

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. LVII.—FEBRUARY, 1855.—VOL. X.



EN ROUTE.

VIRGINIA ILLUSTRATED.

ADVENTURES OF PORTE CRAYON AND HIS COUSINS.

Second Paper.

E come il ciel rigò col novo raggio
Il sol, dell' aërea luce eterno fonte:
Su, su, gridaron' tutti; e'l lor' viaggio
Ricominciâr con voglie ardite e pronte.—TASSO.

ONCE more upon the road! The horses, seemingly tired of inglorious ease and golden oats, trotted along at a jolly pace, expressing their satisfaction in alternate snorts; the coachman flourished his whip with such hearty goodwill that the fuzz flew at every crack; the girls chattered and sang in a manner betokening the highest exhilaration. Porte Crayon alone sat pensive and abstracted. His voice mingled not in the gleeful chorus, and to Mice's frequent exclamations, "Mass' Porte! da's a squirrel—Mass' Porte! da's a crow," he paid no attention. Presently a light hand tapped him on the shoulder. "Cousin, are you asleep? or what has befallen you?"

"I am not asleep, Cousin Dora; and the cause of my hidden grief can never be made manifest. I fear it is beyond the comprehension of you girls."

"Indeed!" cried they, indignantly, "what unparalleled assumption! as if any secret was beyond our comprehension."

"Pish," said Fanny, "I would not give a brass thimble to hear one of Porte's secrets. I

suppose he has lost a favorite lead-pencil, or something of equal importance." And so saying, she looked out of the carriage window with as much nonchalance as she could assume.

"I always did despise secrets," said Dora. "I never read one of these mysterious novels but I turned over the leaves to find out the secret before the characters in the book knew it."

"But, Cousin Porte," said Minnie, with her most winning smile, "it seems to me that when persons are traveling together, all the joys and sorrows of the trip should be common property, and that it is selfish, or at least ungenerous, for any one to appropriate exclusively either the one or the other."

"So pretty a speech, Cousin, deserves a better return than I shall be able to make; for, in truth, like Canning's Poor Knife-Grinder, I have no secret to tell. Indeed, if I had not been taken off my guard, I should have been tempted to invent one to satisfy you."

"Now," said Minnie, "I suspect you are wishing yourself back in the cave."

"That was a shrewd guess, Miss Minnie, and very near the truth; for I have been ill satisfied with my success in subterranean sketching, and would fain have had a few more trials. But it is just as well as it is, probably, for if I had remained a month, I do not know that I should have succeeded better. When I compare the soul-filling grandeur of the original with these bits of scratched and smutted paper which I

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. X.—No. 57.—T

have taken so much pains to elaborate, I begin to feel a sort of contempt for my art."

"Why, brother!" exclaimed Fanny with warmth, "the drawings are beautiful. We all recognized them. Mr. Moler recognized them. Any one who has seen the cave would recognize them at first sight."

"But, Cousin Porte, you draw portraits so well," said Dora, encouragingly. "I would much rather excel in likenesses than to have a talent for caves."

"Ah! pretty cousin, I failed more ingloriously in sketching you the other day, than I have done in the cave."

"Mass' Porte picters off a hoss 'mazin good, any how; he tuck dis sorrel so pat, I think I see him switchin' he's tail."

"Truly," said Crayon, with an air of satisfaction, "a little well-timed self-depreciation has brought me abundance of sympathy and consolation. I feel quite refreshed."

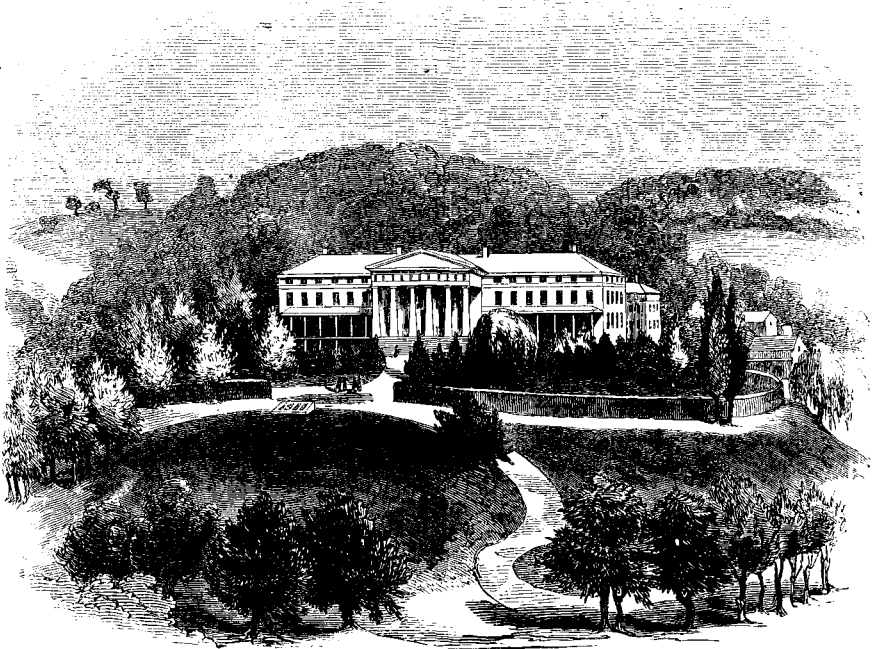
"I'm glad to hear it," said Minnie; "and truly glad on your account that we have got away from the cave. I began to be apprehensive lest you might share the fate of a mocking-bird I once heard of."

"What was, that? Tell us about the mocking-bird!"

"Well," said Minnie, "an acquaintance of mine in the lower country had a mocking-bird whose powers of song and mimicking were marvelous, even among the talented race to which he belonged. From his cage that hung in an upper window, he heard and reproduced with

variations and improvements the notes of all the feathered tribe, from the chattering of the wren that built her nest beneath the window-sill, to the cooing of the dove that haunted the locust grove. He had even been known to make recognizable attempts at imitating the gobble of a famous turkey-cock that strutted about the yard, and it was universally conceded he could do every thing but talk. One unlucky day a smart-looking negro rode up to the house, bearing a note from his mistress to the mocking-bird's mistress. As he tarried at the door for an answer to the missive, to pass time he commenced whistling. Now it seems this boy was also a genius in his way. He whistled like a flageolet, and at all the dancing parties, Christmas revels, or huskings, he was the acknowledged leader of the orchestra; fiddle, bones, and tambourine, all playing second to his magnificent whistle. At the first notes which struck his ear the bird's eye sparkled: he raised himself upon his perch, and thus continued, spell-bound, until the strain ceased. His mission finished, the lackey went his way whistling. Then the mocking-bird set himself firmly on his legs, and swelling his throat, began a warble. It was a failure. Again he strove, and again stopped disgusted and dejected. A third time he gathered up his strength, and poured forth a superlative trill: he ceased, the white film closed over his eye, and with a shivering flutter of his wings, he fell from his perch—dead!"

"Ugh!" said Mice, giving vent to his pent-up feelings. "He bu'st he's heart a-tryin'."



ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

"Poor thing!" said Fanny. "I know how he felt; I heard Jenny Lind once. It was not envy, nor jealousy, nor self-depreciation; but it seemed as if those undefined longings of the soul, those dreams of happiness and perfection were for a moment about to be realized; then the delusion passes away, and for a while after common life appears intolerable."

"How eloquent she is!" muttered Crayon. "There the genius of song got entirely the upper hand of the practical housekeeper."

"Porte! get out with your nonsense. And," continued Minnie, "suppose that Porte, overcome by his high-wrought feelings, had perished in the cave, and become a great stalagmite, like, like—who?"

"Niobe, incrustated all over with carbonate of soda—"

"Of lime," interrupted Crayon.

"Or, like Lot's wife, a pillar of chloride of something or other—a pillar of salt," said Dora.

"True enough; so it was. There goes the chemistry!" cried Crayon. "The laboratory will be blown up directly."

"And as Porte tells us," cried Minnie, "the stalagmite would grow, and grow, and grow, until it reached the roof of the cave, and resemble a tower, which the proprietor, with his usual aptitude in naming, would undoubtedly call the Tower of Genius; and which would be admired and wondered at through all time."

"And if such a thing had happened," quoth Crayon, "you, dear cousin, would have wasted away like Echo, until there was nothing left but the tip of your tongue, which, like the soul, I firmly believe, is destined to be everlasting. And, by the grace of fortune! there's Staunton."

"Where? Let us see!" cried they all at once.

The approach to the town of Staunton, by the road from Weyer's Cave, is quite imposing, especially if the view and its surroundings happen to be lighted by a brilliant autumn sunset, as in this instance. On the right, the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb stands out in bold relief from its background of rich foliage, its Doric portico being one of the best specimens of architecture to be seen in Virginia. On the left are the extensive and commodious buildings for the Insane; and on the surrounding hills are a number of pretty edifices—academies, seminaries, and private residences—exhibiting far more architectural taste than is usually found in the smaller Virginia towns.

As the authorities had not been informed of the approach of our travelers, there was no public demonstration on their entrance into the town. But, in recompense, there was a considerable amount of staring on private account, especially among the colored population. And they flattered themselves, as they descended from their carriage at the door of the principal hotel—Crayon in his hunting costume, and each of the girls with a book in her hand—that there was an unusual commotion among the loungers. The idea of making an impression was not altogether ungrateful to our friends, as they well



RECEPTION IN STAUNTON.

knew that Staunton was renowned all over the State for its cultivated society.

"Hark ye, girls!" said Porte Crayon, making an emphatic gesture with his finger, "no doll babies here."

"Certainly not," replied they in chorus.

"The idea of carrying the books," pursued he, "is a good one; in connection with my sketching, it gives a superior air to the party, suggestive of the literary tourist, or something of that sort. While I don't admire pretension in any thing, there is a certain modest, yet dignified manner of suggesting, rather than asserting one's claims, that goes far among strangers."

At this discourse Dora appeared really alarmed. "Mercy on us! I hope no one will take me for a literary body. I'm confused at the bare idea. I shan't know what to say; I shall be afraid to open my mouth."

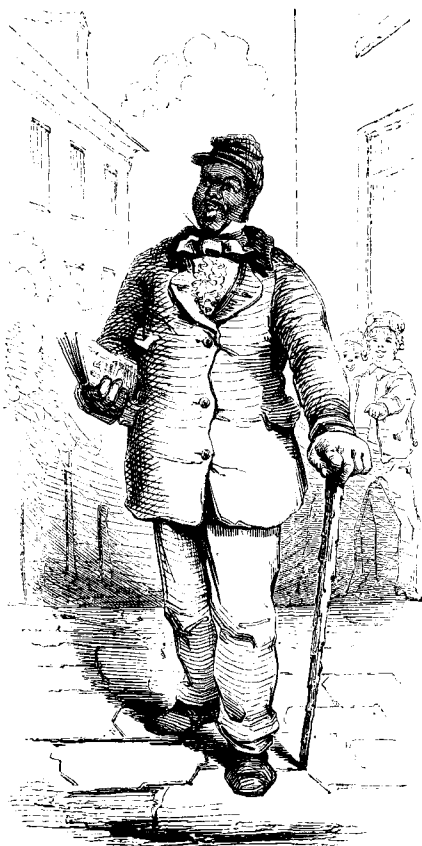
"Bless your innocent eyes, Cousin Dimple, don't be alarmed. No one would ever suspect you for a moment. But prattle away in your usual amiable and artless manner, and, believe me, you will be none the less admired."

Here Crayon scrutinized his wards, and then cast an oblique glance at his own figure in the parlor glass. "I don't think," said he, "that a person of ordinary knowledge of the world would be apt to suspect any of us of being literary characters. But we must endeavor to keep up appearances, at any rate."

On the following morning an untoward event occurred, which gave great vexation to our friends, and showed that, however plausible Mr. Crayon's observations might appear, yet upon the whole, those are least liable to mortification or misconception who live and travel without any pretension whatsoever.

On sallying forth after breakfast to see the town, the girls in full costume, each with a magazine, and Porte Crayon with his sketch-book, they marched up street in high good-humor. On turning into the principal street, they saw an object that brought them to a halt. This was no other than that marplot scoundrel, Mice, dressed in his holiday suit, with a ruffled shirt of red calico, a June-bug breastpin, a brass-headed cane like the club of Hercules, and, to crown all, a number of Harper under his arm. As he swaggered along at a leisurely pace, his face beaming with exalted complacency, he was an object of general attention. Occasionally he paused to address a condescending question to some "common nigger," to salute some turbaned damsel of his own race at an opposite window, or to cast a look of ineffable satisfaction at his goodly shadow, which entirely overspread the narrow sidewalk.

Crayon is a philosopher (one of a multitudinous and lofty school), who looks upon the varying events of life with admirable calmness and equanimity, when every thing goes to please him; but who, when disappointed or thwarted, behaves very much like common people. For, as Crayon sagely remarks "It is not well for any individual to be entirely cut off from human feelings and



THE LITERARY VALLET.

sympathies." On this occasion, had his coachman been within reach, he would undoubtedly have caned him. As it was, his perception of the ridiculous got the better of his wrath; and venting his feelings in a jumbled paragraph (which he afterward told the girls was a quotation from *Furius Bibaculus*, the Roman satirist), he turned about and hastened back to the hotel.

"Waiter," said Mr. Crayon, "go into the next street, and when you see a big, foolish-looking negro, parading about with a book under his arm, tell him to come down and get out my carriage, as we wish to take a drive."

"Yes, Sir," replied the grinning waiter. "I know him."

As the streets were very dusty during the remainder of their sojourn in Staunton, our friends generally went out in their carriage.

They were highly gratified by a visit to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, a near approach to which did not disappoint the expectations excited by the distant view. The grounds are already improved with great taste, and, from their peculiarly fortunate location, are susceptible of improvement to an almost unlimited extent. The buildings are extensive, well arranged, and imposing. Our friends took great interest

in the exercises of the different classes of deaf mutes, and saw with wonder and delight how the missing faculties seemed, in some cases, to be more than supplied by the ingenious and skillful cultivation of the remainder. An air of cheerfulness and home-like contentment pervaded the whole establishment, and it is not a matter of surprise that the pupils generally leave their Alma Mater with reluctance. While there they are unconscious of misfortune, surrounded by companions and guardians with whom their intercourse is free and unrestrained, and carried on in a language as graceful and expressive as the most cultivated forms of speech. A part of the establishment is devoted to the Blind, a considerable number of whom are at present under instruction.

On the return of our party, the conversation naturally turned upon what they had seen. Minnie May observed that if she had the choice of misfortunes, she would prefer being blind; "because," said she, "I am naturally fond of talking, and one's friends would read aloud all the new works, and Cousin Fanny would sing for me; and besides, there is a touching interest which attaches itself to the blind, which does not belong at all to the deaf mute. A woman, after all, is a helpless, dependent creature; and this misfortune, in rendering her more so, increases in a still greater degree her claims to attention and protection." Fanny agreed to some extent to the foregoing; remarking that the cultivation of music, and the increased susceptibility to its charms, might compensate in some degree for the loss of sight. She appreciated the pleasure of conversation, the fireside in winter, and the veranda in summer; but she was by no means prepared to admit that women were such helpless or dependent creatures. Moreover, she thought a deaf and dumb lady could keep house quite as advantageously as one that had the use of her tongue, and that upon an average the servants got along as well without scolding as with it. Dora yawned and said, for her part she would be very well contented to remain as she

was; but she did think she would like to have little feet like a Chinese lady.

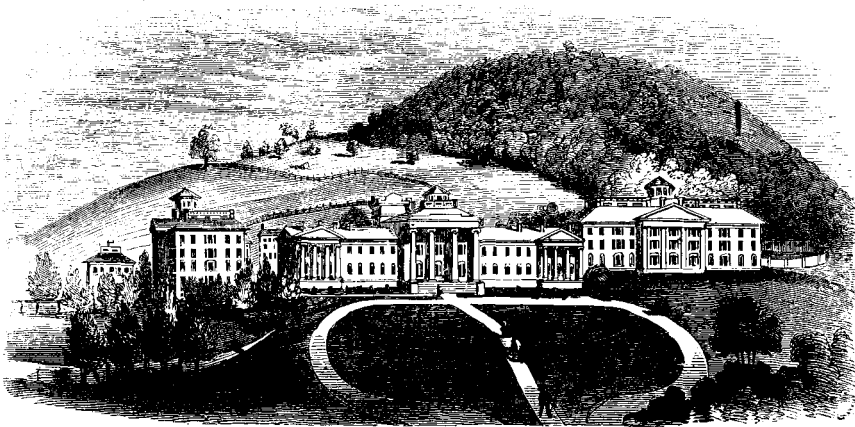
"Mice," said Crayon abruptly, "don't you wish you were white?"

"Bless your soul, Mass' Porte, I'se better as I is. I'se a pretty good nigger, but I ain't got sense enough to be white."

The Hospital for the Insane consists of a double range of brick buildings, extensive, elegant, and handsomely located, although its position is not so commanding as that of the Asylum, nor are the grounds about it in so forward a state of improvement. This work, however, is in progress, and will be carried out in a style commensurate with the extent and importance of the institution.

Of the visit of our friends to the interior of the establishment they have never said much. They of course saw the public rooms, the cooking apparatus, and the chapel for the use of the patients, which is furnished with a fine organ; all of which are entirely unexceptionable. Porte Crayon, however, was a good deal vexed with his wards for their persevering curiosity, in wishing to see the unfortunate inmates of the Hospital. Having used moral suasion to no purpose, he privately bribed their conductor to tell them that the patients were not permitted to see or to be seen of strangers.

Having thus disposed of the lions of Staunton, our travelers resumed their journey, and leaving the general direction of their route, took the road to the northwest, toward the Chimneys, some sixteen miles distant. Several miles on their way they passed a man engaged in a controversy with a mule. As the presence of witnesses generally serves to aggravate a quarrel, so upon the approach of the carriage both mule and man became more violent in their demonstrations. As well as could be ascertained from their actions, the man wanted to go to Staunton, and the mule seemed willing to go any where else, even preferring the alternative of going backward over a bank ten feet high, rather than yield his point. The quarrel growing out



HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

of this diversity of opinion or of interest seemed likely to last some time, as the mule was a stout, healthy animal, and the rider a sinewy, long-legged, sun-burnt farmer, with a choleric and determined expression of face. The ladies united in desiring Porte Crayon to stop the carriage, that they might see the result of the dispute. This, however, he peremptorily refused to do, alleging as a reason that there was no calculating the time they might lose in waiting; and, besides, that politeness forbade them to be impertinent witnesses of the misfortunes of their neighbors. "Moreover," said he, "judging from the condition of things when we passed, you would most probably overhear, before long, a number of indelicate and profane expressions, improper for female ears."

But Minnie was unwilling to give up the point, and insisted that the poor man might get hurt, and that it would at least be civil to stop and send Mice to his assistance.

"By no means, cousin. I can appreciate your kind motive, but the man in question probably would not—certainly not in his present state of mind. Sympathy, in a case like this, only serves to increase the evil. I know something of these things by personal experience," said Crayon, with a wise wag of his head.

Anon he leaned out from his seat, and looked back with great interest.

"What's the matter? can you see him yet?" exclaimed the girls, looking through the peep-holes in the back of the carriage.

There, indeed, they caught the last glimpse of the unhappy couple, in the same spot where they had first seen them; the mule seated in the middle of the road on his ultimatum, and the rider, burning with rage and grief, standing astride of him, holding on by one ear, and pummeling him lustily with his disengaged fist.



THE CONTROVERSY.



REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

Well, Cousin Porte—as politeness forbids us to laugh at the unlucky countryman—suppose you amuse us by the recital of some of your adventures—the experiences in mule-riding, for example—which you hinted at just now."

"Welladay, girls! It has been fifteen years or more since I rode one of them; and, to tell the truth, I have never cared to repeat the experiment. On that well-remembered occasion I was one of a riding-party, consisting of some eight or ten young people of both sexes, bound for a picnic on top of the North Mountain. When the party assembled at the rendezvous, I appeared mounted on a mule. The girls giggled, as a matter of course, and the men criticised my perverse eccentricity, as they called it. I, however, defended my *monture* with great vehemence. The ancient kings of Israel rode mules; knights and ladies in the chivalrous ages ambled on mule-back; the great Mohammed rode one; and why should not Porte Crayon bestride the likeness of Alborac? As the little animal trotted along with great sprightliness, I began to get credit for some judgment in my selection; and one youngster, who was mounted on a bonesetter, begged me to exchange with him. This offer in the pride of my heart I refused disdainfully. On fording the Tuscarora, at the Old Church, we reined up to water our beasts. Alborac junior drank deep of the limpid wave, and, when he had finished, suddenly roached his back, and pitched me plump over his head into the midst of a flock of geese. I remember perfectly how I felt when I rose out of the water. There was the cursed beast sipping away with the most cheerful and unconcerned expression of countenance, and making no attempt whatever to run away. I hastily swallowed a large gulp of fury and water, and mounted the animal again, endeavoring at the same time to appear as little incommoded as

was possible under the circumstances. 'Ha, ha! ha, ha!' said I, forcing a hearty laugh, 'I got a little ducking!' There was no response, but such faces as I could catch a glimpse of appeared all purple with constraint. 'He! he! he!' I snickered again, 'I got a funny fall.' No one replied. 'What the — prevents you from laughing?' cried I, in a fury. 'Nobody's killed!' A chorus of shouts and shrieks followed, long, loud, and unrestrained. I wouldn't have minded it, but Cousin Julia was there, and that infernal fellow Frank Williams. Cousin Julia could scarcely keep her saddle for laughing; in fact, she laughed all the way to the Mountain. Every silly, pointless speech furnished occasion for such extravagant and disproportioned merriment, that it was impossible not to perceive what was at the bottom of it. I had at least the satisfaction of perceiving that Frank was as much annoyed with it as I. The creature was in love to that degree, that he could neither laugh himself nor endure to see Julia laugh. By the way, I can't imagine a more disgusting condition for any one to be in. They can't appreciate fun in any way, and are totally unfit for general society.

"When we got to the top of the Mountain, and were riding along its wooded crest in search of the spot for the view and the picnic, Williams rode beside me. 'Crayon,' said he, 'I am heartily sorry for your misfortune.'

"I replied, tartly, that I was not aware of having met with any serious misfortune, or of standing particularly in need of any one's sympathy, and especially of his. Frank reddened, and without more words rejoined my cousin. They exchanged a few sentences in an undertone, and presently she whipped up her horse and joined me. 'Porte, my dear cousin, you seem to be hurt. Frank, that is, Mr. Williams, did not intend to wound your feelings; and, indeed, I am extremely sorry —' 'Cousin Julia, stop this stuff. It's bad enough to be thrown by a mule, ducked, and laughed at for an hour and a half without intermission; but to be insulted in this manner, I won't put up with it. As for your Mr. Williams, he shall hear more from me.' And, to cut short the conversation and relieve my excited feelings, I gave my beast two or three sharp whacks across the rump. One would have been enough. He bolted like a shot, and when I found myself, I was hanging to the limb of a scrub oak, unhorsed, and the breath nearly knocked out of my body. I was so bewildered by this '*hey presto*' movement, that although I hung only a few feet from the ground, I had not sense enough to get down myself, but was lifted down and set against a tree by one of the party.

"Like the man of Islington's second leap into the quickset hedge, this second mishap, aided by an apologetic glass of toddy brewed by Cousin



REMINISCENCE NO. 2.

Julia, entirely restored me to my good humor, and by the time the cloth was spread, I felt as well—soul and body—as I did before I ever mounted the accursed mule.

"'Williams, a word with you.' Frank approached me rather stiffly, and we walked toward a laurel thicket a short distance off. I observed Cousin Julia's eyes following us uneasily. 'Frank Williams, I have had an unlucky day of it—I have been ducked, laughed at, and, finally, hung on the limb of a scrub oak like a scarecrow. I have borne the laugh with reasonable fortitude; but politeness and sympathy under such circumstances are beyond human endurance. Let me apologize—' 'No,' said Frank, 'I must apologize—' 'I was ill-tempered,' I insisted. 'I was a fool,' said he; and we both laughed until the tears rolled down our cheeks.

"By this time Cousin Julia had joined us. 'What are you two laughing at?' inquired she, with evident surprise and pleasure. 'Only some funny explanations we've been making,' I replied. 'Then, Sir, you owe me an explanation for your uncivil haste in riding off when I was talking to you;' and as she made this allusion she bit her lips, convulsively striving to avert an approaching paroxysm. 'Indeed, Miss Julia, I shall make no explanation whatever to you—you have diverted yourself sufficiently at me and my misfortunes to-day to clear all scores, and leave me still your creditor for a considerable amount; but Frank—oh, no, I mean Mr. Williams—is dying to make some explanations to you.' 'What do you mean, Porte?' said she, suddenly forgetting her merriment, and blushing scarlet. 'Oh! nothing at all,' I replied, hastening to rejoin the company, and chuckling at my wicked device for stopping Cousin Julia's mirth."

"Well, what became of them?" asked Minnie, with interest.

"Pshaw! They walked off somewhere, and didn't return until we had eaten up all the dinner. Some of the girls were considerate enough to save them a few sandwiches and a piece of pickle; but they didn't want anything to eat. Frank, on being rallied about his loss of appetite, did take a sandwich; but, after nibbling a mouthful or two, he quietly slipped the remainder to a pointer dog. However, he did not refuse a thumping swig of toddy; and then, seizing my arm, he dragged me off to take a walk with him, and made me the custodian of such a string of mawkish confidences that I returned with the deliberate intention of making him drunk.

"As soon as my cousin laid eyes on us she divined my intentions, and gave me such a look! What an expressive eye Cousin Julia had! Language was really of no use to her—her eyes spoke so handsomely and eloquently; every glance was a paragraph. That look entirely unnerved me; it read thus: 'Dear Cousin Porte, can you be so ungenerous as to take advantage of poor Frank's soft condition? You know, when a young gentleman has just been accepted, he is open to any folly or extravagance that may be suggested. Don't do it, for my sake. Don't make him drunk.' Having first secured a glass of toddy for myself, to nerve me to the sacrifice, I slyly upset the pitcher on the grass. You may imagine how I was berated and reviled. Dick Spindle, who was already in a state of juvenile exhilaration, expressed his regret that the mule had not broken my neck

before I got there. The girls, however, thought the accident was not amiss, and Cousin Julia gave me a look and grateful pressure of the hand that was entirely satisfactory."

"And what became of the mule?" asked Fanny.

"How absent I am. I forgot the mule entirely."

"We all forgot the mule toward the conclusion," said Dora; "and I think, cousin, your mule story was near turning into a love story."

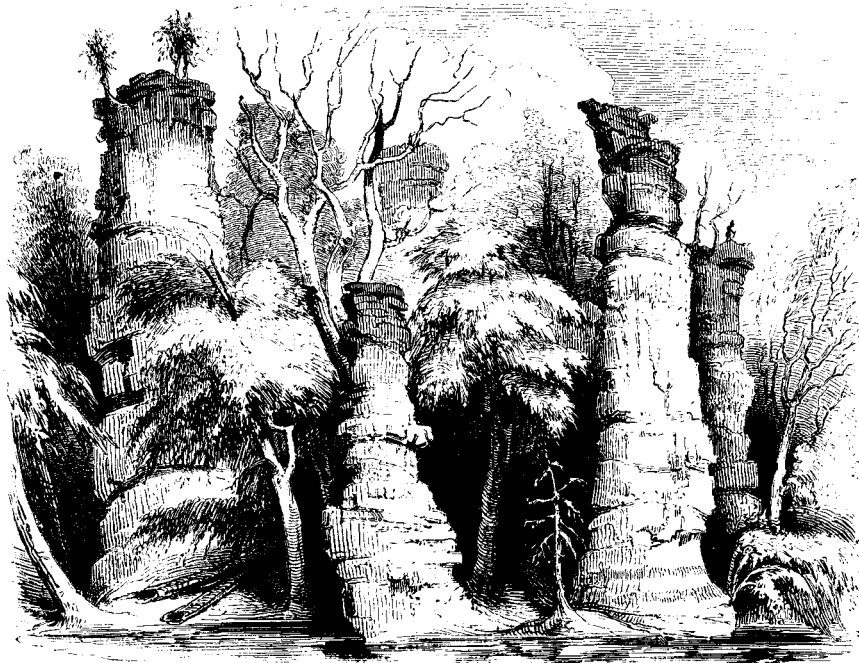
"Bless me, child! what better could I do? The story had to run its course. My hero kicked up and ran away before the story was finished. He left me hanging in a tree with a couple of stupid lovers on my hands. I have got myself out of the tree, disposed of the eatables and drinkables, and left my lovers very happy. What more can any reasonable person ask?"

"I believe," said Minnie, "that Porte was in love with Cousin Julia himself."

"Is that the only moral you can extract from my story, little humming-bird?"

"And that Frank married Cousin Julia, of course."

"Frank did," replied Porte Crayon, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. "At that day, Frank was a brilliant young man; he had a riding-horse that could out-rack Pegasus, was a jolly sportsman, chock full of adventure, and was the life of all dinner-parties and dances. Now he is the most commonplace of farmers, growing fat and rich, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and green baize leggings. He rides his old



THE CHIMNEYS.

brood mare to town, with a colt trotting after him; has become a squire of the county, and goes to the Legislature. Poor Frank!" sighed Porte Crayon, feelingly, "that he should have sunk to this! And yet he don't seem aware of his degradation; he brags like a Kentuckian. '*Vitu conjugalis altos et generosos spiritos frangit, et a magnis capitationibus ad humilimas detrahit.*'"

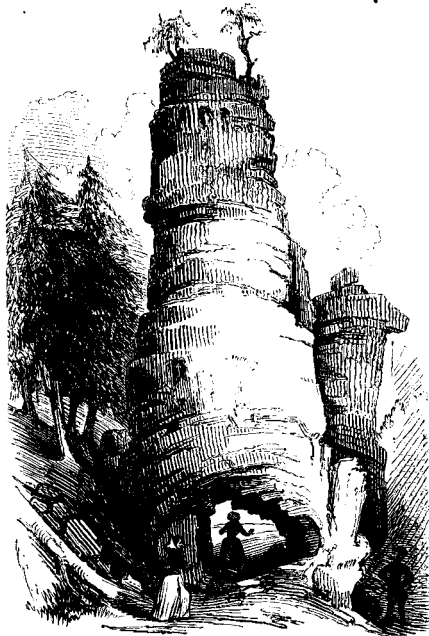
And thus they beguiled the time in pleasant chat, until some two hours after mid-day, when they found themselves within sight of the neat little village of Mount Solon. The inn to which they were directed—the only one in the village—was a very modest-looking establishment altogether, and was kept by an old palsied man, who appeared as if he might have known better days. Ascertaining here that the object of their curiosity was only about two miles distant, they left their baggage and an order for supper with the landlord, and drove on.

After jolting over a rocky, uneven road for a short time, they at length had the satisfaction of seeing the black tops of the Chimneys towering above the trees in the distance. At this point our travelers left their vehicle and proceeded on foot, by a path leading through a barn-yard, to the base of the rocks, about two hundred yards from the main road.

This curious group of natural towers rises at the point of a limestone hill, which juts out like a promontory into an extensive alluvial bottom. There are seven of them, some seventy or eighty feet in height, their bases washed by a small stream, and their whole appearance reminding one of the ruined stronghold of some feudal baron surrounded by its neglected moat. To those whose fancies are more exclusively American, they look like the chimneys of a deserted iron-foundry; and altogether the picture presented is in a high degree unique and interesting. From no point can all the towers be seen at one view. The northern one is the tallest, the most completely detached from the hill, and in all respects the most perfect. Its round, regular stratifications, gradually narrowing toward the top, show like successive galleries and cornices, such as are represented in the old pictures of the Tower of Babel. This structure is about eighty feet in height, and thirty in diameter near its base. It is tunneled below by a wide archway, through which is the most convenient approach to the bases of the other towers; and from one point of view this huge mass appears supported only upon two pillars.

The southern group, consisting of three towers, united for about half their height, is also perforated by a cavernous passage, narrow at each entrance, but opening to a chamber of some size in the centre. None of the Chimneys are completely detached from the hill; and the view from every quarter is intercepted by a heavy growth of timber, much to the annoyance of the artist.

Although these rocks are highly picturesque, curious, and not wanting in grandeur, our travelers, having lately seen objects of such surpass-



THE GREAT TOWER.

ing interest, expressed their gratification here in moderate terms, and were soon seated under some opportune apple trees, discussing their lunch with a zeal and earnestness which neither custom nor daily repetition had in the smallest degree abated.

Not so Mr. Crayon. He spent his time walking curiously about, examining the towers and caverns at all points. Having made several unsuccessful attempts to ascend the rocks, he at length succeeded in reaching the summit of one of the lowest, which is joined to the hill by a natural wall several feet in thickness, and reaching more than half way to the top of the tower. Thinking this no great feat, and perceiving that the ladies were too much engaged to look at him, he came down and betook himself to his sketch-book. Having taken his position at some distance out in the meadow to get a better view of the southern group, he was in a short time surrounded by all the dogs on the plantation—Bull, Ring, and Bobtail—who barked and clamored until they were tired, and then trotted off, surprised and disgusted at the imperturbability of the artist.

The sketches being completed, and the curiosity of all parties satisfied, our friends returned to their carriage. It was unanimously agreed that, although they had been much gratified by their visit, yet there was nothing about the Chimneys to excite enthusiasm—in short, they were wanting in the quality of sublimity. Porte went on further to observe, that he preferred the homely name of "The Chimneys" to the more elegant appellation of "Cyclopean Towers;" for, although an admirer of the classics in the ab-



PORTE CRAYON SKETCHING.

strait, and understanding fully the propriety of the name as applied to this style of architecture, yet he had always felt averse to mixing associations drawn from the Old World with American scenery. The most striking characteristic of our scenery, when compared with the European, is its freshness, observable even in the appearance of the rocks, and the charm of the impression is always disturbed by any association with the old mythology. The family of the Cyclopes was Sicilian, and was disposed of long before the discovery of America by Columbus, in 1492. Let them kick and sprawl till doomsday under their mountain tomb: we doubt if the introduction of distinguished foreigners is of much advantage in any way to us on this side of the water.

Miss Dora expressed a doubt whether there were ever any such persons as the Cyclopes. But Crayon assured her that he had seen the place where they were buried.

Arrived at the barn-yard, they found their horses still engaged in munching some remarkably fine oats, which had been served up in an old pig-trough. Crayon complimented his man on his thoughtful attention, and desired him to go and pay the farmer for the feed.

The coachman replied that, having a suspicion that the horses might get hungry, he had taken the precaution to bring a supply with them, which he had procured from Mr. Moler's barn at the Cave Hotel.

Not recollecting any charge for extra oats at that place, a suspicion began to insinuate itself into Mr. Crayon's mind.

"What?—why, here's a bushel more in the carriage-box! You scoundrel! have you been

stealing, and feeding my horses on surreptitious oats?"

"No, indeed, Mass' Porte; dese ain't dem kind—dese is de best oats I seen sence I left home."

And Mice went on to declare that the oats in question fairly belonged to the horses, as they had not eaten their full allowance while stabled at the Cave Hotel, and he had only taken what he thought they ought to have eaten. He moreover added, by way of strengthening his defense, that the horses relished these oats especially, and that Mr. Moler had such a pile of them in his barn that he would not have missed ten bushels, if any one had seen fit to take that quantity. Notwithstanding this clear explanation, Crayon would have given his coachman a severe reprimand, but they all got into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and one should never attempt to moralize without a sober countenance.

Fanny, being the first to recover her gravity sufficiently, reminded Mice of his devout belief in a place of future punishment, expressed while in the cave. This belief he re-affirmed, but felt assured that he "wasn't gwine to be saunt dere because he took good care of his hosses." Porte Crayon then mildly but firmly suggested that whenever there should be need of a fresh supply of oats, he should be informed, and that they should be acquired by purchase in the regular way—as our government *formerly* acquired territory. Mice acquiesced, of course, promising faithfully to attend to the matter; but looked, at the same time, as if he thought this arrangement involved a very unnecessary and absurd expenditure of money.

Our adventurers were on the road next morning before sunrise, while the fields were yet white with frost.

"This is an improvement, girls. How well you all look this morning. This is the glorious time for traveling; the horses move gayly, and puff clouds of smoke from their nostrils, like two steam-engines. Now the sun begins to show his red disk above the hills, and gilds the mountain tops rising to the westward of us."

Dora's eyes sparkled as she suddenly plucked Crayon's sleeve. "Hist! cousin, there's a pheasant."

"Where? quick—point him out!" whispered Crayon, unslinging his Yeager.

"There! don't you see? On that old log among the pines."

Mice had stopped the carriage upon the first intimation of game, and was looking intently in the bushes. "Da he is! I sees him—big as a turkey gobbler. Good Lord, Mass' Porte, shoot quick, he gwine to fly!"

"Be quiet, you blockhead! I see him now: a fine cock, with his neck stretched and his ruff up."

"Bang went the rifle—whir—r, whir—r, whir—r went the pheasants in every direction from among the grape trees, where a large company of them were breakfasting.

"Fotch him!" shouted Mice, tumbling out of



SHOOTING A PHEASANT.

the carriage, and rushing into the bushes. Presently he returned, his face illuminated with a triumphant grin, carrying the bird by the legs. "Bullet tuck him right through the neck; mizable good brile he'll make; fat as butter."

The whole company were now on the alert. "There's a pheasant! No, it's a ground squirrel." "There's one in the grape tree!" Bang! down he tumbled, whirring and fluttering among the dead leaves. The girls clapped their hands, and were so full of the sport that the carriage could scarcely hold them; and when Porte Crayon missed a shot in his haste, they were quite outrageous upon him. He reinstated himself, however, by shooting two more birds shortly after. "We've now come to an open country and there will be no more pheasants this morning," remarked Crayon.

The girls were quite vexed, and insisted on going back over the same road, in the hope of seeing more game. "How blood will show itself in spite of every thing," cried the delighted Crayon; "all our family take to hunting as naturally as sparrow-hawks."

The appearance of the Augusta Springs diverted the attention of our travelers from the subject in hand; and as it was a pleasant, rural looking spot, they determined to tarry for half an hour to see what was to be seen. This place is twelve miles distant from Staunton, and is more frequented by visitors from the neighborhood than by those from a distance, its name being overshadowed by its more celebrated rivals in the counties of Bath and Greenbrier. The water is a sulphur, and is said to possess some value as a remedial agent. The girls here purchased a spotted fawn's skin from an old lady, for the purpose of making Porte Crayon a bullet pouch, to be presented as a testimonial of his skill in shooting pheasants.

About two miles from these Springs our friends struck the Lewisburg road, which passes

the mountain at Jennings's Gap without a perceptible grade. From this point the country becomes more wild and rugged in its features. Mountains rise on every side, forests of pine and hemlock border the way, and limpid streams pour over rocky beds, murmuring of deer and trout. Human habitations become fewer and further between, ruder in their character, and frequently ornamented on the outside with trophies of the chase—deer's horns, racoon and bear skins, and turkeys' wings. At this season too, the road seemed to be deserted by travel. Occasionally, indeed, they met a lonely teamster, who, after ex-

changing with Mice their characteristic salute—a crack of the whip—passed on his snail-like journey toward Staunton.

The horses made good speed that day, although the meridian sun was hot and the road dusty. Cloverdale was reached at length and left behind. It was still far to the Bath Alum, and the sun was rapidly declining. The mountains rose grandly, deep blue with sharp-drawn outline against the glowing west. Still the tired horses were jogging on, fetlock deep in dust. The pine forests grew taller and gloomier in the fading twilight. No sign of life or civilization yet. Then utter darkness closed her wing over all the land. Night is the time for evil doers to be abroad. Night is the time when wild beasts range for their prey. Night is the season for the busy teeming fancy to conjure up its thousand phantoms. The girls whispered timidly among themselves, and Crayon instinctively examined his arms to feel assured that all was right.

"Drive cautiously now, Mice, it is useless to hurry; it can get no darker, and we must trust to the instinct of the horses."

Presently they came to a dead halt of their own accord, nor was a cautious admonition of the voice and whip sufficient to induce them to stir. "Dey sees somethin'," said Mice, who believed firmly that horses could see ghosts and other strange things invisible to mortal eyes. But the animals snorted and gently pawed the ground, thereby intimating to their masters that they were neither frightened nor fatigued, but had stopped from some other motive.

"I think I see something myself," quoth Porte Crayon; "a tall white thing standing on the left of the road."

"Lord bless us, master!" cried Mice, "what you think it is?"

"I think it is a sign-post," replied Porte. "Fanny, feel in my knapsack, under the sketch-



THE WAGONER.

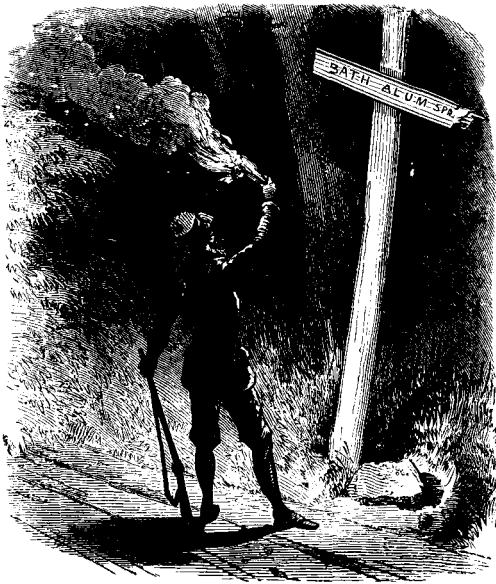
book, and, rolled up in a silk handkerchief, you will find my tin match-box—hand it to me.”

Crayon got out, and having lighted a wisp of paper, found that he had not been deceived. There was a sign-post standing where the road forked, and by the light of his flickering torch he managed to read the direction to the Bath Alum, one mile distant. The horses, satisfied with this reconnoissance, started off briskly before Crayon had fairly regained his seat, or the coachman had given the warning crack of his whip. “D’ye hear, Mice? these horses must be well rubbed and carried before you go to bed to-night—to-morrow they shall rest.”

Now they see the star of hospitality twinkling in the distance, suggestive of smoking suppers and comfortable beds. These promises were in

the present instance destined to be fully realized. Soon the cheerful board spread with biscuit, corn cakes, and hot venison steaks, rejoiced the souls of our benighted travelers, while crackling fires roared in the chimneys of the parlors and bedrooms. “Ah!” said Porte Crayon, throwing himself upon a springy sofa, with a sigh of unspeakable satisfaction, and a dreamy retrospect of numberless corn dodgers, hot and brown, floating in butter, and of four broad cut, generous portions of venison steak—“ah me! as much as I condemn luxury and despise civilization with its attendant fopperies and vices, I don’t mind taking a good supper occasionally.”

“Indeed,” said Fanny, “I don’t think you could take many such meals as you made to-night; the sixth time your plate went up for



THE SIGN-POST.

steak, both the waiter and manager got into a titter."

"My plate went up but four times," replied Crayon, dogmatically, "and the manager was laughing at my wit, and not my appetite."

"It went up six times, as I live."

"Young woman," said Crayon, with feigned asperity, "I did observe, but did not intend to comment on your performance at supper. Suffice it to say, if you had been in a region where fashion takes cognizance of what and how much ladies eat, you would have lost caste forever. Indeed, if those peony-colored cheeks of themselves would not be an insuperable objection to your admission into any refined society."

"Good gracious!" cried all the girls at once; you don't mean to say our cheeks are red?"

"Red!" quoth Crayon, contemptuously, "the word don't express it. A respectable damask rose would look pale beside them."

"This comes of traveling in the sun and wind with these foolish bonnets," cried Fanny, spitefully.

"It comes of exercise, fresh air, and good appetites; for besides, your are getting as fat as partridges."

"It is no such thing," said Minnie, indignantly. "Porte, you're a horrid bear! Come, girls, let us retire and leave him."

"And as freckled as turkey eggs," continued Crayon.

"It is positively insulting; he has no consideration for our feelings!"

"Porte shouted after them as they flounced out of the room, insisting that he had not intended to offend, and had really supposed he was complimenting them.

After enjoying his sofa for a while, it occurred to him to commend his pheasants to the cook,

as they might probably be opportune at breakfast. Nor did he omit to assure himself of the well-being of the horses, and not long after, our hero found himself mentally comparing the merits of a hair mattress with those of the hemlock couch of the Canaan. As no conclusion has ever been reported, it is supposed he fell asleep before finally disposing of the subject.

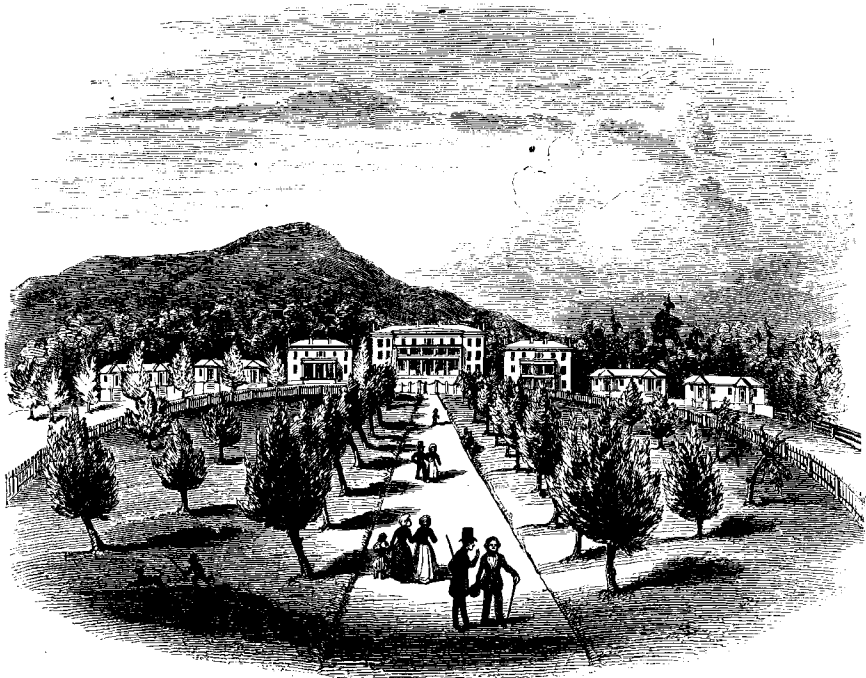
The drizzling rain which fell during the whole of next day did not prevent our friends from enjoying their comfortable quarters, nor even from making sundry outdoor excursions. The improvements at the Bath Alum are certainly superior, in point of taste and elegance, to those at any watering-place in the mountains of Virginia. At a distance of several hundred yards from the hotel, beneath a slatestone cliff, fifteen feet in height, are found the Alum Springs, which are nothing more than six little reservoirs, so excavated as to catch the drippings from the projecting rock. These reservoirs contain the alum water in different degrees of

strength; one of them is a strong chalybeate, and one a mixture of chalybeate and alum. These waters are but recently known as a remedial agent, and have suddenly obtained immense celebrity by their success in curing diseases hitherto reckoned incurable. Those who are desirous of more accurate and extended information on the subject, are commended to Dr. Burke's excellent work on the Virginia Springs, or what might be still more to the purpose, a visit to the Springs themselves. As for our travelers, having taken large doses of broiled pheasant that morning, they confined their experiments in alum water to a cautious sip from the glass handed by the polite manager, a comical wry face, and a forced compliment to its flavor—faugh!



DELIGHTFUL! ISN'T IT?

In the afternoon the rain increased to a continued heavy shower, notwithstanding which, Crayon, accompanied by his valet, went hunting, and it was near dark before they returned



THE BATH ALUM SPRINGS.

weary, wet, and hungry, with only three or four unlucky squirrels for their pains.

From this place to the Warm Springs, the distance of five miles, is accomplished by traversing the Great Warm Spring Mountain, on an easy, well-constructed road. When our friends set out from the Alum the rain had ceased, and fair promises of a clear day were given. Masses of damp-looking clouds still hung about the tops of the mountains, as if unwilling yet to yield the day to Phoebus, who, for his part, poured his bright rays through at every opening, producing in endless variety those brilliant and startling effects of light and shade so much sought after by the scenic school of English artists. When about half-way up the mountain, the girls, who had walked in advance, were seen suddenly to turn and fly with all speed toward the slow-toiling carriage.

"O Heavens, let us in—let us in quick!"

"What now? What's the matter? Have you encountered some untimely snake, or frost-bitten lizard?"

To Crayon's inquiry they vouchsafed no reply, but in breathless haste bundled into the vehicle; and ere they had fairly disposed themselves in their seats, the question was answered from another quarter. Where the road swept in a bold curve around the base of a cliff, now advanced with slow and stately tread, in all the pomp of bovine majesty, the vanguard of one of those monstrous herds of cattle wending their way from the rich pastures of Monroe and Greenbrier to the eastward. First came a

stout negro, with stupid face and loutish step, leading an ox, whose sublime proportions and majestic port might have served as a disguise for Jove himself.

"Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung,"

while his horns sprung from his curling forehead in tapering length a full cloth-yard each one. What horns! What noble drinking-cups they would have made. One of them would hold enough to fuddle a Thracian. The negro remarked Crayon's admiring glances, and, as he touched his hat, the dull face lighted up with an expression: "Am not I one of the chosen—I who serve so magnificent a beast? Night and morning I curry him, and walk all day in his presence. He and I are the observed and envied of all." "Pears to me," said Mice, "dat fool nigger is proud to be a leadin' of dat big beef."

Following this leader came a train of thirty or forty others scarcely inferior in size or appearance; and when the carriage, winding slowly through this formidable-looking company, turned the angle of rock, the road was visible in its windings for a mile or more, alive with cattle and bristling with horns. The horses held on their way through the living mass as steadily as if unaware of their presence, although the mountain resounded far and near with the hoarse bellowing of the beeves, mingled with the oaths and whoops of the drivers. The girls, who at first looked doubtfully upon the array of monstrous horns and the red, lowering eyes of the savage troop, soon regained their self-pos-

session, and commented coolly on their size and keeping.

The celebrated view from the summit of the Warm Spring Mountain did not strike our travelers very forcibly, probably owing to the clouds which hid the distant mountain-tops rising to the eastward. The view of the Warm Springs and the valley seen directly below them was extremely pretty. This village, which is the country-seat of Bath, owes its existence and name to the famous fountain; and, in fact, consists of nothing more than the group of hotels, cottages, and out-houses about the Springs, and the ordinary county buildings, a court-house, jail, etc.

The principal hotel has heretofore had a high reputation for excellence; and the bathing-houses, although somewhat primitive in their construction, furnish a bath at a natural temperature of 98° Fahrenheit, the luxury of which must be experienced to be appreciated.

Our party remained at this place but a few hours, and hurried on to the Hot Springs, five miles distant, where they arrived about five o'clock on Saturday evening, on the 22d of October. Although the hotel here was closed for the season, the proprietor gave them a hospitable welcome, and they soon found themselves installed in comfortable quarters.



THE DROVES.



THE WARM SPRINGS.

This place, to the scientific traveler, is one of the most curious and interesting in the mountains. The Hot Springs, about twenty in number, issue from the base of a hill or spur of the Warm Spring Mountain, and range in temperature from 98° to 106° , but owing to the proximity of fountains of cold water at 53° , baths of any intermediate temperature may be had. The bathing-houses are numerous and well-arranged to suit the purposes of invalids. These waters are chiefly celebrated for their efficacy in rheumatism, dyspepsia, and affections of the liver, although they are resorted to by all classes of invalids. The proprietor is himself an eminent physician, and to the enlightened use of the waters under his direction is probably owing much of their success in the cure of disease.

The hotel and cottages here are pleasantly situated and comfortable, and the table most unexceptionable. Sunday was a delightful day, and our friends passed it pleasantly and quietly, wandering up and down hills, through meadows and forests, drinking in buoyant health with the pure atmosphere, and enjoying the mellow beauties of the autumn landscape. The evening fell in still and solemn grandeur.

"We will have a brilliant starlit night," quoth Crayon; "the air is soft and balmy. To-morrow I will make two or three fine sketches before we leave here."

"To-morrow," said Fanny, "I will produce my colors, and attempt this bit of purple landscape opening to the south."

"To-morrow," laughed Minnie May, "I will

gather leaves of the maple and hickory, and weave chaplets of crimson and gold to crown our artists withal."

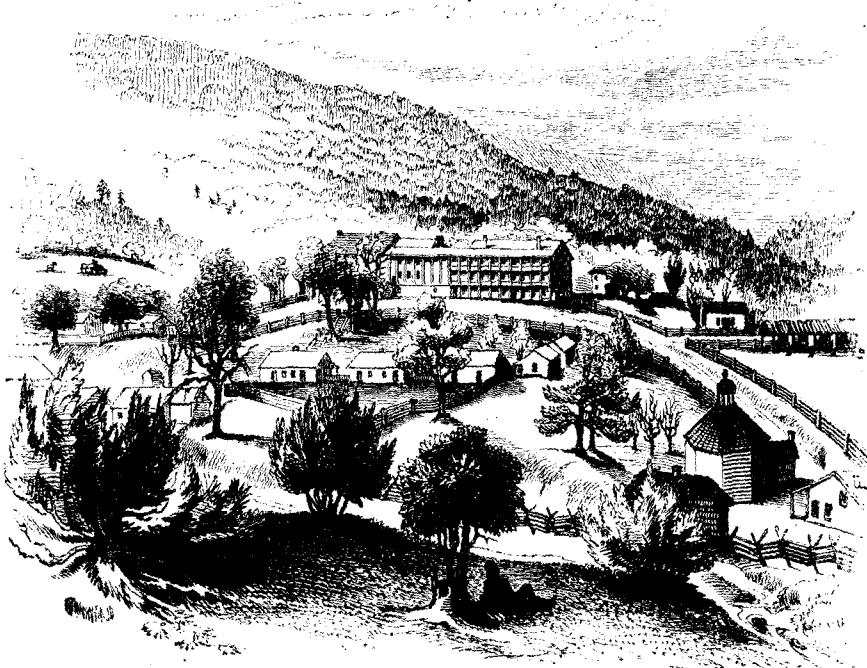
"And what shall I do to-morrow?" inquired Dora. "I'll point *Porte Crayon's* pencils for him, and hold Fanny's color-box while she paints, and help Minnie to weave her chaplets."

To-morrow, ay, to-morrow—O! simple-hearted schemers, who can reckon what a night may bring forth? In a night the gourd of Jonah grew, and in a night it withered. In a night the host of the Assyrian was blasted. And while your young eyelids are fanned by the soothing wings of sleep, in the darkness and silence of a night, what mighty changes may be wrought upon the face of nature!

"*Porte Crayon*, *Porte Crayon*, arise and look out of the window!" *Porte Crayon* opened his sleepy eyes, and gave a great yawn. "Methinks I heard a voice, and the pattering of light feet about my door." Our hero arose, and hastily donned his vestments; there was no one at the door; he then drew the curtain of the window.

"With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless he stood."

Presently, recovering his faculties in some degree, he rubbed his eyes and looked again. Our hero was well read in the philosophy of the schools, and knew how little credit was due to any appearance based solely upon the evidence of the senses. He pinched his ear, and plucked his beard. He rapped his skull with his knuckles. "*Cogito, ergo sum*," quoth he; "and yet



THE HOT SPRINGS.

this morning I am inclined to be a disciple of Pyrrho.

"If I be I, as I do hope I be,

There are three little girls in the adjoining room, and they know me."

No wonder that the view from the window confused our hero's faculties and chilled his soul to marble. Lawn and grove, field and forest, meadow and mountain, were all covered deep with a white panoply of snow, and all the air was misty with the thick-descending flakes. Crayon hastily completed his toilet, and sallied forth. The first person he met was his coachman, hat in hand, and with a countenance of dumb dismay. "How now, Mice; what news?" Mice pointed to the front porch of the hotel, where the snow lay eight inches deep. "Mass' Porte, dis is redicklus."

"Go look after your horses; see that carriage and harness are sound and trim; then call for further orders."

The ladies were already in the breakfast-room, huddling around the fire, with looks equally expressive of dismay, but by no means dumb.

"Oh, Cousin Porte, what shall we do?" "What shall we do, brother?" "What a dreadful thing, what can we do?"

Porte Crayon had that morning been more unnerved at the sight of the snow than he would be willing now to admit; but of all things to rouse the pride and energies of man, there is nothing like an appeal from one or more frightened beauties.

"What shall we do?—Do?" quoth our hero,

VOL. X.—No. 57.—U

giving his mustache a gallant twirl, "*Inprimis*, let us breakfast." The cock-eyed servant, with a polite bow, intimated that the meal alluded to awaited their orders. Hot coffee, muffins, and beef-steak are well calculated to inspire vigorous and stout-hearted counsels. Their position and prospects were discussed during the progress of the meal. While waiting for the butter to melt on his fourth muffin, Porte Crayon prefaced a harangue with a thump on the table, so energetic that it made the china dance, and he felt under the necessity of apologizing for his violence before going on with his speech.

"We will push on to the White Sulphur, if we are frozen to mummies. It is written in the programme, and we must accomplish it or perish in the attempt."

Here Dora intimated that she entertained a peculiar dislike to the idea of perishing in the snow.

"True enough, child; you shall not perish; I'll engage to carry you through without the slightest risk, and even without any considerable discomfort. I never was the man," said he, with a valiant look—(here he stopped to point his discourse with a mouthful of muffin and a swig of coffee)—"I never was the man to be bullied by the weather. I am ready to beard old Hiems himself, though backed by his flunkies, blustering Boreas and Jack Frost both together."

Crayon's swaggering manner, conjointly with the beef-steak, inspired all about him. The

girls went bravely to work preparing for the sortie. All the extra shawls and worsted comforters were put in requisition; and Crayon's supply of yarn socks were distributed round to serve as overshoes.

Mice brought up the carriage in complete order; the curtains all down, and the bottom covered knee-deep with fresh hay. All arrangements being now complete, not forgetting a bag plethoric with lunch, Crayon gallantly took the girls in his arms and carried them one by one to the carriage, safe and dry-shod. Then depositing his rifle in a dry place, and brushing the snow from his feet, he took his seat beside the driver. The apron-cloth was drawn up over their legs, and with a brisk chirrup and a crack of the whip they started into the storm.

No spiteful spitting from a passing cloud was this; no accidental dredging from the snow-bank; no light squadron of skirmishers adventuring far in advance of the imperial army of winter; here was the Snow-King himself, with all his host, marshaled in

"Battle's magnificently stern array,"

precipitating his squadrons upon the baggage-burdened retreat of Autumn. The 24th of October! Who ever heard of such a thing? It was a surprise, a base violation of compact, ungenerous, unlike a king, thus to take Nature all unwarned and unprepared. The forests, still encumbered with their tawdry apparel, were yielding fast on every side. The younger and lither trees bent their loaded crowns to the earth before the conquerer; the tall pine, whose evergreen top bore up the snow like a broad white canopy, would suddenly rip loose from the earth and fall like some smitten giant. The stout oak, who had braved a hundred winters, stood proud and defiant. "The Old Guard never yields!" Vain boast. A sudden crash proclaims the triumph of this remorseless enemy, and, one by one, his fifty strong arms are riven, and fall helpless to the ground.

The horses bore themselves sturdily. The roan and sorrel

were of good mettle; their backs were white with snow; the snow balled in their hoofs and tripped them as they moved; but they never faltered. When they reached the toll-gate on Jackson's river, nine miles from their starting-place, the storm raged with unabated fury. The toll-gatherer begged them not to persist in the attempt to cross Morris's Hill. The road was blocked up so as to be impassable; a man had made the attempt that morning on horse-back and had returned.—"We will try it. *En avant.*"—"Good luck to you, stranger," shouted the gate-keeper, hurrying into the house.

As they slowly toiled up the mountain through the deepening snow, the scene opened in all its wildness. The North Wind, not then the blustering braggart, came down upon them in his might. The downy-cushioned earth and woods gave back no echo to the sound of his rushing wings; but with silent energy and hissing malignity he drove the drifting clouds before him; now blinding men and horses with the showering flakes, now revealing in a long, wintry vista, the unbroken highway and snow-encumbered forest.

Sometimes the young growth was bowed from either side until the tops, interlocking in the



DIFFICULTIES.



THE SNOW STORM.

centre, formed a snowy archway over the road. Then our adventurers would dash through, helter-skelter, and find themselves half buried in the avalanche from the shaken trees. Sometimes through erring judgment the rush would prove a failure, and they would be brought up standing, with their equipage so entangled in tree tops and grape vines, that it was necessary to open the passage with their knives. Sometimes trees were found lying across the way, as if forbidding their further progress. Then Mice would descend, and setting his ponderous strength against the obstacle, would roll it from the road, and pass on. When they at times

encountered a tree too much for their strength, then, by deftly combining art with force, they would bend the limbs one by one, and hack them off with the hunting-knife until a passage was cleared.

When surrounded by difficulties, Porte Crayon is frequently in the habit of warming his courage by repeating heroic verses. On that occasion the noble lines of Scott, describing the battle of Flodden Field, were uppermost in his mind.

"No thought was there of dastard flight,
Linked in that serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well."

They are brave verses, although they seem to have no especial applicability to the subject.

In the warfare on Morris's Hill, the groom was the predominant character. In narrating the matter, Porte Crayon says, "I was no more to be compared with him on that field than the presumptuous frog to the doughty ox. To be sure I was not idle; I hacked and hewed with my knife to the best of my ability; I waded about in the snow, and gave directions, shouted, sung, and made brave speeches; but Mice performed prodigies. Things that he took hold of seemed to lose their weight and tenacity. He would seize a moderate-sized pine-tree by the crown, and drag it out of the track as though it had been a bush. When the road for an eighth of a mile was so overhung with snow-bowed saplings and grape vines that the possibility of penetrating them was doubtful, he would walk ahead shaking, breaking, and tearing every thing before him, like an elephant in an Indian jungle, or a hippopotamus among the reeds of the Gariep."

"The events of that day," continues Crayon, "have covered the humble name of Little Mice with imperishable glory, nor shall a historian and limner be wanting to blazon his deeds to an admiring world. What a moment for the artist to seize him, as he issued from the bushes covered with snow, looking like a polar bear, and trailing after him, by his unconscious legs, a hundred feet of grape vine!"



THE HERO OF MORRIS'S HILL.

The snow had by this time attained a depth of fourteen inches, and was still deepening and drifting furiously. While the storm grew mightier, human and equine energy had their limits. The horses panted and sobbed at every hard brush, and the snow-flakes no longer whitened their smoking hides. Wet, worn, and chilled, master and man sat drowsily in their seats, feeling the approach of that dangerous lethargy which steals over men too long exposed to cold.

"Mass' Porte, I wish we was at a tavern," exclaimed the subdued coachman.

Porte folded his arms across his breast, and,

with a desperate look, took a rapid mental survey of their position. "It is now four o'clock; night will be upon us a little after five. Since we passed the toll-gate we have scarcely averaged a mile in an hour. The horses are failing; this over-done giant is losing his courage. We shall be benighted, and completely blocked up by the snow in this wild, inhospitable forest. Poor girls! it was my rashness and obstinacy that brought them into this perilous position. God knows what may happen. I dare not think of it. They have been silent within there for some time. I have had no desire to communicate with them. I must warn them against sleeping, however; and must be careful not to alarm their fears. No, not for the world; they would sink under it, if they even suspected their situation."

Crayon quietly lifted the corner of the front curtain, and peeped into the interior of the vehicle.

The first glance at his charge relieved him of any fears as to the state of their minds. They were not asleep, nor were they weeping; but Fanny had the lunch sack in her lap, from which she had distributed sundry biscuits and slices of ham, and at the exact moment of Crayon's observation, all three were so busy in dismembering a broiled chicken, that he dropped the curtain and regained his former position unperceived. One might have supposed that this exhibition of the "*mens æqui in arduis*" in a trio of women would have delighted our hero. On the contrary, he was highly indignant. He mentally accused them of lacking the wit to appreciate their danger, and of the most heartless indifference to his exposure and sufferings. Moreover, when he thought of the heroic labors of Mice and himself, and compared their present forlorn condition with that of the ungrateful girls, giggling over their lunch, he felt strongly inclined to break in upon the feast, and warn them of their approaching fate.

"Mass' Porte, please Sir, ontie dis knot in my whip lash; somehow my fingers won't work."

"Neither will mine," said Crayon, "and I can't limber them. My gloves are wet, and my pockets full of snow."

"Here, take these, Porte," and a dainty little hand appeared beneath the curtain, presenting a pair of fur-tipped gloves. He received them with a gruff acknowledgment, and then regarding the gift with a smile of indifference, muttered—"The inconsiderate child; I couldn't get three fingers into them." So saying, he thrust them carelessly into the left pocket of his vest. Crayon felt a genial warmth pervading his half-congealed breast. It is difficult to believe that so trifling an addition to a man's clothing as those bits of fur and silk could produce so great a change; possibly their location in the vest pocket had something to do with it, but true it is, from that moment our hero felt neither cold nor despondency. Once more he sat erect, and his drooping eye again glanced defiance to the tempest.

"They shall not perish, positively," he growl-

ed between his teeth. "Their entire *insouciance* doubtless proceeds from a firm reliance on my promise that no harm should befall them; and they believe in my ability to fulfill it as confidently as if I were ruler of the storm. How beautifully feminine the trait, and how abject the soul that would not fire with the assumed responsibility!" Crayon's bosom so glowed with these generous emotions, that all the snow melted off the breast of his coat, and he broke forth into voluntary song. What particular song he sung is not recorded. Doubtless it was a good one, for the curtain was drawn up, and voices from the interior of the carriage swelled the jolly chorus.

"Amid the storm they sung"

so blythe a carol, so hearty and so brave withal, that Boreas, in sheer disgust and impotence, gave up the war.

They had passed Morris's Hill, and the road lay before them plain and unencumbered, except by the depth of snow. The country too appeared more open, and the coachman's ardent wish to see a tavern seemed likely to be gratified speedily. Night overtook them, however, still toiling onward at a snail's pace. The driver dozed in his seat, abandoning the vehicle entirely to the discretion and instinct of the horses, and the silence was only disturbed by the creaking of the carriage and the monotonous crunching of the snow beneath the wheels. The effervescence of enthusiasm was past, and overwrought nature claimed her dues. Undisturbed by doubt or apprehension, our travelers sank unresistingly into pleasant reveries, and these, as if by a common instinct, turned toward their distant home. These siren thoughts insensibly glided into dreams. Their journey was accomplished; they had returned to their kindred; the welcome was over; the pantry ransacked to add to the profusion of the groaning board; "the fire fair blazing and the vestment warm" were prepared for them. Caressing friends sat listening with complacent admiration to their narratives of hairbreadth 'scapes and natural wonders. They recalled the Fort Mountains, the Cave, the Chimneys; they remembered the day they crossed Morris's Hill in a snow storm. A terrible day it was, and stoutly they bore themselves through it all.

At length the horses stopped, and the sorrel gave a loud snort, to which the roan replied with a triumphant whinny. Porte Crayon started from his sleep so suddenly that he flattened his cap against the top of the carriage. Before them, at a distance of no more than a couple of hundred yards, he saw a number of lights, and heard a confusion of loud voices. "Wake up, you lout! Here's a tavern at last!" shouted Crayon, shaking and pommeling his man with all his might. In a state of complete bewilderment, Mice stretched his benumbed limbs, and mechanically resumed the governorship of the carriage. "Girls! girls! wake up. We've arrived at last."

"At home? Are we at home?" said Dora, eagerly.

"No, child; but, most fortunately for us, at a tavern."

"Oh, cousin, are we still in the storm?" said Minnie. "I have had such a pleasant dream."

Before our travelers had fairly recovered their consciousness, their vehicle had threaded its way among a number of road wagons, and was drawn up in front of a country tavern—a long, low, wooden building, with a rude porch running the whole length of the front. The girls were daintily transferred to the house, and the horses immediately driven off to the stables.

"May I be spavined," said a wagoner to the group that witnessed the disembarkation, "if there baint an old feller with a beard as white as Noah's when he come out of the ark!"

"Cuss my hide," said a drover, "if I know what started a flock of wimmin to take the road sich a day as this."

The supper, at which the tidy hostess presided, was such as her honest spouse had promised, and consisted of fried middling and flapjacks, with six varieties of fruit preserved in the same fermented molasses. But, like Baucis and Philemon of old,

"The kindly hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome and with open face;
In all they did you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please."

During the meal the man was at his wit's end to know how he should lodge his newly-arrived guests; but, on consultation with his wife, it was agreed that their own room, which was in a cottage standing in the yard, and a little way removed from the main building, should be arranged for the young ladies, the dame, with her brood, retreating into the loft, and the man agreeing to take his chance among the wagoners. Crayon desired nothing better for himself; and taking leave of the girls, went in search of his lieutenant, that he might have some assurance of the welfare of the horses. At the end of an hour he found him seated beside the kitchen fire, and there received the following artless report of his proceedings: The stables were even more crowded than the house. Not a stall was to be found, nor even a shed to shelter our faithful pair. The roan and sorrel looked wistfully into the crowded sheds, and saluted the possessors with many gracious and friendly whinnies. These salutations were civilly answered from within, but no movement was made to offer a place to the new-comers. Mice begged and diplomatized in vain; he received nothing but curses and threats from the wagoners. When these, one by one, had looked after their horses and retired to the more attractive precincts of the bar-room, he cast his eye upon the hostler, a negro lad who had been kicked and cuffed enough that day to prepare him for any thing that might be proposed. Mice desired his good offices to assist him in getting his horses under shelter, at the same time greasing his palm with a quarter. The boy insisted that every place was "chock full;" and then added, in a tone that might have passed for suggestive, "Dassent

move any of 'em, no, indeed—eh! eh!"—"Whose hosses is dese?" asked Mice. "Dem's Mr. Longbow's, biggest devil of 'em all."—"Here's a big, wide stall, only one hoss in?"—"Eh! eh! him kicks like forty jackasses." Mice inquired still further, and finally ascertained that a couple of horses occupying a very cozy place, belonged to an individual who was dead drunk over in the loft of the tavern. Without more ado he untied their halters, and kicking them out into the yard, introduced his suffering friends into the vacated places. The boy made a show of protesting, and threatened Mice with the awful consequences of his temerity. "De Lord knows," he sagely observed in reply, "a man what's dead drunk ain't a-gwine to hurt any body." And besides, he promised himself to get up before daylight and replace the unlucky animals whose misfortune it was to have a master that got drunk. The roan and sorrel doubtless had a comfortable night, if indeed the general belief is correct that horses have no consciences.

That portion of the company which more particularly calls for the interest and solicitude of every gallant and humane traveler being disposed of for the present in the most satisfactory manner, if any one is desirous of knowing what further adventures befell our friends during their sojourn at this inn or elsewhere, he is referred to the next chapter of this veritable history.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF THE EMPEROR TO FRANCE.

THE history of most men terminates with the grave. It is not so with Napoleon. His wild and wondrous story is continued beyond the dying hour and the silence of the tomb. Nine years, after the burial of the Emperor, passed away, during which the long agony of St. Helena increasingly engrossed the attention of the world. Every memorial of his cruel sufferings was eagerly sought for, and a chord of sympathy was struck which vibrated in all human hearts.

In the notable three days of July, 1830, the French nation rose as one man, and, for the third time, expelled the Bourbons from the throne of France. In accordance with the prediction of Napoleon the crown was placed upon the brow of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. Two months had hardly passed after this event, ere, early in October, a petition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, requesting that the remains of Napoleon might be claimed of the British Government, and restored to France. The enthusiasm which his name ever inspired, but which had been repressed under the feudal monarchy of the Bourbons, now found free utterance. "Napoleon," said M. de Montigny upon this occasion, "re-established order and tranquillity in our country. He led our armies to victory. His sublime genius put an end to anarchy. His military glory made the French

name respected throughout the whole world; and his name will ever be pronounced with emotion and veneration."

This petition was followed by many others, and a flame was enkindled in the hearts of the people which could not be repressed. It may be supposed that the government of Louis Philippe regarded with some apprehension this enthusiasm in behalf of the memory of Napoleon. But resistance was vain. There was no alternative but to attempt to take the lead in the universal movement.

On the 8th of July, 1831, by a national ordinance it was decreed that the statue of the Emperor Napoleon should be replaced upon the column in the Place Vendôme. The now humbled Allies who had, with sacrilegious hands, torn down that statue from its appropriate summit, no longer ventured to resist its triumphant ascension.

On the 29th of July, 1832, the son of Napoleon, born King of Rome, but named by his grandfather the Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of twenty-one years, a dejected prisoner in the palace of his maternal relatives. Thus the direct line of the Emperor Napoleon became extinct.

The statue of the Emperor, in accordance with the national decree, was elevated upon its glorious pedestal on the 1st of June, 1833, with great pomp, and amidst the universal acclamations of France. Upon that majestic column were inscribed the words:

"Monument reared to the glory of the Grand Army, by Napoleon the Great. Commenced the 15th of August, 1806. Finished the 15th of August, 1810."

"28th of July, 1833, Anniversary of the Revolution of July, and the year Three of the reign of Louis Philippe I., the statue of Napoleon has been replaced upon the column of the Grand Army."

By similar ceremonies on the 1st of August, 1834, a statue of Napoleon was placed in the court-yard of the royal hotel of the Invalides. On the 14th of September of the same year, the Court of Cassation, the highest court of appeal in France, rendered homage to the most profound legislator the world has ever known, by suspending in the council chamber a magnificent portrait of Napoleon, representing the Emperor pointing to the immortal Napoleonic code. These acts of grateful recognition were but the prelude to a scene of national homage which arrested the gaze of the world, and which, in all the elements of sublimity and triumph, must forever remain without a parallel.

It will be remembered that the Emperor had written in his will, with his own hand, "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well." The French nation, liberated from the bayonets of the Allies, now, with a united voice, swelling from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, demanded of the English government the remains of their beloved Emperor.