

brow of the cliff, and look downward into the valley and over the lesser heights, are evidently lost in thought. The past is appearing before them as it appears before me. Perchance, too, the Great Catherine is reading the future as well: of the final extirpation of the Crescent, of the completion of her great work, and of the struggle between Russia and Europe, whose first act was destined to be played out on the ground she trod. Well might her brow be darkened. Time presses. Cherson makes way for Sebastopol. Night and day armies of workmen must toil to raise forts, and arsenals, and batteries. If they be not alert at their task, the Allies will be upon them, and Sebastopol will be taken.

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All at once, without warning or preliminary sign, a blazing red light burst forth at some distance on my right, and I was almost deafened by the sudden roar of artillery. I suppose the interval was not more than a couple of seconds—it appeared inappreciable—and the French batteries on my left responded with equal noise and flash. Then followed rifle-cracks by the hundred, every crest, and gorge, and bush spitting fire like a dragon. I could hear the shouts between the cannon-shots—now and then a shriek—then again the clear, manly voice of a French officer calling, “*A moi! mes enfans! à moi!*”

It was clear the night was not to be given to peace, as I had supposed. Not relishing the idea of being shot star-gazing, and warned by the monitory voice of several whistling bullets which struck the ground not far from where I was, I ran forward to the nearest picket, if not to participate in, at least to witness the battle. I was challenged, of course, and had just given the countersign, when I felt a sudden sensation of numbness in my right leg. I fell to the ground. “Are you hurt, Sir?” cried one of the men nearest me.

“I—hurt?” I cried, feeling my leg curiously to ascertain first whether I had one, next whether it had a foot on, knee, and all the rest. My doubts were soon set at rest. My leg was broken. My feelings as I was carried off in a stretcher to the hospital can be imagined. So much for the present for classic ground!

#### AN EVENING AT NEWPORT.

“The guests are met, the feast is set;  
May'st hear the merry din.”

*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

MY friend Don Bobtail Fandango is making his usual summer tour of the Watering-places, and is as welcome as ever to all his old and all his new friends. He has persuaded me to accompany him from Avon Springs, at which place, I learn from those who pass the season there, there is by far the most agreeable and select society of all the great fashionable resorts. At various other small Watering-places where I have stopped for a few days, and which seemed to me rather dull, I have been told with emphasis, that there was no fuss, no dressing, none of the foolish trouble of Newport and Sar-

atoga—all of which I am willing to believe, only I wish it had been said with less tossing of the head and less invidious bitterness, as if all who preferred those larger and more famous resorts had gone down incontinently into destruction.

There is my Aunt Mastodon, the large-framed, somewhat bony woman, whom you are sure to meet at one of the minor summer resorts, and who says, with a loud voice, that she has no idea of letting Jane Maria and Matilda Ann be spoiled with the frivolities of fashionable life, and turn night into day and carry the city into the country, as they do at Newport and Saratoga—a life of which decent people ought to be ashamed. You can not conceive how severe Aunt Mastodon is upon what she terms, with a withering sneer, “fashionable” society. She thinks fashion is only a polite name for Satan; and when she says of a person, with that virtuous screw of her mouth, “she is fashionable,” you would think, if you were a foreigner, and did not understand the language, or if you were deaf and could not hear, that my aunt had said “she is —.” But you may be sure she never uses *that* word; on the contrary, she is very particular to go to church in the afternoon, and if she sees Jane Maria or Matilda Ann inclined to be drowsy, my Aunt Mastodon fixes her maternal eye upon them, and makes the responses in such a loud and severe tone, that my cousins are sure to rouse themselves, and fancy mamma has been saying that somebody is fashionable.

Yet it is curious to observe that my Aunt Mastodon, who lives in the little town of Griffin (Uncle M. is cashier of the Exterior Bank of Griffin), and who is the only person in that town who troubles herself about the sins of the city, is also the only person whose bonnets and dresses, and those of her daughters, have a faded air of second-hand fashion: and my cousins are the only Griffinites who are perpetually anxious not to do any thing which is not “genteel.” The other people in Griffin have a quiet, homely, country air. They wear plain bonnets, and dresses plainly made. They talk loud, and laugh little, and go to bed early, as is the way with sober country people. “Oh! those poor sinners in the city, given over to fashion, what will become of their souls?” says my Aunt Mastodon, when she gets a little excited by seeing that Jane Maria's new bonnet (a razee of last year's) is not sufficiently down in the nape of her neck.

“My dear Smythe,” says Don Bob to me when we talk of my Aunt Mastodon, whose family connection is very large, and some of whom we always meet at every place we visit during the summer, “do you suppose if a good angel, in the shape of your Uncle Mastodon, should say to your aunt that he had received his share of the great Mastodon estates so long buried in England, and had consequently resigned his responsibilities as cashier of the Exterior Bank of Griffin, and intended to remove to the city and spend his thirty thousand dollars a year like a gentleman—do you suppose your

Aunt Mastodon would prefer to remain in the soft seclusion of Griffin, or would she go to the city, and live in a large house, and do obsequiously every thing that Fashion told her to do? Smytthe, it is bad enough, if you please, that a woman should be what your Aunt Mastodon means to imply when she says 'fashionable'—but it is much worse when the disappointed desire of being fashionable degenerates into an impotent envy and chagrin; and you may tell your Aunt Mastodon so, and all your other relatives of the Pharisee persuasion."

Charity and perception are so closely allied, that I have observed the most quiet and well-behaved people have little time to criticise the sins of their neighbors. The severe social critic is probably either a person who likes society very much and is afraid that excesses will ruin it, and so speaks from a kind of excusable self-interest; or he is a disappointed aspirant whose name is Fox, and who can not get the grapes. Don Bob is of the former kind. "I am so fond of society," he says, "that I can not bear to see it spoiled. I am also fond of wine, and I therefore am very much opposed to intemperance. If people wouldn't get drunk, we should have no need of a liquor-law. It is always the abuse that ruins the use."

And so we chat and smoke while the soft days glide over the lovely island, and the pretty spectacle of a month's gay life flashes along the sea-side. Last evening Don Bob and I sauntered into the ball-room and listened to the music and watched the dancers.

"Young and lively people brilliantly dressed, carrying roses in their hands and roses in their cheeks, and moving gracefully to exquisite music, do not seem to me to be the chief of sinners," said Don Bob. "They don't say very wise things, I suppose; but how much wiser is your Aunt Mastodon when she applies that virtuous screw of hers to this cheerful sight, and distills a few drops of gall from it? There is your cousin, Jane Maria (the scrawny girl by the window), who wouldn't dance this waltz for any earthly consideration, perhaps; but I beg you to overhear what she is saying to that pale young man in spectacles, and then tell me whether it is any more trivial to stand on the edge of a ball-room, talking the most vapid platitudes, and wondering how girls can do so, than it is to obey the instinct of youth, and health, and good spirits, and move in measure to this delicious music. Why, Smytthe, if it is frivolous to dance, what is it to look on and rail at dancing? And indeed," said the Spanish Ambassador, smiling, "one would fancy that dancing were the only social sin in America, if one were to listen to all the Mastodons. Look here! that lovely little cloud of pink muslin which has just floated across the room is Flora Harebell, who is, indeed, no Plato in petticoats, but a sweet little girl, and any man may thank his stars if they give him such a flower as that to adorn his house. Flora will not say very profound things to you, nor understand all your

romantic remarks, you know; but she is a darling, for all that, a simple, sweet, affectionate girl. I am happy to add that, being in good health and spirits, full of fun, and with a quick ear for music, she is very fond of dancing, and dances beautifully. Now observe our severe friend Clytemnestra. She has read a good deal; she is bright and smart; she says sharp things in a demure way—a velvety-claw style of conversation—her hard round eyes are an accurate table of contents of what is behind them; she has built three tabernacles in her life: the first to the world, and the second to the world, and the third to the world; she has no faith in men, and, knowing herself best, none in women; she is *blasé*, and bitter, and unhappy; living all the time in the world, and all the time railing at it; enjoying nothing sincerely, and sacrificing a possible friendship to a sarcasm. Clytemnestra is much more feline than feminine. Does it make you sad, and do you think people are dreadfully frivolous, when you see little Flora Harebell dancing? Then how do you feel when you see Clytemnestra investing society and bombarding it with satire?"

"My dear Don Bob," I reply, "it's all a mess. If you prefer the sparkling, why should not I like the sardonic? And if you present my Aunt Mastodon, who enviously haunts the edges of society, and my severe friend Clytemnestra, who tries to sting it, and little Flora Harebell, as specimens of 'society,' what a precious thing it must be, and what wise men we are to give ourselves any trouble about it!"

"As for that, I live in the world and in a certain society," returned Don Bob, "and I must get what I can out of it. You say that 'society' is an organized lie; but I find nothing falsier in the drawing-room than I do out of it. I state it as a fact, I don't urge it as an excuse. Do you think Mr. Hide is any truer in his office down town than Mrs. Hide in her parlor up town? Does Mr. Hide, when he is trying to buy or sell a cargo of sugar or five hundred shares of a stock which he is afraid of, love his neighbor as himself, and do as he would be done by, a bit more than Mrs. Hide, who, consumed with jealousy at Mrs. Gimp's handsomer silk, smilingly wishes that lady good-morning, and is so glad to see her? Or in the courts at the City Hall and the Tombs do you find such a single-hearted regard for truth that a drawing-room seems to you so awful? Or, in the pulpit, what lie more terrible than the sermon on brotherly love by the Reverend Simeon Sop, who at home is the most irritable and captious of men? Do you say these are rare cases? If they are, the rarity holds all through, and the lady in the parlor is as truthful in her silk flounces as the lord in the counting-room in his broadcloth coat."

"I wish Aunt Mastodon could hear you," said I with a laugh.

"Your amiable relative makes the frequent mistake of supposing that goodness belongs to certain classes. Virtue is catholic. A rich

map is as likely to be good as a poor man. There is great railery just now at the English aristocracy. Behold in the Crimea the terrible proof of corruption, shout all the democrats. Yes, and also behold the other facts in the Crimea; one that the Earl of Cardigan, who is a dissipated and licentious man, is yet a brave and intrepid soldier, as full of pluck as Sidney; and also, that the woman who has gone as a ministering angel of sympathy and care to the suffering army, is from the ranks of that 'fashionable' world which our dear Aunt Mastodon, not being in it, so heartily despises. Which do you prefer—the aristocracy or the snobbery of England? I decidedly prefer the former. It is no greater sin to drive in a carriage than to walk. It is the spirit with which things are done, not the fact of doing them, that determines their character. Do you remember the dear old Parson Adams of your great Fielding? 'Vanity! I despise nothing so much as vanity. The best sermon I ever wrote was upon vanity.' Your Aunt Mastodon's censure of sin is worse than the sin she censures."

While we were talking the music played on, and the waltzers whirled. Don Bob stood leaning against the wall, and earnestly watching the scene. A gravity slowly settled upon his face, and there was a look of melancholy in his eyes.

"If we could love the leaves upon the trees," said he at length, while his head kept time to the music, "or could have any sentient relations with them, with how much pathetic interest we should watch them as they fluttered and flashed in the bright spring mornings, and sang in the summer air. For beneath the sense of their life, and our enjoyment of it, would be the bitter consciousness that it was but for a season, and that next year the same south wind would play among the branches of the same tree, but the leaves it would shake into song would not be these leaves."

"My dear Ambassador, you are getting melancholy, if not morbid. Life is full of changes. If you are going to get sentimental over change, you are in a hopeless condition. Have you seen Miss Dolly Swabbers yet? I see her brother Remus is performing in the polka."

Don Bobtail took a huge pinch of snuff.

"I know what you are thinking of," said he to me slowly. "You are wondering why I did not marry Dolly Swabbers."

"Certainly," replied I; "it will be two years in August that you said to me, 'I have seen a lady to whom I intend to make an offer of my hand and heart;' and you made some other little remarks which you may remember, of the tendency of the fair sex to fall into the arms of certain people!"

"Smythe, there is one sufficient reason for my not having married Miss Dolly Swabbers. She wouldn't have me. And it is a good thing for the Mastodons to know, and may alleviate their judgments of the great world they devote themselves to despising, that a young woman, who was not even in the whirl of 'fashion,'

but on what Mr. Benoni calls the 'outsquirts' of society, refused to marry the Spanish Ambassador because she did not happen to fancy him. Would Cousin Jane Maria have done it? Would Aunt Mastodon have allowed her to do it? I can't say that my heart was much touched, for I had not consulted it in making my addresses, but my vanity was wounded. It is such facts as these which should be known to the Mastodon family. I have always believed that a butcher's daughter would be just as glad and eager to marry a duke as an earl's daughter. Mercenary marriages are not confined to any class. Is a rich farmer's son not a welcome wooer in all the neighboring parishes? Is a man of four hundred a year not as anxious that his Dolly should 'marry well' as a man of forty thousand a year? Why do we all snivel over *Auld Robin Gray*, when Jenny Wren sings it so softly at twilight? It is a ballad of a mercenary marriage. It is a *mariage de convenance*, done into Scotch and slow music."

"Dear Don Bob, you are extremely belligerent this summer," said I, as my eyes carelessly floated on with the dancers.

"Well," answered he, smiling, "I suppose I am. The Mastodons have had it all their own way so long, that I feel quite gladiatorial. They have been trampling about and crushing down so many flowers with the weeds, that I am in for a hunt. 'Society' has been hacked at by all the tyros of both sexes, until to dance and wear a pretty dress have become almost badges of something absolutely wicked. Nothing more richly deserves a good satirical prick than 'Society,' but let it be done with intelligence. It might be well, also, to listen to social strictures with a little common-sense. Have not I been accused of denouncing dancing (which I, being a Spaniard by birth, and an ambassador by position, have always liked and practiced, and which all people, who have an ear for music, and a merry turn, are quite sure to like), because I have said to Clytemnestra that it was immodest for a girl to dance with a tipsy man, and have insinuated that people might dance without dancing all night, and have even suggested, that pleasant as dancing is, there are also other things to attend to? And because I have insisted that there was a great deal of foolish extravagance and ignorant assumption in fine drawing-rooms and in expensive lace, have I not been considered a cynic and a flyer in the face of men and women?" said Don Bob, bursting into a merry laugh.

"How many have told me, by anonymous letters and otherwise, that I had no right to dance, after denouncing dancing so bitterly; that I was like all other men, very fine in words and very frail in action; and has not Egeria herself written to me, in the most delicate hand, that it was odious to see a man who so well satirized society, ignobly enslaving himself to society. Why! will the nymphs make a Timon of me at forty-three? Seven sound years yet, do I consider myself good for the social arena. It is

because I like society that I do not want it to become too ridiculous—it is because I am fond of dancing that I do not want dancing to degenerate into a style in which no decent parent will suffer his daughter to engage, thereby putting an end to dancing—it is because I like beauty, and grace, and elegance, that I do not want to see tinsel substituted for gold, and paste for diamonds. I remember one evening last winter, after talking for an hour with Mrs. Fadladeen, she said to me: ‘Your Excellency, I beg your pardon, but I do not understand why you are satirical upon society, for I have watched you with the greatest care all winter, and I see no one who seems to enjoy society more than you.’ ‘That is the very reason, dear Mrs. Fadladeen,’ I replied. ‘Why do you give medicines to your good Fadladeen when he is ill; or why do you reproach Mr. Fadladeen when he returns from dining with Mr. Feramorz, and has evidently taken too much of that superior old stuff that has made so many voyages round the world? Is it because you hate the good Fadladeen, partner of your bosom? Not at all, it is because you love him, and wish to prolong his days in the land. Stick to common-sense, Mrs. Fadladeen, and don’t try the sarcastic.’

“On the other hand, Mrs. Mastodon said she was delighted that some one had bearded the dragon of Fashion. The sinful extravagance, the wicked luxury, the pride, malice, and all kinds of uncharitableness in the city, were too terrible to think of. The flaunting ‘fashionists’ (Mrs. M. is responsible for the word), the hollow-hearted promenaders in carriages, the marrying mothers and mercenary daughters, oh! oh! oh! perorated Mrs. Mastodon in a very prolonged interjection. Now, observe again; Mrs. Mastodon would be extravagant if she could, and luxurious if she could. She and Jane Maria, and Matilda Ann, *do* flaunt in a second-hand way. She does not promenade in a carriage, for she does not own one, and it is too expensive to hire; finally, Mrs. Mastodon would ‘manage’ her daughters into the most ‘mercenary match’ if she had the chance. Her praise, therefore, was of the same quality as Mrs. Fadladeen’s blame.”

The music played, and the dancers floated on. I watched my friend Don Bob, whose eyes were fixed upon a couple who came gliding down the room. The same pensiveness I had before remarked, stole over his face.

“There is nothing sadder than dancing-music,” said he. “Music seems to touch the chord of association more strongly than any thing else; and I can listen to waltzes which I remember in other days and scenes, until I grow very soft-hearted and romantic. Epictetus there, in the blue spectacles, who is talking to Matilda Ann about the frivolity of society, looks at me very sternly occasionally. He seems to be saying to me with his emphatic eyes, ‘Why not quit this fooling, and grapple with the stern realities of life?’ Epictetus, in the blue spectacles, is persuaded that no man of sense ever

dances, and says so audibly when he sees any body whom he wishes to ‘cut up’ pass by with a partner. Now it is to be considered that Epictetus has no ear for music, and could as readily understand the language of Thibet as the charm of music. It never occurs to him that he might as sensibly scout the literature of China, and deny that there was any rhythm in Arabian verse, as to criticise dancing or undertake to understand the pleasure derived from it. Does Epictetus find that the world and life are so very lively, seen through his blue spectacles, that he considers a little amusement superfluous? For my part, Smythe, I think all cheerfulness that you can get in a world which, to a thoughtful man, is not over-jolly, is rather a gain. Or does our young philosopher think it unworthy of a being with the sublime destinies of a man before him, to be leaping to the pleadings of sweet instruments? I should reply to him that the instinct of innocent hilarity came from the same source as all other generous instincts—that you might abuse every instinct without founding an argument against it; and that, on the whole, it was quite as worthy a being of sublime destinies to dance, as to sneer at dancing behind blue or other-colored spectacles.

“Now I am in for defending dancing,” said the Spanish Ambassador; “let me remind you what one of your older philosophers says, who will not be accused of too great levity nor want of meditation upon human destiny, however much, like the rest of us, he may have staggered and stumbled. It expresses perfectly what I have often felt, and what I suppose every man of an imaginative and susceptible temperament must have felt. If Epictetus does not understand it, Epictetus must yet remember that the Arabs understand Arabic. De Quincey says in one of his essays, ‘And in itself, of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say deliberately) so affecting as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and continuous motion. And whenever the music happens to be not of a light, trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skillful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many persons feel as I feel in such circumstances, namely, derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever.’ That seems to me better than the descriptions of balls in the fashionable novels. It is, at least, something which I perfectly understand; and I have a pride in the statement, because I like to have every genuine and profound feeling adequately expressed. You must hear a part of his explanation of this sadness: ‘The reason is in part, that such a scene presents a sort of mask of human life, with its whole equi-



page of pomps and glories, its luxuries of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading over the flying footsteps of another, while all the while the overruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle, the subject (as a German would say) to the object, the beholder to the vision.'

"I suppose," said Don Bob, as he repeated slowly and musically this sonorous passage, "that Epictetus would call it all 'opium,' or, at least, wonder how sensible men could so look at every thing through the imagination, instead of seeing it as it really is. But why should Epictetus suppose that his view, because it is a hard, and cold, and commonplace, view, is therefore the real view? Because he wears blue spectacles, and sees every thing steeped in a ghastly hue, may I not wear my rose-colored glasses, and see a more cheerful world? I do not claim that my view is the only or real view; but I do insist that it is quite as good as his, quite as true, and a great deal pleasanter. Epictetus is fond of laughing at me whenever I speak of a woman. 'I have no idea of the girl, from what you say of her,' he says: 'she may be very pretty, agreeable, and interesting, or she may be quite the reverse. I can not trust you, for you never see girls as they are, but only as they happen to strike your imagination.'

"And yet, Epictetus calls himself a philosopher! Does *he* see girls as they are? Because he discovers that the eyes are blue, and the hair light, and the movement graceful, and the *tour-nure* irreproachable, has he therefore seen the girl as she is? Did Shakspeare or Nick Bottom see the sunset as it really was? They both saw the shape of the clouds and the splendor of the light. But had they told Epictetus about it, their accounts would have singularly differed; and I have no doubt that Epictetus would have preferred Bottom's plain, common-sense view of the spectacle. I prefer the uncommon sense. The quiet assumption of mediocrity—that the mean view is the true view—begets that attributing of low motives, when low motives can be attributed, until we find ourselves in a pretty slough of skepticism; and knowledge of human nature has come to mean belief in general rascality, and 'knowledge of the world' consists in supposing it to be a general grab game, and the devil take the hindmost. This comes of regarding life through blue spectacles. And when Epictetus tells me that I had better grapple with the stern realities of life, I am much disposed to obey, and to begin with him.

"Now how about these 'stern realities?' What my philosophic Epictetus means is simply this: that I had better engage in some lucrative pursuit which shall net me from ten to twenty thousand a year. But suppose I happen to be content with my life and a hundred a year? 'It is only another case of the imagination,' sneers Epictetus. Granted cheerfully; but if I have my ease, my leisure, my books, my friends, my opportunities of doing good to

others and to myself, the chance of enjoying and appreciating the manifold beauties of nature and art that adorn this world into which a good Power has sent me—if I can keep my temper, and my fresh feeling, and my sympathy with what is generous and noble—if I can like a flower and the sunset, and enjoy the moonlight and the return of spring with that quick leap of the blood, which, once gone, 'Medea's wondrous alchemy' can not restore—why, then, if this is imagination, you and your 'stern realities of life' may go to the Island of Madagascar. I can not see that a man is any more fulfilling his destiny as a man because he sells hides and makes a heavy profit, than because he paints pictures and starves. Epictetus, who stands aside at balls, and, not having an ear for music, sneers at dancing, is a lawyer, and devotes his days to searching title-deeds and prosecuting claims. Now the thing demanded of a man is not the amount of his business, but the quality of his character; and I do not find in my historical and biographical researches that the men who are called by distinction 'men of affairs' have been the most lovely or illustrious characters. The honest London merchant of the latter part of the eighteenth century probably considered that shiftless Irishman who did the bookseller's literary jobs an unpractical dreamer, who had best be put to some stout trade; but Oliver Goldsmith probably knew as much of the stern realities as any 'man of good common-sense' of his day."

Don Bobtail Fandango stopped suddenly, and I, who had been dreamily listening and following with my eye the brilliant movement of the room, turned to him, and saw that he was intently regarding my friend Edgardo, who was conversing gayly with Lucia. They were both very handsome, certainly. He was manly, and she was womanly. It occurred to me as a little strange that I had never before thought of Edgardo and Lucia together as a very proper couple. I had met them constantly; but, like many a familiar line of poetry, the sense of which breaks upon your mind after long acquaintance with the words, so now their appearance together reminded me of a very obvious and natural result. There was nothing especially devoted in his manner, and she listened to him and talked with him without that half-perceptible shyness which Jane Maria Mastodon assures me is peculiar to girls in love. I wonder who told her, or where she read it. Presently they slid off together, and whirled down the room.

"'Tis astonishing that a man like Edgardo will waltz," said Epictetus, as he surveyed the scene through his blue spectacles; "men of sense never dance."

"No," said I; "men of sense always sneer."

"Don't you think, Epictetus," said Don Bob, "that Edgardo had better grapple with the stern realities of life?"

Epictetus gave us a broadside of blue spectacle and passed on.

I don't pretend to describe an evening at Newport. It is a hundred things to a hundred people. You see what it was to me talking with my astute friend the Spanish Ambassador. I have no idea what it was to Edgardo, how much less to Lucia; how much more, again, to Epictetus; and I say that last, because I think I understand the blue spectacle dodge. The things that you see and hear in the ball-room; the dazzling lights, the sweet imperiousness of the music, the furbelows of Mrs. Fadladeen, the flounces of my cousin Matilda Ann, the superb bouquet of Zenobia, and Flora's modest nosegay of fresh rose-buds, the polished elegance of Burnish, who is gotten up, in dress and manners, upon the English model; Dowd's checked cravat and M'Manus's green gloves—the room, the music, the lights, the muslin and broadcloth that ceaselessly whirl in the centre of the hall—these only constitute a lay-figure, which you drape according to your fancy. If you have dined too heavily, the spectacle is dull. If you have been out in the yacht and the sea was rough, you find the evening very silly. If you have recently lost a friend, it is very spectral. If you wear blue spectacles, it is very absurd. If you wear a white cravat, it is a waste of life. If you are a belle in your first season, it is just the pleasantest evening you ever had. If you are an old beau, it is the same weary old story. If you are a mamma, you are sleepy, and wish the girls would go home. If you are a papa, you stand about the edges of the crowd and make up fishing-parties with Hide and Gunnybags, or wonder whether, on the whole, things pay. If you are a rejected lover, it is a place not to be mentioned. If you are accepted, it is heaven.

"I am not ashamed of Newport," said Don Bob to me, as we stood together, "though I find a great many people who are. I am not ashamed of going to a ball, and dancing, and enjoying myself. I should be very much ashamed of myself if I did nothing else. I should be very much ashamed of myself if I supposed that I could not be manly without being maudlin, and if I could not refuse to go to a gambling-house if I felt it wrong to go; nor decline to smoke, if it made me sick. I should be very much ashamed of myself indeed, if I wore a pair of blue spectacles," said Don Bob, smiling at Epictetus, who passed by with Clytemnestra leaning on his arm.

But I observed that, when Lucia and Edgardo stopped, and sat down together, and Edgardo fanned her, and wiped his brow, and smiled, and chatted, Don Bobtail looked curiously at them, and at length sighed.

"How very sad that waltz is!" said he. "It is one of Lanner's, and is well called the *Romantiker*."

His eyes were still upon Edgardo and his partner, and I saw that they had stopped talking and were listening to the music. Presently Edgardo rose, and handing Lucia her fan, bowed, and retired. Then came young Remus

Swabbers, and she rose and then whirled into the airy ring.

"How little do old blue spectacles and your Aunt Mastodon," said the Ambassador, half smiling, "suspect that Lucia and Edgardo have both grappled with the stern realities Epictetus is so fond of talking about. Watch her as she waltzes. Here she comes! now look, how sweet! how smiling! And here comes Edgardo with Dolly Swabbers. What a smooth brow! what a clear eye! I warrant you have never heard their little romance, but it is quite perfect in its way. Lucia is, beyond question, your Aunt Mastodon's pet horror, 'a fashionable girl;' and Edgardo, spite of Epictetus, is a man of sense, although he does dance. Now we have just time enough before the hop breaks up to tell the story."

We seated ourselves upon a sofa, and, while the lovely waltzes throbbed an under tone of inexpressible longing and sadness, the Ambassador proceeded:

"Lucia was always the same attractive girl that you know, clever, and lively, and full of grace and sweetness. I knew her in my earlier visits to this country, and many a good romp I have had with her, and many a half-paternal, half-gallant speech has she cut short with her lifted finger and her merry laugh. Like all the rest of her companions she was brought up in such a way that luxury was a matter of course. No wishes that money could satisfy were ungratified in her father's house. Life was a great garden in which she played and pulled the costly flowers to pieces for fun. Presently she was a girl and had admirers. Half the boys in her set were in love with her. How she danced! how she dressed! how she laughed! how her eyes filled with tears and her cheeks with blood at every generous word and act! how untouched her heart was, and how little she believed that any body really cared for her!

"The bright years flew like silken threads, and the grim Fates were spinning her destiny. Willful, impetuous, enthusiastic, she read all the books, and talked with the sensible men, as well as danced and frolicked. She went to the opera and thought each tenor, in turn, the superbest and most fascinating of men. She pored over romances and had ideals of heroes. She tried to put the men she knew into the ideal clothes she had manufactured. But they would never fit, and she laughed good-humoredly at her own conceits. Meanwhile all the years and the months were good fairies and gave her wonderful gifts. She lived in the world. She cultivated her voice, and sang at charity concerts. She went twice a week to the ragged schools; and five times a week to great, gay, splendid balls, where she danced every set, and bewitched every beholder. Remus Swabbers and his friends said she was so *parfaitement ganté*, and *chaussé*, and *misé*, that I supposed the English language had broken down in the attempt to express her perfections. At length my young friend Remus capitulated to

this overpowering array of past participles, and offered himself and the hereditary honors and estates of the house of Swabbers to the acceptance of Lucia. She was very much surprised, and very decidedly declined. But they did not quarrel; and Remus, after a few genuine tears, betook himself to Miss Wolfe again.

"Then came a vast concourse of suitors; at least it was so rumored. I don't believe any body had the fact from Lucia, for I don't believe any honorable girl is like a savage, who wishes the tribe to count his scalps. But the men sometimes betrayed it in many ways; and I have no doubt that it is often through the men that these little secrets get out, and then the exposure is charged to the women, upon the plausible pretext that no man would betray his own discomfiture. Perhaps no man would, but some men do. On the whole, I find it wiser to take the facts, rather than the theories, of life.

"It would be hard to say how much Lucia was dependent upon the excitement of the life she led. Many a man in the city sighs for the country, as for happiness; and being once buried in the rural districts would give half his fortune for 'the sweet security of streets' again. Old Meerscham, who has smoked for forty years, says smoking is no habit with him; he has it perfectly under control, and could leave off just when he pleases. But he never pleases. So Lucia said she rushed to balls and lived in the world because other people did. She enjoyed it, to be sure, but she could give it up at any time. At each of the five balls to which she went every week she said that she should be very sorry indeed if she thought she could not give up balls. Lucia had her preferences, I am sure. She wondered whether Pericles would be at Mrs. Swabbers's on Tuesday evening, and whether he would ask her to dance the German. I know that she was engaged to dance the second polka-redowa with him for a whole season. Then there was less Pericles and more Julius Caesar in her wonder, and she was quite willing to see P. talking with Clytemnestra if she had J. C. sitting by her side, and surmising in his lowest and sweetest tones, and with a look of tender meaning in his eyes, who could possibly have been so audacious as to send her that bouquet! But Julius Caesar followed Pericles, Petrarch yielded to Pelham, and Vivian Grey was supplanted by Ptolemy Philadelphus. It was in the reign of this latter potentate that Edgardo was presented to Lucia, and the sceptre began to tremble in the hand of Ptolemy.

"Edgardo, whom you see over there in the corner by the orchestra, fanning Miss Dolly Swabbers, was entirely captivated by Lucia. But he had an equal horror of flirting and of affected indifference. His honest interest, therefore, was evident at once, but not its extent. As he saw more of Lucia it was very clear that he liked her very much; but even the double eye-power of Mrs. Hydra and Mrs. Gorgon, who applied themselves with untiring alacrity to the observation of this conjunction of stars, failed to dis-

cover any thing further. And you may fancy how skillfully it was managed by Edgardo, if you notice the powers of observation of that pair of amiable old dragons when you meet them driving together on the beach to-morrow afternoon, and leaning back in the carriage, gorged with gossip.

"Ptolemy Philadelphus, who is a very sensible young man, abdicated. Lucia laughed, and danced, and sewed, and went about doing good, as she always did. She was the most brilliant girl in society; not an ideal woman—men do not fall in love with ideal women—but a lovely girl, to whom Edgardo had entirely surrendered, although he did not offer to put her in possession of a bit of her new domain. Do you suppose she knew it? Do you suppose every woman knows when a man loves her? If he tries to conceal, doesn't he conceal too much? if he is bold, is he not too bold? if he is indifferent, is it not clearly an affected indifference? I don't pretend to say how it was. But Lucia carried an occasional bouquet, which I am persuaded Edgardo paid for. I grant she carried others, which were not charged nor chargeable to him. She danced often with him. So she did with twenty others. Poor Mesdames Hydra and Gorgon were almost in despair. There was no other favorite, however. The throne, if not secretly occupied, was vacant. Young Hotspur made a charge at it, about this time, but was incontinently repulsed. Things continued so for several months. The Fates spun, and the world went on. Pericles married Simple Susan, and Petrarch, Mrs. Patterson. Vivian Grey still wears a weed for Violet Fane, and Pelham paired with the little Pocahontas. Julius Caesar is on the Rhine, and Ptolemy Philadelphus is a jolly bachelor to this day.

"The world wagged; Edgardo loved. Of course a lady never loves until she is asked, or I should say that Lucia was not indifferent. In those days Edgardo confided in me, and I heard all. He loved intensely—as silent men usually do love. But he was full of good sense, and he knew that this world is a world in which happiness is dependent, not only upon feelings, but upon certain conditions. His tastes were very quiet. He went into society because he met Lucia there. He was cheerful, but retiring. His character was strong, and his habits resulted from his nature, and in his plan of life 'society' was secondary. He thought he saw clearly enough, how, both from nature and habit, as well as from circumstances, a gay and lively, and not a quiet, life, was necessary to Lucia. Therefore he restrained the expression of his feelings, lest she should be influenced by his love to love him, and possibly to suffer. He asked my advice. It was very simple. I told him that when he was traveling in a lightning-train he had better not try to jump out of the window, but to stick fast to the end of the journey. When a man is in love there is but one bit of advice to give him, and that is, 'Go on.' He asked me if I thought Lucia knew that he

loved her. I replied that I was confident she knew that he liked her, and it depended entirely upon her feeling for him whether she thought liking was loving. O Heavens! did I think she loved him? I frankly confessed that Miss Lucia guarded her secret warily, and that I could not tell.

"When things go so far they are near the crisis. A few evenings after, he met her somewhere, and, as the night was perfect, and the air warm, and the distance short, and papa and mamma were also going to walk, she consented to allow Edgardo to walk home with her. If I were the moon—if I were the sidewalk—if I were the air, I would tell you just what he said. He would never tell me, and the moon guards safely her sad secrets. But he came into my room at one o'clock in the morning, flushed, and eager, and wild. He laughed, and cried, and sobbed, and behaved very differently from the behavior you observe at this moment while he is conversing with Clytemnestra near the door. He told me many times and in many words that he was the happiest of undeserving fools. He actually quoted poetry, and bounced out of my room, singing, at two o'clock.

"The next evening Edgardo came in pale and quiet. He sat down by me. I was smoking, and had on my Turkish *robe-de-chambre*, and we remained for a long time without speaking. Then, in a very collected and tranquil way, he told me that he was convinced he ought to renounce Lucia; that much as he loved her, he could not help seeing that he could not make her happy, for he could not ask her to relinquish the gay life to which she was accustomed, and which she preferred, while he, certainly, could not give up his habits of retirement and repose. The manly and honorable course, therefore, he thought, was to end every thing at once. This change in a day surprised even me. I asked him if Lucia knew of his passion, or if she had betrayed any feeling for him. He sighed, and was silent for a little while, and then said that he had almost betrayed himself the night before; and whether it was his eager fancy, or whether the moon and the hour had unsealed her heart for a moment, he thought he perceived that she was not indifferent to him, and that conviction had put him into the state I saw last night, but had, at the same time, made him tremble lest he had not paused in time. I asked him how he dared to thwart nature in this way, and whether he could not trust a woman's love enough to believe that it would alter, and mould her life to sympathy with that of her lover. He confessed that theoretically he did; but facts are against us, he said. It was useless to combat what I felt to be a conscientious conviction. But it seemed to me deplorable, and I told him so. He said that he had been through the whole case, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to conquer his passion. So saying, he calmly wished me good-night, and went away.

"The next week he sailed for Europe, and

lay ill in Paris for three months, fluttering between life and death. I was the only one who knew his secret. Now no one knows it except you and I. And Lucia? I can not tell. Her smile was always as sweet afterward, her life glided as gently on. His attentions had not been pointed enough to justify criticism or remark; and when he left, no one supposed that his feeling for her had been more than a transient admiration. I think she must have had strange doubts and surmises. I think the summer moonlight must sometimes have oppressed her with a sense of mystery. I think she must have sometimes had a sad wonder whether a noble man could be untrue, and have recoiled a little, perhaps, from those who most pleased her, and toward whom she was most attracted.

But there was no change in the aspect of her life. She spoke freely and pleasantly of Edgardo; and when he returned last year from Europe, where he had remained for three or four years, she was very glad to see him, and her manner was truly frank and cordial. I observe, however, that the throne remains unoccupied, and that Lucia does not marry.

"Ah, well; I see the people are going. Here comes your Aunt Mastodon with a cluster of what she likes to call in scornful Italics, the *sickly aristocracy*. She, I observe, is only to be distinguished from them by vulgarity and ill-breeding. Her contemporaries, Mesdames Hydra and Gorgon, are shut up in a small room, greedily discussing all the scandal they have scraped up to-day, as scavengers rake over their filth. Here comes Edgardo with my friend Miss Swabbers. What a dismal mistake he made! And now Lucia, escorted by Epictetus and the blue spectacles. I suppose he is insinuating sarcasms about dancing, and suggesting that she had better grapple with the stern realities of life. But let us go; here is the gay Ptolemy Philadelphus, whispering jokes to Lucia, who smiles and smiles, while Epictetus grows ever bluer behind his spectacles. Come, let us join Philadelphus, and go down."

#### THE BOHEMIAN.

I WAS launched into the world when I reached twenty-one, at which epoch I found myself in possession of health, strength, physical beauty, and boundless ambition. I was poor. My father had been an unsuccessful operator in Wall Street. Had passed through the various vicissitudes of fortune common to his profession, and ended by being left a widower, with barely enough to live upon and give me a collegiate education. As I was aware what strenuous exertions he had made to accomplish this last; how he had pinched himself in a thousand ways to endow me with intellectual capital, I immediately felt, on leaving college, the necessity of burdening him no longer. The desire for riches entirely possessed me. I had no dream but wealth. Like those poor wretches so lately starving on the Darien Isthmus, who used to beguile their hunger with imaginary