

his breast, and, held by the firm grasp of his arm, I rested, and he consoled me; a deep and vital draught of peace slaked my soul's feverish thirst. Such peace had I never known, for it was the daughter of experience and trust.

You who, full of youth and its intact passion, give a careless hour to these pages, wonder not that I could find it just to give so noble a man a heart once given and wasted! Know that it is not the flower of any tropic palm that is fit to feed and sustain man, but the ripened clusters of its fruitage—the result of time, and sun, and storm. The first blush, the earliest kiss, the tender and timid glance are sweet indeed; but the true household fire, deep and abiding, is oftenest kindled in the heart matured by passion and by pain, tested in the stress of life, deepened and strengthened by manifold experience; and such a heart receives no unworthy guest, lights its altar-fire for no idol of wood or clay. I felt that I rendered Herman Van Alstyne far nobler and higher homage, that I did him purer justice in loving him now than it had ever been in my power to do before.

First love is a honeyed and dewy romance, fit for novels and school-girls; but of the myriad women who have lived to curse their marriage-day nine-tenths have been those who married in their ignorant girlhood, and married boys.

I have digressed to honor Herman, to vindicate myself. That Christmas-eve I lay sheltered and at rest on his arm, till the toll of midnight rang clear upon my ear. I could forever sing the angels' song now, that for years had been a blank repetition to my wretched and ungodly soul.

"Peace on earth!" was no more a chimera; I knew it at heart. "Good will to men!" that was spontaneous; I loved all in and for one. "Glory to God in the highest!" What did that ask to utter it but a full thankfulness that bore me upward like the flood-tide of a summer sea?

Blessed as I was, my common sense reminded me that it was far into the night, that I ought to sleep; so I said good-night to Herman, and crept with weak steps to my room. I fell asleep to dream of him, of Eleanor, of peace, and I woke into the deep silence that always preceded—*It*.

I woke knowing what stood beside me. Keen starlight pierced the pane, and shed a dim, obscure perception of place and outline over my room. A long, restful, sobbing sigh parted my lips; I perceived *It* was at hand; fear fled; terror died out; I turned my eyes—oh God! it was Eleanor!

Wan—frail—a flowing outline of shadow, but the face in every faultless line and vivid expression; now an expression of intense longing, of wistful prayer, of pleading that would never be denied.

I lifted my heavy arms toward the vision; it swayed and bent above me: the white lips parted; no murmur nor sound came from them, yet they spoke—"Forgive! forgive!"

"Eleanor! Yes love, darling! yes, forever, as I hope to be forgiven!" I cried out aloud. A gleam of rapture and rest relaxed the brow, the sad eyes; love ineffable glowed along each lineament, and transfused to splendor the frigid moulding of snow.

I closed my eyes to crush inward the painful tears, and a touch of lips sealed them with sacred and unearthly repose. I looked again; *It* had gone forever. The Christmas bells pealed loud and clear for dawn, and my thoughts rung their own joy bells beside the steeple chimes. Herman and Eleanor both loved me—I had forgiven; I was forgiven.

Yet must day and space echo that word once more. Hear me, Eleanor! hear me, from that mystic country where thou hast fled before!

I repeat that forgiveness again. So may Heaven pardon me in the hour of need; so may God look upon me with strong affection in the parting of soul and body, even as I pardon and love thee, Eleanor, with a truth and faith eternal! Thee, forever loved, but, ah! not now forever lost?

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHERE IT APPEARS THAT HARRY WAS NOT SO BLACK AS HE HAD BEEN PAINTED.

WHILE there were card-players enough to meet her at her lodgings and the assembly-rooms, Madame de Bernstein remained pretty contentedly at the Wells, scolding her niece, and playing her rubber. At Harry's age almost all places are pleasant, where you can have lively company, fresh air, and your share of sport and diversion. Even all pleasure is pleasant at twenty. We go out to meet it with alacrity, speculate upon its coming, and when its visit is announced, count the days until it and we shall come together. How very gently and coolly we regard it toward the close of Life's long season! Madam, don't you recollect your first ball; and does not your memory stray toward that happy past, sometimes, as you sit ornamenting the wall while your daughters are dancing? I, for my part, can remember when I thought it was delightful to walk three miles and back in the country to dine with old Captain Jones. Fancy liking to walk three miles, now, to dine with Jones and drink his half-pay port! No doubt it was bought from the little country-town wine merchant, and cost but a small sum; but 'twas offered with a kindly welcome, and youth gave it a flavor which no age of wine or man can impart to it nowadays. *Viximus nuper*. I am not disposed to look so severely upon young Harry's conduct and idleness, as his friend the stern Colonel of the Twentieth Regiment. Oh, blessed idleness! Divine lazy nymph! Reach me a novel as I lie in my dressing-gown at three o'clock in the afternoon; compound a sherry-cobbler for me,



and bring me a cigar! Dear slatternly—smiling Enchantress! They may assail thee with bad names—swear thy character away, and call thee the Mother of Evil; but, for all that, thou art the best company in the world!

My Lord of March went away to the North; and my Lord Chesterfield, finding the Tunbridge waters did no good to his deafness, returned to his solitude at Blackheath; but other gentlemen remained to sport and take their pleasure, and Mr. Warrington had quite enough of companions at his ordinary at the White Horse. He soon learned to order a French dinner as well as the best man of fashion out of St. James's; could talk to Monsieur Barbeau, in Monsieur B.'s native language, much more fluently than most other folks—discovered a very elegant and decided taste in wines, and could distinguish between Clos Vougeot and Romanée with remarkable skill. He was the young King of the Wells, of which the general frequenters were easy-going men of the world, who were, by no means, shocked at that reputation for gallantry and extravagance which Harry had got, and which had so frightened Mr. Wolfe.

Though our Virginian lived among the revelers, and swam and sported in the same waters with the loose fish, the boy had a natural shrewdness and honesty which kept him clear of the snares and baits which are commonly set for the unwary. He made very few foolish bets with the jolly idle fellows round about him, and the oldest hands found it difficult to take him in. He engaged in games out doors and in, because he had a natural skill and aptitude for them, and was good to hold almost any match with any fair competitor. He was scrupulous to play only with those gentlemen whom he knew, and always to settle his own debts on the spot. He would have made but a very poor figure at a

college examination; though he possessed prudence and fidelity, keen, shrewd perception, great generosity, and dauntless personal courage.

And he was not without occasions for showing of what stuff he was made. For instance, when that unhappy little Cattarina, who had brought him into so much trouble, carried her importunities beyond the mark at which Harry thought his generosity should stop, he withdrew from the advances of the Opera-House Siren with perfect coolness and skill, leaving her to exercise her blandishments upon some more easy victim. In vain the mermaid's hysterical mother waited upon Harry, and vowed that a cruel bailiff had seized all her daughter's goods for debt, and that her venerable father was at present languishing in a London jail. Harry declared that between himself and the bailiff there could be no dealings, and that because he had had the good fortune to become known to Mademoiselle Cattarina, and to gratify her caprices by present-

ing her with various trinkets and nicknacks for which she had a fancy, he was not bound to pay the past debts of her family, and must decline being bail for her papa in London, or settling her outstanding accounts at Tunbridge. The Cattarina's mother first called him a monster and an ingrate, and then asked him, with a veteran smirk, why he did not take pay for the services he had rendered to the young person? At first, Mr. Warrington could not understand what the nature of the payment might be: but when that matter was explained by the old woman, the honest lad rose up in horror, to think that a woman should traffic in her child's dishonor, told her that he came from a country where the very savages would recoil from such a bargain; and, having bowed the old lady ceremoniously to the door, ordered Gumbo to mark her well, and never admit her to his lodgings again. No doubt she retired breathing vengeance against the Iroquois: no Turk or Persian, she declared, would treat a lady so: and she and her daughter retreated to London as soon as their anxious landlord would let them. Then he had his perils of gaming as well as his perils of gallantry. A man who plays at bowls, as the phrase is, must expect to meet with rubbers. After dinner at the ordinary, having declined to play piquet any further with Captain Batts, and being roughly asked his reason for refusing, Harry fairly told the Captain that he only played with gentlemen who paid, like himself: but expressed himself so ready to satisfy Mr. Batts as soon as their outstanding little account was settled that the Captain declared himself satisfied *d'avance*, and straightway left the Wells without paying Harry or any other creditor. Also he had an occasion to show his spirit by beating a chairman who was rude to old Miss Whiffler one evening as she was going to the assembly: and finding that the calumny

regarding himself and that unlucky opera-dancer was repeated by Mr. Hector Buckler, one of the fiercest frequenters of the Wells, Mr. Warrington stepped up to Mr. Buckler in the pump-room, where the latter was regaling a number of water-drinkers with the very calumny, and publicly informed Mr. Buckler that the story was a falsehood, and that he should hold any person accountable to himself who henceforth uttered it. So that though our friend, being at Rome, certainly did as Rome did, yet he showed himself to be a valorous and worthy Roman; and, *hurlant avec les loups*, was acknowledged by Mr. Wolfe himself to be as brave as the best of the wolves.

If that officer had told Colonel Lambert the stories which had given the latter so much pain, we may be sure that when Mr. Wolfe found his young friend was innocent he took the first opportunity to withdraw the odious charges against him. And there was joy among the Lamberts, in consequence of the lad's acquittal—something, doubtless, of that pleasure which is felt by higher natures than ours at the recovery of sinners. Never had the little family been so happy—no, not even when they got the news of Brother Jack winning his scholarship, as when Colonel Wolfe rode over with the account of the conversation which he had with Harry Warrington. "Hadst thou brought me a regiment, James, I think I should not have been better pleased," said Mr. Lambert. Mrs. Lambert called to her daughters who were in the garden, and kissed them both when they came in, and cried out the good news to them. Hetty jumped for joy, and Theo performed some uncommonly brilliant operations upon the harpsichord that night; and when Dr. Boyle came in for his backgammon, he could not, at first, account for the illumination in all their faces, until the three ladies, in a happy chorus, told him how right he had been in his sermon, and how dreadfully they had wronged that poor dear, good young Mr. Warrington.

"What shall we do, my dear?" says the Colonel to his wife. "The hay is in, the corn won't be cut for a fortnight—the horses have nothing to do. Suppose we . . ." And here he leans over the table and whispers in her ear.

"My dearest Martin! The very thing!" cries Mrs. Lambert, taking her husband's hand and pressing it.

"What's the very thing, mother?" cries young Charly, who is home for his Bartlemy-tide holidays.

"The very thing is to go to supper. Come, Doctor! We will have a bottle of wine to-night, and drink repentance to all who think evil."

"Amen," says the Doctor, "with all my heart!" And with this the worthy family went to their supper.



CHAPTER XXX.

CONTAINS A LETTER TO VIRGINIA.

HAVING repaired one day to his accustomed dinner at the White Horse Ordinary, Mr. Warrington was pleased to see among the faces round the table the jolly, good-looking countenance of Parson Sampson, who was regaling the company, when Harry entered, with stories and *bons mots*, which kept them in roars of laughter. Though he had not been in London for some months, the Parson had the latest London news, or what passed for such with the folks at the Ordinary: what was doing in the King's house at Kensington; and what in the Duke's in Pall Mall: how Mr. Byng was behaving in prison, and who came to him: what were the odds at New Market, and who was the last reigning toast in Covent Garden;—the jolly Chaplain could give the company news upon all these points—news that might not be very accurate, indeed, but was as good as if it were for the country gentlemen who heard it. For suppose that my Lord Viscount Squanderfield was ruining himself for Mrs. Polly, and Sampson called her Mrs. Lucy? that it was Lady Jane who was in love with the actor, and not Lady Mary? that it was Harry Hilton, of the Horse Grenadiers, who had the quarrel with Chevalier Solingen, at Marybone Garden, and not Tommy Ruffler, of the Foot Guards? The names and dates did not matter much. Provided the stories were lively and wicked, their correctness was of no great importance; and Mr. Sampson laughed and chattered away among his country gentlemen, charmed them with his spirits and talk, and drank his share of one bottle after another, for which his delighted auditory persisted in calling. A hundred years ago the *Abbé* Parson, the clergyman who frequented the theatre, the tavern, the race-course, the world of fashion, was no uncommon character in English society: his voice might be heard the loudest in the hunting-field: he could sing the jolliest song at the Rose or the Bedford Head, after the

play was over at Covent Garden, and could call a main as well as any at the gaming-table.

It may have been modesty, or it may have been claret, which caused his reverence's rosy face to redden deeper, but when he saw Mr. Warrington enter he whispered *maxima debetur* to the laughing country squire who sat next him in his drab coat and gold-laced red waistcoat, and rose up from his chair and ran, nay, stumbled forward, in his haste to greet the Virginian. "My dear Sir, my very dear Sir, my conqueror of spades, and clubs, and hearts too, I am delighted to see your honor looking so fresh and well," cries the Chaplain.

Harry returned the clergyman's greeting with great pleasure. He was glad to see Mr. Sampson; he could also justly compliment his reverence upon his cheerful looks and rosy gills.

The Squire in the drab coat knew Mr. Warrington; he made a place beside himself; he called out to the parson to return to his seat on the other side, and to continue his story about Lord Ogle and the grocer's wife in— Where he did not say, for his sentence was interrupted by a shout and an oath addressed to the parson for treading on his gouty toe.

The Chaplain asked pardon, hurriedly turned round to Mr. Warrington, and informed him, and the rest of the company indeed, that my Lord Castlewood sent his affectionate remembrances to his cousin, and had given special orders to him (Mr. Sampson) to come to Tunbridge Wells and look after the young gentleman's morals; that my Lady Viscountess and my Lady Fanny were gone to Harrowgate for the waters; that Mr. Will had won his money at New Market, and was going on a visit to my Lord Duke; that Molly, the housemaid, was crying her eyes out about Gumbo, Mr. Warrington's valet;—in fine, all the news of Castlewood and its neighborhood. Mr. Warrington was beloved by all the country round, Mr. Sampson told the company, managing to introduce the names of some persons of the very highest rank into his discourse. "All Hampshire had heard of his successes at Tunbridge—successes of every kind," says Mr. Sampson, looking particularly arch; my lord hoped, their ladyships hoped, Harry would not be spoiled for his quiet Hampshire home.

The guests dropped off one by one, leaving the young Virginian to his bottle of wine and the Chaplain.

"Though I have had plenty," says the jolly Chaplain, "that is no reason why I should not have plenty more;" and he drank toast after toast, and bumper after bumper, to the amusement of Harry, who always enjoyed his society.

By the time when Sampson had had his "plenty more," Harry, too, was become specially generous, warm-hearted, and friendly. A lodging?—why should Mr. Sampson go to the expense of an inn, when there was a room at Harry's quarters? The Chaplain's trunk was ordered thither, Gumbo was bidden to make Mr. Sampson comfortable—most comfortable;

nothing would satisfy Mr. Warrington but that Sampson should go down to his stables and see his horses; he had several horses now; and when at the stable Sampson recognized his own horse, which Harry had won from him; and the fond beast whinnied with pleasure, and rubbed his nose against his old master's coat; Harry rapped out a brisk, energetic expression or two, and vowed by Jupiter that Sampson should have his old horse back again: he would give him to Sampson, that he would; a gift which the Chaplain accepted by seizing Harry's hand and blessing him—by flinging his arms round the horse's neck, and weeping for joy there, weeping tears of Bordeaux and gratitude. Arm-in-arm the friends walked to Madame Bernstein's from the stable; of which they brought the odors into her ladyship's apartment. Their flushed cheeks and brightened eyes showed what their amusement had been. Many gentlemen's cheeks were in the habit of flushing in those days, and from the same cause.

Madame Bernstein received her nephew's chaplain kindly enough. The old lady relished Sampson's broad jokes and rattling talk from time to time, as she liked a highly-spiced dish or a new entrée composed by her cook, upon its two or three first appearances. The only amusement of which she did not grow tired, she owned, was cards. "The cards don't cheat," she used to say. "A bad hand tells you the truth to your face: and there is nothing so flattering in the world as a good suite of trumps." And when she was in a good humor, and sitting down to her favorite pastime, she would laughingly bid her nephew's chaplain say grace before the meal. Honest Sampson did not at first care to take a hand at Tunbridge Wells. Her ladyship's play was too high for him, he would own, slapping his pocket with a comical piteous look, and its contents had already been handed over to the fortunate youth at Castlewood. Like most persons of her age and indeed her sex, Madame Bernstein was not prodigal of money. I suppose it must have been from Harry Warrington, whose heart was overflowing with generosity as his purse with guineas, that the Chaplain procured a small stock of ready coin, with which he was presently enabled to appear at the card table.

Our young gentleman welcomed Mr. Sampson to his coin, as to all the rest of the good things which he had gathered about him. 'Twas surprising how quickly the young Virginian adapted himself to the habits of life of the folks among whom he lived. His suits were still black, but of the finest cut and quality. "With a star and ribbon, and his stocking down, and his hair over his shoulder, he would make a pretty Hamlet," said the gay old Duchess Queensbury. "And I make no doubt he has been the death of a dozen Ophelias already, here and among the Indians," she added, thinking not at all the worse of Harry for his supposed successes among the fair. Harry's lace and linen were as fine as his aunt could desire.

He purchased fine shaving-plate of the toyshop women, and a couple of magnificent brocade bed-gowns, in which his worship lolled at ease, and sipped his chocolate of a morning. He had swords and walking-canes, and French watches with painted backs and diamond settings, and snuff-boxes enameled by artists of the same cunning nation. He had a levée of grooms, jockeys, tradesmen, daily waiting in his ante-room, and admitted one by one to him and Parson Sampson, over his chocolate, by Gumbo the groom of the chambers. We have no account of the number of men whom Mr. Gumbo now had under him. Certain it is that no single negro could have taken care of all the fine things which Mr. Warrington now possessed, let alone the horses and the post-chaise which his honor had bought. Also Harry instructed himself in the arts which became a gentleman in those days. A French fencing-master, and a dancing-master of the same nation, resided at Tunbridge during that season when Harry made his appearance: these men of science the young Virginian sedulously frequented, and acquired considerable skill and grace in the peaceful and warlike accomplishments which they taught. Ere many weeks were over he could handle the foils against his master or any frequenter of the fencing school, and, with a sigh, Lady Maria (who danced very elegantly herself) owned that there was no gentleman at Court who could walk a minuet more gracefully than Mr. Warrington. As for riding, though Mr. Warrington took a few lessons on the great horse from a riding-master who came to Tunbridge, he declared that their own Virginian manner was well enough for him, and that he saw no one among the fine folks and the jockeys who could ride better than his friend Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon.

The obsequious Sampson found himself in better quarters than he had enjoyed for ever so long a time. He knew a great deal of the world, and told a great deal more, and Harry was delighted with his stories, real or fancied. The man of twenty looks up to the man of thirty, admires the latter's old jokes, stale puns, and tarnished anecdotes that are slopped with the wine of a hundred dinner-tables. Sampson's town and college pleasantries were all new and charming to the young Virginian. A hundred years ago—no doubt there are no such people left in the world now—there used to be grown men in London who loved to consort with fashionable youths entering life; to tickle their young fancies with merry stories; to act as Covent-Garden Mentors and masters of ceremonies at the Round-house; to accompany lads to the gaming-table, and perhaps have an understanding with the punters; to drink lemonade to Master Hopeful's Burgundy, and to stagger into the streets with perfectly cool heads when my young lord reeled out to beat the watch. Of this no doubt extinct race, Mr. Sampson was a specimen: and a great comfort it is to

think (to those who choose to believe the statement) that in Queen Victoria's reign there are no flatterers left, such as existed in the reign of her royal great-grandfather, no parasites pandering to the follies of young men; in fact, that all the toads have been eaten off the face of the island (except one or two that are found in stones, where they have lain *perdus* these one hundred years), and the toad-eaters have perished for lack of nourishment.

With some sauces, as I read, the above-mentioned animals are said to be exceedingly fragrant, wholesome, and savory eating. Indeed, no man could look more rosy and healthy, or flourish more cheerfully, than friend Sampson upon the diet. He became our young friend's confidential leader, and, from the following letter, which is preserved in the Warrington correspondence, it will be seen that Mr. Harry not only had dancing and fencing-masters, but likewise a tutor, chaplain, and secretary.

TO MRS. ESMOND WARRINGTON, OF CASTLEWOOD,

AT HER HOUSE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Bligh's Lodgings, Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells,
August 25th, 1756.

HONOURED MADAM,—Your honoured letter of 20 June, per Mr. Trail of Bristol, has been forwarded to me duly, and I have to thank your goodness and kindness for the good advice which you are pleased to give me, as also for the remembrances of *dear home*, which I shall love never the worse for having been to the *home of our ancestors in England*.

I writ you a letter by the last monthly packet, informing my honoured mother of the little accident I had on the road hither, and of the kind friends who I found and whom took me in. Since then I have been profiting of the fine weather and the good company here, and have made many friends among our nobility, whose acquaintance I am sure you will not be sorry that I should make. Among their lordships I may mention the famous Earl of Chesterfield, late Ambassador to Holland, and Viceroy of the Kingdom of Ireland; the Earl of March and Ruglen, who will be Duke of Queensberry at the death of his Grace; and her Grace the Duchess, a celebrated beauty of the Queen's time, when she remembers my grandpapa at Court. These and many more persons of the first fashion attend my aunt's assemblies, which are the most crowded at this crowded place. Also on my way hither I stayed at Westerham, at the house of an officer, Lieut.-Gen. Wolfe, who served with my Grandfather and General Webb in the famous wars of the Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Wolfe has a son, Lieut.-Col. James Wolfe, engaged to be married to a beautiful lady now in this place, Miss Lowther of the North—and though but 30 years old he is looked up to as much as any officer in the whole army, and hath served with honour under His Royal Highness the Duke wherever our arms have been employed.

I thank my honoured mother for announcing

to me that a quarter's allowance of £52.10 will be paid me by Mr. Trail. I am in no present want of cash, and by practising a rigid economy, which will be necessary (as I do not disguise) for the maintenance of horses, Gumbo, and the equipage and apparel requisite for a young gentleman of good family, hope to be able to maintain my credit without unduly trespassing upon yours. The linen and clothes which I brought with me will with due care last for some years—as you say. 'Tis not quite so fine as worn here by persons of fashion, and I may have to purchase a few very fine shirts for great days: but those I have are excellent for daily wear.

I am thankful that I have been quite without occasion to use your excellent family pills. Gumbo hath taken them with great benefit, who grows fat and saucy upon English beef, ale, and air. He sends his humble duty to his mistress, and prays Mrs. Mountain to remember him to all his fellow-servants, especially Dinah and Lily, for whom he has bought posey-rings at Tunbridge Fair.

Besides partaking of all the pleasures of the place, I hope my honoured mother will believe that I have not been unmindful of my education. I have had masters in fencing and dancing, and my Lord Castlewood's chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Sampson, having come hither to drink the waters, has been so good as to take a vacant room at my lodging. Mr. S. breakfasts with me, and we read together of a morning—he saying that I am not quite such a dunce as I used to appear at home. We have read in Mr. Rapin's History, Dr. Barrow's Sermons, and for amusement, Shakspeare, Mr. Pope's Homer, and (in French) the translation of an Arabian Work of Tales, very diverting. Several men of learning have been staying here besides the persons of fashion, and amongst the former was Mr. Richardson, the author of the famous books which you and Mountain and my dearest brother used to love so. He was pleased when I told him that his works were in your closet in Virginia, and begged me to convey his respectful compliments to my lady mother. Mr. R. is a short fat man, with little of the fire of genius visible in his eye or person.

My aunt and my cousin, the Lady Maria, desire their affectionate compliments to you, and with best regards for Mountain, to whom I enclose a note, I am,

Honoured Madam,

Your dutiful Son,

H. ESMOND WARRINGTON.

Note in Madam Esmond's handwriting.

From my son. Received October 15 at Richmond. Sent 16 jars preserved peaches, 224 lbs. best tobacco, 24 finest hams, per Royal William of Liverpool, 8 jars peaches, 12 hams for my nephew, the Rt. Honourable the Earl of Castlewood. 4 jars, 6 hams for the Baroness Bernstein, ditto ditto for Mrs. Lambert of Oakhurst, Surrey, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. tobacco. Packet of Infallible Family Pills for Gumbo. My Papa's large

silver-gilt shoe-buckles for H, and red silver-laced saddle cloth.

II. (enclosed in No. I.)

For Mrs. Mountain.

What do you *mien*, you silly old Mountain, by sending an order for your poor old divadends dew at Xmas? I'd have you to know I don't want your 7.10£, and have *tear your order up* into 1000 *bitts*. I've plenty of money. But I'm *ableaged* to you all same. A kiss to Fanny from

Your loving

HARRY.

Note in Madam Esmond's handwriting. This note which I desired M. to show to me, proves that she *hath a good heart*, and that she wished to show her gratitude to the family, by giving up her half-yearly divd. (on 500£ 3 per ct.) to my boy. Hence I reprimanded her *very slightly* for daring to send money to Mr. E. Warrington, unknown to his mother. Note to Mountain not so well spelt as letter to me.

Mem. to write to Revd. Mr. Sampson desire to know what *theolog.* books he reads with H. Recommend Law, Baxter, Drelincourt.—Request H. to say his catechism to Mr. S., which he has never quite been able to master. By next ship peaches (3), tobacco $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. Hams for Mr. S.

The mother of the Virginians and her sons have long since passed away. So how are we to account for the fact, that of a couple of letters sent under one inclosure and by one packet, one should be well spelled, and the other not entirely orthographical? Had Harry found some wonderful instructor such as exists in the present lucky times, and who would improve his writing in six lessons? My view of the case, after deliberately examining the two notes, is this: No. 1, in which there appears a trifling grammatical slip ("the kind friends *who* I found and *whom* took me in,") must have been re-written from a rough copy which had probably undergone the supervision of a tutor or friend. The more artless composition, No. 2, was not referred to the scholar who prepared No. 1 for the maternal eye, and to whose corrections of "who" and "whom" Mr. Warrington did not pay very close attention. Who knows how he may have been disturbed? A pretty milliner may have attracted Harry's attention out of window—a dancing-bear with pipe and tabor may have passed along the common—a jockey come under his windows to show off a horse there? There are some days when any of us may be ungrammatical and spell ill. Finally, suppose Harry did not care to spell so elegantly for Mrs. Mountain as for his lady-mother, what affair is that of the present biographer, century, reader? And as for your objection that Mr. Warrington, in the above communication to his mother, showed some little hypocrisy and reticence in his dealings with that venerable person, I dare say, young folks, you

in your time have written more than one prim letter to your papas and mammas in which not quite all the transactions of your lives were narrated, or if narrated, were exhibited in the most favorable light for yourselves—I dare say, old folks! you, in your time, were not altogether more candid. There must be a certain distance between me and my son Jacky. There must be a respectful, an amiable, a virtuous hypocrisy between us. I do not in the least wish that he should treat me as his equal, that he should contradict me, take my arm-chair, read the newspaper first at breakfast, ask unlimited friends to dine when I have a party of my own, and so forth. No; where there is not equality there must be hypocrisy. Continue to be blind to my faults; to hush still as mice when I fall asleep after dinner; to laugh at my old jokes; to admire my sayings; to be astonished at the impudence of those unbelieving reviewers; to be dear filial humbugs, O my children! In my castle I am king. Let all my royal house hold back before me. 'Tis not their natural way of walking, I know: but a decorous, becoming, and modest behavior highly agreeable to me. Away from me they may do, nay, they *do* do, what they like. They may jump, skip, dance, trot, tumble over head and heels, and kick about freely, when they are out of the presence of my majesty. Do not then, my dear young friends, be surprised at your mother and aunt when they cry out, "Oh, it was highly immoral and improper of Mr. Warrington to be writing home humdrum demure letters to his dear mamma, when he was playing all sorts of merry pranks!"—but drop a courtesy, and say, "Yes, dear grandmamma (or aunt as may be), it was very wrong of him: and I suppose you never had your fun when *you* were young?" Of course, she didn't! And the sun never shone, and the blossoms never budded, and the blood never danced, and the fiddles never sang, in her spring time. *Eh Babet! mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit!* Ho, Betty! my cruel and my slippers! And go ye frisky, merry, little souls! and dance, and have your merry little supper of cakes and ale.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BEAR AND THE LEADER.

OUR candid readers know the real state of the case regarding Harry Warrington and that luckless Cattarina; but a number of old ladies at Tunbridge Wells supposed the Virginian to be as dissipated as any young English nobleman of the highest quality, and Madame de Bernstein was especially incredulous about her nephew's innocence. It was the old lady's firm belief that Harry was leading not only a merry life but a wicked one, and her wish was father to the thought that the lad might be no better than his neighbors. An old Roman herself, she liked her nephew to do as Rome did. All the scandal regarding Mr. Warrington's Lovelace adventures she eagerly and complacently

accepted. We have seen how, on one or two occasions, he gave tea and music to the company at the Wells; and he was so gallant and amiable to the ladies (to ladies of a much better figure and character than the unfortunate Cattarina), that Madame Bernstein ceased to be disquieted regarding the silly love affair which had had a commencement at Castlewood, and relaxed in her vigilance over Lady Maria. Some folks—many old folks—are too selfish to interest themselves long about the affairs of their neighbors. The Baroness had her trumps to think of, her dinners, her twinges of rheumatism: and her suspicions regarding Maria and Harry, lately so lively, now dozed, and kept a careless, unobservant watch. She may have thought that the danger was over, or she may have ceased to care whether it existed or not, or that artful Maria, by her conduct, may have quite cajoled, soothed, and misguided the old Dragon, to whose charge she was given over. At Maria's age, nay, earlier indeed, maidens have learned to be very sly, and at Madame Bernstein's time of life, dragons are not so fierce and alert. They can not turn so readily, some of their old teeth have dropped out, and their eyes require more sleep than they needed in days when they were more active, venomous, and dangerous. I, for my part, know a few female dragons, *de par le monde*, and, as I watch them and remember what they were, admire the softening influence of years upon these whilome destroyers of man and womankind. Their scales are so soft that any knight, with a moderate power of thrust, can strike them: their claws, once strong enough to tear out a thousand eyes, only fall with a feeble pat that scarce raises the skin: their tongues, from their toothless old gums, dart a venom which is rather disagreeable than deadly. See them trailing their languid tails, and crawling home to their caverns at roosting time! How weak are their powers of doing injury! their maleficence how feeble! How changed are they since the brisk days when their eyes shot wicked fire; their tongue spat poison; their breath blasted reputation; and they gobbled up a daily victim at least!

If the good folks at Oakhurst could not resist the testimony which was brought to them regarding Harry's ill-doings, why should Madame Bernstein, who in the course of her long days had had more experience of evil than all the Oakhurst family put together, be less credulous than they? Of course every single old woman of her ladyship's society believed every story that was told about Mr. Harry Warrington's dissipated habits, and was ready to believe as much more ill of him as you please. When the little dancer went back to London, as she did, it was because that heartless Harry deserted her. He deserted her for somebody else, whose name was confidently given—whose name?—whose half dozen names the society at Tunbridge Wells would whisper about; where there congregated people of all ranks and degrees,



women of fashion, women of reputation, of demi-reputation, of virtue, of no virtue—all mingling in the same rooms, dancing to the same fiddles, drinking out of the same glasses at the Wells, and alike in search of health, or society, or pleasure. A century ago, and our ancestors, the most free or the most strait-laced, met together at a score of such merry places as that where our present scene lies, and danced, and frisked, and gamed, and drank at Epsom, Bath, Tunbridge, Harrowgate, as they do at Hombourg and Baden now.

Harry's bad reputation then comforted his old Aunt exceedingly, and eased her mind in respect to the boy's passion for Lady Maria. So easy was she in her mind, that when the Chaplain said he came to escort her ladyship home, Madame Bernstein did not even care to part from her niece. She preferred rather to keep her under her eye, to talk to her about her wicked young cousin's wild extravagances, to whisper to her that boys would be boys, to confide to Maria her intention of getting a proper wife for Harry—some one of a suitable age—some one with a suitable fortune—all which pleasantries poor Maria had to bear with as much fortitude as she could muster.

There lived, during the last century, a certain French duke and marquis, who distinguished himself in Europe, and America likewise, and has obliged posterity by leaving behind him a choice volume of memoirs, which the gentle reader is specially warned not to consult. Having performed the part of Don Juan in his own country, in ours, and in other parts of Europe, he has kindly noted down the names of many court-beauties who fell victims to his powers of fascination; and very pleasant reading, no doubt, it must be for the grandsons and descendants of the fashionable persons among

whom our brilliant nobleman moved, to find the names of their ancestresses adorning M. le Duc's sprightly pages, and their frailties recorded by the candid writer who caused them.

In the course of the peregrinations of this nobleman, he visited North America, where, according to his custom in Europe, he proceeded straightway to fall in love. And curious it is to contrast the elegant refinements of European society, where, according to Monseigneur, he had but to lay siege to a woman in order to vanquish her, with the simple lives and habits of the colonial folks, among whom this European enslaver of hearts did not, it appears, make a single conquest. Had he done so, he would as certainly have narrated his victories in Pennsylvania and New England as he described his successes in this and

his own country. Travelers in America have cried out quite loudly enough against the rudeness and barbarism of transatlantic manners; let the present writer give the humble testimony of his experience that the conversation of American gentlemen is generally modest, and, to the best of his belief, the lives of the women pure.

We have said that Mr. Harry Warrington brought his colonial modesty along with him to the old country; and though he could not help hearing the free talk of the persons among whom he lived, and who were men of pleasure and the world, he sat pretty silent himself in the midst of their rattle; never indulged in *double entendre* in his conversation with women; had no victories over the sex to boast of; and was shy and awkward when he heard such narrated by others.

This youthful modesty Mr. Sampson had remarked during his intercourse with the lad at Castlewood, where Mr. Warrington had more than once shown himself quite uneasy while cousin Will was telling some of his choice stories; and my lord had curtly rebuked his brother, bidding him keep his jokes for the usher's table at Kensington, and not give needless offense to their kinsman. Hence the exclamation of "*Reverentia pueris*," which the Chaplain had addressed to his neighbor at the ordinary on Harry's first appearance there. Mr. Sampson, if he had not strength sufficient to do right himself, at least had grace enough not to offend innocent young gentlemen by his cynicism.

The Chaplain was touched by Harry's gift of the horse; and felt a genuine friendliness toward the lad. "You see, Sir," says he, "I am of the world, and must do as the rest of the world does. I have led a rough life, Mr. Warrington, and can't afford to be more par-

ticular than my neighbors. Video meliora, deteriora sequor, as we said at college. I have got a little sister, who is at boarding-school, not very far from here, and as I keep a decent tongue in my head when I am talking with my little Patty, and expect others to do as much, sure I may try and do as much by you."

The Chaplain was loud in his praises of Harry to his aunt, the old Baroness. She liked to hear him praised. She was as fond of him as she could be of any thing; was pleased in his company, with his good looks, his manly, courageous bearing, his blushes, which came so readily, his bright eyes, his deep, youthful voice. His shrewdness and simplicity constantly amused her; she would have wearied of him long before, had he been clever, or learned, or witty, or other than he was. "We must find a good wife for him, Chaplain," she said to Mr. Sampson. "I have one or two in my eye, who, I think, will suit him. We must set him up here; he never will bear going back to his savages again, or to live with his little Methodist of a mother."

Now about this point Mr. Sampson, too, was personally anxious, and had also a wife in his eye for Harry. I suppose he must have had some conversations with his lord at Castlewood, whom we have heard expressing some intention of complimenting his Chaplain with a good living or other provision, in event of his being able to carry out his lordship's wishes regarding a marriage for Lady Maria. If his good offices could help that anxious lady to a husband, Sampson was ready to employ them; and he now waited to see in what most effectual manner he could bring his influence to bear.

Sampson's society was most agreeable, and he and his young friend were intimate in the course of a few hours. The parson rejoiced in high spirits, good appetite, good-humor, pretended to no sort of squeamishness, and indulged in no sanctified hypocritical conversation; nevertheless, he took care not to shock his young friend by any needless outbreaks of levity or immorality of talk, initiating his pupil, perhaps from policy, perhaps from compunction, only into the minor mysteries, as it were; and not telling him the secrets with which the unlucky adept himself was only too familiar. With Harry, Sampson was only a brisk, lively, jolly companion, ready for any drinking bout, or any sport, a cock-fight, a shooting match, a game at cards, or a gallop across the common; but his conversation was decent, and he tried much more to amuse the young man than to lead him astray. The Chaplain was quite successful: he had immense animal spirits as well as natural wit, and aptitude as well as experience in that business of toad-eater which had been his calling and livelihood from his very earliest years—ever since he first entered college as a servitor, and cast about to see by whose means he could make his fortune in life. That was but satire just now, when we said there were no toad-eaters left in the world.

There are many men of Sampson's profession now, doubtless; nay, little boys at our public schools are sent thither at the earliest age, instructed by their parents, and put out apprentices to toad-eating. But the flattery is not so manifest as it used to be a hundred years since. Young men and old have hangers-on, and led captains, but they assume an appearance of equality, borrow money, or swallow their toads in private, and walk abroad arm-in-arm with the great man, and call him by his name without his title. In those good old times, when Harry Warrington first came to Europe, a gentleman's toad-eater pretended to no airs of equality at all; openly paid court to his patron, called him by that name to other folks, went on his errands for him—any sort of errands which the patron might devise—called him Sir in speaking to him, stood up in his presence until bidden to sit down, and flattered him *ex officio*. Mr. Sampson did not take the least shame in speaking of Harry as his young patron—as a young Virginian nobleman recommended to him by his other noble patron, the Earl of Castlewood. He was proud of appearing at Harry's side, and as his humble retainer; in public talked about him to the company, gave orders to Harry's tradesmen, from whom, let us hope, he received a percentage in return for his recommendations; performed all the functions of aid-de-camp—others, if our young gentleman demanded them from the obsequious divine, who had gayly discharged the duties of *ami du prince* to ever so many young men of fashion since his own entrance into the world. It must be confessed that, since his arrival in Europe, Mr. Warrington had not been uniformly lucky in friendships which he had made.

"What a reputation, Sir, they have made for you in this place!" cries Mr. Sampson, coming back from the coffee-house to his patron. "Monsieur de Richelieu was nothing to you!"

"How do you mean, Monsieur de Richelieu?"—Never was at Minorea in my life," says downright Harry, who had not heard of those victories at home, which made the French duke famous.

Mr. Sampson explained. The pretty widow Patcham, who had just arrived, was certainly desperate about Mr. Warrington: her way of going on at the rooms, the night before, proved that. As for Mrs. Hooper, that was a known case, and the Alderman had fetched his wife back to London for no other reason. It was the talk of the whole Wells.

"Who says so?" cries out Harry, indignantly. "I should like to meet the man who dares say so, and confound the villain!"

"I should not like to show him to you," says Mr. Sampson, laughing. "It might be the worse for him."

"It's a shame to speak with such levity about the character of ladies, or of gentlemen either," continues Mr. Warrington, pacing up and down the room in a fume.

"So I told them," says the Chaplain, wag-

ging his head and looking very much moved and very grave, though, if the truth were known, it had never come into his mind at all to be angry at hearing charges of this nature against Harry.

"It's a shame, I say, to talk away the reputation of any man or woman as people do here. Do you know, in our country, a fellow's ears would not be safe; and a little before I left home, three brothers shot down a man for having spoken ill of their sister."

"Serve the villain right!" cries Sampson.

"Already they have had that calumny about me set agoing here, Sampson—about me and the poor little French dancing-girl."

"I have heard," says Mr. Sampson, shaking powder out of his wig.

"Wicked; wasn't it?"

"Abominable."

"They said the very same thing about my Lord March? Isn't it shameful?"

"Indeed it is," says Mr. Sampson, preserving a face of wonderful gravity.

"I don't know what I should do if these stories were to come to my mother's ears. It would break her heart; I do believe it would. Why, only a few days before you came, a military friend of mine, Mr. Wolfe, told me how the most horrible lies were circulated about me. Good Heavens! What do they think a gentleman of my name and country can be capable of—I a seducer of women? They might as well say I was a horse-stealer or a housebreaker. I vow if I hear any man say so I'll have his ears!"

"I have read, Sir, that the Grand Seigneur of Turkey has bushels of ears sometimes sent in to him," says Mr. Sampson, laughing. "If you took all those that had heard scandal against you or others, what basketfuls you would fill!"

"And so I would, Sampson, as soon as look at 'em, any fellow's who said a word against a lady or a gentleman of honor," cries the Virginian.

"If you'll go down to the Well, you'll find a harvest of 'em. I just came from there. It was the high tide of Scandal. Detraction was at its height. And you may see the *nymphas discentes* and the *aures satyrorum acutas*," cries the Chaplain, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"That may be as you say, Sampson," Mr. Warrington replies; "but if ever I hear any man speak against my character, I'll punish him. Mark that!"

"I shall be very sorry for his sake, that I should; for you'll mark him in a way he won't like, Sir; and I know you are a man of your word."

"You may be sure of that, Sampson. And now shall we go to dinner, and afterward to my Lady Trumpington's tea?"

"You know, Sir, I can't resist a card or a bottle," says Mr. Sampson. "Let us have the last first, and then the first shall come last." And with this the two gentlemen went off to their accustomed place of refection.

That was an age in which wine-bibbing was more common than in our politer time; and especially since the arrival of General Braddock's army in his native country, our young Virginian had acquired rather a liking for the filling of bumpers and the calling of toasts, having heard that it was a point of honor among the officers never to decline a toast or a challenge. So Harry and his Chaplain drank their claret in peace and plenty, naming, as the simple custom was, some favorite lady with each glass.

The Chaplain had reasons of his own for desiring to know how far the affair between Harry and my Lady Maria had gone; whether it was advancing, or whether it was ended; and he and his young friend were just warm enough with the claret to be able to talk with that great eloquence, that candor, that admirable friendliness, which good wine, taken in a rather injudicious quantity, inspires. O kindly harvests of the Acquitianian grape! O sunny banks of Garonne! O friendly caves of Gledstane and Morel, where the dusky flasks lie recon-dite! May we not say a word of thanks for all the pleasure we owe you? Are the Temperance men to be allowed to shout in the public places? are the Vegetarians to bellow "Cabbage forever!" and may we modest CEnophelists not sing the praises of our favorite plant? After the drinking of good Bordeaux wine there is a point (I do not say a pint) at which men arrive when all the generous faculties of the soul are awakened and in full vigor; when the wit brightens and breaks out in sudden flashes; when the intellects are keenest; when the pent-up words and confined thoughts get a night-rule, and rush abroad and disport themselves; when the kindest affections come out and shake hands with mankind, and the timid Truth jumps up naked out of his well and proclaims himself to all the world. How, by the kind influence of the wine-cup, we succor the poor and humble! How bravely we rush to the rescue of the oppressed! I say, in the face of all the pumps which ever spouted, that there is a moment in a bout of good wine, at which if a man could but remain, wit, wisdom, courage, generosity, eloquence, happiness, were his; but the moment passes, and that other glass somehow spoils the state of beatitude. There is a headache in the morning; we are not going into Parliament for our native town; we are not going to shoot those French officers who have been speaking disrespectfully of our country; and poor Jeremy Diddler calls about eleven o'clock for another half-sovereign, and we are unwell in bed, and can't see him, and send him empty away.

Well, then, as they sate over their generous cups, the company having departed, and the —th bottle of claret being brought in by Monsieur Barbeau, the Chaplain found himself in an eloquent state, with a strong desire for inculcating sublime moral precepts, while Harry was moved by an extreme longing to explain his whole private history, and impart all his

present feelings to his new friend. Mark that fact. Why *must* a man say every thing that comes uppermost in his noble mind, because, forsooth, he has swallowed a half-pint more of wine than he ordinarily drinks? Suppose I had committed a murder (of course I allow the sherry and Champagne at dinner), should I announce that homicide somewhere about the third bottle (in a small party of men) of claret at dessert? Of course: and hence the fidelity to water-gruel announced a few pages back.

"I am glad to hear what your conduct has really been with regard to the Cattarina, Mr. Warrington; I am glad from my soul!" says the impetuous Chaplain. "The wine is with you. You have shown that you can bear down calumny and resist temptation. Ah! my dear Sir, men are not all so fortunate. What famous good wine this is!" and he sucks up a glass with "A toast from you, my dear Sir, if you please!"

"I give you 'Miss Fanny Mountain, of Virginia,'" says Mr. Warrington, filling a bumper as his thoughts fly straightway, ever so many thousand miles, to home.

"One of your American conquests, I suppose?" says the Chaplain.

"Nay, she is but ten years old, and I have never made any conquests at all in Virginia, Mr. Sampson," says the young gentleman.

"You are like a true gentleman, and don't kiss and tell, Sir."

"I neither kiss nor tell. It isn't the custom of our country, Sampson, to ruin girls, or frequent the society of low women. We Virginian gentlemen honor women: we don't wish to bring them to shame," cries the young toper, looking very proud and handsome. "The young lady whose name I mentioned hath lived in our family since her infancy, and I would shoot the man who did her a wrong—by Heaven I would!"

"Your sentiments do you honor! Let me shake hands with you! I *will* shake hands with you, Mr. Warrington!" cried the enthusiastic Sampson. "And let me tell you 'tis the grasp of honest friendship offered you, and not merely the poor retainer paying court to the wealthy patron. No! with such liquor as this all men are equal—faith, all men are rich, while it lasts! and Tom Sampson is as wealthy with his bottle as your honor with all the acres of your principality!"

"Let us have another bottle of riches," says Harry, with a laugh. "*Encor du cachet jaune, mon bon Monsieur Barbeau!*" and exit Monsieur Barbeau to the caves below.

"Another bottle of riches! Capital, capital! How beautifully you speak French, Mr. Harry."

"I *do* speak it well," says Harry. "At least when I speak Monsieur Barbeau understands me well enough."

"You do every thing well, I think. You succeed in whatever you try. That is why they have fancied here you have won the hearts of so many women, Sir."

"There you go again about the women! I

tell you I don't like these stories about women. Confound me, Sampson, why is a gentleman's character to be blackened so?"

"Well, at any rate, there is one, unless my eyes deceive me very much indeed, Sir!" cries the Chaplain.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Harry, flushing very red.

"Nay. I name no names. It isn't for a poor Chaplain to meddle with his betters' doings, or to know their thoughts," says Mr. Sampson.

"Thoughts! *what* thoughts, Sampson?"

"I fancied I saw, on the part of a certain lovely and respected lady at Castlewood, a preference exhibited. I fancied on the side of a certain distinguished young gentleman a strong liking manifested itself; but I may have been wrong, and ask pardon."

"Oh, Sampson, Sampson!" broke out the young man. "I tell you I am miserable. I tell you I have been longing for some one to confide in, or ask advice of. You *do* know, then, that there has been something going on—something between me and—Help Mr. Sampson, Monsieur Barbeau—and—and some one else?"

"I have watched it this month past," says the Chaplain.

"Confound me, Sir, do you mean you have been a spy on me?" says the other, hotly.

"A spy! You made little disguise of the matter, Mr. Warrington, and her ladyship wasn't a much better hand at deceiving. You were always together. In the shrubberies, in the walks, in the village, in the galleries of the house—you always found a pretext for being together, and plenty of eyes besides mine watched you."

"Gracious powers! What *did* you see, Sampson?" cries the lad.

"Nay, Sir, 'tis forbidden to kiss and tell. I say so again," says the Chaplain.

The young man turned very red. "Oh, Sampson!" he cried, "can I—can I confide in you?"

"Dearest Sir—dear, generous youth—you know I would shed my heart's blood for you!" exclaims the Chaplain, squeezing his patron's hand, and turning a brilliant pair of eyes ceiling-ward.

"Oh, Sampson! I tell you I am miserable. With all this play and wine, while I have been here, I tell you I have been trying to drive away care. I own to you that, when we were at Castlewood, there was things passed between a certain lady and me."

The parson gave a slight whistle over his glass of Bordeaux.

"And they've made me wretched, those things have. I mean, you see, that if a gentleman has given his word, why, it's his word, and he must stand by it, you know. I mean that I thought I loved her—and so I do, very much, and she's a most dear, kind, darling, affectionate creature, and very handsome, too—quite beautiful; but then, you know, our ages, Sampson. Think



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of our ages, Sampson! "She's as old as my mother!"

"Who would never forgive you."

"I don't intend to let any body meddle in my affairs, not Madam Esmond nor any body else," cries Harry; "but you see, Sampson, she is old—and, oh, hang it! Why did Aunt Bernstein tell me—?"

"Tell you what?"

"Something I can't divulge to any body—something that tortures me?"

"Not about the—the—" the Chaplain paused: he was going to say about her ladyship's little affair with the French dancing-master; about

other little anecdotes affecting her character. But he had not drunk wine enough to be quite candid, or too much, and was past the real moment of virtue.

"Yes, yes; every one of 'em false—every one of 'em!" shrieks out Harry.

"Great powers, what do you mean?" asks his friend.

"These, Sir, these!" says Harry, beating a tattoo on his own white teeth. "I didn't know it when I asked her. I swear I didn't know it. Oh, it's horrible, it's horrible! and it has caused me nights of agony, Sampson. My dear old grandfather had a set—a Frenchman at Charles-

ton made them for him—and we used to look at 'em grinning in a tumbler, and when they were out his jaws used to fall in—I never thought she had 'em."

"Had *what*, Sir?" again asked the Chaplain.

"D—— it, Sir, don't you see I mean *teeth*?" says Harry, rapping the table.

"Nay, only two."

"And how the devil do you know, Sir?" asks the young man, fiercely.

"I—I had it from her maid. She had two teeth knocked out by a stone which cut her lip a little, and they have been replaced."

"Oh, Sampson, do you mean to say they ain't *all* sham ones?" cries the boy.

"But two, Sir; at least, so Peggy told me; and she would just as soon have blabbed about the whole two-and-thirty—the rest are as sound as yours, which are beautiful."

"And her hair, Sampson—is that all right, too?" asks the young gentleman.

"Tis lovely—I have seen that. I can take my oath to that. Her ladyship can sit upon it; and her figure is very fine; and her skin is as white as snow; and her heart is the kindest that ever was; and I know, that is, I feel sure, it is very tender about you, Mr. Warrington."

"Oh, Sampson! Heaven, Heaven bless you! What a weight you've taken off my mind with those—those—never mind them! Oh, Sam! How happy—that is, no, no—Oh, how miserable I am! She's as old as Madam Esmond—by George she is—she's as old as my mother. You wouldn't have a fellow marry a woman as old as his mother? It's too bad; by George it is. It's too bad." And here, I am sorry to say, Harry Esmond Warrington, Esquire, of Castlewood, in Virginia, began to cry. The delectable point, you see, must have been passed several glasses ago.

"You don't want to marry her, then?" asks the Chaplain.

"What's that to you, Sir? I've promised her, and an Esmond—a *Virginia* Esmond, mind that—Mr. What's-your-name—Sampson—has but his word!" The sentiment was noble, but delivered by Harry with rather a doubtful articulation.

"Mind you, I said a *Virginia* Esmond," continued poor Harry, lifting up his finger; "I don't mean the younger branch here. I don't mean Will, who robbed me about the horse, and whose bones I'll break. I give you Lady Maria—Heaven bless her, and Heaven bless you, Sampson, and you deserve to be a bishop, old boy!"

"There are letters between you, I suppose?" says Sampson.

"Letters! Dammy, she's always writing me letters! never gets me into a window but she sticks one in my cuff. Letters, that is a good idea. Look here! Here's letters!" And he threw down a pocket-book containing a heap of papers of the poor lady's composition.

"Those *are* letters, indeed! What a post-bag!" says the Chaplain.

"But any man who touches them—dies—dies on the spot!" shrieks Harry, starting from his seat, and reeling toward his sword; which he draws, and then stamps with his foot, and says "Ha! ha!" and then lunges at M. Barbeau who skips away from the lunge behind the Chaplain, who looks rather alarmed. I know we could have had a more exciting picture than either of those we present of Harry this month, and the lad with his hair disheveled, raging about the room *flamberge au vent*, and pinking the affrighted innkeeper and Chaplain, would have afforded a good subject for the pencil. But oh, to think of him stumbling over a stool, and prostrated by an enemy who has stole away his brains! Come Gumbo! and help your master to bed!



CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH A FAMILY COACH IS ORDERED.

WE have now to divulge the secret which Mr. Lambert whispered in his wife's ear at the close of the ante-penultimate chapter, and the publication of which caused such great pleasure to the whole of the Oakhurst family. As the hay was in, the corn not ready for cutting, and by consequence the farm-horses disengaged, why, asked Colonel Lambert, should they not be put into the coach, and should we not all pay a visit to Tunbridge Wells, taking friend Wolfe at Westerham on our way?

Mamma embraced this proposal, and I dare say the honest gentleman who made it. All the children jumped for joy. The girls went off straightway to get together their best calamancoes, paduasos, falbalas, furbelows, capes, cardinals, sacks, negligees, solitaires, caps, ribbons, mantuas, clocked stockings, and high-heeled stockings, and I know not what articles of toilet. Mamma's best robes were taken from



A LAY SERMON.

the presses, whence they only issued on rare, solemn occasions, retiring immediately afterward to lavender and seclusion; the brave Colonel produced his laced hat and waistcoat and silver-hilted hanger; Charly rejoiced in a *rasée* holiday suit of his father's, in which the Colonel had been married, and which Mrs. Lambert cut up, not without a pang. Ball and Dumpling had their tails and manes tied with ribbon, and Chump, the old white cart-horse, went as unicorn leader, to help the carriage-horses up the

first hilly five miles of the road from Oakhurst to Westerham. The carriage was an ancient vehicle, and was believed to have served in the procession which had brought George I. from Greenwich to London, on his first arrival to assume the sovereignty of these realms. It had belonged to Mr. Lambert's father, and the family had been in the habit of regarding it, ever since they could remember any thing, as one of the most splendid coaches in the three kingdoms. Brian, coachman, and—must it also be

owned? its plowman, of the Oakhurst family, had a place on the box, with Mr. Charly by his side. The precious clothes were packed in imperials on the roof. The Colonel's pistols were put in the pockets of the carriage, and the blunderbuss hung behind the box, in reach of Brian, who was an old soldier. No highwayman, however, molested the convoy; not even an innkeeper levied contributions on Colonel Lambert, who, with a slender purse and a large family, was not to be plundered by those or any other depredators on the king's highway; and a reasonable, cheap, modest lodging had been engaged for them by young Colonel Wolfe, at the house where he was himself in the habit of putting up, and whither he himself accompanied them on horseback.

It happened that these lodgings were opposite Madame Bernstein's; and as the Oakhurst family reached their quarters on a Saturday evening, they could see chair after chair discharging powdered beaux and patched and brocaded beauties at the Baroness's door, who was holding one of her many card parties. The sun was not yet down (for our ancestors began their dissipations at early hours, and were at meat, drink, or cards, any time after three o'clock in the afternoon until any time in the night or morning), and the young country ladies and their mother from their window could see the various personages as they passed into the Bernstein rout. Colonel Wolfe told the ladies who most of the characters were. 'Twas almost as delightful as going to the party themselves, Hetty and Theo thought, for they not only could see the guests arriving, but look into the Baroness's open casements and watch many of them there. Of a few of the personages we have before had a glimpse. When the Duchess of Queensberry passed, and Mr. Wolfe explained who she was, Martin Lambert was ready with a score of lines about "Kitty, beautiful and young," from his favorite Mat Prior.

"Think that that old lady was once like you, girls!" cries the Colonel.

"Like us, papa? Well, certainly we never set up for being beauties?" says Miss Hetty, tossing up her little head.

"Yes, like you, you little baggage; like you at this moment, who want to go to that drum yonder:

"Inflamed with rage at sad restraint
Which wise mamma ordained,
And sorely vexed to play the saint
While wit and beauty reigned."

"We were never invited, papa; and I am sure if there's no beauty more worth seeing than that, the wit can't be much worth the hearing," again says the satirist of the family.

"Oh, but he's a rare poet, Mat Prior!" continues the Colonel; "though, mind you, girls, you'll skip over all the poems I have marked with a cross. A rare poet! and to think you should see one of his heroines! Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way (she always will, Mr. Lambert!)"—

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"Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way,—
Kitty at heart's desire
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire!"

"I am sure it must have been very inflammable," says mamma.

"So it was, my dear, twenty years ago, much more inflammable than it is now," remarks the Colonel.

"Nonsense, Mr. Lambert!" is mamma's answer.

"Look, look!" cries Hetty, running forward and pointing to the little square, and the covered gallery, where was the door leading to Madame Bernstein's apartments, and round which was a crowd of street urchins, idlers, and yokels, watching the company.

"It's Harry Warrington!" exclaims Theo, waving a handkerchief to the young Virginian; but Warrington did not see Miss Lambert. The Virginian was walking arm-in-arm with a portly clergyman in a crisp rustling silk gown, and the two went into Madame de Bernstein's door.

"I heard him preach a most admirable sermon here last Sunday," says Mr. Wolfe; "a little theatrical, but most striking and eloquent."

"You seem to be here most Sundays, James," says Mrs. Lambert.

"And Monday, and so on till Saturday," adds the Colonel. "See, he has beautified himself already, hath his hair in buckle, and I have no doubt is going to the drum too."

"I had rather sit quiet generally of a Saturday evening," says sober Mr. Wolfe; "at any rate away from card-playing and scandal; but I own, dear Mrs. Lambert, I am under orders. Shall I go across the way and send Mr. Warrington to you?"

"No, let him have his sport. We shall see him to-morrow. He won't care to be disturbed amidst his fine folks by us country people," said meek Mrs. Lambert.

"I am glad he is with a clergyman who preaches so well," says Theo, softly; and her eyes seemed to say, "You see, good people, he is not so bad as you thought him, and as I, for my part, never believed him to be." "The clergyman has a very kind, handsome face."

"Here comes a greater clergyman!" cries Mr. Wolfe; "there is my Lord of Salisbury, with his blue ribbon, and a chaplain behind him."

"And whom a mercy's name have we here?" breaks in Mrs. Lambert, as a sedan-chair, covered with gilding, topped with no less than five earl's coronets, carried by bearers in richly laced clothes, and preceded by three footmen in the same splendid livery, now came up to Madame de Bernstein's door. The Bishop, who had been about to enter, stopped, and ran back with the most respectful bows and courtesies to the sedan-chair, giving his hand to the lady who stepped thence.

"Who on earth is this?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch. Ja mein herr. Nichts verstand," says the waggish Colonel.

"Pooh, Martin."

"Well, if you can't understand High Dutch, my love, how can I help it? Your education was neglected at school. Can you understand heraldry? I know you can."

"I make," cries Charly, reciting the shield, "three merions on a field or, with an earl's coronet."

"A countess's coronet, my son. The Countess of Yarmouth, my son."

"And pray who is she?"

"It hath ever been the custom of our sovereigns to advance persons of distinction to honor," continues the Colonel, gravely; "and this eminent person hath been so promoted, by our gracious monarch, to the rank of Countess of this kingdom."

"But why, papa?" asked the daughters together.

"Never mind, girls!" said mamma.

But that incorrigible Colonel would go on.

"Y, my children, is one of the last and the most awkward letters of the whole alphabet. When I tell you stories, you are always saying Why. Why should my Lord Bishop be cringing to that lady? Look at him rubbing his fat hands together, and smiling into her face! It's not a handsome face any longer. It is all painted red and white like Scaramouch's in the pantomime. See, there comes another blue-ribbon, as I live! My Lord Bamborough. The descendant of the Hotspurs. The proudest man in England. He stops, he bows, he smiles; he is hat-in-hand too. See, she taps him with her fan. Get away, you crowd of little blackguard boys, and don't tread on the robe of the lady whom the king delights to honor."

"But why?" ask the girls once more.

"There goes that odious last letter but one! Did you ever hear of her Grace the Duchess of Kendal? No. Of the Duchess of Portsmouth? Non plus. Of the Duchess of La Vallière? Of Fair Rosamond, then?"

"Hush, papa! There is no need to bring blushes on the cheeks of my dear ones, Martin Lambert," said the mother, putting her finger to her husband's lip.

"Tis not I; it is their sacred Majesties who are the cause of the shame," cries the son of the old republican. "Think of the Bishops of the Church and the proudest nobility of the world cringing and bowing before that painted High Dutch Jezebel. Oh, it's a shame! a shame!"

"Confusion!" here broke out Colonel Wolfe, and, making a dash at his hat, ran from the room. He had seen the young lady whom he admired and her guardian walking across the Pantiles on foot to the Baroness's party, and they came up while the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden was engaged in conversation with the two lords spiritual and temporal; and these two made the lowest reverences and bows to

the Countess, and waited until she had passed in at the door on the Bishop's arm.

Theo turned away from the window with a sad, almost awe-stricken face. Hetty still remained there, looking from it with indignation in her eyes, and a little red spot on each cheek.

"A penny for little Hetty's thoughts," says mamma, coming to the window to lead the child away.

"I am thinking what I should do if I saw papa bowing to that woman," says Hetty.

Tea and a hissing kettle here made their appearance, and the family sate down to partake of their evening meal, leaving, however, Miss Hetty, from her place, command of the window, which she begged her brother not to close. That young gentleman had been down among the crowd to inspect the armorial bearings of the Countess's and other sedans, no doubt, and also to invest sixpence in a cheese-cake by mamma's order and his own desire, and he returned presently with this delicately wrapped up in a paper.

"Look, mother," he comes back and says, "do you see that big man in brown beating all the pillars with his stick? That is the learned Mr. Johnson. He comes to the Friars sometimes to see our master. He was sitting with some friends just now at the tea-table before Mrs. Brown's tart-shop. They have tea there, twopence a cup; I heard Mr. Johnson say he had had seventeen cups—that makes two-and-tence—what a *sight* of money for tea!"

"What would you have, Charly?" asks Theo.

"I think I would have cheese-cakes," says Charly, sighing, as his teeth closed on a large slice, "and the gentleman whom Mr. Johnson was with," continues Charly, with his mouth quite full, "was Mr. Richardson, who wrote—"

"Clarissa!" cry all the women in a breath, and run to the window to see their favorite writer. By this time the sun was sunk, the stars were twinkling overhead, and the footmen came and lighted the candles in the Baroness's room opposite our spies.

Theo and her mother were standing together looking from their place of observation. There was a small illumination at Mrs. Brown's tart and tea-shop, by which our friends could see one lady getting Mr. Richardson's hat and stick, and another tying a shawl round his neck, after which he walked home.

"Oh dear me! he does not look like Grand-ison!" cries Theo.

"I rather think I wish we had not seen him, my dear," says mamma, who has been described as a most sentimental woman and eager novel reader; and here again they were interrupted by Miss Hetty, who cried:

"Never mind that little fat man, but look yonder, mamma."

And they looked yonder. And they saw, in the first place, Mr. Warrington undergoing the honor of a presentation to the Countess of Yarmouth, who was still followed by the obsequious peer and prelate with the blue ribbons. And

now the Countess graciously sate down to a card-table, the Bishop and the Earl and a fourth person being her partners. And now Mr. Warrington came into the embrasure of the window with a lady whom they recognized as the lady whom they had seen for a few minutes at Oakhurst.

"How much finer he is!" cries mamma.

"How he is improved in his looks! What has he done to himself?" asks Theo.

"Look at his grand lace frills and ruffles! My dear, he has not got on our shirts any more," cries the matron.

"What are you talking about, girls?" asks papa, reclining on his sofa, where, perhaps, he was dozing after the fashion of honest house-fathers.

The girls said how Harry Warrington was in the window, talking with his cousin, Lady Maria Esmond.

"Come away!" cries papa. "You have no right to be spying the young fellow. Down with the curtains, I say!"

And down the curtains went, so that the girls saw no more of Madame Bernstein's guests or doings for that night.

I pray you be not angry at my remarking, if only by way of contrast between these two opposite houses, that while Madame Bernstein and her guests—bishop, dignitaries, noblemen, and what not—were gambling or talking scandal, or devouring Champagne and chickens (which I hold to be venial sin), or doing honor to her ladyship the king's favorite, the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden, our country friends in their lodgings knelt round their table, whither Mr. Brian the coachman came as silently as his creaking shoes would let him, while Mr. Lambert, standing up, read, in a low voice, a prayer that Heaven would lighten their darkness and defend them from the perils of that night, and a supplication that it would grant the request of those two or three gathered together.

Our young folks were up betimes on Sunday morning, and arrayed themselves in those smart new dresses which were to fascinate the Tunbridge folks, and, with the escort of brother Charly, paced the little town, and the quaint Pantiles, and the pretty common, long ere the company was at breakfast, or the bells had rung to church. It was Hester who found out where Harry Warrington's lodging must be, by remarking Mr. Gumbo in an undress, with his lovely hair in curl-papers, drawing a pair of red curtains aside, and opening a window sash, whence he thrust his head and inhaled the sweet morning breeze. Mr. Gumbo did not happen to see the young people from Oakhurst, though they beheld him closely enough. He leaned gracefully from the window; he waved a large feather-brush with which he condescended to dust the furniture of the apartment within; he affably engaged in conversation with a cherry-cheeked milkmaid, who was lingering under the casement, and kissed his lily hand to her.

Gumbo's hand sparkled with rings, and his person was decorated with a profusion of jewelry—gifts, no doubt, of the fair who appreciated the young African. Once or twice more before breakfast-time the girls passed near that window. It remained open, but the room behind it was blank. No face of Harry Warrington appeared there. Neither spoke to the other of the subject on which both were brooding. Hetty was a little provoked with Charly who was clamorous about breakfast, and told him he was always thinking of eating. In reply to her sarcastic inquiry, he artlessly owned he should like another cheese-cake, and good-natured Theo, laughing, said she had a sixpence, and if the cake-shop were open of a Sunday morning Charly should have one. The cake-shop was open, and Theo took out her little purse, netted by her dearest friend at school, and containing her pocket-piece, her grandmother's guinea, her slender little store of shillings—nay, some copper money at one end; and she treated Charly to the meal which he loved.

A great deal of fine company was at church. There was that funny old Duchess, and old Madame Bernstein, with Lady Maria at her side, and Mr. Wolfe, of course, by the side of Miss Lowther, and singing with her out of the same psalm-book; and Mr. Richardson with a bevy of ladies. "One of them is Miss Fielding," papa tells them after church, "Harry Fielding's sister. Oh girls, what good company he was! And his books are worth a dozen of your milk-sop Pamelas and Clarissas, Mrs. Lambert: but what woman ever loved true humor? And there was Mr. Johnson sitting among the charity-children. Did you see how he turned round to the altar at the Belief, and upset two or three of the scared little urchins in leather breeches? And what a famous sermon Harry's parson gave, didn't he? A sermon about scandal. How he touched up some of the old harridans who were seated round! Why wasn't Mr. Warrington at church? It was a shame he wasn't at church!"

"I really did not remark whether he was there or not," says Miss Hetty, tossing her head up.

But Theo, who was all truth, said, "Yes, I thought of him, and was sorry he was not there; and so did you think of him, Hetty."

"I did no such thing, Miss," persists Hetty.

"Then why did you whisper to me it was Harry's clergyman who preached?"

"To think of Mr. Warrington's clergyman is not to think of Mr. Warrington. It was a most excellent sermon, certainly, and the children sang most dreadfully out of tune. And there is Lady Maria at the window opposite, smelling at the roses; and that is Mr. Wolfe's step, I know his great military tramp. Right left—right left! How do you do, Colonel Wolfe?"

"Why do you look so glum, James?" asks Colonel Lambert, good-naturedly. "Has the charmer been scolding thee, or is thy conscience pricked by the sermon? Mr. Sampson, isn't

the parson's name? A famous preacher, on my word!"

"A pretty preacher, and a pretty practitioner!" says Mr. Wolfe, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Why, I thought the discourse did not last ten minutes, and madam did not sleep one single wink during the sermon, didst thou, Molly?"

"Did you see when the fellow came into church?" asked the indignant Colonel Wolfe. "He came in at the open door of the common just in time, and as the psalm was over."

"Well, he had been reading the service, probably, to some sick person; there are many here," remarks Mrs. Lambert.

"Reading the service! Oh, my good Mrs. Lambert! Do you know where I found him? I went to look for your young scapegrace of a Virginian."

"His own name is a very pretty name, I'm sure," cries out Hetty. "It isn't Scapegrace! It is Henry Esmond Warrington, Esquire."

"Miss Hester, I found the parson in his cassock, and Henry Esmond Warrington, Esquire, in his bed-gown, at a quarter before eleven o'clock in the morning, when all the Sunday bells were ringing, and they were playing over a game of piquet they had had the night before!"

"Well, numbers of good people play at cards of a Sunday. The King plays at cards of a Sunday."

"Hush, my dear!"

"I know he does," says Hetty, "with that painted person we saw yesterday, that Countess what d'you call her?"

"I think, my dear Miss Hester, a clergyman had best take to God's books instead of the Devil's books on that day—and so I took the liberty of telling your parson." Hetty looked as if she thought it *was* a liberty which Mr. Wolfe had taken. "And I told our young friend that I thought he had better have been on his way to church than there in his bed-gown."

"You wouldn't have Harry go to church in a dressing-gown and night-cap, Colonel Wolfe? That *would* be a pretty sight, indeed!" again says Hetty, fiercely.

"I would have my little girl's tongue not wag quite so fast," remarks papa, patting the child's flushed little cheek.

"Not speak when a friend is attacked, and nobody says a word in his favor? No; nobody!"

Here the two lips of the little mouth closed on each other; the whole little frame shook; the little maiden flung a parting look of defiance at Mr. Wolfe, and went out of the room, just in time to close the door, and burst out crying on the stair.

Mr. Wolfe looked very much discomfited. "I am sure, Aunt Lambert, I did not intend to hurt Hester's feelings."

"No, James," she said, very kindly. The young officer used to call her Aunt Lambert in quite early days, and she gave him her hand.

Mr. Lambert whistled his favorite tune of "Over the hills and far away," with a drum accompaniment performed by his fingers on the window. "I say, you mustn't whistle on Sunday, papa!" cried the artless young gown boy from Grey Friars; and then suggested that it was three hours from breakfast, and he should like to finish Theo's cheese-cake.

"Oh, you greedy child!" cries Theo. But here, hearing a little exclamatory noise outside, she ran out of the room, closing the door behind her. And we will not pursue her. The noise was that sob which broke from Hester's panting, over-loaded heart; and, though we can not see, I am sure the little maid flung herself on her sister's neck, and wept upon Theo's fond, kind bosom.

Hetty did not walk out in the afternoon when the family took the air on the common. She had a headache, and lay on her bed with her mother watching her. Charly had discovered a comrade from Grey Friars; Mr. Wolfe, of course, paired off with Miss Lowther; and Theo and her father, taking their sober walk in the Sabbath sunshine, found Madame Bernstein basking on a bench under a tree, her niece and nephew in attendance. Harry ran up to greet his dear friends: he was radiant with pleasure at beholding them. The elder ladies were most gracious to the Colonel and his daughter who had so kindly welcomed their Harry.

How noble and handsome he looked! Theo thought. She called him by his Christian name, as if he really were her brother. "Why did we not see you sooner to-day, Harry?" she asked.

"I never thought you were here, Theo."

"But you might have seen us had you wished."

"Where and how?" asked Harry.

"There, Sir!" she said, pointing to the church, and she held her hand up as if in reproof; but a sweet kindness beamed in her honest face.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

PUBLIC attention during the past month has been to a great extent directed toward the proceedings of the British cruisers off the coast of Cuba. The British Government, finding it impossible to maintain such a blockade of the African coast as should prevent the exportation of slaves, resolved to attack the slave-trade at the point to which the slaves were transported; and Cuba being now the only considerable slave-market, the

British fleet in its neighborhood has within a few months been considerably augmented. It is asserted, with apparent truth, that the trade is carried on almost exclusively by vessels built in America, and bearing the American flag. The British officers, therefore, have undertaken to board every merchantman approaching or leaving the island, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are engaged in the slave-trade. Up to the present time we have detailed accounts of the detention

and search of more than forty American vessels; the detention in several cases having been made in an extremely insolent manner. These proceedings, involving the "right of search," claimed by the British and denied by ourselves, have received the prompt attention of our Government. The Secretary of State calls the attention of the British Minister to these aggressions, and expresses the confident expectation that they will be promptly disavowed, and measures taken to prevent their future recurrence. Our Minister at London, Mr. Dallas, is also instructed to communicate to the British Government the "earnest desire of the President that this practice, which seems to become more prevalent, of detaining and searching American vessels, should be discontinued." The Secretary of State adds, that "these flagrant violations of the rights of the United States have excited deep feelings throughout the country, and have attracted the attention of both Houses of Congress. Their continuance can not fail to produce the most serious effect upon the relations of the countries. The President confidently believes that the British naval officers, in the adoption of these high-handed measures, have acted without the authority and have mistaken the views of their Government. But it is not the less due to the United States that their conduct should be disavowed, and peremptory orders issued to prevent the recurrence of similar proceedings." Orders were also promptly dispatched for a considerable augmentation of our naval force in the Gulf of Mexico. The following vessels are now in the Gulf, or under orders to proceed thither: steamers, *Colorado*, 40 guns; *Wabash*, 40; *Fulton*, 5; *Water-Witch*, 2; *Arctic*, 2; *Dispatch*, 2; sloop-of-war, *Macedonian*, 22; *Constellation*, 22; *Saratoga*, 20; *Savannah*, 24; *Jamestown*, 22; *Plymouth*, 5; *Preble*, 16; brig *Dolphin*, 4—making a total force of 226 guns. The British force on the West India station is reported to consist of eighteen vessels, of which eight are steamers and four steam gun-boats, carrying in all 435 guns.

In Congress there was a remarkable unanimity of feeling as to the absolute necessity of arresting these proceedings of the British cruisers. In the Senate, the Committee on Foreign Relations presented a Report reciting that American vessels pursuing the paths of lawful commerce on the high seas, under the flag of their country, have been pursued, fired into, and compelled to stop by the public force of a foreign power; and in other instances American vessels anchored in the harbor of a friendly power, at the port of Sagua la Grande, in the island of Cuba, have been subject to a police inquisition by the same foreign power. It has occasionally happened heretofore, continues the Report, that under circumstances of misapprehension or misconception of orders, isolated cases of this character have occurred, but in such cases the honor of the country may have been sufficiently vindicated by a disclaimer of intended wrong, or by rebuke of the officer commanding. But the continuous and persevering character of the outrages now perpetrated "call for the most prompt and efficient measures to arrest at once, and to end, finally and forever, the commission of like indignities to our flag." In reference to the justification of these proceedings on the ground that they were necessary to suppress the slave-trade carried on between Cuba and Africa, the Committee say that it is a sufficient answer that the assent of the Unit-

ed States has never been yielded to any such system of police on the seas; and that by no principle of international law can a vessel under the flag of its country be visited or detained on the high seas by any foreign power without the consent of those over whom the flag waves. No right of visitation or search can be tolerated by an independent power but in derogation of her sovereignty. The Committee add that these proceedings of the British cruisers will afford an occasion to "end, now and forever, all future question as to the right of visitation at sea between the United States and the offending Power." They only refrain from recommending at once such additional legislation as will effect this object from the fact that "the President has already ordered all the disposable force of the country into the infested quarter, with orders to protect all vessels of the United States on the high seas from search or detention by the vessels-of-war of any other nation. These are preventive measures only, and temporary in their character, but go to the full extent of the power of the Executive in the absence of Legislative provision, and it is believed that they will arrest further offenses;" should this not be the case, the Committee declare that such legislation must be promptly supplied. The Report concludes with the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That American ships at sea, under the American flag, remain under the jurisdiction of the country to which they belong, and therefore that any visitation or molestation is an infraction of the sovereignty of the United States.

"Resolved, That these aggressions demand such an unequivocal explanation from Great Britain as shall prevent their recurrence forever in future.

"Resolved, That the Committee approves of the action of the Executive, and are prepared to recommend such future legislation as circumstances may require."

Mr. Douglas introduced a bill into the Senate, placing at the disposal of the President, to be used when necessary to resist the claims of Great Britain, the naval and military forces of the United States, and authorizing him to call into service fifty thousand volunteers. The bill also puts at his disposal ten millions of dollars, with the right to borrow the same, and authorizes him, if he deems it necessary, to send a special minister to Great Britain; the powers thus granted to continue in force for sixty days after the next meeting of Congress. This bill is in effect a copy of that passed in 1839 conferring upon President Van Buren authority to act in the Boundary dispute.—Other propositions have been submitted to both Houses providing for a large and immediate increase of our naval force; but no decisive action has as yet been taken upon any of these measures.

Other business of considerable importance has been transacted in both Houses. The bill for the admission of Minnesota as a State was discussed at length. It experienced some opposition from the fact that its Constitution extends the right of suffrage to aliens, as well as on the ground of certain alleged informalities in the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention. The bill, however, passed both Houses by decided majorities, and Messrs. Shields and Rice were admitted to seats as Senators, and Messrs. Phelps and Kavanagh as Representatives. Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, presented certain charges against Mr. Rice relating to alleged frauds in the sale of public lands, and opposed his admission as a member. Mr. Rice pronounced the charges false, and demanded a Committee of Investigation, saying that he should resign his seat