne would be spilled a few. And want it? I reckon it would take three school—masters to count the empty bottles! When the last bottle was brought on, and every toast drunk under the sun, Captain Northup got up on his feet, and with his champagne glass in his hand, said, in a loud tone so as to be heard by all—

“Now, gentlemen, I'll give you a sentiment— The Lucifer!” (for so he had named his boat) *and her crew!*

‘The Lucifer and her crew,’ repeated fifty voices, and the toast was drank standing.

‘Thank you, gentlemen,’ said Captain Northup, with a flushed cheek; ‘now listen to me. There have been boasts of brag trips between Saint Louis and Orleans! Such boasters shall be for ever silenced by the Lucifer. I am her captain, and I've got the devil for my chief—engineer. I sail this day for New Orleans, and if she is one hour over three days on her trip, I'll up steam and drive her to the devil! I here *swear that, slow trip or quick trip, I will take but one meal between the two ports!*’

‘This mad oath was received by the excited table with uproarious applause, to which every man gave *coup*, by dashing his empty glass upon the board. Hugh Northup looked round with triumph.

‘The company broke up, and that afternoon the Lucifer left Saint Louis, in the sight of ten thousand spectators. I saw her from this very deck, for we lay there as she got under headway. In ten minutes she was out of sight, beyond the southernmost bend of the river! Never did I see a steamer walk out as she did! You'd have thought seventy devils were flying off with her down stream! Not a soul in Saint Louis but belived Hugh Northup would

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beat every other boat that ever floated!

Here the `reach,' opened a little, and Paul suspended his narration to bring the boat's stem more sharply to current, and as he did so, he looked around and listened with apprehensive expectation of hearing or seeing something unpleasant.

`Hark! by my soul that was the blow of a boat!' he suddenly cried, grasping his wheel with a firmer hold.

`I hear it,' I said, after a moment's listening, `but it is a great distance off. Probably a steamer in Horse-Shoe Bend, going down.'

`No—the Bend is off to the south-east of us, five miles across, and this comes from the north and west—dead ahead! Do you hear it? It is coming nearer,' he cried, with a voice husky with emotion and terror, if a stout old pilot like Paul Fink could feel terror.

True enough, I could hear, as if about two miles ahead of us, through the forests, the deep regular blowing of a large class steamer. I listened, after witnessing Paul's emotion, not without singular sensations as each booming note succeeding a louder and louder, reached my ear.

`Why should this coming boat alarm you, Paul?' I asked, on observing by the light of the wheel-house lantern that his face was rigid and pale, and that his lip muttered broken sentences of the Lord's prayer.

`It is the Lucifer, Captain Hugh Northup,' he said, hoarsely, `from the day she left Saint Louis, she has never been heard of, in an honest and Christian way, and it is the seventh day of this month, a twelvemonth, since she sailed. Lord have mercy on the souls of those who sailed with that captain!'

`She has been heard of then?' I asked, with much interest, as the regular blow of the still distant boat fell on our ears.

`She has been seen and passed by more than one boat since then—but ne'er a pilot who laid eyes on her lived seven days after it.'

`Where and how was she seen?' I inquired with wonder.

`Here! in the neighborhood of Horse-Shoe-Bend, and only in the middle watch! It is said she is always seen coming down with a full head of steam on, with a skeleton figure at the wheel, who hails in an unearthly voice, and implores to be told the way to New-Orleans, saying in a most pitiable tone, that he has got lost among the shutes, and that it seems to him instead of going toward his port, that he is going round and round in a sort of Horse-Shoe-Bend, and for ever sailing in a circle. This, it is said, he utters with mingled groans and curses, enough to chill mortal blood; and when he can get no reply, he begs mournfully for something to eat, saying he has eaten but one meal for many, many a long month. There is nobody else to be seen on board, but a tall, black looking man, who acts as engineer.'

`This is a strange story, Paul,' I said, amused, yet seriously impressed by his superstition.

`If 'tis strange, 'tis true, sir,' answered Paul, with solemnity. `God in mercy keep me from meeting the Lucifer with her skeleton captain and infernal engineer this night. I shall be glad when I'm well out o' the Horse-Shoe.'

`But no boat could pass us in this narrow channel, Paul, not even the Lucifer, if she should be coming down.'

Paul shook his head and sighed, while his lips audibly pronounced a short prayer.

`I don't hear the blow of the boat now, Paul,' said I, listening; `it must have been some boat passing by in the main bend of the Horse-Shoe.'

`The wind has changed,' he said. The pilot then bent his head forward to listen, but the roar of our own escape-pipes prevented his hearing, and he pulled the little bell for the engineer to stop the boat. The signal was immediately obeyed, and for an instant we remained motionless and silent, save a low, suppressed respiration from the steam pipes. The regular *blow* of a steamer, but a short distance above us, was now distinctly heard. A few moments suspense convinced us that it was descending the `shute' which we were ascending. Paul looked at me as much as to say, `Do you hear the Lucifer now?' and breathed hard and heavily. I was silent from an indefinable awe. The sound was heard also by the mate and his watch on the fore-castle below us. He sprung up the ladder and leaped from the fly-wheel upon the hurricane deck.

`Mr. Fink, I do believe there is a boat ahead, in the `shute,'" he cried, hastening to the wheel-house, and addressing the pilot.

`I know it,' said Paul gravely, `and we shall all know it before long. It's Hugh Northup's boat.'

`Then the devil will have his pick out of our crew before the week's out,' said the mate, with a reckless manner to which sudden fear gave a kind of desperation. `I shouldn't care myself,' he added after a moment's silence, `if it

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were not for Anna and my little boy at home.' He then folded his arms and leaned moodily against the wheel-house, with his head fallen upon his breast.

The descending steamer, of whatever character she might be, was now rapidly approaching us through the darkness of the forest-walled passage. Her *blow* echoed through the glades of the wood sharp and clear, and the dash of her paddles in the water could be plainly distinguished. Paul stood firmly at his wheel and kept the boat closely hugging the starboard shore, to give the stranger a birth, though there seemed to be only room for us alone in the confind and tortuous channel. He was pale as death, his lips set, and his eyes fixed upon the point where he expected to behold the boat appear. Louder and louder resounded the deep roar of her escape-pipes, and the dashing of the water, as her paddles strongly beat it. Suddenly through the gloom and intervening trees, her furnace-fires gleamed along the water! Above her prow was set her blood-red signal lantern, and on her stern a blue one! These lights plainly designated her character.

'It is the Lucifer, Mr. Fink. God help us!' groaned the mate.

'Amen!' responded Paul, with emotion, whirling his wheel like lightning to bring the head of his boat as close shoreward as possible, for the strange steamer was bearing directly down the middle of the 'shute,' under a full head of steam.

'She will sink us as true as heaven!' cried Paul, putting his helm hard down, 'til he almost forced the boat in among the trees.

'Never fear,' said a voice close beside us, 'for the Lucifer can find water where other boats would ground.'

We turned with suspicion to where the words came from, and beheld the passenger in the black cloak. He immediately passed on to the forward part of the hurricane deck, and stood there, calmly surveying the alarming approach of the other steamer. Down she came upon us with fearful speed. She was but twice her length off and when I expected that the next breath we should come together with fearful collision, to our surprise and wonder, we beheld her turn from her straight course directly into the forests. The huge trees bent low with their tops of thick foliage before her path, and seemed to form a sea of green billows, lighted up by her furnace, over which she rode proudly and majestically. Making a graceful sweep athwart our bow, we heard her bell ring to stop her engines, and our engineer in his terror, stopped his also. A thin, ghastly figure, attenuated to a skeleton, now sprung out of her wheel-house, with a trumpet in his hand, while a fearful looking being leaving the engine came upon the guard, and laughed mockingly as the other hailed us, in a shrill, horrible voice—

'What steamer is that?'

No one answered on board, though the whole of our crew of boatswain and firemen, with the captain and numerous passengers, now crowded our decks, gazing with horror and suspicion upon the hellish steamer, as she rode on the billowy trees of the forest.

'For the love of—'

'Ha ha, ha!' laughed the infernal engineer, and we could not hear whether the wicked and miserable being said 'God,' or not, but he continued in a most piteous tone—

'Tell me the route to New Orleans! I have been sailing, 'till my crew have died one by one—my mates have died, my pilots grew mad and drowned themselves, my engineer is dead—'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the fearful being beneath him on the deck, 'ha, ha, ha! you lie, Hugh Northup!'

The poor wretch moaned and groaned enough to melt a stone; and walking aft as his boat drifted away on its green sea, he cried—

'Oh, then, for the love of—'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed his infernal engineer, and we could not hear his adjuration, but we could hear him continue—

'Give me some food, some food, some food! I perish with hunger. I have eaten but one meal for more than a year! Oh, give me food, if you will not show me the way to New-Orleans, that I may eat again!'

Not a word was spoken on board our boat— but a deep groan was emitted from every bosom. The poor wretch then clasped his hands, and seemed lost in hopeless despair, such as no mortal man could look upon without fear. At length he cried, imploringly—

'Send me then, I beg of you, good christians, a pilot for I am too ill to steer my own vessel longer—perhaps he would bring me to Orleans.'

There was a dead silence for an instant, when the passenger, whom Paul had taken such a prejudice against,

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answered from the hurricane deck—

‘Ay, ay, send your boat!’

The poor, miserable captain, at the sound of his voice, uttered a piercing shriek, and falling on his knees, he wrung his hands piteously, as if a fearful fate, more dreadful far than that he still endured, awaited him. The infernal engineer immediately sprung into the boat, and sculled towards our steamer. It was dry and leaky, and threatened to sink with him. The *Lucifer*, herself, was also old and tumbling to pieces; her chimneys were red with rust; her guards broken; her wheel-houses torn, and the paddles on the wheels half gone, and her whole appearance that of premature decay and neglect— a splendid wreck!

We watched in silent expectation the approach of the yawl. It came along side, and the passenger in the black cloak sprung into it. The next moment he stood beside Captain Hugh Northup, on the deck of the *Lucifer*.

‘How do you, captain,’ he said, in a voice which we all distinctly heard; ‘you look ill, methinks. Well, you have been twelve months making your voyage, instead of *three days*.’ Slow sailing, captain, for a ‘brag trip.’ Well, it can’t be helped. You know the alternative of your failing?’

The poor captain remembered his oath, and covered his face with his withered hands.

‘As you may be more fortunate in finding the way to the infernal regions, than you have been in finding that to New Orleans, I have come to pilot you.—Ho! sir engineer, up steam and drive to h—!’

Immediately the fore-castle was thronged with a demon crew, who began to ‘fire-up’ with appalling activity. The boilers and chimneys grew red hot with the intense fires, on which, with hellish cries, they never ceased piling wood. The engine was set in motion—our black cloaked passenger took the wheel, which at his touch, became a wheel of fire, and the accursed steamer got once more under full headway. The poor, miserable captain the while, paced his decks with looks of despair and speechless horror. Away flew the doomed boat, illumined from her red hot chimneys and enveloped in a veil of lurid light. We gazed in silent terror. Onward and *downward* went the doomed vessel. The forest yawned—the earth opened, and she entered a vast inclining cavern on a river of molten fire. Downward and onward she descended beneath the forests—beneath the water, and gradually disappeared in darkness and gloom from our horrified gaze. As she sunk from our sight a scream that made the blood curdle in our veins, mingled with demoniac laughter, reached our appalled and shrinking ears. Then all was still, and darkness and gloom took the place of the late fearful spectacle. The forests stood around us as before, in stern and silent mystery; the water wore its former placid look, reflecting the stars from its bosom, and all nature was as before.

For a few minutes not a word or sound escaped the breathless crowd upon our decks. Paul was the first to recover his presence of mind, and pulled the bell for the boat to proceed. I was gazing upon his face at the moment he did so, and saw that it wore a look of melancholy resignation—such as a condemned man shows when at last he has resigned himself to his fate.

In a short time, the throng, more or less affected by the terrible spectacle it had just witnessed, silently dispersed. I was left alone with Paul and the mate, who had all the while, from the first, remained immovable, moodily leaning against the wheel-house. We had by this time cleared the ‘shute,’ and were running at large in the open river, with the broad, bright skies open all around us.

‘Well, Paul,’ I said, by way of an interjection, as an assent to the truth of all he had related to me in reference to ‘*Lucifer*.’

‘Seeing is believing,’ he said, in the deep tone of subdued emotion. ‘Sir, I am a dead man!’

‘Oh, no, Paul,’ I said, laughing, to cheer him in his gloomy forebodings.

‘Sir, I shall not live a week.’

‘Why do you think so?’ I inquired, touched with his serious manner. He made me no answer; and after addressing one or two more remarks to him, and receiving no further reply, I was about to leave the wheel-house and descend to the cabin, when the mate caught my hand as I was passing by him.

‘Pardon me, sir; but if you will be so good as to give these little things to my wife Paul will tell you where to find her—and tell her—’ Here his voice choked with emotion. ‘Tell her I died blessing and praying for her.’

He grasped my hand warmly, pressed it hard, and then clasping his hands above his head, leaped into the deep river. A boat was lowered, but the doomed mate was never seen more!

When the steamer reached Saint Louis, the body of her pilot, Paul Fink, was borne on shore upon the shoulders of four men!

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Reader, this story is no dream, like many of this marvellous and supernatural kind, which, when you get to the end, the writer very coolly tells you that he dreamed it all! It is a true and veracious story, all but the incredible part of it, which we will not insist too strongly on forcing upon the belief of the skeptical.

`There are more things in Heaven and Earth,' dear reader, `than are dreamed of in philosophy.'

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THE FRIGATE'S TENDER. A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

CHAPTER I.

It was early on Sunday morning, during the progress of the last war with Great Britain, that a young naval officer, walking on the Battery at New York, had his attention drawn to a group of persons earnestly engaged in watching two vessels just visible far down the harbor.

‘What is it, my friends?’ he asked, in a frank, hearty tone, as he joined them.

‘The tender, again chasing a schooner, sir,’ answered an old tar, touching the point of his hat, as he noticed the anchor button on the officer’s coat.

‘Here’s a spy-glass, sir,’ said a master’s mate who stood near, and at the same time respectfully handing it to him.

‘Thank you, my man,’ answered the lieutenant with a smile, as he took the instrument and placed it to his eye.

By its aid he could clearly distinguish an armed schooner, of about ninety tons, crowding sail in chase of a ‘fore-and-after,’ that was making every exertion to escape, both by towing, and throwing water upon the sails.

‘The chase is about half a mile ahead, sir,’ said the master’s mate; but the tender sails like a shark in chase of a dolphin. The fore-and-after don’t stand a chance of getting in past the fort.’

‘The tender can sail, and I am the one that ought to know it,’ said a stout, weather-beaten looking man. ‘She was a pilot boat, and the fastest craft that ever danced over the waves. Three weeks ago I and my crew were out in her, when yon English frigate suddenly made her appearance out of a fog bank and brought us to. But I took to my yawl and pulled for the land, a league away, and escaped; for the fog was so thick the Englishman could not get a glimpse of me. It’s my schooner they’ve turned into a tender, sir, and that’s made so many captures the last three weeks of our small coasters.’

‘She carries forty men, and a long thirty-two, so I hear,’ observed a seaman in the group.

‘And is commanded by a luff and a reefer,’ added the master’s mate.

‘It would be a blessing,’ observed a man-o-war’s man, who had not yet spoken, ‘if that craft could be caught napping. It ain’t safe for a sloop to put her nose out of the harbor, beyond the cape; but while the frigate was there alone, they could slip along in light water, and show her their heels. But now, everything that ventures out is brought to by that long gun of the tender’s.’

‘That’s fact,’ responded another seaman. ‘She has taken or driven back to port no less than twenty-six craft in the last three weeks. I shall be glad, for one, when our frigate lying off there gets her armament aboard, for then I think we’ll swallow the English frigate outside, and pick our teeth with the tender.’

All these remarks were heard by the young officer, who all the while continued to look through the spy-glass at the tender and her chase.

‘There goes a gun!’ cried several spectators, as a flash and a jet of azure smoke came from the tender’s bows.

‘That is bold enough,’ observed the young officer, as if speaking his thoughts aloud:— ‘the impudent tender is almost up with the fort, and dares to fire at the chase in the very face of the batteries.’

‘It is only to try and do her mischief, sir,’ said the master’s mate; ‘for she finds the fore-and-after will escape her—so she fires a gun to cut away something.’

‘You are right, my man,’ observed the officer, ‘for she has put about and stands seaward again.’

He continued to watch the retiring tender for some moments in silence.

‘It’s a pity we hadn’t an armed cutter in port that would sail faster than she can, so that we might give her a chase out,’ said a lad, approaching the group. His dress was that of a midshipman, and his air singularly free and fearless.

‘Ah, Frank, are you there?’ said the lieutenant. ‘when did you get back from your father’s?’

‘Last night. I was in hopes to find the ship ready for sea, Mr. Percival; but I am told it will be three weeks before we can get away. I want to have a brush with John Bull’s frigate, who hovers off and on the harbor with such bravadoing. When did you get in town, sir?’

‘Yesterday morning. Have you been witnessing the pretty chase down the bay, Frank?’

‘Yes, I would give a year’s pay if I could have a hand in catching that rogue.’

‘Come aside with me,’ said the officer, putting his arm in that of the midshipman. ‘Your words but express my

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own wishes. I have conceived a plan for capturing that tender.'

'In what way?' demanded the youth with animation.'

'I will show you. The tender's game appears to be coasting vessels, from which she takes men to impress in the British navy, and also plunders the craft of such things as they contain which are of any value. My plan is to charter a sloop, the worst looking one that it is possible to find in port, yet a tolerable sailor, for she must work well, and readily obey her helm. I will load her decks with hen-coops, filled with poultry, pens crammed with pigs, and a few sheep and a calf or two by way of variety. You laugh, Frank, but the commander of the tender will find it no laughable matter, if I succeed as I anticipate. I shall ship about thirty-five men and conceal them in the hold, and taking command of my craft with one hand only visible on deck, I shall set sail out of the harbor. When I get outside, I think I shall be able to show John Bull a Yankee trick he will not be likely to forget very soon. But all will depend on our good management of the affair. Now you see what I would be at, Frank! Will you join me?'

'Heart and hand, sir,' responded Frank Talbot, with enthusiasm. 'Will you allow me to be the hand on deck to help to work the sloop?'

'Yes, if you can talk Weathersfied Yankee.'

'Wal, I rayther guess I ken; tho' I an't been to Connecticut among 'em since last grass.'

This reply was pronounced with such an inimitable Yankee dialect that the lieutenant burst into a hearty laugh.

'That will do, Frank! Now we want to proceed at once to action. I want you to go to the Anchor rendezvous in Pearl street and drum up about five and thirty men. Take only those that are daring and ready for any thing. Let none of them know your object, lest we be betrayed by information being conveyed to the tender. You will find men enough in these times that will ask no questions. Meet me at twelve o'clock, at the Exchange Reading Room and report to me.'

The midshipman then took leave and hastened up the battery. The lieutenant then returned to the group and taking aside the master's mate, whom he knew, laid briefly before him his project. The old tar entered into it with all zeal. Together they went to the docks, where, on account of the blockade, lay idle a large number of vessels of every description. They were not long in discovering such a craft as suited them; a Hudson sloop of seventy tons. She was immediately put in trim for sailing, by the master's mate and three or four men whom he employed—while the officer proceeded to buy up and send on board the live stock.

CHAPTER II.

On the morning which followed these events, the tender of the British frigate was standing off and on under easy sail, close in with Sandy Hook. The wind was from the southwest, and blowing a five knot breeze. The sky was without a cloud, and only a gentle undulation lifted the surface of the ocean. The tender was a clipper built vessel, very long and narrow in the beam; and constructed wholly with an eye to her fastsailing qualities and she gave proof of them by over-hauling every thing. She carried amidships a long thirty-two pounder. Her crew consisted of about forty men in the uniform of the British Navy. They were now principally assembled in the bows or on the windlass, talking together or watching the shore. Aft, the officer of the deck, a bluff, full-faced young English 'middy,' was lounging over the quarter railing smoking a cigar. The man at the helm had a sinecure of his post, for the vessel skipped along so easily that she seemed almost to steer herself.

'Sail, ho!' cried the look-out, from the heel of the bowsprit.

'Where away?' quickly demanded the officer.

'In shore, two forward the beam.'

'Aye, aye, I see! answered the midddy, levelling his glass at a sloop just stealing out of the harbor, closely hugging the shore. It's another of the Yankee coasters. A sail in shore, Mr. Stanly,' said he, speaking through the sky light.

The lieutenant, a stout, fleshy, port-wine visaged John Bull, came on deck and took sight at the stranger, which was about a league distant.

'It is a lumber sloop; but we will bring her to if she dares to venture out, for we may get some fresh provisions and vegetables from her, if nothing more.'

'Shall I put her on the other tack, sir?'

'Not yet. Keep on as we are, till the sloop gets an offing. If we run for her now, she will take refuge in the harbor!'

The sloop stood out half a mile, and then hauling her wind, beat down along the land. The tender delayed the chase until she had got too far from the entrance of the harbor to get back again, and then putting about, began to make the best of her way toward the harbor she had left. Confident in the speed of his own vessel, the English lieutenant felt satisfied that the chase was already his, and laughed at the efforts of the sloop to get away.

At length they came near enough to see that her decks were covered with pigs and poultry.

'A rare haul we shall make this morning!' said the midddy. 'Enough chicken-pie for the whole of the frigate's crew, to say nothing of turkeys and roast pig for the cabin.'

'What a regular slab-sided Yankee skipper she has at her helm! Man and boy, she has a stout crew!' said the lieutenant laughing. 'They look frightened out of their senses, as they begin to think they are gone for it! Sloop ahoy!'

'What do ye want?' came across the water in the strongest nasal Yankeedom.

'I want you to heave to, brother Jonathan!'

'I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you—I'm in a mity hurry! Frank!' added the distinguished American officer, in an under tone, 'when I order you to let go the jib, haul it aft as hard as your strength will let you. I, at the same time, will put the helm hard up, so the sloop will pay rapidly off and fall aboard of the tender; for I'm determined to fall aboard of her. I shall curse your blunders and order you to let go; but don't mind me, keep pulling the jib-sheet hard to windward. Leave the rest to me. Now, my men,' he said, speaking through the companion-way, 'take a good grasp of your pistols and cutlasses. When I stamp my foot on the deck over your heads, throw off the hatches and leap on deck and follow me.'

'Heave to, or I will sink you! What are you palavering about?' shouted the Englishman.

The two vessels were now side by side, steering on the same course, abeam of each other, the tender being to leeward, and about a hundred fathoms off.

'Wal, don't be too free with your powder, and I will. Aminidab, let go that arjib-sheet!'

'Yes, I will,' answered the young reefer, and with a hearty will he began to draw it to windward. At the same

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moment the American officer put his helm hard up, and the sloop rapidly played off right towards the tender.

'Let go that jib-sheet!' shouted the English officer.

'Yes, Aminadab, you tarnal fool you, let it go, I say. Let it go! Don't you see we are coming right aboard the Captain's vessel?'

But 'Aminadab' pulled the harder, and fairly took a turn with the sheet about a belaying pin.

The English officer was about to pour out upon him a volley of oaths, seeing that the sloop would certainly fall foul of him, he turned to give orders for the protection of his own vessel, but ere he could utter them, the sloop's bows struck her near the fore rigging, and swung round stern with stern. At the same instant, the American officer stamped on the deck, and forty armed men made their appearance from the hatches, fore-castle and cabin, and leaped after Percival upon the tender's deck. The Englishmen, taken by surprise, surrendered without scarcely striking a blow; and getting both vessels under sail, in the very sight of the frigate, the gallant young captor sailed with his prize back into harbor, and safely anchored her off the Battery, after an absence of six hours and twenty-seven minutes.

This exploit is doubtless one of the boldest and most spirited affairs that come off during the war. The account given above is a faithful narrative of the transaction, and the chief circumstances will be recognized, both by the brave officer in question, as well as by his friends.

THE CASCADE: OR THE EXILE'S ROCK. A Tale of the Vally of the Kennebec.

It is nearly half a century since that this story opens in the beautiful valley of the Kennebec. At that period there were but few inhabitants, and the fine town of Hallowell was then a mere hamlet upon the river's bank. There was, nevertheless, one mansion of wealth and refinement situated amid its scenery. It was the abode of an English gentleman who had held an influential position in the politics of England; but his party becoming the minority, he left his native country and purchased a domain on the Kennebec. Here he established himself for life, and although he lives no longer, he has left behind him a grateful memory in the hearts of many to whom his benevolence and riches have administered.

He had been but two or three years in his romantic home upon the Kennebec, when a stranger landed from an ascending fur-boat at the foot of his grounds and walked up to the villa. His appearance was striking from the dignity of his air, his tall figure, and a certain air of birth and command. He was, however, dressed in very much worn apparel, as if he had seen much travel in his present garb.

He was seen to debark from the boat by the dwellers in the hamlet, and as every stranger was an object of interest to them, they watched him with curiosity as he wound his way up to the mansion; and when the fur-boat reached the landing where they awaited it, they began to question the men in it touching their passenger.

'He's a foreigner and I guess a Frencher,' answered the owner of the boat. 'We took him in down to Phippsburg, where he came in a Boston schooner. He seems a quiet, nice man, but don't speak English no better than the Indian chief Sagadock.'

'What does he want, think?' asked one of the curious. 'Think he's after furs, or land?'

'Can't say. I asked him—but if he know'd what I said, he didn't know enough English to answer and tell his business. He's got money, for he paid me these three Spanish silver dollars for bringing him up.'

Not far from the mansion of the English gentleman, and within the limits of his estate, is one of the most wildly romantic water-falls that ever sent its echoes through a rock-bound glen. It is now known as 'The Cascade,' and has been for years a favorite resort for those youths and maidens who love to ramble along the dreamy shades of the overhanging woods and listen to the murmur of the flowing water. At the period of our story there was a small cabin upon this brook about a mile and a half from the villa. In it dwelt an elderly female and her son, a lad about fifteen years of age. She subsisted chiefly upon fish caught in the stream and by knitting stout woollen hose for the people at 'the Hook,' as the infant town was then denominated, from a bend in the river. This woman one morning, about three weeks after the arrival of the stranger in the fur-boat, was seated in her cabin door knitting and enjoying the warmth of the sun, which shed its cheering autumnal beams broadly down upon her roughly-boarded floor. She was about forty-eight, with the appearance of a person who had seen better days. Indeed, she once contributed not a little to render the best society of Boston the best in New England; but the reverses had taken hold of her husband, and at length he sought the wilderness to endeavor to retrieve his fortunes.— Here sickness followed unusual exposure, and by and by she laid him in his grave. She now lived mainly by the bounty of the family at the villa, though rarely would she suffer them to bestow anything upon her, so long as she could have health to knit, or Howard, her son, skill in trouting.

He was now down the glen with his spear and lines while she sat in her door. Suddenly she heard a loud outcry down the brook. It was the voice of Howard, and its tone was that of alarm, like a call for aid. She dropped her knitting and hastened along the wild pathway by the edge of the foaming torrent, and soon came in sight of her son standing at the foot of a cliff which overhung a dark basin in which the water was many feet deep. He was mid-waist in the water and supporting with difficulty the head of a man above the surface, his body being entirely beneath it.

'Come quickly, dear mother! Help me soon, for I can hardly keep him above water!'

'It is the foreign gentleman from the house,' exclaimed Mrs. Holley, on seeing the pale and lifeless features; but without pausing to express her surprise or at that time put questions as to the manner of the accident, she

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clambered down the rocky sides of the basin and gave Howard her assistance.

With great difficulty they succeeded in drawing him from the basin and laying him upon a rock covered with thick moss like a couch of velvet. Here they both applied the best means in their power to restore animation.

‘How did he fall?’ asked his mother, as she was rubbing his temples.

‘You see, mother, I was down there upon that rock watching for the trout to dart by and spear them,’ answered Howard, a finelooking boy, with a free, spirited air. ‘This foreign gentleman came up the path, and smiling, asked me in his bad English if I caught many fish; and then, after looking at me a little while, he went round the basin and began to ascend the crag. He had got up about twelve feet, when a part of the rock on which he pressed his foot broke off, for you know what a heavy man he is, and he fell over into the basin. I shrieked out and ran to his aid. He didn’t rise, and suspecting he had struck his head, I jumped in, and diving down, raised up his head out of the water.’

‘What a providence you were by, my child! What shall now be done?’

‘He is not dead, is he, dear mother?’

‘No. He is only insensible. Can’t we get him to the cottage?’

‘Not alone. Ah, here is John, the farm man from "the House." John come here quickly,’ cried Howard to a country fellow. ‘Here is your master’s guest, who has had a fall, and is now almost dead. Help us get him into the cottage, and then run and tell him what has happened.’

‘My master is as good a doctor as the best,’ responded John, as he looked upon the gentleman. ‘Well, it is a pity he should have had such a fall; but what can be expected o’ foreigners that don’t know how to climb nor move about in the woods? I’ve prophesied this afore, when I’ve seen him walk up and down the rocks.’

The stranger was borne to the cabin and John sent off after his master. In the meanwhile the mother and son, by the aid of vinegar and other stimulants, were so successful as to restore animation. The gentleman, after opening his eyes and looking around him a moment wildly, at length seemed to recollect himself and be conscious of his situation. He sat up, and looking gratefully upon them, he said in broken English:

‘I have had a fall, I believe. I remember falling. I find myself here, and I owe you my life; for my wet garments tell me I was plunged into the basin.’

‘I saw you falling, sir,’ answered Howard. ‘You must have struck your head against the bottom, for you did not rise again. I dove down and got your head above the surface. We then brought you here, and have sent for the English gentleman.’

‘How can I ever repay you for your act, my lad?’ said the foreigner, taking his hand. ‘And you too, madam?’

‘I don’t wish any other reward than seeing you well again, sir,’ answered both.

‘You are very good, and have noble natures. I trust I shall be able one day to reward you.’

While he was speaking his host entered, followed by three or four men. The pleasure of the former on finding his guest revived, and less hurt than he expected, was very great. He repeated also expressions of thanks to the family who had done so much for the stranger, and assuring Mrs. Holley he should never forget her or her son for her act of mercy and kind attentions, he soon departed with the stranger leaning upon the shoulders of the two men.

After a few days the foreigner entirely recovered, and prepared for his departure. Before leaving, however, he called at the cottage and warmly renewed his expressions of gratitude, calling Howard the preserver of his life. Upon each of them he bestowed a trifling present.

‘I am poor, or I would reward you with much money to make you comfortable,’ he said. ‘But I am a wanderer, an exile, and am dependent upon the bounty of others.’

Thus speaking, he left them, and the same evening descended the river. The proprietor of the villa did not forget the residents of the cabin. He made their situation more comfortable, and gave Howard the privilege of studying at ‘the great House’ with his own children, who had an English tutor.

Ten years passed away. Howard had gone to sea at the age of sixteen, and at the age of twenty-four became a captain. He had made more comfortable his mother’s cabin, converting it into a beautiful cottage. Here she lived with Howard’s young wife; for he had married at twenty-two. At length one day news came from him that he had lost his ship and all that he was worth. Thankful that his life was spared, they both forgot the loss of mere worldly goods. He wrote that he should be at home on a certain day. The eve of that day came. They conversed together, the mother and daughter, of the happiness of the coming morrow. That night fire seized upon their dwelling and

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consumed it with all its contents.

‘We have our lives given to us, and God be thanked,’ was the Christian remark of Mrs. Holley. ‘Howard will think nothing of this so he finds you and your little infant boy alive to welcome him.’

Howard came home that day. He came home a poor man. He found no house of his own to receive him. He found, however, two warm, loving hearts, and when he gazed upon his little boy's smiling brow he felt that all was not taken from him.

‘You all live, and so do I. Worldly goods may be obtained again. Life can never be restored. Let us take heart and look upward. All will yet go well with us.’

While he was speaking, the English gentleman from the villa rode up to the neighbor's house where Edward met his mother and wife. He alighted, and calling to Howard, took his hand, and then placed in it a package with a note.

‘Read this, Captain Holley. It came this morning under an envelop to me. You see that a good deed never goes unrewarded; and that the darkest hour is just before day.’

‘Sir,—Ten years ago you saved my life. I am now in a situation to show you substantial gratitude. I learn from your friend, my host, that you are a seaman and are doing well. Yet you may do better. I enclose you five bank of England notes for five hundred pounds each. Accept them as your right. They are nothing in my estimation put side by side with the life you saved. I wish you and your noble mother all happiness and health. Your friend,

‘The Stranger.’

‘I assure you, Captain,’ said the English gentleman, after the surprise of all had in some measure subsided; ‘that this person is well able to give you this expression of his regard for you, and his estimation of your services.’

‘Who is he, sir?’

‘A French nobleman. He is now restored to his country and estates. I congratulate you on your good fortune.’

The joy and surprise and deep gratitude of Howard cannot be expressed. He was now rich, and happiness once more smiled where misfortune had so lately frowned.

Twenty years after this event a party of naval officers were presented to Louis Philippe by the American minister. The name of one of them as he was announced arrested the monarch's ears. He fixed upon the handsome young lieutenant his gaze so closely that he colored and drew back.

‘Monsieur,’ said the French king, advancing and speaking with kindly courtesy, ‘your name is familiar to me. Perhaps you are related to Captain Howard Holley, of Hallowell, who died a few years ago?’

‘I am his son, sir.’

‘His son!’ cried the king with joyful surprise. ‘Let me embrace you. Your father saved my life. I am the foreigner of whom doubtless you have heard him and your excellent grandmother speak.’

The astonishment and pleasure of the young American may be imagined. He was compelled by the grateful monarch to make his palace his home while he remained in Paris; and when he quitted France he was loaded with costly gifts as expressions of his majesty's lively remembrance of his father.

The rock from which the exile fell is still pointed out by ‘John,’ now an old grey-headed man, who is never weary of telling the story, and of exhibiting a gold cross which the ‘furreigner’ had bestowed upon him.

ILDEFONSE; THE NOBLE POLISH MAIDEN. A TALE OF WARSAW.

“Marvellous is woman's love! strong and deep, Like a full river that o'erflows its banks, It rushes on, nor Death itself hath power To put a barrier to its rolling flood.”

It was a soft balmy night of June. The moonlight converted the broad flowing Vistula into a moving mirror, lighting up many a snow-white sail, and sparkling from many a flashing oar. Warsaw lay beneath its beams like a silver city in the green embrace of gardens and groves! Ever and anon, music rose from the water, and the sound of a sentinel's cry swelled along the battlements. It was midnight, and the whole scene was peaceful as it was beautiful; but not so the hour and the time. Amid all this repose, throbbed a thousand anxious hearts; for war wasted the borders of Poland, and the tread of the Russian barbarian almost shook the capital he menaced. An hour before, an express had entered Warsaw, with the startling intelligence that the Gothic invader, with a conquering force, thirsting for slaughter and conquest, was within thirty leagues from this place.

At this time, the situation of Poland was most critical. In 1795, it will be remembered that the political existence of Poland ceased, and that it was subsequently divided between Prussia, Austria and Russia. Under Napoleon, a joint part of Poland was constituted the Duchy of Warsaw, including within its limits the city of Warsaw. This portion, after Napoleon's fall, was erected by the Russian Emperor into a kingdom, governed by a king, senate and diet; but the king was the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Constantine, and his rank was only that of Emperor's viceroy, the royal dignity being really vested in the Emperor Nicholas, who assumes, as one of his titles, that of King of Poland. The tyrannical conduct of the Archduke who represented the Emperor's person on the throne of Poland, and the unsubdued desires of the Poles for freedom, finally caused an insurrection of the people, which commenced at Warsaw, on the 29th of November, 1830. Thirty thousand citizens armed themselves, drove the Russian troops stationed there with the Archduke's guard out of the city, and compelled Constantine himself to flee thirty leagues beyond the suburbs, for safety. No sooner had these daring patriots driven out their masters, than they assembled in the Hall of State, and formed an administrative council, to preside over the destinies of the liberated country; and this council soon after declared the throne vacant and Poland independent. All eyes were directed towards Poland. The great heart of the United States throbbed in sympathy with her new life. But gigantic Russia was active, powerful, irresistible. She assembled a force of 160,000 men, and entered Poland under Diebitsch. It was on the evening of our story, that an express spread the intelligence of his approach, which, however, had been anticipated. Instantly the council assembled, and after a hurried, but calm discussion of their situation, the patriot Prince Czartowitz was chosen President of Poland; and General Skryznecki appointed commander of the army. The council then broke up and separated, to put Warsaw into a state to meet the overwhelming power of Russia. Never was a country placed in a more interesting position in the eyes of civilized nations. All Europe looked on to behold the issue. But no arm was lifted; no sword drawn to aid poor Poland at this crisis of her fate. It was a great political game of chess in which the kings of Europe were only deeply interested spectators. Even our sympathy was exhausted in newspaper paragraphs, and Poland was left to defend, alone and single handed, the glorious liberties she had recovered, with her best blood spilled, like water, in the streets of her capital.

It was a calm, bright, serene moonlight, when the council broke up, each member of it to go to his post. At the same time, the tocsin of war rung from the cathedral towers, and the cry of “to arms!—to arms!” resounded through the streets. This fearful cry, besides the thousand sleepers it aroused from their deep repose, reached the ears of a maiden, who slept in a noble chamber, in the wing of one of the most magnificent palaces of Warsaw. She flew to the terrace on the tessellated pavement of which, the moonlight streamed between the columns, creating almost the brilliancy of day. She cast her eyes over the gardens and roofs, and listened for a moment in silent awe, as the booming tones of the tocsin of alarm fell upon her heart, and the shrieking shout “to arms!—to arms!” pierced her ear.

She was very beautiful. The moon shone upon her snowy night-robe, till it looked like a robe of light enfolding her. Her form was slender and graceful as a bending flower; her hair had escaped its confinement and covered her ivory shoulders in a dark glossy cloud, rich and softly waving in the cool wind that lifted it. Her brow was black and arched; her eyes very large and deep, and dark as midnight, shaded by the largest lashes ever

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fringed a woman's eyelid. The expression now to her beautiful face was that of fear and solicitude. She held up by one hand the folds of her robe, together across her young bosom, and with the other half raised, stood like a statue, in the attitude of liberty.

‘Hark; it is the Russian comes; they cry—Cartowitz, dear Cartowitz!’ she articulated in a tone so soft and musical, touched as it was with tender solicitude that never name of love was sweeter spoken than the harsh sounding one she uttered.

‘Alas, dearest, Carl, now must I steel my heart to hope, to trust, and perhaps to despair.’

‘Who speaks of despair?’ said at this instant a tall, handsome youth, richly dressed in the uniform of a Polish officer of high rank, ‘who speaks of despair, that is so loved by me, when I am near her;’ and the young soldier clasped her, unresisting and uttering a low exclamation of surprise, and joy, to his mailed breast.

‘Carl, dear—this fearful cry that appals the ear and withers the soul. Oh, what means it! Danger to thee I know and feel!’ and she clasped his hand between her’s and leaned her cheek upon it, while her bosom heaved and tears fell, glistening in the moonlight, to the marble floor of the terrace.

‘Nay—give not away to grief, dearest Ildefonse,’ he said, tenderly embracing her, and smiling proudly upon her, as he felt how much he was beloved by the lovely girl reposing tearful upon his arm. ‘Tis too true that the hour is near we have long looked for when we must withstand the power of Russia. An express arrived an hour since to the council, bringing intelligence that the fiend Diebitsch is on the frontier, and menaces Warsaw. I was present at the council that assembled to deliberate upon the course to pursue. It is decided that we defend Warsaw, while a true breast stands to make a bulwark between her and her foes. My uncle, the noble Prince Czartowitz, is chosen President for this crisis, and I am appointed a colonel, and aid de camp to Skrzynecki. We have forty thousand brave men, and our defences are good. But if the Russian will have Warsaw, he shall find neither a live Pole nor a standing roof. We will imitate his Moscow, and give our city to heaven in flame!’

‘How fearful,’ answered Ildefonse, clasping her hands together with anguish. ‘Oh, Carl, dearest Carl, I fear—I tremble for you, in these terrific scenes to come. Let us fly together.’

‘Fly; Ildefonse, what mean you?’ he inquired almost sternly, and holding her back from him at arm’s length.

‘O, forgive me, Carl; but I cannot live in the midst of all the conflict of which poor Warsaw will soon be the scene, knowing your heart is exposed to every ball that flies. You will be slain. Then, oh, then, what will become of me, unless I can die with you?’

‘I will remove you, dear Ildefonse, to a place of safety. It is for that I am now here. Warsaw will be no place for you.’

‘No, no—never will I go away from Warsaw while it holds you, dear Cartowitz,’ she said, decidedly; ‘I will remain—you may be wounded and need my care. I will *not* go from you. But, oh, that you would think of our betrothed love—think of me, dear Cartowitz, and fly *with me*, to some place where we may live and love.’

‘Nay, this from thee, dear Ildefonse, from thee, the grand niece of Kosciusko,’ he said with grief and reproof in his expressive face. ‘If one, the most trusty and veracious in all Poland had told me you had said ‘flee,’ when Warsaw was in peril, I would have told him he lied; for that a daughter of a Polish soldier could never utter such a craven word; Ildefonse!’ he mournfully repeated, and his head dropped upon his breast.

‘Forgive, forgive, dearest Cartowitz!’ cried the maiden, throwing herself upon his shoulder. ‘I know not what I say. My love for thee makes me a traitress to Poland! But, oh, God, I cannot exist here, amid the roar of cannon, the clash of arms, and the shouts and groans of combatants. I would fly; but not to save myself from such scenes, for I have nerve to bear them. I would stay, and hourly offer prayer for my bleeding country, and this would help me to endure such scenes. But when I felt that my heart’s love, the idol of my bosom, thee, dear Carl, wert risking thy precious life in every struggle beneath or within the walls, my heart would sink within me. I could not stay in Warsaw. Fly, oh, fly to a place of safety, till this storm be overpast.’

‘You grieve me, Ildefonse,’ he said, tenderly; ‘I pity and feel for you; but, dearest, bride of my soul, honor is dearer to me than my life, and even thine own. Much as I love thee, closely as the strings of my heart are entwined in thine, I would rather see thee lying here at my feet, and the still moon shining on thy pale white corpse, than that love for thee should make me prove a traitor to Poland in her hour of greatest need! Tempt me not, Ildefonse! If you love me, you will love my honor, for that is part and parcel of my nature, you will love Poland, for her interests are identified with the closest and nearest feelings I possess; you would—’

‘Nay—I will speak no more of it; but, oh, if dear Carl, thou canst not appreciate the depth and power of

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woman's love, thou wouldst pity and forgive. I am a daughter of illustrious men, and the blood of Poland's best patriots shall never be tarnished in my veins. My heart and not my head, Carl, has made me traitress to her in my thoughts. I will remain in Warsaw, and live or die with thee and Poland!" She had elevated her person while she spoke, and the young soldier was struck with the calm energy and dignified firmness with which she uttered these words. His heart bled for her. He felt she was sacrificing herself to her love for him. He gazed upon her animated but fixedly pale features, and taking her cold hand in his, knelt at her feet and pressed it to his lips.

"Dearest Ildefonse, pardon me for speaking harshly to you. I did not believe you loved Poland less but me more. I know you could not be false to her being so true to me. Thou didst speak from thy deep love and from thy better judgment. 'Tis true the times that come are evil, and teem with fearful events. The issue of our struggle is known only to God, to whom we leave it, doing our duty as men. You say you will not leave me in Warsaw. Your love has led you to resolve to sacrifice yourself; be it so then,' he added with melancholy animation; 'better to die, true to our country, than live false to her. God rules all events. Neither you nor I will be injured without his permission. We are under his protection, as well here, amid the roar of battle and siege, as in the farthest vale of free America where the lightning or fell disease might deprive us of that life and that love we would shamefully flee to preserve. We are here and every where under the government of God. Let this reflection dearest Ildefonse, sustain our courage, strengthen our hearts, and render us calm and unmoved in the hour and moment of greatest trial.'

"Your words, dear Carl, have made me firm," said the maiden, smiling upon him, and looking serene and happy; "we will remain in Warsaw. Go where duty calls you, to the battlements or the field! I will go where mine calls me, to the altar and to prayer. My prayer shall be a shield to thee in fight; my faith shall at length return thee in safety to my arms!"

"Sweet love, thou art now worthy to be the bride of a Polish soldier," he said, embracing her. "Now, farewell till morning, and return to thy couch. The enemy is yet distant two days' march. I must go to my post of duty. Good night, sweet betrothed! I will see you in the morning. Seek sleep, for thou wilt need all nature bestows, to enable thee to bear all thou hast so nobly resolved to meet and endure!"

Thus speaking, the noble Cartowitz hastened from the terrace, and soon afterwards his form was lost to her lingering gaze amid the shadowed avenues of the palace of Poniatowski, that led in the direction of the castle. The unhappy Ildefonse still suffered her eyes long to rest upon the spot where his form had disappeared, and then sighing as if her heart would break with the deep emotion that surcharged it, she entered her chamber—glad to find some refuge from the tolling bells and the cries of alarm that filled the city. She did not sleep, however. Her mind was too agitated, and she strung her harp to soothe her spirits with music. And this she sang, now in a plaintive strain, now in a lofty style, now with tender and touching pathos, as she changed the subject of her impassioned improvisatore: Farewell, farewell! the war-cry is whirled Through the green vales of Poland, land of the free! Her flag to the breeze is broadly unfurled! To maiden no longer may youth bend the knee. Hark, to the tocsin! *clang, clang, clang!* "To arms, to arms!" oh list that fearful cry! Farewell, farewell! Oh, thy bosom be shielded By my love, worshipp'd one, from war's fierce melee! So long as for Poland thy sword shall be wielded, So long shall my bosom throb, loved one, for thee! Hark, to the tocsin! *clang, clang, clang!* "To arms, to arms!" oh, list that fearful cry!

Farewell, farewell! in battle contending 'Neath the flag of our country, broad waving and free; My prayers, oh, beloved one, to Heaven ascending, Shall be for dear Poland, for Warsaw and thee! Hark, to the tocsin! *clang, clang, clang!* "To arms to arms!" oh, list that fearful cry!

The succeeding day and night were passed by the citizens of Warsaw in preparations, anxiety and expectation of the coming foe. Couriers were constantly arriving and reporting the fearful progress of the invaders, whose march was preceded by slaughter and flight, and followed by conflagration, and woe, and devastation. The last intelligence represented them within four leagues of the capital, and told the Poles that now was the time for action. The unanimous decision of the rulers of the council and of the army was, to march out and meet them, and offer them battle; for they wished to remove as far from their own firesides as possible the scene of contest. Cartowitz hastened to Ildefonse, to bid her a brief adieu. It was just at sun-rise, and he found her waiting for him on the terrace, which commanded the approach to the palace.

"The hour has at length come, then, dear Cartowitz, that we must part," she said, advancing calmly to meet him. Her manner was quiet, and her whole bearing exceedingly proper for the occasion. He gazed on her pale but

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resigned face, with a look of gratitude to heaven. He had anticipated a sad last interview. He took her hand and respectfully pressed it to his lips. The time was none for light gallantry; both were serious, both dignified and as become the moment.

'Ildefonse,' he said in a low tone, 'I have indeed come to bid you farewell. The Russian is at hand. Behold, from this very spot where we stand, we see his floating banners and steely sea of arms flashing and glancing in the sun. In three hours, he will be at the gates of Warsaw. Dear to us are our homes, our temples, and our pleasant gardens that surround our capital. We would not make them the scenes of war. General Skrzynecki is already in the saddle, our little army are filing out of the city to offer Diebitsch battle. My own horse neighs impetuously at the portal. I must fly to the defence of Poland. Farewell, and heaven protect you, my beloved Ildefonse.'

He hurriedly pressed her to his heart, and ere she could recover from the deep grief that sunk into her soul, she heard the thunder of his horse's hoofs along the outside of the garden wall.

'He is gone. Oh, God of battles, protect our country; and shield, oh, shield *him* in the wild warfare that soon will rage over the green fields that now glow in the golden light of thy sun. Save, oh, God; save my country. But *thy* will be done.'

And she bowed her head with humble resignation, and sought her chamber to pray, with no eye upon her but Heaven's, for her lover and her country.

Night spread her sable mantle over Warsaw, which, three hours before had poured across her bridges her thousands of brave defenders, to encounter the Russians in the open country. Every roof, tower and spire, was thronged with mothers, wives and maidens, the aged and the invalid, and all eyes were fixed in one direction—that in which their army had marched. Every one was listening to catch the most distant sound that should indicate their progress! Ildefonse had been kneeling three hours before her altar in speechless prayer for Cartowitz—for Poland! At length, her mother, came and conducted her to the highest balcony of the palace. She passively followed her. The night was beautiful! The late moon was just rising over a distant forest, and silvering with its radiance a bank of white clouds which hung suspended in her path. The large stars and planets, which her light could not dim, shone with clear and sparkling brilliance; and all nature reposed beneath the deeper repose of heaven. Ildefonse strained her eyes towards the east, and listened, while she ceased the beating of her heart, lest its faint dull throb might prevent her hearing what she fain would not have heard. At length a faint flash lights up the distant horizon, and ten thousand eyes see it, and ten thousand hearts stand still as Ildefonse's, to hear the dreaded sound. Hark! A moment of dread silence over the living masses, and the deep boom of a cannon is borne heavily on the night air to their ears. It is answered by a groan from every bosom—a moaning groan so deep, that the city seemed moved by the first throes of an earthquake. Oh, God! What a moment was this to all on Warsaw's crowded walls! Hark! another deep note of cannon strikes the ear; another follows it, another and another in rapid succession! The horizon on the northeast is lighted up with a broad fitful glare like lightning playing from a summer cloud, while the deep continuous roar of artillery reverberates like thunder along the air! There was then but one mouth in Warsaw, but one posture!

'Oh, God, remember Poland!' rose from every lip, as the multitude bent the knee to Heaven.

Ildefonse sank on her knees beside her mother, and buried her face in her hands! Every report made her shrink as if the iron death that accompanied it, menaced her own life! The roar of artillery grew louder and fiercer, and was now mingled with the sharper rattle of musketry, with a sound as if a hurricane were sweeping down a forest—One hour elapsed, and the cannonade grew sensibly louder and *ncarer!*

'They fly, they *fly* before the Russians, my mother!' she cried, with the energy of despair! 'Oh, Poland! Cartowitz, art thou safe amid yonder terrific scenes? Would I were by thy side, I would then share with thee thy death! Hark! I hear a distant bugle winding not a league distant! List! that firing is closer! Hear, how terrible! See the long lines of flame that seem to belt the earth! What human life can there escape death? Cartowitz, dear Cartowitz! God protect thee! I have prayed for thee 'till the fountains of my heart have dried up, and I have no more utterance! Mother, oh, mother! That terrific roar of battle! Would to God it were morning! I would seek Cartowitz, and die by his side! Hear! hear! the very earth shakes with the tramp of contending armies, and Warsaw's very walls vibrate with the shock of the near artillery!' And thus giving way to her fears for her lover, Ildefonse fell upon her mother's bosom, and seemed ready to die.

'Hark, my daughter!' hear that shout from the roofs and towers towards the gate of the bridge! List, I hear the clatter of horsemen's feet galloping down the street! Look up! news, news from the field, Ildefonse! The maiden

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raised her head, and followed the eye of her mother in the direction of the north gate, where she heard the approach of a small squadron of horse. As they came nearer, she saw they were lancers, and belonging to the regiment Cartowitz commanded. Uttering a cry of mingled hope and dread, she flew to the outer gate, and wildly waved to the leader her snowy arm as they were thundering past.

‘Ho, lancers, ho, noble Tochman, stay!’ she shrieked to the leader whom she recognized; ‘what news for poor Poland?’ for true to her country, the fair Polish girl first asked after its fate, before her lover’s, though her heart was bleeding to ask.

‘Ah, Lady Ildefonse,’ answered the noble Pole, ‘I was now hastening to you with a message, having just delivered one from our general to the President. Poland is hard beset, lady. The Russians have pressed us back a league; but we have taken a position on the heights by the village, and I think we shall be able to maintain it, at least ‘till day. We trust in Heaven and our righteous cause for victory.’

‘Amen,’ devoutly replied the maiden. ‘Major Tochman, you had a message from—’ she was about to say, Cartowitz, but checked herself as if she felt it to be unworthy of her to think of her lover in her country’s great peril.

‘From Colonel Cartowitz, Lady Ildefonse,’ answered the officer, courteously, not forgetting amid the hurry of war the graceful suavity of social life; ‘he bade me call past as I returned to the field, and say that he was well, and that he had every thing to hope for ultimate success of the Polish arms.’

‘Heaven preserve his life and thine, brave Tochman; for thou hast a sister and a mother. Alas, how many bosoms will be pierced this night! Has Cartowitz been exposed, sir?’ she asked with anxious solicitude.

‘Nay, Lady Ildefonse, I should be doing him injustice to say no; on the contrary, he has been where duty called; and that was ever, it seemed to me, in the thickest of the battle. But fear not, lady, God protects the brave. Farewell. I must return and give my poor aid to him.’

‘Have you been near him, much, sir?’ she asked, detaining him with a gesture of her arm.

‘Close by his side ‘till General Skrzynecki despatched me hither with a message to Prince Czartoriski.’

‘I do envy thee, brave Tochman! would I were in thy saddle.’

‘Nay, Lady Ildefonse, thou wouldst not maintain it long in younder fierce field, I fear. Fare thee well—I must ride,’ and he spurred on at the head of his body guard of lancers.

‘Not maintain it?’ said she; ‘so I were nigh Cartowitz, I care not what danger threatens. He mingles in the thickest of the fight, did Major Tochman say? He will surely be slain. Oh, that I were by his side! I cannot endure this fearful suspense. That terrific incessant roar of cannon. It will drive me frantic. I can endure this suspense no longer. Cartowitz, my beloved Cartowitz in danger, and *I* in safety? No, it shall not be thus. I will to the field, and share his fate whatever it be.’

‘Nay, my dear Ildefonse,’ cried her mother, seizing her arm as she would have rushed away; ‘come in to thy chamber and try and sleep till morning.’

‘Sleep, sleep, my mother! when Cartowitz may be lying wounded on the cold ground, or the pale light of the moon resting ghastly upon his corpse. Let me go. I would involve my fate in his. Release me, mother,’ and the impassioned maiden freed herself from her mother’s grasp, and fled into the palace. In a moment she had traversed a long corri dor, and reached a narrow flight of steps that descended to a postern on the street. This she opened, and fled along the street with a light step, and a look not of insanity, but of settled and firm purpose. She took her way, unpursued, for, save her mother, in that hour of horror and suspense, there were none to pursue—along the street, ‘till she came to the entrance of a court leading to the palace of the Prince Czartoriski. The lower corridor and halls she found deserted, for the household were all on the battlements, gazing on the struggle which was to make their country free, or a province of Russia. On reaching the front, she lightly ascended the palace steps, and took her way, without meeting any one, to a wing in which was a chamber well known to her, hung with soldier’s apparel and arms. She soon singled out a suit of uniform that had belonged to Cartowitz when eighteen years old he was a cadet of lancers. She retired to an ante-room, and soon re-appeared transformed into a soldier. All these movements were performed rapidly but coolly. The suit fitted her well. Her tread was firm, her eye resolute, her bearing and look prompt and decisive. She was the young cadet to the life. Girding a sword to her side, and placing pistols in her belt, which the times had taught soldier’s daughters like her the use of, she left the armory without seeing a servant or a human being. The city was all a desert below its roofs

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and towers. She took her way to the stables, and finding there a horse she had often rode, with Curtowitz prancing at her side, she saddled, bridled, and mounted him, and spurred, unopposed, out of the gate, and took the direction out of the city that would lead her to the field where the roar of battle still rolled fearfully towards the trembling capital.

The Polish army, not one fifth of the number of the Russian forces, had, as morning approached, succeeded in entrenching itself upon a low swell of ground overlooking the Vistula. Here they fought with a courage and daring seldom paralleled in battle. The Russians planted their artillery against their position, charged with their cavalry, and assaulted with their infantry. Still the Poles, who had retreated to this point over a league of hard fought ground, maintained their post, and checked the further advance of the Russians upon their devoted capital.

It was just at dawn when Cartowitz, at the head of his regiment of lancers, decided on making a charge upon a post of artillery that greatly annoyed the right wing, sending into its ranks, at each discharge, a shower of deadly iron, that slew hundreds of his countrymen, while they had not cannon to return the fire. The charge was gallantly made; the flanking artillery was carried with great loss on both sides, and turned upon the Russians. This fine exploit produced a temporary advantage in favor of the hardly beset Poles; but Diebitsch determined to restore the fortune of the hour to his side again, despatched two battalions of Cossacks to recover the cannon. Cartowitz had already been reinforced by three thousand infantry, and he resolved to defend the artillery, as on its possession he felt the fate of the battle would turn. The Cossacks came thundering down upon them like a tornado! the earth shook with their terrible advance. Cartowitz rode every where among his soldiers; encouraged them to defend their post to the last; pointed to the spires and towers of Warsaw, visible in the grey dawn of morning, and reminded them of the thousands dear to them there that looked to them for protection!

On rolled the tide of Cossacks like a resistless wave of the enraged sea; they break like a surge upon the firm lancers, who stand like rocks to meet the shock. Rank mingles with rank; Cossack combats with Pole, and a wild, fearful, and most deadly carnage now takes place. One moment the Russians are victors; the next, the Poles! Thrice the lancers, with Cartowitz at their head, recovered the captured cannon, and a fourth time the Russians, by superior force, compelled them to retire. At length Diebitsch, seeing the importance of re-possessing the cannon, of which there were thirty-six pieces, made his appearance on the scene at the head of his best troops. The Polish general, who had been defending the high road to Warsaw, with twenty thousand of his army, now seeing that this point was becoming of such importance, led six regiments of cavalry in person to the assistance of Cartowitz. The place around the artillery now became the centre of the battle field! and both sides seemed disposed to decide the fate of Warsaw and of Poland on this spot! But one hundred and sixty thousand Russians were opposed by but forty thousand Poles! Numbers promised to gain the victory over valor and right. The Poles at length were driven on every side, pitifully falling like grass before the scythe of the mower. They retreated to their height from which they were forced, and from thence they retreated slowly, fighting every inch of the way, upon Warsaw.

In a defile, the lancers commanded by Cartowitz, took a position to defend it until the infantry and artillery should pass and man the defences of the city. Cartowitz had lost half his regiment, and had received five wounds! He was anxious to stop the Russians, and his orders from his general were to do it at all sacrifice. He well obeyed his orders. With a few pieces of artillery and his horse, he withstood for half an hour. At length, he was opposing the Russian advanced phalanx alone. There were but thirty of his lancers left, and not two artillery men, The cannon were silenced, and Cartowitz with his brave friend, Major Tochman, by his side, and the thirty lancers for many minutes defended the important pass, and stopped there the whole Russian army.

'We must die here, dear Tochman,' said Cartowitz, as they fought hand to hand with the Russian officers of the highest rank, who had sought in person to engage in this contest of personal bravery. 'Poor Ildefonse!'

'Let us be proud of the privilege, dear Cartowitz, to place our bodies barriers between the Russians and our homes.'

They had little space for exchanging words; the Russians bore upon them fiercely, and with loud revengeful shouts. Tochman soon fell. Cartowitz was born to the ground, and the gory sword of a Cossack chief was at his breast, He breathed the name of Ildefonse, and committed his soul to God! But the sword did not enter his bosom. It was suddenly struck up, and the Cossack fell dead with a stroke from an intervening sword, and Ildefonse cast herself upon his breast.

'Cartowitz, dear Cartowitz, I have found thee to die with thee;' and she clasped his bleeding head to her heart, and kissed his pale forehead. He recognized her, smiled upon her, and died.

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She gazed upon him an instant with a look of holy and elevated affection, and then starting to her feet, threw open her bosom to a Russian officer who had stood still, half suspending his sword, wondering at what he beheld, though ignorant of the cadet's sex. On seeing her suddenly rise to her feet, he meditated an attack, and levelled his sword at her breast just as she had exposed it to its point. He saw that she was a female, and half checked the fatal thrust; but it was too late to turn it aside—the steel entered her snowy bosom, and she fell upon the body of her lover which she retained consciousness enough to fold in her embrace—and so she died, even as she wished, by the side of her beloved Cartowitz.

Thus sadly ended this little romance of the Polish struggle for liberty. It is but one painful incident of a thousand that occurred during that lofty struggle for independence, which, Heaven, for some mysterious end did not smile upon, as it did upon our efforts to shake off the yoke of Great Britain. Poor Poland; thou hast the sympathy of America. Thy children shall find home in the bosom of our own happy land. Our hands grasp yours as we would those of our kindred. Our tongues welcome you as brothers.

The result of the advance of the Russians upon Warsaw is familiar, or ought to be, to every American reader. Numerous battles were fought between the two armies before Warsaw fell, and prodigies of valor unequalled in any country, were performed by the noble Poles; but at last they were compelled to submit to Russia, about the close of the year eighteen hundred and thirty one. The Emperor sent thousands to Siberia, executed many of the leading men, and altogether in his disposition of the conquered country, evinced a tyrannical and blood-thirsty spirit of cruelty that entitles him to the universal execration of mankind.

THE FRENCH JEW, OR 'KILLING TIME' IN THE JERSIES. Taken down from the mouth of Tom King.

'Who is Tom King?'

Marry come up! not to know Tom King, thou art thyself unknown. I will tell thee, and so enlighten thy ignorance. Tom King is a wit and a wag—a gentleman of infinite humor, and overrunning with mirth. His head is as crammed with funny stories and humorsome anecdotes of his own time, as is a Quaker's measure with good wheat when he heapeth it up and runneth it over. He is past forty, yet he hath the juvenility of twenty; his jocund whiz giving the lie to full the half of his years. He loveth a good dinner; rejoiceth in good wines, and holdeth fast on good company or, rather, it is the good company that hold fast upon him; for few that get him at their table, are willing soon to let him off. Ah! he is a gentleman of infinite jest, Tom! I wish you could *see* him tell one of his stories—*see* him, I repeat, for he talks with his face and twinkling gray eyes better than with his tongue, and that he knoweth how to use most cunningly for our divertise ment. Oh, he is a rare wag! He will make you run over—not with tears of sorrow, (for grief and Tom King are strangers,) but with tears that are the expressed essence of delight. Thou hast not seen him neither? He carrieth himself, then, with a goodly height, being five feet nine, his abdomen of a rotund shape, like a full wine skin, and his face hath that round fullness that good natured men do often show. His profile is like unto Bonaparte's, more so than any man's living, probably; in support of which assertion, I will mention that the count Survilliers spoke of it one day when Tom called on him to ask leave to shoot woodcock on his grounds eight days before the fourth of July. He loves to stand with his arms folded across his chest, *à la Napoleon*, and, assuming the proper attitude, give you what he calls *Napoleon en bivouac*; and, my certes, when you look at Tom in this attitude, you would swear a little distance off he was Nappy himself. Tom has two profile portraits hanging in his bed-room, each side of the mantel-piece—one of Napoleon cut from a book, the other of himself, done by an itinerant genius with a pair of scissors, for which Tom paid him the sum of twenty-five cents; and the two are, in verity, as like each other as two peas. Tom used to live in town; but the gout growing upon him, for which the doctors recommended the country, and the New Albany bank having made him a little sore by a fall of stock, he left the city for a white cottage on a hill half a mile beyond the last house in the suburbs, with a patch of seven acres about it. Here he took to farming on a scale commensurate with the breadth of his acres. Having a rare gift of foresight, he planted the *morus multicaulis* ten years before people began to think of it, and put his trees in market; but nobody offering to buy, he rooted up the whole plantation, and filled a dry ditch with the trees. Alas, poor Tom! he was fifteen years too early in the field. He could have made a fortune now with his *morus multicaulis* trees if he had them, selling each shoot for a dollar. But Tom got the fever prematurely. After the failure of his *morus multicaulis*, Tom began to speculate in cabbages; and with his own hands transplanted eight rows reaching from one extremity of his seven acre lot to the other. But one night his cows got in and ate up all but five of the plants, and these Tom tore up himself, to make, as he said, a 'clean sweep' of it. Although his farming speculation have not turned out as well as might be expected, working in the fresh loam has quite cured Tom of his gout, and has given a fine healthy tan to his complexion.

How Tom came to be travelling in a stage coach between Philadelphia and New York he has never told; but it is sufficient for our purpose to know that he did once travel so, and that of the adventure related in the following dramatic sketch 'he was a part.' The months of October and November, be it premised, for the better understanding of Tom's story, have been, time out of mind, 'killing time' in New Jersey. At this eventful season, from Cape May to her northern boundary, from the Delaware to the ocean that laves her eastern shore, there is one universal squeal within her borders: while the rivulets run swine's blood, and men go about every where with ensanguined knives in their right hands, and wearing long white frocks, spotted with the blood of porkers. It was, then, in the latter part of November, 1822, that a stage filled with passengers took its departure from the 'Indian Queen' hotel, in Philadelphia, on its way to New York. At this period, when the land was innocent of steamboats and railroads, the journey between the two cites, which is now performed in less than six hours, occupied the best part of three days, especially when the roads, as their condition now was, chanced to be heavy. Among the passengers in the stage was our friend Tom King.

'After we left the city,' says Tom, 'I began to take a view of my fellow-travellers. None of them are worth

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particularizing, though all well enough in their way, save a cadaverous Frenchman, who sat *vis à vis* with me on the middle window seat, I being stowed in a corner on the front seat. His extraordinary appearance instantly struck me, filling me at once with wonder and entertainment; for he was a bird of the sort that I looked to have no little amusement out of before we got to our journey's end. I took a survey of his person and apparel. He was about six feet in height, standing with a long face, *à la General Jackson*, a high wrinkled forehead, an eagle's beak shaped nose, large lips and mouth, and a pair of little, keen, snaky, black eyes, surmounted by bushy black eyebrows, with whiskers and moustache to match. His complexion was very dark, and from the general character of his physiognomy, I knew he was a French Jew. Beneath a little cloth cap he wore a red bandanna handkerchief, tied smoothly on his crown. His lean, gaunt frame was encased in a long waisted, gray, French surtout, buttoned up to his throat in a military style, while thick knit gloves protected his hands from the cold. Seeing me so attentively observing him, he called up to his features a sickly, yet courteous, smile, and with the air of one who sought sympathy and desired to be social, addressed me in bad English—

`Sare, eet ish verra foin veddare, is he not?'

`Yes, sir, very good weather.'

`Von leetle cold,' with a slight shrug, `ish he not, sare?'

`Yes, sir,' I replied, quietly.

`Eh, bien! vill you obligshe me, Monsieur, to tak' von pinshe of de snoff?' he continued, handing to me, as a farther incentive to social feelings, an antiquated, heavy silver box, half filled with *rappée* .

`Do you go all de vays to Newe Yorrk?' he asked, as he returned the box to his surtout pocket.

`Yes, sir.'

`You live in dish countree, sare?'

`Yes, sir.'

`Tish verra sangulare de vay dat you 'ave to live here. *C'est une chose tres drôle.*'

`In what way, sir?'

`Mais! *c'est une chose si drôle!*' and he laughed such a laugh as famine herself would have uttered—a laugh in which there was any thing but droll.

`How droll?'

`Ah, *mon dieu!* In dis *pays*—dis countree *vous mangez rien*—nothing but cochon—hog.'

`My dear sir, why, what do you mean by our having nothing to eat here but pork?' I asked of him.

`*Ecoutez!* Listen *donc*, Monsieur,' he said, with indignant animation. `*Quand je quittais Paris, je me trouvais en bon point Eh, bien! Je me trouvais myself ici—mais!* gentlemen,' interrupting himself, and looking round upon all in the stage, as if he desired their attention; `I vill tellee you all vat it ish. I come to dis countree, I land in Newe Yorrk, and I go to Philadelfie from dere. I have some little lettare d' introduction. I don't know no bodee in dis countree, *ma foi!* *Bien!* I come to Philadelfie and I bring some lettares to some of de principle peoples dere. *Eh, bien!* Dey say to me, after talk som toime, you go Mishtress Vebb, de best boardin' house in Pheeladelife. *Bien!* I go dare. Ven I left Paris, I vas verra fat—oh verra fat indeed! *Mais, de diable cochon*— dat you call de hog, almost killee me. Sare, *Ma foi!* I hate de pork as I do de devil. Now, messieurs, you see vat dat landladee do! She give noting but de pork for six veek. Ven I com to dis countree, in de first place I com to Newe Yorrk. I vas den *en bon point*—so fat. Now, sare, you see my situation; de manner which I look. Now I go back to Newe Yorrk, I am all—e—mostee starve!' Here his voice became exceedingly sad and touching, and he looked as if he could weep his spirit from his eyes. While throwing open his surtout, he knocked his knuckles, in attestation of the truth of his words, against his ribs and stomach till the one rattled andibly, and the other gave back a hollow, empty sound.

`Eh! you see dat? Youhear dat, ma foi?'

He looked round with sad triumph to see the effect produced, and then slowly rebuttoning the surtout, added, with a sign, as he fastened the last button—

`Ah, jentilmen, you would not believe you see me in Paris dis a way (filling his stomach with wind and swelling out) and you look at me now! *Drivare!*' he suddenly called, thrusting his head out of the window, `*drivare*, how far he is to Bristole?'

`Short distance, sir,' replied the respectful Jarvey.

`*Mais, tonneur de Dieu!* I vas een Bristole vonce ven I com frome Newe Yorrk. Dey givee evra ting bat vas

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nice! Dey givee me roastee bif—dey givee shickens and *pomme de terre*, and all sorts of noting. Bien, Bristole be von nice place!' And rubbing his hands and moistening his lips, with anticipation of the good things that would fall to his share in Bristol, he closed his eyes and gave himself up to (by the still smile about his mouth) a delicious reverie.

`By—and—by the roofs and towers of Bristol appeared, and, as if scenting `roastee bif' afar off, the Frenchman opened his eyes, and thrust his head out of the window.

`Vat place is dat, drivare, eh?'

`Bristol, sir.'

`Ah, ha! den I know I get someting to eat. Now, jentilmen, I tellee you I've som meat dare. Ven I vas dere I've got roastee bif, roastee shickens,—ah, Bristole de good place.'

`The coach rattles up to the principal hotel, and ere the horses were reined up, out briskly steps the jocund landlord. The Frenchman, taking off his hat, instantly thrust his red bandaged head from the window.

`Ah, Monsieur Bizanet, ah, ha! I so glad to see you. I've been in dis coundree eight veek; for six veek my landladee givee me noting but pork. Now, sare, ven I vas here som toime dis seven veek ago, you giv me som verra nice dinnare—roastee bif, shicken, and every ting nice dat vas good. Naw, Monsieur Bizanet, I am almostee starve. Six veek my landladee give me noting but pork—all de time, pork—and I hate de pork as I do ze devil. Now, Monsieur Bizanet vat you giv uz for de dinnare, eh?'

`As he put this query, he stepped out of the coach, and approached the landlord, rubbing his hands together with great *gout*.

`Ah, Monsieur Bizanet, vot is it dat you have goode for me, now?'

`Well, sir,' said Bizanet, with a great pomposity of manner, like a host confident in the quality and abundance of his larder, `well, sir, we have some very fine tender loins.

Tendare loing—don' knaw vat he is, but I sposhe he ish somting verra goode. Naw, jentilmen,' he added, with an expression of much pleasure on his hungry visage, `naw you tak all de oder tings; I take de tendare loing for my share. Vaitare, giv me glass brandy vater, he cried, entering the barroom, his stomach growing brave and dilating with anticipation.

`After drinking his brandy vater' with apparent satisfaction, he took his station at the dining-room door opening towards the kitchen, and surveyed with great complacency each dish as it was carried in, though he knew not the meats of which any of them consisted. When he found, by glancing back to the kitchen, that no more were to come, he skipped into the dining-room and placed himself in a seat to which the landlord pointed him. Now be it known to the hitherto uninformed that in `killing time,' landlords give, literally, nothing but pork, cooked different ways—spare-ribs, tenderloins, pork-chops, pork-steaks, sausages, kidneys, souse, hog's-head, hog's-head cheese, and, in fine `noting but pork.'

`Now, Monsieur Bizanet, I am so glad to see you! Ah, Monsieur Bizanet, vere is de tendare loing?' and his eyes wandered eagerly over the various modifications of grunter which loaded the table.

`There it is, sir before you,' said the polite landlord, with a slight bow and gesture with his right hand.

`*Ah bien bien!*' replied Monsieur, delightedly; and with the eager satisfaction of a half-starved wretch, he seized his knife and fork, and commenced cutting into it. Suddenly he stops, raises the knife, and then the fork, to his nose, smells and snuffs, snuffs and smells, and then quickly drops them upon his plate, and pushes back from the table with an expression of misery and despair. Yet it is only suspicion.

`Monsieur Bizanet! *Qu'est ce que c'est diable!* tendare loing? Vat is he de tendare loing? Tellee me vat he is made of, Monsieur Bizanet?'

`Why, sir, that is acknowledged by epicures to be the choicest part of the hog.'

`With a look of mingled anguish and horror, he clasped his bony hands together, and for a moment appeared the perfect image of wo.

`Vaitare,' he said, at length, rising and turning to the waiter, and speaking in the subdued voice of patient suffering, his flexible features twisted into almost a cry; `Vaitare, 'ave you noting else but de pork?'

`No, sir.'

`Vell, den villee you bringee me glass brandy vater, som onion and cracker? I am almostee starve. I've live in Philadelfie wid my landladie six veek and she giv me noting but de pork—I almostee starve! I come to Monsieur

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Bizanet, and he giv me noting but de pork. *Tonneur de dieu!*

‘Having as he dilated on his wrongs, grown ireful, and ended thus with a deep oath, he strode to the bar and received his brandy vater, som onion and cracker,’ and sitting down in a corner with his handkerchief spread across his knees, dined solitary and alone. He was yet engaged in his frugal repast when the stage—horn wound sharp and loud, and with an onion in one hand, and a fragment of cracker in the other, he took his seat beside his fellow—passengers, and the stage once more rolled on its way.

‘Never mind, sir,’ says Tom King, putting on a face full of sympathy, ‘never mind it; wait till we get to Trenton.’

‘Trantong! Ai dat ish de place vere de prison is! I see him ven I com on from Newe Yorrk. *Mais, dis done*, vere we is now?’

‘Ten miles off.’

‘Ah, Trantong! I stop dere at Monsieur Bispham, vere I get someting verra good to eat, I tell you. Now jentilmen, ven ve get dere you may take de tendare loing, and I take som oder ting goode.’

‘By—and—by, the stage begins to descend a hill towards a covered bridge stretched across the Delaware, and on the opposite shore appears in full view a large town.

‘Drivare,’ cried Monsieur, thrusting his head out of the stage window, ‘drivare tellee me vat place he is, eh?’

‘Trenton, sir.’

‘Trantong! *Bien, bien!* Now I sall get someting nice to eat. Ha, ha!’ and rubbing his palms with delightful anticipation, he eagerly watched for the hotel from the window, as the stage rolled through the streets.

‘Ah, vat is he dat maison, Monsieur Tomkin? (for Tom had given his fellow traveller his name.) I tink I know him.’

‘Tis Mr. Bispham’s.’

‘Ah, Monsieur Bispham! Now sall I get some ting nice to eat!’

‘As the stage drove up to the door, the travellers were welcomed by the courteous host.

‘Ah, ha, Monsieur Bispham!’ cried the Frenchman, as the landlord stepped up to open the door of the coach. ‘*Je suis charmé de vous voir!* I’ve com from Philadelfie; my landladie giv me nossin but pork. Naw sare ven I vas here six veek ago, I got von verra nice dinnare—ah mon dieu it vas too moche goode! You givee me roastee bif, roastee shicken, *mouton*—avery ting dat vas nice. Naw, Monsieur Bispham,’ he continued, smiling most insinuatingly in the landlord’s face, and rubbing his palms together, vat ‘ave you got for my dinnare? I am almostee starve. Six veek my landladie giv me noting but de pork; I com to Bristole, and Monsieur Bizanet giv me noting but de pork; and I hate de pork as I do ze devil. Naw, Monsieur Bispham, vat you giv uz for de dinnare?’

‘There was a merry twinkle in Tom King’s eye as he caught that of mine host which told volumes, and which the other was not slow in taking.

I can give you som very fine spare—ribs,’ replied Mr. Bispham, in his blandest manner.

‘Spare—reeb! vat he is? Spare—reeb! I sposhe he verra goode! he muttered half to himself, as he descended to the pavement. ‘Now, jentilmen, you take de tendare—loing for your share, I will tak de spare—reeb for minself!’ and with a step made light with delight he skipped into the bar—room.

‘Vaitare!’

‘Sir.’

‘Glass brandy vater; it make de appetie sharp for de spare—reeb! Ah Monsieur Bispham, you von verra nice jentilman. Sparareeb! eh, I vill now ‘ave someting goode to eat.’

‘With impatient gratification he watched the entrance of each dish, and then, with his fellow—passengers, seated himself at the table before a dish which mine host, with a peculiar smile lurking in the corner of his eye himself placed there.

‘Eh, Monsieur Bispham, vere is de spare—reeb?’

‘The dish immediately before your plate.’

‘*C’est bien! Je le vois!* Ah, Monsieur Bispham, I likee you vera moshe for von jentilman’s. I vill cot him *maintenant*.

‘With these words of gratitude and hope on his lips Monsieur buried his knife into the crisp meat before him,

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and the pleasant odor followed the knife as it was drawn forth, and ascended to his nose. With dilated eyes and nostrils, he hung suspended over the unsavory dish an instant, his knife and fork elevated in either hand, looking as if the truth were too great for belief. Twice— thrice he bent his head towards it, and each time snuffed and snorted not unlike the unclean animal of his holy abhorrence. Conviction flashes upon him. Pale as a corpse, he drops the knife and fork and pushes back from the table.

'Monsieur Bispham!' in tones of pitiful distress, while his pathetic glances from the spare-rib to mine host, and from mine host to the spare-rib, nearly brought tears (from hardly suppressed laughter) into Tom King's eyes, and filled every bosom around with manly sympathy. 'Monsieur Bispham!'

'Sir.'

'Ave you no oter ting but dis hog?'

'No, sir; but I will tell you what I can do for you,' said the feeling landlord; 'I can give you'—

'Notin more, sare; I vant notin! Vaitare!'

'Yes, sir.'

'Give me glass brandy vater, cracker, and som onion,' and with a sigh that seemed to come from a half-empty wind-bag, he proceeded to dine off the grateful comestibles he had named.

'Ah, never mind it, sir; don't be alarmed,' said Tom, after he had got into the stage, putting on a face of inimitable commiseration; 'you'll make it all up when we get to Princeton.'

'Prancetong! dat is de place vere de collegshe ish. I see him dere. Ah, I stop at Monsieur Joline. I get someting verra goode to eat, Monsieur Joline; he givee me roastee chickens, roastee sheep, nice fricasee de poulet, de pudding—de avery thing nice. Ah, Monsiur Tomkin, I sall get some ting verra goode for to eat now, parbleu!'

When the coach came in sight of Princeton, out popped the Frenchman's head.

'Drivare, vat place he is, eh?'

'Princeton, sir.'

'Prancetong, ah! Naw, jentilmen, ve sall ave someting goode to eat!' and his haggard features became luminous at the thought.

'Ah, ah, Monsieur Joline,' he cried, as the coach drew up to the door of the hotel; 'I am so rejoice to see you! Sare, I 'ave com from Philadelfie; my landladie giv me noting but de pork—six veek she giv me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com to Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet giv me noting but de pork. I com to Trangtong—Monsieur Bispham giv me noting but de pork. Naw, Monsieur Joline, my goode frien!', he added, stepping from the coach, and pathetically putting his hand on mine host's shoulder, while his voice was dropped to a low insinuating tone, 'will you givee me someting good for my dinnare?'

'Oh yes, sir,' replied the landlord, who had caught a twinkle of Tom King's eye; 'oh, yes; I can give you a tender-loin.'

'Bah!' with supreme disgust.

'I can give you a spare-rib, sir.'

'Bah, bah! 'ave you noting else?'

'Ah, yes; I will let you have a very fine chop.'

'Schop—schop! I don' knaw vat he is. Monsieur Tomkin, vill you telle me vat he is— de schop?'

'It is my favorite dish, sir,' said Tom, licking his chops; 'we are lucky in getting at Mr. Joline's to dine.'

'Ah—h—h! Monsieur Tomkin,' he cried, shaking Tom by both hands, 'I vill den 'ave somting goode to eat. I vill tak som de schop, Monsieur Joline. Jentilmen, you hear me! you may tak de tendare-loing and de spare-rib for yourself—I vill 'ave de schop for my share. Ah, jentilmen, did I not tellee you I get someting goode to eat Monsieur Joline? Vaitare, giv me glass brandy vater!'

With moist lips and longing eyes, did Monsieur survey the serving-up and *entree* of the various dishes, (if there can be variety where all the dishes are of like meat). At length, came out 'mine host,' and announced dinner. The famished Frenchman glided in strait to one of the chairs, and was about to take it—

'Pah! spare-reeb!'

He darted to another—

'Pah! tendare-loing!'

'Here, sir,' said Tom, pointing to the chair next to his, 'you will find this seat pleasanter—besides, here are chops placed for you.'

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Grace! bien, bien! You are tres polite, Monsieur Tomkin,' and sliding into the chair, he seized his knife and fork, and commenced upon the delicate dish prepared for him. No sooner, however, did the porkerous odor that freely rose with the steam on being disturbed by the knife assail his nostrils, and convince him that swine's flesh was set before him, than he sprung from the table as if the porker had come bodily to life in the dish.

'Oh, mon dieu—mon dieu! Monsieur Joline! *Comment l'appelait-on? Qu'est ce que c'est diable de schop? Vat you call de schop, Monsieur?'*

'Why, my dear sir,' replied mine host, with gravity, 'that, sir, is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the most delicious parts of the hog.'

'Hog—*cochon? Tonneur de dieu!*' and with a backward leap, Monsieur placed ten feet between himself and the object of his abhorrence. 'Monsieur Joline!' and he approached the landlord with a tale of woe written in his sad visage, 'ah! Monsieur Joline, I 'ave com from France. I 'ave been in Philadelfie six veek; my landladie givee me noting but de pork—six veek she giv me noting but de pork. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong, and you givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve.' Then placing his open palms over his collapsed stomach, and almost weeping his spirit from his eyes, he called in a tristful tone—

'Vaitare, givee me glass brandy vater, som onion and cracker.'

'Never mind, my dear friend,' said Tom King, with well-feigned sympathy, after they were once more in the coach; 'never mind; wait till you get to New Brunswick, and Mr. De Graw will give you a good dinner.'

'Ah, ha! I knaw Monsieur De Graw, he said, brightening up, 'I knaw him verra well. He giv me von verra nice dinnare—roastee bif, bif-stick, schicken, som pie, som nice pudding. Ah, jolie ville Newe Bronsvicke! I get someting goode to eat, Monsieur De Graw. Drivare, how far he is Newe Bronsvicke?'

'Soon be there, sir.'

'Eh, bien! now you sall see, jentilmen— you sall see, Monsieur Tomkin, vat good dinnare I vill eat at Monsieur De Graw! Oh, oh! I knaw verra well Monsieur De Graw. You sall see naw vat you sall see.'

The symmetrical snow-white spire of the Episcopal church, and the old Spanish looking tower of the Dutch, at length rose above the distant fields, and caught the eye of the vigilant Frenchman.

'Drivare, vat place he is coming, eh?'

'New Brunswick, sir.'

'Newe Bronsvicke! Bien! Now you sall see, Monsieur Tomkin—now you sall see, jentilmen, vot I vill 'ave to eat. Ah, ha! I sall 'ave de nice dinnare—de roastee bif, de bif-stik, de shicken, de nice pudding, some pie—avery ting!' and in renewed pleasurable anticipation, Monsieur's hungry countenance was wreathed with ghastly smiles, and he seemed several times as if, in his joy, he was about to hug his friend, "Monsieur Tomkin," to his shrunken breast.

The stage rolled rapidly down Albany street, and drew up at a spacious hotel, at the entrance to the antiquated bridge that spans the beautiful Raritan. Out stepped Mr. De Graw, smiling welcome to the goodly company of travellers.

'Ah, ha, Monsieur De Graw,' cried the Frenchman, taking off his cap, and thrusting his red bandanna pate out of the coach window; 'ah, ha, Monsieur De Graw, how you do? I am so enjoyed to see you. I am com from Philadelfie—my landladie for six veek givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong—Monsieur Joline givee me noting but de pork, and I hate de pork, sare, as I do ze devil. Ah, bon dieu! I almostee starve. Naw, Monsieur De Graw,' he added, in an insinuating tone, and with a winning smile that would have melted the heart of Robespierre, 'now, Monsieur De Graw, vat 'ave you got good for my dinnare?'

'I have some very fine steaks.'

'Stik! stick! ah, jentilmen,' he cried, delightedly, 'I tol you I get someting goode to eat Monsieur De Graw. Stik! I remembare him—he verra nice! Jentilmen, you may 'ave de tendare-loing, de spare-reeb, de schop, and all de oder ting—I vill tak de stik for my share. Vaitare,' he cried, with additional animation, 'bring me glass brandy vater!'

The 'brandy vater' was brought and drank with great gusto, and then with a gleam of high satisfaction on his features, he took his stand by the dining-room door, and watched the entrance of each savory dish with curiosity.

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`Monsieur De Graw!

`Sir.'

`Vere is my stik?'

`It is coming, sir—here it is.'

`Ah, bien! I see him,' and following the last platter in, he seated himself before it. A cloud of steam rose from the insertion of the ready knife, and the accursed flavor of pork ascended to his olfactory organs.

`*Qu'est ce que c'est diable* de stik, Monsieur De Graw? *Mais dis donc!* Vat you call dis stik?'

`Why that, sir, is acknowledged to be one of the most delicious parts of the hog.'

Down dropped the poor French Jew's knife and fork, and rising up, he thus addressed himself to `mine host,' at first more in sorrow than in anger, though with the recital of his griefs his indignation rose—

`I am com from Paris. I go Philadelfie— six veek my landladie givee me noting but de pork. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I com Trantong— Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong—Monsieur Joline givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve, sare, and I nevere been so maltreat in my life. Ven I was in my own countree, nobody nevere serve me so, and, sare, I tink it is blackguard manner, and no jentilman. Vaitaire,' he cried, in a subdued tone of sorrow, not unmingled with offended dignity, turning from the landlord with supreme contempt, having expended upon him his short-lived wrath, his stomach, doubtless, being all too weak to hold much anger; vaitaire, you givee som cracker, vater, and som onion, if you pleas.'

`Ah, sir,' said Tom King, as they entered the coach, squeezing the Frenchman's attenuated fingers in his consoling grasp; `ah, my dear sir, let it not disturb you, lest you impair your appetite; for I assure you, sir, that you will find at Newark every thing to gratify it.'

`Newarke! Bien! I remember him,' he cried, catching at the brittle straw of hope Tom had kindly thrown out. `I 'ave stop in Newarke one time. I nevere got suche good dinnare as I got dere!'

`They give very good dinners at Gifford's,' said Tom.

`Gifforde! ah, I knaw him; he is de landlord. Ah, I knaw Monsieur Gifford verra well. He givee me roastee torkey, roastee shickens, voodcock, bif-stick, some pie—ah, mon dieu! every ting dat was nice he gave me! Ah, you sall see, Monsieur Tomkin, vat you sall see, ven I com Newarke.'

By—and—by, the spires of Newark rose in sight, above the green meadows and pleasant woods that surround it, and caught the quick eye of the Frenchman.

`Drivare, vat he is?' he eagerly asked.

`Newark, sir.'

`Newarke! Eh, bien, bien! now, jentilmen, you sall see!' and rejoicing in the good things in store for him, he sung, whistled, and said something pleasant to each one of his fellow travellers. The coach at length stopped at the door of `Gifford's,' and out came the portly landlord himself, to do honor to his newly-arrived guests.

`Dat ish Monsieur Gifford, ish it not, Monsieur Tomkin?' he asked, as he caught sight of him from a distance.

`That is he, and he will give you a capital dinner,' replied Tom.

`Ah, Monsieur Gifford, how you do? It make me verra rejoice to see you. You look verra fat, Monsieur Gifford. Now, Monsieur Gifford, I 'ave com from Paris; I com to Newe Yorrk, den I go Philadelfie. I stop wid you ven I go, six veek ago. Oh, de nice dinnare you giv me—roastee torkey, roastee shicken, voodcock, roastee bif, bif-stik, som pie—avery ting dat vas goode you give me. Now, I go Philadelfie—my landladie givee me, for six veek, noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham givee me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong—Monsieur Joline givee me noting but de pork. I com New Bronsvicke—Monsieur De Graw givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. Naw, Monsieur Gifforde,' he added, with a pathetic look, working his features into a coaxing smile, `naw, Monsieur Gifford, vat vill you givee me goode for my dinner?'

In the meanwhile, sundry signs and words had been interchanged between Tom King and `mine host,' and Mr. Gifford answered with ready civility.

`Why, in the first place, sir, we have some very excellent tender-loin.'

`Bah!'

`We have a very fine spare-rib, sir.'

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`Bah!'

`We have some capital chops.'

`Bah!'

`Well, sir, perhaps you would like a nice steak.'

`Bah, bah! noting but de hog. Monsieur Gifford! sare! ven I vas here last, you givee me avery ting—de roastee bif, de voodcock, de bif–stik, some pie. Now, Monsieur Gifford, 'ave you not got noting good?'

`Ah, sir, there is one thing I had forgotten— we are going to have a fine roaster.'

`R–roastare! Ah, jentilmen, you hear! r–r–roastare!' he cried, sounding the *r* like a watchman's rattle; and, turning to the company, he shook each one by the hand, while his hollow visage was illuminated with the reflection of his inward joy. `I tol' you, jentilman, we get something to eat here! Now, you tak de hog vid twentie name, I vill 'ave de roastare for my dinner.'

Feeling now sure of a dinner, he became magnanimous, and calling for `brandy vater' in a more confident tone than he had hitherto used, he turned blandly to his fellow travellers—

`Monsieur Tomkin—jentilmen—you tak glass brandy vater?'

After drinking, he began to rub and expand his abdomen, and to swell out like the frog in the fable, while he walked impatiently to and fro before the dining–room door.

`Vill dat bell never ring for my dinnare?' he muttered every few turns. Not a dish that went in, escaped his scrutiny. As each passed him, he would recognise and name it with disgust.

`Bah! porkee–stik!'

`Bah! spare–reeb!'

`Bah! tendare–loing!'

`Bah, bah! schop!'

`Ah, ha, jentilmen, you bettare go get your dinnare,' he cried jocosely, as this array of swine's flesh passed him towards the table, `I vait for my roastare!' and folding his arms, he leaned against the side of the door, and fixed his eyes musingly on the door of the kitchen. In a few moments, Mr. Gifford made his appearance, hat in hand.

`Dinner is ready, gentlemen.'

The Frenchman did not hear; his waiting eyes were bent on the door leading kitchenward, while his lips moved in something like a soliloquy.

`Roastare—roastare! *Qu'est ce que c'est* roastare? I shpose he roastee bif, or som soche ting! roastee shicken, I shpose! He must be something verra nice! Roastee mouton, perhaps!'

`Dinner is served, sir,' said Mr. Gifford.

`*Mair pardi!* Monsieur Gifford, vere is my roastare, sare?'

`It is coming now, sir.'

The Frenchman looked, and beheld borne past him, on a broad platter, a roast pig, with a potatoe in his jaws.

`Sare, vere is my roastare?'

`This is it.'

`Is dat de roastare, sare?'

`Yes, sir; and one of the most delicious things in the world.'

`Sare—Monsieur Gifford! I've com from Paris. My landladie, Philadelfie, six veek givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Bristole—Monsieur Bizanet givee me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Trantong—Monsieur Bispham give me noting but de pork. I com Prancetong—Monsieur Johne give me noting but de pork. I almostee starve. I com Newe Bronsvicke—Monsieur De Graw givee me noting but de pork. I com Newarke, sare, and you givee me noting but de pork—nossing but de hog. I al–e mostee starve. I nevare been so maltreat in my life before. Ven I vas in my own coundree, nobody not nevare serve me so. Sare, I tink it is blackguard manner, and no jentilman. You 'ave usee me loike von scoundrele rascaller. You are not content wis giving me de differen kind of de pork—de spare–reeb, de tendare–loing, de schop, de stik, and noting but de pork—but now you bringee me de CHILDE OF DE HOG!'

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Donald Fay was a young and industrious farmer, blessed with a beautiful and virtuous wife, and surrounded with every comfort that the heart of man could desire. But, unluckily becoming acquainted with some thoughtless companions, who preferred pleasure to industry, he was progressively and insensibly led, step by step, to idleness, intemperance, and finally to gambling. Frequently, in his sober moments, he formed the resolution to break from their society, but no sooner did he encounter them than reason, judgment, principle, all took flight and he became a ready victim to their vicious and designing arts. His conduct before and after drinking, illustrates in a strong manner the folly and degrading effects of intoxicating drinks. Alas, that `men will put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!'

One morning, Donald got up very late, with a headache, and a parched and feverish palate.

`Donald, dear, you look ill this morning,' said his young wife, laying her hand upon his soft temples.

`And can't a man be a little ill without such a fuss being made about it,' he said, testily, throwing aside her hand. The tears came into Sarah's eyes, for Donald had never spoken sharply to her before.

He went out to look after his farm, but felt disinclined to exert himself. He leaned upon a gate and began bitterly to reflect upon what he had done the day before.

`Yes, I have disgraced myself, and lost my self-respect. Instead of returning directly home and spending my few leisure moments with Sarah and the child, I preferred lounging in the market; and then this low drunken fellow persuades me to go into a drinking cellar with him. I wouldn't have been seen with him by any respectable person, but—but—' and Donald could not conceal from himself that his love of money had been the temptation that drew him after gain. `If I had drank nothing now, I should not condemn myself so much—for it was business I had with him. But that I should drink, and not once, but twice! And then I don't know hardly what I did—I have some remembrance of riding in a coach, and I do recollect distinctly purchasing this lottery ticket, and foolishly paying sixteen dollars for it.' And he took from his pocket book the ticket and looked at it with a melancholy air. `Sixteen dollars thrown away! What a fool I have made of myself! If I had been sober, I should no sooner have gone into a lottery office than into a gambling house. And then to purchase a ticket, too. To throw a stake for chance. Ah, Donald Fay, I would not believe yesterday morn you would have done all this. Truly, if any man had said to me then, `Donald, before sunrise to-morrow, you will have cronied with Jim Talbot, gone arm in arm with him down into Burling's cellar, drank with him, got drunk with him, rode in a hackney coach with him, bought a lottery ticket, and paid sixteen hard earned dollars for it,' I would have knocked him over! And yet it is all true; oh, Donald Fay!' And Donald placed his hand on his brow and groaned aloud. `And what would poor Sarah say, if she knew all? She would despise me; and I spoke cross to her; that is the top-stone of my madness! Oh, that I should have spoken a cross word to the young wife of my bosom, the mother of my little girl! Oh, Donald Fay, Donald Fay, what bitter repentance has an idle moment cost thee!'

`Nay, dear Donald,' said his wife's soft voice close to his ear, while her arm fondly encircled his neck: `do not grieve, Donald. Now I know all, for I have listened as I came near you, and know all you have done. You have been tempted and have fallen! But God will forgive; and think not of speaking sharp to me! I don't mind it. I knew something had gone wrong with you, and I anxiously followed you as you went out looking so ill at ease, and when I saw you lean over the gate so miserably, I came to bring you into the house and nurse you. Never mind it now, Donald, dear! Let the yesterday's folly be buried with the yesterday! Come, do not grieve so! You will break my heart if you do! Nay, nay, dear husband.' It is a fearful thing to see a strong man sob. And this true wife and woman, pressed his head to her bosom, on which he lay for several minutes, sobbing like a child.

His spirit was broken by her forgiveness and tender sympathy, which he felt he did not deserve: he was humbled too, with shame at his fault, and could have sunk on his knees before her, and before his God! At length he became calmer, and her few but healing words, soon brought a smile to his face.

`Ah, Sarah dearest, you are indeed a help-mate to me! I felt so wretched at what I had done, that I feel, if you had met me with reproaches and harsh reproofs I should have fled to the cup for relief from my remorse. But you acted like an angel. You have acted like a wife. God bless you:' and the humbled, grateful, penitent husband

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clasped his noble wife to his swelling heart. Donald now went about the duties of his farm with a light and cheerful spirit, while Sarah returned to the house to enjoy in the recesses of her own bosom, the generous joy that follows noble conduct. Sweet wives! ye that love to upbraid a husband's faults and rail at his lapses, and weaknesses, adding bitterness to the cup, his silent conscience has already sufficiently drugged, and by your coldness, or silence, or reproofs, or tearful and angry upbraidings, convert penitence into despair, and increase the evil you foolishly hope by this treatment to cure, take pattern by the sensible and loving wife of Donald Fay. Think not it is noble and spirited to resent! When man wrongs another, he is met with resentment; but when he wrongs his wife, he should be met with forgiveness. This is feminine, this is generous, this is the temper that will liken you indeed, to that similitude with angels, which you so love to have said of you. Every true wife—I mean the still young and lovely in the husband's eyes—holds in her own hands the magic wand of domestic peace and happiness. I say the *young and lovely*, because it is then, before beauty wanes and the power of the eye and voice and smile is gone, that she must gain that sweet control over his heart which is to last, and bind him to her for life! Few women who neglect it till their peculiar youthful fascinations are in the wane, will be likely then to succeed if they attempt it; therefore I have said that every young wife may *rule* her husband, if she will, by sweetness, gentleness, affection, forbearance, and forgiveness,—laying on these the golden foundation of the beautiful temple, in which Domestic Love delights to dwell! 'Oh woman, wife! didst thou but know the power Held in each gesture of thy snowy hand; Couched in thy smiles; flashing from thy glance; Dwelling in each lineament and look of love; Round every motion thrown; in step and air Concealed—hidden, yet stronger for being hid— On thee bestowed to captivate and bind, Thou wouldst, alone, with these thyself engird, Cuirass, and helm, breast-plate, and sword and shield, A glorious panoply of wifely Armor! Sweetness doth temper, and true love Polish it, and bright and spotless kept by daily use! Oh, didst thou know this power that dwelt in thee, Heaven bestowed, such as seraphs wield, Thou wouldst not more th'unsexly weapons use Of frowns and nails, and words of high abuse!'

So much for our poet, who writes like an honest old English husband who hath learned his wisdom herein by experience.

That evening, Donald sat in his door with Sarah affectionately seated beside him. He thought she never looked so lovely, and was sure that he had never loved her so dearly.

'Sarah,' he said smiling, yet blushing with ingenuous shame, 'I find on looking in my pocket-book, I have not told you all the evils that resulted from my idle moment yesterday. I find I have in some way lost a twenty dollar bill. I can form no idea how it is gone? But a man who drinks must expect to pay for his folly.'

'Never mind it, Donald; you will never lose any more in that way, and we will work a little harder and try to make it up.'

'But I don't mind that so much as that I should be guilty of buying a lottery ticket, besides the risk of losing sixteen dollars more. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I have a good mind to destroy the ticket and think no more of it, for I did a wicked thing to purchase it.'

'It would be better to remove the evil from sight, and thought, Donald,' said Sarah, quietly, and looking pleased at this suggestion coming from him.

Donald took the ticket from his pocket-book, and looked at it with the resolution to destroy it. But his eye was arrested by the deceitful and alluring figures of thousands of dollars, and by the tempting promises to the adventurous spirit that covered its face. Sarah saw that his love for money was tampering with it, and that he might yet keep it; she therefore playfully snatched it, saying,

'Come, Donald, I will tear it up myself, and then it will go into oblivion with every thing of that unlucky yesterday.'

'No, stay a minute, Sarah,' he said, withholding it; 'it will be no harm to look at it. It says the highest prize is \$100,000, and that the drawing takes place on the 27th; that is next Saturday. Suppose we don't tear it up, but wait till after Saturday. There is no knowing what it may bring us; and as it's bought, destroying it won't give me back the sixteen dollars I so foolishly paid for it.'

'No, Donald, do not keep it. Your resolution to destroy it was a virtuous one. You won't be happy while you have it on hand, but always be thinking about it, do, dear Donald!'

'But it may be the means of making us both rich; who knows? I don't think it would be wise to throw it away till we know the result.'

'But you was so sorry you bought it,' said Sarah, gently.

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'So I am. But to tear it in pieces wont make me any sorrier, wife. I am resolved to keep it till after Saturday, and then if there is no prize, I'll throw it away and never think of lotteries again.'

His wife saw that it was of no use to urge him farther, and was silent; though her face was sad as if she instinctively foresaw the evil that would come of keeping it.

All the week, Donald, sure enough, was thinking every leisure moment about his ticket: and when at work on his farm visions of wealth would fill his imagination, and he would pause over, his plough or spade and idly give rein to his fancies. When the day approached on which the drawing was to take place, he became restless and anxious; Friday afternoon he left the field early, and came to the house and walked about uneasy and in a feverish state of mind until bed-time. Sarah saw the change in his conduct, and her heart told her the cause of it. She sighed, and trusted that the next day would forever put an end to this unhappy disposition, and that the smile would once more gladden his cheerful brow as before his temptation by honest Jamie Talbot. That night he scarcely closed his eyes; and rising early he made his milk-man stay at home and fodder the cattle, while he went himself to town with the wagon. After he had hurriedly seryed his customers, he put up his horse at a stall near the market, and hastened towards the lottery office. He looked warily round before entering lest any of his customers, or persons who knew him, and whose opinion he respected, should see him go in, and then slipped in as well as he could for a crowd that thronged the door. He here learned that the drawing took place in another part of the city, that as soon as it closed, which would be about three o'clock, the fate of his ticket would be immediately made known on his application where he now was. It was now ten o'clock, and there were five hours yet for him to wait. He left the office, and reflected what he should do with the time in the interval, his heart heavy with the increasing weight of his conscience.

Slowly he walked along Nassau street towards the park, reflecting upon the state of mind the possession and retention of the lottery ticket had produced. He felt he had been guilty of a great evil in keeping it, and almost wished he had destroyed it. He could not but confess he had spent a very nervous and unhappy week thinking about the drawing, and his conscience now loudly reproved him for spending a whole day in idleness till the fate of his ticket should be known. All these reflections filled his thoughts and weighed down his mind till he became hateful to himself—yet he would not destroy the cause of all his guilty misery, which he still held in his pocket-book. He readily assented to all the open and stern admonitions and reproaches of his conscience in relation to his conduct, but had not resolution enough to be guided or influenced by them: weakly and deluded, he yielded himself up to the current into which he had launched, without making an effort, though conscious of the dangers, to save himself from the probable shipwreck of his peace of mind, perhaps of his little fortune and of his character. So deluded is man when he once gives the rein to criminal indulgence—the reproofs of his better nature, instead of correcting him, irritate and increase the evil it is their province to lessen.

Donald felt so unhappy that he could have wished any society to help him to beguile the time, and relieve him from his thoughts. As he walked along in this mood of mind, he entered the park; and as he lifted his eyes to the City Hall clock to see how slowly lagged the hour, he beheld at a distance in one of the walks the figure of Jim Talbot. Jamie had also recognized him, and remembering the abstraction of the twenty dollar note, began to feel the fears of suspicion coming over him, and turning his back was shuffling off with his shape so altered by an ingenious twist of his body and a stooping of the shoulders and a bowing in of the legs, that when Donald's eyes first beheld him, he hesitated in deciding whether it were Jamie or no. He was, however, too familiar with Jamie's longworn habiliments, and the peculiar angles and cock in his hat to be wholly at fault. A closer inspection assured him of his identity. His first emotion was that of pleasure; for he felt wearied of his own reflections, tired of himself, and any company was relief! Alas! how had Donald Fay fallen! He, therefore, quickened his pace after Jim, who as he was making off was looking at him beneath his arm. The natural thought that occurred to him on now beholding Donald start after him, was that he was about to charge him with the theft of the note; he, therefore, incontinently set off at a round pace, listening to hear the cry in his ear of 'stop thief!' Donald, seeing him run, increased his speed of foot, and Jim ran the harder; his rags flying, his hands holding his trowsers up, and his feet slipping from his old shoes at every third step. Donald, however, was clean shod and had suspenders to hold up his trowsers, thus he had that great advantage of using the hands in running, as well as being light heeled, and of a most vigorous constitution. Poor Jamie was overtaken by him at the south gate with his hand on the latch ready to open it.

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‘What in the nature, man, set you getting up sich a running,’ said Donald, grasping him firmly by the arm; ‘is it this way ye treat a friend, Jamie?’ he asked, reproaching him.

Jim saw at a glance that all was right, and he had no more to fear from Donald on account of his theft of the bank note, which he was now satisfied he had not missed, or having missed, supposed he had lost it out of his pocket-book. It was, therefore, with an open brow and a heart relieved of much solicitude for the safety of his precious person, which, as he fled he imagined tenanting one of the cells in the Tombs, that he replied, while he grasped Donald warmly by the hand:

‘Oh, Donald, man, is it you I heard running behind me? I am glad you spoke—for you see I should have missed you—for I was, you see—going—where in the devil *was* I going?—Oh, to see if that ticket you bought had been drawn a prize! Yes, I was going there, Donald! You see I don’t forget my friends.’ And here Jim gave his friend another hearty shake of the hand. ‘Where are you going, Donald?’

‘Why, I came over with my milk-cart, and as I had a little time to spare, I thought I would just stop till the drawing was over. I have no way to pass it, and so seeing you, thought I’d call you!’

Donald colored as he answered, for he knew he had lied when he said he had no time to spare—the best part of a whole day, too—when he knew his farm and family required every hour he had resolved to waste in the city, waiting for the result of the drawing morning. Thus falsehood was added to the other vices of which his few idle moments in the market house were the prolific parent. The first indulgence in sin is like the first step down a flight of stairs descending mid-way into a fathomless abyss, with all fearful dizzy space below! It is useless, however, to make reflections here for the reader; for no one can fail to see all that we could point out with but little reflection on his own part. We will, therefore, give our pen more closely to the incident and action of the story, leaving it to convey its own moral.

‘You are just the man, then, for my morning,’ said Jim, enthusiastically clapping his hand on his empty pocket, for not a ‘red cent’ had Jim remaining of his twenty dollars; ‘come with me, I will show you a way to pass it. How long afore the drawing?’

‘Three o’clock—four hours and a half,’ answered Donald, looking at the clock.

‘Good—come on, boy. You are a good fellow, Donald! In five hours you’ll be a rich fellow. Good; let us go.’

‘But where?’ asked Donald, a little ashamed of his company, yet glad to get it to fly from self-upbraidings.

‘Come with me, I’ll show you where;’ was the satisfactory reply of Jamie, as he passed his arm under Donald’s, and pulled him along in the direction of Centre street.

Donald gave himself up to his guidance, and under his care at length reached the market. On the way he had been met by two or three respectable persons of the city, and by one of his neighbors a wealthy lawyer, who, each of them all stared first at Jim, and then cast an inquiring look at him. He felt excessively ashamed, but his avarice lay deep in his heart, and so he drove the idea of what they would think from his mind.

‘Come, Donald,’ said Jim, with a patronizing air, ‘come, man, as I have taken you under my care, you must do as I say. Let us go in here!’

‘That is a drinking place,’ said Donald, holding back.

‘Well, it wont bite! Let us go in and take something, and then I’ll show you what I have got to show you. Come along, and don’t be bashful. You’ll be as rich as Jack Astor to-morrow, and then you wont look at folks like me. So I’ll have as much of you to-day as I can get.’

Donald was flattered by the allusion to his anticipated riches, and suffered Jim, who, it appears, was a perfect devil for temptations, to conduct him up two or three wooden steps, into a long narrow room with a bar on one side, a table covered with dominoes on another, and a black, dirty, torn billiard table visible in a room. There were but two or three persons in the bar, and these were drinking and talking in a loud tone about bets and cock-fighting. Donald’s purer nature revolted at their presence, but Jamie would give him no time for reflection. He took him up to the bar and ordered drinks, and prevailed upon him to take brandy and water; and as Donald’s mind was in an uneasy and wounded state he was the more readily tempted to take something to drown his reflections and raise his spirits. How much better it would have been for him to have used the power he still held in his possession, by tearing up the fatal ticket which had been the instrument of all this evil. But, though the idea flashed instantly upon his mind, his avaricious hopes conquered, and so he preferred his misery with prospective and criminal wealth to happiness and his present independence. Therefore, unwilling to restore his mind by this

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sacrifice, he preferred drowning his self-reproaches in the intoxicating cup. To what a fearful brink had he now approached!

After drinking, he felt lively and cheerful, for false elevation of spirits is the temporary bait which the Demon of intemperance holds out to the unhappy victim who seeks peace of mind in the goblet he proffers to all mankind.

'You haven't paid for the drinks, sir,' said the bar-keeper to Donald, without even glancing at Jim, who had called for them, but whom experience told him not to look to. Jim, however, heard, and found it convenient to be at the other end of the room looking very attentively at a crack in the plaster. Donald, without hesitation, paid down the money, when Jim suddenly recollected to pay for the drinks himself, and came forward with both hands diligently searching for nothing in pockets that were not!

'Oh, Simpkin, I'll settle for the drinks, now;' and Jim, in his energy, made a dive into his breeches so deep, that he drove his hand clear through a hole in the knee.

'The gentleman has paid,' said Mr. Simpkin, with a smile, seeing Jim draw back the unlucky hand as quick as lightning.

'Oh, ah, Donald,' said Jim; you are a too good fellow—too generous. It was my treat, and you ought to have let me paid. Never mind, you shall not pay next time, unless you ask *me* to drink, which in course you will do, seein' I axed you now; but the next time after that I'm whipped if I don't pay. Come, let us go. Are the boys at it in back, Simp?'

'Yes, Jim,' answered Mr. Simpkins, briefly, at the same time rinsing the sugar out of the bottom of a tumbler.

'Where do you go, now, Jamie,' inquired Donald, as his friend dragged him through the billiard-room.

'Just in here. I know you like a good fowl. All farmers do; and I've seen cocks of first rate breed at your place.'

'Yes, that is true—I keep a good lot of fowls, Jim; it makes the poultry better to have trained birds.'

'I knew you thought so. I have got some birds to show you, Donald! If, when you see 'em, you don't thank me for taking you there, then I'll never do a friend a good service again.—Come; don't you hear the shouts. This way, and across the yard. That is the building.'

'Where are you taking me?' asked Donald, as Jim led him through the billiard-room, and down a flight of steps into a back lot, on the other side of which was a small rough shed of boards, on the top of which was stuck a pole, with a game-cock cut of a shingle, and gilt on the summit. From this rude building came loud and mingled shouts, cries, clapping, yells, whistles, and curses, in hellish confusion! No wonder Donald stopped, and demanded where Jim was taking him?

'Never mind,' replied Jim; if you don't like it now, you will when you get inside. Come on; they are at it bravely, I know by the shouts!' and Jim hauled him in a dark doorway and along a boarded passage, at the end of which stood a short, fat, blackleg looking man, to whom Jim advancing before Donald, said a word, glancing over his shoulder at his friend.

'Well, go in; I'll take care he pays for both when he comes out,' said the man, winking; 'if he is a pigeon, you're lucky to have him for your friend.'

'He is a moral man, you know—wouldn't pay for me, nor go in himself, you know, Bill, if he knew it was a cock-pit—but all will be strait, you know! Come, Donald; don't stumble over that loose board! Here we are. Come in and let this gentleman shut the door behind you;' and Jim, partly by pulling, partly by coaxing, drew Donald into a scene such as he had never conceived as existing. He had entered a sort of low circular room, surrounded on all sides by benches, tier above tier, crowded with people of the lowest, roughest, and most vicious class; these seats surrounded a small fenced ring on the earth, about twelve feet in diameter, in which two game-cocks were pitted against each other, and upon whom all eyes were fixed. The fight had been already long, for they were bleeding and staggering from weakness, and could hardly keep up the sport for the spectators, who cheered them on with loud cries. Each cock was attended by its keeper, who stood by it in the pit to set it on, encourage it and see fair play. These men were nearly stripped and wore handkerchiefs tied about their heads, and looked as eager and absorbed in the combat as if it were engagement between armies of men. The spectators were leaning over the sides of the pit in every possible attitude, expressive of eagerness and interest, and altogether Donald thought that he had got into a place of amusement in hell, rather than on earth.

'There they go at it!' shouted Jim. 'Look, Donald! aint they beauties? See the bets go around! I bet on the red

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cock! Wasn't that a good stroke? He handles his spur as well as a soldier his sword! Do you bet, Donald?' he added, as they crowded into seats.

'No—what is all this, Jamie?' asked he, bewildered, and not half himself with the noise, the sight, and the effect of the brandy he had drank.

'A cock—fight! See that red chap! how he drives it into the other! Which will you bet on?'

'I wont bet, I never bet, Jamie.'

'Because you never was at a cock—fight, afore. You must bet now, man! Every body bets! See the money fly! See the stakes! Here's a gentleman'll bet with you,' he added, addressing a crony of his, and tipping him the wink; 'I say, Mister, take this gentleman's bet, and,' he added in a low tone of voice—'and I'll go you halves, Jerry, if you win.'

'And if I lose?' asked the other, cautiously.

'I'll see you don't have to pay—my friend—green—plenty of pewter—methodist sort or so—you,' and Jim winked profoundly at each dash in his words.

'Oh,ay, I take,' said the gentleman, laying his fore—finger sagaciously against one side of his nose; and then addressing Donald, he said, bluntly,

'You offered to bet.'

'No, I didn't sir,' answered Donald, with surprise.

'Your friend said so.'

'Yes, I told the gentleman so, Donald,' said Jim, in a low voice; 'it wont do to refuse him now.'

'I can't bet—besides, I haven't watched the cocks.'

'If that's all, these will soon be drawn off,' said the man, and we'll have a pair of fresh cocks in the pit. There, the grey cock has got his breakfast settled! Hurrah for little bob red!'

'Hurrah, hurrah!' rung in a hundred victorious voices through the room, while the losers mingled oaths loud and deep, as they saw their cock fall over dead on his back, pierced by the steel spur of his adversary, which penetrated the bleeding breast like a needle. The victor cock was immediately caught up, and carried out by his keeper, to have his wounds washed, while the owner of the dead bird hung over him cursing in a manner fearful to hear.

'Clear the ring! Throw out that carrion!' cried the spectators, in a momentarily increasing uproar, and at length the defeated cock—fighter took up his slain cock, and left the arena. An attendant now lightly passed a fine rake over the surface of the pit, and soon after, amid the acclamations of the multitude, two other cocks were brought in by their keepers, who entered the area, each with his bird on his arm, and after holding them up to the view of the crowd, prepared them for the combat, by fastening on their steel spurs, or gaffs. There seemed now to be the most eager and exciting interest felt by every one present in the approaching fight between the cocks, as they were large, well made, full eyed, and carried themselves with bold and courageous looks. Donald, himself could not help catching the contagion, and feeling an interest in the novel scene. He was, as Jim had intimated, a great lover of fine cocks, and had paid some attention to breeding them, but without any other end than the improvement of his barn—yard stock. He now thought he had never seen two such noble birds, and although he wished himself away from such a place and company, he thought that now he was there, he might as well interest himself in what was passing; and he thought as he must while away the time till three o'clock, in some way, he might as well do it there as any where. So he looked on, and began to take a deeper interest in the animating scene. At length the game—cocks were ready, numerous bets were made, and the birds set down upon the ground. It required no effort on the part of either cock—fighter to set them fighting. No sooner did they feel themselves free, than true to their instinctive hostility and warlike spirit, they engaged each other with a deadly fierceness that would been terrific in human combatants.

'Now your bet,' said Jim's friend, laying his hand on the arm of Donald, who was leaning over the heads of those in front of him, eagerly watching the fight.

'I'd rather not bet, sir,' he said, though not very decidedly. 'See! the black cock, is the best bird!'

'I'll bet a five on the speckled cock, said the man, decidedly.

'I'll see the sport awhile, first,' answered Donald, too deeply absorbed in the combat to turn around.

'There was a good stroke. The speckled cock will be beaten.'

'A five the speckled cock beats,' said the man, promptly, and fluttering a bank note before Donald's eyes.

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‘No, the black cock has the true mettle! See how boldly he carries himself.’

‘D—n the black cock,’ said the man, coarsely, ‘he is a coward—see him run back!’

‘To gather force,’ answered Donald, warmly; ‘see how he has knocked the other over and over.’

‘I’ll bet you for all that, the black cock you brag so on, is whipped.’

‘Done—I bet,’ cried Donald, in the intense eagerness of the spot, and fully entering into the spirit of the sport and place.

‘Plank the money, Donald,’ said Jim, who had anxiously watched this progress events so interesting to himself personally; ‘I’ll be holder; where’s your pocket—book!’

Donald put down the money in Jim’s open palm—Jim’s gentleman placed his upon it and Jim’s digits clasped over it with a significant emphasis. At length the combat terminated, and Donald won.

‘Never mind, take up the stake,’ said the loser coolly, as Donald turned round to remove the deposits from Jim’s grasp. ‘Double the stakes, and I’ll bet you on the next cock.’ Donald elated by the scene, and by his triumph, instantly placed a ten dollar bill down, forgetting to take up the five, for he was a little under the influence of the brandy he had drank, and Jim was not one likely to remind him of it. The cocks appeared, were pitted, fought, and Donald lost! Angry at his loss, he rose and left the cock—pit in spite of all Jim could say or do to detain him; this worthy, however, had made seven dollars and a half by this operation, and had secured it, save the fifty cents, after settling with his croney, safely in a receptacle in his garment, known or suspected only by himself.

At the door, Donald was stopped by the keeper, who was about to demand half a dollar for admittance for him and Jim, when the latter, who saw Donald was vexed at his loss, prevented him, by thrusting the half dollar he had reserved for this purpose, into his hand; for Jim was too wise to run the risk of losing so valuable a friend as Donald, by having his annoyance increased by the demand of a paltry four shillings. So Donald left the cock—pit, and returned to the bar—room—a *gambler!*

Irritated at his losses, angry at himself for being tempted to bet, self—condemned for idleness, overwhelmed with a flood of self—reproaches, and goaded by a stinging conscience, he walked deliberately up to the bar and asked in a loud tone for brandy. It was placed before him, and he poured out and drank a large quantity to drown his reflections. He then threw down a shilling, and was walking out, when Jim caught him by the arm to detain him for some purpose of his own; but Donald rudely thrust him aside, and run into the street, for he had reason and reflection enough left to know who had been the main instrument of his guilt and misery. Jim, finding this mood not so congenial to his feelings as he could have wished, did not follow him, but turned back to amuse himself in the cock—pit.

Donald walked rapidly along the streets, he scarcely knew whither, and at length found himself at the slips. Walking had excited his blood, and the brandy his brain, while his reflections on his departure from the path of rectitude maddened him; it seemed to himself that he had sacrificed in one short week, reputation, peace of mind, life, body and soul! He loathed himself—he detested the life which his folly had made so miserable—he felt weary of himself. He advanced along the wharf, and stood on the farther verge of it, looking into the deep water as it surged against the pier—head.

‘Yes!’ he said to himself, ‘I will live no longer! I am ashamed to meet Sarah—ashamed to confront myself—I will live no longer. God forgive me—but I cannot—cannot endure this weight upon my heart!’

He struck his breast violently, pressed his throbbing forehead in his clasped hands, and plunged madly into the flood. This act, however was not unwitnessed, for some painters, slung on a stage over the side of a vessel near by, which they were painting, saw the plunge, and instantly put off in a skiff tied to a raft beneath them, to his rescue. Donald, now become a suicide, rose to the surface, and the love of life, of his family, of the blue skies and fair green earth with all its pleasant sounds and sights, rushed back upon his soul; and he struggled with the death he had courted.

He was soon taken from the water by the painters, placed on the pier, and after some rudely given advice to keep away from water, was left to his own reflections. The bath sobered him in a degree, and had the effect to calm his mind, and enable him to judge and act with reason. Ashamed of his conduct, he moved away, and taking a position on some steps where the sun shone warmly upon him, he remained there till his clothes were dried, and he had come to the resolution to return home after the lottery was over, and confess all he had done, to his wife, and seek, by repentance, the forgiveness of that Being whom he had offended. How much better it would have

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been for him to have destroyed that fatal ticket, and departed at once to his peaceful and virtuous home! But avarice ruled still, and he *hoped* that he might yet draw a prize!

It was now nearly three o'clock, and rising from the steps, he took his way to the lottery office. When he arrived there, he saw that it was surrounded by a crowd of low people, the interest, anxiety and hope, doubts, fears and evil passions strongly marked on their countenances. He felt ashamed of being seen among them at such a place, but love of money—his hope of being rich, held ascendancy over moral feeling. The director of the lottery was announcing the drawings. He saw every ear open, every eye set, as the numbers drawn were read off. He saw the hopes of many around him crushed, silent expectation changed for curses, and anxious inquiries for the fate of a ticket turned into execrations upon the director! he saw, too, in striking contrast, but affording no better moral picture, the insane joy and boundless ecstasy of three or four who had drawn small prizes, and witnessed their capering, their silly laughter, their affectionate huggings of those nearest them, their unmeaning shouts, and their wild impatience to get possession of their money. 'God,' says a Persian sage, 'gave man sobriety, chastity and charity; but the devil would give something, too, and counterfeiting these divine bestowments, gave to man, avarice, lust, and the love of wine.' Donald could not but acknowledge that avarice was at least the gift of Satan, as he witnessed the scene which it produced before his eyes.

At length he heard the announcement of his own number! He was all feverish attention! He gave utterance to a cry of joy—he had drawn a prize of five hundred dollars! Better, far better, for thee, Donald, if thou hadst drawn a blank!

After the crowd had withdrawn, he entered the office, and received the money down, the lottery vender retaining fifteen per cent.

'Come, sir, now you can afford to buy another ticket,' said the man, as Donald was placing the money in his pocket-book; you have a prize, and may draw a larger one. You have luck on your side the first time, and it'll follow you awhile. Come, sir, here is a package of quarters. You owe it to us to try again, sir.'

Donald was tempted, for the second temptation is easier than the first, and in the face of all his bitter remembrances of the follies his first ticket had led him into, he purchased the package, and left the office. But that package contained to him all congregated guilt, suffering and misery packed together. He hastened home, and communicated his good fortune to Sarah. She did not look happy, for she feared he would henceforth love lotteries rather than work. Her fears were sound and too truly realized. The money Donald had drawn, he did not lay out in improving his farm or adding to his stock, but he purchased a gold watch, handsome clothes, and a saddle-horse. At length the next drawing took place, and his package proved to be blanks. He was easily induced to try again, and a second time drew a prize of fifty dollars. Thus Donald went on from month to month, till he spent more time at the lottery office than at home, and till he had got confirmed habits of idleness, drinking and dissipation. In the course of the ensuing year, he found himself in debt, for he had neglected his farm for this quicker 'road to wealth,' which was proving his road to ruin. At length he became too intemperate to work, was compelled to sell his stock, then give up his farm, and take a low house in Jersey City. Two years after the purchase of his first ticket, he was the habitual frequenter of the lowest tippling shops, and the boon companion of Jim Talbot and his cronies; like Jim, his clothes were ragged, his eyes red, his face bloated, his constitution broken. Every five dollars he could obtain from the pawn broker, he spent on fractions of lottery tickets, but never did Donald draw a third prize. Finally, his wife, who silently pined in grief, died of a broken heart and broken hopes; the child was taken and adopted by a charitable lady; and Donald had no home but the street or some old railroad car about the depot, that he would crawl into. At length, the web of his fate was woven. One morning a few weeks ago, the following paragraph appeared in the morning papers.

'*Shocking Accident.*—We are sorry to learn that as the line from Philadelphia was coming in late yesterday evening, having been detained five hours near Trenton, by an accident to the engine, a drunken man who lay across the track was run over before the engineer could stop the locomotive, and his head was severed from his body as if it had been done by a butcher's cleaver. It was a horrid sight. His name, we learn, was Donald Fay. The coroner's inquest was, that, "he came to his death through intemperance."'

Thus died Donald Fay, the victim, as the coroner's jury should have rendered it, of a lottery ticket, which one moment's idleness, acting upon a naturally avaricious mind, tempted him to purchase.

ANNETTE, THE HEIRESS; OR, THE FORAGING PARTY. A Tale of the last War.

Edward Ogilvie was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country, both in the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant homestead facing the waters of Boston Bay. Large elms overshadowed the roof, and broad fields interspersed with woodlands extended away on the right, till they met the fields and woodlands of the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter of eighteen, who was a belle and an heiress. The road from the widow Ogilvie wound along the sea-beach, with a hedge and green fields on one side bordering it, and the white, sparkling sand, and blue waves on the other. The distance between the two mountains was little less than a mile, and about half way between was a bridge of stone, spanning a small rivulet, that had a course of half a dozen miles from the interior.

It was about an hour before sunset, near the close of the war, in the month of October, that Edward Ogilvie was crossing this bridge on his way to visit Annette Harwood, the beauty and heiress; for the charms of the rustic belle had taken captive the young student's heart, and every evening for the last month he had directed his walk in the direction of her abode. Edward was in his twentieth year, of good figure, of a pleasing but somewhat diffident address, and with that calm, meditative aspect peculiar to students; for such was this young man. Annette was not loved without giving her heart in return; but the Squire, although he had observed with apparent indifference this mutual attachment, had a mind of his own touching a matter so interesting to the lovers themselves.

Edward had got upon the bridge, where he used to linger for a few moments as he crossed, to watch the flowing sea rush through the arch up the creek, and gaze upon its expanse of waters, or from the opposite side of the bridge contemplate the dark inlet, as it lost itself amid overhanging trees in a dell where stood a mill belonging equally to the two manors.

Edward had paused a moment on the bridge to watch the effect of the purple light of the western sky reflected upon its mottled bosom, when his eyes were arrested by a sail in the offing. He continued to watch it for a few moments, and then went on his way, from time to time glancing seaward to admire the stately and slow motion of its trackless passage over the ocean. As he came near the dwelling of Squire Harwood, he discovered that her course was towards the land; but seeing Annette on the piazza he forgot the vessel to hasten to her. The meeting was more like that of brother and sister than lovers; that is, it was affectionate, frank, and free from restraint.

'We shall have a lovely evening to walk, the sunset will be so pleasant,' said Annette, whom we would stop to describe, if our pen could do justice to her beauty. We will, however, say that the color of her eyes was a deep sea-blue, and they sparkled like waves glancing in the sunlight; her lips had doubtless once been a pair of cherries, stolen from Cupid, to make her mouth the prettiest mouth imaginable. Her smile was sunshine, her form sylph-like and blooming with youth, her voice full of music, and every motion as graceful as a fawn's. She was good-humored, intelligent, and suitably grave, and was just the maiden to ensnare a student like Edward Ogilvie.

'Yes, Annette, the air is rich with golden tints and soft as a June evening. Suppose we ramble towards the village, and listen to the martial music of the soldiers as they march from the ground?'

'I should like it of all things. My father says *our* company, the blues, made the finest show of any on parade, to-day.'

'He was at the review, then?'

'Yes, and acted as a major or colonel, I believe. At any rate, he has just come home, on horseback, in full uniform, with a sword by his side, and looks as brave, I tell him, as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have for full a minute.'

'And the longest time you ever held it, Netty,' said the Squire, coming out of the house, his chapeau in his hand and his sword unbelted and beneath his arm. Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we have had for the general muster?'

'Yes, sir, are the troops dismissed yet?'

'Not all.'

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'We were going up the road to the hilltop, to listen to the music, father,' said Annette.

'No—no, stay at home, child,' said the Squire, gravely. I suppose Master Edward has asked you to go?'

'I did, Mr Harwood; I thought the walk might be pleasant.'

'Humph! Look you, young man,' said Squire Harwood, bluntly; military music is not made for the amusement of studious youths after idling the day over musty books, nor merely to please a lassie's ear. It is the voice of the spirit of liberty, and calls the young men of the land to fight her battles, and the maidens to make them clothes to fight in, and colors to fight under. You, I see, like my Annette, and so far as I can see, she likes you back again. Now, Edward, you are a very correct, excellent young man, that I know; but you see I havn't but one daughter, and I don't mean she shall marry any man who, excellent as he may be, through all this war has never drawn a blade nor pulled a trigger for the love of his country. Your brothers are all brave fellows and serving her with honor. You stay at home to pore over dictionaries in the day time, and come to make love to Annette by moonlight. Now, I have nothing against you, as I said before; but I've made up my mind Annette shan't marry a man that hasn't had a hand in this war against the English. If you are a mind to follow the example of your brothers, and let me hear something that you have done I can tell my neighbors of with pride, then you shall have my consent to marry Annette; for her's I dare say, she's given you long ago. A text you, know, is as good as a sermon, Master Edward. So, if you want my daughter, you know how she is to be won.'

'Thus speaking, Squire Harwood took Annette under his arm, and bowing very kindly but firmly, to the astonished lover, disappeared within the house.

Edward remained standing a moment upon the spot where they had left him, as if trying to realize what had passed. He then turned away in silence, his cheek burning with the glow of a mortified and sensitive spirit.

The profession which he had in view was that of a clergyman; and although not deficient in courage nor patriotism, he had suffered his brothers to take the field and the deck while he remained at home. The words of the Squire sank deep into his spirit. He walked slowly homeward, very sad, and filled with the painful idea of losing her who was so very dear to him. As he came upon the bridge he made up his mind. He stopped, and, speaking aloud, said, firmly—

'If Annette is only to be won by my taking up arms I will enlist to-morrow! It is honorable to serve one's country. I am not yet a clergyman, and I can therefore act freely. This is the last day the reproach shall be thrown upon me, that I remain dallying at home while my brothers are abroad exposing their bosoms to the weapons of their country's foes!'

While he was speaking, he saw that the ship, which he had noticed half an hour before at a distance, had drawn close in with the land, and had dropped anchor about a mile abreast of the inlet. The sun had already set, yet he could see her distinctly, and discover that she was a merchant-ship. He remained for some time watching her, and listening to the distant drum of a detachment of the neighborhood, which was retiring homeward from the muster field. The sound of the drum died away in the distance beyond the mill; and the low dashing of the waves against the bridge fell upon his ear.

'Well, to-morrow, I too shall march to the measure of fife and drum. I will enlist as a private and make my way up. Annette shall be won.'

He paused, thinking he heard the sound of oars. He looked sea-ward, but twilight rendered objects too obscure to detect any boat approaching. Yet each moment the fall of the sweeps came clearer and nearer, and he soon was enabled to discover a barge pulling in towards the bridge: his position, in the shadow of an overhanging limb, shielded him from observation; he saw that the boat contained at least twenty men. It moved slower as it drew near land, and a person standing up in the stern directed its landing. It struck the shore close by the bridge within the inlet; and almost beneath where he stood the party debarked; he now saw that half of them were seamen and half marines, and that all were armed. They were commanded by a young midshipman, who forming them into a column, marched them up the bank and on the bridge. Edward as they came near, drew himself up into the limb, and was concealed by its foliage, while he observed with surprise their stealthy movements.

'How far is the grist mill, hence, Sambo?' asked the young officer, looking about him, after all his party had got on the bridge, save a man to guard the boat.

'The first mill am bout a third of a mile up de creek, and the tother one, where the most grist be, is a mile. There is a good path along the creek shore!' answered a man in the true Yankee negro intonation, but speaking with manifest reluctance.

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`If you deceive me, darkie, you are a dead man!' said the middy, very positively.

`I knows dat well 'nuff, so I tells you de truth, tho' I hate to mightily. I knows all 'bout dis place coz I used to lib here once. Ober dar is whar Squire Harwood live, and ober dat way am widdur Ogilvie, an' wish I dis nigger was safe in dark kitchen. I never go cook agen in Boston ship, nor no oder one a'ter being taken pris'ner by the British, as I am dis time! I wish I may neber see blue water agen, if I gets my liberty dis time!'

`Silence with your noise, each of you march forward in silence. We are in an enemy's country, and must be cautious.'

`Yes I guess you better,' said the negro, sulkily. If de country people know'd you was skulkin' here arter corn, and flour, and sheep, and oxes, to keep from starvin' to death, as we have been a week past, they be 'round as thick as snakes in de grass, and debble one ob you get back to your boat? So I advise you massa, to keep sharp eye to windward! Guy! how mad all on 'em be in de mornin,' wnen dey find out you land here in a prize-ship wid on'y two guns aboard and thirty men, an' carry off clear to Halifax de grist from dese two mills, and sheep, and turkeys, too, for de lieutenant's dinner! Dey sware den, and I expec' de Squire swore enuff for a whole regiment!'

`Forward!' cried the middy. Silence, all of you and advance swiftly and with caution!'

They filed off the bridge, and taking the path along which the negro led the way, they were soon lost to the sight of Edward in the gloom of the overhanging banks of the creek.

`These men then are English,' he reflected as he let himself down upon the bridge; the vessel is a prize bound to Halifax, with a midshipman and two-and-thirty men— twenty here and ten remaining on board! My course is decided on! It will take them an hour to visit both mills. Half of that time is enough for me. I shall know where to seek the militia party with the fife and drum; and if I can find twenty brave men among them to put themselves under my orders, I will win Annette before to-morrow's sun rise!'

As he spoke, he glided noiselessly away from the bridge, and, after getting beyond hearing of the man in the boat, he flew like the wind across a meadow in the direction of what was called the `Cross Road,' a cluster of village habitations, the principal of which was a large country tavern where he knew he should find assembled many of the militia-men who had borne a part in the review in the neighboring town. This inn was about half a mile distant from the bridge, on a road in the rear of Squire Harwood's farm, across which, leaping fence after fence, Edward Ogilvie was now flying with the speed of a deer.

The tavern as he came near, was so quiet that he feared that the men he sought had left for their respective homes. Seeing a light in the tap, however, he hoped yet to find some persons assembled there. Through the windows, as he approached the door, he saw that the bar-room was nearly filled with men. The next moment he was in their presence. His manner was divested of all excitement, and a spirit calm and resolute beamed from his eyes. There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with knapsacks and bayonet-belts upon their persons, and some leaning upon their muskets; while the guns of the rest of the party were stacked in a corner of the room. Some of them were smoking, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn told by one of the party, of certain exploits by himself, personally performed at the battle of Plattsburgh.

On Edward's entrance, the landlord first noticed him.

`Ah—so you *can* enter a tavern on a training day, Mr. Ogilvie; glad to see you. Though you are not much of a fighting man, I like you for your brothers' sake, who are all serving their country. But there must be parsons as well as soldiers, and every man to his trade.'

All eyes were turned upon the young man. Advancing a little way into the floor, he said with a firm tone;

`I am glad to find so many of you assembled. If the brave men among you are willing to place yourselves under my direction for the next two hours, I will lead you where you can win both honor and prize money!'

`Spoken with spirit!' exclaimed several.

`That rings like your brother George!' said the landlord. `But what is it?' cried all, crowding round.

`Will you be lead by me? There is danger to life and person; but I ask no man to follow me where I fear to lead!'

`The man has courage if he is a student,' remarked one to the other with surprise.

`What have you discovered?' demanded two or three of the most forward of the men.

`Will you follow me and obey my orders, if I can place in your hands, as prisoners, twenty English seamen and an officer, who who have just landed?'

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`Yes—lead on!' was the general response, and the men commenced arming themselves.

Briefly Edward told them what he had witnessed. All were enthusiasm. Among the militia—men was a young man whom he despatched to Squire Harwood. In twenty minutes the Squire was on the spot, mounted on his horse, and armed with his broad sword. Five of his farm—men followed him. Others came in from all sides.

Edward with great coolness and skill, took upon himself the conduct of the whole affair. He suggested that the Squire, with thirty men, should cut off the retreat of the foraging party and take them prisoners.

`And what will you do?' asked the Squire. `You are not going to keep out of the danger?'

`No, sir! If there are twenty brave men who will volunteer to go with me, I will proceed to their boat take possession of it, and embark for the ship. In the night we can board her without difficulty, as we shall be taken for their own party. Once on board, the ship will easily fall into our hands, for the most of her prize crew are ashore! Who will volunteer?'

This bold proposition at first startled the boldest man among them. But in less than five minutes twenty of them had volunteered; and in two minutes more he was at their head, leading them to the bridge, while the Squire, with his detachment, proceeded to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The result was in all respects successful. The English party at the mills surrendered after a brief skirmish, and were taken to the tavern as prisoners within an hour after the Squire had left it. Edward and *his* brave band boarded the ship without suspicion, and, after a short conflict, he was master of her. He took her, by the aid of the released American crew, into Boston harbor the next day; and we need not add that within less than three months, he was rewarded with the hand of the beautiful Annette Harwood.

DONA INEZETTA; OR, THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF SPAIN.

'I ask not for honor, I ask not for fame, I ask but a true heart that knoweth love's flame.'

There dwelt in an old-fashioned castle, not many leagues from Madrid, a certain nobleman of Spain, called Don Diego, Duke of Arvalez. Don Diego was descended from the oldest families of the realm, his ancestors having been *hidalgos* since the departure of the Moors under Boabdil. It was, moreover, a warlike race, this of the Arvalez, and Don Diego himself had won a distinguished name as a soldier. But the wars ended, and Spain, being at peace, the Duke returned to his castle to solace himself in the society of his daughter, the Dona Inezetta.

This maiden was his only child; and, as her mother having died when the lovely Inezetta was very young, the bereaved widower turned the channel of his affections into the bosom of his daughter. At the age of seventeen, Dona Inezetta was without exception, the loveliest maiden in all Spain. The Duke had lavished upon her every advantage, and, in person, superintended an education that was not excelled by that of the king's daughters. She had the first masters in the kingdom, in music, painting, riding, waltzing, in foreign languages, and all arts and sciences then taught to high-born ladies. She grew up in great seclusion, nevertheless, her father suffering her neither to go abroad nor to visit Madrid. The fame of her beauty and accomplishments at length reached the court, and one morning as the Duke was about to ride forth with his daughter, and a train of attendants, to hunt, a courier arrived in sight, when, seeing the party, he stopped, and sounding his horn thrice three times, again spurred down the slope towards the gate.

'Three times three!' cried the Duke, as he threw his heavy body, for he was the fattest Duke in Spain, across his saddle. 'That is a king's courier, by Santiago! Hold rein, Lopez! let us await his coming!'

The courier, who was habited in a green jacket under a scarlet short cloak, and wore upon his head a crimson cap, now riding up, alighted within a few feet of the Duke, and casting his rein to a page, approached the Duke, and taking from his pocket a billet, handed it to him with a low bow.

'From the king!' said the Duke, as he glanced at the seal. Hath war broke forth again, sir courier, that the king hath sent for me?'

'All is at peace, in Madrid, my lord Duke.'

'Let us see, then, what this purports,' said the old noble, breaking the seal, and fixing his eyes upon the contents. 'Eh! By the mass! This is for thee, girl,' he added, smiling, and turning to Dona Inezetta, who, in all the pride of beauty, was seated upon her palfrey near him; beauty which was so remarkable, that the youthful courier could scarcely keep his eyes from her.

'For me, mon padre!' she exclaimed, with delight. O, how rejoiced I am, at last to get a letter from somebody! It is the first I ever had in my life!'

'I should hope it was, girl; letters are dangerous things—very dangerous things for maidens to have to do with. I should hope you had never seen a letter in your life. But I dare say you'd had many a one, if I had not kept such watch and ward against the gallants. And now you see what comes of keeping you away from the world's eyes! Here is a letter in especial from the king to me, and I dare say this other one within it, is from the Queen addressed to thee!'

'Pray, then, father, let me read it.'

'Nay, hear the king's first. I will read it. Ye villains round, doff hats while the king's letter is read out!'

The retainers respectfully lifted their hats and bonnets, and the Duke began, Dona Inezetta, leaning forward in her saddle, peeping over his shoulder:—

'*To our Beloved Cousin, Diego of Arvalez—*—

Greeting:

'Whereas, it having come to our ears that you have a fair daughter, of rare beauty, and wonderful accomplishments, shut up from the world's eyes, like a precious jewel in a casket, we do, herewith, signify our royal pleasure that you present her before us within ten days, that we may, with our own eyes, judge if rumor hath spoken truth touching her charms and graces. 'Your loving cousin,

'Ferdinand, the King.'

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Ere the Duke had finished aloud the letter, the quicker glances of the maiden had run over the lines, and taken in their sense. Glowing blushes of pride and pleasure mantled her cheeks at this good news, for she had long been sighing to visit the capital, of which she had heard and read such delightful accounts.

‘Fore God, daughter,’ said the Duke, as he finished the letter, ‘this is an honor done both me and thee. The king must be obeyed. We must, next Wednesday, start for Madrid.’

‘O, I do thank the good king, father!’

‘I dare say. Never a maiden yet reached sixteen—

‘I am full seventeen, dear father.’

‘Well, seventeen. Never maiden reached seventeen, who wished not, prayed not, that she might see Madrid. Well, the king must be obeyed. I must go to court, and I dare swear, the king means to look you out a husband. You shall wed none less than the Infanta, Don Carlos, who is now two and twenty, and the handsomest man in Spain, as well as the bravest prince in Europe.’

Dona Inezetta blushed, and then a shade of anxiety passed across her beautiful face. Some thought, it would seem, had suddenly risen to her mind with her father’s words, and troubled her.

‘Pray, father, let me see the letter which is inscribed to me.’

‘It bears the queen’s seal, and, from the delicate writing upon it, must have been written with her own hand, for she is as fair a penwoman as any clerk of Cordova. What says our royal mistress?’

‘I will read it, father. It begins:—

‘Sweet daughter and gentle friend!—’

‘That is like the good queen. She is a mother to all the maidens in her realm,’ said the Duke, with emotion. ‘Read.’

‘I have heard of your beauty of person and charms of mind, and have resolved that the Duke, your father, is doing all Spain injustice, in converting, as it were, Arvalez’ castle into a nunnery, and himself into an abbot.’

‘I’ faith, the queen is merry,’ said the Duke. ‘But, go on.’

I, therefore, join the king in the request that you speedily leave your retirement, and honor our court with your presence. There is the greatest curiosity to see you, among the cavaliers, and also, with the ladies, who, having heard that you will eclipse them all, desire to have it tested by your appearing. Please, therefore, sweet daughter, come to Madrid, that we may behold you and love you. It shall be our pleasure, also, to find you a husband worthy your rank and beauty. ‘Isabella, Reina.’

‘This is great honor to us, daughter,’ said the Duke. ‘I heartily thank the good king and queen; but i’ faith, it makes me sad to think of giving you up to a husband. But, much as I love you, I will not let my weak fondness step between you and your happiness; all maids will marry.’

‘Nay, father,’ said Dona Inezetta, whose cheeks had lost color since she had done reading the queen’s letter, ‘I do not wish to marry. If going to the court cannot be without a husband given me by the queen, I never wish to behold Madrid.’

‘Thou art a good girl, to love thy father better than lover or husband.’

‘Nay, I—but—’ here the maiden stopped, confused, and looked as if she did not deserve altogether the praise conveyed in her father’s words.

‘But you are a good girl. I will not, however, stand in the way of a proper husband. But he must be worthy of you. He must be of equal rank and wealth, and honorable in name and descent. By the mass! I cannot think of one man in all Spain, under Don Carlos, that I would wed you to.’

‘Do not speak of this, dear father,’ she said, sadly. ‘If you please, I would rather not ride forth this morning. I am not well, and will retire awhile to my chamber.’

‘If we are to go to Madrid so soon, we shall have little time for sports. We have much preparation to make. So we will have the hunt stayed. Lopez, put up the horses and hounds, and you, Juan, take care of the king’s courier, and see that he and his horse lack nothing. Sir courier, by—and—by, when you are ready to depart, come to me, and I will give you a billet for the king’s majesty. How odd,’ added the Duke, as he returned slowly and thoughtfully into his hall, ‘how odd that such news as this from court should have produced such an effect upon the child. Other maids would have gone mad outright with joy, while Inez looks sad, and seemed ready to weep. It is, I dare

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say, because she fears that we may be separated. She looks upon a husband (for it was this word in the queen's letter that paled her cheek most,) as a sort of monster, who is to tear her away from my bosom, where she has nestled since she was an infant. Well, poor child, she shall not be led to do any thing she don't wish to do. If she loves me, I will stand by her. But, surely, these letters are a great honor, and a father ought to be proud that his daughter's fame hath reached so far. But who of the court hath seen her? Faith, I know not; she hath never seen a gallant in gold and scarlet that I know of. I have kept them aloof from my gates as I would a wolf. Perhaps the rumor of her beauty had gone from her attendants, and so from lip to ear, till it hath reached the king's. Ho, varlets, bestir you here! Know you not your master is going, forthwith, to court? I must have new finery, and my room well furnished, or 'fore God! these gay popinjays that flutter about the court will laugh at me, and ask me what was it o'clock a century ago, when I buckled on my belt.'

When Dona Inezetta regained her chamber, she seated herself by her casement, with the queen's letter in her hand, and a second time perused it. When she had ended it, she sighed heavily, and her virgin bosom heaved with inward emotion. With her snowy hand she pressed her brow, and put the raven tresses backward from her brow and temples, so that they fell upon her shoulders in a dark cloud. Her glorious Castilian eyes were brilliant with tears floating in them.

'Three months ago what joy this letter would have given me,' she at length said, sadly. 'But now it comes to me laden with a thousand painful fears. I have, indeed, wished to go to court. I have panted for these scenes of life in Madrid; and now, that I am about to have my wishes realized, I am unhappy. Oh, my heart, my poor heart! how it flutters and trembles, lest the queen should bid it give its love to some one at her court. Oh, rather than be thus given to a husband, would I this night fly— fly even from my father, and hide in some distant retreat. My heart is already given. My affections already cling to the only support about which they can ever entwine. How, oh, how shall I escape this mandate of the queen. It must be obeyed. I must go to her court and be presented to the world. Little do I care for that world so long as Don Feliz is not there. He is my world; I know no other than his noble heart. Fear not, Feliz, I will be true to thee, though cavaliers without number kneel at my feet; though Don Carlos, the king's son, should sue for my hand. Humble, poor, unknown, as you are, you are dearer to me than the homage of all the princes of Europe.'

This was spoken with that noble and sweet dignity which true love inspires. And truly and faithfully did the maiden love, though her affections were set upon a youth humble and unknown. She had first met him three months before the opening of this story. One evening, just as the sun had descended behind the snow-capped ridge of the Sierras, and while twilight was yet shedding its golden radiance upon the landscape, Dona Inezetta, after a hawking excursion, which had led her a league up the valley, was riding slowly homeward. She was near the castle gate, when her father, who had been riding behind her, talking with his falconer, reined up to speak to two of his tenants, who, cap in hand, came toward him. She was attended only by a page, a youth of fifteen, who carried upon his wrist her ger-falcon, and rode a little way in the rear. Dona Inezetta was in all the splendor of her beauty. The hunting jacket and flowing skirt she wore, displayed her superb figure to the highest advantage; while the green hat, curved back above the brow, like a shell, and shaded by a white plume, which mingled with her dark ringlets, increased the effect of her charming countenance. Her oriental eyes were sparkling, and her cheek flashed with success in the chase and the exhilaration of her ride. She was mounted upon a white palfrey, limbed like an antelope, and who, with tossing mane and champing bit, stepped as featly and proudly over the road as if he were fully conscious of the lovely burden he bore.

Not far from the castle was a clump of orange trees, under which was a fountain, and around which seats were placed for the repose of the passing foot-traveler. As the maiden drew near she saw a young man seated by the fountain. His dress was plain and neat, but travel-worn. He had his cap off, and was bathing his brow in the cool water of the fountain. Hearing the foot-fall of the palfrey, he looked up, and coloring, replaced his cap, but not before the maiden had discovered that he was a young man of about twenty-one or two, with a face of singular beauty and modesty of expression. As she came nigher, he took up his little bundle and staff which lay by him, and advancing towards her with a respectful and deferential air, said, lifting his bonnet:—

'Lady, may it please thee to permit me to lodge in the castle to-night. It is late, and I am told that there are robbers on the road.'

'Robbers,' repeated the page, pertly, and with a sneering laugh; 'I wonder what robber would take the pains to stop thee, with thy beggar's wallet.'

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‘Hist, Panuelo,’ answered Dona Inezetta. ‘Have none of thy sauciness. The young man shall lodge within the castle, for this thy impertinence, and shall sup with thee at thy own table.’

‘If he does, I’ll put henbane into his wine-cup,’ returned the page, in a tone that his mistress overheard, but, without heeding him, she turned to the young wayfarer, and said—

‘Sir traveler, you shall remain; go forward into the gate.’

‘Thanks, noble lady. Although I have not much gold to be robbed of, I have a life, which I care not to give up to the hands of banditti. They take men’s lives first, and then search them for money afterwards. I could tell you, noble Senora, many a tale of these bandits, and especially one of a cavalier and a maiden, who were taken captives by them, and how they escaped, and what amazing adventures they passed through ere they reached their own city.’

‘He is a troubadour,’ said the page. ‘But where is thy guitar, fellow?’

‘There are guitars in every castle, sir page.’

‘True, and it would seem castles for every wandering rogue.’

‘Panuelo, go to your apartment, and let me see you no more to night,’ said the maiden, with displeasure. ‘Sir troubadour, I will hear your tale of this maiden and her lover by—and-by. Be ready when I shall send for you.’

‘I will wait your commands, noble and beautiful lady,’ answered the young traveler, gazing upon her with looks of the profoundest admiration and respect.

That evening the humble guest recited before the maiden a tale of love and chivalry, the hero and heroine of which were a cavalier and lady of Seville. The Duke was a listener, and so heartily approved of the story, that he gave the youth a golden sequin, and ordered him a cup of his best wine, and then bade him think of other romances for the entertainment of himself and his daughter; for the youth was of such humble exterior and low degree, that Don Diego thought no more of danger to his daughter’s heart from him than from his daughter’s page, or his own serving man, who were ever in and out of her presence. But love knows neither degree nor estate of rank. Nay, he delights in showing his power over such distinctions, and to manifest his sovereignty over the heart. As Dona Inezetta listened to the rich voice and gentle words of the reciter, and marked the depth of expression in his fine eyes, which seemed afraid of her glance, as they ever drooped modestly before it, while his cheek reddened, a sentiment of tender interest in him pervaded her soul. She listened with eager attention, and when he discoursed of the love the knight had for the maiden, and how she loved him in return, and told of the deeds he achieved in her behalf, her cheek glowed and her heart throbbled violently. Insensibly the young troubadour, through the medium of his romaunt, stole into her heart, though she knew it not.

‘Come, sir troubadour,’ said the Duke, we will now hear thee sing. Dona Inez, let him have thy guitar!’

‘What shall I sing?’ asked the youth, fixing his deeply impassioned, yet well covered gaze upon the face of the maiden.’

‘Sing what thou wilt, sir stranger,’ answered the maiden, casting down her eyes: ‘for I know thou canst sing nothing that will not be well worth the listening!’

‘Thanks, noble lady, for this praise! I will sing thee a French ballad I learned in Gascony!’

‘My father knows no French. Sing a Spanish one!’

‘Nay, daughter let him on with his French, as thou understandest it! I have heard French ballads afore, and though I got not much wit out o’ the words, there was a right pleasant jingling of music. I liked it much. Let him sing his French ballad, and after that you can translate it to me!’

The troubadour then taking up the guitar, began a song which he called, ‘The Knight of France and the Maiden of Castile.’ It recounted how a young knight, having heard of the beauty of a maiden whom no one was permitted to see, disguised himself as a forester or hunter, and placing himself in her way, when at times she went forth to hunt with her father, joined the party, and so aided in saving the maiden from the attack of a band of robbers who would have carried her off, but the disguised knight slew the chief, and bore her unharmed to the castle. There he was graciously entertained with the retainers for many days, and his degree not being suspected, he had opportunities for winning her heart, which was his object, especially as he found her beauty, great as it was, surpassed by the charms of her mind. At length he won her heart, and by—and-by took his leave of her, saying he would see her again. The maiden wept his departure, and kept the secret of her love from her father, who she knew would not rest if he discovered it, until he had slain her lover. At length there was a tournament given and the baron and his daughter were present, by command of the emperor. One knight in green armor, with his visor

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down, carried off the palm in every achievement of the day. At length the emperor told him that such valor as he had shown, was ill rewarded by crowns and wreaths and gold rings, and he would, therefore, bestow upon him the hand of the fairest maiden in the land under the daughters of the throne. The knight then riding round the lists alighted from, his horse, and kneeling before the maiden whose heart he had won, and who loved him, said in a low voice:—

‘Here, then, oh, emperor, do I take my reward!’ The maiden trembled, for she had no heart for any one but her young forester. Her surprise, therefore, was only equalled by her joy, when the knight lifting his visor, displayed the face that was enshrined upon her heart.

Such was the subject of the ballad which the young troubadour sang with much expression, feeling, and romantic sentiment. His voice was melody itself, as its cadences were enriched by the thrilling emotions of love for Dona Inezetta, she could not but listen with the most lively feelings.

‘It is a rare tune, daughter, a right merry and sad tune,’ said the Duke. Now for the Spanish of it!’

‘I will tell thee some other day, father! It is late!’

‘Marry so it is! Come, sir troubadour, hie thee to thy bed! Sleep sound and breakfast roundly; for by the rood, I would have of thee another ballad and a romaunt or two ere thou depart!’

Three weeks the young stranger lingered in the castle, entertaining them with his tales and ballads, and making himself, by day, so useful to the Duke by his various talents, the latter could not let him go. There was nothing about horses or hounds, or hawking, fishing or knightly feat of arms that the young troubadour was not skilled in. The Duke swore seven times a day, he had never met such a clever rogue as that story-telling ballad singer. He offered him the place of his chief falconer, but the young man gratefully refused it, saying that his time was limited and that he must be on his way; yet he lingered, day-by-day, so long that it was nearly a month ere he took his leave; and when he did go he bore away the heart of Dona Inez, which he had come like the Gascon Knight in the ballad, to try and win. He had been gone some weeks, when the command came from the king for the Duke to bring his daughter to court.

The reception of the lovely maiden at the brilliant Spanish court was such as might have been anticipated. She burst upon them like a newly arisen star. There was a constellation of beauty at the palace; but Dona Inez shone among them like the evening planet. Her beauty, as she moved through the hall of festivity, called forth the admiration and homage of the cavaliers, and the astonishment and envy of the ladies. The reigning beauties were neglected, that men might worship at the new shrine. Yet all this made no impression upon her. Her heart was not in it. Her thoughts were with the troubadour!

The residence of the Duke and his daughter was at the palace. The queen, charmed as much with the graces of her mind as by her matchless loveliness, took her under her patronage, and this, in connection with her rank and wealth, made her the most distinguished person at court. But all this homage was received by her with indifference. Men wondered at her coolness and imperturbability. She seemed to move among them as if she had been accustomed always to a world's admiring eye and worshipping knee.

She had been three weeks at court, when one evening as she was standing upon the balcony, which looked towards the mountains, at the foot of which her castle stood, and was thinking upon home, and of him whom there she had first met and last parted with a foot-fall arrested her ear! She looked and beheld, within a step of her the young troubadour! He was habited just as she had first seen him, and in his hand carried his bundle and staff. She would have yielded to the impulse of her loving and true heart, and rushed into his arms! But he knelt before her, and looked so sadly upon her, that she drew back her face suddenly, reflecting the sorrow of his.

‘Lady, pardon my presence here! I have heard of your fame at court, and that the best knights in Spain do homage to you. Among them you will find a lover worthy of you. I have come, therefore, to restore you your troth generously plighted to me! You shall not be bound to one so humble as I am, when nobles are rivals for your hand! Farewell! You are free. I shall ever carry with me wheresoever I wander, the sweet recollection of the hours we have loved together, and my heart will be grateful for your condescension to a poor and nameless stranger!’

As he spoke he rose up, and looked as if he would retire.

‘Stay, Feliz, stay!’ she cried, with emotion. ‘This language of yours makes me wild! Am I to believe that you then cast my heart away, as worthless! that you can forget me thus lightly! that you can coolly surrender me to others! am I not loved then? Have I not been loved? Have I been deceived? Cruel, cruel Feliz!’

The young troubadour cast himself at her feet! His face expressed the most joyful surprise—the most animated

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delight.

‘No, Inez, no!’ he cried, taking her hand; ‘you have not been deceived, nor have I! I did but fear that you would forget me in the splendor and temptations of a court! I see that I have wronged you. Forgive me! I will no more doubt! But I can hardly realize that you are willing to forget all else for one like me!’

‘One like you, Feliz!’ she cried with warmth. ‘You are Feliz and I ask no more. I love you for yourself, not for rank, or title, or name! I know that you are worthy of me, or I never should have loved you! The instincts of my heart are the securities for your honor. Humble though your birth is, I will share with you your lot. I would rather be a wandering troubadour with thee, Feliz, than sit upon the throne of Spain with another!’

‘Sweet, truthful Inez!’ he cried, clasping her to his heart. ‘But, alas! How can we ever be happy. The Duke will never consent to our union!’

‘I will fly with you! He will forgive you afterwards, when he knows how much I love you and how noble you are. He loves you now, as the troubadour! Nay, I will first seek him and tell him all! He may consent!’

‘I fear not. But wait until to-morrow evening at this hour. I will see him, in the interval, and try and prevail upon him. If he consents not we fly together!’

The next evening at sunset Dona Inez was about going to the balcony to meet Feliz, resolved to fly with him, ere she should be forced to marry any one of the nobles of the court, when the Duke entered.

‘Ah, girl, you look confused,’ he said smiling; ‘I have news for you. You remember the troubadour, Feliz!’

Startled, she could scarcely falter forth a trembling:

‘Si, senor!’

‘Don’t tremble. I know all. You love each other. He has been to me and told me all about it! What a pair of rogues you have been! Secret as moles, and right under my eye billing and cooing! Well, I don’t blame you for loving him. He is a noble fellow, and I dare say will make you a good husband. Here he comes, already, and the priest and two other persons as witnesses. I will have you married on the spot, lest you wont trust me, you baggage and run away with him! Come, padre, lead on to the chapel!’

Who shall describe the joy, surprise and amazement of Inez!

The ceremony took place in the chapel, and although Inez saw, in the shadows of the place, many persons as spectators, she did not regard their presence. She was happy in the love of Feliz, in the approbation of her father. What was all the world else to her?

From the chapel the bridegroom led his bride through into a magnificent hall, which was lighted by a thousand waxen candles and panelled with mirrors. It was the throne room. At the extremity was the throne itself. Before it was a long line of guards, and around it was assembled the whole splendor of the court. Feliz led his trembling bride towards the throne. She knew not what the scene could mean; or how one so humble as her husband could find presence there! Still she suffered him to lead her passively on. They reached the foot of the throne, when two knights came forward and cast upon the shoulders of Feliz a regal cloak, and placed a crown upon his head! Two noble ladies at the same time threw an ermine robe around Dona Inez, and encircled her brow with a glittering coronet. Don Feliz then took the hand of his bride to help her up the steps of the throne where sat the king and queen!

‘What means this, Feliz? I am bewildered!’

‘Keep heart, dear wife!’ answered Feliz, as he drew her gently on.

‘Welcome, daughter!’ cried the king, rising and embracing Dona Inez.

‘Welcome, sweet Inez, my child,’ said the queen, folding her to her bosom, and seating her by her side.

‘What, oh what is this! Tell me am I in a dream!’ she cried, looking around, and then clasping her hands, and fixing her eyes upon Feliz.

‘No, gentle Inez,’ answered Feliz with the smile of love triumphant.

‘Who then are you, Feliz,’ she cried with tears of mingled joy and fear.

‘The Infanta, Don Carlos, Prince of Castile!’

‘Let the trumpets sound,’ cried the king, and proclaim the union of Don Carlos the heir to the throne of Spain and the Indies, to Dona Inez, daughter of Diego, Duke of Arvalez!’

The proclamation echoed and reechoed through the hall, and the lovely bride, whose truth and fealty had thus been nobly rewarded, fell upon her husband’s neck, and softly whispered, amid the acclamations and clangor of

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trumpets:

`Feliz, as I would have loved and honored you as your troubadour, even so will I love and honor you as your princess; nor can I love you any more as Don Carlos, than I have loved you as the lowly Feliz! But I will not conceal from you the fullness of my great joy! My heart trusted in you and it was not deceived!'

THE BIVOUCAC; OR A NIGHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE OHIO. a Sketch of Western Doyaging.

A few years since I was on my way to St. Louis, and took passage at Cincinnati on board the steamer Chief Justice Marshall, which was bound to New Orleans, but from which I was to disembark at the mouth of the Ohio, there to wait for some New Orleans boat going up to take me to my destination. Our travelling party consisted of three ladies—a mother and two lovely daughters—deep in their teens, and a young gentleman and his bride from Louisiana, with her brother just from college. The boat was large and comfortable; a spacious state-room offered us all the retirement of a private apartment in a dwelling.

It was a bright morning in October when we got under head—way from the landing, and bending our course down the river, left the queen city receding in the distance. The prospect from the decks as we swept round the noble curve which forms the peninsula of this great metropolis, was unequalled for beauty and variety. To the eye of the voyager, who gazes on the city and its opposite suburban shore, the river seems to flow through a valley peopled for centuries, rather than a region but fifty years ago a desolate wilderness. Crowded population, taste, wealth, and a high degree of agriculture on the banks, all indicate the home of a long settled people, instead of the emigrant of yesterday. Astonished at what he beholds, the traveller's mind is overpowered at the contemplation of the future destiny of the land. This feeling is not only awakened by the sight of Cincinnati and its environs, with its fleets of steamers, but it is kept alive as he proceeds down the winding and romantic river. On either bank noble farms descend with their waving fields to touch the lip of the laughing wave, and at short intervals thriving villages meet his never wearying sight. Unlike the monotony of the Mississippi, the Ohio ever presents objects of interest. The voyager of taste is ever upon deck, as he is borne through the picturesque regions, and exclamations of surprise are exhausted only to be repeated and renewed again and again.

The next morning after quitting Cincinnati we reached Louisville, its *levee* as we approached presenting a scarcely less business like air than that of her rival city. Situated just above the 'Falls,' it was then the head of large boat navigation. But a deep canal has since then been constructed around the falls nearly two miles in length, by which steamers laden in New Orleans can pass through without as heretofore, being detained and transferring their freight by drays to smaller boats above the falls, and pursue their way to Cincinnati or Pittsburg. The river being now unusually high, the rocks of the rapids were nearly covered, and with skilful pilotage they might be ventured. After an hour's delay at the landing we shot out into the middle of the stream, and then set the boat's head to descend the rapids. As we approached them with the velocity of an arrow, there was not a word spoken on board save by the pilot, who stood forward, giving brief orders to the helmsman. Black rocks appeared on every side—the rapids reared and foamed before us, seemingly in our very path; but onward we went with irresistible power, the vast steamer rolling to and fro like drunken. But we passed them safely, the captain having risked boat and cargo, and put in jeopardy his own life and those of all on board. But human life is of little value in the West, where there is so much of it floating about, none knowing whence or whither!

Among our passengers were two, a father and daughter, that particularly attracted my attention, from the indifference to danger which both exhibited during the perilous descent of the rapids; the elder standing with folded arms looking upon the deck, gazing on vacancy,—the younger admiring with a calm but delighted look the velocity of the boat—the curling waters around her, and the wild roar and sublime confusion of the scene through which she was borne. He was about fifty-six years of age, with a noble countenance, which care and grief had deeply lined, his hair gray and his form somewhat bent, less with years than sorrow. An air of melancholy pervaded his appearance and irresistibly interested the beholder in him. His daughter had fair hair and blue eyes, and seemed destined by nature to be happy-hearted; for she spoke to him always with a sweet smile, and always smiled at seeing any scenery that pleased her. But there was a pensiveness in her look that harmonized with the sadness upon his brow. Her attentions to him, I had observed, were tender, devoted, and full of anxious solicitude to draw him away from his own thoughts. At times she would succeed, and he would look up and around at the green wooded banks and smile with momentary interest, when she would appear perfectly happy, and tears would come into her eyes—tears of joy.

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During the course of the day I had an opportunity of rendering him a slight assistance as he descended from the deck, for which the daughter gratefully thanked me, adding, 'My father is a little feeble, sir; I am in hopes this voyage will be of great service to him.'

I warmly expressed the same desire, and as they immediately retired to their staterooms I saw no more of them that day. The ensuing morning I ascended the deck a few minutes after sun-rise and found them already promenading together, the father on the daughter's arm. The incident, and brief interchange of words the day before had conferred upon me the privilege of approaching and inquiring after his health.

'Better, sir, I thank you,' he answered with a grateful look, 'but,' he added in a half tone which I could not help hearing, 'it is not the body—it is the spirit that is sick.'

'Oh, dear father!' said his daughter, glancing at me quickly, to see if I had overheard.

'Oh, my son, my son! would to God I had buried thee in thy infancy,' said Mr. Townley, for such I learned was his name; and he wrung his hands and threw himself upon a seat. His child seemed much distressed, and I was turning away lest my presence should invade secrecy that she seemed solicitous to preserve, when he said, extending his hand, 'Sit down. I am told you are from the South—from Natchez.'

'Yes,' I replied.

'I am glad to meet you. I am going there, to —'

'Dear father, hush!' cried the maiden with a look of distress.

'I will inquire of him, Charlotte. Perhaps—'

'You can hear nothing, alas, but what you already too well know. Pray, father, do not speak of Henry!—Nay, then let me inquire. 'Sir,' she said, clasping his hand, and looking up in my face with tearful eyes, 'we have a relative—a dear relative, sir, in Natchez, who, we have heard has wandered from the path of honor.'

It is my son, sir,' said Mr. Townley, firmly. His daughter hung her head, and I could see the blush of shame mounting her forehead. 'He is my only son. He was a clerk in New Orleans, and in an evil hour was tempted to gamble and lost all of his own money, and then embezzled that of his employer. To escape punishment he fled and joined the gamblers at Vicksburg. We have since learned that he has now become a principal leader among them, and that he remains mostly in Natchez. I am on my way to try to reclaim him. It is painful to a father to speak thus of a son! Did you ever see him, sir?'

'Townley,' I repeated,— 'I never heard of the name in the South except associated with men of honor.'

'We have discerned that he goes by the assumed name of *Frank Carter*,' said Mr. Townley.

I could not confess my ignorance; for I recognized the name of the most notorious gambler or 'sportsman,' in the South, who from his influence with the different bands that infested the West, from Louisville to New Orleans, was called 'Prince Frank.' I gazed upon the father with pity, and upon the sister with feelings of the most painful sympathy. I felt that their hope of reclaiming him was destined to perish. They remarked my silence, and the daughter, now that there was no more to be told to call the tinge of shame into her cheek, lifted her head and looked into my face with anxious interest. Mr. Townley also waited earnestly to hear at least a reply from one who *might* have seen his son, and who could tell him something about him less evil than he had heard. I recollected him as a fine looking, richly dressed young man, who used to make a dashing appearance at the St. Catharine's race course, in a barouche drawn by a pair of spirited bays, with a beautiful girl, his mistress, seated by his side. He had become rich by his reckless profession, and it was said owned several dwellings in 'Natchez under the Hill,' the empire over which, as 'Prince Frank,' he ruled. But recently, since I had left the South in May, there had been a war of extermination against the gamblers, beginning at Vicksburg and sweeping the whole South-West. What had become of 'Prince Frank' in this well remembered and bloody crusade of the roused citizens of Mississippi to redeem their towns and cities from the hordes of blacklegs who infested them, I was ignorant.

'Do you know him, sir? — Pray speak freely,' asked the daughter, after watching my countenance for some time.

I frankly informed her that her information had been correct, and while I expressed my hopes that their pious journey to effect his reformation and restoration to society, might be successful, I told her that I feared there was little prospect of it.

From this time I saw much of them, for Mr. Townley loved to sit and talk to me of his son. At length we approached the mouth of the Ohio where we were to separate, myself and my party to wait and take a boat up to

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St. Louis, — they to continue their sad and hopeless voyage for the recovery of a lost son and brother.

As the boat was rounding too at the beautiful point of land now the site of the infant city of Cairo, Mr. Townley came to me and asked how long I and my friends would remain in St. Louis?

On learning it would be but for two days, and that we should then proceed directly down the Mississippi to Natchez, he asked if it would be agreeable to us for himself and daughter to attach themselves to our party. This accession was gladly received by all my friends to whom I had communicated the interesting object of their journey, and who were as deeply touched as myself with their peculiar affliction. Mr. Townley and his daughter, therefore, quit the boat with us; and the steamer landing our large party with our baggage upon the shore, resumed her swift course down the river, Captain Clark receiving our good wishes for his safe and speedy arrival at New Orleans.

It was late in the afternoon when we landed upon the point, and as we learned a boat was looked for momentarily from below, bound to St. Louis, we concluded not to remove our large quantity of baggage to the tavern, but remain with it, at least till night by the river side. Cairo city, as this place is now denominated, was then comprised in a two story tavern, called 'Bird's Hotel,' with a double gallery running around it,—in a sort of grocery store, one or two log huts and a vast forest of gigantic trees that covered nearly the whole place except 'the clearing' on the extreme point. It was a desolate looking spot, especially on the approach of night. The tavern, too, had a bad name, the point being, from its central position, a rendezvous for gamblers, and from its retired character, and the peculiar facilities it afforded for evading justice, the refuge of criminals and all kinds of desperate characters. Flat boats, also, always hauled up here on their trips for the crews to take a frolic, and here were always sure to be landed from steamers, mutinous 'hands,' or detected rogues. We had some knowledge of the character of the spot, and therefore chose to remain as long as we could on the levee, hoping the boat would soon appear and render further intimacy with the suspicious tavern unnecessary. We therefore placed our trunks in a hollow square, and seating ourselves upon them, waited patiently for the expected boat.—When the sun at length set, and no signs of her rewarded our long and intense gazing, we began to wish we had waited at Cincinnati for a St. Louis boat, as the Broadway House we all acknowledged, was far more comfortable than the broad side of a river bank. The landlord, now, on our application to him, roughly replied that his rooms were full. We had observed as we went to the house, several suspicious men lurking about the tavern, one of whom I recognized as a well known Natchez gambler. We felt no disposition to remain in their company at the tavern, well knowing the vindictiveness which they entertained, since their expulsion, against all Mississippians, and the annoyance we might expect if we were recognized to be from the South. As the night promised to be clear, and the moon rose as the sun set, we decided on remaining on the bank all night. We arranged couches for the ladies with cloaks and buffalo skins within the space enclosed by the trunks; and suspending on four stakes a large crimson Mexican blanket that belonged to the travelling equipment of the Louisianian, formed a serviceable canopy to protect them from the dew. We then opened our trunks and took out our knives and pistols, and the brother of the bride unlocked from his case a new, double-barreled fowling piece he was taking home. There were of our party seven men, including two young merchants returning home to St. Louis from the East, who were bivouacked a few paces from us, but who on invitation joined us. We had arms,— the double-barreled fowling piece just named, nine pistols and five bowie knives, and powder and ball: we therefore felt very sure of giving a good reception to any who molested us; for we knew that defenceless parties of bivouacking travellers had been attacked by armed banditti, and robbed of every article of baggage, and their jewelry stripped from their persons; we had heard also of travellers landing to the point who never embarked again. We therefore quietly loaded our arms, and having established a watch both for security and at look out for a steamer, and awaken the rest on its approach, we settled ourselves about our bivouac for the night. The ladies soon went to sleep, confiding in our guardianship as women should ever do. Mr. Townley all at once showed himself to be a man of resolute character; for the probable danger of the party roused him from the contemplation of his own sorrows to sympathy with the feelings of those around him.

The moon shone very bright, and the two great rivers flowed majestically past, their broad surfaces looking like torrents of molten steel, meeting a mile below the point, and blending into one dark flood which lost itself in the gloomy forests to the South. It was two in the morning. I was standing watch with Mr. Townley and the knight of the fowling piece, and one of the young merchants, when we observed a party of men suddenly issue from a path leading into the forest in the direction of two or three log huts. Hitherto the night had been still; the lights had

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been early extinguished in the tavern, and the groups of boatmen that were lingering about the shore had returned on board their flat boats. The party which we now saw was, when we discovered it, about three hundred yards off, moving at a quick tramp directly towards our bivouac. We instantly wakened our companions without disturbing the ladies, and having prepared our arms to give them a good reception should they prove hostile, we remained seated upon our trunks watching them. The moon now shone upon them so clearly that we could count their number—fourteen men, marching three and four abreast; it also gleamed upon weapons which some of them carried. We were now satisfied that we were the object of an open attack by some of the desperadoes who infested the point, who probably expected to find us unarmed and sleeping, and so pillage our baggage and persons, if not do murder, if resisted. We let them advance within fifty paces and then challenged. One who walked by the side of the first rank then spoke to them and they halted.

'If you approach any nearer, be your errand peaceful or hostile, we shall fire upon you,' we said firmly.

'Ha! they are prepared!' said one.

'No. It is bravado. Let us on!' shouted another.

'On, then,' was the general cry, and they rushed towards us in an irregular body.

We let them come within close pistol shot,—all fired a regular discharge—but over their heads.

They suddenly stopped, with a cry of surprise, fired a pistol or two, and then retreated a few paces and made a stand.— One of them was evidently wounded, for we saw him fall, and with difficulty and groaning drag himself after his companions.— The challenge and firing aroused the females of our party, who at first shrunk, and were in great terror, but were prevailed upon to keep their recumbent positions sheltered from any fire of the assailants, by the trunks we had fortunately piled around their lodging place. We now reloaded our pistols, and prepared to receive them if they again attempted to molest us. Before we all got prepared for a second defence, they rushed upon us, firing pistols as they advanced, the balls of which whizzed over us, and, as we afterwards saw, pierced our trunks. Reluctant as we were to shed blood, we did not hesitate to return their fire, when they had got within five yards of us brandishing their knives and as desperate a looking set of black-legs as I should ever wish to encounter. A ball from Mr. Townley's pistol brought down their leader, and we were in the act of engaging with our knives, when a happy diversion was made in our favor by a shout close at hand, and a crew of gallant Kentucky boatmen, consisting of a father and five sons, roused by the skirmishing, came up from their boat to our rescue. They rushed upon the gamblers so unexpectedly, that, after making slight defence, they fled into the forests, leaving their chief dead not four yards from our bivouac. At the same moment, the deep 'boom' of an ascending steamer reached our ears. We were congratulating each other upon our escape, and thanking the brave boatmen, when a loud wild cry from Mr. Townley chilled the blood in our veins. We looked, and saw him leaning over the body of the slain robber. His daughter flew to him, gazed at the face of the dead, shrieked and cast herself upon the body.

It was his son—her brother! He had fallen by his father's hand. Poor Mr. Townley! he never came to his reason, to realize the full extent of his misery. He grew imbecile, and perished a few months afterwards, a broken-hearted wreck. Charlotte Townley still lives, but consumption is eating the bloom from her cheek, and her fading form will soon lie in the grave beside her father's.

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**THE HAND OF CLAY. OR, THE SCULPTOR'S TASK. A TALE OF
MYSTERIES.**

CHAPTER I.

It was a summer's night in Italy. The still heavens were tinted with the softest blue, amid which the stars burned like eyes of intelligence. The pure-rayed planets, seen through the translucent atmosphere, seemed near and low as they shed their gentle lustre down. The young moon was just venturing her bark upon the eastern verge of the sky, a glittering star hanging above its brow. Music rose at intervals upon the soft, evening wind, and the voices of nightingales rung melodiously from many a shaded grove and palace garden. It was a night in Rome! As the moon rose above the level horizon of the Campagna, she touched with a trembling line of gold the rippling waves of the Tiber, and enriched with amber lights the lofty crosses and towers of the imperial city. Among the numerous casements into which its soft lustre penetrated, was that of the lovely Countess, Isabel di Valoni. It was the eve of her bridal with the Prince of B—. She was not twenty-four, and yet had been two years widowed. Her attendants had just left her, and she was sitting alone by the casement, looking upon the Tiber, which flowed sparkling by at the foot of the gardens. Around her rose, and extended, terrace and balcony, and towers and palaces, all being recreated from darkness, touch by touch, by the pencil of the advancing moon. Yet she heeded nothing of the lavish beauty of the scene, nor did the notes of far off music upon the water mellowed into heavenly harmony by the distance touch her ear. Her face was pale and tearful, and rested upon the fair hand which looked like alabaster contrasted with the raven tresses that fell across the delicately veined wrist.

Isabel di Valoni was the most beautiful woman in Rome—nay, in Italy! kings had bent the knee before the shrine of her smiles, and princes were willing attendants of her footsteps! Yet now, alone, with glittering tears stealing slowly across her cheek, her heavily lidded eyes cast down, and an air of touching sorrow pervading her whole person, she reclines by the moonlit casement. To-morrow is also to be her bridal night! and she marries the man who is her heart's choice; yet she is unhappy. Fear, as well as grief, is couched in the expression of her features! Her bosom heaves at intervals with agitation, and her hands convulsively clasp! At length she gives utterance to her thoughts:

‘Shall I thus weakly give way to wretchedness for an idle dream! Yet *thrice* have I dreamed of the fearful doom! thrice have these words rung in my ears in my sleep, from an unseen voice.

‘Beware, Isabel di Valoni! the death of Medici Valoni hath not unwedded thee! Thou art his bride, living or dead!’

‘Alas, what fearful doom hangs over my head! can this dream be sent by Heaven to warn me of danger! Can Medici, my deceased husband, have power thus to bind me! It is too horrible! Defend me, holy saints, from evil!’

After bending before her crucifix a moment, she rose and left the casement, to seek relief in the society of her friends, from the fears that weighed down her soul.

CHAPTER II.

The following evening, the gorgeous apartments of the palace of the Valoni were thrown open to the guests of the bridal. The princely and the noble; the talented and the beautiful; the sculptor, the painter, the scholar, men of genius and of rank thronged thither; for the Prince gave out invitations to embrace all who usually had the honor of visiting him. At seven o'clock the more favored guests, the relations of the bride and bridegroom attended them into the private chapel of the palace, where the ceremony was to be performed. The Countess had been laughed out of her fears on account of her dream by her friends, and encouraged by the cardinal, to whom she had made confession. Yet she approached the altar with a pale cheek, and unsteady step, glancing with a timid look on every side, as if she expected to behold start before her gaze some fearful spectre! The cardinal opened the *massal*, and bade them kneel! Around them stood four gentlemen, relations of the Prince, whom, to relieve her fears, he had stationed near her person to protect her from any danger that might menace. Each of these gentlemen held in his hand a naked sword, nor did they once take their eyes from the bride! The rumor that something was anticipated that night, to interrupt the ceremony, had been buzzed about, and the throng of guests who were admitted into the chapel crowded close around the altar. The cardinal began the service! The Prince and Countess were kneeling at his feet, and the former was about to place the ring upon her finger, when a glittering stiletto, grasped in a naked arm, descended from behind into the bosom of the bride! The Countess gave a wild shriek and fell into the arms of the Prince.

So instantaneous was the blow with the appearance of the arm thrust from a cloak, that there was no time to warn—no time to defend her! But ere the dagger was withdrawn, the hand of the assassin fell to the ground, cleft at the wrist by the sword of one of the gentlemen. The chapel was simultaneously filled with a cry of horror. The assassin, in the commotion, had instantly fallen back and hid himself amid the throng! The loss of his hand had given advantage of escape as its fall to the ground and the flow of blood, drew the attention of the others for an instant from him.

'Seize him!' cried the Prince. 'He cannot escape! He will be detected by the loss of his hand! Close all the palace doors, and guard them well! He must not escape!'

The excitement was now intense. Every man looking upon his neighbor with horror and suspicion, and each shrieking at the idea of a bleeding assassin mingling among them.

'It is a woman's hand, by Heaven!' cried the Count Parma, the cavalier who had severed it; 'and a well-born woman's, too!' And he held up to view a very exquisitely formed female hand, the drops of crimson gore staining its blue-veined skin and contrasting its whiteness! The fingers were singularly symmetrical, and on one of them was a ring of a peculiar setting.

'This ring,' exclaimed the Count, 'will detect the murderer? See, your highness, it is a ruby set with turquoise?'

The Prince glanced at the ring, grasped at it wildly, uttered a deep groan, and sunk senseless by the side of his dead bride.

The murderer was no where found in the chapel! No traces of blood were visible in any of the apartments beyond the altar, and the whole terrible affair remained wrapped in mystery.

'Count Parma,' said the Prince, in a distressed tone, having been recovered from his swoon, the chapel being by this time emptied of all the guests, 'give me that hand which you have cast upon the altar for public recognition!'

The Count obeyed, fixing upon the Prince an inquiring gaze; for he, as well as many present, now believed that he could tell better than any one the history of the beautiful hand.

The Prince took it and gazed upon it with a look of painful interest, and then removing the ring, placed it, to the wonder of all, upon the answering finger of the dead countess, murmuring, 'Nevertheless, thou alone art my wedded wife!' He then placed the hand upon the altar, and kissing his murdered bride upon the cheek, left the chapel.

That night the Prince of B— died! There was no wound upon his person, nor were there found any signs of poison! He was entombed by the side of his intended wife, the Countess di Valoni.

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This extraordinary assassination, with the wonderful escape of its perpetrator, the sudden death of the Prince of B—, and the marvellous circumstance of the severed hand, which was placed publicly upon the altar for many days, caused no little sensation throughout Rome, for some weeks. But at length, it still remaining a mystery, the public interest in it subsided, and in a few weeks died away; for, startling events follow upon the steps of each other too frequently, and men also have too much of their own concerns to regard, to suffer any one particular subject long to engage their minds.

CHAPTER III.

Frederick Rother was a young German sculptor. He had been a pupil of Thorwaldsen, but now had his own studio, being considered in Rome equal in genius and art to his master. This was many years ago, before the immortal Swede had attained that celebrity which has given him an imperishable fame. The German was a young man of high and commanding intellect. His imagination was lively, yet not untinged with the gloom of German superstition. He loved night and solitude; the reading of books touching the dark lore of necromancy; and research into the mazes of metaphysics was a passion with him. He also was a poet, and would have been a lover if he had not been wedded to his sublime art.

One night, he was seated in his studio, wrapped in his evening robe, smoking his meerschaum, and, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, was buried in deep musing upon the spiritual world of Swedenbourg, whose writings he had just laid down, when a slight knock at his door aroused him.

'Come in,' he said, without changing his reclining position, for he supposed it to be a little Italian boy who attended upon him at his rooms.

The door slowly opened, and a full-sized middle-aged man, enveloped in a grey cloak, entered. On his head was a low cap like a priest's. The studio was strongly lighted, for Frederick was to complete a bust that night, and had all his tools ready to work when he should have finished his meerschaum. There was something in the air of his visitor that instantly impressed him with awe; and rising, he awaited his wishes. The man came near him, and taking a seat to which the sculptor pointed, waved his hand for Frederick to be re-seated. The artist obeyed in silence. There was something in the expression of the stranger's eyes that made him feel uneasy, and he could not keep his gaze from them. They arrested him like a basilisk's. The stranger's features were dark and intellectual, his face thin, and his hair black, long and flowing. His brows were heavy and projecting; and beneath them, like lamps, burned a pair of deep-set eyes that were inconceivably penetrating.

'Are you the sculptor, Frederick de Rother?' he asked, in a mild tone, the voice deep and musical.

The sculptor replied in the affirmative, not a little relieved to have the silence broken.

'You have the reputation of being the first sculptor in Rome?'

'I am but a pupil still,' answered Rother, modestly.

'I require the aid of your art,' said the visitor, without remarking his reply.

'I am honored by your notice of me,' said Frederick, 'but I regret to say that I have on hand unfinished engagements for many months to come!'

'I want your service to-night,' answered the stranger, sternly.

'Impossible! I have to put the finishing chisel to that bust of Cardinal R—, which will occupy me till midnight. He leaves Rome in the morning, and takes it to his country-place with him.'

'I must have my wishes complied with,' said the man in the grey cloak, imperatively, and he fixed his eyes so steadily upon Frederick, that he dropped his own with a sensation of pain.

'You are unknown to me,' he began to object, 'and—' here hesitated, and became suddenly silent. The eyes of the stranger rested upon his forehead so intently, that he was deprived of the power to articulate. He felt indignant, and would have risen, but found he had no power over his limbs. His eyelids fell, and he began to experience a chilly sensation pervading his frame. Gradually he felt himself losing all sense of external things! his mind became all at once wonderfully clear and perceptive; the most beautiful images passed before him; music, such as mortal ear never listened to, floated around him; soft voices whispered sweet and strange words, which his heart, not his ears, heard; his spirit expanded, and became like air, and he seemed to be borne on wings of light, through a universe of happiness and splendor inconceivable! and then sudden darkness veiled all things; silence unbroken reigned, and the deepest *oblivion* followed! He sat like a marble statue, colorless and motionless.

The stranger rose with a smile of power upon his lip, and approached him, and waved his hand! The young man rose with ready obedience, and stood before him immovable! The stranger placed his hand upon his eyelids, and they flew open with startling brilliancy, his eyes looking unnaturally lustrous and beautiful, like those in a wax figure! They were nevertheless, without expression, and unwinking! The man then bade him take clay and his

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moulding—tools, and follow! With his eyes still closed like one in sleep, the young man obeyed, and followed him to the street, keeping a pace behind.

Wrapping himself in his cloak, the stranger took his way along a narrow street that led by the Tiber, and crossing a bridge not far from Trajan's pillar, ascended a terrace that led to a range of palaces. He followed the marble paved way beneath lime and orange trees, until it terminated in a grand stair—case! This he ascended; and after crossing a magnificent garden, adorned with fountains and statues, closely followed by the sculptor, who bent not his fixed eyes for one instant during the whole way, from the person of his mysterious conductor, they came to a portico which led them into a hall of one of the finest mansions in Rome. It was dark, save where the moonlight streamed in through stained casements, yet the stranger kept on his way to an inner suite of apartments, furnished with princely grandeur. Room after room he passed through, and then opened a door leading into a small but elegant chamber!

‘Is he with you, signor?’ cried a young female of exquisite beauty, rising from an ottoman, and looking eagerly towards him!

‘He has obeyed my will, as thou seest,’ answered the other, taking the sculptor by the hand, and leading him into the room.

‘This is well. There is now no danger of betrayal if he is returned in the same way,’ she said with energy.

She was about twenty years of age, and, with a faultless figure and face, her features were also characterized by the finest expression of Italian beauty. Her dark eyes were large, languishing, yet full of latent fire; and her mouth was beautifully haughty in its ruby outline. Her cheek was now pale, as if from recent illness, and the soft languor peculiar to a convalescing invalid, heightened the grace of her manner, and gave a touching infantile character to her loveliness. There was, however, with all that was pleasing and fascinating in her appearance, much to fear.

‘How handsome he is! Heavens! what eyes!’ she said, as Frederick stood before her in an attitude of natural elegance that would have been a noble study for himself, could he have been conscious of himself! But he stood there the body of man, living and breathing, strong and beautiful, but destitute of the soul! And what wonderful being was he, who had, by a look, thus subdued him, and made him submissive to the slightest motion of his will. It was Mesmer!

‘Lady,’ he said, ‘the time flies, and I would have the artist do his work!’ She turned pale, and slightly trembled. He then turned to Frederick, and fixing his eyes intently upon him, waved his hand slowly upward, and, strangely with the progress of the motion, came expression and intelligence into the wildly brilliant eyes color to the cheek, and the animation of mind to the countenance! The lady watched the change with enthusiastic delight! It was like the breaking of morning!

As if by magic he had been restored to the exercise of all his faculties. He looked about him with amazement! The gorgeous chamber bewildered him; where could he be? The beautiful being reclining upon the couch, was she mortal? was he mortal? or was he dreaming? His eyes fell on Mesmer, and instantly his face became pale, and he recollected the last moments of consciousness in the studio! The ‘magician,’ as men, in those days, termed him, smiled kindly upon him, and approached him with his hand extended. Frederick grasped it with strange warmth of feeling, and felt his heart, he could not conceive wherefore, felt kindly affectioned toward him. But where was he? He put the question to him.

‘In the presence of her for whose service I come for you. How you came here, you shall learn hereafter. Now you have a delicate task. Prepare your clay and tools, and take your station by this lady's couch!’

He complied, overwhelmed with wonder and curiosity, and still questioning whether he was awake? He had never beheld such earthly beauty as her's before him! His gaze rested upon one of her arms, which, partly bared to the elbow, displayed a contour so faultless, that he could have worshipped it! The hand, too, was divine! The pearly hue of the surface, the azure—tinted veins, like those in delicate marble, the tapering elegance of the fingers, never had he dreamed of such perfection! He was enraptured as an artist, and quite in love as a man!

The lady smiled with a melancholy expression as she witnessed his admiration; and Mesmer said, to his surprise,

‘Sir, you are brought here, thus secretly, to mould a hand like that, as perfect and faultless in every respect!’

‘Impossible!’ he exclaimed.

‘It is rare workmanship, but thou hast genius to do it!’ said Mesmer, quietly. Signore, unrobe your right arm?’

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She obeyed; and to the sculptor's horror and surprise, he beheld a freshly-healed stump; the fellow to the hand he had worshipped, was gone. Instantly the story of the Countess di Valoni flashed upon his mind, and he started back with an exclamation of intense feeling. He immediately felt Mesmer's eye upon him, and recollecting that it might be dangerous to betray his suspicions, he remained standing, gazing upon the mutilated member with strange and hardly suppressed emotion.

'It is a painful loss,' said the magician. 'Kneel beside her, sir artist, and mould and fit accurately to that arm a hand the match to the other in every part. Ask me no questions— make no objections! Obey.'

Frederick knelt, and for a few moments was silently engaged in shaping the lump of pink-tinted clay he had brought into a rough resemblance of a human hand. He then bent over the other, and for some time studied its inimitable proportions. At length he commenced his task.

Mesmer bent over him and watched his proceedings in silence, while the lady conversed and smiled and completely bewildered him with the power of her charms.

At the expiration of two hours, the work was completed. A hand of clay, accurately fitting the wrist whence the other hand had been cloven was made, and, save, in life, was the counterpart to the other!

'Thou hast done thy work well,' said Mesmer, as he took it up and examined the hand. 'Now thou shalt witness *mine*.'

'First tell me who art thou?' asked the German youth.

'I will answer thee—for thou must be my disciple. I am THE MESMER!'

'I now know thy power, and by what means I am here,' said de Rother, with animation, after recovering from his surprise, 'I have read thy mysterious books, and heard of thy miracles. Initiate me into the mysteries of thy dark philosophy, wonderful man, and I will serve thee with all my soul!'

'Take thy first lesson! Behold!'

The female extended her mutilated arm, and he firmly bound with silk the clay to the flesh. Then, while she instinctively shuddered, he fixed upon her his burning gaze! In a moment, her eyes closed and her head sunk upon her bosom. Then Mesmer knelt before her, and bowing his head upon her hand of clay, clasped it between his, and thus remained several minutes. The sculptor stood looking on with wonder and fear!

At length, the 'magician' rose and addressed her:

'Is it animate, lady?'

'Yes,' was the low answer, which seemed to come from her chest, for her lips moved not.

He removed the silk, and the horrified Frederick fell upon his knees and crossed himself! The hand he had moulded of clay had become a living member, kindred in sympathy and loveliness with the other! Mesmer turned and looked upon him with triumphant power. He now waved his hand to awake her, but lo, a new horror was to paralyze both! The face of the mesmerized had begun slowly to change into clay before their eyes. The glorious beauty of her countenance became dark and earthy, and the eyes were extinguished in eternal night. The neck and arms became rapidly converted to earth, and in a few minutes there reclined on the couch before them a statue of clay, like Eve's, before the breath of life had been communicated; save the hand which the sculptor had made, which remained adhesive to the dead clay warm, throbbing, living flesh.

When satisfied that what he beheld was real, Mesmer uttered a cry of horror, and fled! Frederick stood paralyzed with fear, and fascinated by the hand from which he could not turn his gaze. At length, overcome by terror as he beheld the finger lift in warning, he sunk upon the ground insensible, when the writer awoke and found he had been dreaming upon a volume on 'Mesmerism,' over which, while reading it late at night, he had fallen asleep.

OTHO VISCONTI: OR, THE BRIDAL PRESENT. A TALE OF FLORENCE.

The golden sunlight of an Italian autumn evening poured through a gorgeously stained window of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence, and fell upon the Mosaic pavement in a flood of mingled crimson and gold. In the light, knelt the figure of a graceful girl before a crucifix; her veil had fallen back from her face, and showed a countenance very youthful, but exquisitely beautiful. She could scarcely have passed her fourteenth year; yet that nameless charm of expression, that belongs to a lovely woman, was already hers. Her eyes were as black as night, and so very large and expressive, that one instinctively shrunk, to penetrate the secrets of the soul which were so unguardedly laid open. The rose of youth and health was on her cheek and lips; and so bright was the smile that dimpled her mouth, while she said her pretty prayers, as if the duty were a pastime, that one could not think of her and sorrow in the same moment. Near her, but where the gorgeous sunbeam did not shine upon her, knelt a female attendant; while behind her, leaning against a pillar, was a youthful page scarce her own age; and further beyond still, stood, silent and stern, three men—at-arms.

This tale is laid in the thirteenth century, and in warlike times. The civil wars and intestine turmoils caused by the feuds of the rival houses of Guelph and Ghibeline, filled all Italy; and the opposing combatants, whenever they chanced to encounter—in the street or on the highway, at mass or marriage—were sure to come to blows. This fair maiden was a daughter of the house of Guelph, and therefore was she thus formidably attended. As this story is founded on an incident of this celebrated feud, it may not be amiss here, to refresh the reader's recollection of its origin and character.

In the beginning of the tenth century, a German noble, whose castle, called Gueibelinga, was situated in the mountains of Hertfeld, became a warm partizan of the German emperor; and, by his power and influence, contributed greatly to the stability of the empire. But his attachment to the imperial throne was not less distinguished, than his hostility to the papal power. On the other hand, the Pope received the support of Duke Guelph, of Bavaria, a bigoted Roman Catholic, and who laid claim to the crown of Germany, whose adherence to him was not less strong, than the attachment of the lord of Gueibelinga to the emperor. During the life of Henry V, these two houses made no open advances of hostility; but his death, without issue, gave rise to a contest for the crown, that has more or less affected the present state of every European dynasty. Guelph, duke of Bavaria, died not long after Henry's decease, and his countess, Matilda, soon afterwards bequeathed all her immense possessions to the See of Rome. The pope then took up the quarrel for the Guelphs, against the defender of the German crown, Duke Gueibelinga; and the names Guelph and Ghibeline soon came to denote the different parties of the pope and emperor, having in both cases lost their particular application to individuals. Thus, all the families that adhered to the pope were denominated Guelphs, and all that adhered to the emperor, Ghibelines. As many of the Italian cities had belonged to Duke Guelph, and others to the Ghibeline chief, Italy became divided by the feud; and even those cities that owed fealty to neither one nor the other, took sides and plunged into the quarrel. In many instances, a single city was divided by its knights, half taking one side of the feud, and the other half the opposite. Thus Florence, itself, at the period of this historical tale, contained forty-two noble families of the Guleph party, and twenty-four of the Ghibeline faction. All Italy was in arms with the quarrel, and every day some new murder alarmed the citizens of every city, within the walls of which those two parties stood opposed to each other; and although often reconciled, every little accident renewed their animosity, and they again flew to arms to avenge their wrongs, and give vent to their mutual hostility. The maiden who knelt in the cathedral was a Guelph, of the noble Florentine family of Donati. Her name was Elise. She was an only child; but her high name and exquisite beauty, as she was still a child, had not yet brought suitors to her feet.

Having ended her prayers, she rose from her knees, while the attendant advanced, and lifting the silked mat on which she had knelt, placed it across her arm to follow her out of the cathedral. But ere she moved Elise turned her head to re-arrange her veil, when her eye fell on a youthful knight, who, half concealed in shadow, by the shrine before which she had been kneeling, had evidently been a witness to the whole of her devotions. But Elise, after the first blush of surprise, did not see that she ought to be ashamed of being seen at prayers, and so she completed the arrangement of her veil; and beckoning to her page, who, in his turn made a signal to the men—at-arms, she tripped lightly along the marble pavement of the cathedral, and, with the young knight in her

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mind, disappeared.

As she did so, he stepped forth from the concealment of the shrine. He had entered the cathedral by a side door unobserved, and struck with the girlish beauty of the worshipper whom he discerned before it, he had obeyed the impulse of the moment, and sought, unseen, its shelter, to gaze upon her face without interruption.

This young knight was Otho Visconti, the nephew of the Archbishop of Milan, and the son of the chief of the Florentine Guelphs. He had that evening reached Florence from Milan, after an absence of several years, and had entered the church to lounge away the half hour preceding vespers, when the kneeling girl arrested his admiration. The quarter of an hour he spent in gazing upon the lovely face of the bright maiden, had been sufficient to captivate his heart. He felt she was a mere child, but he knew also that she would not always remain a child; and he inwardly resolved to watch the budding, and then pluck the flower. He was not quite in love with Elise, indeed, but he was ready to be so when she was of the age for wooing.

He had been so engaged in admiring her, that it never occurred to him to look at the bearings of the page, or the coats of the men-at-arms, till their intervening forms, in the far distance of the aisle, hid hers from his gaze.

Otho Visconti had left Florence in his boyhood, and so none of the faces of the maidens of the city were known to him. The instant his negligence to ascertain who had so suddenly ensnared his heart, occurred to his mind, he hastened to follow her. On gaining the street, neither she, nor page, nor men-at-arms, were visible; and from that time Otho Visconti searched Florence in vain to behold once more the bright and beautiful maiden who had appeared and disappeared so mysteriously, leaving such an impression upon his senses. Finally, he came to regard the whole as a vision he had seen in a waking dream, and strove to banish the recollection of it from his mind.

Three years passed away, and Otho Visconti ceased longer to think of the beautiful girl he had seen in the cathedral, yet her image remained indelibly impressed upon his heart. He had now become one of the gayest gallants of the Florentine court, and as supremely favored by the smiles of grace and beauty, as beseemed a cavalier who was as handsome as he was gallant, and, as he had often shown, was as bold in battle as in boudoir.

At day-dawn one bright June morning, he sallied forth from his palace in full armor, mounted on a sable charger, whose broad chest glittered with the steel plates with which it was overlaid. He was preceded by his gonfalonier, and attended on either hand by a knight of lesser degree, and followed by a hundred men-at-arms, all clad in steel, with their battle axes swung at their saddle-bows. Two and two trotting beneath the stone arch of the Visconti palace, the cavalcade took its way along the street of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, in the direction of the Milan gate. They rode on without interruption, or meeting any one, save now and then a cowed monk, or a veiled devotee gliding along to the cathedral, or the mounted page of some noble Guelph lady, spurring on an errand for his mistress. At length they entered the Place of the *Loggia*, and moved forward towards the outlet at its northern extremity. Ere they reached it the young knight discovered that a chain was drawn across from house to house, and that their way was completely barricaded.

‘How is this, Egidio?’ he said, turning to one of the knights that rode by his side; ‘dost know its meaning?’

‘I know not, my lord. There hath been no open quarrel for the last three days between the factions, that precautions taken only in the midst of fight should be now maintained.’

‘It hath a hostile face upon it,’ said Otho Visconti, with haughty anger. ‘There bends a monk of the Santa Croce over a dying man. I will know what this means. Ho, sir priest, hither! We would inquire of you the meaning of this stoppage of the public ways. Who hath drawn this chain across?’

‘Salvestro de’Medici,’ answered the monk, without looking up, or ceasing from his spiritual duty with the soul of him who lay upon the pavement.

‘Ha, the Ghibeline chief? Hath he known of my expedition to Milan, and would he bar my road.’

‘The Ghibeline chief doubtless knew of thy expedition, my lord Visconti,’ said a man that stood near, leaning upon a broken pike; ‘but this barricade hath another cause. It chanced that half an hour since, Astor de’Manfredi, the Guelph, attended by a small company of his retainers at arms was riding along this street, when meeting on this spot, with the mad-cap son of Salvestro de’Medici, they had some words together, touching a maiden who equally favored both, and drawing weapons, put their quarrel to issue.’

‘This is well. And how hung the victory?’ asked the young knight, with animated interest.

‘At first on the side of Astor de’Manfredi, but a re-inforcement coming to the aid of the Ghibeline, the Guelph was beaten off, with the loss of four of his men. The elder Medici, who headed the new force, on coming up,

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barricaded the street to prevent succor.'

'And this hath just happened?' demanded the knight, impatiently.

'Tis scarce ten minutes since Manfredi fled towards the gate, pursued by the Medici who outnumbered him four to one. Yonder lies one of his esquires, at the last gasp.'

'So! my friend,' exclaimed the knight, 'this is a matter touching ourselves and our honor. Let us to the rescue of young de'Manfredi, and avenge the insult offered to our faction. Send a smith hither! Nay, break the stone in which the bolt is bedded, with the heads of your battle axes!' he shouted.

'The Medici hath never driven bolt to withstand the stroke of a Visconti!'

In a few moments the rough marble block, in which the bolt upholding the chain was imbedded, was shattered by the heavy, smith-like blows of the men-at-arms.

'Now onward, to the Medici palace, to which this passage leads. If our friends are driven beyond it, we will assail the palace. This stain de'Manfredi hath put upon us must be wiped out! *A Visconti! a Visconti!*'

'A Visconti', shouted the knight, and men-at-arms, and at full speed the fiery Guelphs galloped along the silent streets. The sun was just rising, and gilding the topmost towers of the Medici palace as they came in sight of it; but the ardent knight gave little heed to the effect of the sunlight upon the blazing pinnacles, for at the end of the street, and directly opposite the gate of the magnificent mansion of his hereditary foes, he saw Astor de'Manfredi, and the remnant of his party, whose flight had been checked at this spot by a chain thrown across the street, gallantly defending himself against nearly the whole of the Medici faction.

'Dost see the cowardly villains, how they set upon and worry the brave knight like a pack of hounds driving at a single stag! Ho, my friends! Let us aid them, if we have to do it with our lives! *A Guelph! a Guelph!*—*A Visconti!* To the rescue.'

With those fierce and warlike cries, the Guelphs headed by the fiery Visconti, came down the narrow street with a noise like thunder, and ere the Medici were well aware of their presence, they were upon them! In a few moments the tide of battle turned, and the Medici retreated towards the gates and porticoes of their palace. But Astor de'Manfredi, burning with rage and shame for his defeat, and Otho Visconti, animated by a desire to punish the haughty victims, were neither, by any means disposed to let the affair terminate with the retreat of the foe. The two young knights, as the Medici were retiring, merely exchanged glances, and the next instant the rival factions were fighting hand to hand in the galleries and courts of the palace. In vain old Salvestro de'Medici shouted his war cry of '*A Ghibelina! A Medici!*' In vain the young defended, with lion-like courage, the chief entrance to the palace. Every where the Guelphs effected an entrance and dispersed the Ghibelines.

The young Visconti, seeing the Mediciean chief fly along up the broad marble steps leading to the interior of the palace, left his knights to take possession of the lower court, and followed in pursuit, ambitious of making prisoner, in his own house, the head of the opposing faction. On gaining the top of the grand stair-case, he discovered him just entering a distant door at the extremity of a gorgeous saloon. Without hesitation he followed, and entered after him. The door instantly closed behind, and shut out the noise of the conflict below. He found himself, not without surprise, in the wing of the palace appropriated to the ladies. His first impulse was to withdraw, for feudal hostility had its courtesies, and not less remarkable was the gentleness with which the females of the opposing parties were treated on occasions like the present, than the hatred that existed between the males. As he was in the act of turning round to retire, a female, who evidently did not divine his intention, but only saw in his presence there the most hostile purposes, suddenly threw herself at his feet!

'Knight, save—spare my father!'

'Lady, I obey,' answered the youth respectfully.

'The lord of Medici is safe. Had I known he had fled hither I should not have intruded. Art thou, then, the lady Bianche?' he asked, admiringly, as he gazed upon the beautiful maiden.

'I am, my lord Visconti.'

'Ha, knowest thou me?' he demanded in surprise.

'As other maidens of Florence do, by seeing thee often ride by with thy men-at-arms.'

'And I have heard of thee, lady, and of thy wondrous beauty; but, by the rood, the half hath not been told, now mine eyes behold thee.'

Lady Bianche looked up into his face as he spoke, for there was a frank sincerity in his voice that impressed her; she then blushed, and dropped her eyes.

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'Santa Croce,' cried the knight, bluntly, 'thou hast beauty enough to make me turn traitor.'

'Good Knight, unless thy words are the breath of idle mocking, prove their sincerity not by becoming a Ghibeline, but by staying the slaughter in the palace!'

'It shall be as you say, fair Bianche, and for thy sake, tell thy father, that in ten minutes hence there shall not be one of his foes within his palace. Fare—thee—well, sweet Bianche. Hadst thou been Eve and I Adam, I should have lost Paradise also.'

Lightly touching his lip to her snowy fingers, the free young knight quitted her presence. Bianche stood an instant with her gaze fixed on the door through which he had disappointed, and then clasping her hands together, with a joyful smile said, in a low tone,

'And have I then met face to face Otho Visconti, whom for one year I have so devotedly loved. Have I spoken with him?—has he pressed his lip to my hand? Oh, too, too happy, the bliss has been bought, I fear me, with the loss of many a Medici's life; yet therefore should I prize it more! and what said he? 'that my beauty would tempt him to turn traitor—to forfeit Paradise!' and these were not coined compliments of the lip! I marked his eye and tone well as he uttered them. But, alas! why have I been so mad to cherish this love for the foe of my house? why do I rejoice at a meeting which will only be followed by long hours of useless grief. We can never wed! A Ghibeline and a Guelph. It *has been done*, though, and may be done *again!* But why do I hope this? He loves me not—nay—ne'er saw or thought of me till to-day—though, alas, his dear image has been months graven on my heart! He thinks me beautiful. My face struck him! He seems free and frank, and might be won by my beauty, though my love (which yet he dreams not of) may not touch his heart. If heaven aid me I will boldly seek to win him. My beauty shall be the snare. If I but please his eye a maiden, I will have time to win his love a bride. Now, Bianche Medici, if thou wouldst not have thy rich love cast back upon thy heart, and perish there, and thou with it, awaken thine energies! Otho Visconti may yet be won.'

Thus soliloquized the haughty and beautiful, yet deeply enamored Bianche, of Medici; and boldly, perseveringly, and *successfully*, did she make use of the power her wonderful beauty had given her over the *senses*, (not the *heart*,) of the young knight of Visconti.

The passion of Bianche de'Medici was singularly forwarded by a treaty between the Guelphs and Ghibelines of Tuscany; ratified a few days after the attack on the Mediciean palace. It was to a diet called for this purpose that Otho Visconti was on his way when the discomfiture of Astor de'Monfredi drew him and his party into the melee.

The fruits of this treaty after thirty—three years of constant hostility, were equally enjoyed by both parties; for both sides were well weary of fighting, and had long sighed for a temporary suspension of arms. The young knight of Visconti, remembering the beauty of lady Bianche, soon became, therefore, a voluntary visitant at the palace which he had once entered as a foe. The sweets of peace soon won the Florentines to prize their truce, and in the interchanges of mutual courtesies, and in repairing the rents made in their fortunes and estates by the protracted civil war, they were not unwilling to let it remain undisturbed.

Bianche Medici soon established her power over the *mind* of the gay Visconti; his *heart* he had lost three years before in the cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore! At length, captivated by her illustrious beauty, the young chief of the Guelphs offered his hand in marriage to the daughter of the leader of the Ghibeline faction. This intelligence created throughout Florence no little sensation. The body of the people received it with joy as the precursor of a permanent peace between the two rival houses. The majority of the nobles on both sides were also gratified to learn the contemplated union; for one year's quiet and social intercourse had made them in love with peace. There were some few influential nobles of both parties, who received the intelligence of this contemplated union between the heads of the belligerent houses with disapprobation; but no one spoke openly his opinion. Thus the nuptials were confirmed, and the day of the ceremony of marriage was appointed.

The morning was not more bright and cloudless than the spirit of Otho Visconti as he pranced forth from the stately palace of his ancestors in bridal pomp on his way to the Mediciean *palazzo* to receive his bride and conduct her to the church. He was attended by a brilliant retinue of knights and nobles, himself most conspicuous of all, in silver armor and snowy casque, mounted upon a milk white charger, which daintily spurned the earth it moved upon. Beside him a page led a beautiful palfrey for the bride.

There was now no massive chains or oaken barriers to disfigure, and give a warlike aspect to the gay streets of Florence: but, instead, the dwellings were hung with silken banners, and the doors and windows were filled with ladies waving scarfs, and dispensing smiles on favored knights, which the eyes of love singled out from the

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cavalcade.

The bridal *cortege* had passed the Ponte Vecchio, and was winding round the statue of Mars to enter the street leading to the abode of Bianche de'Medici, when as the bridegroom approached the Donati palace which stood—near, he was thus addressed by Astor de'Manfredi, who rode at his right hand.

'Dost thou see, my lord, yonder tall and stately matron, standing amid that galaxy of maidens on the balcony of the Donati palace?'

'I do, Manfredi,' answered the youthful knight; 'and, save my own noble mother, never have I beheld a lady with such dignity of presence. She doth remind me of one of our ancient Roman matrons. See, does not she look earnestly upon us?'

'She does, my lord. As I rode past an hour since, she sent her page to ask me if it were true the lord of Visconti were really to wed with the Medici?'

Methinks she should have known it ere she put such question!'

'Twas not asked, I thought, as if for information, my lord, but as if she sought particular confirmation of a fact before well understood.'

'And what answered you her page?' asked the knight carelessly, at the same controlling the fire of his steed, who started at the fluttering pennons from the balconies opposite to the Donati palace.'

That this day the factions of Guelph and Ghibeline were to be united by the union of the Visconti and Medici.'

'You answered well. Ha, dost mark? There is no banner or sign of compliment from the palace!'

She doubtless hath taken offence at this marriage,' answered de'Manfredi as they came opposite the palace, 'but which all men hail as the bond of peace in Florence. She is too much Guelph to give her favor to a Ghibeline. Look my lord! she waves her hand to you.'

'In truth she doth! But we will pass on nor heed her.'

'By her manner she will address you.'

'Then we will pause and listen; for ne'er would I be so discourteous as to be wanting in reverence to the noble lady Donati.'

As he spoke he reined in his charger, for the matron in the meanwhile had stepped forth upon the portico beneath which he was passing, and again waved her hand commandingly.

'Stay thy gallant train, Otho Visconti, till thou alight and enter my abode. I am a Guelph as well as thou, and on this thy bridal day, I would shame to have thee pass my door unhonored. I have hung abroad no silken banners to greet thy passage, but I have prepared for thee a bridal gift meet for a Visconti to receive, meet for a Donati to bestow. Alight and enter that thou may'st behold it!'

'Thou speakest fairly, noble lady!' answered the knight courteously, 'and the grace of thy speech doth cancel thy want of banners! Good knights, and gentlemen, by your leave we will delay a brief moment, that we may receive the gracious bridal present of the noble lady.'

With these words the bride—groom alighted and ascended the portico of the Palazzo,

'Follow me, Otho Visconti, to the room where I have placed thy bridal gift. Know, that my late lord Albert of Donati, conjointly with thy noble father, the lord Valentino Visconti, did before their deaths settle upon this very bridal present for thee. In offering it to thee now, I am but fulfilling their intentions.'

Thus speaking, the dignified matron led the way to an inner apartment, the sides of of which were tapestried with silver cloth, while the ceiling was vaulted and of a cerulean hue spangled with stars. She silently conducted him to the opposite side of this chamber to an ottoman, over which was cast an ample veil.

'Beneath this veil Otho Visconti, lies the bridal gift I have seventeen years guarded for thee;' said the matron. 'Behold,' she cried, preparing to lift the screen, '*the bride thy father chose, and which I have reserved for thee.* Like thee she is Guelph; whilst thou takest one from the enemies of thy church and race!'

She drew aside the veil as she spoke, and the astonished young knight beheld, reclining upon the ottoman, a virgin of dazzling beauty. A second glance was not necessary to assure him that she was the mysterious maiden who had robbed him of his heart before the shrine of Santa Maria del Fiore! She was in the full bud of Italian beauty at seventeen! And she in return recognized the handsome knight who had been the witness of her devotions!

'Signora,' he answered, dazzled and enamored, 'I do accept the bridal gift thou hast reserved for me; if,' he added, kneeling beside the lovely maiden, 'the gift itself have no dissentient voice against such bestowal of her

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hand and person?'

'The daughter of a Donati has no other will than that of the head of her house!' answered the Signora with firmness.

The knight looked at the lovely Elise, and her blushes were more eloquent than speech. She in her turn had not forgotten the knight of the shrine, and the more she let her thoughts run upon him the more she suffered his memory to impress itself upon her heart. Her eyes answered to his, and love was triumphant!

'The bridal procession awaits thee!' said the lady of Donati, sternly.

'I obey,' answered the young knight, and taking the hand of the beautiful virgin, he led her forth to the portico of the palace. 'Behold,' he said, standing beside her, her hand held in his, 'while on my way to seek a Ghibeline bride, I have here found one of our own race and faith. Let us proceed to the church, my friends, and leave Ghibeline to wed with Ghibeline.'

Thus speaking, the fickle, yet also true young knight, Visconti, mounted his bride upon the palfrey, caparisoned and designed for Bianche of Medici; and the cavalcade turning from the street that led to the Medician palace, proceeded to the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore; and there before the shrine and altar where first he beheld the lovely child who won his heart, he was united to her, now become the most beautiful maiden in Italy.

The bride elect, the haughty Bianche de' Medici, with her train of maidens, knights, and nobles, were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Visconti party when a messenger came and communicated the news of Otho Visconti's nuptial treachery. In an instant the Ghibeline cavaliers were in the saddle, and as the bridal procession reached the Porte Vecchio, on its way to the Visconti palace, it was attacked with a decision and ferocity unparalleled in the wars of the two factions. The Plaza Loggia was at once turned into a battle field! Otho Visconti while defending his bride fell by the hand of the younger Medici at the foot of the statue of Mars. At the same instant Bianche de' Medici, the outraged bride of the false and inconstant knight, appeared sword in hand, mounted on her father's war horse, her hair streaming in the wind, and her whole bearing and aspect that of an avenging Amazon. Her base bridegroom had fallen ere she reached him; but the bosom of Elise lay open to her vengeance, and her glittering blade was instantly dyed with the blood of the virgin bride! Elise fell and expired upon her husband's body!

'No,' she cried springing to the ground and casting her aside; 'even in death they shall not be united. This place alone is *mine!*'

With these words she passed her sword through her own bosom and fell dead, clasping the recreant bridegroom's corpse in her arms.

Thus once more was revived the feud between the Guelphs and Ghibelines, which continued for more than a century, without cessation. Blood atoned for blood, and Florence, and the major part of Italy, was daily the scene of sanguinary contests. Once more chains were thrown across the streets, and barricades constructed in every quarter, and around every palace. The Ghibelines at length became masters of Florence, and banished every Guelph noble from the city. The palace of the Visconti, and thirty-six others belonging to illustrious families of that party, were demolished, and peace was once more established to be broken by some cause as light as that which has furnished the subject of this feudal tale.

MY UNCLE THE COLONEL, With the Story of MY UNCLE'S FRIEND THE PICKPOCKET.

My uncle, the colonel, was a handsome bachelor of forty, and a lustre over, and lived in hired 'lodgings' in Liberty street. He chose this street on account of its name, wishing thereby to illustrate his own liberty from the *vinculi matrimonii*. For the same reason his landlady was an old maid. My uncle had many peculiarities. My uncle, the author of 'Howard Pinckney' would have called him a 'character!' One of his most marked peculiarities was a constitutional fear of the female sex. It was genuine *fear*. *He was afraid of them* just as children are intimidated by strangers. In walking the streets he would *shy* away from the path of an elderly personage of the sex, and almost leap into the gutter if he unexpectedly met a pretty black-eyed maiden. Boardingschools were his horror. He would go round three squares to avoid passing one, and an advancing group of misses of 'sweet sixteen,' tripping along to school, would drive him down the first by-street. 'Stewart's,' in Broadway, was his terror. Once his way was blocked up there by a bevy of beauties, chatting, and ever taking leave, and stopping to chat again, again to take leave. His first impulse was to turn back, but three lovely girls were coming directly behind him. He would have darted into the first store, but it was thronged with ladies! In despair he waved his gold-headed cane to an advancing omnibus. It drove to the curbstone. His foot was on the step, his hand upon the side of the entrance.

'Go on;' cried the fickle-faced ticketboy.

My uncle, at this instant, made a desperate and successful leap backward. There were five females and three babies in the omnibus!

'Stop! the gem'man's out!' cried the boy, pulling the bell. 'No, go on. He don' wan' ride—he's flunk!' growled he as Jehu whipped up his high-ribbed steeds. My uncle succeeded in gaining the Park side of Broadway, and eventually in reaching his lodgings.

Of all things, he most disliked to have a pretty woman look at him with any attention. Thrice he exchanged rooms on this account. In the first instance, in the front window of the house next to his own dwelling, there was for ever seated a young lady, not very pretty, but very vain and bold, before whose unwinking eyes he had to run the gauntlet from the moment he closed the street door till he got out of sight, and from the moment he came in sight till he was safely sheltered with the door closed behind him. He bore until the first of May, and then finding *that* family were not going to move, moved himself. From these rooms he was driven by a saucy, laughing, handsome chambermaid opposite, who, it seemed to him, had nothing to do but to look out of the upper windows into his own, and watch him whenever he went out or came in from the street. In the end she drove my uncle away, and so he came to Liberty street. Nearly opposite his rooms was a row of ware-houses, from the sheet-ironed plated windows of which he had no danger to apprehend; and the mayor and one of the aldermen living within a door or two, he felt he had nothing to fear. It is true, since occupying these rooms, he had caught a glimpse of the face of a very pretty girl between the Venetian blinds of a window which startled him not a little (for he had, as he thought, previously well surveyed the neighborhood), but not discovering her a second time, his apprehensions, which had began to take the alarm, subsided. Venetian blinds made him nervous! He felt, while walking through those streets mostly composed of private dwelling-houses, as if passing between masked batteries. It was sufficiently dreadful to be stared at openly by female eyes, but the bare idea of being the object of concealed glances, he could with difficulty endure. It put him into a perspiration. My poor uncle, the colonel! It was constitutional with him. His heart, too, was large and generous—the best woman in the world would have been honored and happy in its love.

My uncle had a great horror of being suspected of being a rogue! With the exterior of a respectable middle-aged gentleman, slightly distinguished by the high air of the 'old school,' possessing a handsome fortune, and holding a highly honorable position in society, he was, singularly enough, constantly in fear of being taken for a pickpocket, a counterfeiter, or, more latterly, for a defaulter. He never met 'Old Hays,' without suddenly turning pale, and looking so very like a rogue, that were it not for the undoubted gentlemanly air and address inherent in him, and not to be mistaken, he might have had the honor of cultivating that gentleman's acquaintance.

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Once, indeed, to his utter consternation and vivid alarm, the High Constable fixed on him his keen, penetrating glance with such a look of suspicion, that my uncle did not leave the house again for several days. He never passed the Egyptian tombs; nor sallied by Sing-sing or Blackwell's Island without a sinking of the heart. In travelling, this apprehension of being taken for a rogue was most active. At one time, he used to wear a costly watch, a massive gold chain across his vest, a diamond brooch, and a rich signet ring, all of which, in the cars, or on steamers, he anxiously displayed, so that no one might suspect him of need, and of having a design upon their pockets. But having learned that such lavish display of jewelry was characteristic of finished rogues, and that the gamblers at Vicksburg might have been hung in the gold chains they wore about their necks, he at once laid them aside, and henceforward was as destitute of ornaments as a Methodist divine. Lucklessly, this amiable sensitiveness of my uncle, on one occasion, was seriously tried. He was passenger on one of the North River night boats from Albany to the city, when, just before her arrival, at seven in the morning, a gentleman on board announced the loss of his pocket-book, containing bank notes to the amount of eight thousand dollars. My uncle was on the promenade deck when the rumor reached him. He became as pale as death, and looked on every side as if seeking a way of escape. The boat was brought to, men were posted at the various avenues of the boat, a police officer was sent for, and an individual search of the passengers began. At length the searching committee ascended to the upper deck. Besides my uncle, there were five or six other gentlemen there, one of whom, a well-dressed gentleman of high-toned manners, observing his pallid looks, approached him as the search was going on below, and said, sympathizingly,

'My dear sir, I see by your countenance you have the pocket-book, but I will not betray you.'

'I, sir—*I*—God forbid. No, sir—no!' gasped my uncle.

'I see how it is with you, my dear sir; but don't let them search you. They have no right to search any gentleman.'

'Search me! Suspect *me*, of being a pickpocket! I have feared this all my life!'

'Take my advice; do not let them search you.'

They shall not search me; no! I, Colonel Peter Treat, a pickpocket, sir! I will blow out my brains! I pick a pocket for eight thousand dollars, sir! I have checks for twice that sum in my own pocket-book? See there, sir! and my uncle, with the energy of despair, fear and grief, took out his pocket-book and displayed them. *I*, a pickpocket, sir!'

He returned his book to his pocket, and buttoned up his coat. 'They shall not search me!' he said, resolutely.

'No, sir. It were as well to be guilty as to be suspected. What is a man's fair character good for if it will not protect him from insult at such a time as this?' said the stranger, indignantly.

'True, sir! You speak very truly, sir. I like your sentiments, sir. I should be happy to know you better, sir! There is my card, sir—Colonel Peter Treat, sir! No. —, Liberty street.'

The searchers for the lost pocket-book soon afterwards ascended to the upper deck, and the stranger walked carelessly towards them as if intending to pass by them and go down.

'Stay, sir, if you please,' said the captain of the boat. This gentleman here has lost his pocket-book, and that it has been cut from his pocket is plain, because the lining of the pocket is also cut out. Of course we cannot suspect you, sir; but every gentleman among those who are strangers to him, will certainly wish to place himself *above* suspicion. I need not, therefore, ask you, sir, if you will permit yourself to be searched.'

'I had the vanity to suppose, sir,' said the stranger, smiling blandly, 'that my personal appearance and address would have been a guarantee for my honesty. Is that your pocket-book, sir; or are the contents yours, sir?' he asked, turning his back towards my uncle, as he took out and opened a large red pocket-book.

'No, sir.'

'You may search me farther, officer,' said the stranger, with complacency.

The search of his person proceeded, and then the captain, Gil Hays, the officer, and the loser, passed on to the others, while he disappeared below. My uncle, in the meanwhile, by his evident desire to avoid them, attracted the sharp eye of the officer, who, from his very singular conduct, set him down in his heart as the pickpocket, and kept his eye upon him. He hurried over the search of the remainder, and walked towards my uncle, whispering in an undertone to the gentleman with him,

'He has it, on my life!'

His pale face and rigid features, on which sat mingled despair and resolution, were certainly very much against

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my uncle. The fatal moment to which his spirit seemed, for years, to have looked forward, had now arrived. He sat like death as they approached.

'Your pardon, sir, but we must be allowed to search you,' said the captain, with far less courtesy than he had used to the other—for most convincingly was my uncle's appearance against him.

'Are you the captain of this boat, sir?' he demanded, with the pride of a true but sensitive gentleman at such a crisis.

'I am, sir. And for the honor of it, must take the liberty to see that its character does not suffer through rogues. Will you suffer yourself to be searched, sir?'

'Searched! Rogues! Sir, I will not be searched. I am no rogue! No, sir. Am I not a gentleman? Do I not look like one? Have I any gold chains, rings, or diamond pins about me? Look at me, sir! I am a gentleman of honor and respectability. As my friend, who just left me, remarked, what is character if it will not protect its owner at such a time? Sir, I am indignant—I am grieved! I shall never feel that I am a gentleman after this, my birth and character not having been sufficient to protect me from suspicion.'

My uncle spoke with feeling. His pride of character was wounded. The officer, nevertheless, was inexorable, and would have forcibly searched him, when the loser interfered.

'I am satisfied,' he said; 'the gentleman has had injustice done him, and I shall not let the search proceed.'

My uncle breathed again. His pride of character was spared. *He could yet respect himself!*

'But, sir, I am not satisfied,' said the captain, and my uncle's heart sunk below zero. 'The honor of my boat has been injured, and must be redeemed by the proof that you have really lost a pocket-book. This is no trifling matter, sir.'

'I will not sacrifice my self-respect by letting any man search my pockets for the honor of twenty steamboats, sir,' now spoke my uncle, resolutely.

Hereupon, the captain was about to search him *vi et armis*. when several New York gentlemen who had heard the dispute from below, made their appearance on the upper deck. One of them was president of the bank in which my uncle's funds were deposited, and the others, men of name and note, knew him personally, and were well acquainted with the eccentricities of his character. They saw, at a glance, how things stood.

'Ah, colonel,' said the president of the bank, smiling and extending his hand to my uncle, so they have got you under this searching ordeal!'

'So you know this passenger?' asked the captain, aside.

'Certainly. I trust you have been guilty of no rudeness. It is Colonel Treat, descended from an old revolutionary family, a noble and honorable gentleman, but with some peculiarities. Will he suffer himself to be searched?'

'No.'

'Then let him pass, Mr. Hays. He has not the pocket-book no more than you or I have. It is his very high but mistaken *sense of honor* that leads him to repudiate even suspicion.'

The other gentlemen bore the same testimony to my uncle's honorable and worthy character, and the captain politely apologized to him, and saying that he was satisfied from testimony of these gentlemen, that he was innocent, left him.

Still my uncle's pride was wounded. He was not satisfied because more weight was placed in his friend's assurance than in his own appearance. It was his favorite theory that a true gentleman can travel the world over without a letter of introduction. He was inconceivably mortified to find the talisman fail him here.

The boat was, soon afterwards, moored alongside the pier (the pocket-book yet unfound), and the passengers dispersed in every direction to their hotels and homes. On my uncle's arrival at his rooms, he shut himself up, and paced the floor an hour before he could reconcile himself by coolly surveying the circumstances to the suspicion he had incurred. At length he became more composed, cast himself into an easy chair, and lighted a segar to seal that composure. But at every seventh *whiff* he would remove it from his lips, and repeat with indignant surprise, 'Suspect *me* of having the pocket-book!'

At one of these ejaculations he thought of feeling to see if his own pocket-book was safe. He placed his hand on the outside of his coat over the usual repository. It was not there! Quicker than lightning he felt the other pocket, and a glow of pleasure chased away the paleness of his cheek.

'How could I have put it in that pocket. Ah! doubtless when I took it out to convince that gentlemanly stranger.

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I liked the sentiments he expressed. They are those of a man of honor and chivalrous gentleman. He, now, is one of my true, well-bred men! His address is a passport to the best society, and to the confidence of all well-bred men. There is a free-masonry by which one gentleman will recognize another. I should be happy to know him. I should ask no introduction. Yet I now remember he suffered himself to be searched. But he seemed to be in a hurry to go down, and perhaps had no time to resent their impertinence. If that captain were a true gentleman, I would call him out and make him apologize for the insult upon me. *Suspect me of having the pocket-book!*

As he repeated this he put his hand in his pocket to change his pocket-book to its customary pocket, and was passing it from one hand to the other without seeing it, when something unfamiliar in its size and touch, caused him to glance at it. He looked aghast! It was not his own pocket-book! For a moment he sat gazing upon it immovable. A sudden suspicion—a horrible idea—a fearful misgiving flashed upon him. He tore it open with nervous fingers. It contained rolls of bills. With forced composure he took them out one after another, and counted them. There were eight rolls, each containing a thousand dollars! There was the name:—Russel R. Russel, written upon the leather. He now remembered having heard the loser, on the boat, called Mr. Russel. With silent horror and despair, such as my uncle, only, could suffer at such a discovery, he rose up and approached his bureau. On it was an ornamented mahogany case. He opened it, took out a pistol, and deliberately commenced loading it. Not a word had he uttered. Not a single exclamation had escaped him. He only sighed from time to time heavily. It has been seen that there was much simplicity of character about my uncle. He assuredly now believed that he had, tempted by the devil, in some absent moment, picked Russel R. Russel's pocket. Now, after all that had passed when they would have searched him, after the honorable testimony of his friends, what could he do but blow out his brains? This he now resolved to do. He at length completed the loading of the pistol, and laid it down. Then taking one of his cards, he wrote in pencil upon it,

'I do believe I am innocent of this thing, as I am an honorable gentleman. How it came into my possession, I am as ignorant as the child unborn.

P. Treat.'

He laid the pocket-book and card together upon his table, and took up his pistol and cocked it. He paused a moment to commit his soul to God—for my uncle was too courteous and esteemed himself too much on his breeding, to rush rudely into the presence of his Maker—and then placed the muzzle of the fatal weapon against his temple. A shriek at this moment pierced his ears—his hand trembled—the ball shivered his mirror into a thousand—and-one pieces, and the smoking weapon fell at his feet:

It was his washerwoman.

My uncle sternly waved her away, but she would not leave! He put her out and locked the door against her.

The shriek and report of the pistol alarmed the household, and raised the neighborhood. The house was besieged from the street and his rooms assailed from within. In the street, the rumor flew that a murder had been done. In the house, every soul believed that the Colonel had killed himself. The mob sent for police officers, and the landlady screamed for 'hammer and tongs.' What was my uncle to do? His desperation had wound his resolution once up to the suicidal point—but the defeat of his object had let it run down a degree or two. He looked at the pistol, stretched forth his hand to take it up and then slowly drew it back and shook his hand. He felt his resolution was no longer up to the killing point. The cord had been drawn to its tension and was suddenly relaxed! It would have required precisely the same force of causes as at first to reproduce the effect. If my uncle had time given him, he might, by going over the whole affair, possibly have again worked himself a second time, up to the critical point below which no man can require sufficient nerve to blow his brains out. But the sovereign people without and the sovereign landlady within, would give him no time to rekindle the flame of his wrongs. The door was burst open and in rushed the head of a human current which reached to the street. My uncle stood in the centre of the room with folded arms, the discharged pistol at his feet, and in his eyes, a look of calm desperation.

'Take me! I am the man,' he said in a deep tone that checked their advance.

An officer forced his way through the crowd, and glanced with a quick scrutinizing eye about the apartment. He then took up the pistol.

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‘Discharged! Where is the man he has killed?’

‘Surely, sir,’ interposed the landlady, ‘he has killed no body, but liked to killed himself, the poor gentleman, and one of my regulerest paying lodgers too. It would ha’ been a pity! Thank the Lord he is safe and sound.’

‘So, sir. There has been no murder committed then,’ said Mr. Hays, glancing a second time about the corners of the room and then looking into the muzzle of the pistol as if he would fain read there ‘some dark tale of blood.’

‘No, sir, no murder. But bid these go— bid these gazers go—I cannot bear the gaze of human eyes! *Bid them go,*’ he whispered hoarsely, ‘and *I’ll tell thee what has been done.*’

The officer stared, and then cleared the room, by saying no murder had been committed. The crowd soon dispersed from within and without, and my uncle was left alone with the police officer.

‘I will tell thee what has been done. Do you remember me?’ asked my uncle in a low impressive tone, bending his face close to his.

‘Certainly I do,’ answered the man who never forgot a face, the eyes of which he had once looked into.

‘You did not search me.’

‘No.’

‘Ha, ha,’ laughed my uncle wildly. ‘Ha, ha!’

‘What am I to understand by—’

‘You did not search me—no—no! *I would not* be searched. No, no! Ha, ha ha.’

‘Why, dear sir’ you are ill,’ said Hays, kindly; you had best lie down.’

‘Lie down. You did not think I had it.’

‘Had what?’

‘The pocket–book,’ answered my uncle, bringing his lips close to the officer’s ear and speaking in a tone as if he feared the walls would hear the communication. Alas, my poor uncle, his reason was leaving him.

‘The pocket–book.’

‘Ay, sir, the pocket–book,’ shouted my uncle in a voice of thunder. ‘Look there, sir.’ And he stood for an instant pointing with a rigid finger and ghastly visage towards the table.

The officer took up the pocket–book with hesitation which was instantly followed by an exclamation of surprise as he read the name of Russel R. Russel, on the leather band. It took him but an instant to count the sum it contained. The whole of my uncle’s present conduct he now attributed to guilt. Without giving him any credit for his confession, he went up to him as he still stood pointing to the table rigidly and stiffly with a most fearful expression on his face, and said quietly to him—

‘Sir, I arrest you as my prisoner.’

Then my uncle’s hand fell powerless at his side—the muscles of his face relaxed, his eyes lost their hard, stony glare, and placing his arm in that of the officer, he motioned him to proceed.

The police judge started from his bench, when he saw my uncle led in before him in custody of a police officer, for he personally knew my uncle and esteemed him.

‘Some mistake, Mr. Hays! No?’ he asked, looking with anxious solicitude at the officer.

‘No, sir, Mr. Russel’s pocket–book is found in his possession.’

‘It is impossible. There is some error.’

‘There is the pocket–book, sir, which I myself found on his table in his private room.’

‘By — there’s some mistake, Hays,’ reiterated justice Bloodgood. Colonel Treat, be so good as to explain your appearance here.’

My uncle made no answer, but stood with his arms folded across his breast, gazing upon vacancy. Several gentlemen were sent for who were his friends, and at length they succeeded by the tenderest sympathy with his feelings in drawing from all that he knew in relation to it.

‘Some villain when the search commenced, placed it in your pocket,’ said the President of the Bank when the brief narration was ended. With checks for fifteen thousand dollars about you, you would have enough to do to take care of your own pockets, without thrusting your fingers into another man’s.’

‘How did you know I had these?’ asked my uncle.

‘I was aware of your receiving them at Albany, yesterday, and besides, it is not half an hour since you sent them to be cashed.’

‘I sent them!’ exclaimed my uncle—‘let me tell you, gentlemen, that *my* pocket–book and all it contained, was

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taken, and *this* was substituted for it!' This was the first time my uncle had thought of his own loss!

The exclamations of surprise were general.

'The rogue, whoever he was, made the exchange after the search commenced,' said Hays, after a moment's reflection. It must have been some one, too, who knew your pocket-book was of the most value. You see, gentlemen, with what refinement of roguery this was probably done! Did you hold conversation with any one, sir, after the loss of the pocket-book?' asked Hays, with deep interest.

'No, sir,' answered my uncle, 'save with a quiet gentleman, whose sentiments and mine singularly harmonized. I could not suspect him.'

'Who was he?' asked the officer, abruptly.

A stranger, but of most affable and commanding address. We were discussing together the loss, when,' added my uncle, with great simplicity, 'to assure him *I* had no need to pick any man's pocket I took my pocket-book and showed him the contents.

'That affable gentleman, is the man,' exclaimed Hays. Which of those upon the upper deck was he?'

'He who first went down—but surely, he could not—'

'*He is the man.*'

'Wore he an olive green coat with velvet collar, and a white beaver hat, and were his complexion and hair sandy?' asked the President, with painful interest.

'It was,' said Hays and my uncle in the same breath.

'It is he then to whom my teller paid the checks soon after the bank opened. You perceive, Mr Justice, that there has been deep roguery here, and that Colonel Treat has been more sinned against than sinning.'

'Colonel Treat is honorably discharged,' said the Justice. 'Mr. Hays, here is a police warrant for that rogue. He must be brought here before sunset.'

'I think I have the clew to him,' said old Hays, who was present. If you will be so kind as to remain half an hour, gentlemen, I think I can show Colonel Treat his travelling friend.'

In less than half an hour, the High Constable returned to the police court leading in the gentleman whose sentiments were so congenial with my unfortunate uncle's. The 'affable gentleman' confessed and delivered up eight thousand dollars of the fifteen he had received. The balance, he said he had sent out of town to a partner, but said he would restore it if the plaintiff declined prosecuting, within ten days. My uncle who had heard with painful astonishment, the confession of his friend, felt no disposition to prosecute, and the prisoner was permitted to address a letter to Boston, with the understanding that he was to be kept in confinement until the expiration of the ten days. His companions, be it here recorded, governed by that principle of union and honor that exists among organized rogues, were not tempted even for seven thousand dollars to make a sacrifice of their less fortunate friend to the law, and promptly forwarded the amount to Justice Bloodgood.

From that time my uncle lost all faith in the outward seeming of a gentleman, judged of men and manners more correctly and judiciously, parted from much of his sensitive pride and exclusiveness of character, and became wiser and happier for it. But ever afterwards he took a higher ground than he had built his favorite theory upon, and contended that no man could be a gentleman but one whose spirit was imbued with the principles and precepts of true christianity. THE END.