

Bishop Berkeley than by any transcendent merit in these two tracts; and among others came Maclaurin.

Taylor's Theorem, based upon that first published by Maclaurin, is the foundation of the Calculus by La Grange, differing from the methods of Leibnitz and Newton in the manner of deriving the auxiliaries employed, proceeding upon analytical considerations throughout. Of his "*Théorie des Fonctions*," and that noblest achievement of the pure reason, the "*Mécanique Analytique*," we do not propose to speak, nor of the later developments of the Calculus, so largely due to his genius and labors. These are mysteries, known only to the initiated, yet capable of raising their thoughts in as sublime emotion as arose from the view of the elder, forgotten mysteries, which Cicero deemed the very source and beginning of true life.

We have seen how, and through whose toil, this mightiest instrument of human thought has reached its present perfection. Now, its vast powers fully recognized, it has become interwoven with all Natural Philosophy. On its sure basis rests that majestic structure, the "*Mécanique Céleste*" of La Place. Its demonstration supports with undoubted proof many doctrines of the great Newton. Discovery has succeeded discovery; but its powers have never yet been fully tested. "It is that field of mathematical investigation," says Davies, "where genius may exert its highest powers and find its surest rewards." Looking back through the long course of events leading to such

a magnificent result, looking up to that choral dance of wandering planets, all whose courses and seasons are marked down for us in the yearly almanac, can we not find in these manifestations something on the whole quite wonderful, worthy of very deep thankfulness, heartfelt humility withal, and far-reaching hope?

In an age of many-colored absurdity, when extremes meet and contradictions harmonize,—when men of gross, material aims give implicit confidence to the wildest ravings of the supernatural, and pure-minded men embrace French theories of social organization,—when crowds of dullards all aflame with unexpected imagination assemble in ascension-robcs to await the apocalyptic trump, and Asiatic polygamy spreads unmolested along our Western rivers,—when the prediction is accomplished, "Old men dream dreams and young men see visions," and the most practical of the ages bids fair to glide ghostly into history as the most superstitious,—it is well, it can but be well, to contemplate reverently that Reason, which Coleridge, after Leighton, calls "an influence from the Glory of the Almighty." In the contemplation of the spirit of man (not your *animula*, by any means!) there is earnest of immortality which needs not that one rise from the dead to confirm it. In view of the Foresight which guides men, we may trust that all this tumultuous sense of inadequacy in present institutions, this blind notion of wrong, far enough from intelligent correction, is, after all, better than sluggish inaction.

BULLS AND BEARS.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER XXX.

THE suspension of specie payments brought instant relief to all really solvent mercantile houses; since those who had valuable assets of any kind could

now obtain discounts sufficient to enable them to meet their liabilities. Among those who were at once relieved was the house of Lindsay and Company; they resumed payment and recommenced busi-

ness. Mr. Lindsay lost no time in finding his clerk Monroe, and reinstated him with an increased salary. Great was the sorrow in the ragged school at the loss of the teacher; and it was with some regret that he abandoned the place. He felt no especial vocation to the career of a missionary; but his duties had become less irksome than at the beginning, if not absolutely pleasant. His own position, however, was such that he could not afford to continue in his self-denying occupation. Easelmann was one of the first to congratulate him upon his improved prospects.

"Don't you feel sorry, my dear fellow? Now you get upon your treadmill of business, and you must keep going, or break your legs. Think, too, of the jolly little rascals you have left! The beggars are the only aristocracy we have,—the only people who enjoy their *dolce far niente*. Look on the Common: who are there amusing themselves on a fine day, unless it be your Duke Do-nothing, Earl Out-at-elbows, Duchess Draggle-tail, and others of that happy class? Meanwhile your Lawrences, Eliots, and the "Merchant Princes" (a satirical dog that invented the title!) are going about with sharpened faces, looking as though they weren't sure of a dinner. Oh, business is a great matter, to be sure! but the idlers, artists, poets, and other lazzaroni, are the only people that enjoy life."

Monroe smiled, and only replied,—

"Think of my mother! I must do something besides enjoying life, as you call it: I must earn the means of making it enjoyable."

"You were always a good boy," replied his friend, benignantly. "So go to work; but don't forget to walk out of town now and then; in which case, I hope you won't disdain the company of *one* of the idlers."

The "mother" was full of joy; her melancholy nervousness almost wholly forsook her. She looked proudly upon her "dear boy," thinking him the best, most considerate, faithful, and affectionate of sons,—as he was.

Walter, after listening to her benedictions, told her he had an invitation from Mr. Lindsay to dine the next day, and begged her to go with him; but the habit of inaction, the dread of bustle and motion, were too strong to be overcome. She could not be persuaded to leave home.

"But go, by all means, Walter," she added. "It will be pleasant to be on such terms with your employer. I must keep watch of you, though, now that Alice is gone. Are there young ladies at the house?"

"Why, mother, how jealous you are! Do you think I go about falling in love with all the young ladies I see? Mr. Lindsay has a beautiful daughter; but do you think a poor clerk is likely to be regarded as 'eligible' by a family accustomed to wealth and luxury?"

The mother looked as though she thought her son a match for the richest and proudest; she said nothing, but patted his head as though he were still only a boy.

"Speaking of Alice, mother, I am very much concerned about her. Now that I am reëstablished, I shall make every exertion to find her and bring her home to live with us. Mr. Greenleaf, I know, is looking for her; very little good it will do him, if he finds her."

"But we shall hear from him, I presume?"

"I think so. He is intimate with my friend Mr. Easelmann.—But, mother, I have some more good news. I shall get our property back. Lawyers say that Mr. Tonsor will be obliged to give up the notes, and look to the estate of Sandford for the money he lent. And the notes, fortunately, are as valuable as ever, in spite of all the multitude of failures; one name, at least, on each note is good."

"Everything comes back, like Job's prosperity. This repays us for all our anxiety."

"If Alice had not run away!"

"But we shall have her again,—poor motherless child!"

So with mutual gratulations they passed the evening. My readers who now enjoy a mother's love, or look back with affectionate reverence to such scenes in the past, will pardon these apparently unimportant portions of the story. Sooner or later all will learn that no worldly success whatever, no friendships, not even the absorbing love of wife and children, can afford a pleasure so full, so serene, as the sacred feeling which rises at the recollection of a mother's self-sacrificing affection.

Very commonplace, no doubt,—but still worth an occasional thought. As for those who demand that natural and simple feelings shall be ignored, and that every chapter shall record something not less startling than murder or treason, are there not already means for gratifying their tastes? Do not the "Torpedo" and the "Blessing of the Boudoir" give enough of these delicate condiments with the intellectual viands they furnish? Let old-fashioned people enjoy their plain dishes in peace.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE reader may be quite sure that Greenleaf lost no time in presenting himself at Easemann's studio on the morning after his last interview.

"On hand early, I see," said the elder. "And how fresh you look! The blood comes dancing into your face; you are radiant with expectation."

"You mummy, what do you suppose I am made of, if the thought of meeting Alice should not quicken my blood a little?"

"If it were my case, I think my cheeks would tingle from another cause."

"Now you need not try to frighten me. I will see her first. I don't believe she has forgotten me."

"Nor I; but forgetting is one thing, and forgiving is another. Besides, we haven't seen her yet."

"I haven't, I know; but I'll wager you have."

"Well, my Hotspur, I sha'n't entice her away from you."

"Let us go," said Greenleaf.

"Presently; I must finish this pipe first; it lasts thirty-six minutes, and I have smoked only—let me see—twenty-eight."

"Well, puff away; but you'll burn up my patience with your tobacco, unless you are ready soon."

"Don't hurry. You'll get to your stool of repentance quite soon enough. Have you heard the news? The banks have suspended,—ditto Fletcher, a banker's clerk."

"What do you mean?"

"Plain enough. The banks suspend paying specie because they haven't any to redeem their bills; and Fletcher, because he has neither specie nor bills."

"Fletcher suspended?"

"Yes, *sus. per coll.*, as the Newgate records have it,—hung himself with his handkerchief,—an article he might have put to better use."

And Easemann blew a vigorous blast with his, as he laid down the pipe.

"You understand, choking is disagreeable,—painful, in fact,—and, if indulged in long enough, is apt to produce unpleasant effects. Remember, I once warned you against it."

"This matter of suicide is horrible. Couldn't it have been prevented?"

"Yes, if Fletcher could have got hold of Bullion."

"Coin would have done as well, I suppose."

"Now haven't I been successful in diverting your attention? You have actually punned. Don't you know Mr. Bullion, the capitalist?"

"I have good reason to remember him, though I don't know him myself. My father was once connected with him in business, and not at all to his own advantage."

"I never heard you speak of your father before; in fact, I never knew you had one."

"It was not necessary to speak of him; he has been dead many years."

"And left you nothing to remember him by. Now a man with an estate has a perpetual reminder."

"So has the son of a famous man; and people are continually depreciating him, comparing his little bud of promise with the ripe fruitage of the ancestral tree. I prefer to acquire my own fortune and my own fame. My father did his part by giving me being and educating me.—But come; your pipe is out; you draw like a pump, without puffing even a nebula of smoke."

"I suppose I must yield. First a lavation; this Virginian incense is more agreeable to devout worshippers like you and me than to the uninitiated. There," (wiping the water from his moustaches,) "now I am qualified to meet that queenly rose, Mrs. Sandford, or even that delicate spring violet of yours,—if we should find the nook where she blooms."

"You are the most tantalizing fellow! How provokingly cool you are, to stand dallying as though you were going on the most indifferent errand! And all the while to remind me of what I have lost. Come, you look sufficiently fascinating; your gray moustache has the proper artistic curl; your hair is carelessly-well-arranged."

"So the boy can't wait for due preparation. There, I believe I am ready."

Arrived at the house where Mrs. Sandford boarded, they were ushered into the reception-room; but Easelmann, bidding his friend wait, followed the servant upstairs. Waiting is never an agreeable employment. The courtier in the ante-chamber before the expected audience, the office-seeker at the end of a cue in the Presidential mansion, the beau lounging in the drawing-room while the idol of his soul is in her chamber busy with the thousand little arts that are to complete her charms,—none of these find that time speeds. To Greenleaf the delay was full of torture; he paced the room, looked at the pictures without seeing anything, looked out of the window, turned over the gift-books on the table, counted the squares in the car-

pet, and finally sat down in utter despair. At length Easelmann returned. Greenleaf started up.

"Where is she? Have you seen her? Why doesn't she come down? And why, in the name of goodness, have you kept me waiting in this outrageous way?"

"I don't know.—I have not.—I can't tell you.—And because I couldn't help it.—Never say, after this, I don't answer all your questions."

"Now, what is the use of all this mystery?"

"Softly, my friend; and let us not make a mess of it. Mrs. Sandford advises us to walk out awhile."

"I am obliged to her and to you for your well-meant caution, but I don't intend to go out until I have seen Alice,—if she will see me."

"But consider."

"I have considered, and am determined to see her; I can't endure this suspense."

"But Alice bore it much longer. Be advised; Mrs. Sandford wants to prepare the way for you."

"I thank you; but I don't mean to have any stratagem acted for my benefit. I will trust the decision to her: if she loves me, all will be well; if her just resentment has uprooted her love, the sooner I know it the better."

While they were engaged in this mutual expostulation, Alice, all-unconscious of the impending situation in the drama, was busy in her own room,—for Mrs. Sandford had not yet decided how to break the news to her,—and having an errand that led her to the street, she put on her cloak and hat and tripped lightly down-stairs. Naturally she went into the drawing-room, to make sure, by the mirror, that her ribbons were neatly adjusted. As she entered, fastening her cloak, and humming some simple air meanwhile, she started back at the sight of strangers, and was rapidly retreating, when a voice that she had not forgotten exclaimed, "Great Heavens, there she is now! Alice! Alice! stop! I beg of you!"

Greenleaf at the same time bounded to the door, and, seizing her hand, drew her, bewildered, faint, and fluttering, back into the room.

He turned almost fiercely to his companion:—

"This is your policy, is it, to send her off?—or, more probably, to amuse me and not send for her at all?"

"Ask the lady,—ask Mrs. Sandford," replied Easelmann. "I have not sent her off; and you ought to know by this time that I am incapable of playing false to any man."

Alice, erect, but very pale, maintained her composure as well as she could, though the timid lips trembled a little, and blinding clouds rose before her eyes. She withdrew her hand from Greenleaf's grasp, and asked the meaning of this unusual conduct. Greenleaf's good sense came to the rescue seasonably.

"Alice,—Miss Lee,—allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Easelmann. We came here to see you, and were waiting for that purpose; but it seems you were not told of it."

Easelmann bowed, saying, "No, Miss Lee; I saw Mrs. Sandford, who thought it best to speak to you first herself."

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Easelmann," said Alice. "I was just going out, however, as you see, and I must ask you to excuse me this morning."

Greenleaf saw with a pang how silently, but effectually, he was disposed of; a downright rebuff would not have been so humiliating. But he was not to be deterred from his purpose, and he went on:

"Pardon me, if I seem to overstep the bounds of courtesy; but I cannot let you go in this way, Alice,—for so I must call you. Stay and hear me. Now that I see you, I must speak. God only knows with what anxiety I have sought you for the last month."

She tried to answer, but could not command her speech. Seeing her increasing agitation, Easelmann led her to a seat, and then, in a gentler tone than he often used, said,—

"I will leave the room, if you please,

Miss Lee; this is an interview I did not desire to witness."

"No," she exclaimed, "do not go. I have nothing to say that you should not hear; and I hope Mr. Greenleaf will spare me the pain of going over a history which is better forgotten."

"It can never be forgotten," interposed Greenleaf; "and, in spite of your protest, I must say what I can—and that is little enough—to exculpate myself, and then throw myself upon your charity for forgiveness."

Alice remained silent; but it was a silence that gave no encouragement to Greenleaf. He advanced still nearer, looking at her with a tender earnestness, as though his very soul were in the glance. She covered her face with her hands.

"Alice," he said, "you know what that name once meant to me. I cannot speak it now without a feeling beyond utterance."

Easelmann, meanwhile, quietly sidled towards the door, and, saying that he was going back to see Mrs. Sandford, abruptly left the room.

Greenleaf went on,— "I know my conduct was utterly inexcusable; but I declare, by my hope of heaven, I never loved any woman but you. I was fascinated, ensnared, captivated by the senses only; now that illusion is past, and I turn to you."

"My illusion is past also; you turn too late. Can you make me forget those months of neglect?"

The tone was tender, but mournful. How he wished that her answer had been fuller of rebuke! He could hope to overcome her anger far more easily than this settled sorrow.

"I know I can never atone for the wrong; there are injuries that are irreparable, wounds that leave ineffaceable scars. I can never undo what I have done; would to Heaven I could! You may never forget this period of suffering; but that is past now; it is not to be lived over again. Go back rather to the brighter days before it; think of them,

and then look down the future;—may I dare say it?—the future, perhaps, will make us both forget my insane wanderings and your undeserved pains.”

“But love must have faith to lean upon. While I loved you, I rested on absolute trust. I would have believed you against all the world. I would have been glad to share your lot, even in poverty and obscurity. I did not love you for your art nor your fame. You wavered; you forgot me. I don’t know what it was that tempted you, but it was enough; it drew you away from me; and as long as you preferred another, or could be satisfied with any other woman’s love, you lost all claim to mine.”

Greenleaf could not but feel the force of this direct, womanly logic; in its clear light how pitiful were the excuses he had framed for himself! He felt sure that many, even of the best of men, might have erred in the same way; but this was an argument which would have much more weight with his own sex than with women. Men know their own frailties, and are therefore charitable; women consider inconstancy to be the one unpardonable sin, and are inexorable.

He came still nearer, vainly hoping to see some indication of relenting; but the pale face was as firm as it was sad.

“I said before, Alice, that I do not attempt to defend my faithlessness, hardly to extenuate it; and I do not at all wonder at your altered temper towards me. It was a cruel blow I gave you. But my life shall show you the sincerity of my repentance.”

She shook her head as she answered,—

“When you left me, the last spark of love went out. It is hard to kindle anew the dead embers. No,—when I found that you *could* be untrue, all was over,—past, present, and future.”

“But consider,” he said, still more earnestly, “what remains for you or me. You will have the memory of this great sorrow, and I the unending remorse. I can never love another woman while you live, and you—may I say it?—will never love again as you have loved. Is

it not for your own happiness, as it is most assuredly for mine, that you overlook the fault, receive me again, and trust to the lasting effect of the bitter lesson I have learned? Forgive me, if I seem too bold,—if the desire to atone for the past makes me sue for pardon with unbecoming zeal. If I were less urgent, it would be because I was not sensible of the wrong, and careless about reparation.”

She was silent; contending passions strove for mastery. She had not forgotten him, then! He took courage and came yet nearer.

“Will you give me your hand? Alice, will you?”

He reached his own towards her.

“No,—pardon me,—I must not. It is not well to decide by impulse,—to be swayed by a thrill. When my heart tells me to give you my hand, it shall be yours. I don’t wish to be charmed out of my calmer judgment. Your presence, your fiery words, and your will, are sufficiently magnetic.”

“My dear Alice, I have been guilty of one folly, a serious one, but you don’t believe I am incapable of constancy henceforth. Remember you were away; time hung heavily on my hands; my good-nature made me accept invitations which brought me into daily contact with a woman who of all others was most dangerous to a man of ardent temperament. The friendship which began without a thought of a nearer relation grew into an intimacy which I was not far-sighted enough to check. In your own words, I was magnetized, thoroughly; and when, at last, in a scene of imminent danger, I rashly said some things that should not have been spoken, I found myself committed irrevocably. It is not too much to say that the lady was looking for the opportunity which fate and my own stupidity gave her. But the spell did not last. Your face was constantly before me like an accusing angel. I waited only until the lady recovered from a dangerous illness to tell her that I did not love her, and that my heart, as well as my faith, was yours. I went at once to see you,

and found your father dead, yourself homeless. And from that hour I have done nothing but search for you. Is it in vain?—I can say no more. Perhaps I have said too much. But I implore you, Alice, by the memory of our love as it was once, by all your hope of the future, to forgive me, and not to make my whole life as miserable as the last few months have been to you.”

It was the last word; he felt that he had nothing further to urge. He bent over her chair, seized her hand and pressed it passionately to his lips, watching with the intensest eagerness the effect of his appeal.—There was a rustle of silk behind him, an incoming of perfumes, a light footstep. He started, as did Alice, and beheld—Miss Marcia Sandford! She was tastefully dressed, as usual, and she bore herself with superb composure. In coming from the sunlight into the semi-translucent gloom which pervades modern drawing-rooms, people are not easily recognized, and the lady swept majestically across the floor, and took a seat, without a sign of consciousness, near the couple whose conversation she had interrupted.

Not so Greenleaf; it was the most dangerous dilemma in which he had ever been placed, and he was thoroughly at a loss to know how to extricate himself. Would that he could telegraph to Easemann to come down, so that he could effect a decent retreat, and not leave the field in the sole possession of the enemy. The silence was becoming embarrassing. He was about to make some excuse for departure, when the lioness fixed her eyes upon him,—her glance sparkling with malicious joy. A servant entered to say that Mrs. Sandford was engaged for a few minutes, and that she wished to know the name of her visitor.

“Miss Sandford,” she replied, “and please tell her I will wait.”

Alice remembered the name, and now shared fully in Greenleaf’s embarrassment. She watched him, therefore, keenly, while the lady began,—

“Oh, Mr. Greenleaf, is it you? Why

didn’t you speak? It is not worth while to keep a memory of the old disappointment. Let bygones be bygones. Besides, I see you know the remedy for heartbreak; if you can’t succeed where you would, you must try elsewhere. And you seemed to be getting on very well when I came in.”

“Miss Sandford,” he retorted, indignantly, “there is as little need of your ironical condolence as of your ungenerous insinuations.”

“What an impatient fellow! and so sensitive, too! The wound is not healed, then. Pray introduce me to the Zerlina in our little opera. As I know you so well, I can give her some excellent counsel about managing you.—Ah, you wince! I am indiscreet, I fear; I have betrayed a secret; the Zerlina is perhaps still in her rustic seclusion, and this is only— Well, you must submit to your destiny, I suppose. How many are there since? Let me see,—six weeks,—time for three flirtations of the most intensely crimson hue.”

Alice rose to her feet, with a glow of resentment on her hitherto pale face. And Greenleaf, feeling that courtesy was now wholly unnecessary, exclaimed,—

“Miss Sandford, you have said quite as much as was proper for a young girl to hear: your own cheeks, I presume, are proof against any indelicate surprise. Let me ask you to stop, before”——

“Before what, Sir? And what is this high-and-mighty innocence about? To be sure, one does not like to be exposed,—that is, the wolf doesn’t,—though the lamb shouldn’t be angry. A pretty lamb it is, too.”

Alice gradually drew away from Greenleaf’s side, turning her glances from one to the other of the combatants. She had never seen such confidence, such readiness of invective, joined with such apparent sincerity and ease of manner; and the evident effect of the attack upon Greenleaf puzzled her not a little; in this brief colloquy there were opened new fields for dark conjecture. The woman’s words had been barbed arrows in her ears.

Greenleaf's perplexity increased momentarily. He dared not go away now; and he knew not how, in Miss Sandford's presence, to counteract the impression she might make. If he could get rid of her or shut her wickedly-beautiful mouth, he might answer all she had so artfully thrown out. But as Alice had not given any token of returning affection, he could not presume upon his good standing with her and remain silent. Growing desperate, he ventured once more.

"Miss Sandford, I know very well the depth of your hate towards me, as well as your capacity for misrepresentation. If you desire to have the history of our intimacy dragged to the light, I, for my part, am willing. But don't think your sex will screen you, if you continue the calumnies you have begun.—You, Alice, must judge between us. And in almost every point, Mrs. Sandford, your friend and her sister-in-law, will be able to support my statements."

The servant returned to say that "Mrs. Sandford must be excused."

Greenleaf turned upon the adversary with a triumphant glance.

"A palpable trick," she exclaimed. "You gave the servant a signal: you were unwilling to have us confronted. You have filled her ears with scandal about me."

"Not a word; she can hear a plenty about you in any circle where you are known, without coming to me. And so far from giving any signal, I should be rejoiced to show Alice how easily an honest woman's testimony will put your monstrous effrontery to shame."

Alice here interposed,—her resolute spirit manifest in spite of her trembling voice,—

"I have heard this too long already. I don't wish to be the subject of this lady's jests, and I don't desire her advice. Your quarrel does not concern me,—at least, not so deeply that I wish to have it repeated in my presence. Mr. Greenleaf, let me bid you good-morning."

She moved away with a simple dignity,

bowing with marked coolness to the former rival.

"Stay, Alice," said Greenleaf. "Let me not be thrust aside in this way. Miss Sandford, now that she has done what mischief she can, will go away and enjoy the triumph. I beg of you, stay and let me set myself right."

Miss Sandford laughed heartily,—a laugh that made Greenleaf shiver.

"Not to-day, Mr. Greenleaf," she answered. "I have need of rest and reflection. I am not used to scenes like this, and my brain is in a whirl."

The first flush of excitement was over, and it was with difficulty that she found her way through the hall. Easemann was coming down, and saw her hesitating step and her tremulous grasp upon the rail; he sprang down four steps at a time, caught her before she fell, and carried her in his arms like a child up to Mrs. Sandford's room.

Greenleaf was so completely absorbed by the danger of losing the last hold upon Alice, that he forgot his most excusable anger against the vindictive woman who still lingered, enjoying her victory. He sank into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and for some time neither looked up nor replied to her taunts.

"Come, now," said she, "don't take it so hard. Is my handsome sister-in-law obdurate? Never mind; don't be desolate; other women will be kind,—for you are just the man to attract sentimental damsels. Cheer up! you will find a new affinity before night, I haven't a doubt."

Roused at length, Greenleaf stood up before the mocking fiend, so radiant in her evil smiles, and said,—

"You enemy of all that is good, what brought you here? Keep in your own sphere, if there is one for you in this world."

"I came to see my sister, as you know. It was a most unexpected pleasure to meet you. I came to tell her that brother Henry has either run away or killed himself, it doesn't matter which."

"Pray, follow him. I assure you we

shall mourn your absence as bitterly as you do his."

"Well, good-bye," she said, still laughing in the same terrible tone. "Better luck next time."

The door closed upon her, and Greenleaf drew a long breath with a sense of infinite relief.

"Come," said Easelmann, entering a moment later,—“come, let us go. We have done quite enough for one day. You wouldn't take my advice, and a pretty mess you have made of it."

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEN the remains of John Fletcher were borne to the grave, the memory of his faults was buried with him. "Poor fellow!" was the general ejaculation in State Street,—at once his *requiescat* and epitaph. But the great wheels of business moved on; Bulls and Bears kept up their ever-renewing conflicts and their secret machinations; new gladiators stepped into the ring; new crowds waited the turn of the wheel of Fortune; and new Fletchers were ready to sacrifice themselves, if need were, for the Bullions of the exchange. Who believes in the efficacy of "lessons"? What public execution ever deterred the murderer from his design? What spectacle of drunkenness ever restrained the youthful debauchee? What accession, however notable, to the ranks of "the unfortunate" ever made the fascinated woman pause in her first steps toward ruin?

No,—human nature remains the same; and the erring ones, predestined to sin by their own unrestrained passions, wait only for the overmastering circumstances to yield and fall. When any of these solemn warnings are held up to the yet callow sinner, what does he propose to do? To stop and repent? No,—to be a little more careful and not be caught.

Not that precepts and examples are useless. All together go to make up the moral government of the world,—pervading like the atmosphere, and like it

resting with uniform pressure upon the earth. Crime and folly will always have their exemplars, but retribution furnishes the restraining influence that keeps evil down to its average. As locks and bolts are made for honest men, not for thieves, so the moral law and its penalties are for those who have never openly sinned.

If Mr. Bullion had been ten times the Shylock he was, he could not have disregarded the last injunction of Fletcher. The turn in the market enabled him to make advantageous sales of his stocks, and in less than a week he resumed payment. The first thing he did was to pay over to trustees the notes he had given Fletcher, thereby securing the widow at least a decent support. He also sent Danforth & Co. the ten thousand dollars for which their clerk had paid such a terrible forfeiture. After discharging all his obligations, there was still an ample margin left,—a large fortune, in fact. Mr. Bullion could now retire with comfort,—could look forward to many years; so he flattered himself. His will was made, his children provided for; and some unsettled accounts, not remembered by any save himself and the recording angel, were adjusted as well as the lapse of time would allow. So he thought of purchasing a country-house for the next season, and of giving the rest of his days to the enjoyment of life.

But it was not so to be. A swift and sudden stroke smote him down. In the dead of night, and alone, he met the angel for whose summons all of us are waiting, and went his way without a struggle. The morning sun, as its rays shot in between the blinds, lighted the seamed and careworn face of an old man, resting, as in a serene, dreamless sleep.

Mr. Tonsor found, on consulting the best legal authorities, that he could not maintain his claim upon the notes he had received of Sandford; and, rather than subject himself to the expense of a lawsuit in which he was certain to be beaten, he relinquished them to Monroe,

and filed his claim for the money against Sandford's estate. *Ten per cent.* was the amount of the dividend he received; the remainder was charged to Profit and Loss,—Experience being duly credited with the same amount.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the judicious Easemann prevented his friend from making a second visit in the evening of the same day. Greenleaf had come to a full conviction, in his own mind, that his difference with Alice ought to be settled, and he could not conceive that it might take time to bring her to the same conclusion. Some people adapt themselves to circumstances instantly; the aversion of one hour becomes the delight of the next; but those who are guided by reasoning, especially where there is a shade of resentment,—who are fortified by pride of opinion, and by the idea of consistent self-respect,—such persons are slow to change a settled conviction; the course of feeling is too powerful and too constant to be arrested and turned backward. Easemann thought—and perhaps rightly—that Alice needed only time to become accustomed to the new view of the case; and he believed that any precipitation might be fatal to his friend's hopes.

"Give her the opportunity to think about it," he said; "if she loves you, depend upon it, the wind will change with her. Due east to-day, according to all you have told me; and the violets won't blossom till the sun comes out of the sullen gray cloud and the south wind breathes on them.—The very contact with a lover, you see, makes me poetical."

"But her thoughts may take another direction. Who can tell what impression that malicious vixen has made upon her?"

"Alice, I fancy, is a sensible young woman; and Miss Sandford, in her rage, must have shown her hand too freely. To be sure, Alice might wonder how you could ever have been captivated; but she could not blame you for getting out of

reach of such a Tartar. Besides, the exemplary widow is your friend, you know, and I'll warrant that she will set the matter right. Marcia won't trouble you again; such a mischance couldn't happen twice. You are as safe as the sailor who put his head into the hole where a cannon-shot had just come through. Lightning doesn't strike the same tree twice in one shower."

Greenleaf was at length persuaded to wait and let events take their course. If he remained inactive, however, Easemann did not; from Mrs. Sandford he heard daily the progress of affairs, and at length intimated to his friend that it might be judicious to call again.

Once more Greenleaf was seated in the drawing-room of the boarding-house. At every distant footstep his heart beat almost audibly; and when at last the breezy rustle of a woman's robes came in from the hall, he thought, as many a man has, before and since,—

"She is coming, my life, my fate!"

She entered, not with the welcoming smile he would have liked to see, nor with the forbidding cloud of sadness which veiled her face a few days before. But how lovely! Time had given fullness and perfection to her beauty, while the effect of the trials she had undergone was seen only in the look of womanly dignity and self-control she had acquired. It was the freshness of girlhood joined to the grace of maturity.

Nothing is more inscrutable than the working of the human will; argument does not reach it, nor does persuasion overcome it. It holds out against reason, against interest, against passion; no sufficient motive can be found with which to control it. On the other hand, it sometimes stoops in a way that defies prediction; pride is vanquished or disarmed, resentment melts away like frost, and the resolution that at first seemed firm as the everlasting rock proves to be no barrier. Nor is this uncertainty confined to the sex at whose foibles the satirists have been wont to let fly their arrows.

Feeling is deeper than thought; and as the earthquake lifts the mountain with all the weight of its rocky strata and of the piled-up edifices that crown its top, so there comes a time when the emotional nature rises up and overthrows the carefully wrought structures of the intellect, and asserts its original and supreme mastery over the soul of man.

Alice felt sure that every trace of her love for Greenleaf had disappeared. She looked in her heart and saw there only the memory of neglect and unfaithfulness. If love existed, it was as fire lurks in ashes, unrecognized. She had conversed freely with Mrs. Sandford, and learned that Greenleaf's version of the story was the correct one. Still the original treason remained without apology; and she had determined to express her regret for what had happened, to assure him of her friendship, but to forbid any hope of reëstablishing their former relations. With this intention, she bade him good-morning and quietly took a seat.

"I did not think that so many days would pass before I should see you; but now that you have had time to reflect, I hope your feelings have softened towards me."

"You mistake, if you suppose that giving me time for reflection has produced any such change."

"Then, pray, forget the past altogether."

"I cannot forget."

"If your memory must be busy, pray, go back to the pleasanter days of our acquaintance."

"I remember the days you speak of; I shall never forget them; but it is a happiness that is dead and buried."

"Love will make it live again."

"It is hard to recognize love when it comes like Lazarus from the tomb."

"Still we don't read that the friends of Lazarus were displeased with his return and wished him back to his grave-clothes."

"You can turn the comparison as you choose; but it is not necessary that an illustration should be perfect in every

respect; if one catches a gleam of resemblance, it is enough."

The perfect command of her faculties, and the deliberate way in which she sustained her part in the conversation, thus far, were sufficiently disheartening to Greenleaf. He longed to change the tone, but feared to lose all by any rapid advance. He answered deprecatingly,—

"But all this intellectual fencing, my dear Alice, is useless. Love is not a spark to be struck out by the collision of arguments; I shall in vain try to *reason* you into affection for me. I have already said all I can say by way of apology for what I have done. If there yet lingers any particle of regard for me in your heart, I would fain revive it. If it is your pride that withstands me, I pray you consider whether it is well to make us both unhappy in order to maintain so poor a triumph. I am already conquered, and throw myself upon your generosity."

"You would put me in the wrong, then, and ascribe my refusal to an ungenerous pride? Is it generous in you to do so? Have you the right to place such a construction upon my conduct? I appeal to you in return. Remember, it is you who are responsible for this painful interview. I never sought you to cover you with reproaches. You force me to say what I would gladly leave in silence."

"Forgive me, Alice, if I wrong you; but my heart clings to you and will not be repulsed. I would fain believe, that, beneath all your natural resentment, there yet survives some portion of the love you once bore to me. If it were the first time I had ever approached you, a sense of delicacy, to say nothing of my own self-respect, would have prevented my importuning you in this way. But my fault has given me warrant to be bold, and if you finally cast me off,—but that is what I won't anticipate; I can't give you up. You once loved me,—and am I not the same?"

"No, not the same; or, rather, you have proved to be not what I thought."

"You persist in fixing your attention upon one dark spot. Do you remember this miniature? It has never been out of my bosom, and there has never been but one day in which I might not loyally carry it there. At that time, when I opened it, your eyes looked out at me with a tender reproach, and I was instantly recalled to myself. It was only the illusion of a moment, through which I had passed. Whatever may happen, I have one consolation: this dear image will remind me of the love I once possessed. I shall fold to my bosom the Alice that once was mine, and strive to forget our estrangement."

Alice was sensibly touched by this appeal, and much more by the tone in which it was made. In the momentary pause, Greenleaf raised his eyes and saw the struggle in her face. He rose, came nearer, and quietly took a seat on the sofa beside her.

"I heard you distinctly where you sat," she said, making an effort to keep down the tumult within, and shrinking, perhaps, from the influence of his presence.

"I wished to hear you, dear Alice, and therefore came nearer. Tell me, are you not mistaken? You have not forgotten me; you do love me yet. Let your heart speak; if you imprison it and force the dissembling lips to deny me, the dear traitor will make signals: it looks out of your eyes now."

He seized and imprisoned her hand, and still watched the current of feeling in her face.

"I thought myself strong enough for this," she said, tremblingly, "but I am not. I meant only to say that we would part — friends, but that we must part. It is not so easy to be calm, when you distract me so."

"Alice, you only deceive yourself; you love me. You have covered the spring in your heart with snow, but the fountain still flows underneath."

Her tears could be kept back no longer; they fell not like November rain, but rather like those sudden showers of spring

from passing clouds, while the blue sky still looks down, and rainbow smiles transfigure the landscape.

His heart gave a mighty throb as those softly humid eyes were turned upon him. He drew her, half consenting, still nearer. She hesitated, but not long.

"Hard a-port!" shouts the master; and the helmsman, with firm hand, holds down the wheel. Slowly the ship veers; the sails flutter and back, the yards are swung; waves strive to head the bow off, but the rudder is held with iron grasp; now comes the wind, the shaking sails fill with the sudden rush, and the ship bounds on her new course over the heaving waters.

Shall I fill out the comparison? Not for you, elders, who have seen the struggle of "tacking ship," and have felt the ecstatic swell of delight when it was accomplished! Not for the younger, who must learn for themselves the seamanship that is to carry them safely over the mysterious ocean on whose shore they have lingered and gazed and wished!

The conversation that followed it would be vain to report, even if it were possible; for the force of ejaculations depends so much on *tone*,—which our types do not know how to convey; and their punctuation-marks, I fear, were such as are not in use in any well-regulated printing-office. In due time it came to an end; and when Greenleaf took his unwilling departure, having repeatedly said good-bye, with the usual confirmation, he could no more remember what had been said in that miraculous hour than a bee flying home from a garden could tell you about the separate blossoms from which he (the Sybarite!) had gathered his freight of flower-dust.

One thing only he heard which the wisely incurious reader will care to know. Alice had met her cousin, Walter Monroe, the day before, had received a proper scolding for her absurd independence, and, after a frank settlement of the heart-question which came up on the day of her flight, had promised at once to re-

turn to his house,—where, for the brief remainder of our story, she is to be found. Let us wish her joy,—and the kind, motherly aunt, also.

Greenleaf went directly to Easelmann's room, opened the door, and spread his arms.

"Have you a strawberry-mark?" he shouted.

"No."

"Then you are my long-lost brother! Come to my arms!"

Easelmann laughed long and loudly.

"Forgive my nonsense, Easelmann. I know I am beside myself and ready for any extravagance,—I am so full of joy. I feared, in coming along the street, that I should break out into singing, or fall to dancing, like the Scriptural hills."

"Then you have succeeded, and the girl is yours! I forgive your stupid old joke. You can say and do just what you like. You have a right to be jolly, and to make a prodigious fool of yourself, if you want to. I should like to have heard you. You were very poetical, quoted Tennyson, fell on your knees, and perhaps blubbered a little. You *are* sentimental, you know."

"I am happy, I know, and I don't care whether you think me sentimental or not."

"Well, I wish you joy anyhow. Let us make a night of it. 'It is our royal pleasure to be'—imagine the rest of the line. 'Now is the winter of our discontent.' 'My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne.' Come, let us make ready, and we'll talk till

'Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty'—

misty steeple of Park-Street Church,—since we haven't any misty mountain-tops in the neighborhood."

"One would think *you* the happy man."

"I am; your enthusiasm is so contagious that I am back in my twenties again."

"Why do you take your pleasure vicariously? There is Mrs. Sandford, the charming woman; I love her, because"—

"No, Sir, not her,—one is enough."

"Then why not love her yourself? We'll make a double-barrelled shot of it, —two couples brought down by one parson."

"Very ingenious, and economical, too; but I think not. It is too late. I was brought up in the country, and I don't think it good policy to begin agricultural operations in the fall of the year; my spring has past. But is the day fixed? When are you to be the truly happy man?"

"No,—the day is not fixed," said Greenleaf, thoughtfully. "You see, I was so bent upon the settlement of the difficulty, that I had not considered the practical bearing of the matter. I am too poor to marry, and I am heartsick at the prospect of waiting"—

"With the chance of another rupture."

"No,—we shall not quarrel again. But I shall go to work. I'll inundate the town with pictures; if I can't sell them myself, I will have Jews to peddle them for me."

"Hear the mercenary man! No,—go to work in earnest, but put your life into your pictures. If you can keep up your present glow, you will be warmer than Cuyper, dreamier than Claude, more imaginative than Millais."

"But the desperate long interval!"

"I don't know about that. I quite like the philosophy of Mr. Micawber, and strenuously believe in something turning up."

"What is that?" asked Greenleaf, noticing a letter on his friend's table. "It seems to be addressed to me."

"Yes,—I met a lawyer to-day, who asked me if I knew one George Greenleaf. As I did, he gave me the letter. Some dun, probably, or threat of a suit. I wouldn't open it. Don't!"

"You only make me curious. I shall open it. To-day I can defy a dun even from—What, what's this? Bullion dead?—left in his will a bequest—forty thousand—to me?"

Easelmann looked over his friend's

shoulder with well-simulated astonishment.

"Sure enough; there it is, in black and white.—What do you think of Micawber?"

"I think," said Greenleaf, with manly tears in his eyes, "that you are the art-fullest, craftiest, hugger-muggering, dear old rascal that ever lived. Now let me embrace you in good earnest. Oh, Easemann, this is too much! Here is Alice—mine! Here is Europe, that I have looked at as I would heaven, beyond reach in this life! *Now* we will go to work; and let Cuyyp, Claude, and the rest of them, look out for their laurels!"

"Softly, my boy; you squeeze like a cider-press. But how came the old miser to give you this?"

"My father was his partner; he was thought to be worth a handsome sum while he lived,—but at his death, though Bullion and another junior went on with the business, there was nothing left for us. My mother died poor. I am the only child living. This, I suppose, is the return for the property that Bullion wrongfully detained,—with compound interest, too, I should say. Let us not speak ill of the dead. He has made restitution and squared the books; I hope the correction has been made above."

"How lucky for you that Bullion was your banker! Suppose you had grown up with the expectation of having this money, what would you have been good for? You would have run all to patent-leather boots, silky moustaches, and black-tan terriers. Your struggles have developed your muscles, metaphorically speaking, and made a man of you."

"Two sides to that question. It is true, luxury might have spoiled me, for I am accessible to such influences; but, on the other hand, I should have escaped some painful things. No one who has not been poor can understand me, can know the wounds which a sensitive man must receive as he is working his way up in the world,—wounds that leave lasting scars, too. I am conscious of certain feelings, most discreditable, if I were to avow them,

which have been cultivated in me, and which will probably cling to me all my days. What I have gained in hardness I have gained as the smith gains his strength, at the expense of symmetry, sensibility, and grace."

"Nonsense, you mimosa! Don't curl up your leaves before you are touched."

"But if I am a sensitive-plant, as you say, I can't help it; if I were a burdock, I might."

"You'll get over that. By-the-by, you may as well tell Alice. I know you will be uneasy; go, go,—but come back soon. It is jolly that she accepted you poor; if the report had got abroad, you might have thought she was influenced by golden reasons."

"That's because you don't know her, my cynical friend. She is incapable of mercenary motives."

"What female heart can gold despise?"

"What cat's averse to fish?"

"Well, for an hour, good-bye. Have a good fire and the pipes ready."

"Yes, truly,—and a magnum, if my closet is not empty. The king will drink to Hamlet."

Little more remains to be told. After the long period of probation, it was not deemed necessary that the nuptials should be deferred beyond the time necessary to make due preparation. In a month the wedding took place at Mr. Monroe's house, Mr. Easemann giving away the bride. I do not say that the bachelor felt no twinges when he saw among the guests the lovely Mrs. Sandford in her becoming white robes; in fact, he "thought seriously," as all such people do while there remains even the recollection of youth,—but his habits were too fixed. He saw and sighed, and that was all. However, he is on the right side of — forty, we will call it, and there is hope for him. We may find him in some adventure yet; if so, the reader shall assuredly know it.

In the spring, Greenleaf with his wife went abroad and took up their residence in Rome.

"What pictures has he painted?" did you ask?

Really, Madam, a great many; but I have not the least idea of letting you come at the name of my hero in this way. You have seen them both here and in New York, and you thought them the productions of a rising man,—as they are.

Our friend Monroe is now a partner in the house of Lindsay & Co. He makes frequent visits to the villa at Brookline, and is always welcome. Mr. Lindsay considers him a most sensible and worthy young man, and his daughter Clara has implicit confidence in his judgment of literature as well as in his taste for pictures. One fine day last summer, Mrs. Monroe was prevailed upon, after some weeks of solicitation, to get into a carriage and take a drive with her son. "She's a nice girl," said the mother, fervently, on their return; "and if you *must* marry anybody, I don't think you can do better." Walter's smile showed that he thought so too, although the alternative was hardly so painful as she

seemed to consider it,—from which we infer that his relations with the senior partner of the house have become, or will be, still more intimate.

Mrs. Sandford has left Boston and gone to live with her relatives some fifty miles distant;—the place Mr. Easemann can tell, as he has had occasion to send her a few letters.

The personages of our drama are all dismissed; the curtain begins to fall; but a voice is heard, "What became of the Bulls and Bears?" What became of Mars and Minerva after the siege of Troy? Men die; but the deities, infernal as well as celestial, live on. Fortunes may rise like Satan's *chef d'œuvre* of architecture, may be transported from city to city like the palace of Aladdin, or may sink into salt-water lots as did the Cities of the Plain; success may wait upon commerce and the arts, or desolation may cover the land; still, surviving all change, and profiting alike by prosperity and by calamity, the secret, unfathomable agents in all human enterprises will remain the BULLS AND BEARS.

THE SPHINX.

Go not to Thebes. The Sphinx is there;
And thou shalt see her beauty rare,
And thee the sorcery of her smile
To read her riddle shall beguile.

Oh! woe to those who fail to read!
And woe to him who shall succeed!
For he who fails the truth to show
The terror of her wrath shall know:

But should'st thou find her mystery,
Not less is Death assured to thee;
For she shall cease, and thou shalt sigh
That she no longer is, and die.