THE

LIFE AND CHOICE WRITINGS

OF

GEORGE LIPPARD.

WITH A PORTRAIT, AND FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF A LETTER WRITTEN IN THE EARLY PART OF HIS ILLNESS.

"Like some lute-uttered music too sweet for this earth,
Like a rainbow that sparkles on day
But to fade in the hour of its radiant worth—
Ah, thus hath he faded away!"—WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

New York:
PUBLISHED BY H. H. RANDALL,
50 ANN STREET.
1855.

PS 2246
.L8 Z7

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DAVIES AND ROBERTS, STEREOTYPERS,
201 William Street, N. Y

George Lippard

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THE

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OF

GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE subject of these memoirs was born near Yellow Springs, Chester County, Pennsylvania, April 10th, 1822.

In his infancy, at a very tender age, his family removed to Germantown, a quaint old village famous in history, about six miles from Philadelphia.

The vicinity of Germantown is identified with some of the most tragical events of the Revolution, and not far away rolls the Wissahikon, whose beauties and historic glories the future author was to publish to the world. The effect wrought upon the tender mind of the youthful Lippard by the neighborhood of these memorable localities must have been powerful. We can imagine him drinking in, with almost his earliest consciousness, many a strange story narrated by garrulous old gossips in a chimney-corner, to be used at a later period as the foundation of his graphic "Legends of the Revolution."

The ancestors of our author were among the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania, of sturdy German stock. Their more famous descendant was justly proud of his lineage, as may be gathered by the following eloquent description of "The Old-Time Graveyard" in Germantown, in which the ashes of his forefathers were reverently laid by each generation :

THE GRAVEYARD OF GERMANTOWN.

In Germantown there is an old-time graveyard. No graveled walks, no delicate sculpturings of marble, no hot-beds planted over corruption are there. It is an old-

time graveyard, defended from the highway and encircling fields by a thick stone wall. On the north and west it is shadowed by a range of trees, the somber verdure of the pine, the leafy magnificence of the maple and horse-chestnut, mingling in one rich mass of foliage. Wild flowers are in that graveyard, and tangled vines. It is white with tombstones. They spring up, like a host of spirits, from the green graves; they seem to struggle with each other for space, for room. The lettering on these tombstones is in itself a rude history. Some are marked with rude words in Dutch, some in German, one or more in Latin, one in Indian; others in English. Some bend down, as if hiding their rugged faces from the light; some start to one side; here and there rank grass chokes them from the light and air.

You may talk to me of your *fashionable* graveyards, where Death is made to look pretty and silly and fanciful, but for me this one old graveyard, with its rank grass and crowded tombstones, has more of God and Immortality in it than all your elegant cemeteries together. I love its soil; its stray wild flowers are omens to me of a pleasant sleep taken by weary ones who were faint with living too long.

It is to me a holy thought, that here my bones will one day repose. For here, in a lengthening line, extend the tombstones sacred to the memory of my fathers, far back in to time. They sleep here. The summer day may dawn, the winter storm may howl, and still they sleep on. No careless eye looks over these walls. There is no gaudiness of sculpture to invite the lounger. As for a pic-nic party in an old graveyard like this, it would be blasphemy. None come save those who have friends here. Sisters come to talk quietly with the ghost of sisters; children to invoke the spirit of that Mother *gone home;* I, too, sometimes, panting to get free from the city, come here to talk with my sisters—for two of mine are here—with my father—for that clover blooms above his grave.

It seems to me, too, when bending over that grave, that the Mother's form, awakened from her distant grave, beneath the sod of Delaware, is also here!—here, to commune with the dead whom she loved while living; here, with the spirits of my fathers!

I can not get rid of the thought that good spirits love that graveyard. For all at once, when you enter its walls, you feel sadder, better; more satisfied with life, yet less reluctant to die. It is such a pleasant spot to take a long repose. I have seen it in winter, when there was snow upon the graves and the sleigh-bells tinkled in the street. Then calmly and tenderly upon the white tombstones played and lingered the cold moon.

In summer, too, when the leaves were on the trees and the grass upon the sod, when the chirp of the cricket and katy-did broke shrilly over the graves through the silence of night. In early spring, when there was scarce a blade of grass to struggle against the north wind; and late in fall, when November baptizes you with her cloud of gloom, I have been there.

And in winter and summer, in fall and spring, in calm or storm, in sickness or health, in every change of this great play, called life, does my heart go out to that graveyard, as though part of it was already there.

Nor do I love it the less because on every blade of grass, in every flower that wildly blooms there, you find written: "This soil is sacred from creeds. Here rests the Indian and the white man; here sleep in one sod the Catholic, Presbyterian, Quaker, Methodist, Lutheran, Mennonist, Deist, Infidel. Here, creeds forgotten, all are men and women again, and not one but is a simple child of God."

This graveyard was established by men of all creeds, more than a century ago. May that day be darkness when creeds shall enter this rude gate. Better had that man never been born who shall dare pollute this soil with the earthly clamor of sect. But on the man who shall repair this wall, or keep this graveyard sacred from the hoofs of improvement, who shall do his best to keep our old graveyard what it is, on that man be the blessings of God; may his daughters be virtuous and beautiful, his sons gifted and brave. In his last hours may the voices of angels sing hymns to his passing soul. If there was but one flower in the world, I would plant it on that man's grave.

It was in November, not in chill, gloomy November, but in golden November, when Paradise opens her windows to us and wafts the Indian Summer over the land, that I came to the graveyard.

There was a mellow softness in the air, a golden glow upon the sky, glossy, gorgeous richness of foliage on the trees, when I went in. It was in the afternoon. The sun was half-way down the sky. Every thing was still. A religious silence dwelt all about the graveyard.

It is to this long identification of the Lippard family with American government, American manners, and American principles, that the intense Americanism of George Lippard may be mainly attributed. He not merely loved his country—he adored it. His patriotism was far different from the purchaseable stuff that crowds the political market about election times. It was no result of a conversion at the eleventh hour, just in time to get comfortably into the heaven of party power and government plunder. Nor was it the rosy imagining of a poet's dream—an insane frenzy that spent its force upon paper and evaporated in words. It was a part of his soul, his heart, his bones, muscles, blood. His very being was full of it. To modify its intensity, you would have had to remodel the man; and nothing but death could have extinguished its warm and radiant glow. This may seem exaggeration; but to those who have hung over the burning pages of "Washington and his Generals," "Washington and his Men," "The Battle-day of Germantown," the "Legends of Mexico," and others of Lippard's well-known works, we appeal as witnesses. Every word is evidence of his sincere, impassioned patriotism. To those, alas! who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, who talked, walked, rode, wrote, lived, and loved with him, any imputation against the honesty of his convictions would be the grossest insult to their own judgment and to the memory of their departed friend. He has done more than any man living to direct our reverent attention to the past, to revive and vindicate the illustrious deeds of the immortal founders of our Republic, and to impress upon the youthful heart a lesson of honor, courage, and self-sacrifice in our country's cause.

Of Mr. Lippard's earliest childhood we have little to tell. He went

to school of course, like other boys, and acquired the rudiments of an English education. From what we knew of his ambition and powers of memory, and his habits of acquirement in after-life, we judge that he was no idler or truant at school. But the precepts of instructors and the cold formalities of text-books had little to do with the structure of that strange imaginative mind of his. We fancy that his sharp gray eyes took more lessons and better ones from the blue heavens, the waving woods, the calm church-yard to which his recollection in after-life so fondly reverted, than all the musty school-books expounded by all the inexorable school-masters in the world could teach. We fancy that the winding Wissahikon, with its huge overhanging crags and dark flashing waters, was one of the best tutors of his infancy. Roaming upon its banks, plucking flowers that grew along its dangerous margin, and listlessly flinging pebbles into its foaming bosom, were in him no tokens of vagrancy, but proofs of his early love of nature and his thoughtful self-communion.

Mr. Lippard's father (a farmer by occupation) was a man of strong natural powers. His son derived from him much of that energy and decision of character that accompanied him through life. His father had a very fair property, and, if not rich, was well to do in the world.

Both of his parents were members of the Methodist Church, and devout Christians. They designed their son George for the ministry, and much of his early training was conducted with this object in view. His mother was a woman of great gentleness and purity of character. Her life was, above all, a religious one. It is to his mother's example more than to any other cause, that we attribute the high, poetical Christian fervor that pervaded Lippard's entire history. One of the earliest incidents we learn of him illustrates the effect of this youthful religious education. At the age of ten or twelve years he got together his boyish companions into prayer meetings, and conducted the services with a religious earnestness and decorum that might happily be imitated by "children of a larger growth."

At an age when he could not appreciate the bereavement, an irreparable misfortune befell him in the loss of his father and mother. He and his three sisters—Sarah, Mary, and Harriet—were left in the charge of two maiden aunts—Catherine and Mary—both of whom are now living in Philadelphia. To those who are disposed to judge harshly of his future career we commend this reflection, that before he arrived at years of discretion and self-reliance he was left an orphan—that he inherited little, if any, property, from his family—that he was tossed upon active life at

an age when boys require the most careful home discipline, and with that large brain and fiery heart of his—

> "The world before him where to choose,
> And Providence his guide."

But the loss of his father and mother was not the only bitter cup. Other family misfortunes followed, upon which we have not space to enter. Suffice it to say, that he and his sisters found themselves dispossessed of the "old homestead." It seems to have been a fair and pleasant place, according to this beautiful description from his "White Banner:"

THE DESTROYER OF THE HOMESTEAD.

It was a pleasant place that old Homestead, and though it is gone from us forever, the thought of it remains to me, and will not pass away. Lands you may mortgage, and stone and mortar you may sell, but the thought of one's Home—the memory of a dear old Homestead—is beyond the reach of the vultures of the Law. God be thanked, you can not mortgage *that*—the memory of the Homestead. I see it now; the house which stood near the road, the garden and the barn, with a glimpse of orchard trees back the lane. The house was of gray-stone, only two stories high—and there was moss upon its roof. It was full of old-fashioned rooms, with thick walls and narrow windows—an unpretending sort of place, and yet the breath of the Past blows on me whenever I fancy myself in those old-fashioned rooms. And sometimes I think I hear the old clock striking deep and clear, as it used to strike when the Homestead was *ours*. Behind the house stood the barn with a pear tree near it; it was of dark gray-stone like the house, and its walls were thrown into view by the garden which stretched behind it, toward the orchard. The garden was sacred to memory. Even the trough which sunk into the ground, at one side of the garden, was filled to the brim with the pure cold water of an over-welling spring—even the trough made of the trunk of a forest tree, and shaded by a thick growth of shrubbery—even that is sacred. The orchard, too, with its trees, beneath whose roots men of the battle-field were buried—the orchard, how a breeze from the Past tosses the fragrance from the white blossoms of the apple trees, scatters those blossoms over me even now, when the Homestead has gone from us forever! And even that, our orchard, was not sacred from the Destroyer of the Homestead.

Now, you who like to read of battles—of scenes of magnificent interests, where nations are engaged and empire is the stake—can not think how many interests clustered about our Homestead. So many of our name were born in that old house, so many died there. The walk that led through the garden to the orchard was trod by the people of four generations: father and son, for four generations, drank from the waters of the trough-bound spring. They are gone now—nearly all of them—and the graveyard where they sleep is not far away. I can remember the white hairs of an old man who used to take me by the hand when I was a little child—I can remember the face of a mother when she was young and beautiful, before the paleness overspread her cheek and the grave-cough was heard—I can remember how again and again, as years passed on, we met in the graveyard, around a new-made grave.

But I can not distinctly remember how the old Homestead passed away. It seems hard to me, when I look over the broad earth of God, that this old house, the bit of

land, could not be spared from the clutch of land sharper and mortgage hunter. And when escaping for an hour from the city I go first to the graveyard, and count how many of us are there—and then back to the lane, and see how speculation has cut our orchard up into building lots—why, I have queer thoughts about the fate of the Destroyer of the Homestead.

I think I could sit down with a murderer, and be cheerful with him sooner than I could endure the sight of the Destroyer of the Homestead: for he is a murderer of something more than flesh and blood. And yet I can not tell precisely in what shape he came to blast our Homestead, whether as a land robber simply, or as a professional sharper, swindling with a law paper instead of a dice-box; or yet as a seemingly pious man, blasting the family whose table had fed, whose roof had sheltered him. My memory is dim; I was but a child then; but the Record is written somewhere—and it is, may be, a Record that one day will bring Retribution. And I do not wish to know his name or look upon his face: the world has many paths, but I never wish mine to fork with the path traversed by the Destroyer of the Homestead. May God forgive him.

For look you—it was our HOME. Not big enough to excite envy; an humble sort of home; not large enough or rich enough (so one would think) to excite cupidity; a stone house, a barn, a garden, an orchard—O it might have been spared. The hoof of the Destroyer might have found another resting-place.

But we will go back to the Homestead, though it has gone into other hands. There are but few of us now; on our way to the grave we will rest under the old apple trees and drink of the garden spring. See! How they group around us once more—the old man with white hairs, his children, the father, and the mother, and their grandchildren, who are sisters—as the sun shines above us, the family is *complete again!* Drink once more of the clean spring water—sit awhile under the orchard trees—and then come into the house, and let us hear the old clock strike again—and your voices, how tone after tone those well-remembered accents ring through the Home!———

—Only a dream. That is all. But a pleasant sort of dream to dream, as I sit alone, with the moon shining through the window. And I'd sooner dream this dream than to have the gnawing thoughts of the Destroyer of the Homestead.

As Lippard did not see fit to state who the "destroyer of the homestead" was, it is not our province to make the surmise.

We next hear of our author (about sixteen years of age) in the family of a Methodist clergyman residing in Dutchess Co., New York. He had been placed there by some of his friends, by way of preparation for the ministry. The reverend gentleman was in the habit of taking private pupils for this purpose. Lippard seems to have entered upon his theological studies with his usual ardor. He studied the Bible with enthusiasm. The poetry, the majesty, the prophetic grandeur of the Old Testament especially charmed him at this time. He was ambitious to acquire a knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, which was taught, among the other rudiments of biblical learning, by his pious instructor. His ear was caught by the deep, splendid roll of that patriarchal language. He loved

to sit and trace, with patient, backward-moving finger the meaning of those strange, mystic characters in which the revelation of a God was first made to man. This passage from "Paul Ardenheim" evidently has reference to these absorbing prelections :

Near his elbow was another volume; it was open, and its broad pages bore the bold, firm characters of the Hebrew tongue. It was the Bible—the Old Testament and the New in one language—which Paul had read for years; the only copy of the Book which he possessed. Dearer he prized it than all his works of alchemy or astrology, dearer even than the reveries of Religious Enthusiasm; it was to his soul a thousand-fold more precious than the pages of those seers of the heart—Shakspeare and Milton.

For from that boldly printed Hebrew volume the Lord God of Heaven and Earth talked to him, the unknown boy of Wissahikon, and talked in the language of the Other World. The Hebrew did not seem to him the language of men, but the awful and mysterious tongue of angels. Its syllables of music rolled full and deep into his soul, as though a spirit stood by him, while he read, pronouncing the words, whose meaning penetrated his brain.

Our young pupil of divinity got along very pleasantly and comfortably in his theological researches, until a trifling incident disenchanted him with his studies. It was a little—a ludicrously little—thing of itself, but full of mountainous moment to Lippard. He was so full of innocent, humorous exaggeration, that we don't know exactly how much of the following anecdote is fact, and how much playful "enlargement." At any rate *this* is the circumstance to which Lippard used to attribute his "backsliding" from the ministry. It shows "on what a little thread" hang all our fates!

One day his preceptor attended a religious conference held in the neighborhood, taking his promising young disciple along with him. While there the former purchased a quantity of fine peaches, which he proceeded to devour at leisure. Now, his young companion had not yet succeeded in chastising his appetite—for peaches at least. His mouth watered as his revered spiritual guide slowly swallowed the delicious fruit. Now, whether the latter was seized with a fit of deep mental abstraction, and overlooked the presence of his scholar, or whether, with many old people, he thought that peaches—particularly fine, nice large ones—were "not good for boys," we do not know; we only know (on our author's authority) that not a single peach did Lippard get, and that he was made miserable in consequence. He thought he had been neglected—ill-used, and he brooded over the grievance. He reasoned upon it in the following serious fashion: "Can a clergyman be truly pious if he buys a lot of peaches and eats them all himself, without giving me a single one? If such are the fruits of piety, I will have none of it." With this very

logical conclusion, Lippard withdrew from his pupilage and rushed into the world.

He made his way back to the haunts of his childhood. He was poor but proud. He might, it is probable, have obtained assistance from some of his relatives, or the friends of his family. But he scorned to be a dependent. He would have starved first, and very nigh starving he did come. He picked up an honest meal here and there—we don't know how—and spent his desolate days in revery by the side of his beloved Wissahikon.

He had no home; but "necessity is the mother of invention," and he soon found one. There was a rusty dilapidated old house standing at that time near Franklin Square, Philadelphia. The venerable building must, at some time in its history, have been a grand affair. We hear that it had a hundred rooms, and was, altogether, a very stupendous structure. It had been abandoned, preparatory to being pulled down, to make room for a sprightlier modern edifice. Within this ancient and ghostly dwelling the poor orphan boy found a sanctuary. He picked out a very commodious room, and straightway proceeded to establish a "squatter sovereignty." Luxuries he had none, of comforts few, but he had a house all to himself, and that was something to be proud of! Hither he came, after wandering all day by the side of the Wissahikon, or madly beating about the streets of the great city, and spent the night. His bed-furniture was primitive in its simplicity, consisting of four old chairs, and his valise for a pillow!

"All day within the dreamy house
  The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue-fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
  Behind the moldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
  Old faces glimmered through the door,
  Old footsteps trod the upper floor,
Old voices called *him* from without."

Lippard, alone, "sole monarch of all he surveyed" in that empty house, enjoyed a fine field for the exercise of his imagination. Listening to the mysterious nibblings and shriekings of the mice aforesaid, or the rattling of ill-jointed windows and doors; groping with a candle among the entries clogged with rubbish; peering through the keyholes of the hundred rooms, and wondering what awful mysteries were locked within them; seeing old faces in dark corners; fancying footsteps at midnight in deserted passages; hearing old voices upon every wind that

whistled through the gaping crannies; with all these stimulants to an imagination naturally vivid, the old house was a school-house to him. He learned many a lesson of mystery, and conjured up many a ghostly tale within its awe-inspiring precincts. We have no doubt that here he first conceived his idea of a "Monk-hall," the marvelous pile in which the startling deeds of his "Quaker City" are enacted.

He was not long idle and purposeless, however. He was suddenly fired with a desire to be a lawyer. He succeeded in gaining admission to the office of William Badger, Esq., as a student and general "office-boy."

Whatever subject Lippard undertook he always grappled with enthusiasm and diligence. The "Philadelphia lawyer" has passed into a proverb. We can easily understand how George quickened with ambition at the contemplation of so many splendid examples of professional success on every side, and hoped some day to rival, perhaps outstrip, them all. But to a youth of his peculiar temperament the dry details of legal lore must have been the merest husks. We picture to ourselves his frail young figure, with that fine forehead throbbing with intellect, as it bent over a moldy volume of reports, patiently picking out the grains of truth from huge piles of windy chaff! And then we imagine him, as his brain grew weary of the irksome task, pitching the venerable book into a corner, and giving himself up to the enchantments of his own burning imagination, or dwelling with fond delight upon the sweet scenes of his early days.

George was never destined to be a lawyer. He admired truth for truth's sake wherever he found it; but, unfortunately, it is not always to be found in its highest state of purity in law books. It is far too thickly encumbered with legal tricks and quibbles. A law student must remember not only what appears true to *him*, but what has appeared true to numerous justices and chief justices in big wigs who have preceded him. He must take note, not only of broad legal principles, but of nice decisions that

> "divide
> A hair twixt north and northwest side."

So far as Law is common sense, our author had no trouble, we suppose, in getting along with it; but when it came to subtile "distinctions without a difference," in which the science of jurisprudence so much abounds, his mind obstinately refused to take and retain them. This was the case with him, as it has been and will be with thousands of other young men in whom imagination triumphs over the powers of arbitrary

memory. Lippard, however, would have made a splendid advocate, though never an astonishing counsel lawyer. His eloquence, his flying fancy, his piercing eye, the animated expression of his face, his vivacious gestures, fitted him for a perfect orator. Before a jury he would have been irresistible.

But Lippard soon tired of the Law. He bade farewell to Coke, Blackstone & Co., and went forth into the world again to resume his precarious mode of subsistence. He was not long out of employment. He soon obtained a position as assistant editor on the "Daily Spirit of the Times," of which John S. Du Solle was editor-in-chief. The circumstances of his engagement were as follows:

An artist, an acquaintance of Mr. Du Solle's, called upon him and informed him that a young man, of the name of Lippard, was in the habit of sleeping in the garret of his (the artist's) house. That this young man was starving for want of work. That he had talent, and possibly Mr. Du Solle might find him something to do. The editor expressed a wish to see the youth, and he was accordingly brought round for exhibition by the artist. The poor boy was at that time in a deplorable way. His face was thin with hunger; his dress, a collection of rags, lashed together in some places with twine; his whole person the walking image of starvation and despair.

Mr. Du Solle saw something to admire in this gaunt and tattered young fellow. He gave him work upon his paper. This was Lippard's first introduction to the world as a writer. How gladly he entered upon his task! How joyfully he waved back all his bitter memories with the "gray goose quill," that "arch enchanter's wand," and summoned instead the gay sprites that had so long waited silently upon his imagination and fancy!

He soon began to make a stir among the dry bones of Philadelphia journalism. His writings, at this epoch, were distinguished by their high humor and cutting satire. He made every thing about town the butt of his merciless wit. People began to laugh and stare. His lively paragraphs were talked about at home and widely copied abroad. It was evident there was a new and a queer pen in the field, and the whole public was on tiptoe to know what funny prank it would cut up next. He continued to act as assistant editor of the "Spirit of the Times" for nearly three years. He wrote no connected tale or special series of articles in its columns.

Finding that he flourished so famously as a writer of paragraphs, Lippard's ambition aimed at something higher. The wild dreams of his childhood began to take substantial shape. He wrote a book, in which

he put down the impressions and suggestions that had haunted him most in his youth. Among his earliest reading (we infer from "Paul Ardenheim") was much of that strange, mystic, legendary lore which used to form the staple of romance in Germany. Fascinated with the terrible charm of these writings, it is not strange that, in his maiden book, he should have tried his hand at something of the same kind. His head was not long in devising an original and very ingenious plot, and down went "The Ladye Annabel" upon paper. In it, as the author says in his dedication to "Blanche of Brandywine," he intended to "picture the glory and gloom of the age of chivalry." It first appeared, in part or in whole, in a country paper, where it was the weekly wonder of farmhouse gossips for miles around.

Some time in 1842 (George being then about twenty years of age) "Ladye Annabel" appeared between covers, and "made a palpable hit." It is a marvelous book—full of love, romance, revenge, plots and counter-plots, with a dash of supernaturalism. The characters are no wax-doll-babies, but all strong, impetuous, jumping, thrilling people, who do nothing by halves, but wreak their intensity upon every thing they undertake, just as Lippard did upon the book itself. He leads the reader such a mad, rollicking dance through its wonderful pages, that the bewildered man hardly knows, at the "finis," whether he is standing on his head or heels. The book is completely stuffed, till it cracks, with dazzling incidents. Lippard hit upon the plan of keeping up the interest of each weekly portion, by making it, in a certain sense, a story of itself. Each chapter has a climax of its own. He found that this plan worked admirably, and he pursued it more or less in all his subsequent works. They are all, as the author meant them to be, a series of pictures—a gallery of bold paintings.

The success of "The Ladye Annabel" induced our author to make another venture. He wrote "Herbert Tracy." In this book he gave *another* class of his youthful impressions and reveries, in the form of a revolutionary tale. We begin to learn something of Germantown and the Wissahikon in its pages. It contains much of the startling battle-descriptions, vivid portrayals of character, and fine landscape sketches that we find in his later works. The plot is ingenious and interesting. We regard it as inferior, however, to his "Washington and his Generals," "Blanche of Brandywine," etc., and prefer to think of Lippard as a legendary writer in connection with these two books. Nevertheless "Herbert Tracy" "took" well, and even to this day holds a respectable place in circulating libraries.

Upon the heels of "Herbert Tracy" came "The Battle-day of Germantown," which, in subject and general management, is akin to its predecessor. Much of the interest of the tale clusters about Chew's House—famous in history as the scene of a frightful revolutionary conflict. It revived the celebrity of the fine old mansion, as a historical relic, with the present generation, and many a pilgrim has visited it, fired with the eloquence of "The Battle-day of Germantown."

The "Quaker City" was Lippard's first really splendid success. It was written in the fall of 1844, and exhibits Lippard as acted upon by a *third* series of impressions, no less vivid and powerful than the mysticism of Germany or the traditional marvels of the Revolution. The motives which impelled him to write the "Quaker City" are thus stated by our author in the preface to the 27th edition :

I was the only protector of an orphan sister. I was fearful that I might be taken away by death, leaving her alone in the world. I knew too well that law of society which makes a virtue of the dishonor of a poor girl, while it justly holds the seduction of a rich man's child as an infamous crime. These thoughts impressed me deeply. I determined to write a book founded upon the following idea :

The seduction of a poor and innocent girl is a deed altogether as criminal as deliberate murder. It is worse than the murder of the body, for it is the assassination of the soul. If the murderer deserves death by the gallows, then the assassin of chastity and maidenhood is worthy of death by the hands of any man, and in any place.

This was the first idea of the Work. It embodies a sophism, but it is a sophism that errs on the right side. But as I progressed in my task, other ideas were added to the original thought. Secluded in my room, having no familiarity with the vices of a large city, save from my studentship in the office of an Attorney-General—the Confessional of our Protestant communities—I determined to write a book which should describe all the phases of a corrupt social system, as manifested in the city of Philadelphia. The results of my labors was this book, which has been more attacked and more read than any work of American fiction published for the last ten years.

And now I can say with truth, that whatever faults may be discovered in this Work, my motive in its composition was honest, was pure, was as destitute of any idea of sensualism as certain of the persons who have attacked it without reading a single page, are of candor, of a moral life, or a heart capable of generous emotions.

To the young man and young woman who may read this book when I am dead, I have a word to say :

Would to God that the evils recorded in these pages were not based upon facts! Would to God that the experience of my life had not impressed me so vividly with the colossal vices, the terrible deformities, presented in the social system of the Large City in the Nineteenth Century. You will read this work when the hand which pens this line is dust. If you discover one word in its pages that has a tendency to develop one impure thought, I beseech you reject that word. If you discover a chapter, a page, or a line that conflicts with the great idea of Human Brotherhood promulgated by the Redeemer, I ask you with all my soul reject that chapter, that

passage, that line. At the same time remember the idea which impelled me to produce the book. Remember that my life, from the age of sixteen up to twenty-five was one perpetual battle with hardship and difficulty, such as do not often fall to the lot of a young man—such as rarely is recorded in the experience of childhood or manhood. Take the book with all its faults and virtues. Judge it as you yourself would wish to be judged. Do not wrest a line from these pages for the encouragement of a bad thought or a bad deed.

The sister so tenderly alluded to was Harriet Newell Lippard, several years younger than her brother. She was a beautiful girl, with dark hair, flashing black eyes, and a soft brunette complexion. Her personal resemblance to George was very strong. Her temperament was exquisitely sensitive. Those who knew her speak in high praise of her personal and mental fascinations. She was distinguished for brilliant conversational powers—a talent at lively repartee.

The "Quaker City" came out in pamphlets; it was almost the first attempt in America to issue a connected story in a serial form, and but for Lippard's ingenious management of the plot would probably have failed. He contrived, as in his "Ladye Annabel," to give a climax of interest to each number, so that each was readable of itself, considered apart from the main thread of the narrative. It was published in ten numbers, the first appearing September 5th, 1844.

The "Quaker City" is a terrible book. The author takes off his coat, rolls up his shirt-sleeves, and deliberately plunges into the great hornets' nest of social vices. He crushes this wrong; he pulls the sting out of that gilded crime; he wrings off the head of yonder sanctimonious humbug. The first number began to make a buzz; the second started the poisonous insects from their den; and before he got through with the job, the whole swarm was attacking him front and rear. But Lippard went right on, reckless of personal danger. His friends advised him to be prudent. Not he! As for fear, he knew not the word. His life was literally in danger. "Curses, not loud, but deep," were borne to him upon every wind. He was threatened with the assassin's knife, but he fearlessly walked the streets by day or night as usual. His courage and audacity disarmed his foes, and we are not aware that any actual attempt was ever made to injure a hair of his head.

The book was the talk of the city. It divided society into two parties, one justifying the "Quaker City," the other execrating it and the author. The laborers, the mechanics, the great body of the people, were on Lippard's side. The press, by attacks and vindications, kept up the popular excitement. What gave to the book a fearful interest, apart from the enchantment of the story *as* a story, was the suspicion that a certain

recent tragical event in Philadelphia was the substance of the plot. It was supposed that, under the name of "Gus Lorrimer," Lippard meant to portray the career of a fashionable libertine, who had been shot dead by a brother for the unpardonable crime of seducing his sister. People began to pick out other portraits in the volume, until, at last, every character of the fiction had its living original about town.

A dramatist, with the usual shrewdness of his craft, hearing nothing else talked of but the "Quaker City," conceived the idea of adapting it for the stage. This was while the book was in course of publication. He did so, and the play was advertised for representation at the Chesnut Street Theater. This raised a new tempest. The opponents of the book swore it never should be performed, while its friends determined, just as solemnly, to stand by it. As the night of the announcement drew near, popular excitement increased, and the Mayor grew fearful for the peace of the city. The tragical events of the great Catholic-American riots were fresh in his mind. A disturbance was threatened. He therefore requested the manager of the theater to withdraw the piece, and he did so.

The momentous evening came. A large crowd speedily collected about the theater. The enemies of the play threatened, if it were produced, to burn the building, and personal violence was promised to Lippard himself. Lippard's adherents, on the other hand, swore that the drama should be acted. Lippard was present, wrapped in an ample cloak, and carrying a sword-cane to repel assaults. He moved freely among the mob, without much care whether he was seen or not. At this dangerous crisis the Mayor appeared; conversed with Lippard, and requested him to use his influence to quiet the row. He consented, and the Mayor stepped forward and announced that it was Mr. Lippard's wish that the play should not go on. This statement pacified the opponents, and quieted Lippard's friends; the crowd gradually withdrew, and "order reigned in Warsaw."

It must be borne in mind that the "Quaker City" was written to depict the dark side of Philadelphia life; its mission was to be the stern and unsparing foe of vice. This design is carried forward with an awful unity of design from beginning to end. We like it the least of all Lippard's writings on this account. We prefer those in which he speaks more hopefully and cheerily of mankind. The "Quaker City," as a work of art, is no less creditable on that account however. It abounds in passages of great eloquence and beauty. This is a life-like impressive sketch, in which Devil-Bug (a fine original creation of Lippard's) carries off the insensible form of Byrnewood, preparatory to burying him alive.

Unheeding the muttered groan which escaped from Byrnewood's lips, he raised him on his shoulder, as though he had been a mere bundle of merchandise. In a moment he left the Walnut Room, and was descending the stairs, with the unconscious man on his shoulders, while his extended hand grasped the flickering lamp. With a quiet smile on his lip Devil-Bug descended the stairs, and in a few moments stood on the floor of the hall opening into the Banquet Room. The echo of shouts mingled with laughter rung around the place. Devil-Bug grimly smiled, and passing the doorway of the Banquet Room, stole cautiously along the damp floor of the hall, and in a moment the glare of the lamp flashed over the grand stairway of stone, leading far down into the vaults of Monk-hall.

And far, far down, over massive steps of granite, with solid arches above and thick walls on either side, far, far down, with the rays of the lamp flashing over the void beneath with a faint yet gloomy effect, like a light darting its beams along the darkness of some hideous well, Devil-Bug pursued his way, his strong right arm supporting the unconscious form of his victim, flung like a bundle over his shoulder, while his distorted face grew animate with that grimace of habitual cruelty which gave his visage the expression of an incarnate fiend, and developed all the hideous moral deformity of his nature.

Down, down, over damp steps of granite, down, down! The monotonous echo of his footsteps disturbs the silence of the air, and now and then his victim, hanging over the shoulders of the Doorkeeper, utters a faint moan, as he feebly clutches at the door with his hands. The stairway terminates on a wide hall with roof and floor of stone; on one side the massive door leading into the Dead-vault of Monk-hall, on the other side another door, as high and as massive, leading into the Wine-cellar of the old mansion. At Devil-Bug's back ascends the stairway of granite. He advances along the stone floor, and at his very feet descends another stairway, more dark and gloomy than the first, with clammy moisture trickling down the walls, while the light flares fitfully over a long succession of stone blocks, sinking far, far down into the bosom of earth and night. This stairway leads to the Pit of Monk-hall.

Ha! Old Devil-Bug starts and clenches his hand, and, at the very thought of that fearful cavern, sunk far beneath the earth, below the foundations of Monk-hall.

Has the name of the place a terrible memory for your soul, Devil-Bug? Does no phantom arise before you, as, standing on the verge of the stairway, you gaze into the void below? does no phantom, with blood-dripping hair and ghastly eyes, arise before you and scare you back? The phantom of a murdered man, with a mangled jaw sunken on the breast, a tongue lolling from his mouth, and bloodshot eyes starting from a face darkened to purple by the hand of death.

Ho! ho! What cares Devil-Bug for phantoms in his path or white-shrouded ghosts gliding by his side? Derided and scorned by that fellow-man whom he never yet called brother, the offcast of the world from his very birth, a walking curse and a breathing execration upon all mankind, why should old Devil-Bug fear that phantom world which dawns upon his solitary eye?

Ha! ha! ha! Old Devil-Bug loves the old arches of Monk-hall; he loves the cellars and the dens; he loves the song of the revelers in the Banquet Room and the glee of the cut-throats in the vaults below; he loves the Skeleton Monk like a twin-brother; but the phantoms, ha! ha! they are at once his fear and his delight! The murdered man gliding forever by his side, with the broken jaw and the starting eyes, he hails him as a thing of joy! And the murdered woman, with the quivering

form and hollow skull, oozing with the slowly-pattering blood; ha! ha! this phantom is one of Devil-Bug's familiar spirits.

But the Pit, the Pit of Monk-hall; ha! ha! He shudders at the name; he starts and grows pale. The phantom of the murdered man he can endure as he has endured for years! But to go down, step by step, into the lowest deep of the pest-house; to stand in the nethermost cavern of Monk-hall for the first time for many long years; to start with fear at the palpable presence of the bare skull and moldering bones of the murdered man! ho! ho! this were a hard trial, even for Devil-Bug's strong nerves and strong heart.

But down, down into the pit he will go; down, down, with the form of his intended victim on his shoulder, and the lamp held firmly in his talon-fingers; down, down, until the air grows thick with the breath of corruption, and the light flashes in its socket as it dies away under the pressure of an atmosphere never yet enlivened by a single ray of God's sunlight, but rendered fatal and deathly by the decay of the human corse, as it crumbles to dust, with the worms reveling over its rottenness, and the thick night shrouding it like a pall.

* * * * * * * * *

"Ho, ho, ho!" chuckled Devil-Bug, as he stood on the verge of the granite stairway. "Here's dampness, an' darkness, an' the smell o' bones all for nothin'. Children under ten years half price! This feller on my shoulder don't move nor struggle. Vonder if he thinks o' th' jolly things we're a-goin' to do with him. Buried alive! I do vonders how that 'll vork!"

With these words Devil-Bug began the descent of the granite stairway. The heavy echo of his footsteps resounded upward with a dull monotonous sound, as, lighting his way with the extended lamp, he went far, far down into the darkness of the staircase. Once or twice, as the moaning sound of the wind came rushing down the passage, Devil-Bug started with involuntary surprise, and with his burden on his shoulder attempted to turn around and face the enemy whom his excited fancy had imagined pursuing his footsteps. But the unconscious man gave a faint struggle, and, occupied with the effort to hold him tightly on his shoulder, Devil-Bug smiled at the moaning sound of the wind, and, with his usual grimace, pursued his way. Down, down, down! Was not that low pattering noise the echo of a footstep at his heels? Devil-Bug smiled grimly as the fancy crossed his mind. Down, down, down! The old archway above the staircase grows crimson with the light of the lamp, and the drops of moisture trickling along the walls glittered like diamonds in a river's sands. Was not that faint and rustling sound the noise of a garment sweeping the stairs at his back? Half turning, Devil-Bug gazed into the darkness above, but the thick gloom enveloped the stairway like a pall, and his solitary eye might discern nothing but silence and night.

Devil-Bug is the product of a rotten civilization. He is the *major-domo* of Monk-hall, the grotesque building in which most of the horrors of the Quaker City are enacted. He is the incarnation of depravity. But even *he* has a beautiful memory—*he* has a twilight conscience. Here we have Devil-Bug with a passing whim of remorse:

He stood with his head drooped low on his wide chest, while his hands hung extended by his side. His solitary eye, which contracted and dilated like the eye of a

tiger, grew large and lustrous. His teeth were clenched, while his thick lip receded in a convulsive grimace. He stood motionless as the aged walls of that old house, of whose wide rooms and dreary vaults he seemed the living soul.

In that moment of silence what a world of thought passed over the soul of the monster!

First came a vision of the fair woman who had loved him. Loved the outcast of mankind, the devil in human shape! Could you have seen Devil-Bug's soul at the moment it was agitated by this memory, you would have started at the contrast which it presented in comparison with his deformed body. For a moment the soul of Devil-Bug was *beautiful.*

Then the scorn of the world crowded upon his soul. His ignominious birth, his lonely life, the hatred which was felt for him, and the loathing which he felt for man, his distorted face and deformed body. Like a black cloud it gathered upon him. Had Devil-Bug's soul assumed a tangible shape, his body in comparison would have grown beautiful. It was terrible to note the malice of his soul flashing from his eye and trembling on his lip.

Then came one wild and wandering thought. It darted over the chaos of his mind like the long and trembling ray of a star that shines but for an instant and then is dark forever. It was a thought, brief it is true, wild and wandering, yet mighty in its very brevity of existence, and most glorious in its wandering shape—it was a thought of God. Devil-Bug for a moment felt the existence of a God. For a moment he felt that he had a Father in the Universe. He imagined an awful being, with a face of unutterable beauty, an awful being looking forth from a vast immensity of clouds and darkness, while a frown broke over his eternal brow. Devil-Bug felt that this being was his Father. He felt that he, Devil-Bug, the outcast of earth, the incarnate outlaw of hell, had one friend in the wide universe: that friend his Creator. He felt in every fiber of his deformed soul that the eyes of the awful Being were fixed upon him in terrible reproof, yet with a gleam of mercy breaking from their eternal luster.

This thought was but for a moment. Like a flash of light it came, like a shadow it passed away.

The tragic fate of Lorrimer is thus graphically told :

SUNSET ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

The warm glow of the setting sun, gleaming through an opening in the clouds, streamed down the hill of Walnut Street, over the wharf, and along the broad bosom of the Delaware.

Some few idlers were lounging round the doors of the hotel; here and there stood a vagrant, along the edges of the wharf, gazing indolently at the form of the retreating ferry-boat, which, some hundred yards from shore, was plowing its way through the waters of the Delaware, toward the dim shores of Jersey.

Suddenly the sun disappeared behind a cloud, and two figures came hastening down Walnut Street, rushing hurriedly through the snow, toward the wharf. In a few moments they attained the edge of the wharf; they stood upon the ferry landing, and gazed upon the retreating steamboat, while an expression of deep chagrin spread over their faces.

"Curse the thing," cried the tallest of the twain, whose manly form was enveloped in a tight-fitting white over-coat, "we are too late for the boat!"

With an oath on his lips he then gazed nervously along Walnut Street, and paced the wharf with a wild and hurried footstep.

His companion, a little man, wrapped up in a large cloak, with a well-polished glazed cap on his head, also cast an eager look along Walnut Street, and then gazed at the retreating ferry-boat with a deep muttered curse.

"Gus, we're too late for the boat," he exclaimed in a hurried whisper. "Had'nt we better go up home again? I don't exactly like the idea of standing here in this public place———"

"I will leave this town to-night!" exclaimed Lorrimer. "Aye, leave the Quaker City, if I have to swim to yonder shore! Tell me, good fellow, is there no way of crossing to Camden?"

He spoke to a weather-beaten man, whose broad shoulders and brawny chest were enveloped in a stout pea-jacket, while an old tarpaulin hat shadowed over his sun-burnt brow.

"That's the last ferry-boat, mister," said the fisherman; "but I've got a boat layin' alongside the wharf there that would take you over in a jiffey."

"Quick—there's a dollar for you," cried Lorrimer in hurried tones. "Row us over in time for the New York cars and I'll make it five."

Ere a moment passed, Petriken and the fisherman were seated in the boat, while Lorrimer lingered on the edge of the wharf.

For a single instant he stood with his handsome form raised to its full height, while the wind played with the curls of his dark brown hair. His hazel eye gleamed with light, while his mustachioed lip was compressed with some deep emotion.

"Christmas Eve!" he muttered. "Farewell to the Quaker City, and farewell for many a day!"

He leaped into the boat and seated himself by Petriken's side, in the seat nearest the bow.

"Trim boat," cried the fisherman, as he sat on the central seat, with an oar grasped in each sturdy hand; "trim boat, an' I'll make the crittur fly."

He was about to urge the boat into the stream when his attention was arrested by a voice from the wharf. Two persons stood soliciting a passage to the opposite shore. One was a tall Quaker, whose broad-brimmed hat shadowed a fine, venerable face, while his ruddy cheeks contrasted with his snow-white hair, presented the tokens of a green old age. He was dressed in dark brown attire, shapen after the peculiar fashion of his sect, a capacious great-coat reaching to his heels, thrown open in front, revealing the under-coat and voluminous waistcoat, all of the same respect-table hue.

"Friend," he said in a calm, even voice, "I will be much obliged to thee for a place in thy boat, in case thou art bound for Camden?"

"And I," said a harsh and shrill voice at his side, "will give you five dollars if you will row me over in time for the New York cars———"

The person who last spoke was clad in an over-coat of coarse gray buttoned up to his throat, with a fur cap drawn down over his head, and a large black kerchief tied round his cheeks and mouth. From between the upraised collar of his coat and his dark fur cap a few locks of snow-white hair fell waving on the wind.

"Come on, gentlemen," said the old fisherman, in his bluff, hearty tones. "Jump

in the boat, an' I'll spin you over like a top. Take that seat in the starn. Now, then, trim boat, and away we go."

The boat darted from the wharf, with the old fisherman seated in the center, while Lorrimer and Petriken occupied the front seat, and the Quaker sat beside the old man in the stern.

For a few moments all was silent, save the sullen dipping of the oars. One thick mass of clouds lay over the city, and along the western horizon a dense gloom covered the face of the waters; not a ray shone over the surface of a rippling billow, not a single golden gleam lighted on the crest of a rolling wave. Lorrimer turned his face over his shoulder and glanced vacantly at the other occupants of the boat; there was a calm smile on the face of the Quaker, but the man in the gray surtout sat with his head drooped on his folded arms, while his long white hair lay floating on his shoulders. One eager glance at the sky, and Lorrimer gazed in the pallid face of Petriken, who sat like a statue by his side. He was about to speak to his minion, but the strange gloom which fell from the clouds upon the waters cast its shadow on his soul.

"It is a cold wind, my friend," said the Quaker to the old man in the gray surtout, "a bitter cold wind. And look yonder, surely those are snow-flakes tossing in the air?"

"Yes, it is cold," was the reply of the old man by his side, as he sat with his head drooped upon his folded arms.

There was something so harsh and repulsive in the manner of this man that the old Quaker, apparently balked in his effort to start a conversation with him, addressed his next remark to the boatman.

"Can thee tell me, friend, whether this darkness is caused by the clouds, or is it sunset, indeed?"

"Sunset?" echoed Lorrimer, turning in his seat and gazing over the boatman's shoulder into the Quaker's face. "Who talks of sunset? Ah—excuse me, sir," he continued, as if startled by his own abruptness, "I thought the remark was addressed to me. But tell me, my good fellow, has the sun gone down, or is this sudden darkness but the shadow of yonder wall of clouds?"

"It wants five—p'rhaps ten minutes of sunset, young gentleman," was the answer of the boatman.

Lorrimer turned his face to the Jersey shore with an expression strange and doubtful in its character. True, his dark hazel eyes gleamed with a steady glance; true, his manly cheek glowed with a ruddy hue, but there was a gloom on his brow as vague and undefinable as the shadow resting on the bosom of the Delaware.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, "the boat creeps along with a snail's pace. Would I could feel my feet upon the solid ground again!—would—why, Silly, you sit there like a stone. Why don't you say something, man?"

"The fact is, Gus, my spirits are rather low," returned the little man, with chattering teeth. "It's cursed cold on the river, too; that wind cuts a fellow like knives."

There was silence in the boat again. She darted over the waves with a light careering motion, while the dipping of the oars into the sullen waters struck the ear with a wild and mournful sound. The dark atmosphere was whitened with falling snow-flakes, which came down with a fluttering motion and sunk into the waves like birds, dissolving all at once into thin air.

In silence the boat approached the island which arises in the lordly Delaware. She

entered the canal which divides this bank of land in twain; the sound of the dipping oars broke on the air, mingled with the hoarse murmurs of the waves as they dashed against the oaken planks which line the shores of the channel. Still all was gloom upon the waters, still the flakes of snow came gently down, still all was silence within the boat.

This channel was soon cleared; the city lay on the west like a black wall of houses, roofs, and mast-heads; the boat darted toward the Camden shore.

Lorrimer's head was bent on his breast. Thoughts of his home came gathering around his heart like dear hopes and sad farewells. He beheld the parlor, lighted by the Christmas Eve fire; he saw the form of his mother, the angel-face of his sister. And then the thought of Mary, the betrayed, the dishonored, came over him, grim and ghastly as a pall flung over a bed of roses.

"Would to God we could reach the Jersey shore!" he muttered. "My foot once on that soil, all these gloomy thoughts will banish———"

The clouds broke in the west; in glorious piles, and towers, and pinnacles they broke, and the red sun poured a flood of glory over the waters, as their rolling subsided to a soft and undulating motion. Every tiny wave was gold, every ripplet quivered in floods of voluptuous light.

Lorrimer glanced over his shoulder. The aged Quaker was gazing round in calm delight, while the old man in the gray coat still sat with his head drooped on his folded arms. With a murmur of admriation he gazed upon the distant city, as its steeples rose in living light. The river was a sheet of floating gold; the western horizon was filled with a gorgeous world of clouds, rising pile on pile, with the light of the setting sun streaming over the spires and roofs of the city, while the white snow-flakes floated in the air like birds, whose hues were beautiful as the rays of a star.

Never had the sky looked so gorgeous, the river so lovely, the city so much like home.

With a murmur of delight Lorrimer rose on his feet, gazing toward the west with dilating eyes.

The full glory of the sun poured over his manly form as it rose in all its towering height; it shone gladly over his face, with its handsome features, the curving lip darkened by a mustache, the glowing cheeks, the open brow, with the brown locks tossing in the air. His eyes were full of life, his brow grew radiant with the deep joy of existence quivering through every vein. He stood the incarnation of manly glory and pride.

"Ha, ha!" he muttered in a half audible tone, "'On Christmas Eve, at the hour of sundown, one of ye will die by the other's hand!' Ha, ha! the shadow is gone from my soul. It is Christmas Eve, and the prophecy is false."

He gazed toward the massive edifice of the Navy Yard, and then as he stood with outspread arms, his eye was attracted by some object floating in the water near the boat. It was a fur cap half concealed by a mass of waving gray hair: while a syllable of wonder trembled on his lip, he turned his gaze to the boat, and the life-blood at his heart grew cold.

There, there, right before his face, at the back of the old boatman, stood a quivering form—there his eye met the gaze of a dark eye, flashing incarnate hate—there his sight was blasted by the vision of a livid face, with long dark hair streaming wildly aside from a brow like death. The stranger whose hair was white had vanished. In his place towered the form of the Avenger, Byrnewood Arlington.

Lorrimer gave but a single look, and then, frozen with a strange horror, he beheld the arm extended, he saw that pale hand, he saw the pistol pointed at his heart.

"Back!" he shrieked. "You dare not murder me. The prophecy is false—ha!"

"In the name of Mary Arlington—die!" was the awful and deliberate sentence of the Avenger.

There was the sudden report of a pistol, there was a cloud of curling blue smoke. In a moment it cleared away. His clenched hand raised stiffly in the air, his chest heaving with an awful agony, his parted lips disclosing his gnashing teeth, his hazel eyes bulging from their sockets, Lorrimer stood for a single instant, and then with a faintly-muttered name he fell.

"Mary!" the word gurgled upward with his death-groan, as he lay with his back against the hard plank of the seat, while his head sunk to the bottom of the boat. A thick stream of blood gushed from his chest and stained the hands of the boatman; Petriken's livid face was red with the life-current of the Libertine.

With one simultaneous cry of horror, the Quaker, the boatman, and the minion started to their feet. The boat quivered like a child's toy on the agitated waves.

That cry of horror shook the air again.

Byrnewood Arlington knelt on the bottom of the tossing boat, the dead man's head upon his knees.

His face was the face of a maniac. Every feature quivered, every lineament trembled with a joy more horrible than death. His black eyes stood out from their sockets; his dark hair waved in the beams of the setting sun.

"Ha, ha!" the shout burst from his lips. "Here is blood warm, warm—ay, warm and gushing. Is that the murmur of a brook, is that the whisper of a breeze, is that the song of a bird? No, no, but still it is music—that gushing of the Wronger's blood! Deeply wronged, Mary; deeply, darkly wronged! But fully avenged, Mary, ay, to the last drop of his blood! Have you no music there? I would dance, yes, yes, I would dance over the corse! Ha, ha, ha! Not the sound of the organ—that is too dark and gloomy. But the drum, the trumpet, the chorus of a full band; fill heaven and earth with joy! For in sight of God and his angels I would dance over the corse, while a wild song of joy fills the heavens! A song—huzza—a song! And the chorus, mark ye how it swells! Huzza!"

This, this, is the vengeance of a brother!"

The popularity of the "Quaker City" has been rarely equaled by an American book. We have before us the Twenty-seventh edition, bearing date 1849. Each edition comprised from one thousand to four thousand copies. It was republished in London. A German translation was also issued in Leipsic (Otto Wigand publisher); the name of Frederick Gerstaker—a German writer of considerable repute—appeared as the author.

The "Quaker City" being completed, Lippard turned his busy mind into the Legendary field again. He wrote his "Blanche of Brandywine." It is a stirring story, founded upon revolutionary incidents which took place upon the banks of that beautiful river. It was published in 1846, and dedicated, with a touching tribute of admiration, to Henry

Clay. The author thus quotes in the dedication, from a letter received by him from the great Statesman:

"All that you say about the ardent affection of my friends is perfectly true. It has been displayed in many and some very touching forms. I am inexpressibly grateful for it. I wish it were in my power more than I have ever been able to do, to testify the profound sense which I feel for the great obligations under which they have placed me."

"Blanche of Brandywine" was the fifth book issued by Lippard in three years. The critics never can accuse him of laziness—that is certain.

It has been said that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." There was an exception in the case of Lippard. He was invited to deliver a course of historical lectures before the William Wirt Institute of Philadelphia, a fine literary body. Our author selected Reminiscences of the Revolution as his theme, and treated them in the form of legends. They were very successfully received. He delivered other legends upon the same interesting subject, before the Institute, of the Revolution. These were afterward published in the "Philadelphia Saturday Courier." Lippard's prolific pen gathered speed with the theme. He continued to pour out his Legends from week to week through the columns of that paper. To illustrate his rapidity of composition, a friend tells us that he saw him, in an emergency dash off one of these Legends—a charming one—three columns long, in a couple of hours. The series was published in a book form in 1847.

"Washington and his Generals," like other of Lippard's works, is an attempt to present the history of the Revolution in a poetic garb. The main incidents are historical facts—but much of the filling in is necessarily fiction. The author has been liberally abused for eking out history with his imagination. But this is simply a question of taste—it is not criminal. We do not remember a single instance where Lippard does injustice to the memory of the dead. He employs his ideality to add to their historic glories. This purpose was noble, and "Washington and his Generals" has done very much to familiarize the American people with those great facts of the Revolution, which otherwise they might never know, or, knowing, would soon forget.

We quote some of the most entertaining legends.

"REMEMBER PAOLI."

Hist!—It is still night; the clear sky arches above; the dim woods are all around the field; and in the center of the meadow, resting on the grass crisped by the autumnal frosts, sleep the worn veterans of the war, disheartened by want and wearied by the day's march.

It is still night; and the light of the scanty fire falls on wan faces, hollow eyes, and sunken cheeks; on tattered apparel, muskets unfit for use, and broken arms.

It is still night; and they snatch a feverish sleep beside the scanty fire, and lay them down to dream of a time when the ripe harvest shall no more be trodden down by the blood-stained hoof—when the valley shall no more be haunted by the Traitor Refugee—when Liberty and Freedom shall walk in broadcloth, instead of wandering about with the unshodden feet, and the tattered rags of want.

It is still night; and Mad Anthony Wayne watches while his soldiers sleep.

He watches beside the camp-fire. You can mark his towering form, his breadth of shoulders, and his prominence of chest. You can see his face by the red light of the fire—that manly face, with the broad forehead, the marked eyebrows over-arching the deep hazel eye, that lightens and gleams as he gazes upon the men of his band.

You can note the uniform of the Revolution—the wide coat of blue, varied by the buckskin sword-belt, from which depends the sword that Wayne alone can wield—the facings of buff, the buttons rusted by the dews of night, and the march-worn trooper's boots, reaching above his knees, with the stout iron spurs standing out from each heel.

Hist! The night is still, but there is a sound in yonder thicket.

Look! can you see nothing?

No. The night is still—the defenseless Continentals sleep in the center of the meadow—all around is dark. The sky above is clear, but the stars give forth no light. The wind sweeps around the meadow—dim and indistinct it sweeps, and is silent and still. I can see nothing.

Place your ear to the earth. Hear you nothing?

Yes—yes. A slight sound—a distant rumbling. There is thunder growling in the bosom of the earth, but it is distant. It is like the murmur on the ocean, ere the terrible white squall sweeps away the commerce of a nation—but it is distant, very distant.

Now look forth on the night. Cast your eye to the thicket—see you nothing?

Yes—there is a gleam like the light of the fire-fly. Ha! It lightens on the night—that quivering gleam! It is the flash of swords—the glittering of arms!

"Charge upon the Rebels! Upon them—over them—no quarter—no quarter!"

Watcher of the night, watcher over the land of the New World, watching over the fortunes of the starved children of Freedom—what see you now?

A band of armed men, mounted on stout steeds, with swords in their uplifted hands. They sweep from the thicket; they encompass the meadow; they surround the Rebel host!

The *gallant* Lord Grey rides at their head. His voice rings out clear and loud upon the frosty air.

"Root and branch, hip and thigh, cut them down. Spare not a man—heed never a cry for quarter. Cut them down! Charge for England and St. George!"

And then there was uplifting of swords, and butchery of defenseless men, and there was a riding over the wounded, and a trampling over the faces of the dying. And then there was a cry for quarter, and the response—

"To your throats take that! We give you quarter, the quarter of the sword, accursed Rebels!"

There was a moment whose history was written with good sharp swords on the visages of dying men.

It was the moment when the defenseless Continental sprang up from his hasty sleep into the arms of the merciless death! It was the moment when Wayne groaned aloud with agony, as the sod of Paoli was flooded with a pool of blood that poured from the corses of the slaughtered soldiers of his band. It was the moment when the cry for quarter was mocked—when the Rebel clung in his despair to the stirrup of the Britisher, and clung in vain; it was the moment when the gallant Lord Grey—that gentleman, nobleman, *Christian*—whose heart only throbbed with generous impulses; who from his boyhood was schooled in the doctrines of mercy, halloed his war-dogs on to the slaughter, and shouted up to the star-lit heavens, until the angels might grow sick of the scene—

"Over them—over them—heed never a cry—heed never a voice! Root and branch out them down!—No quarter!"

It is dark and troubled night; and the Voice of Blood goes up to God, shrieking for vengeance!

It is morning; sad and ghastly morning; and the first sunbeams shine over the field which was yesternight a green meadow—the field that is now an Aceldema—a field of blood, strewn with heaps of the dead, arms torn from the body, eyes hollowed from the sockets, faces turned to the earth and buried in blood, ghastly pictures of death and pain, painted by the hand of the Briton, for the bright sun to shine down upon, for men to applaud, for the King to approve, for God to avenge.

It is a sad and ghastly morning; and Wayne stands looking over the slaughtered heaps, surrounded by the little band of survivors, and as he gazes on this scene of horror, the Voice of Blood goes shrieking up to God for vengeance, and the ghosts of the slain darken the portals of Heaven with their forms of woe, and their voices mingle with the Voice of Blood.

Was the Voice of Blood answered?

A year passed, and the ghosts of the murdered looked down from the portals of the Unseen, upon the ramparts of Stony Point.

It is still night; the stars look calmly down upon the broad Hudson; and in the dim air of night towers the rock and fort of Stony Point.

The Britishers have retired to rest. They sleep in their warm, quiet beds. They sleep with pleasant dreams of American maidens dishonored, and American fathers with gray hairs dabbled in blood. They shall have merrier dreams anon, I trow. Ay, ay!

All is quiet around Stony Point: the sentinel leans idly over the wall that bounds his lonely walk; he gazes down the void of darkness until his glance falls upon the broad and magnificent Hudson. He hears nothing—he sees nothing.

It is a pity for that sentinel that his eyes are not keen and his glance piercing. Had his eyesight been but a little keener he might have seen Death creeping up that rampart in some hundred shapes—he might have seen the long talon-like fingers of the skeleton-god clutching for his own plump British throat. But his eyesight was not keen—more's the pity for him.

Pity it was that the sentinel could not hear a little more keenly. Had his ears been good he might have heard a little whisper that went from two hundred tongues, around the ramparts of Stony Point.

"General, what shall be the watchword?"

And then, had the sentinel inclined his ear over the ramparts, and listened very attentively indeed, he might have heard the answer, sweeping up to the heavens, like a voice of blood—

"Remember Paoli!"

Ho—ho! And so Paoli is to be remembered—and so the Voice of Blood shrieked not in the ears of God in vain.

And so the vengeance for Paoli is creeping up the ramparts of the fort! Ho—ho! Pity Lord Grey were not here to see the sport!

The sentinel was not blessed with supernatural sight or hearing; he did not see the figures creeping up the ramparts; he did not hear their whispers, until a rude hand clutched him round the throat, and up to the heavens swept the thunder shout—

"Remember Paoli!"

And then a rude bayonet pinned him to the wood of the ramparts, and then the esplanade of the fort, and its rooms and its halls were filled with silent avengers, and then came Britishers rushing from their beds, crying for quarter, and then they had it—the quarter of Paoli!

And then, through the smoke, and the gloom, and the bloodshed of that terrible night, with the light of a torch now falling on his face, with the gleam of starlight now giving a spectral appearance to his features, swept on, right on, over heaps of dead, one magnificent form, grasping a stout broad-sword in his right hand, which sternly rose and sternly fell, cutting a British soldier down at every blow, and laying them along the floor of the fort, in the puddle of their own hireling blood.

Ghosts of Paoli—shout! are you not terribly avenged?

"Spare me—I have a wife—a child—they wait my return to England! Quarter—Quarter!"

"I mind me of a man named Shoelmire—he had a wife and a child—a mother, old and gray-haired, waited his return from the wars. On the night of Paoli he cried for quarter! Such quarter I give you—Remember Paoli!"

"Save me—quarter!"

How that sword hisses through the air!

"Remember Paoli!"

"I have a gray-haired father! Quarter!"

"So had Daunton at Paoli! Oh, remember Paoli!"

"Spare me—you see I have no sword!—Quarter!"

"Friend, I would spare thee if I dared. But the ghosts of Paoli nerve my arm—'We had no swords at Paoli, and ye butchered us!' they shriek."

"Oh, REMEMBER PAOLI!"

And as the beams of the rising moon, streaming through yonder narrow window, for a moment light up the brow of the Avenger—dusky with battle-smoke, red with blood, deformed by passion—behold! That sword describes a fiery circle in the air, it hisses down, sinks into the victim's skull? No!

His arm falls nerveless by his side; the sword, that grim, rough blade, dented with the records of the fight of Brandywine, clatters on the floor.

"It is my duty—the Ghosts of Paoli call to me—but I can not kill you!" shouts the American Warrior, and his weaponless hands are extended to the trembling Briton.

All around is smoke, and darkness, and blood; the cry for quarter, and the death-

sentence, Remember Paoli! but here, in the center of the scene of slaughter—yes, in the center of that flood of moonlight, pouring through the solitary window, behold a strange and impressive sight:

The kneeling form—a gray-haired man, who has grown hoary doing murder in the name of Good King George—his hands uplifted in trembling supplication, his eyes starting from the dilating lids, as he shrieks for the mercy that he never gave!

The figure towering above him, with the Continental uniform fluttering in ribbons over his broad chest, his hands and face red with blood and darkened with the stain of powder, the veins swelling from his bared throat, the eye glaring from his compressed brow—

Such were the figures disclosed by the sudden glow of moonlight!

And yet from that brow, dusky with powder, red with blood, there broke the gleam of mercy, and yet those hands, dripping with crimson stains, were extended to lift the cringing Briton from the dust.

"Look ye—old man—at Paoli—" and that hoarse voice, heard amid the roar of midnight conflict, grew tremulous as a child's when it spoke those fatal words—at Paoli; "even through the darkness of that terrible night I beheld a boy, only eighteen years old, clinging to the stirrup of Lord Grey; yes, by the light of a pistol flash I beheld his eyes glare, his hands quiver over his head, as he shrieked for 'Quarter!'"

"And he spared him?" faltered the Briton.

"Now, mark you, this boy had been consigned to my care by his mother, a brave American woman, who had sent this last hope of her widowed heart forth to battle ——"

"And he spared him—" again faltered the Briton.

"The same pistol which flashed its red light over his pale face and quivering hands sent the bullet through his brain. Lord Grey held that pistol, Lord Grey heard the cry for mercy, Lord Grey beheld the young face trampled into mangled flesh by his horse's hoofs! And now, sir—with that terrible memory of Paoli stamped upon my soul—now, while that young face, with the red wound between the eyes, passes before me, I spare your life;—there lies my sword—I will not take it up again! Cling to me, sir, and do not part for an instant from my side, for my good soldiers have keen memories. I may forget, but hark! Do you hear them? They do not massacre defenseless men in cold blood—ah, no! They only—

"REMEMBER PAOLI!"

The name of Arnold is doomed to popular infamy. Lippard, however, in looking over his career, could not help being fascinated by the impetuous bravery of the man. While he condemns, of course, Arnold's treason to his country, he finds in his dark history some extenuating facts, and he never lets slip an occasion to chronicle the courage and military genius of the traitor General, as, for instance, in

THE ATTACK ON QUEBEC.

It was the last day of the year 1775.

Yonder, on the awful cliffs of Abraham, in the darkness of the daybreak, while the leaden sky glooms above, a band of brave men are gathered; yes, while the British

are banqueting in Quebec, here, on this tremendous rock, in silent array, stand the Heroes of the Wilderness, joined with their brothers, the Continentals, from Montreal.

That little army of one thousand have determined to attack the Gibraltar of America, with its rocks, its fortifications, its two thousand British soldiers. Here, on the very rock where, sixteen years ago, Montcalm and Wolfe poured forth their blood, now are gathered a band of brave men, who are seen in the darkness of this hour, extending like dim shadow-forms around two figures, standing alone in the center of the host.

It is silent and sad as death. The roaring of the St. Lawrence alone is heard. Above, the leaden sky; around, the rock extending like a plain—yonder, far through the gloom, a misty light struggles into the sky; that light gleams from the firesides of Quebec.

Who are these that stand side by side in the center of the band?

That muscular form, with a hunting-shirt thrown over his breast, that form standing there, with folded arms and head drooped low, while the eye glares out from beneath the fanning brow, that is the Patriot Hero of the Wilderness, Benedict Arnold.

By his side stands a graceful form, with strength and beauty mingled in its outlines, clad in the uniform of a General, while that chivalrous countenance, with its eye of summer blue, turns anxiously from face to face. In that form you behold the doomed MONTGOMERY. He has come from Montreal; he has joined his little band with the Iron Men of Benedict Arnold.

Who are these that gather round, with fur caps upon each brow, moccasins upon each foot; who are these wild men, that now await the signal-word?—You may know them by their leader, who, with his iron form, stands leaning on his rifle—the brave DANIEL MORGAN.

The daybreak wears on; the sky grows darker; the snow begins to fall.

Arnold turns to his brothers in arms. They clasp each other by the hand; their lips move, but you hear no sound.

"Arnold!" whispers Montgomery, "I will lead my division along the St. Lawrence, under the rocks of Cape Diamond. I will meet you in the center of Quebec—or die!"

"Montgomery, I will attack the barrier on the opposite side. There is my hand! I will meet you yonder—yonder, in the center of Quebec—or perish!"

It is an oath! the word is given. Look there, and behold the two divisions separating over the rocks—this, with Montgomery, toward the St. Lawrence; that, with Arnold and Morgan, toward the St. Charles.

All is still. The rocks grow white with snow. All is still and dark, but grim shadows are moving on every side.

Silence along the lines. Not a word on the peril of your lives! Do you behold this narrow pass, leading to the first barrier yonder? That barrier, grim with cannon, commands every inch of the pass. On one side, the St. Charles heaps up its rocks of ice; on the other are piled the rocks of granite.

Silence along the lines! The night is dark, the way is difficult, but Quebec is yonder! Soldier, beware of those piles of rock; a single misplaced footstep may arouse the sleeping soldier on yonder barrier. If he awake, we are lost. On, brave band; on, with stealthy footstep and rifle to each shoulder; on, men of the wilderness, in your shirts of blue and fur!

At the head of the column, with his drawn sword gleaming through the night, Benedict Arnold silently advances.

Then a single cannon, mounted on a sled, and dragged forward by stout arms.

Last of all, Daniel Morgan, with the riflemen of the Wilderness.

In this order, along the narrow pass, with ice on one side and rocks on the other, the hero-band advance. The pass grows narrower—the battery nearer. Arnold can now count the cannon—nay, the soldiers who are watching there. Terrible suspense! Every breath is hushed; stout hearts now swell within the manly chest.

Lips compressed, eyes glaring, rifles clenched, the Iron Men move softly on.

Arnold silently turns to his men.

And yonder, through the gloom, over the suburb of that city, over the rocks of that city's first barrier, there frowned the battery grim with cannon.

There wait the sentinel and his brother soldiers. They hear no sound; the falling snow echoes no footstep, and yet there are dim shadows moving along the rocks, moving on without a sound.

Look! Those shadows move up the rocks, to the very muzzles of the cannon. Now the sentinel starts up from his reclining posture; he hears that stealthy tread. He springs to his cannon! look how that flash glares out upon the night!

Is this magic? There, disclosed by that cannon flash, long lines of bold riflemen start into view, and there—

Standing in front of the cannon, his tall form rising in the red glare, with a sword in one hand, the Banner of the Stars in the other; there, with that wild look which he ever wore in battle gleaming from his eye; there stands the patriot, Benedict Arnold!

On either side there is a mangled corse, but he stands firm. Before him yawns the cannon, but he springs upon those cannon; he turns to his men; he bids them on!

"To-night we will feast in Quebec!"

And the hail of the rifle-balls lays the British dead upon their own cannon. Now the crisis of the conflict comes.

Now behold this horrid scene of blood and death!

While the snow falls over the faces of the dead, while the blood of the dying turns that snow to scarlet, gather round your leader, load and fire; dash these British hirelings upon the barrier's rocks, ye heroes of the Wilderness!

Now Arnold is in his glory!

Now he knows nothing, sees nothing but that grim barrier frowning yonder! Those fires flashing from the houses—that rattling hail of bullets pattering on the snow—he sees; he feels them not!

His eye is fixed upon the second barrier. He glances around that mass of rifles, now glittering in the red light; he floats the Banner of the Stars on high. Hark to his shout!

"Never fear, my men of the Wilderness! We have not come three hundred miles to fail now! Have I not sworn to meet Montgomery there, to meet him in the center of the town, or die!"

And then on, across the rocks and cannon of the barrier! Hark! that crash; that yell! The British soldiers are driven back over the dead bodies of comrades; the first barrier is won!

Arnold stands victorious upon that barrier; stands there with blood upon his face, his uniform, dripping from his sword; stands there with the Banner of the Stars in his hand!

Oh! sainted mother of Arnold, who, on that calm summer night, near forty years ago, laid your child upon the sacramental altar, now look from heaven, and, if saints pray for the children of earth, then pray that your son may die here upon the bloody barrier of Quebec, for then his name will be enshrined with Warrens and Washingtons of all time!

Even as Arnold stood there, brandishing that starry banner, a soldier rushed up to his side, and with horror quivering on his lip, told that the gallant Montgomery had fallen.

Fallen at the head of his men, covered with wounds; the noble heart that beat so high an hour ago was now cold as the winter snow on which his form was laid.

Leaving Arnold for a moment on the first barrier of Quebec, let us trace the footsteps of his brother hero.

Do you behold that massive rock which arises from the dark river into the darker sky? Along that rock of Cape Diamond, while the St. Lawrence dashes the ice in huge masses against its base, along that rock, over a path that leads beneath a shelf of granite, with but room for the foot of a single man, Richard Montgomery leads his band.

Stealthily, silently, my comrades! Not a word! Let us climb this narrow path. Take care; a misplaced footstep, and you will be hurled down upon the ice of the dark river. Up, my men, and on! Yonder it is at last, the block-house, and beyond it, at the distance of two hundred paces, the battery, dark with cannon!

With words like these Montgomery led on his men. The terrible path was ascended; he stood before the block-house. Now, comrades! How that rifle-blaze flashed far over the rocks down to the St. Lawrence! An axe! an axe! by all that is brave! He seizes the axe, the brave Montgomery; with his own arm he hews the palisades. The way is clear for his men. A charge with blazing rifles, a shout, the block-house is won!

Talk of your British bayonets! ha! ha! Where did they ever stand the blaze of American rifles? Where? Oh, perfumed gentlemen, who in gaudy uniforms strut Chestnut Street, talk to me of your charge of bayonets, and you rules of discipline, and your system of tactics, and I will reply by a single word—one American rifleman, in his rude hunting-shirt, was worth a thousand such as you. Who mocked the charge of bayonets on Bunker Hill? Who captured Burgoyne? Who, at Brandywine, kept back all the panoply of British arms from morning till night?—the Riflemen.

One shout, the block-house is won! Now on toward the battery! load and advance! Montgomery still in the front. With a yell the British behold them approach; they flee from their cannon. Montgomery mounts the walls of rocks and iron; his sword gleams on high like a beacon for his men. At this moment hush your breath and look! While Montgomery clings to the rocks of the battery, a single British soldier turns from his flight and fires one of those grim cannon, and then is gone again.

A blaze upon the right—a smoke—a chorus of groans!

Montgomery lays mangled upon the rock, while around him are scattered four other corses. Their blood mingles in one stream.

A rude rifleman advances, bends down, and looks upon that form, quivering for an instant only, and then cold—upon that face, torn and mangled, as with the print of a horse's hoof; that face, but a moment before, glowing with a hero's soul. He looks for a moment, and then, with panic in his face, turns to his comrades.

"Montgomery is dead!" he shrieks; and with one accord they retreat—they fly from that fatal rock.

But one form lingers. It is that boyish form, graceful almost to womanly beauty with the brow of a genius, the eye of an eagle. That boy ran away from college bore Washington's commands 300 miles, and now, covered with the blood of the fight stands beside the mangled body of Montgomery, his dark eye wet with tears. In that form behold the man who was *almost* President of the United States and Emperor of Mexico—the enigma of our history, Aaron Burr.

They are gone. Montgomery is left alone, with no friends to compose limbs or close those glaring eyes. And at this moment, while the snow falls over his face, while the warm blood of his heart pours out upon the rock, yonder, in his far-off home, his young wife kneels by her bed, and prays God to hasten his return!

He died in the flush of heroism, in the prime of early manhood, leaving his country the rich legacy of his fame—leaving his blood upon the rock of Quebec.

The day is coming when an army of Free Canadians will encamp on that very rock, their rifles pointed at the British battery, their Republican flag waving in the forlorn hope against the British banner! Then, perhaps, some true American heart will wash out the blood of Montgomery from the rock of Quebec.

Arnold stood upon the first barrier, while his heart throbbed at the story of Montgomery's fate.

Then that expression of desperation, which few men could look upon without fear, came over Arnold's face. Now look at him as, with his form swelling with rage, he rushes on! He springs from that barrier; he shouts to the iron men; he rings the name of Morgan on the air.

He points to the narrow street over which the second barrier is thrown.

"Montgomery is there!" he shouts in a voice of thunder; "there, waiting for us!"

Hurrah! How the iron men leap at the word! There is the quick clang of ramrods—each rifle is loaded. They rush on!

At their head, his whole form convulsed, his lips writhing, his chest heaving unconscious of danger, as though the ghost of Montgomery was there before him, Benedict Arnold rushes on!

Even as he rushes, he falls; even as you look upon him in his battle rage, with his right leg shattered, he falls.

But does he give up the contest?

By the ghost of Montgomery, No!

No! He lifts his face from the snow now crimsoned with his blood—he follows with his startling eyes the path of Morgan—he shouts with his thunder tones his well-known battle-cry.

He beholds his men rush on amid light and flame; he hears the crack of the rifle, the roar of cannon, the tread of men rushing forward to the conflict.

Then he endeavors to rise. A gallant soldier offers his arm to the wounded hero.

He rises, stands for a moment, and then falls; but still his soul is firm—still his eye glares upon the distant flight. Not until he makes his bed, there on the cold snow, in a pool of his own blood, until his eyes fail and his right leg stiffens, does his soul cease to beat with the pulsations of battle. Then, and then only, the Hero of the Wilderness is carried back to yonder rock.

Would to God that he had died there!

Would to God that he had died there with all his honorable wounds about him! O for a stray bullet, a chance shot, to still his proud heart forever! O that he had laid side by side with Montgomery, hallowed forever by his death of glory! then the names of Arnold and Montgomery, mingled in one breath, would have been joined forever in one song of immortality.

But Montgomery died alone; his blood stains the rock of Quebec. Arnold lived; his ashes, accursed by his countrymen, rest in an unknown grave.

When the news of the gallant attack on Quebec—gallant, though unsuccessful—reached Philadelphia, the Congress rewarded Benedict Arnold with the commission of a Brigadier-General.

The same mob who afterward—while Arnold was yet true to his country—stoned him in the streets, and stoned the very arm that had fought for them, now cracked their throats in shouting his name.

The very city which afterward was the scene of his dishonorable persecution, now flashed out from its illuminated casements, glory of the Hero of Quebec, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

NATHAN HALE.

It was a calm, clear evening in the early spring of 1775 when a young man came to his native home to bid his aged mother farewell

I see that picture before me now.

A two-story house, built of gray-stone, with a small garden extending from the door to the roadside, while all around arise the orchard trees fragrant with the first first blossoms of spring. Yonder you behold the hay-rick and the barn, with the lowing cattle grouped together in the shadows.

It is a quiet hour; every thing seems beautiful and holy. There is a purple flush upon the western sky; a somber richness of shadow resting upon yonder woods; a deep serenity, as if from God, imbues and hallows this evening hour.

Yonder on the cottage porch, with the rich glow of the sunset on her face, sits the aged mother, the silvery hair parted above her pale brow. The Bible lays open on her knees. Her dress is of plain, rude texture, but there is that about her countenance which makes you forget her homespun costume. Her eyes, their dark blue contrasting with the withered outlines of her countenance, are upraised. She is gazing on the face of the son, who bends over her shoulder and returns her glance.

His young form is arrayed in a plain blue hunting-frock faced with fur, while his rifle rests against the door, and his pistols are girded to his waist by a belt of dark leather. A plain costume this; but gaze upon the face of that young man and tell me, do you not read a clear soul shining from those dark eyes? That white brow, shadowed by masses of brown hair, bears the impress of thought, while the pale cheek tells the story of long nights given to the dim old Hebrew Bible, with its words of giant meaning and organ-like music; to the profane classics of Greece and Rome, the sublime reveries of Plato, the impassioned earnestness of Demosthenes, or the indignant eloquence of Cicero.

Yes, fresh from the halls of *Yale*, the poetry of the Past shining serenely in his soul, to his childhood's home comes the young student to claim his mother's blessing and bid her a long farewell.

But why this rifle, these pistols, this plain uniform?

I will tell you.

One day, as he sat bending over that Hebrew volume, with its great thoughts spoken in a tongue now lost to man in the silence of ages, he looked from his window and beheld a dead body carried by, the glassy eyes upturned to the sky, while the stiffened limb hung trailing on the ground.

It was the first *dead man of Lexington.*

That sight roused his blood; the voice of the Martyrs of Bunker Hill seemed shrieking forever in his ears. He flung aside the student's gown; he put on the hunting-shirt. A sad farewell to those well-worn volumes which had cheered the weariness of many a midnight watch, one last look around that lonely room whose walls had heard his earnest soliloquies—and then he was a soldier.

The Child of Genius felt the strong cords of Patriotism drawing him toward the last bed of the Martyrs on Bunker Hill.

And now in the sunset hour he stands by his mother's side, taking the one last look at that wrinkled face, listening for the last time to the tremulous tones of that solemn voice.

"I did hope, my child," said the aged woman, "I did hope to see you ministering at the altar of Almighty God, but the enemy is in the land, and your duty is plain before you. Go, my son—fight like a man for your country. In the hour of battle remember that God is with your cause; that His arm will guide and guard you, even in the moment of death. War, my child, is at best a fearful thing, a terrible license for human butchery; but a war like this is holy in the eyes of God. Go—and when you fight may you conquer, or if you fall in death remember your mother's blessing is on your head!"

And in that evening hour the aged woman stood erect and laid her withered hand upon his bended head.

A moment passed, and he had grasped his rifle, he had muttered the last farewell. While the aged woman stood on the porch following him with her eyes, he turned his steps toward the road.

But a form stood in his path, the form of a young woman clad in the plain costume of a New England girl. Do you behold a voluptuous beauty waving in the outlines of that form? Is the hair dark as night, or long, glossy, waving, and beautiful? Are those hands soft, white, and delicate? You behold none of these; for the young girl who stands there in the student's path has none of the dazzling attraction of personal beauty. A slender form, a white forehead, with the brown hair plainly parted around that unpretending countenance, hands somewhat roughened by toil; such were the attractions of that New England girl.

And yet there was a something that chained your eyes to her face, and made your heart swell as you looked upon her. It was the soul which shone from her eyes and glowed over her pallid cheek. It was the deep, ardent, all-trusting love, the eternal faith of her woman's nature, which gave such deep, vivid interest to that plain face, that pale white brow.

She stood there, waiting to bid her lover farewell, and the tear was in her eye, the convulsive tremor of suppressed emotion on her lip. Yet with an unfaltering voice she bid him go fight for his country and conquer in the name of God.

"Or"—she exclaimed, placing her hands against his breast, while her eyes were riveted to his face, "should you fall in the fight, I will pray God to bless your last hour with all the glory of a soldier's death!"

These were the last words she said; he grasped her hand, impressed his kiss upon her lip, and went slowly from his home.

When we look for him again the scene is changed. It is night, yet through the gloom the white tents of the British army rise up like ghosts on the summit of the Long Island hills. It is night, yet the stars look down upon that Red Cross banner now floating sullenly to the ocean breeze.

We look for the Enthusiast of Yale. Yonder, in a dark room, through whose solitary window pours the mild gleam of the stars, yonder we behold the dusky outlines of a human form, with head bent low and arms folded over the chest. It is very dark in the room, very still, yet can you discover the bearing of the soldier in the uncertain outline of that form, yet can you hear the tread of the sentinel on the sands without.

Suddenly that form arises and draws near the solitary window. The stars gleam over a pale face, with eyes burning with unnatural light. It is dusky and dim, the faint light, but still you can read the traces of agony like death, anguish like despair stamped on the brow, and cheek, and lip of that youthful countenance.

You can hear a single, low-toned moan, a muttered prayer, a broken ejaculation. Those eyes are upraised to the stars, and then the pale face no longer looks from the window. That form slowly retires and is lost in the darkness of the room.

Meanwhile, without the room, on yonder slope of level ground crowning the ascent of the hill the sound of hammer and saw breaks on the silence of the hour. Dim forms go to and fro in the darkness; stout pieces of timber are planted in the ground, and at last the work is done. All is still. But, like a phantom of evil, from the brow of yonder hill arises that strange structure of timber, with the rope dangling from its summit.

There is a face gazing from yonder window at this thing of evil; a face with lips pressed between the teeth, eyes glaring with unnatural light.

Suddenly a footstep is heard, the door of that room is flung open, and a blaze of light fills the place. In the door-way stands a burly figure clad in the British uniform, with a mocking sneer upon that brutal countenance.

The form which we lately beheld in the gloom now rises and confronts the British soldier. It needs no second glance to tell us that we behold the Enthusiast of Yale. That dress is soiled and torn, that face is sunken in the cheeks, wild and glaring in the eyes, yet we can recognize the brave youth who went forth from his home on that calm evening in spring.

He confronts the Executioner, for that burly figure in the handsome red coat, with the glittering ornaments, is none other than the Provost of the British army.

"I am to die in the morning," began the student, or prisoner as you may choose to call him.

"Yes," growled the Provost, "you were taken as a spy, tried as a spy, sentenced as a spy, and to-morrow morning you will be hanged as a spy."

That was the fatal secret. General Washington desired information from Long Island, where the British encamped. A young soldier appeared, his face glowing with a high resolve. He would go to Long Island; he would examine the enemy's posts; he would peril his life for Washington. Nay, he would peril more than his life—he would peril his *honor*. For the soldier who dies in the bloody onset of a forlorn hope dies in honor: but the man who is taken as a spy swings on the gibbet, an object of loathing and scorn. But this young soldier would dare it all—the gallows and the dishonor—all for the sake of Washington.

"General," was the sublime expression of the Enthusiast, "when I volunteered in

the army of liberty it was my intention to devote my soul to the cause. It is not for me now to choose the manner or the method of the service which I am to perform. I only ask, in what capacity does my country want me? You tell me that I will render her great service by this expedition to Long Island. All I can answer is with one word—bid me depart and I will go!"

He went, obtained the information which he sought, and was about to leave the shore of the Island for New York when he was discovered.

Now, in the chamber of the condemned felon, he awaited the hour of his fate, his face betraying deep emotion, yet it was not the agitation of fear. Death he could willingly face, but the death of the *Gibbet!*

He now approached the British officer and spoke in a calm yet hollow voice:

"My friend, I am to die to-morrow. It is well. I have no regrets to spend upon my untimely fate. But as the last request of a dying man, let me implore you to take charge of these letters."

He extended some four or five letters, among which was one to his betrothed, one to his mother, and one to Washington.

"Promise me that you will have these letters delivered after I am dead."

The Briton shifted the lamp from one hand to the other, and then with an oath made answer:

"By ——, I'll have nothing to do with the letters of a spy!"

The young man dropped the letters on the floor as though a bullet had torn them from his grasp. His head sunk on his breast. The cup of his agony was full.

"At least," said he, lifting his large bright eyes, "at least you will procure me a Bible, you will send me a clergyman? I am ready to die, but I wish to die the death of a Christian."

"You should have thought o' these things before, young man," exclaimed the Liveried Hangman. "As for Bible or Preacher, I can tell you at once that you'll get neither through me."

The young man sank slowly in his chair and covered his face with his hands. The brave Briton, whose courage had been so beautifully manifested in these last insults to a dying man, stood regarding the object of his spite with a brutal scowl.

Ere a moment was gone the young man looked up again and exclaimed:

"For the love of Christ, do not deny me the consolations of religion in this hour!"

A loud laugh echoed around the room, and the Condemned Spy was in darkness.

Who shall dare to lift the vail from that Enthusiast's heart, and picture the agony which shook his soul during the slow-moving hours of his last night? Now his thoughts were with his books, the classics of Greece and Rome, or the pages of the Hebrew volume, where the breeze of Palestine swells over the waves of Jordan, and the songs of Israel resound forevermore; now with his aged mother or his betrothed; and then a vision of that great course of glory which his life *was to have been* came home to his soul.

That course of glory, those high aspirations, those yearnings of Genius after the Ideal, were now to be cut off forever by—*the Gibbet's rope!*

I will confess that to me there is something terrible in the last night of the Condemned Spy. Never does my eye rest upon the page of American history that I do not feel for his fate, and feel more bitterly when I think of the injustice of that history. Yes, let the truth be spoken, our history is terribly unjust to the poor—the neglected—the Martyrs, whose fate it was not to suffer in the storm of battle, but in

the cell or by the gibbet's rope. How many brave hearts were choked to death by the rope, or buried beneath the cells of the jail after the agonies of fever! Where do you find their names in history?

And the young man with a handsome form, a born-of-God genius, a highly educated mind—tell us, is there no tear for him?

We weep for Andre, and yet he was a mere gambler, who staked his life against a General's commission. We plant flowers over his grave, and yet he was a plotter from motives altogether mercenary. We sing hymns about him, and yet with all his accomplishments he was one of the main causes of Arnold's ruin; he it was who helped to drag the Patriot down into the Traitor.

But this young man who watches his last night on yonder Long Island shore—where are tears for him?

Night passed away and morning came at last. Then they led him forth to the sound of the muffled drum and measured footsteps. Then—without a Bible, or Preacher, or friend—not even a dog to wail for him—they placed him beneath the gibbet, under that blue sky, with the pine coffin before his eyes.

Stern looks, scowling brows, red uniforms and bristling bayonets were all around—but for him, the Enthusiast and the Genius, where was the kind voice or the tender hand?

Yet in that hour the breeze kissed his cheek, and the vision of Manhattan Bay, with its foam-crested waves and green islands, was like a dream of peace to his soul.

The rough hands of the Hangman tied his hand and bared his neck for the rope. Then, standing on the death-cart, with the rope about his neck and Eternity before him, that young man was very pale, but calm, collected, and firm. Then he called the brutal soldiery, the Refugee Hangman, to witness that he had but one regret—

And that regret, not for his aged mother, not even for his meek-eyed betrothed, not even for the darkness of that hour—but, said the Martyr:

"*I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country.*"

That was his last word, for ere the noble sentiment was cold on his lips they choked him to death. The horse moved, the cart passed from under his feet; the Martyr hung dangling in the air! Where was now that clear, white brow, that brilliant eye, that well-formed mouth? Look—yes, look and behold that thing palpitating with agony—behold that thing suspended in the air, with a blackened mass of flesh instead of a face!

Above, the bright sky—around, the crowd—far away, the free waves—and yet here, tosses and plunges the image of God tied by the neck to a gibbet!

Like a dog he died—like a dog they buried him. No Preacher, no prayer, no friend, not even a dog to howl over his grave. There was only a pine box and a dead body, with a few of the vilest wretches of the British camp. That was the Martyr's funeral.

At this hour, while I speak, in the dim shadows of Westminster Abbey, a white monument arises in honor of John Andre, whose dishonorable actions were, in some measure, forgotten in pity for his hideous death.

But this man of Genius, who went forth from the halls of Yale to die like a dog for his country on the heights of Long Island, where is the marble pillar carved with the letters of his name?

And yet we will remember him and love him for evermore. And should the day come when a Temple will be erected to the Memory of the Heroes of the Revolution—

the Man-Gods of our Past—then, beneath the light of that temple's dome, among the sculptured images of Washington and his compatriots, we will place one poor broken column of New England granite, surmounted by a single leaf of laurel, inscribed with the motto—"*Alas that I have but one life for my country!*" and this poor column, and leaf of laurel, and motto shall be consecrated with the name of

NATHAN HALE.

The book is enriched by a masterly introductory essay from the pen of C. Chauncey Burr, then a popular Universalist clergyman settled in the Callowhill Street Church, Philadelphia—one who was the earliest to vindicate the genius of our author, and who continued an affectionate and devoted friend of Lippard through all the vicissitudes of his life.

"Of Washington and his Generals" Mr. Burr says:

Altogether we take this to be the best book that has been written on this portion of our history. In the dull popular idea of history this book is not merely a history. It is something more. It is a series of battle pictures, with all the truth of history in them, where the heroes are made living, present, and visible to our senses. Here we do not merely turn over the dead, dry facts of General Washington's battles, as if coldly digging them out of their tomb—but we see the living general as he moves round over the field of glory. We almost hear the word of his command. We are quite sure that we see the smoke rolling up from the field of battle, and hear the dreadful roar of the cannon as it spouts its death-flame in the face of the living and the dead. Through all we see dashing on the wild figure of mad Anthony Wayne, followed with the broken battle-cry of Pulaski; until along the line and over the field the images of death and terror are only hidden from our view by the shroud of smoke and flame.

There is not a relic of the Revolution, in the shape of an old man or woman, within a good hundred miles of the scene which has not been visited by Mr. Lippard, and their old memories sounded to the bottom until the last and smallest fact should be brought up. Not an inch of ground on the old battle-fields that he has not explored. Hardly an old revolutionary newspaper has been allowed to rest in peace; that, too must be dug from its garret-grave and stripped of its cobweb shroud to satisfy this insatiate hunger for revolutionary crumbs.

At last, all that survives either of *fact* or *legend*, of these battles and battle-men, is brought to light: painted before us, so that we can look upon every feature of the perilous times. Painted indeed. Of all the American authors, poets, or novelists, Lippard comes nearest to the painter, so perfect and powerful are his descriptions.

* * * * * * *

But the poetry of these Legends, perhaps, is the first thing that will arrest the attention of the competent reviewer. This indeed is the first thing in all Lippard's works. Whatever we may say of his ability for the most accomplished of historians, of his genius as a novelist, I take him to be as much poet as any thing else after all. Though we may find him utterly without capacity in rhythm or rhyme, still he is a poet. Whoever that old man Ossian was, he was such another rhymeless rhythmless poet, for all that I can see.

Mr. Lippard's genius beholds the Hudson River as "*a mirror in its mountain*

frame." Or a "Queen who reposes in a strange majesty, *a crown of snow upon her forehead of granite*, the leaf of Indian corn, the spear of wheat, mingled in the girdle which binds her waist, the murmur of rippling water ascending from the valley beneath her feet."

The Susquehanna is "a warrior who rushes from his home in the forest, hews his way through primeval mountains, and howls in his wrath as he hurries to the ocean. Ever and anon, like a conqueror overladened with the spoils of battle, *he scatters a green island in his path.*"

The Wissahikon is "a Prophetess, who with her cheek embrowned by the sun, and her dark hair—not gathered in clusters or curling in ringlets—falling straightly to her white shoulders, comes forth from her cavern in the woods and speaks to us in a low, soft tone that awes and wins our hearts, *and looks at us* with eyes whose steady light and supernatural brightness bewilder our souls."

To our author's fancy also, "*The night comes slowly down.*" And he could see the strong man bearing off "*the little girl whose golden hair floated over his dark dress like sunshine over a pall.*" To his ears the "*wind sweeps through the woods, not with a boisterous roar, but with the strange, sad cadence of an organ, whose notes swell away through the arches of a dim cathedral aisle.*"

To his vision also there are sunny days in winter, when "*the glad maiden, May, seems to blow her warm breath in the grim face of February, until the rough old warrior laughs again.*"

He sees the smoke of the battle-field as "*The shroud of death* for millions."

To him the Wissahikon is a thing of beauty for ever—"*It is a poem of beauty*, where the breeze mourns its anthem through the tall pines; where the silver waters send up their voices of joy; where calmness and quiet and intense solitude awe the soul, and fill the heart with bright thoughts and golden dreams *woven in the luxury of the summer hour.*"

I take these to be good specimens enough of poetry. Nearly every page in the whole book is alive with this quaint or beautiful imagery. Such a book has never appeared in this country before—to give us so poetical and striking a view of the age of the Revolution.

Somehow I think history ought to be written with somewhat of the poet's inspiration. It is only the poet who can call back to us the remote and dead, and invest them with a visible and life-like form. He alone can

> "Call up the man who left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold."

The effigies of Lippard's heroes have almost as much life as the scene of their utmost actions. Nothing is dead any more that his imagination once grasps. He continually reminds us of that French poet-historian, Michelet, who, take him all in all, is perhaps the sweetest and best historian the world allows us just now.

The essay closes with a deserved tribute to Lippard's sincerity.

Another cause of our author's speedy triumph over nearly every obstacle that lay in his way is his *sincerity*—his great passionate truth to himself. His rebukes of the wrong are all honest—felt in his heart; his praise of good men and brave men is honest too. If he lays bare the black heart of the coward, or any traitor, it is because his whole natural soul is in arms against these things. If he writes books, it

is not for the sake of *writing*—not altogether for *bread ;* not wholly for *fame* even, but because he *must write.* His nature forces him. Wild and chaotic as the "Quaker City" may appear to the shallow mind, still the deeper, purer judgment sees in it all the earnest skillful work of the dissecting-knife—the faithful laying bare of black hearts and oppressive institutions. This was his aim. His whole heart was honest and most true in the work. That is why he succeeded. He thought of these wrongs—*his* wrongs—until they goaded him into madness; until, whithersoever he went, in the blaze of noon, in the silence of dusk, night, bitter mockery and chattering fiends laughed at him through every chink and crevice in the wall. With scorn, and wrath, and execrations he flung defiance in their face, and shouted a battle-cry over the dumb anguish of the millions perishing in conventional lies, until it rolls away like thunder through a hundred presses, and dies at last into whispers on a thousand tongues. None but the sincere man can do that. *Insincerity* crucifies the heart—then every thing born of it is a forced birth. Its only sign of life is the gasp of death. That is the reason why so many books (well written enough) fall dead from the press. They were written without any high aim, without any great sincerity, and they must die. Sincerity is such a great thing—such an inspirer of genius—such a sanctifier of its actions—beckons it so serenely on the path of fame, I wish all men had it. It enables one to look out so calmly upon the storm, as if eyes of love looked at us through the black cloud; as if some lips of heaven kissed off the tears from our cheeks, and the hand of God lay quiet on our breast to soothe the chafed and injured heart. There is something so sweet in sincerity! I wish all men had it. I wish all men to succeed, and there can be no success without sincerity. Take that thought home with thee, reader; and when next we meet again, may it be to speak well of thee and thy works—to give thee a good hand of welcome, and sit down and talk about thee as about a brother. I shall be glad to do it.

It is time to draw a full-length picture of Lippard. The reader's curiosity is excited to know what manner of man he was—how he dressed—all about him. In these things we can never be too minute.

Meeting such a man in the great street of a great city, Broadway, for instance, you would say, " This is a different person from the thousands of people swarming past me. I am wearied by this long procession of commonplace faces—this eternal reproduction of coats all of a cut—this tiresome similarity between one man and all his fellows, looking as much alike as a bushel of peas. Who is this original gentleman? It refreshes me to behold him."

The portrait in this book gives a good idea of our author's face. A verbal likeness may, however, be not altogether words wasted. Lippard's face was full of expression; every feature had some peculiarity; while the general outline was symmetrical. His head was large—twenty-three inches and a half in circumference. The forehead projected slightly over the eyes, rose with a graceful swell to a fair height, and had that oval fullness across the temples always to be found in the phrenological developments of imaginative men. Veins started out upon the brow; it

seemed to throb with thought. His eyes were of a deep hazel, large and shapely, shaded by heavy lashes, and flashing with a strange inner light. They revealed his thoughts as in a mirror; they glared with indignation, melted with pity, or beamed the soft look of adoration by turns. So do every body's eyes, but with little of *his* variableness or intensity. In him they were perpetually changing, as his thoughts swung—and they were never stationary—from one great passion to another. Nose nearly Grecian; mouth full, almost to voluptuousness. His lips were tremulously sensitive, and curved with scorn, quivered with emotion, or dimpled with laughter—

> "You know the thoughts he means to speak
> Ere from his opening lips they break."

Add an olive complexion, very high cheek-bones, a beautifully-rounded chin, long, dark hair, parted from the left, curving softly past his forehead, and dropping over the ears in curls upon his shoulders, and you have Lippard's portrait.

In dress our author displayed considerable independence. He had a style of his own, which did not change with the caprice of fashions. His habitual attire was a blue coat (with a scolloped velvet collar) buttoned tight at the waist. In summer, a white vest—never departed from.

Lippard was about five feet eight inches in height, and straight as an Indian; shoulders broad and waist as small as a woman's; head spiritedly borne; small feet and hands; carriage upon the street or in the social circle always pliant and graceful; his deportment never awkward. To close our description, he was pronounced by ladies—supreme in such matters—to be a very handsome man.

We turn now to one of the tenderest phases of this "strange, eventful history." Lippard was not a mere dreamer of love. The soft, sweet aspirations that run through his most terrible books, like the delicate filagree of gold upon a warrior's sword, were all suggested by a beautiful living presence. Far back in his boyhood his vague affections found a shrine. The object of this first fresh tribute of his enthusiastic heart was a Miss Rose Newman, a young girl, the daughter of respectable parents, residing in Philadelphia. She was just the maiden most likely to captivate the young author. Her personal beauty was not her least charm. Her complexion was a delicate brunette, upon whose soft surface the subtlest shades of thought revealed themselves. Long curls of dark hair dropped naturally about her fair young brow. Her shape was symmetrical—gracefully facile. But to Lippard her greatest attraction was her delicately feminine character. She was a woman born to love, as well

as to be beloved. She appears to have been full of gentle, affectionate impulses, soothing by her mild counsels and sustaining by her soft sympathy. To her great amiability she joined the fascination of a playful wit, which always amused—never wounded.

It is not strange that a young creature like this should secure the affection of Lippard. It at once took the form of a strong, lasting passion. He met her almost daily, and life seemed to renew itself in her presence. When away from the city he solaced the weary hours of his absence by a constant correspondence with her. She was the light to which he looked for cheer amid all the distresses of early life. It was her encouraging voice that led him to devote the days and nights of his youth to patient literary toil. And her approval was his sweetest and proudest reward.

His marriage with Miss Rose Newman took place in the year 1847. It was no humdrum affair, of the usual stereotyped pattern. Like Lippard's love—like his whole existence—it was romantic. We doubt whether any one but he would have conceived an idea so strange and poetical. By his own request he was married on the banks of the Wissahikon by moonlight. The rites were performed by C. Chauncey Burr. The only spectator present was Harriet Newell Lippard, the sister of the bridegroom.

The scene was worthy of a painting, though no colors could do justice to the weird, supernal beauty of the place and the hour. The bridal party stood upon the summit of a huge rock which frowns over the wild Wissahikon. Below, dashed the dark running waters of the river, whose music Lippard had heard and interpreted with mystic prophecies in his infancy. "Up and down the glen of the Wissahikon," in the eloquent language of Mr. Burr, "the poor orphan had wandered weeping, with a single crust of bread in his pocket," "and day after day wondered when he should die." He had taken his first lessons of nature amid its grand and gloomy scenery. He had stretched himself under the huge trees that shade its waves, and dreamed strange dreams of future fame and a humanity to be helped and gladdened by his labors. It was meet that he should be married there—on a spot consecrated by his early joys and sorrows, and made famous by his legendary pen. Afar off, dimly seen, stretched a landscape through whose fair bosom wound the Wissahikon "like a thread of silver;" and over all—rock, river, hill, valley, trees—shone the loving moon, bathing all objects in a golden light. The whole earth seemed glorified. To a Poet's mind Nature had put on her richest attire in honor of the nuptials. As Lippard stood there upon

that wild rock in the face of high Heaven, and took that soft, white hand in his—as he vowed to love and cherish his bride through life—we know with what truthfulness the promise was uttered. It was never broken.

After the impressive ceremony was concluded, the happy party still lingered about the spot far into the evening. Its wondrous beauty, its stern grandeur, its historic fame, as imbedded in the writings of Lippard, all made it glorious. But Love—consummated with the most beautiful and touching rites—Love heightened all its charms; it sanctified the spot.

The Mexican war was about this time occupying the public mind. The mine of revolutionary research was by no means exhausted—it was exhaustless to Lippard. But he wanted variety, and he turned with zest to the battle-fields of Mexico, still smoking with the blood of carnage. "The Legends of Mexico" appeared in "Scott's Weekly," a Philadelphia newspaper. The hand which traced "Washington and his Generals" had lost none of its old skill and vigor. "The Legends" instantly bounded into popularity, and upon being completed were thrown into book form, and sold by thousands all over the country. Only one word will fitly describe "The Legends of Mexico." It is a *fascinating* little volume. We defy any critic or cold-blooded literalist to read it through and not confess himself charmed, to say nothing about being instructed by the perusal. One of the best sketches of the book is "Monterey." It exhibits the genius of the author in several striking lights:

MONTEREY.

They tell me that Monterey is beautiful; that it lies among the snow-white mountains whose summits reach the clouds.

It sleeps beneath us now.

While the moon, parting from the white mountain tops, sails in the serene upper air, we will stand among the trees of the Walnut Grove and behold the slumbering city.

These trees, beneath whose leaves we stand, speak of the ages that are gone, so massive in their trunks, so wide-spreading in their branches, so luxuriant in their foliage. The moonlight trembles through the quivering leaves and reveals the rich garniture of the soil. It blooms with tropical fruits and flowers. Around the giant columns of Walnut the jessamine and the wild rose, the lily and the orange blossom, spread their tapestry of rainbow dyes. The air is drowsy with excess of perfume. And from the shadows flash the mountain streams, singing the midnight anthem ere they plunge below.

It is the Grove of the Walnut Springs in which we stand; a grand Cathedral of Nature whose pillars are Walnut trees five hundred years old, whose canopy is woven leaves and vines, whose baptismal font is the pure mountain spring, whose incense is perfume that intoxicates every sense, and whose offerings are flowers that bewilder the gaze with their fresh, their virgin beauty.

And from the grove by the light of the moon we gaze upon the city, that Amazon Queen who reclines so royally among her warrior mountains.

It is a city of singularly impressive features that reposes yonder. To the north, to the south, to the west the mountains rise, girdled with tropical fruits and foliage and mantled on their brows with glittering snow. On the east. green with corn-fields and beautiful with groves of orange trees, spreads a level plain.

Those orange groves seem to love the city of the Royal Mountain. For they girdle her dark stone walls with their white blossoms and hang their golden fruit above her battlemented roofs. From this elevated grove, toward the south, around the sleeping city, winds the beautiful river of San Juan, now hidden among pomegranate trees, now sending a silvery branch into the town, again flashing on beside its castled walls.

Below us, with its roofs laid bare to the moonlight, we behold each tower and dome of the mountain city. It is a place of narrow streets and one-storied houses, with walls and floors of stone. Above each level roof rises a battlement, breast high; the streets are crossed by huge piles of masonry, and the whole town presents the appearance of an immense fortress, linked together by bands of stone, adorned with gardens, and gloomy with towers of rock and steel.

Far to the west, a huge steep, crowned with a mass of stone, varied with cannon, casts its heavy shadow—a long belt of blackness—over the town. That is the Bishop's Palace.

Here, before us, east of the city, their outlines seen above the river and the groves of orange blossoms, these castellated mounds rise clearly in the air. Yonder, on the north, glooms the massive citadel. Thus girdled by defenses of stone, iron, and steel, thus sheltered by its mountains of fruit and snow, the city of the Royal Mountain may well seem impregnable.

Yonder, toward the south, among its homes of stone, you behold an open space; the grand Plaza of Monterey. There rise the cathedral towers, heaving above their peaks and domes of stone the golden cross into the midnight sky. Look! How it glitters above the town, smiling back to heaven the beams of the rising moon.

It is impregnable, this mountain city. No arms can take it; no cannon blast its impenetrable walls. The Bishop's Palace on one side, the three forts on the other, the citadel on the north, the river on the east and south; it is shut in by stone, by iron, by water, and by flame.

And yet, not many months ago—sit by me, while the moon shines over the city, and I will tell you the story—there came to this grove an old man mounted on a gray charger and clad in a plain brown coat. On the mountains that frown toward the east, through the ravines that darken there, he came followed by six thousand men. He encamped in this grove of walnut trees, and the arms of his soldiers shone gayly from the white waste of orange blossoms. He stood where now we stand, he gazed first upon his men, his horses, his cannon, and then upon the city, which though it smiles to us in the light of the morn, gloomed in his face by the beams of day—from every roof, and rock, and tower, with one deadly frown.

The old man saw it crowded by nine thousand armed men. He saw every roof transformed into a castle, formidable with its death-array of cannon and steel, the Cathedral, with its cross and image of Jesus, converted into a magazine of gunpowder —a silent volcano, that only wanted the impulse of a single spark to make it blaze and thunder.

And yet the old man after his silent gaze turned to his brother heroes, among whom Butler and Twiggs, and Worth of the Waving Plume, stood prominent, and said in his quiet way:

"The town is before us. We will take it."

Then every soldier in that army of six thousand men took his comrade by the hand and said: "*If I fall, swear that you will bury my corpse!*"

For every heart felt that the contest must be horrible and deadly.

The heroes of the prairie, the Men of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, were there. Mingled with these iron soldiers you might see the Men of Mississippi and Louisiana, Maryland, Tennessee, and Ohio, Kentucky, and Texas. The farms and the workshops of the American Union had heard the cry which shrieked from the twin battle-fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma—heard it, and sent forth their beardless boys, their gray-haired men, to the rescue. The sugar and cotton plantations of the South, the prairies of the North, the mountains of Pennsylvania, the blue hills of Kentucky, that dark and bloody ground, the massacre fields of Texas, all sent their men to swell the ranks of the New Crusade. The same Banner that waved over Bunker Hill, and Saratoga and Brandywine, from the Walnut Grove, flashed the light of its stars over Monterey.

The fight began on the twenty-first of September, 1847, and tracked its bloody course over the twenty-second, and did not cease its howl of murder when the sun went down on the twenty-third.

You may be sure that it was horrible, this battle of street and square, of roof and cliff, of mountain and gorge. It was a storm—hurled from the mouths of muskets, cannon, and mortar, wrapping cliff and dome in its dark pall, and flashing its lightning in the face of Sun, Moon and Stars for three days. You may be sure that the orange groves, mowed down by the cannon's blaze, showered their white blossoms over the faces of the dead. That the San Juan, sparkling in the moon, like silver now, then blushed crimson, as if in shame for the horrible work that was going on. That nothing but shots, groans, shouts, yells, the sharp crack of the rifle, the deep boom of the cannon, was heard throughout those three days of blood. That in the battle trenches lay the dead men, American and Mexican, their silent groups swelled every moment by new corpses, looking with glassy eyes into each other's faces. That many a beautiful woman, nestling in her darkened home, was crushed in her white bosom by the cannon ball, or splintered in the forehead, just above the dark eyes, by the musket shot.

And amid the fight, whether it blazed in volumes of flame or rolled in waves of smoke, you may be sure two objects were distinctly seen—the white plume of the chivalrous Worth and the familiar brown coat of stout Zachary Taylor.

It was on the morning of the twenty-first, when the rising sun shone over the groves of orange and pomegranate, the fields of corn, and the girdle of rocks and waves, encircling the mountain city, that suddenly a mass of white smoke heaved upward from the ravines, yawning about the Bishop's Palace, and rolling cloud on cloud wrapt those towers in its folds and stretched like an immense shroud along the western sky.

Beneath the smoke Worth and his men were commencing the Battle of Monterey on the west of the town.

At the same moment, around these forts on the east, a cloud of smoke arose—it swept away toward the citadel and soon melted into the cloud on the west.

Under its pall Taylor and his men were advancing upon the town from the north and east. Thus the city of the Royal Mountain was girdled by a pall of battle-smoke, and thus, from opposite sides of the town, Taylor and Worth fought their ways of blood toward each other, driving nine thousand Mexicans, with Ampudia at their head, into a center of death and flame.

Night came and went and came again, and still the fight went on. One by one the three batteries on the east fell before the arms of Taylor. Over the impregnable heights of the Bishop's Palace wave the Banner of the Stars. The city saw not a glimpse of blue sky, for in the air hung a canopy of battle-cloud, and over the roofs the gunpowder spread its pestilential mist. There was neither food nor shelter anywhere. God pity the women then, who, shuddering in cellars and burrowing in dark rooms, clutched to their breasts the children of their love! In the Cathedral no prayer was spoken, no mass sung the deep anthem, or waved from censers the snowy incense. The Image of Jesus was wrapt in the battle-cloud; that divine face for once seemed to frown. Mild Mother Mary, above the altar, was clad in a robe of smoke, and her sad and tender face grew livid, ghastly with gleams of battle-flame.

There was no rest for the sole of human foot, no slumber but the slumber of the bloody ditch or dark ravine. None slept but the dead.

And still, from the west, the cannon of Worth hurled their message to Taylor on the east, and ever more the cannon of Taylor thundered their reply. Nearer grew those sounds to each other, and closer in the fiery circle Ampudia and his Mexicans were hemmed. Over the roofs, through the battered houses, beyond their battered barricades, they were driven by Worth and Taylor, until the battle gathered to one point, and above the main plaza where the moon shines so calmly now, on Cathedral and Cross, hung the accumulated cloud of three days' agony.

And to this grove of the Walnut Springs, where at this hour the moon breaks in tender light on each massive tree and perfumed flower, the battle-mangled were brought to bleed and die. The sod, spreading so thick with blossoms all around us, grew purple with a bath of blood. Hearts that had once quivered to the pressure of woman's bosom, were frozen in this grove, and eyes that had looked tenderly into the eyes of wife, mother, child, grew glassy beneath the walnut leaves.

But amid all the horror of the fight, the Mountains yonder—like calm Demons, impenetrable to the yell of the slaughter or the howl of agony—lifted their snowy tops, and shone on, whether lighted by the sun, or moon, or stars, or battle-flash.

Crouching in a darkened chamber, two Mexican girls flung their arms about each other's necks and buried their faces in their flowing hair. Through the small window toward the west, half-covered with vines, a few wandering gleams of sunlight shone. Ever and again a red flash bathed the room in crimson light. It was a spacious room, with stone walls hidden in purple hangings, and a marble floor strewn with the wrecks of books, and harps, and flowers.

In one corner stood a small couch, its ruffled pillows yet bearing the outlines of those two virgin forms.

From that couch they had darted suddenly, and with their half-naked forms quivering with affright flung themselves on the marble floor near the window, where a Cross glittered in its shadowy recess.

And now, as their white shoulders and uncovered feet glowed in the feeble light, their faces were hidden on each other's breasts among their luxuriant hair.

You may see their limbs quiver, you may see the scanty robe which but half-con-

ceals each virgin form move tremulously with each movement of their bodies, but their faces you can not see.

It is now near sunset, on this fatal twenty-third of September, 1846. For three days these girls have awaited the return of their father from the battle. Three days ago they saw him go forth on his gray war-horse, an old but muscular man, whose olive cheeks, seamed with wrinkles, and dark hair mingled with the snowy flakes of age, were shadowed by plumes of fiery crimson. They saw him, in his costume of national green, dash from the door of their home toward the battle. By his side their brother rode, a manly boy of nineteen, whose jet-black hair gathered in thick curls around his young forehead, while his sinewy arm waved his sword in the morning air.

So gallantly from their garden-encircled home of Monterey they went forth together, the father and son, their uniforms flashing back the light from every star of gold, while the necks of their steeds proudly arched, their plumes fluttering in the breeze, their figures quivering with the impulse of the fight—all gave omen of a bloody battle and a certain triumph.

For three days the maidens had waited for them, but they came not. For three days and nights the roar of the fight swelling afar had startled slumber from their eyes. But now that roar grew nearer; it deepened into thunder; it spoke more plainly. Quivering in every nerve as they knelt on the floor, they could distinctly hear the separate voices of the battle—now the rifle's shriek, now the musket's peal, now the cannon's thunder shout.

And the storm grew nearer their house; it seemed to rage all around them, for those terrible sounds never for one moment ceased, and the red flash poured through the narrow window in one incessant sheet of battle-lightning.

Still the Father, the Brother, came not!

Hark! that crash which shakes the chamber like an earthquake! The girls lift their faces from among their flowing hair, and you may read the volume of their contrasted loveliness.

This, with her warm, voluptuous bosom, and the rich brown cheek shadowed by the raven hair—Ximena. The other, with the fair cheek, and snowy breast, and large eyes that remind you of the deep azure of a starry midnight, the hair that floats in curls of chestnut-brown—Teresa.

Their beautiful tresses twining together in mingled dyes of light and shade, the full, luxuriant form of Ximena contrasted with the more delicate figure of Teresa, those dark eyes swimming in tears, the maidens half-starting from their knees, presented a picture of touching loveliness.

Around them strewn their torn books, broken harps, and withered flowers: before them, smiling from its dark recess, that solitary cross.

Again that crash, again that red light streaming through the window! With one bound the girls sprang to their feet, and gazed upon the door whose panels you may distinguish yonder among the purple curtaining.

"They come!" shrieked Ximena, and gathered her sister to her heart.

Deep shouts were heard, the tramp of armed men resounding through a narrow passage—another crash! The door gave way, and the red battle-light rushed into the place. The door gave way, and as it clanged upon the floor a dying man fell backward upon its panels, the broken sword firmly clenched in his hand, the blood pouring in a stream from the wound in his chest.

His throat bare, his dark hair, sprinkled with silver, hanging damp and clotted

above his wrinkled brow, he glared upward with his glazing eyes, made an effort to rise, and fell back writhing in his death-agony.

Above him, the foremost of a band, attired in blue, stood a slender but athletic form, his upraised arm still waving its sword, red with the blood of the prostrate enemy. His face was very pale, but his hazel eye shone with the mad light of carnage.

At a glance the girls behold the form of that dying man, the figure of Murderer— and a shriek that made his blood grow chill, though it raged with the battle fever, filled the place.

The American in the doorway felt his nerveless arm drop by his side. Even as the sword dripped its red tears upon the floor, he beheld those girls kneeling beside the dying man, and heard one word quiver from their lips—

"Father!"

It was in the Spanish tongue, but he read its meaning in their extended arms, in their faces stamped with agony, in their bared bosoms wildly pressed against the bleeding chest of his foe.

They looked up into his face; they raised their eyes to this young, pale brow, and spoke once more:

"Our Father!"

The young American felt his fingers stiffen, heard his bloody sword clatter on the floor.

"His pistol it was that shot my comrade by my side, even as we came charging up the Plaza, his—"

He shrieked these words, driven to madness by their accusing looks, but he could say no more. For he, too, had a gray-haired father—he, too, among the hills of Pennsylvania, in the old farm-house at the end of the lane, where mill-streams wind among the woods, had two sisters! That father blessed him when he left home for the wars, those sisters pressed their warm kisses on his lips as they gasped farewell!

Now, upon the threshold of the Mexican home he stood, the dying father writhing before his eyes, while his daughters, with their bared bosoms, sought to stanch the flowing of the blood which hissed warm and smoking from his heart. There he stood, the Murderer in presence of his victim, with the eyes of those beautiful sisters upon his face!

The sight was too much for him.

Waving his comrades back—they were all young men like him, unused to scenes of blood, their veins fired for the first time with the lust of carnage—he flung himself upon the floor, and with his hands pressed over the wound madly endeavored to stop the blood that glided through his fingers and dashed into his face.

But the dying old Mexican, with distorted features and glazing eyes, muttered a curse with his livid lips, and feebly endeavored to withdraw himself from the touch of the American.

Those half-clad maidens, with frenzy in their eyes, tore their glossy hair and beat their breasts with their clenched hands, as they felt that there was no longer a hope for the old man, their father.

The American, on his knees beside them, saw the unspeakable agony written on each face, and knew himself a guilty and blood-stained man.

"*He* shot my comrade," the words came faintly from his lips—"my blood was up— I pursued him—we fought—fought on over heaps of dead to the door—and——but I

did not think of this! To stab an old man on the threshold of his home, in the presence of his children!"

Again he sank beside the dying man; but those lips, now changed to a clayish blue, only moved to curse again. With extended arms he fell before the maidens, but their looks of horror, as they shrank from him with outspread arms, gave no hope of forgiveness.

At last he rose, and standing among the curtains near the doorway, where the shadows were thickest, folded his arms and contemplated the scene.

Here Ximena, chafing with her warm palms the chilled hands of her father, her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders, stained with the warm blood of his heart; there, Teresa, with the head of the dying man on her lap, her fingers pressed upon his clammy brow, her blue eyes weeping their tears like rain on his glassy eyeballs.

"It cuts my heart like a dagger"—the American forced the words between his set teeth—"I have a father, too, away in Pennsylvania, and sisters, too, that resemble these girls."

He could bear it no longer. Scarce knowing what he did, only wishing to turn his eyes away from that sight, he plunged among the hangings, and found himself at the foot of a narrow stairway. A moment had not passed, when he emerged upon the flat roof with its battlement of stone. His cheek was pale as death—before the battle he had suffered much with fever—and the emotions fast crowding round his heart gave an unnatural gleam to his eye.

He approached the battlement and started away. The scene beneath was at once horrible and sublime. The roof commanded a free view of the Plaza of the city and all the avenues leading to it. Again he approached and gazed upon the Last Fight of Monterey.

Imagine a space two hundred yards square, walled in by houses one story high, frowning with battlements. This space is packed with one dense mass of infuriated soldiers, half naked, their faces scarce distinguishable beneath the stain of powder and blood. They shout, they yell; they roll to and fro like the waves of a whirlpool. Here you may distinguish the American, there the Mexican, uniform.

From every battlement, lined with frenzied Mexicans, pours the blaze of musketry, hurling the death alike on friend and foe. Beneath, bayonet to bayonet, and knife to knife, over the pavement, slippery with blood, the contest is maintained.

As the ranks of the battling legions move aside or part for a moment, you may behold the cold faces of the dead; amid their fiercest roar you hear the deep piercing yell of the wounded.

Over this scene glooms the Cathedral, its towers only half seen amid the clouds of smoke which toss around them.

That cross glitters in the setting sun, but all below is dim, dark, and bloody. Just as you have seen a mist hover above a summit, so that thick cloud glooms over the grand Plaza of Monterey, its edges tinted with sunset gold while all beside is dark.

And toward this Plaza, like separate streams of blood rushing from north and south and east and west toward one great lake of carnage, the three days' battle rolls by every street and avenue, along these roofs, and through yonder smoking ruins.

Yonder to the west, far over the heads of advancing Americans, cast your gaze; among the whirling combatants you see the White Plume waving in the battle light. Worth is there. Like a cavalier of old he rides to battle, his graceful and command-

ing figure clad in full uniform, his head placed proudly on his shoulders, his broad chest thrown forward as if in defiance of the danger and the death around him.

To the east turn your eye. Down this avenue, where the cannons blaze their fire into the faces of the recoiling Mexicans, where the clouds now come down like night, and now roll away, leaving the scene to the warm glow of the setting sun, down this lane of blood, amid the charging squadrons, you behold a warrior on a gray horse, with a brown coat thrown back from his broad chest, while a plain cap surmounts his bronzed face and flashing eyes. Taylor is there.

They hear each others' shouts, the Men of Worth and Taylor, charging from east and west toward the Grand Plaza, their cannon-balls encounter each other in the ranks of the foe, crushing men and horses, firm masonry, and battlemented walls before them; they fight on toward the center, where gleams the Cathedral cross over masses of cloud!

This was the scene which the young American, sick of the battle, and thinking of his dear Pennsylvanian home, beheld; but it was not all. No—no.

Between the rolling clouds the sky smiled so calmly down upon him; beneath, in the bloody Plaza, the dead looked so ghastly up in his face! Not twenty yards from the place where he stood a dead woman lay, her mangled breasts clotted with blood, while her frozen features, knit so darkly in the brow and distorted along the lips, told how fierce the struggle in which she died.

O, it would have made your blood dance to stand there and see how, wave on wave, the Americans rolled their flood of bayonets toward the Plaza; how, flash on flash, their cannon lighted up the battle, whirling around the Cathedral; how, yell on yell, the stern hunters of the West, with clenched bowie-knives in their brawny arms, came rushing on to the last act of the three days' drama of blood!

At last, as if the daylight was sick of the scene, the night fell—a starless, moonless night—and in the darkness the fight went horribly forward.

Then, through the pall that hung above the Cathedral, a mass of fire came blazing on like the bloody moon in the Book of Revelations, blazing on with its fiery mane flung far along the sky.

It comes from the mortar of Worth, and hisses down among the Mexicans in front of the Cathedral. Old Zachary, gazing from the east, sees that bomb as it flashes on its meteor way, and knows that the end of the battle is near.

Weary of the darkness and the blood, the young American tottered from the battlement and down the stairway into the chamber where he had left the sisters and their dying father.

A darkness, so dense that it seemed to press upon the eyeballs, lay upon the place.

The American soldier stood among the purple curtains listening in awe for the faintest sound.

It was still—terribly still. To the excited fancy of the battle-worn Volunteer it seemed a death-vault gloomy with the darkness of ages. The very atmosphere seemed thick with death.

He advanced—a single step—and then, even as he could distinctly hear the beatings of his heart, he spread forth his arms, sank on his knees, and felt his way through that darkened chamber.

His extended hands touched the cold face of the dead. There was something so loathsome in that clammy pressure which left his fingers wet with clotted blood, that

he started back, and remained for a moment motionless as the dead, as if rooted to the stone on which he knelt.

Then, dashing forward with trembling hands, he felt the cold face again, and another and yet one more clammy brow. He was alone in that room with the dead. Three corses lay on the stone floor beside the kneeling man.

This was the work of War! War on the battle-field, where the yell of the dying rings its defiance to the charging legions, wears on its bloodiest plume some gleam of chivalry; but War in the home, scattering its corses beside the holiest altars of life, and mingling the household gods with bleeding hearts and shattered skulls, this, indeed, is a fearful thing.

As the American sunk back shuddering and cold—for he, too, had a father; he, too, had sisters—a glare like lightning illumined the chamber, laying bare every nook and crevice, and tinting every object with its red and murderous light. In a moment it died away, but that moment of sudden light revealed this battle-picture to the eyes of the American soldier:

The Father dead upon the prostrate door, his distorted features scowling curses even as he lay with his hands clenched over his mangled breast. By his side, two forms, their arms about each other's necks, their lips close together, their young faces, even in that battle-light, wearing a smile serene as a cloudless heaven—it was the Brother and his Sister sleeping their last sleep. One bullet had pierced their skulls through the temples. She, with her glassy blue eyes and brown hair, lay with her cheek to his, as the brother's lip, darkened by a slight mustache, was curved in a joyous smile.

So, by their dead father the dead children lay, crushed into eternal silence, even as they had embraced each other over his lifeless body.

It was evident that the young Mexican came home from the fight without a wound, and died in the act of consoling his fatherless sisters.

But Ximena—where is she!

Look, beside the bodies of the dead, and tremble as you behold that kneeling woman gazing fixedly upon the three corpses, her eyes dilating until the white circle is seen distinctly around each burning pupil, while her death-like face and uncovered bosom are darkly relieved by the volume of her luxuriant hair.

Was she dead?

A convulsive quivering of the lip alone bore witness to the miserable life that still dwelt in her maddened brain; a slight, almost imperceptible heaving of her white bosom told that her torn heart still throbbed on.

For a moment the American saw this picture—only one of the thousand horrible sights which the light of battle revealed in the homes of Monterey—and the darkness fell like a pall upon the living and the dead.

Through with Mexico, Lippard began to yearn again for his old battle-fields. He wrote "Paul Ardenheim, the Monk of Wissahikon," a curious book, partaking of the styles of "Ladye Annabel" and "Washington and his Generals." It came out in two volumes, in 1848. In the character of Paul Ardenheim the author seems to have drawn from his own personal experience. The work is of itself attractive, but with this hint to accompany the reader, its interest is exceedingly heightened.

This is very much like Lippard. Paul Ardenheim is standing in a revery upon a bold rock by the Wissahikon.

Meanwhile, upon the summit of the rock, stood the motionless form, clad in a somber robe reaching to his knees, the face turned from the moon, and the long flowing black hair surmounted by a velvet cap.

His hands were clasped, and the silver cross gleamed faintly on his dark dress. It was a noble form; and the face, wrapt in half-shadow, was softened by an emotion which parted the lips and gave the large eyes a light at once sad and tender.

Alone upon the rock—the wild woods around; the intense sky above—he stood, while his dark form rose boldly into light from the snow-covered earth.

He raised his gaze to the sky; it was there, so deep, so bright, so beautiful, like a great curtain hung between his eyes and that awful world of eternity, crowded with spirits of Light and Darkness.

The air was breathlessly still. The long prolonged howl of the watch-dog came from afar with an unearthly cadence; the waves of the Wissahikon filled the hollows in the rocks with faint murmurs.

Save these sounds, all was still.

The eyes which gleamed from that bronzed face grew brighter and more lustrous even as they were wet with tears.

For the soul of the young man was elevated and purified by the supernatural solemnity of the winter night upon the Wissahikon. To him, the great sky was no vague blank in the universe. It was crowded with the Spirit People of many tongues, tribes, and forms. The Stars above were the Homes of Souls, many good, many evil, some lost in crimes, and some pure as the light of God.

And even through the blue sky he could look up and see these spirits, or, to speak in language which may be more intelligible, these Men and Women of a purer and diviner creation circling in myriad throngs of light and darkness; some with their faces glowing ineffable love, and others wearing upon their foreheads the fiery scorn of passion, defiance, and despair.

For from very childhood he had been taught to believe that, even as the chain of physical existence begins with rudest beasts and almost imperceptible reptiles and extends upward to man, so from man up to God the chain of Spiritual Life extended in one unbroken line, creation crowding on creation, and tribes of spirits rising above other tribes, until the universe beheld its supreme source and fountain in the Great Father of Eternity.

Therefore to him the beautiful sky did not seem a vague blank in creation, peopled only with stars that were desert worlds.

Nor did the rivulet, tossing among its ice-covered rocks, nor the leafless trees around it, rising bleakly from the snowy earth, nor the deep glens sunken here and there on the borders of the gorge of Wissahikon, wear only their external forms of wildness and beauty.

They were peopled with absorbing associations; not a rock but had its own interest; not a tree but waved in the moonlight, stirred by some hand to him invisible. The very air was thronged—dense—with the Spirit People.

Ere you smile at the young man and scorn his spiritual belief, let me impress a few facts distinctly on your minds.

He has never passed the space of an hour's journey from the gorge of Wissahikon.

His mind has been shaped in solitude; in an ancient mansion, centered among these woods, he has lived since that hour of childhood which has but a faint mist in place of Memory.

Lippard had become such an admirer of General Taylor while writing his "Legends of Mexico," that when the Presidential Campaign of 1848 set in, he determined to assert the claims of the old warrior from the stump. He traveled through the greater part of Pennsylvania, stirring up the minds of the people. He had no taste for politics as a trade—he visited professional "patriots" with immeasurable scorn and contempt. He was never born to rule in these "latter day" venal times. In his political pilgrimage he kept aloof from the puzzling discussion of "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee." He did not meddle with the "great questions of the campaign," which he humbly conceived to be only those involved in the division of the flesh pots. He recited legends. He talked of Taylor's bravery, magnanimity, purity, integrity, ingenuousness in things political. All these he believed. He spoke as if he were speaking gospel. He did much—as much as any other man—to carry Pennsylvania for Taylor. This is history.

During the same busy year he found leisure to start a weekly paper—"The Quaker City." It was devoted to legends, stories, and the furtherance of his peculiar social ideas. The paper ran up to a large and wide-spread circulation, and lived about a year and a half, when it failed, not from lack of support, but from some internal difficulties—perhaps dissensions.

In the first number of "The Quaker City" appeared the opening chapters of the "Memoirs of a Preacher." It is a powerful satire upon the modern apostles of your mere creeds and dogmas. Upon its conclusion in the paper the story was issued in book form, and met with an extensive sale.

In the year 1849, Lippard made his first appearance as a dramatist. He wrote a piece, designed to illustrate the evils of intemperance, which was produced with a capital cast at Peale's Museum, Philadelphia. The leading characters were sustained by Mrs. Russell (now Mrs. Hoey, of Wallack's Theater), Miss Gannon, Mr. Gallagher, an actor of much merit, now deceased, and Mr. Johnston (late of Burton's). The latter made a hit in the *rôle* of a fop upon whom the author had lavished much of his best humor. The drama had a good long run to crowded houses. It was also brought out in a popular theater of this city.

This is the first, last, and only play we know of from the pen of Lippard. Its high success induces us to believe that he might have gathered laurels

in the field of the drama, had he followed it. He had an excellent idea of "telling points," tableaux, and picturesque dramatic effects.

The idea of a "Brotherhood of the Union," was an early one with Lippard. He grew up with it. It was one of the cherished dreams of his youth. He nurtured it with the affection bestowed upon a pet child. It was the offspring of patriotism and poetic zeal. He never expected to barter it away for money; and, while his ambition was more or less linked with its success, we believe he was moved mainly by a desire to benefit his fellow-man. Carried hither and thither, never forgotten in the tide of literary success, fondly clung to in all his domestic misfortunes and reverses, rounded into shape as he walked the streets, or gazed upon the glories of the Wissahikon, the subject of his reveries, the dream of his nights—the order first took a living and active shape in 1849. The secret was disclosed to a few personal friends. It met with favor. A circle was formed in Philadelphia, and without much pushing the Brotherhood gradually began to attract attention.

The objects of the order were thus briefly and plainly stated by Lippard, in some remarks preliminary to the printed Constitution for the Circles.

H. F.

In order to afford sincere inquirers some knowledge of the character of our Order, in order also to refute and set at rest erroneous ideas which have been put in circulation in regard to its object and its work, the Supreme Circle of the Brotherhood, through the undersigned, publish this statement of the true purpose of the Order.

The Brotherhood of the Union continues to spread throughout the United States. From every part of the Union it is hailed by the friends of Progress as an efficient worker in the cause of humanity. Taking for its basis the principle of Brotherly Love embodied in the Gospel of Nazareth, and the affirmation of the Right of every Man to life, liberty, land, and home, embodied in the Declaration of Independence, the BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION now comes before the world, not as an organization of dreams and shadows, but as a Worker—a practical every-day Worker—in the cause of Labor.

In the course of less than one year of active life the Brotherhood planted its White Banner in twenty States of the American Union. And for the future, properly directed and thoroughly understood by the true kind of men, it will soon increase its Circles, and spread its influence until it numbers at least one thousand Circles. But it seeks not so much to increase its *numbers*, as to attract to its work, the men who are willing to receive its truths and ready to act upon them.

Once for all, the Brotherhood has nothing to do with *sectional* questions, or with the *party politics* of the day.

It does not seek to array labor against capital.

It does seek to render the operations of labor and capital harmonious, and to protect labor against *usurped* capital.

It does not seek to array one class against another, nor one creed against another.

It does seek to unite all true men, of every class and creed, upon the broad platform of "BROTHERHOOD."

And in its ritual the word "Brotherhood" does not mean alms, charity, or friendship, but has a meaning infinitely more vast and significant—a meaning which will strike home into the heart of every sincere man.

"BROTHERHOOD" properly followed out, will give to every man the fruits of his labor—will secure to every worker a homestead—will protect the men who work against those *usurpers* of capital who degrade labor in factories and swindle it in Banks—will by means of peaceful combination so reform public opinion that legislators will no longer dare to make special laws, and bestow privileges upon one man at the expense of ninety-nine of his brothers and sisters.

"The Brotherhood of the Union" works by combination of true hearts—and that combination is aided by means of rites, ceremonies, and symbols which, in some form or other, have been celebrated by the friends of humanity for untold years. Yet the Brotherhood does not boast of this antiquity of its rites for mere antiquity's sake—nor for the purpose of exacting a superstitious veneration—but in order to show that the Principles for whose fulfillment we are now struggling have had their believers in every age, and that the smile of God has blessed them in the darkest epochs of human despair. These rites trace the history of labor through every age, and point to the future, when the "acceptable year of the Lord" shall come to the Sons of men, blessing every man with a *place* to Work with the fruits of his Work (not wages nor alms), and with a bit of Land that he may call by the sacred title of Home.

"The Brotherhood" is eminently patriotic. It is American. It is the only actually American Order in the world.

But it is not patriotic in a party sense, nor American according to a narrow creed. It is American because it is imbued with the great idea of America—to wit—that the New World was given by God to the Workers of the World as their especial domain—their own free Homestead—sacred forever from the craft of the Priest or the power of the King.

Thus the New World bears the same relation to the Workers of the World that Palestine bore to the Israelites enslaved in Egypt. The Continent of America is the Palestine of Redeemed Labor.

It is American because its ceremonies keep alive in the heart of every Brother the memory of those deeds in the History of the New World which have an especial bearing upon the cause of Liberty and Progress. It is American because the very titles of its officers are nothing less than the Names of the great men of the American Past.

It is American because it seeks to inculcate (in a manner of which the world without can have no idea) a feeling of Brotherhood among the citizens of Thirty American States. It is American because it regards the New World as the agent chosen by Almighty God for the regeneration of the Oppressed of all nations and races.

The Regalia which clothes the Brothers of the Order costs but little—not one tenth as much as the Regalia of the other Orders—and is more beautiful than the Regalia of any Order now in existence. This Regalia gives unity of appearance to the Armies of Organized Labor embodied in the Brotherhood. It is the Regalia of patriotism, of progress, and of labor. It is not intended to create distinction, but

to level all distinctions. Kings and Priests have had their Regalia long enough—their robes of purple and their gowns of velvet and lawn—and now LABOR claims its own royal robes, and wears them with honor in the BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.

Be it understood that the investment of considerable sums of money *in costly and therefore useless Regalia* is particularly opposed by the spirit and lessons of Brotherhood.

While the Brotherhood of the Union sympathizes with the various excellent Orders of the day—the Masons, the Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and others—while it numbers many of their members in its fold—it is superior to them all, and beyond them all, because it strikes at the root of those Evils which have so long degraded or oppressed the human race. This fact has been warmly acknowledged by eminent members of the Orders named above.

With regard to the Method of forming new Circles of the Order—

The Undersigned is for the present delegated and authorized to answer all letters which may be addressed to him on this subject. Any Ten Men who believe in God—who vow to maintain the American Union—and to defend the Rights of Labor—can obtain a Charter for a Circle of the Brotherhood. It matters not from what part of the United States or from what quarter of the American Continent the Petitioners may hail. We will send Forms of Application to all persons who may in good faith apply for them.

Let me briefly state the

PLATFORM OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.

I.—*Its Motto.*—TRUTH, HOPE, AND LOVE."—It believes in the Truth that God has given the American Continent as the Homestead of redeemed Labor—it holds fast to the Hope that the day comes when Labor shall be free from the death-grip of the Monopolist and the Tyrant—it cherishes that Love which is but another name for Universal Brotherhood.

II.—*Its Title.*—" Brotherhood of the Union."—The Union of the good against the bad—the Union of the friends against the enemies of mankind—the Union of the Workers against the Idlers who do not work, but who do steal the fruits of Labor's toil—the Union of Labor until Labor ripens into Capital.

III.—*Its Method of Work.*—The Combination of all true men into Circles of Brotherhood, scattered throughout the Continent, and held together by a common purpose, and by uniform regalia, rites, ceremonies, and symbols.

IV.—*To the great object of the Order*, regalia, rites, ceremonies, and symbols are held subservient. When the Order can work without them they will be dispensed with.

V.—*Its great Symbol*—a Circle, the emblem of God, of Eternity, and of Universal Brotherhood.

On behalf of the Supreme Circle,
GEORGE LIPPARD,
Philadelphia.

To this we may add that among the requisites for initiation are a belief in God, the Father of the Universe ; the possession of a good moral char-

acter; and a solemn word of honor or promise to maintain, at all hazards, the existence and sanctity of the American Union and the Rights of Labor. Provision is also made for the relief of indigent brothers. The gradations of the circles are as follows: Circles, Grand Circles (one for each State), and the Supreme Circle—the repository of the highest jurisdiction.

The pervading Americanism of the Order is revealed by the beautiful and highly appropriate names given to several of the officers of the subordinate circles, viz.: Chief *Washington*, Chief *Jefferson*, Chief *Franklin*, Chief *Wayne*, Chief *Fulton*, Chief *Girard*. The same terms are applied to corresponding officers in the Grand Circle and Supreme Circle, with the substitution of "Grand" for "Chief" in the former, and "Supreme" in the latter. The various rites and symbols in use also bring vividly to mind the glorious memories of the Revolution, and as an *American* order alone, as the preserver of the hallowed names and fames that are our birthright, it deserves perpetuity. But another grand purpose of the Brotherhood was not allowed to stand in the background. The rights of Labor, as against the use of Capital in the hands of tyrants—the inherent title of man to a portion of the public soil—opposition to special legislation and monopolies—unrelenting hostility to kingcraft and priestcraft, or the oppression of labor in whatever form—were all enjoined in the most impressive language, and illustrated by the most vivid and solemn appliances. Any thing further than this we are not permitted to make public. But we may say, in general, that a more life-like, forcible, eloquent means of combining patriotism and humanity in a practical form we have never met. While the charms of poetry and romance were not neglected in the composition of the Ritual, they do not monopolize the attention or leave the mind simply pleased. Lippard did not blow mere intellectual soap-bubbles. His mental garden grew something besides posies and daffodils. The Brotherhood is a working Order. Its merits are never really found out till they are put in practice and made an active, operating engine of social reformation.

The Order (as Lippard states in the brief sketch we have published) spread rapidly and widely over the land. Persons who had grown familiar with Lippard's peculiar views through his books knew pretty well what to expect in the new society, and anxiously sent on applications for the establishment of circles.

It is interesting to contemplate the class of men who were—and are—drawn together by this common band of brotherhood. They were from all grades of life—mechanics, artists, lawyers, doctors, and clergymen—

yes, even clergymen—who recognized in Lippard no Antichrist, but only the instrument of making the religion of the Saviour more effectual in every-day life. All were thinkers, more or less, and all were certainly true, earnest men, who had little to expect in joining an Order then in its infancy, and upon whom devolved "the heat and burden of the day." The great majority of the members were of course mechanics, laborers—not rich men. The doctrines advocated by Lippard especially concerned them in pocket, heart, and soul. They were such as they had dreamed over in feverish moments of dissatisfaction, murmurings, and even despair. These men rushed to the altar of the Brotherhood as to the Ark of the Covenant, and hailed in the flame of the "H. F." the symbol of their exaltation and purification.

Lippard was evidently, of all men, the best fitted for the post of Supreme Washington. He attended to all the duties and observances of the Order with a zeal and punctuality not to be surpassed. He was so fully fixed with the importance of his mission, and displayed so much of the genius requisite for carrying it out, that every body could only look on and admire. The feeling with which Lippard was regarded by his co-workmen in every degree was one of *affection*. He was not merely esteemed—he was *loved* enthusiastically. There was something in him that fascinated all persons brought into contact with him, no matter how different their habits of life and modes of thought from his. This was partly owing to the real humanity of his teachings, and partly to the ease and natural grace which he displayed in forming acquaintances and making friendships. He treated every body upon terms of perfect equality. He was never ashamed to walk in the street with a ragged coat and patches on both knees for a traveling companion. He never asserted a superiority of learning or fame. He was not above acquiring truth from the humblest walks of life. He took lessons in lowly huts, or by the dusty road-side. The only topics upon which he aspired to teach were those to which he had devoted the best part of his life, and of which he had the right to claim to give instruction. He did this, not with a vulgar desire to over-ride others in conversation, but because his heart was brimming over with his favorite themes, and it did *him* good to pour out the rising flood of eloquence upon all comers; and it generally did *them* good to hear him. Few persons—and no noble-minded ones—ever complained that Lippard gave him no chance to talk, when Brotherhood was the topic of his impassioned utterance.

The first national meeting of the "Brotherhood" assembled in that sacred place—the Hall of Independence, Philadelphia, October 7th,

1850. The S. W. delivered the following address, which gives a good idea of the condition of the Order at that time :

BROTHERS OF THE UNION!

With a full heart, imbued with an emotion which I have no wish to conceal, I now proceed to address you, and in my two-fold capacity—as S. W. and as a Brother—to render to you an account of "my stewardship."

The First Annual Convocation of the Supreme Circle, composed of the G. E. W.'s from various States, who had been called together as the "Representatives of the Past and the Future of the Brotherhood," met in the Hall of Independence at the hour of six o'clock, on Monday, October 7th, 1850.

There, in that place, sanctified by memories dear, not to the American heart only, but to the heart of universal Humanity, we joined hands, and in pledge of the sacredness of our objects repeated the vow of Brotherhood on the very spot where our Fathers, seventy years ago, proclaimed the right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We met—men of all creeds and parties—men from all sections of the Union—and agreeing to differ in those things which are not essential, we vowed to maintain the Brotherhood of the American People—a Brotherhood based upon justice between man and man—based upon the right of every man to a place to work and to the full reward of work—based at once upon the Declaration of Independence and the Gospel of Nazareth.

Brothers! it was a scene that the Future will remember. Our hearts were full. We felt that the work in which we are engaged was serious, sacred. Encompassed by the memories of the old Hall, we felt that our work was worthy of the place—that it was the same for which the Fifty-Six periled life and honor, and the Martyrs of the Revolution poured forth their blood upon the battle-field—we felt some glimpses of the Future of our Order when its White Banner shall move in blessing into every nook and hamlet of the American Continent.

Having thus, by opening the First Annual Convocation of the Supreme Circle in the HALL OF INDEPENDENCE, linked our Order to the Past and Future of American History, we adjourned to the Hall of the Brotherhood (near Independence Hall) and confirmed our work by opening in complete and ancient form.

The Annual Convocation then begun its work.

The Report of the S. W., embracing a full account of all his transactions in the name of the Order for the past year, in regard to finance, organization, and ritual, was presented and referred to Committee of the Whole. The Committee, after a full, free, and general discussion, adopted the Report, and the Supreme Circle confirmed it by an unanimous vote.

Measures were then taken in regard to the future, both in regard to the formation of Circles and Grand Circles, and in respect to the probable expenditures of the present year. You will find the synopsis of those measures in the Annexed Report of the proceedings of the Supreme Circle, which, after the adjournment of the Annual Convocation at three o'clock A. M. on Tuesday, met at two o'clock P. M. (also on Tuesday), in order to confirm and rivet their work.

And now, Brothers, let me address you—not in the formal sentences of rhetoric, nor with any view to seem eloquent—but frankly, freely, as though I stood face to face with you and had you by the hand.

My work in the past year was most arduous. Through all changes of time and circumstance, through privation, difficulty, and disappointment that would have chilled a stouter heart than mine, I was true to the Order—not on account of any merit in myself, but because I felt that the work of the Order was holy, and that feeling lifted me to the performance of my task. When there was sickness and death in my household, when my personal business became a wreck and the labor of years was lost, I still remained true to my work in the Order—I lived for that when I had nothing else left to live for—I felt that it was my duty at all hazards to complete my task by bringing the Brotherhood into a First Annual Convocation of the S. C. where the Past might be reviewed and preparation be made for the Future.

That has been done. I thank God that I have lived to see that day.

The Harmony, the Brotherly Love. the high and generous enthusiasm which characterized that Convocation, can never be forgotten.

And I speak of what I have done, not to lay claim to your praise, but to impress upon you the force of this question, *If I, a man hedged in by difficulty, have been able in one year to place on its feet this great Brotherhood, how much may you, Brothers —you whose numbers include men of the highest energy and intellect—how much may you accomplish in the Brotherhood in the next year ?*

I am speaking not to the unfaithful or the indifferent—I am speaking to the faithful, tried, and true—I am speaking as though we stood face by the altar, in open Circle, with the vow of Brotherhood in our hearts. I implore you to think of the question—to weigh, to act upon it—I implore you in the name of God and by the hopes of our common humanity. If there ever was a serious thought on my heart you have it here, if there ever was a true word on my pen you have it now.

Brothers of all the States now lighted by the rays of our * * ! Brothers of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa! Brothers of the North and South, of the Center, of the East and the West! BROTHERS OF THE UNION !—

To you, one and all, do I appeal, and from the fullness of an overflowing heart beseech to go on in the work of the Order—to go on, not as trustless or indifferent men, but as men thoroughly *convicted* of the truths of the Brotherhood, and thus grounded ready to work like men and to WORK AS ONE MAN.

Working thus, what GOOD can we not accomplish in one year !

Working thus, what a glorious account can we not render to the next Annual Convocation !

And to those of our number—should there be any such—who chill the spirit of our Order by indifference, or attempt to mar its progress by a selfish and contentious spirit, the Order has also a word. If you can not work with us by our ritual and laws, then *go forth in peace.* Do not present perpetually to us the bad example of a lukewarm or discontented spirit. In the present crisis, most of all times past or future, we want *true men. Ten* true men, thoroughly organized in a circle, and thoroughly *convicted* of the truths of our Order, are worth *ten hundred* loosely held together, and working in a lukewarm, shiftless way. This is not an Order to attract men by the mere promise of a weekly stipend in case of sickness, nor by any other mere selfish consideration. It is an Order which seeks to attract true men by the truth of its ideas. It seeks to inculcate that holy selfishness which finds in the welfare of another our own best welfare. It seeks to implant in every heart that feeling of Brotherhood—

of complete unity—of heroic self-denial, which is above all price, and *without which the People can never accomplish one durable effort of reform.*

Therefore it is not an Order for the selfish, the idle, or the indifferent, but for "TRUE MEN."

Working like true men, what can we not accomplish in the next year? I confess that the heart within me swells as I look through the Future and see, over the clouds of social wrong and sectional dissension, our White Banner MOVE ON. Look up to the Banner, Brothers. There is no stain upon it. No blot of Treason is there. No sectional quarrel blotches its spotless white. But there is written "BROTHERHOOD," a word which, interpreted by true hearts, means that when Men will work together in the spirit of Holy Fraternity, the true Idea of this Continent will be accomplished, in establishing the Right of every Man to the fruits of his Labor and to Land and Home. Look up to the Banner, Brothers. It soars in sunlight above the strife of creed and party—soars in the clear atmosphere of the Right—and the blessing of God, the holiest aspirations of all true men, go with it as it waves.

The millions of the Future will behold that Banner, and they will say of you, my Brothers, if you are true to your work, that your hands were the first to lift the White Banner, and that in the face of all manner of difficulty your hands upheld the banner-staff while life was in your veins.

I speak with enthusiasm, but it is not—I know it—that kind of enthusiasm which dies in speech. It is the outward expression of that feeling which has upheld me, through all difficulty, through the past year, and which is still with me, and will be with me, to the end of life.

Remember our Order is now governed in all its Circles by clearly defined Law. To that Law the S. W. (for the past year, by the very nature of the case, invested with dictatorial powers) is as much subject as the Brother who only yesterday received the rite of Brotherhood. The Supreme Circle is no absolute nor monarchical body.

It is the Supreme guardian of the laws and principles of the B. G. C. and is desirous to distribute the major part of its *governmental* powers among Grand (or State) Circles, which will be formed as soon as the wishes of brethren or circumstances demand. Much less is the Supreme Circle designed to become a monopoly, or a large *property holder*. From year to year it will require sufficient revenue to meet its reasonable expenses; when the sum in its treasury (after the expenses of any past year and the probable expenses of any future year are cared for) amounts to $1,000, that sum will be forthwith distributed by the voice of the Annual Convocation, and the per centage of Circles and Grand Circles will be proportionably reduced. The excess will be distributed in procuring "Homes for the Homeless," or in some brotherly enterprise to be decided upon, not by *one man*, but by all the Representatives of the Order met in Supreme Circle.

And now, Brothers, I must bring this communication to a close. I have not spoken formally, but freely, and from the depths of my heart. I have spoken as a Brother to Brothers, as a Man to Men, as a Laborer to Co-Laborers. May God prosper us as we are true to this Work.

In Brotherhood,

GEORGE LIPPARD.

HALL OF THE S. C. BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION (H. F.) C. A.
PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 12, 1850, A. O., 1853.

In 1851 (as we learn from a paragraph in "The White Banner") the Order stood as follows:

Since this address was first issued, in October, 1850, the Brotherhood, in spite of many disadvantages, and without a paper or journal to aid its progress, has been steadily increasing. New Circles have been organized in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, New Jersey, New York, and Virginia. Grand Circles with jurisdiction over their respective districts, have been formed in Western New York and Maryland. Ohio, which in the number and zeal of its Circles is justly entitled to the name of the "BANNER STATE," will be organized into a Grand Circle this summer. The Brotherhood is now established as a fixed fact in the history of our country. It has a work to do, both in the Present and the Future, which in importance to our country and mankind yields to no movement of the Past or of the Present. Let it not be forgotten that this Brotherhood can not, on any pretense or by any subterfuge, be forced into the Maelstrom of politics. That man is an untrue man and a false Brother who even hints at political action in connection with the Brotherhood. Nor can the Brotherhood take any part in the sectional questions of the day. The way of progress which it has marked out for itself is in every respect peaceful, national, and humanitary. To link in one great Circle the true men of the Continent—to aid the development of the highest idea of our country—to conquer the strife of party and the bitterness of sect by the peaceful lessons of Brotherhood—such is but a part of the great Work and great Hope of our Order. If we are not utterly mistaken, the next Convocation of the Supreme Circle (to be held in Philadelphia on the first Monday of next October) will be rich in glorious fruits.

The affection in which Lippard was held by his friends was not confined to words. It was exhibited in many generous, touching ways. We have some proofs to offer upon this score, which we take to be conclusive. We mention three cases now in our mind.

A friend in Cleveland (Noah Castor) offered Lippard a room in his house and board free if he would come and live with him. Lippard declined the generous proposition.

During our author's sickness, a friend in New York (C. Chauncey Burr) wrote to him, requesting him to leave Philadelphia, and come on to this city, promising board, lodging, and the best of medical attendance. It is probable he would have complied had he been well enough to travel.

Lippard, when once riding in an omnibus in Philadelphia, was addressed by a gentleman whom he had never seen before. The stranger (whose name we do not have) introduced himself to Lippard, expressed the greatest admiration for him (as he had known him through his writings), and instantly offered him the rent of a three-story house and pressed him to take it. Of course, our author did not accept the extended kindness.

We group these three facts here (though out of their chronological order) because they exhibit more strongly than any others the warmth of the friendship entertained for Lippard by all who knew him personally, or (what was about the same thing) through the medium of his books. We give other illustrations, to a similar purpose, in the course of this history.

Lippard's marriage was blessed with two children—bright, beautiful little girls. With their angelic faces and an affectionate wife to gladden his home, he was indeed happy. From all his weariness and vexation he found a sweet repose in their midst. But Death was plotting against his peace. Both his children, "sole offspring of his house and heart," were stricken by disease and died. He followed them to the grave in quick succession. Poor Lippard!

But this was not all. His sister, Harriet Newell, for whom he cherished a brother's love, almost romantic in its excess, was laid low with the consumption. Her fair form had been long pining away under that insidious disease. She died, and another star was blotted out of Lippard's little sky of happiness. He might now say with the despairing cry of the poet—

> "Insatiate Archer! would not one suffice?
> Thy shaft flew thrice—and thrice my peace was slain!"

How devotedly he loved his sister Harriet may be seen by the following dedication to "Paul Ardenheim:"

TO MY SISTER,

HARRIET NEWELL LIPPARD.

With the hope that some portion of the purity and truth of your nature may be found embodied in these pages, in the character of Catharine Ardenheim, I dedicate this book to you. I might inscribe upon this page some name indicative of worldly power and worldly wealth, but there is no power beneath heaven like that which derives its impulses from a sister's counsels; there is no wealth that can compare for a moment with the priceless treasure of a sister's love.

When your eye for the first time rests upon this page—when you discover that without your permission or knowledge I have written your name at the head of these lines—I beseech you to regard the act as a word of blessing from a brother to a sister. Regard it thus, and, at the same time, accept it as a memorial of the years of orphanage we have spent together. It is true that, with but a few exceptions, the name we bear is only borne by those who sleep their last in the silence of the grave. I write your name,—here—upon my book—and ask you to remember the days when all was dark with me; when my name was uttered with the hiss of calumniation, and my life

poisoned by every slander that malice could invent or falsehood enunciate; but when my sister, scarcely more than a child in years, was my friend—almost the only friend I had on the earth of God—when she stood by me, with the counsels of a sister's love, and said, in face of cloud and danger, "Brother, God-speed!"

GEORGE LIPPARD.

But the prostration of the father—the brother—was not enough. Only one joy remained, blooming in his desolate soul like a flower in a wilderness. That must be crushed. His wife, who had been failing in health for some time, was placed upon her dying bed, and the ghastly form of Consumption stood by its side. At last the fearful blow fell like a bolt upon him. His *wife* died. This was in June, 1851. Lippard had suffered griefs before under which many a man would have reeled to the earth. He had lost his father and mother; he had seen two of his sisters carried to the narrow house appointed for all the living; he had buried the sweet blossoming hopes of his household. He had survived these terrible allotments of fate, and still had something of cheerfulness and buoyancy about him, when the destroyer again comes, and ruthlessly tears away the last affection that clung like the soft tendrils of a vine about his withered heart. "His household gods lay shivered round him." And from the midst of this wreck, we can imagine him looking upon the dreary waste of the past, and straining into the future that stretched before him, "dark and rainy," no longer the promised land of a chivalric ambition, but a joyless desert, in which hope was to be blotted out and memory a curse!

It is surprising to those who knew Mr. Lippard that this gigantic sorrow did not drive him mad upon the spot. That his mind was momentarily affected by it we have no doubt. His grief so swallowed up every other faculty, that reason for the time must have tottered on its throne.

At the funeral, this aberration manifested itself in a startling manner. The distracted husband seated himself by the side of the coffin and drummed listlessly upon the lid while the services were progressing at his house. He could never recollect the occurrence when told of it by others. To those who have experienced the prostrating effect of a great grief the phenomenon is easily explained.

What his feelings must have been when, standing beside the grave, he saw the beloved remains of his wife lowered out of his sight into the cold and relentless earth, who can describe! And then came the morrow—and he was *alone!* How sweetly (because naturally) these touching lines from an old epitaph portray the utter despair of a mind like his upon the *morrow*—and *alone!*

"Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms before your view;
Watched the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?
Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remembered bliss?
Did you not, with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss
From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you alone!"

Lippard's married life was a Paradise on earth. His commonest friendships were warmer and more confiding than most men's love. What must have been *his* love—and for such a wife! he, ardent, impassioned, ever hunting objects of adoration in the earth and skies; she, gentle, trusting, and resting calmly in his affection.

Every man who has read "David Copperfield," though he has admired, and, eventually, come to love the character of Agnes—the sensible, thoughtful, considerate woman—has loved all along, and still more tenderly, that of Dora, the "child-wife," pretending to no strength, a timid, girlish, harmless, loving creature. Her very weakness is the secret of her power. We remember Lippard telling us that when he read "David Copperfield" to his wife, as the numbers appeared, she used to say of Dora, "That is me; I am the child-wife." Dora was, at least in all her affectionate and winning ways, her very portrait.

Philadelphia was never the same place after this sad bereavement that it had ever been before. At that time, especially, it was *unendurable.* Every thing reminded him of the dear one he had lost. Sky, trees, buildings, pavement—all objects, however humble, that they had known in their happy wedded days—brought her memory back to him, and opened afresh the springs of his grief. He determined to leave the city and journey to the West. He made the necessary arrangements for the comfort of his two venerable aunts during his absence (leaving his house and furniture in their keeping), and started off for a "change of scene," for which, with Childe Harold, he was almost willing to "seek the shades below."

Just before he left Philadelphia (in July), the first number of his "White Banner" appeared. It was intended for a Quarterly Miscellany, and furnishes another proof of Lippard's unwearied industry. It was meant to be an organ of the Brotherhood, and also to contain all of Lippard's writings from that date. The number before us comprises 152 large

pages of general reading matter, and the constitution of the subordinate Circles of the Brotherhood, with some introductory remarks, in 24 pages more. Among the contents is "Adonai, the Pilgrim of Eternity," a beautiful story, in which the author embodies his views of Christ, His mission, and the true means of elevating humanity. It is written in a simpler, severer, more "classical" style than his previous works. Lippard was wont to pride himself upon it, and with justice, as a good piece of idiomatic English. He thought it, in point of style, the best product of his pen. Most literary judges will agree with him. We give extracts from it elsewhere. Besides "Adonai," we have twelve graphic "Legends of Every Day," eight articles under the head of "Brotherhood *versus* Atheistic Sectarianism," an address to the Brotherhood, and numerous brief editorial jottings. The "White Banner was printed on costly white paper, in thick paper covers, and altogether made a beautiful volume. Price, two dollars per year, in advance; 50 cents per volume, or twenty copies for twenty dollars. The undertaking was large, the expense of publication heavy, the success only partial, Lippard was disheartened, bowed down by his domestic sufferings, and the second number never appeared.

He appears to have marked out no particular line of travel. He cared little whither he went, so that he was far away from the haunts of his domestic calamities. We know that he traveled through Northern New York, stopping at cities or large towns along the way where Circles of the "Brotherhood of the Union" were established, visiting them and assisting them by his counsel and sympathy.

He spent some days at Rochester in the family of Dr. Halsted. We speak of this to introduce a beautiful sketch—"The Other World." It was written under peculiar circumstances. Lippard, wherever he was, or by whomever surrounded, was caught away at times by visions of that Aidenn—where all that he so fondly loved upon earth were living and waiting for him. He already began to think of it as his *home*. In one of these rapt moods he requested a daughter of Mr. Halsted to write down as he should dictate. The following was enunciated as rapidly as it could be put upon paper. It was afterward incorporated in the story of Adonai, in the "White Banner."

THE OTHER WORLD.

We see through a glass darkly, and dim shapes are moving there over the deep ocean of the other world.

From distant darkness, see! even from that vast and shoreless sea, white hands are lifted, beckoning; yes, after all, 'tis only a barrier of frailest glass that separates the

present from the other world. Against that frail barrier for ages the waves have been breaking, and their murmurs have been to us whispers of eternal truth.

We stand in cold and darkness—our hearts bowed, our feet weary, our eyes heavy with much watching—while before us stretches that dim and awful glass, the only barrier that divides us from eternity.

Now and then lifting our eyes, we gaze through the darkened glass and feel some glimpses of the fathomless sea that rolls beyond it.

We listen, even in weariness and despair, and hear some murmurs from that sounding sea, and many a white form glides by us, and many a word, spoken in some well-remembered tone, floats to us, and then the dark ocean, no longer dark, is set with islands of living light.

A sad, yet beautiful, contrast.

Here, all cold, all weariness, all despair; there, opening deep after deep, groups of happy homes swarming with happy faces bathed in eternal light, and only a glass barrier is between. Here, wandering children seeking with blind eagerness some glimpses of *the Father's* face; there, the wandering child is home again. There, ranged in countless circles that spread deep after deep through the abysses of Eternity, is seen nothing but children gazing in *the Father's* face.

Not vague, nor vain, nor transitory is the life of the other world. It is no dream, but a reality—a reality so beautiful that our hearts, sick with suffering, are frightened at its very beauty. New duties are there, and new life for all of us; and always a brighter future—always golden steps to mount.

Sometimes the glass barrier becomes transparent in dreams, in sleep, in visions, which for a little while free the soul from its casement of clay, and sometimes in those thoughts which imperceptibly and voicelessly sink into our souls. And in these times we gain a vision—rather a clear sight—not so much of the gorgeous complete of Eternity as of some single home of the other world; some home where live as in our world men and women and children, but men and women and children redeemed and purified by sacrifice, and with their faces glowing with the highest, deepest thought which God ever implanted in the breast of an immortal nature.

Then in our dreams let us a little while alight upon the shores of one of these happy islands which are strewn along the deep clear sea of Eternity. Let us enter for a little while one of these homes.

Listen! There are voices sounding now which we heard in old times when we were of the lower earth; our hands are grasped by hands that we thought long ago were chilled by Death, forgetting that in *God's universe there is no such thing as death*, but in its place only a transition from one life or state of life to another.

And dwelling thus a little while in a home like this, we will be very silent, for the faces that we once knew are again gathering around us, and the voices that we once heard—hark!—are in our ears, and at every step a form uprises, white and beautiful, that long ago we had given to the dust. And surveying this one home, we find that here are repeated all those affections which made supportable our dreary way in yonder earth — affections, stripped of all that clogged their brightness, and made eternal.

But when leaving this one home we raise our eyes to the higher mysteries of Eternity, we fall back dazzled and bewildered with excess of beauty, conscious, however, that throughout the eternal world, alike in every sphere, however different in intellect and in gradations of intellect, this law prevails – the heart in every sphere is

one; *one*, and one fathomless chain of love binds the humblest intelligence and the greatest to the heart of Divinity.

Thoughts like these are but a part of the mysterious murmurs which now, as in all ages, break against the darkened glass. And let us not, although dazzled and won by the brightness of the prospect yonder, forget that here on this earth we have a way to walk and a work to do.

Here--the darkened glass shall not oftentimes for us be lifted, but always; always—always when our hearts are saddest, and the cloud of life hangs heaviest, let us bend our ears and listen to the murmurs of the Eternal Sea, for those murmurs after all are but dim or faint echoes of the voice of *the Father*. And when faith is dim and cold, and doubt is on us, and we can not hear the voices of that sea; when the darkened glass grows yet darker; let us then, in childlike gentleness, retreat within ourselves and look into our own hearts.

The eternal sea is always sounding there.

While in Rochester he visited Mrs. Fish and the Misses Fox, the pioneers in Spiritualism. He had long entertained the belief that spirits have a power of communicating with the tenants of the flesh. He was moved with a desire no less to gratify his curiosity than to obtain a message from his departed loved ones. How he succeeded in the latter wish we do not know. According to his own account, the physical manifestations were peculiarly striking. He used to say that he received three sharp blows, from an unseen hand, upon his shoulder. He was so overpowered with emotion that he almost fainted away. But we shall speak of this subject more at length hereafter.

He found friends everywhere—but, alas! none to supply the niches made vacant by the past. At length he reached Niagara Falls in company with a tried and valued friend. Here all the despair which threatened his sanity in Philadelphia seems to have come back upon him with triple force. We can see him, walking by the side of the thundering cataract, looking down into its deep " hell of waters," and likening their seething, restless whirl to the unceasing tumult of his own bewildered heart. We can hear him asking himself, in scarcely audible voice, that awful question—so often asked—never to be answered till another world—

"To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the natural shocks
That flesh is heir to— * * * to die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub."

Those who have experienced no real practical grief in this world of ours—whose sorrows have been only poetical self-tortures, butterfly miseries—who have never been brought square up, face to face, with a mighty heart-crushing sorrow—may laugh at this as weakness. But it

was with Lippard a stern and solemn question, whether this life, after all the lights which made it radiant for him had been one by one put out, was worth living for. And as he loitered upon the verge of the frightful precipice, and noted how easy it was to end his miseries at once, it is certainly not strange that the dread question should still knock at the portals of his mind. We can not believe that he ever deliberately determined to commit suicide. But the idea seems to have haunted him like a phantom. At times he was upon the point of yielding to its horrible suggestions.

He went so far as to draw up directions relative to the action of the "Brotherhood of the Union" after his death. His conduct one day greatly alarmed his friend, and, but for his interference, Lippard might, in a rash moment, have plunged headlong into another world. They were walking along the brink of the American falls when poor Lippard made a sudden step forward, as if to take the fearful leap. His friend, suspecting the intention, sprang, caught him, and violently pulled him back. After this Lippard became reconciled to life. He triumphed over his tormenting thoughts, and although wholly indifferent to the future, still consented to live.

The next that we hear of him is at Cleveland, whither he had gone from Buffalo, with the same vague, restless yearnings that drove him from Philadelphia. Here he found many noble and ardent friends, who immediately set themselves to work to make his stay as pleasant as possible. At the request of numerous admirers he delivered his lecture on "Arnold," at Empire Hall. A large audience convened, and the lecture, as usual with every thing from his lips, gave complete satisfaction.

His style of speaking was totally original. It was precisely what you would look for in such a man. It used to remind us at times of the impassioned oratory of Rufus Choate. Then, again, it bore some resemblance to the fiery action of Gavazzi. But it was neither the one nor the other. It was stamped with Lippard's individuality just as vividly as his writings. Indeed, his orations and speeches upon all topics were very much like his books. And this shows that his nervous style, about which critics have made themselves so unhappy, was not an affectation put on to tickle the "million," but the natural garb of his thoughts.

Fancy a person, such as we have described Lippard, standing before you, and commencing to speak in a low but perfectly audible monotone. You hear, even in the lowest note, however, a quiver, a thrill, which shows you that the speaker feels what he says. Presently he straightens up, steps forward, raises his voice, and giving himself up to the hot impetuosity of his imagination, pours forth a torrent of rapid words, which,

but for the clear, sharp ring of each, would be a mere jumble of sounds. Fancy the speaker now sweeping back, with his small hand, his long hair as it falls forward upon his brow; now raising one arm to heaven; now bringing down both hands at a time, as he emphatically denounces some giant wrong; now pointing the "slow finger of unmoving scorn" at some petty meanness; and now stamping his foot passionately upon the ground. Fancy this, and you have some idea of Lippard as a speaker.

Mr. Lippard also occupied much of his time, and derived great solace in his bereavements, by attending to the duties which devolved upon him as the "S. W.," or highest officer in the Brotherhood of the Union. These duties were arduous, and demanded the greatest patience, industry, and punctuality. Lippard had to correspond extensively with Grand Circles, and Circles of the Order in the various States; was expected to give his advice upon all doubtful questions that might arise; and, what was fully as difficult, to keep an account of the financial condition of the Brotherhood. These toilsome labors he performed with great fidelity and zeal. He made the task a pleasure. Nothing seemed to give him more delight than when a new circle was formed. The Brotherhood, as we have heretofore shown, was the child of his earliest thoughts and ambition, and the object of his constant solicitude. He always spoke, conversed, wrote of it, with the highest enthusiasm. And nothing, we believe, would have given him greater happiness (had he possessed the means) than to have traveled forever among the circles of the Union, helping the faltering, strengthening the backsliding, and establishing new circles, even to the remotest parts of the land.

It was a peculiarity of Mr. Lippard's, that, while he was careless to a fault in his own affairs, he attended with the most scrupulous diligence to the pecuniary concerns of the Order. His account-books had a tasteful mercantile appearance, which you would scarcely look for in an old professional author. We heard a gentleman, who knew Lippard well, remark, that he would willingly trust millions of dollars in his hands. He was prodigal only of his *own* means. Money confided to him he seemed to regard with the vigilant jealousy of one of the old genii in the Fairy Tales.

Speaking of the neatness of Mr. Lippard's account-book, we may remark here, that he was equally nice in his every-day handwriting. Authors are proverbial for their shabby scrawls, and the best half of their life is usually spent in squabbling with printers. Many affect to write an outrageous hand, under the impression that it is *prima facie* evidence of genius. With Mr. Lippard, however, the love of neat, shapely chirog-

raphy was carried to an extent almost fantastic. He always selected the best possible paper within his means. No dainty cream-laid Bath post was ever too good for him. His next great trouble was to find a perfectly *easy* pen. One that caught or tripped on the paper, or blotted, disturbed him beyond measure. He would go through a whole gross, but he would find just *the* pen to suit him. Paper and pen having been obtained, our fastidious author proceeded to dip his pen in ink (always the blackest of the black, nothing else would suit), and wrote straight on in a small, feminine hand, which he " who runs can read." It resembles very closely the symmetrical autograph of Thomas Moore, or, perhaps more nearly still, that of Edgar A. Poe. This he would keep up hour after hour on a stretch, with a certain steady, not impetuous, movement, which got over the ground amazingly. He had a great pride in keeping his pages free from blot, or erasure, or interlineation. He could not say with Shakespeare, that he " never blotted out a line," but there are few authors who have written so much, and so well, who have blotted out fewer words than Lippard. He could never write slowly. His hot impulses could not brook the tedious process of polishing and refining. He delighted to pen his thoughts as they issued hot and smoking from his brain.

We present upon the two following pages an accurate copy of Lippard's manuscript. It is an extract from a letter dated Philadelphia, June 25th, 1853, in which the writer prophesied that he should not live a year from that date. How sadly it was fulfilled! The letter is a touching and interesting reminiscence of the unhappy author. It also furnishes a fair idea of Lippard's habitual handwriting. We give a printed version of the letter in another part of the book, in its proper chronological order.

Those who knew Mr. Lippard while in Cleveland, speak in the highest terms of his sociable and amiable disposition. He had, of course, a few friends with whom he was more intimate than with any one else. With these he would converse about his personal history, and especially his disappointments and griefs, in the confidence of one brother to another. He had no secrets to those who knew him well; but any person could easily form his acquaintance. He made every body feel at their ease upon the first introduction, and if they possessed any attractive traits—especially those of candor and manliness—it was their own fault if their relations with Lippard did not ripen into friendship. A friendship having once being formed was slow to be shaken. Lippard was an unsuspecting man. Scorning to do a treacherous act himself, he was loth to believe

FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF A LETTER, DATED PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25, 1853. FOR A PRINTED VERSION SEE PAGES 116 AND 117.

My health in general is good, but I have "that within me, which passeth show,"— in other words I am sentenced to death by Consumption. If this impression proves incorrect I will be the first to acknowledge it, a year from to day. And if it don't, you will acknowledge, that I spoke truly. It is an ugly word to say, and I hate to see it on paper to say nothing of writing it, but I am making my last march. a year hence, your friend, will be among those, who have been.

I wish to go to Lake Superior, and spend a part of the summer there. To see Niagara again, — once more. To see Ohio again. And if my means favor I will do this. After thirty years in this world, I naturally wish to enjoy my last summer, and bid it a kindly good-bye.

Pardon, if I have written that which will make you sad — but I write as I feel, and —— there is no evading the truth. It is, as I have said

In Brotherhood

George Lippard

that any body else could be capable of it. In many cases nothing short of downright duplicity, upon the very best proofs, could induce him to break with a friend.

Many persons in Cleveland, upon the perusal of these lines, will recall the delightful hours they have spent with our deceased friend. He loved above all things to stroll down to the lake and look off upon its broad blue bosom. The view was enchanting. The city is situated upon a table-land about one hundred and twenty feet above the water. To the right and the left may be seen long points of land, stretching away with a gradual curve, till they mingle with the sky. Steamers with huge serpentine volumes of black smoke trailing behind them are always in sight, making for Detroit, Toledo, Buffalo, Chicago, Sandusky, and other ports. White sails are seen at every point of the compass scudding before the wind, bearing on their snowy wings the fruits of commerce and industry. Restless sea-gulls are beating above the waves, now dipping down and dashing through their foamy crests, and now rising with a glad cry, and defying the wind with strong pinions. But oh! most glorious sight of a summer evening, when the sun goes down upon the lake in all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of kingly power! They may talk of sunsets in Italy, and the evening splendors discernible from the tops of high mountains, but for sunsets "properly got up," with every appliance of luxury, and continued from day to day with exhaustless magnificence, commend us to the lake shore at Cleveland. The lake commingles with the sky in welcoming the monarch of the heavens to his daily repose. It reflects back with added luster the splendid colors of red, purple, orange, and gold, so prodigally lavished upon his march. Far over the vast expanse of waters he throws a shining track—ending at the very shore beneath your feet. And even when his topmost crest has descended into the waves, a beauty still lingers upon the sky and water, fading away by slow degrees into a soft and delicious twilight. It was Lippard's custom to sit upon a log—he had a favorite one—and watch these delightful sunsets till he lost a sense of himself and his sufferings in the contemplation. At such times he would speak with rapture of his trusts in the Christian religion, and his hopes in a glorious immortality. Those who had seen him only in his more playful hours had no idea, till then, of the depth and earnestness of his religious convictions.

To illustrate the singular ease with which Lippard made promiscuous acquaintances, we relate an incident told us by a friend. Walking down to the lake one evening, he saw a large crowd sitting on the grass and

sand near the bank. Hastening forward to learn the cause of this singular out-door congregation, he found George seated in the midst of them telling one of his wild Revolutionary legends. The group was composed of all classes of people who, happening to be strolling in the neighborhood, had one by one clustered about the fascinating narrator. They listened with breathless interest while the speaker poured forth with a vehement rush of language one of those enchanting Revolutionary legends which none could tell as well as he. As a story-teller we have never met his equal. Speaking in a low but always distinct voice, and very rarely indulging in gestures, he still had a way of "getting off" an anecdote, or reminiscence, or a legend that was perfectly delightful. He always grasped the strong points of description and made them vivid to the listener.

He excelled, above all things, in a kind of dry humor peculiarly his own. This, accompanied by a sly look of his eye and a lurking drollery about his mouth, effected wonders with any audience. There was something magnetic about the man by which, without any seeming effort, he found a ready response in the heart of every hearer. He was given to relating facetious anecdotes of persons he had met in his rounds, and often "took off," with playful exaggeration, the oddities and whimsicalities of well-known public men. He was always on the alert for funny incidents, and when he traveled invariably laid up a large stock of materials for future anecdotes.

It was astonishing, as we have said, how much he could make out of the most trifling occurrence, by his mode of telling it. For example, while traveling westward, he stopped over night at a hotel in a city of Western New York. He retired late to bed, and, being overcome with the fatigues of the journey, hoped to have a good sound night's rest. He was no sooner asleep, however, than he was awakened by a mysterious cry of "Fresh wa-arrer," issuing from a room near by. It came from a drunken man, who, having taken only one "night-cap" too much, began to feel *rather* hot and dusty about the throat and wanted a glass of "fresh wa-arrer" (fresh water) to "cool him off." The sounds grew fainter, and Lippard turned over and went to sleep again, when he was again aroused by "Fresh wa-arrer" given with more emphasis than ever. By-and-by the cry lulled again, and poor Lippard once more snatched a few winks of repose. But he no sooner got snugly dozing than "Fresh wa-arrer, Fresh wa-arrer" would "murder sleep" again, and so it continued at intervals through the whole night. Lippard was so fond of the grotesque, that while he execrated his drunken neighbor, he must have chuckled to himself at the "Fresh wa-arrer." To hear *him* tell this little story with

his ludicrous imitation of the "bubbling cry" was worth a "good bit" of a man's lifetime.

He sometimes gleaned a vast deal of amusement from ignorant but well-meaning people, who, their curiosity being excited by his singular appearance (long hair, rolling collar, etc.), ventured to poke questions at him.

An honest Pennsylvania farmer, riding in the same car with Lippard, looked for a long time at him with silent amazement. At last he could restrain his rising anxiety no longer, and so he addressed our author with—

"What do you foller, mister?"

LIPPARD.—"I am an author."

PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.—"What's that ere?"

LIPPARD (amused).—"I write books."

PENNSYLVANIA FARMER..—"That takes larnin', I s'pose."

LIPPARD (modestly).—"Yes."

PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.—"You must have lots of larnin' to do that."

LIPPARD (drily).—"*Chunks of it!*"

The Pennsylvania farmer said no more, but withdrew to a corner to contemplate with renewed curiosity the owner of the "*chunks*" aforesaid.

George used to tell a very funny anecdote illustrative of military discipline.

It ran somewhat in this wise:

There was a great parade of militia on an occasion and at a place which shall be nameless. At the head of the gallant soldiery then and there assembled was a very gallant general, who to the worship of Mars added at times a devotion to the jollier god Bacchus. In short, "not to put too fine point upon it," he was addicted to the human weakness of getting drunk occasionally.

Our doughty commander discharged the arduous duties of his high station at this parade with his usual ability. He galloped incessantly to and fro; he shouted till he was hoarse; he superintended complex military movements; he was unmoved in the face of several thousand muskets firing off their contents (blank cartridges) simultaneously; he was a very Napoleon in the midst of a sham-battle.

At the close of the day the brave general naturally felt fatigued. He retired to his tent, not to indulge in meditation, but—a glass of brandy-

and-water. One glass "brought on" another. The mighty battalions were standing in grim array outside the tent, staring intensely into the air, while their adored captain was chuckling over his cups and relaxing the rein of his military dignity. In short, he was kicking up his heels all alone and enjoying himself generally.

A thought suddenly slipped in between his potations: other great generals were in the habit of putting the military discipline of the soldiers to severe tests; why should not he? He acted upon the idea. He emerged from his tent; he succeeded by an *echelon* movement in reaching his horse; he mounted the noble steed by a masterly strategy; he rode past the long files of soldiers, swaying gently to and fro in his saddle (poor man! how fatigued he was!). At length he reached his favorite corps—a crack company—the "Old Guard" of the rural army.

He fastened his eagle eye upon this company, and, in a tragic voice, gave the order, "Follow!"

"To hear is to obey." The general trotted lightly over the field, and the "Old Guard" followed accordingly. It was evident they had been selected for a post of honor. Glorious thought! The "Old Guard" marched on with heads erect, eyes flashing. "Do or die" was written on every man's physiognomy.

On trotted the dauntless general; on marched the indomitable troops.

At length they reached a meadow, a little distance removed from the martial camp. In the middle of this meadow was a huge stone-heap, looking like a rude Sebastopol waiting to be attacked. The general, upon reaching this stone-heap, halted. By a series of maneuvers, which no ordinary mind could begin to comprehend, he formed the soldiers in a circle about this pile of rocks. He ordered them to point their muskets inward and keep guard over the stone-heap till they received orders to quit. The general having done all this rode majestically from the field.

Now came the test of military discipline. Did the veterans of many a well-fought muster-field falter? No, sir! They knew not why they were ordered to guard a stone-heap; they could not exactly comprehend why they should point their muskets inward instead of outward. But what business had they to inquire into the propriety of these things? None at all! They had received orders. To violate them would be insubordination. The "Old Guard" would have died first.

The hours rolled on; but there stood the "Old Guard." No murmur betrayed impatience; no ill-timed laxity found vent in a laugh. There stood the "Old Guard" pointing their muskets silently at the stone-heap

and keeping as strict " watch and ward" over it as if it had been diamonds. The hours rolled on, midnight came, still no complaints, no relaxation of " fierce deportment ;" their beloved leader had not given them orders to retire. With the pride of the original " Old Guard" when called upon to " pitch in" at some terrible crisis, they stood as silent and motionless as the rocks encircled by their bayonets. On dragged the hours, but brought no general with them, for the very good reason, that that illustrious personage was within his tent calmly snoring off the effects of innumerable draughts of "fire-water," better known as " fourth proof."

Morning came, but found the " Old Guard" unwinking. At last, just as their warlike stomachs were beginning to groan for breakfast (they would have starved rather than moved), the general—who was by this time tolerably sober—sent an order releasing them. Off marched the " Old Guard," preserving their rigidity to the last, with the proud consciousness of having nobly done their duty.

Lippard, with a little practice, would have made a capital actor. He had an active figure, a face full of expression, and a power of mimicry rarely equaled upon the stage. He would have been successful either in tragedy or comedy. He was fond of repeating favorite passages from plays, and would do it at the most unexpected times. We have seen him start up suddenly while writing and give sentences from Bulwer's " Richelieu" (which he much admired) with all the intensity of his nature. He seemed, for the time, to transfuse himself into the character he assumed. He used to make a " telling thing" of that splendid burst of eloquence when the old Cardinal replies to the taunt of Baradas—" His mind and life are breaking fast."

> " Irreverent ribald!
> If so, beware the falling ruins. Hark!
> I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
> When this snow melteth there shall come a flood.
> Avaunt! my name is Richelieu. I defy thee.
> Walk blindfold on. Behind thee stalks the headsman.
> Ha! ha! How pale he is! Heaven save my country."

Having uttered this, Lippard would take his seat and resume work as if nothing had happened to interrupt it.

His burlesques upon opera singing were very rich. He used to take hold of some common theme, any thing that offered, and work it up in the genuine operatic style. His upper notes might not have been quite

as pure as Mario's, nor his bass as heavy as that of Lablache, but in the business of "piling up the agony" he beat both of them. Lippard and a friend were once walking along a street in Philadelphia, when the former paused before an oyster-cellar that sent a wealth of perfume upon the outer air, and, striking an attitude, sang this ludicrous impromptu, or something very near it, *con expressione*:

> "What is it—oh, tell!
> Makes such a smell?
> 'Tis —— —— oyster-cell.
> Here's oysters stewed or in the shell,
> Or fried, or broiled, or, if you wish,
> You can have them on the chafing-dish—
> The chafing-dish—the chafing-dish—the
> Cha-a-a-a-a-fing-dish."

But to be "appreciated," as the advertisements say, this performance should have been "seen" and heard.

Mr. Lippard at this time, as on occasions before mentioned, held a belief, to a certain extent, in Spiritualism. After the death of his wife his previous impressions upon the subject (derived from his visit to Rochester in 1850) were deepened, but with the exception of the mysterious blows inflicted upon him at Rochester, we are not aware that he was ever visited with any astonishing manifestations. His Spiritual theory was peculiarly his own. He was no man's disciple. He believed that we could communicate with the spirits of the departed—but beyond that he accepted little or none of the popular Spiritual dogmas.

While we are upon this subject, we will mention, in advance of the course of this narrative, that Lippard delivered several lectures upon Spiritualism in Philadelphia, in the winter of 1852. The substance of his teachings was, that we have the power to communicate with the spirits of the dead by thoughts and impressions; but he did not espouse the theory or advance the alleged facts of physical manifestations.

He used to say that he conversed silently with his deceased companions upon earth while sitting alone in his room. He asserted that he felt at times the pressure of a cold hand upon his forehead. We do not say how much his vivid imagination might have contributed to these impressions. We are putting down Lippard's notions, and not our own. He loved to believe that the form of his wife continually attended him. We remember that on one occasion, when Lippard and the writer were sitting together in a room, he suddenly pointed over his shoulder, and with an

earnest eye, said, "There is a figure in a shroud there! It is always behind me." He never spoke with greater sincerity.

These visions haunted him so constantly that he was sometimes apprehensive of going mad with his own wild fancies. He disliked to be alone. He rushed into society to escape the torture of solitude. After a friend had been spending the whole evening with him in social chat he would beseech him, in tones of piteous entreaty, to stay all night. When once asked "Why?" he replied, "For ten thousand reasons." Poor Lippard!

> "Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

When to his natural sensitiveness the horrors of his domestic calamities were superadded, the wonder is that he did not lose all control of his reason.

He continued to trust in Christ, or "the Master," as he loved to call him, with the same serene resignation as ever. Whatever he might have thought of the Old Testament, or of certain portions of the New Testament, he revered and adored the character of Christ. Nothing incensed him so much as to hear a contempt or insult flung upon His sacred name. Upon no theme would he kindle so readily and so grandly as upon that. The feeling that he held toward the Master was one of love and trust. He rested in Him. He was the forerunner of all the good that had been developed in Human History. He was the Great Reformer. He was the friend of the poor, the oppressed, the suffering, and He was the enemy of the extortioner, the grinding landlord, those who devour widows' houses and make long prayers. A man of Lippard's peculiarities could not but love such a Christ as that, and he always had the courage and honesty to own it. For it *does* require both courage *and* honesty for a man living and moving in the busy world that he did, to acknowledge his belief in the Saviour, and to defend Him against the taunts and jeers of the scoffing crowd. The precise view that he held of Jesus and His divine mission to the earth may be learned from this eloquent passage in the second volume of his "Washington and his Generals:"

Let me tell you at once, my friends, that I stand here to-night a prejudiced man. Let me at once confess, that it has ever been my study, my love, to bend over the dim pages of the Hebrew volume—to behold the awful form of Jehovah pending over chaos; to hear that voice of Omnipotence resound through the depths of space, as these words break on my soul: "Vayomer Aloheim: yehee aur vayehee aur!"—*Then spake God: Let there be light, and light there was!*"

Or yet again, to behold that Jehovah, descended from the skies, walking yonder with the Patriarchs, yonder where the palms arise, and the tents whiten over the

plain. Or, in the silence of night, to look there through the lone wilderness, where the Pillar of Fire beacons Moses the Deliverer toward the Promised Land; or to enter the solemn temple of Jerusalem, and behold the same Jehovah, shining in the holiest place, shining over the Ark of the Covenant, so awfully serene, yet sublime.

Let me tell you, that I have been with the Arab, Job, as he talked face to face with God, and in images of divine beauty spoke forth the writhings of his soul; as in words that your orators of Greece and Rome never spoke or dreamed, he pictures the littleness of life, the Majesty of Omnipotence, the sweet, dear rest of the untroubled grave. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest."

I have bent over this New Testament, and traced the path of God as he walked the earth enshrined in human flesh. Is there no beauty here, to warm the heart and fire the brain? Even as we read, does not the face of Jesus start from the page?—that face that painter never painted, with its serene Divinity looking out from the clear, deep eyes. That face which we may imagine, with its flowing hair falling gently down from the brow where "God" is written in every outline, with the lips wreathing with such eternal love for poor forsaken man, whether he sweats in the workshop or grovels in the mine. Yes, I have followed that face, as it appeared above the hill-top at even, in the golden twilight of Palestine, and approached the Poor Man's hut, and shone in the dark window, upon the hard crust of the slave. How the Poor rose up to welcome that face; how rude men bent down before it and wept; how tender women knelt in its light and gazed in those Divine eyes! Then how the voice of Jesus rung out upon the air, speaking in dark huts great words that shall never die!

Yes, I have followed that Man of Nazareth over stony roads, by the waves of Galilee, into the Halls of Pilate; and there—yes, up the awful cliffs of Calvary, when Jerusalem poured through its gates by tens of thousands, under the darkened heavens, over the groaning earth, to look upon the face of the dying God, as the heavy air rung with that unspeakable agony: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

Let me at once confess, that if the Bible is a Fable, it is a Fable more beautiful than all the classics of Greece and Rome. Paint for me your Cicero and Demosthenes in all their glory, and I will paint you that bold forehead and those earnest eyes of Saint Paul. as rising from his midnight toil, his voice echoes the words he has just written; those words that live forever, as though each word was an Immortal Soul—

In a moment, in a twinkling of the eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

Search your Poets for scenes of that quiet pathos which at once melts and elevates the soul—search your Homer, your Shakspeare; search them all, the venerable Seers of Ages. and I will point you to a single line that puts them all to shame! It is in the New Testament, where Jesus the Christ is dead and buried! It is on that serene morning when the sunbeams shine over the sepulcher of the Saviour. Three women, the blessed Marys, come there to weep over the body of their Lord. Yes, all the world has forsaken him: all save Peter the Faithless, yet Lion-hearted, John the Beloved, and these three women. They look into the sepulcher—it is empty. The grave-clothes are there, but the Lord is gone. At this moment a poor, abandoned woman, whom the good Christ had lifted up to virtue and forgave, even as she washed

his feet with her tears—yes, at this moment, sad, tearful, Mary Magdalene approaches a being whom she mistakes for the gardener. Listen to the words of Scripture. This being speaks:

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him,

"Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away."

Jesus saith unto her, "Mary!"

She turned herself and said unto him, "Master!"

This is all the gospel says of the matter, but is not this one line full of eternal beauty: "Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary!'" No long explanations, no elaborate phrase, no attempt to awe or surprise; but one simple word, that word her name, spoken in the tones she loved to hear.

Can you not hear his voice, speaking in those well-remembered tones? Can you not see his hand extended in a gesture of benediction, as his eyes light up with an expression of brotherly tenderness?

That one scene by the sepulcher, where the Magdalene, an image of beauty purified by religion, bends delighted before the serenely divine face of the risen Jesus, while the sunbeams of that calm dawn fall gently over the grave-clothes which no longer clasp the dead—that one scene, sublime in its very simplicity, considered as a mere composition, is worth all the pathos of Greece and Rome.

Yes, if the Bible is a Fable, it is a Fable more beautiful than all the iron-hearted sophistry of your cold-blooded Philosophers—it is a Fable that through all time has girded up the hearts of patriots on the scaffold and the battle-field—it is a Fable that has shone like a glory over ten thousand dying beds. If that Bible is a Fable, then it is a Fable that bursts like a blaze of love and beauty through the dark cloud of human guilt, and lights a way from the dull grave up to Immortality and God.

Ah, had I been Thomas Paine—had his great brain, his great soul been mine, then would I have taken my stand here on the Bible with Jesus. Then from this book would I have told the host of hypocrites, who, like slimy lizards, crawl up on the Altar of God and sit there in all their loathsomeness, then would I have told these mockers of God, that here from this Bible, even the mild spirit of Jesus is roused—to rebuke—to scorn—to speak terror to their souls!

Because hypocrites have made merchandise of God's Book, and split his cross into peddler's wares, shall I therefore heap scorn upon that serenely beautiful face, looming out from the Bible—that face of Jesus, the Redeemer of Man? Because hypocrites and kings have taken the seamless robe of Christ and parted it into cords, to bind men's necks, and hands, and hearts, am I to deride that Christ, scorn that Jesus, who stands there forever above the clouds of human guilt, the only Redeemer of Man, the only Messiah of the Poor?

He delighted to contemplate Christ in the light of a poor man, of whom the Master himself said: "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

What can be more beautiful and touching than this—the prologue to "The White Banner?" We quote it entire:

THE POOR MAN.

One day a Rich Man came to a Poor Man, who stood talking by the roadside.

It was where a fountain, gushing from the rocks and half-shadowed by vines, sprinkled coolness upon the heated dust and sent low music upon the evening air.

The Rich Man was clad in fine apparel: a diamond shone above his young forehead amid the curls of his chestnut hair. He might turn his eyes to the right, and behold swelling hills dotted with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen. These were his own. To the left, and see white and black men toiling in the harvest of that fruitful land. The toiling men and the harvest were alike his own. Gazing to the west, where the last flush of day lingered over the white dome of a palace, he might feast his eyes with the prospect of long lines of slaves, who spread before the portals of that palace, bearing vessels of silver and gold in their hands. And this palace, these slaves, these stores of gold—*all* were his own.

For he was a Rich Man. The jewel that gathered the folds of his robe across his young breast was worth the life-long labor of a hundred slaves.

And the Poor Man who stood talking by the roadside was clad in the coarse garments of toil. The landscape before him was very beautiful—golden harvests blooming in the lap of emerald valleys—streams of silver winding from the light into the shadow, and from shadow into light again—a great palace lifting its white dome into the sunset heaven from amid a grove of palms—and yet the poor man could not call one inch of ground his own. He knew not where to lay his head. The coarse garments which covered him, the rude staff in his hand—these were all his possessions.

He was a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

And he stood in the midst of a throng of men who listened to him with earnestness, and hung upon every word as though every word was life or death to them. They were all poor men—the very poorest of the poor; some clad in rags, and not a few crippled by disease, or pitiful with blindness, or miserable to look upon with their leper's sores.

And the accents of the Poor Man's voice held every ear, and those who were not blind looked earnestly into his eyes, and one, half-kneeling on a solitary rock, regarded with mute wonder—a kind of dumb adoration—the white forehead of the Poor Man.

For the face of the Poor Man, with its flowing hair covered with dust, and its sunburnt cheeks touched by the trace of thought, or time, or hardship, was a face that won you to it with peculiar power, and made you wish to look upon it forever, and mark the strange light of its eyes, and note the smile which hung about its lips.

There was, in truth, a strange Power upon that face.

The Rich Man drew nigh with steps at once languid and eager, with a manner at once impetuous and full of dignity. His fair face, and perfumed hair, and jeweled robes were terribly contrasted with the rags and lameness, the disease and leprosy, which encircled the Poor Man.

Still he drew nigh. He was won by the face of that Poor Man. May be he had heard of him before; may be some story of a wondrous power wielded by this Poor Man had reached the ears of the Rich Man. However, he drew nigh, and quickened his steps as the accents of the Poor Man's voice trembled through the silence of the evening hour.

The Rich Man sighed. He pressed his hand to his fair forehead. With all his

wealth, his lands and slaves, his harvests and his palaces, he was not at peace with himself. He felt his bosom devoured by a gnawing restlessness. He was unhappy, and yet the darkness of these blind men had not visited him; his rounded limbs were free from leper's sores; the curse of the poor man's poverty was not upon his delicate hands.

Still he was not at peace; for he sighed and pressed his hand to his brow and shuddered within his robes of price.

He was unhappy.

Quickening his footsteps he drew near the Poor Man, brushing his fine linen against the beggar's rags, and with his gaze fixed upon the dilating eyes of the Poor Man, his ear enchained by every sound that fell from the Poor Man's tongue.

A word rose to his lips. He could not choke it down. And yet that word was "MASTER!"

He felt that the Poor Man, clad in the humble garb of toil, and with no place to lay his head, was his Master! This Poor Man, encircled by rags and lameness, by the cold eyeballs of blindness, and the distorted faces of leprosy, was the Master of the Rich Man, who could call the lives of a thousand slaves his own.

This he felt; and the word "MASTER" rose to his lips.

Thrusting himself into the miserable circle, he joined his hands and said in a tremulous voice—

"*Master! what shall I do to inherit eternal life?*"

It was in these words that the burden of his soul found utterance. It was as if he had said, What shall I do to be at peace with myself, and while I live, and at the hour of my death to have a hold on Immortality?

The Poor Man raised his eyes. They were touched with a gleam of divine sadness. He looked first upon the face of the Rich Man, then upon the wide harvest fields, and the herds of cattle, and the white palace with slaves thronging before its portals—and last of all upon the crowd of miserable men who were gathered near him.

It was a painful contrast.

For a moment the Poor Man did not reply. He raised his eyes to the sunset sky, and his face was invested as with the blessing of God embodied in sunset rays.

All the while the Rich Man awaited in the anxiety of undisguised suspense the words of the Poor Man.

At last he spoke:

"*Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor!*"

And at these words the throng of miserable wretches looked up in wonder, and the Rich Man retreated backward and bowed his head as suddenly as though some one had smote him on the forehead.

"*Sell* ALL *thou hast and give to the Poor!*"

It was as though he had said—

You have a palace, Rich Man. Let its luxurious chambers be tenanted by the blind, the halt, the famine-stricken, who now surround me. You have lands, Rich Man. Divide them among the white and black slaves who now gather your harvests with the labor of hopeless bondage and baptize their hard-earned food with bitter tears. You have herds of oxen, Rich Man, and flocks of sheep upon every hill. Let the fleece of your sheep clothe these naked ones; let the flesh of your beasts give these starving ones some nourishment, some life. Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor, for the Poor are as much the children of the great family of God as you are, as much

entitled to his fruits, his air, his lands, as you are; with as holy a right to peace in this world, immortality in the next, as yourself.

And as the Poor Man spoke, his face lighted up with a serene glory, and with the sweetness of his accents there was mingled a strange tone of Power.

But the Rich Man recoiling from the light of his eyes—frightened by the very simplicity of these words, which said so much in so brief a compass—turned sadly away, and went down the hill-side, now raising his eyes to gaze upon his great possessions, now burying his face in his trembling hands.

But the Poor Man remained near the fountain by the roadside, talking to the blind, and the lame, the slave in rags and the leper clad in sores, who gathered near him and felt the light of his eyes, while the accents of his voice penetrated their souls.

Thus it is over all the world, in all ages, among all People.

The Rich Man goes down the hill, full of restlessness, yet gazing earnestly upon his great possessions.

The Poor Man remains upon the roadside talking to the outcasts of all the world, and telling them of their right to Peace in this life and Immortality in the next.

Of Religion as a creed, a ceremonial, and form of worship, Lippard had a thorough contempt. While he yearned with a child-like affection for Christ, he hated and execrated the mere " forms, modes, and shows" of Christianity with all the hot intensity of his nature. What we here quote is only a sample of the habitual detestation with which he regarded the modern whited sepulchers of religious faith :

RELIGION.

Religion, good friends, does not consist in marble pillars nor in costly vestments, much less in the ritual of printed prayers. It does not consist in creed nor in anti-creed. It is creedless. When you can bottle the sunshine and lay tax upon the air of heaven, then you may attempt to harness Religion in the gear of creeds. Religion is that confidence in God which impels us always to trust in him. It is the sublimation of the affection which exists between the child and the father. The child, having *confidence* in the father, will attempt to do the father's will. It will trust in the father through every storm of doubt and adversity. Satisfied that " he doeth all things well," it will hang its soul upon his word, and take its fate at his hands. Religion is that trust in God which is hope to us when we stand by the grave of a beloved one. It is that confidence which, in the hour of death, tells us that we are not dying—only " going home." Marriage is Religion. The love of husband and wife is Religion. The affection of brother and sister is Religion. The love of father and son, of mother and daughter, of mother and son, of father and daughter—these all are Religion. Note-shaving is not Religion. Marble-pillared churches are not Religion. The swindling of poor men by learned Bishops is not Religion. Robbing your neighbor six days in the week and going to Church on the Seventh is not Religion. Devoting a lifetime to gathering pennies is not Religion. Preaching a creed which teaches John the Presbyterian to hate James the Catholic, is not Religion. Religion is not found in elegant churches or prettily-bound books—much less is it heard from the lips of Smooth-speech, the polite preacher, or Sodom-speech, the wrathful preacher.

—You are religious. I am religious. When God created us he made us so. When we are abroad in the fields, on a clear day, in the sunny air, by the waterside, among

the flowers, we *feel* our hearts go up to him in thankfulness. On a dark day we see God beyond the leaden clouds. When Death comes to our homes, we trust in HIM, and in the silence of the death-room—when the one whom we loved is in the coffin—we feel that God is with us. That He did not create us to be miserable. That His brightest rainbows succeed the darkest clouds. That HE is the Father of Us All.

—Do not talk of Religion as of a thing which you can coffin in a creed or jail up in a church. God himself—through his Bible of Revelation and through his Bible of stars and flowers—tells you that you utter a lie.

—Wo to the man of creeds who attempts to wrest this Religion from the heart of suffering, toiling, hoping Man! Wo to the blasphemer, who paints God with a face ever angry—a hand ever grasping thunderbolts! The woe of sin unpardonable descends upon such a man.

—Religion, good friends, is simply that confidence in God which teaches the Child to trust in its Father. Could you and I go down into the valley where the Lord Christ is sitting among his people—even by the lake of Galilee—we would never again talk of Religion as a thing of symbols and creeds.

All of Lippard's writings abound in the love of Christ. Whatever subject he undertook to treat he was sure in the course of it to mention "The Master," "Adonai," "The Teacher," or "The Poor Man."

His "Washington and his Generals," though dealing with a modern and warlike theme, is full of this. And so are his other Revolutionary legends. His "Nazarene" illustrates his most dearly cherished conception of Christ as a Reformer. His "Jesus and the Poor" shows how our Lord came to relieve distress—to minister to suffering—to pour balm upon the bruised heart. His "White Banner" draws a terrible contrast between the purity of Christ's religion and the sounding hypocrisy of too much religion in the Nineteenth Century; it shows how the teachings of eighteen hundred years ago have been twisted from their original intent, and too often made an engine of torture and oppression, instead of a beneficent instrument of "good-will toward men." His Brotherhood of the Union, as we have before shown, was founded deep in the Gospel of Christ. All that Lippard wrote, talked, or did was so intimately interwoven with this religious faith, that we are almost ready to pronounce it the leading trait in his character. We remember, as we write, the wild, rapt fervor with which he would occasionally start from his chair and repeat that cry of more than mortal agony—"ELOI! ELOI! LAMA SABACHTHANI!"

Mr. Lippard left Cleveland in the autumn of 1851 to return to Philadelphia to attend the meeting of the Supreme Circle of the Brotherhood. Here was a field in which, above all others, he loved to labor, and he

hastened gladly to take his position as the presiding officer. He felt a strange elation when, invested with the chaste but beautiful regalia of his high office, he stood as the Chief of the Brotherhood—the creation of his own glowing brain—to direct and assist it by his counsels and labors. He felt on such occasions the grave responsibility of his duties. He was serious, earnest, full of work. Those who knew him only as they met him in the world outside were always surprised at his solemnity in the Circle. He was most rigid in his discipline. He always insisted upon perfect order and decorum. Wo be to the Brother who at such times ventured any trifling or impertinent remark! The S. W. invariably met him with a prompt and decisive rebuke. When engaged *in* business he stuck *to* business with a fidelity worthy of the serious commercial gentlemen in Wall Street.

The Supreme Circle met Oct. 7th, 1851, at the Franklin House. The transactions were highly interesting.

The S. W. reported progress in a circular, from which we take the following:

"The late Convocation of the Supreme Circle held in Philadelphia, Oct. 7th, 1851, was fruitful in good work, of which you will be fully informed when the Journal is issued. For the present suffice it to say that from the Reports and other evidence presented, it appears that the Grand Circles of Western New York, Maryland, and Ohio are in a sound and prosperous condition; that, with but few exceptions, the Order has vigorously progressed during the past year; and that, from signs that can not be mistaken, the future is bright with hope and promise. The Chiefs and Officers of the Supreme Circle, by election and appointment, are as follows:

GEORGE LIPPARD, ...	Supreme Washington, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
JAMES P. MURPHY, ...	" Jefferson, *Lockport, N. Y.*
E. A. MARSH, ...	" Franklin, *Rochester, N. Y.*
JOHN H. KLIPPART, ...	" Wayne, *Louisville, Stark Co., Ohio.*
B. F. M'COLLISTER.	" Fulton, *Pennsgrove, Salem Co., N. J.*
O. L. DRAKE, ...	" Girard, *Freedom, Portage Co., Ohio.*
ORRIN CRANDALL.	" Scroll Keeper, *Yonkers, N. Y.*
E. W. C. GREENE, ...	" Register, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
JOHN MILLS, ...	" Treasurer, " "
SETH FISHER, ...	" Herald, *Union Bridge, Carroll Co., Md.*
H. D. BARRON, ...	" Marshall, *Waukesha, Wauk. Co., Wis.*
ROBERT J. M'DONNELL, ...	" Messenger, *Wilmington, Del.*
SAMUEL CHAMPION, ...	" Watcher of the Day, *Washington, D. C.*
GEORGE WILLIAMS, ...	" Watcher of the Night, *Marcus Hook, Pa.*

"And the following are the G. E. W.'s elect and initiated for the respective States:

Maryland.—Seth Fisher, Samuel S. Mills, Henry Spilman, Sol. Sheperd, James W. Gorman, John H. Wilson, N. Robinson, E. Orrell, T. B. Askew, B. W. Ferguson.†

Ohio.—John Ecker,† Benjamin Paine,† B. J. Tice,† D. M. Hazen,† Jacob B. Lingle,† Noah Castor,† Edward Lynde, John H. Klippart, S. D. Dana,† Thomas Alexander,† Michael Way,† Charles Pardee,† Simon C. Baker,† Wm. P. Camden,† Lucius P. Brown,† James T. Shafer,† O. L. Drake, A. M'Causland, Fletcher Golden,† Stuart M'Kee,† Joseph Cable,† Charles J. Gifford,† Henry C. Graves,† P. Mead Benham,† George W. Kelley,† Wm. Smith,† J. Q. Lakin,† Alfred Bonney,† Noah Hill†, T. F. Thresher,† H. Wigand,† M. W. Davis,† A. Bailey,† James Nicholson.†

Delaware.—Robert J. M'Donnell, Saxe Gotha Laws.†

E. New York.—Ben. Price,† R. T. Groshon,† Orrin Crandall, J. M. Reveire.

W. New York.—J. P. Murphy, E. A. Marsh, H. B. Waterman, Wm. H. Pratt, H. D. Barron, James M. Cavan.

Kentucky.—Wm. D. Coryell,† J. H. Burton,† W. O. Phillips.†

New Jersey—B. F. M'Collister, A. G. Alston, M. N. Dubois, J. L. Carragan, John G. Westerfeld,† P. H. Mulford, George L. Toy.

Connecticut.—R. C. Brown.

Rhode Island.—H. H. Wildman,† Wm. MacFarlane.†

Massachusetts.—Edward Caulkins.†

Maine.—Wm. Somerby.†

Indiana.—Jacob Benedict,† John Curtis,† George W. Hill.

Illinois.—James Reynolds.†

Michigan.—O. P. Strobridge,† W. P. Beach.†

Tennessee.—J. M. Pannell,† C. J. Dickesson,† Napier Wilson.†

Iowa.—John P. Wilkinson.†

Wisconsin.—A. E. Elmore,† N. H. Hemiup.†

Arkansas.—J. W. Woodward.†

District of Columbia.—Thomas Kelly,† Samuel Champion.

Virginia.—Thomas M. Smith,† Vance Bell, John E. Smith, Israel G. Hetterley, George W. L. Bickley, Charles A. Haller, Samuel K. Taylor,† Amos Ball,† James H. Gilmore,† Lewis Fry.†

Pennsylvania.—Franklin L. Crane,† H. W. Miller, M. G. Henderson,† James M. Stevens, William Garretson,† Abel Humphreys,† M. G. Shoemaker, H. Zahm,† E. W. C. Greene, John Mills, H. M. Flint,† George Williams, William Smith, T. R. Davis.†

GENERAL NOTE.—*Brothers marked* thus † *are Brothers* ELECT, *although not* INITIATED. *They can complete their initiation without coming to Philadelphia by corresponding with the S. W.*—Brother Kelly, of Washington, D. C., a noble and true man, has died, and been buried with the rites of the Order, since Oct. 7th."

Our author was heartily welcomed back to Philadelphia by his numerous friends. Every kindness was pressed upon him. The only thing that embittered his stay in the city was the sad—sad—recollection of his lost wife, children, and sister. The very sight of the city sickened him, and still for him it had a strange fascination. He used often to speak of leaving it, and yet was loth to take the step.

Philadelphia, though bereft of nearly all living things that could make life happy, was still dear to him at times for the sweet, melancholy recollections of what his earlier days had been.

He passed much of his time, as we have intimated, in converse with

his many friends and admirers. He, however, found time to pursue the composition of his last work, "The Upper Ten and Lower Million." He had cherished the plan of that romance for three years, and had, from time to time, worked it out. He did not attack his literary tasks, however, with the same vigor that he brought to his former works. He had by this time lost much of his relish for writing. Alas! he had found out the terrible truth that there was little worth writing—worth living—for.

The old spirit, the old ambition, the old poetical vehemence were wanting. He now wrote more for bread than for fame. We do not underrate, however, his "Upper Ten and Lower Million." It contains much of that intense humanity, and was marked throughout by that strong nervous diction, which characterize all his writings.

He soon became uneasy, tired of Philadelphia, and remembering the many pleasant hours he had spent with his friends in Cleveland, determined to repeat his visit to that place. He therefore left Philadelphia in the spring of 1852, by way of Central Pennsylvania, to fulfill an appointment which he had made by invitation to lecture before a college at Chambersburgh. The effort was received with much enthusiasm. Lippard, though little susceptible to flattery, felt highly complimented by his reception, which was all the more agreeable because at that time he was gradually withdrawing from public life.

He had no well-defined purpose that we are aware of in visiting Cleveland a second time. He had, perhaps, a sort of vague design of making that place his home for the rest of his life. But we doubt whether he would ever have been contented to pitch his tent permanently anywhere. There was no longer "a home" for him. He spent his time during this visit much as he did upon the former one. He attended to the correspondence of the Order, enjoyed the society of his friends, and whiled away the awkward hours in reading. Upon several Sabbath evenings he lectured in a public hall, upon subjects connected with the character and mission of Christ. His audiences were, as usual, large, and comprised much of the intelligence of the city.

About this time he conceived the plan of starting a weekly newspaper in connection with a friend. It was to be called "The People's Paper," and was projected to carry out the doctrines of the Brotherhood, while it should aim to make a name in literary matters. Lippard intended to make it the field of his future authorship, and would have contributed a large manuscript novel then in his possession, giving the first installment

with the first number. The project met with much favor. The press in various parts of the country spoke of it very kindly. Assurances of support came in from distant points where Mr. Lippard, until then, never dreamed that he had any friends.

The paper would, without question, have been successful. Lippard began to look fondly forward to it as the sphere of a renewed ambition. Before his plans were matured, however, he returned to Philadelphia to attend the annual meeting of the Supreme Circle for 1852, where his presence was imperatively needed. He went *via* Pittsburgh, and lectured in several towns in Pennsylvania on the route. He confidently expected to go back to Cleveland after the adjournment of the Supreme Circle, but one business and another delayed him in Philadelphia. All decisive action with regard to the paper was therefore postponed, and, at last, the scheme was quietly allowed to fall through.

In the spring of 1852 Mr. Lippard received an invitation to deliver a lecture before an Odd Fellows' Lodge in Fredericksburgh, Virginia. It was an unexpected and grateful compliment to his reputation as an author and man, and he gladly responded to it. In company with one of his oldest and truest friends, Heman Burr, he went to Richmond, by way of Washington. It was the first, last, and only time that he visited the South.

His reception in the "Old Dominion" was very flattering. He met with friends upon every side. The lecture was delivered to a large and intelligent audience in the Odd Fellows' Hall, and gave the greatest satisfaction. He also, upon a subsequent evening, pronounced his oration upon Benedict Arnold in that city.

During his stay in Fredericksburgh an incident occurred which displays Lippard's characteristic boldness and decision of character. It seems that some one not very favorable to Lippard hunted over one of his books and found a passage reflecting strongly upon American slavery. This he whispered into the ears of the Fredericksburghers, who, like all other Southerners, are, of course, sensitive upon the subject of the "Patriarchal Institution."

A report of this coming to the ears of Lippard, he immediately conceived that some insidious attempt was being made to prejudice his kind hosts against him. His whole life had been a constant war against calumny, vituperation—all the phases of personal and literary hostility—and he was not long in determining how to act.

He was invited to attend a supper given in his honor by the Odd Fellows. He went. The entertainment was magnificent and all passed off delightfully. No one could detect in Lippard's freedom and urbanity of manner any trace of what was busy at the bottom of his brain. Presently the time for toasts came round, and the guest of the evening was duly honored. He rose, returned the compliment in a neat speech, and closed with a sentiment something in the following words (we repeat as we have heard it):

"Here's to the revolving pistol. The best antidote to a Northern scoundrel who meddles with the opinions of a Southern gentleman upon slavery while traveling in the North; and an equally good course of treatment for a Southern blackguard who interferes with the sentiments of a Northerner while the guest of the South."

This, uttered in a deep, earnest tone, with a flashing eye, produced a sensation at the festive board. A few who had heard the whispered rumors to which we have alluded understood the mysterious toast. The others "stared at each other in a wild surprise" and squinted anxiously at the speaker, who sat down with his usual self-possession and resumed the social chat as if nothing had occurred.

Suffice it to say that nobody poked his nose into Lippard's anti-slavery opinions after that. It was the last he heard of his alleged Abolitionism during his stay.

Lippard hated scarcely any thing so much as impertinence or unfairness in criticism. His acts and works were continually before the public, and were the legitimate subject of examination. Lippard never objected to censure if it were laid on with an honest purpose. He knew his faults and freely owned them. He was his own severest critic. But what he "execrated, spit upon, and defied," as a certain distinguished politician said of a certain platform, was the mean, mole-eyed, burrowing system of abuse, under the name of criticism, to which he was subjected. It was certainly ungenerous to condemn Lippard the *author* simply because Lippard the *man* chose to sport long hair and a rolling collar; and yet it is *wonderful* how much those little personal eccentricities counted against him in the little minds of some very little people. Now we *don't* like such whims of dress in the abstract, but we willingly waive our notions in the case of Lippard, who overbalanced them by so many mental attractions. It was no less certainly pedantic and contemptible to deny genius to Lippard, as some critics did with "meat-axe" ferocity, because the man had a style of his own—as natural to him as music to birds or odor to flowers. He was a man above all others to

be taken as he was found—to be estimated by his intrinsic qualities—not to be judged by the pedagogues' standard of excellence. It is queer—really it *is* queer—how many people will forgive the want of brains in a book, but how few will ever pardon a slip-shod sentence or a misplaced comma. He was nervously impatient of all such paltry microscopic judgment, and never missed a chance to retaliate upon it with unmitigated scorn and contempt.

A great deal has been objected to Lippard's style of writing. We approach this subject not to meet any prevailing wholesale objection, for none such now exists. The critics, before Mr. Lippard's decease, gradually became accustomed to the peculiarities of his style. Though they never pardoned him his so-called transgressions against the canons of rhetoric, they suspended their ferocity by degrees in deference to the undoubted genius which they could not wholly deny to his writings. But there may be some persons who have been frightened away from him by these critical spooks and bugbears. For such we have a word.

Lippard's style was original. All writers of genius are more or less distinguished by styles of their own. A man may learn much—very much—from the accepted models of style—Johnson, Addison, Irving, etc. No well-educated man is unacquainted with one or all of these; and any man, whatever his natural endowments, can not but be benefited by their acquaintance. This, of course. But when a man happens to be born with an individuality throbbing in his brain, burning at his heart, as Lippard was, how, in the name of common sense, can we ask him to cast himself in the mold of the old elegant stylists of literature? Lippard's mission was not to sit in high judgment upon other literary men, like that of Johnson; nor was it, like Addison, to paint with soft pencil the graceful amenities of life; nor, with Irving, to revive the quaint humors and oddities of Knickerbocker times.

He was called by Nature for a far different purpose. It was *his* business to attack social wrongs, to drag away purple garments and expose to our shivering gaze the rottenness of vice—to take tyranny by the throat and strangle it to death. It was no dainty task. It was not to be approached with the mincing step and mouthing compliments of a carpet knight. He needed weapons for the work, and he found them without hunting. The same head which furnished the ideas furnished just the very words to print them in. The idea was the sovereign; the word but subject. He sat down to paper because he had something to say. He wrote from his fullness—*not* from his emptiness. His mind was a reservoir—

always running over. He did not have to pump it full—by the slow cudgeling of the brain—before others could be supplied. His words were only the grooves and channels in which his thoughts found their way to the great popular heart—not the fertilizing streams themselves.

His style, though he only used it and dismissed it as a mere tool to work with, is still redolent of beauty—*as* style—and nothing else. We illustrate with a few passages, picked almost at random, from his writings. Is not this a fine piece of word-painting?

VAULTS OF THE CATACOMBS.

A City of the Dead, sunken far beneath the feet of millions!

While Rome palpitates on the surface, like the great heart of the Living World, here, beneath the throbs of that voluptuous heart, lies the skeleton-heart of a World of Shadows. Above smiles Rome, with St. Peter's on her breast—below, brood the Catacombs, the Ghostly Rome—with the dead of eighteen centuries sleeping in the shadows.

It is a fearful thing to walk here by the light of a lamp, which grows dim and pale as it encounters the charnel breath of the dead ages. To leave the gay city, whose pavement stones beat with the tread of a thousand and a hundred thousand feet, and, lamp in hand, pass through the mouth of this great cavern into a Ghostly World—have you the courage? Above you the gorgeous sky of Italy; around you vines and blossoms, nothing but vines and blossoms wherever you turn your gaze; in the distance the great Colosseum, that silent Monarch of the dead centuries, and yonder the dome of St. Peter's rising into Heaven, so isolated in its awful glory—can you leave all this, and dive with me into Another World?

Will you for a little while, leave the Rome of the Nineteenth Century, and descend with me those steps of eighteen hundred years, which end at last at the foot of a Cross, and near a Holy Sepulcher? Take the lamp—cast one glance over the grand and beautiful Rome—inhale one breath of Paradise from this voluptuous Italian atmosphere—we pass into the darkness through this hill-side crevice—we are in another world. Listen! Not a sound; not even the echo of a sound. You never felt the meaning of the word SILENCE before. Listen once again, not with your ears, but with your heart. Hark! The voices of the dead ages are speaking to your Soul; not voices like the thunder, nor voices like the whirlwind's shout, but those "still, small voices," in whose tones you may also hear the voice of God.

It was a beautiful thing to see a wayworn and aged man stand up alone in the center of a Cavern, whose roof, vast and broken, resembled a leaden sky.

And near his feet, as he stood alone upon the summit of a rock, which rose from the shadows, crouched a little child, attired in garments of purple, his mild and lustrous eyes fixed yearningly upon the old man's face; his hands, small and white and beautiful as marble, gently uplifted, as if in the act of prayer.

The old man was not altogether alone. True, he seemed alone, as, raised upon the rock, the dim light shone over his aged face, while all the rest of the vast cavern was wrapt in brooding shadow. But a hundred hearts were beating there, beneath that gloomy roof of rock. A hundred forms were kneeling there, upon that floor of stone. A hundred voices rose at once, and in one chorus, from that place of shadow, to the ear of God.

There is a rhythmical beauty about this little thing, the closing paragraph of "The Globe, the Sun, and Rosy Cross" in the story of "Adonai," in "The White Banner"—from which the foregoing extracts are also taken:

And as the Face of the Master shone from the mountain top upon the kneeling throng—that throng composed of the Seers and Prophets and Believers of all ages—His hand was outstretched and this symbol was seen in the sky, hovering above the American Continent—

A dark globe, a white cross, and rising sun—the dark globe tinted with golden rays, and the white cross blushing in the rosy light.

And this Song arose—

" Rejoice! A Spirit moves the globe, and its pulsations echo in the hearts of all true men!

"Rejoice! They have killed him whom we loved—they have sealed his grave—but rejoice, for now we know that he is risen indeed.

"MAN, torn and suffering, lift thy head.

" Lift thy head, for lo! a Face approaches and a Hand is beckoning.

" Rejoice! The MASTER comes."

Washington sleeps in Mount Vernon, and Adonai in the Catacombs, but——

The globe, the cross, and sun are yet in the sky, and the globe is bright, and the cross is rosy, with the fast coming Day

Lippard looked upon scenery, especially when it was hallowed by Revolutionary memory, with the eye of an artist.

Gaze along this meadow, embosomed in the foliage of a lovely valley, gemmed with orchards and sparkling with a stream of clear, cold water. There is sunshine upon the tops of the trees and shadow all around. From clusters of forest trees gray stone walls are visible—the walls of peaceful homes, protected by the solitude of this world-hidden valley. Is it not one of those scenes which speak to the soul of quiet, peace, unutterable peace, and mock the petty greatness of wealth, the swelling vanity of ambition, to scorn?

And this peaceful valley, secluded from the world, shut up in its own loveliness, will soon be rich in graves. There will be cold faces in the light of a setting sun; the grass will be wet with a bloody rain; the stream crimson. And this will be ere the blossoms on yonder trees have ripened into fruit.

For it is the valley of the BRANDYWINE.

There is a house of dark-gray stone standing in a sort of rural majesty at the eastern extremity of a smooth, green lawn. To the north and to the south, from this mansion, spread the tenements of a quiet town, whose gables peep from gardens and orchard trees. Upon the roof of the stone mansion lingers the last ray of the June sun, and not a breeze is there to shake the white blossoms from the boughs or stir into motion the smooth verdure of the lawn.

Ere these trees are touched by winter, yes, as they are clad in the rainbows of autumn, there will be some hundreds of dead bodies stretched in horrible confusion over this lawn in all the grotesque shapes of sudden and violent death.

For the mansion is CHEW'S HOUSE, and the village is called GERMANTOWN.

The same tender love of nature discloses itself in the following. There is some of Lippard's sly, quaint humor about it, too.

Under an arbor fresh with vines and fragrant with flowers sat Peter Dorfner, his rotund form resting in a stout oaken chair. It was a very pleasant thing to note the contrast between his red cheeks and white beard and the deep green of the leaves, the varied tints of the flowers. Before him was placed a table of unpainted oak, on which sundry suspicious bottles stood like the sentinels of the scene; and half-closing his eyes, with his limbs resting on a bench, old Peter resigned himself to the calm delights of rum and tobacco.

It was a pleasant arbor, standing at one end of the garden, near the farm-house, whose closed doors and windows looked black and desolate beneath the cheerful light of the summer sun.

It must be confessed that old Peter was surrounded by all the delights that can render a man peaceful with himself and the world. Lulled by the unceasing murmur of the bees, who sung their songs among the flowers, with the fragrance of new-mown hay stealing gently over the fields, Peter Dorfner, with his red cheeks and snowy beard, his capacious form spreading lazily in the oaken chair, looked altogether like a picture of some corpulent satyr of Grecian story clad in brown cloth, with a pipe in its mouth and a bottle of rum near its hand. Or, in case this comparison should seem unjust, we might compare him to some hermit of the middle ages, who, disgusted with the vanity of the world, had retired to some secluded forest and sworn a solemn oath to devote himself forever to fatness and sleep, those cardinal duties of the monks of old.

Beyond the garden, amid whose plants and flowers the arbor rose, a green field smiled in the June sunbeams, and stretched to the south and west in gentle undulations until it was bounded by the summer woods. Strong men, with arms bare and scythe in hand, toiled among the grass, scattering swarths of fragrant hay as they hurried along. Tired cattle were grouped in the shade on the verge of the wood; aldermanic oxen and matronly cows, snuffing the scent of the new-mown hay, from which they were separated by that kind of rural architecture known in grave annals as "Worm Fence." Now and then the sound of the whetstone applied to the scythe came merrily over the fields, mingled with the lowing of cattle and the subdued murmur of the hidden stream.

Summer was upon the scene in all the freshness and beauty of June. There was a serene sky, only varied by passing clouds, who turned their white bosoms to the sun and floated slowly over the woods. There was a drowsy fragrance in the very air, a fullness of intoxicating odors; and the bees among the flowers, the lowing cattle grouped in the shadows, the clang of the scythe, and the indistinct sound of the wood-hidden Wissahikon, formed the music of the scene—a very lulling music altogether, full of summer and voluptuous as June.

But the old farm-house looked sad and deserted. There were green vines trailing about its steep roof, and flinging their leaves, their flowers, from the very point of the high gable; the chestnut-tree was glorious with verdure, but the doors of the farm-house, the closed shutters, gave it a lonely and desolate appearance.

Secluded in the arbor, his only companions the pipe and the bottle, Peter Dorfner took his ease, and winked sleepily at care, as though there was never a thing like trouble in the world.

Two years have passed since we beheld him last, two years full of interest and incident, and the face of Peter discloses more wrinkles about the eyes, more fatness in the cheeks, a sublimer rotundity about the form. Brown waistcoat loosened, hose

ungartered, and cravat thrown aside, Peter languidly smoked his pipe and seemed hesitating for a moment ere he entered the domains of that ancient empire known to philosophers and poets as the Land of Nod.

Lippard takes almost as many pictures of the Wissahikon as there are points of view. But the reader is never tired with them. Here is a bit of quiet penciling :

THE WISSAHIKON.

It is a poem of everlasting beauty—a dream of magnificence—the world-hidden, wood-embowered Wissahikon. Its pure waters break forever in ripples of silver around the base of colossal rocks, or sweep murmuringly on over beds of pebbled flints, or spread into calm and mirror-like lakes, with shores of verdure, surmounted by green hills, rolling away in waves of forest trees, or spreading quietly in the fierce light of the summer sun, with the tired cattle grouped beneath the lofty oaks.

It is a poem of beauty—where the breeze mourns its anthem through the tall pines ; where the silver waters send up their voices of joy ; where calmness, and quiet, and intense solitude awe the soul and fill the heart with bright thoughts and golden dreams woven in the luxury of the summer hour.

From the moment your eyes first drink in the gladness of its waters as they pour in to the Schuylkill, seven miles from Philadelphia, until you behold it winding its thread of silver along the meadows of Whitemarsh, many miles above, it is all beauty, all dream, all magnificence.

It breaks on your eye, pouring into the Schuylkill, a calm lake with an ancient and picturesque mill* in the foreground. A calm lake, buried in the depths of towering steeps that rise almost perpendicularly on either side, casting a shadow of gloom over the water, while every steep is green with brushwood, every rocky cleft magnificent with the towering oak, the somber pine, or the leafy chestnut.

This glen is passed ; then you behold hilly shores, sloping away to the south in pleasant undulations, while on the north arise frowning steeps. Then your mind is awed by tremendous hills on either side, creating one immense solitude ; rugged steeps—all precipice and perpendicular rock—covered and crowded with giant pines, and then calm and rippleless lakes, shadowy glens, deep ravines, and twilight dells of strange and dreamy beauty.

There is, in sooth, a stamp of strange and dreamy beauty impressed upon every ripple of the Wissahikon, every grassy bank extending greenly along its waters, on every forest-tree towering beside its shores.

On the calm summer's day, when the sun is declining in the west, you may look from the height of some gray, rugged steep, down upon the depths of the world-hidden waters. Wild legends wander across your fancy as you gaze; every scene around you seems but the fitting location for a wild and dreamy tradition, every rock bears its own time-story, every nook of the wild-wood has its tale of the ancient days. The waters, deep, calm, and well-like, buried amid overhanging hills, have a strange and mysterious clearness. The long shadows of the hills, broken by golden belts of sunshine, clothe the waters in sable and gold, in glitter and in shadow. All around is quiet and still ; silence seems to have assumed a positive existence amid these valleys of romance and of dreams.

* Formerly Vanduring's, now Robinson's, mill.

In a different vein from any of these are the opening sentences of "Washington and his Generals."

THE BATTLE EVE.

THE RED CROSS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Toll—toll—toll! The State House bell, that once rung the birthday of Freedom, now tolled its knell.

It was a sad day for Philadelphia, a sad day for the nation, when the pomp of British banners and the gleam of British arms were in her streets and along her avenues; when, as far as eye could reach, was seen the long array of glaring red coats, with the sunbeams of a clear September day falling on helm and cuirass, shining like burnished gold.

It was a sad and gloomy day for the nation when the Congress was forced to flee the old provincial town of William Penn, when the Tories paraded the streets with loud hurrahs, with the British lion waving overhead, while the Whigs hung their heads in shame and in despair.

True, the day was calm and bright overhead; true, the sky was clear, and the nipping air of autumn gave freshness to the mind and bloom to the cheek; true it was, the city was all alive with the glitter of processions and the passing to and fro of vast crowds of people; but the processions were a dishonor to our soil, the crowds hurried to and fro to gaze upon the living monuments of the defeat of Brandywine—the armed and arrogant British legions thronging the streets of Philadelphia.

They came marching along in front of the old State House on their way to the barracks in the Northern Liberties. The scene was full of strange and startling interest. The roofs of the State House arose clearly in the autumn air, each peak and cornice, each gable-end and corner, shone in full and distinct outline, with the trees of Independence Square towering greenly in the rear of the fabric, while up into the clear sky arose the State House steeple, with its solemn bell of independence, that, but a year ago, sent forth the news of liberty to all the land, swinging a welcome to the British host—a welcome that sounded like the funeral knell of new-world freedom. The columns of the army were passing in front of Independence Hall. Along Chestnut Street, as far as the eye could see, shone the glittering array of sword and bayonet, with the bright sunshine falling over the stout forms of the British troopers, mounted on gallant war steeds, and blazing with burnished cuirass and polished helm, while banner and pennon waived gayly overhead. There, treading the streets in all the flush of victory, were the regiments of British infantry, with the one bold front of their crimson attire flashing in the light, with their bayonets rising overhead like a forest of steel, and with marks of Brandywine written on many a whiskered face and burly chest.

At their head, mounted on a gallant steed, with the lordlings of his staff around him, rode a tall and athletic man, with a sinewy frame, and a calm, placid face, wearing an even smile and quiet look, seen from beneath the shadow of his plumed chapeau, while his gaudy attire of crimson, with epaulettes of gold on either shoulder, announced Lord Cornwallis, the second general of the invading army.

And as the General glanced around, fixing his eye proudly upon the British banner waving from the State House steeple, as his glance was met by the windows of Independence Hall decorated by the flags of the British King, a proud gleam lit up his calm, blue eye; and with the thought of Brandywine, came a vision of the future

speaking eloquently of provinces subjugated, rebels overthrown, and liberties crushed. And then peals of music uttered by a hundred bands filled the street and startled the silence of the State House avenues, swelling up to the heavens with notes of joy, the roll of drum, the shriek of bugle, and the clash of cymbal mingling in grand chorus. The banners waved more proudly overhead, the spears, the bayonets, and helmets shone brighter in the light, and between the peals of music the loud huzzas of the crowd blackening the sidewalks, looking from the windows, and clinging to the trees, broke gladly upon the air.

Toll—toll—toll! The solemn notes of Independence bell heralded with an iron tongue the entrance of the invaders into the city; the possession of Philadelphia by the British.

It was a grand sight to see; the windows crowded with the forms of beauty, waving scarfs in the air, aged matrons lifting little children on high, who clapped their hands with glee as they beheld the glimmer of arms and the glitter of steel, the streets below all crimson with British uniform, all music and all joy, the sidewalks blackened by crowds of servile Tories who shouted till their loyal throats were tired, "Long life to King George; confusion to Washington, and death to the rebels."

They trooped through the streets of Philadelphia on the 26th of September, 1777; just fifteen days after the battle-day of Brandywine they took possession with all the pomp of victory; and as the shades of twilight sank down over the town, they marched proudly into their barracks in the Northern Liberties.

How many things will you find in our literature more truly graphic than

THE BIBLE LEGEND OF THE WISSAHIKON.

It was here in these wilds of the Wissahikon, on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly-clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly combat. They grappled in deadly conflict near a rock that rose—like the huge wreck of some primeval world—at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahikon.

That man with the dark brow and the darker gray eye flashing with deadly light, with the muscular form clad in the blue hunting-frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the Massacre of Paoli. That other man, with long, black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half-military costume of a Tory refugee. That is the murderer of Paoli, named Dabney.

They had met there in the woods by accident, and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting-knives that flash in the light as they go turning, and twining, and twisting over the green sward.

At last the Tory was down. Down on the green sward with the knee of the Continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light—that dark-gray eye flashing death into his face.

"Quarter—I yield!" gasped the Tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast—"Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother!" said the Patriot soldier, in that low, deep tone of deadly hate—"My brother cried for 'quarter' on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart! Oh, I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate.

He paused for a moment and then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning black and ashy by turns as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife—a child—spare me!"

Then the Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth:

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli that wife was a widow, those children were orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

This proposal, made by the Continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror-stricken Tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children to have the pitiful privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought the patriot soldier consented; he bound the Tory's arms yet tighter, placed him on the rock again—led him up to the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on their eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there a matronly woman of thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep, dark eye, and long, black hair hanging in disheveled flakes about her shoulders.

On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years; on the other a little girl one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on that mother's knee.

And then that pale-faced Tory flung himself upon his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, but begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me for the sake of my wife—my child!"

He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart—but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord shall judge between us," she said in a cold, icy tone that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! the Bible lays open upon my knee. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die."

This was a strange proposal, made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time.

For a moment the Tory kneeling there, livid as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then in a faltering voice he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed the Great Father to direct the finger of her son; she closed the Bible; she handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer.

He took the Bible—opened its holy pages at random—placed his finger on a verse.

Then there was silence.

Then that Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips.

Then the culprit kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice the widow read this line from the Old Testament—it was short, yet terrible:

"THAT MAN SHALL DIE!"

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart, but the Tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents; there is an awful pause.

With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, that little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee—she turns her laughing face away—she places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper.

The deep-drawn breath of the brother, the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the silence. The widow and dark-eyed boy are breathless.

That little girl, unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the horror of the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At last gathering courage the widow bent her eyes to the page and read. It was a line from the New Testament:

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

Ah! that moment was sublime!

Oh! awful Book of God, in whose dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well or wandering by the waves of dark Galilee. Oh! awful Book, shining to-night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home, the glory of that mechanic's shop—shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lightening the way to God even over that dread gibbet. Oh! Book of terrible majesty and child-like love, of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe, of beauty that melts the heart with rapture, you never shone more strangely beautiful than there, in the lonely cot of the Wissahikon, when you saved that murderer's life!

For—need I tell you?—that murderer's life was saved! That widow recognized the finger of God—even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven!

That very night, as the widow sat by her lonely hearth—her orphans by her side—sat there with crushed heart and hot eyeballs, thinking of her husband who now lay moldering on the blood-drenched sod of Paoli, there was a tap at the door.

She opened the door, and—that husband living, though covered with many wounds, was in her arms!

He had fallen at Paoli—but not in death. He was alive; his wife lay panting on his breast.

That night there was prayer in that wood-embowered cot of the Wissahikon.

Lippard had a profound reverence for those noble Preachers of the Gospel who carried their religion into the battle-field, and who not only ministered consolation to dying soldiers, but could wield a stout sword in their country's defense:

THE PREACHER-GENERAL.

It was a beautiful picture, that quaint old country church, with its rustic steeple

and gray walls, nestling there in the center of a green valley, with the blue sky above and a grass-grown graveyard all around it.

It was indeed a fine old church that Chapel of St. John, and in the quietude of the summer noon, when not a cloud marred the surface of the heavens, not a breeze ruffled the repose of the graveyard grass. It seemed like a place where holy men might pray and praise, without an earthly care, a worldly thought.

The valley itself was beautiful, one of the fairest of the green valleys of the Old Dominion. A slope of meadow dotted with trees, a stream of clear, cold water winding along its verge under the shadow of gray rocks; to the east a waving mass of woodland; to the west a chain of rolling hills, with the blue tops of the Alleghanies seen far away. Was it not a lovely valley, with the quaint old church smiling in its lap like a Pilgrim who, having journeyed afar, came here to rest for a while, amid green fields and swelling hills?

It was a Sabbath noon, in the dark time of the Revolution. Fear was abroad in the land, yet here to the good old church came young and old, rich and poor, to listen to the words of life and break the bread of God.

Yonder, under the rude shed, you may see the wagon of the farmer and the carriage of the rich man, or looking along this line of trees you may behold the saddled horses waiting for their masters. All is silent without the church; a deep solemnity rests upon the Sabbath hour.

Within—ah! here is indeed an impressive spectacle. Through the deep-silled windows pours the noonday sun, softened by the foliage of trees. Above is the dark ceiling supported by heavy rafters; yonder the altar, with the cross and sacred letters—I. H. S.—gleaming in the light; and all around you behold the earnest faces of the crowded assemblage.

The prayers have been said—those prayers of the Episcopal Church which, gathered from the Book of God, flow forever in a fountain of everlasting beauty in ten thousand hearts—the prayers have been said, the hymn-notes have died away, and now every voice is hushed, every face is stamped with a marble stillness.

A few moments pass, and then behold this picture:

Old men and young maidens are kneeling around the altar—yes, the forms of robust manhood and mature womanhood are prostrate there. Along the railing, which describes a crescent around the altar, they throng with heads bent low and hands clasped fervently.

They are about to drink the Wine of the Redeemer—to eat the Bread of God.

Is it not a lovely scene? The white hairs of the old men, the brown tresses of the young girls, the sun-burnt visages of those well-formed young men, the calm faces of the matrons, all touched by the flitting sunbeam.

Look! amid that throng a dusty negro kneels, his swarthy visage seen amid the pale faces of his white brethren.

All is silent in the church. Those who do not come to the altar kneel in reverence, and yonder you may see the slaves clustering beside the church-porch, with uncovered heads and forms bent in prayer.

All is silent in the church, and the Sacrament begins.

The Preacher stands there within the railing, with the silver goblet gleaming in one hand, while the other extends the plate of consecrated bread.

His tall form, clad in the flowing robes of his office, towers erect far above the heads of the kneeling men and women, while his bold countenance, with high brow and clear,

dark eyes, strikes you with an impression of admiration. He is a noble-looking man, with an air of majesty without pride, intellect without vanity, devotion without cant.

Tell me, as he moves along yonder dispensing the wine and bread, while his deep, full voice fills the church with the holy words of the Sacrament—tell me does he not honor his great office, this Preacher of noble look and gleaming eyes?

Look! how fair hands are reached forth to grasp the cup, how manly heads bow low as the bread of life passes from lip to lip! Not much whining here, not much strained mockery of devotion, but in every face you see the tokens of a sincere and honest religion.

The Preacher passes along, bending low as he places the goblet to the red lips of yonder maiden or extends the bread to the white-haired man by her side. Meanwhile his sonorous voice fills the church:

——*And as they were eating,* JESUS *took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body.*

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins.——

As you gaze upon the scene a holy memory seizes upon your soul.

The quiet church, the earnest faces of the spectators, the sunlight stealing through the deep-silled windows, over the group of kneeling men and women who, in this time of blood and war, have met to celebrate the Supper of the Lord, the tall Preacher passing before the altar, the goblet gleaming in his hand—this is the scene which is now present with you.

The memory?

Ah, that is of a far-gone day, some seventeen centuries ago, when in the fragrant chamber of Jerusalem Jesus looked around with his eyes of eternal love, and shared the cup and bread with his faithful Eleven, while beloved John looked silently into his face and black-browed Judas scowled at his shoulder. Yes, the memory seizes upon you now, and you hear his tones, you see his face—the low, deep tones flowing with eternal music—the face of Godhead, with its eyes of unutterable beauty.

Now the Sacrament is over, yet still the men and women are kneeling there.

The Preacher advances and stands in front of his people, with the silver cup in his hand. A slight breeze ruffles the folds of his robes and tosses his dark hair back from his brow.

He is about to speak on a subject of deep interest, for his lip is compressed, his brow wears a look of gloom. Every man, woman, and child in that crowded church listens intently for his first word; the negroes come crowding around the church-porch, the communicants look up from their prayers.

The words of the Preacher were uttered in a tone that thrilled every heart:

"There is a time to preach, to pray, to fight!" He paused, looking from face to face with his flashing eyes.

"The time to preach is gone, the time to pray is past, the time to fight has come!"

You could see his stature dilate, his eye fire, as he thundered through the church—"*the time to fight has come!*"

The silver goblet shook in his quivering hands. With one impulse the congregation started to their feet. With the same movement the kneeling communicants arose. These strange words burned like fire-coals at every heart.

"Yes," thundered the Preacher, "yes, my brethren, when we preach again it must

be with the sword by our side, when we pray it must be with the rifle in our hands! I say the time to fight has come! for at this hour your land is red with innocent blood pourëd forth by the hirelings of the British King. For at this moment the voices of dead men call from the battle-fields, and call to you! They call you forth to the defense of your homes, your wives, and little ones! At this moment, while the noonday sun falls calmly on your faces, the voices of your brothers in arms pierce this lonely valley, and bid you seize the rifle for your country and your God!"

Bold words these, majestic the bearing of the Preacher, fierce as flame-coals his look, eloquent his ringing voice.

A deep murmur swelled through the church—a wild, ominous sound—and then all was still again.

"My brethren, we have borne this massacre long enough. Now our country, our God, our dead brethren call on us. Now our wives look in our faces and wonder why we delay to seize the sword, nay, our little ones appeal to us for protection against the robber and assassin. Come, my friends, I have preached with you, prayed with you, I have eaten the Saviour's body and drank his blood. Now, by the blessing of God, I will lead you to battle. Come, in the name of that country which now bleeds beneath the invader's feet—in the name of the dead who gave their lives in this holy cause—in the name of the God who made you, and the Saviour who redeemed you—I say, come! To arms! The time to fight is here!"

Did you ever see the faces of a crowd change, like the hues of the ocean in a storm? Did you ever hear the low, deep moaning of that ocean when the storm is about to break over its bosom?

Then you may have some idea of the wild agitation which ran like electric fire through this quaint old Chapel of St. John, as the preacher stood erect, with the goblet held in his extended hand, his brow flushed with a warm glow, and his eyes gleaming fire.

"The time to fight is here!" he said, as with a sudden movement he flung his sacerdotal robe from his form, and stood disclosed before his congregation arrayed in warrior costume.

Yes, from head to foot his proud form was clad in the blue uniform of the Continental host, while the pistols protruded from his belt and the sword shone by his side.

At that sight a murmur arose, a wild hurra shook the church.

"To arms!" arose like thunder on the Sabbath air.

And then there was one wild impulse quivering through each manly breast, as though each heart beat with the same pulsation. They came rushing forward, those robust forms; they clustered around the altar, eagerly reaching forth their hands to sign the paper which the Preacher laid upon the Sacramental table. In that crowd were old men with white hair, and boys with beardless chins, all moved by the impulse of the hour. The women, too, were there urging their brothers, their husbands, to sign their names to the Preacher's muster-roll, and become soldiers for their country and their God.

The sunlight fell over the wild array of faces glowing with emotion, and revealed the light forms of the women passing through the crowd, while the Preacher stood alone, with the paper in one hand and his good sword in the other.

Softly came the summer breeze through the windows; brilliantly in the sunlight glittered the cross and the holy letters—I. H. S. Still the Preacher stood there, that proud flash upon his brow, that deep satisfaction gleaming from his dark eye.

"Now," said he, gazing upon the stout forms which encompassed him like a wall, "now let us pray God's blessing upon our swords."

As one man they knelt.

The Preacher, attired as he was in the blue and buff uniform, knelt in their midst, clasping his sword in his hand, while his deep voice arose in prayer to God.

Now, these extracts—which give a fair idea—nothing more—of Lippard's habitual style, constitute the best answer we can give to critical objurgations. If they contain "treason" against the English language, Lippard might well say in defiance, "make the most o'nt."

Do our readers notice the resemblance between portions of Lippard's writings and the lyrical parts of the Old Testament? The characteristic of Hebrew poetry is its parallelism—that is, the same idea or shade of thought is expressed twice in the same verse. The first portion puts the thought in one light, and the latter portions another light, but the thought is essentially the same. All the biblical bards abound in examples. We take an illustration from that eloquent description of the war-horse in Job:

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

Note the duplication of the idea in each passage. It is conveyed in two forms, balancing as upon a pivot in the middle of the sentence.

Now read these paragraphs picked almost at random from Lippard's writings:

Let us kneel, let us worship here, for the Carpenter of Nazareth comes near us, clad in the garments of toil, yet with the Godhead beaming serenely from his radiant brow.

Here in this desert he has wandered forty days and forty nights. Not a crust has passed those lips, not a cup of water moistened that throat, whose beautiful outline is seen above the collar of his coarse garb.

Here he has dwelt for forty days companioned by day with silence, by night with the stars, at all times by an Almighty presence, shining unutterable images of beauty into his soul.

Ah, in this time his heart has throbbed for man; yes, in the workshop, degraded by oppression in the mine, burdened by the chain, in the field with the hot sun pouring over his brow, still Man his Brother!

Yes, beneath the calm light of the stars, amid the silence of noonday, at twilight when the long shadows of the palms rested upon the bosom of the Dead Sea, has his great mission come home to his soul, calling him with its awful voice to go forth and free his brother.

But lo! he hungers, he thirsts, at last. Where shall he find bread or water? Not from these rocks, covered with rank moss, shall grow the bread that nourishes; not from the dead wave of yonder sea shall the bent palm-leaf be filled with pure water.

Jesus hungers, thirsts; the hot sky is above, the arid earth below. But neither bread nor water meet his gaze.

We do not need to give other examples. Every page of Lippard contains more or less of this Hebraic parallelism.

We do not say that he copied after the Old Testament poetry. But that the perusal of that book in the Hebrew tongue had a strong influence upon his future style we have no doubt.

His pen was nowhere more at home than in his portraitures of woman in her tender relations of lover, wife, and mother. His idea of woman was romantic, chivalric. He was not only a troubadour singing to her praises, but a gallant knight, who might say with Tennyson's "Sir Galahad"—

> "How sweet are looks that ladies bend
> On whom their favors fall!
> For them I battle to the end,
> To save from shame and thrall."

He was their champion. Some of the most eloquent pages in his books are devoted to a denunciation of those miserable crawling creatures, who bring all their energies to the "conquest" of a poor girl, and then boast of it as if it were a splendid victory. For them his pen could never hold gall enough. He evidently believed, of seducers, that they are outlaws from society, and amenable to the first pistol that they meet in the hands of any honest man. It is strange that, whenever an author has the boldness to attack profligacy with an unsparing hand, he is straightway accused of an "immoral tendency." We don't know who first brought this charge against Lippard. It was either the leprous wretches, whom he kicks from one end of his books to the other, or else those malevolent critics who seemed determined to denounce him at any expense of truth and honor. Certainly Lippard never pandered to vice. There are loathsome worms about society who feast on every exposure of vice, and revel in its rottenness. For them you can draw no moral from any crime, however awful and disgusting. They gloat upon female anguish, and feed upon the tears of beauty in distress. Such spawns of humanity might have found a filthy delight in some of Lippard's pages

But to all honest people they are full of moral teachings, and bring home, with a terrible force, the question, Why should not the betrayal of an innocent woman be placed among the worst crimes of society? why should it any longer be regarded (in some States of this Union) as a mere bagatelle—a venial gallantry, to be laughed at by juries and expiated by a paltry fine? None but a pure-minded man could write like this:

In some old book of mysticism and superstition, I have read this wild legend, which, mingling as it does the terrible with the grotesque, has still its meaning and its moral.

In the sky, far, far above the earth—so the legend runs—there hangs an awful bell, invisible to mortal eye, which angel hands alone may toll, which is never tolled save when the unpardonable sin is committed on earth, and then its judgment peal rings out like the blast of the archangel's trumpet, breaking on the ear of the criminal, and on his ear alone, with a sound that freezes his blood with horror. The peal of the bell, hung in the azure depths of space, announces to the guilty one, that he is an outcast from God's mercy forever, that his crime can never be pardoned while the throne of the Eternal endures; that in the hour of death his soul will be darkened by the hopeless prospect of an eternity of woe; woe without limit, despair without hope; the torture of the never-dying worm, and the unquenchable flame, forever and forever.

Reader! did the sound of the judgment bell, pealing with one awful toll from the invisible air, break over the soul of the libertine as in darkness and in silence he stood shuddering over the victim of his crime?

If in the books of the last day there shall be found written down but *one unpardonable* crime, that crime will be known as the foul wrong accomplished in the gaudy Rose Chamber of Monk-hall by the wretch who now stood trembling in the darkness of the place while his victim lay senseless at his feet.

There is an inspiration about that malediction. It must have been honestly said. And there is good poetry in it as well.

We confess to liking this study from nature, for it evidently *is one*. It introduces "the Conclusion" of "The Quaker City:"

In a deep forest wild a maiden form bent over a spring of clear, cold water, which bubbled upward from among a mass of green leaves, near the foot of a giant oak. She bent down on the velvet moss, while the green leaves of shrubbery encircling her on every side, and the thick branches of trees meeting overhead in a canopy of verdure, made the place seem like a fairy bower of some olden story.

She bent down over the spring, not with a cup or a goblet in her hand, but with a white lily trembling in her delicate fingers, as its petals dipped gently into the waters. Those waters, so clear, so cold, so tranquil, reflected the outlines of a fair young face, the gleam of two mild blue eyes, the graceful flow of light brown hair, tossed gently on the summer-air. As she gazed into this living mirror, a single ray of sunlight fell quivering from the canopy overhead, and trembled on the bosom of the spring, while a smile stole over the maiden's face. It was a smile, but sad and mournful as a

knell; it was a smile, but gloomy as a sunbeam falling over the grave of youth and beauty.

Suddenly the maiden uprose from her kneeling posture. She placed the lily on her bosom, and with a light step threaded the mazes of a winding path that led around the trunks of colossal trees, over the softly tufted moss, and beneath the shade of leafy branches. Now the strain of some wild and melancholy song burst from her lips, and now with her blue eyes upturned, she gazed vacantly upon a glimpse of the blue heavens, murmuring strange words to herself all the while. Again she bounded on her way, until dashing a mass of green leaves aside, she stood upon the brow of a gentle hill, with the summer wind playing among her dark-brown tresses, while her blue eyes shone with a calm and holy delight.

A calm sheet of water, embosomed in the crest of the mountain, with banks high and rugged, clothed with forest trees, or gentle and sloping, crowned with soft and luxuriant shrubbery, a calm sheet of water, with its stainless depths resting in the smile of the summer sky, like a sleeping child beneath its mother's gaze! Such was the vision that burst on the delighted eye of the maiden, while her ears were soothed by the melody of the wood-bird's song, mingling with the murmur of a brooklet, echoing from the bosom of the shrubbery around the foot of the knoll, as it sank gently into the waters of the mountain lake.

The maiden gazed upon this scene of calm loveliness, while a mournful expression stole over her face, as though some memory of the past came sadly to her soul.

Arising from the center of a fair garden that bloomed over the slope of a glade, declining gently to the water's brink, a cottage, overshadowed by a grove of forest trees, with vines trailing round its arching windows, and winding walks leading down to the lake, broke on the maiden's eye like a vision of a happy home, reared by the hands of love in the solitude of the wilderness. The cottage, two stories in height, with arching windows and a steep, gabled roof, arose from a flowery knoll not more than a hundred yards from the spot where the maiden stood.

The faint yellow hue of the cottage walls was in beautiful contrast with the verdure of the vines trailing round its windows, the deep green of the branches waving above its roof, the brown graveled paths of the garden, or the beds of flowers scattered all around, with the sunbeams gleaming over rose and lily, as they waved gently to the summer air.

Suddenly the sound of footsteps came faintly to the maiden's ear. Turning toward the forest, she beheld two forms advancing along a wide graveled walk, which sloped down toward the knoll, with the interwoven branches forming a verdant arch overhead. A fair girl supported the arm of an aged woman, whose tall form, clad in deep black, was in strong contrast with the light figure at her side, also attired in robes of sable. They came slowly along the walk; they perceived the form of the maiden clad in light robes; in a moment they reached her side.

"We have lost our way in the forest, miss," cried the aged lady, gazing upon the beautiful face of the girl with an expression of wonder mingled with admiration. "In company with a party of our friends, we left the valley of Wyoming this morning, with the intention of enjoying the free air of these mountains. But having missed our friends, we are forced to ask you to direct us to the road which leads from the forest—"

The maiden in robes of white made no reply. Her blue eyes were enchained by the face of the maiden who accompanied the aged lady. With slow footsteps she ad-

vanced to her side, she laid her hands gently on her shoulders, and with a wild gaze perused each feature of her beautiful countenance. She was indeed beautiful as a dream. Waving tresses of auburn hair, mingling the purple dyes of sunset with the deep black of midnight, relieved a fair countenance whose pale brow was impressed with an expression of deep sadness, whose dark-hazel eyes were full of thoughtful sorrow.

There they stood gazing in each other's faces, those two images of youth and loveliness, while the aged dame looked from countenance to countenance with an expression of mute wonder.

Now for a pretty little Crayon sketch of an old-time landlady. Pity the race is so nearly extinct.

And in a moment "Betsey," the proprietor of the roadside cottage, appeared in the doorway, holding a bowl of fragrant October in her hand.

Betsey was by no means old, or thin, or ugly. A bouncing dame of some thirty-five years, with very small bright eyes shining in a face round as the full moon, and blooming as a garden of roses. Her capacious bust was enveloped in a snow-white handkerchief, and her dark linsey skirt descending but half way below the knee, left exposed to view a pair of ankles which, encased in home-spun stockings, seemed altogether too slender for her luxuriant form. Her feet, too, enveloped in coarse leather shoes, did not seem at all adapted to bear the weight of so much substantial womanhood, and as for her hands, small and white and fat, with dimples sprinkled all over the joints, they were altogether too diminutive in comparison with her arms, which, bared from the shoulder, showed their clear skin and full, round outline freely to the sunlight.

On Betsey's chestnut-brown hair, parted neatly over her full-moon face, a small muslin cap nestled like a bird in its nest; her cheeks, her chin, her neck—whiter even than the snowy handkerchief which bound her bust—were scattered with dimples, every one of which laughed like a sunbeam.

Betsey was a widow; she sheltered her sorrows in the cottage by the roadside; in the winter she knitted and spun, and helped the neighbors on festival occasions; in the summer she bloomed and flourished like a bee in its hive, or the seed in an apple, selling "Bier and Sider" to thirsty villagers or dusty travelers.

Lippard's heroines are mostly tender, trusting creatures. They are not celebrated for any profound discoveries in the domain of woman's rights, and are not much given to heroic deeds. He loved to portray gentle, confiding creatures—too often betrayed by the excess of their artlessness. But now and then he departs from this rule and gives us, for instance,

THE HERO-WOMAN.

In the shadows of the Wissahikon woods, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood, in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palisaded wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores—as a block-house, intended for defense against the Indians.

And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square

windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly-built gate: it stood in the midst of the wood, with age-worn trees inclosing its veteran outline on every side.

From its western window you might obtain a glimpse of the Schylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly-clustered boughs, into a deep hollow not more than one hundred yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy summer days which look in upon the dreary autumn toward the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilating eyes and half-clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south and listen with painful intensity for the slightest sound! Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father, a grim old veteran—he stood six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red-coat invaders in many a desperate contest, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of brave farmers about to join the hosts of freedom. Even as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there, not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement, she listened with every nerve quivering with suspense, to the shouts of combatants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that inclosed her and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair waving in glossy masses around her face!

Suddenly the shouts to the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running at full speed, yet every few paces turning round to fire the rifle which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window. He reaches the block-house gate! Look! He is surrounded; their muskets are leveled at his head; he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again! He dashes his foes aside; with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked. The British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high walls of logs and stones and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his gray hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood-dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior preparing for his death-struggle.

Death-struggle? Yes; for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments longer and they would be reinforced by a strong party of ref-

ugees; the powder, the arms in the old block-house, perhaps that daughter herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a deperate fight.

"We must bluff off these rascals!" he said, with a grim smile, turning to his child. "Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle do you hand me another, and so on until the whole eight shots are fired! That will keep them on the other side of the wall for a few moments, at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest!"

Look down there, and see a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece—that British trooper falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads!

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British bravoes are somewhat loth to try that wall when a stout old "Rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window! There is a pause—low, deep murmurs—they are holding a council!

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once. Hark! One—two—three! The old veteran has fired three shots; there are three dying men groveling in the yard beneath the shadow of the wall.

"Quick, Bess, the rifles!"

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp. There are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fell back like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red-coat is seen slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired; the old man stands there, in that second-story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle. At this moment, the wounded and dying band below are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half-robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and with one bound are leaping for the summit of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, my rifle!"

And look there, even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes, the brave girl—for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a Hero-Woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another and another. Wasn't that a beautiful sight! A fair young girl, grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again! The refugees are clambering over its summit—again that fatal aim—again a horrid cry—and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look! A smoke rises there; a fire blazes up around the wall. They have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and lock will be burnt from their sockets; the passage will be free! Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial. While his brave daughter loads he continues to fire with that deadly aim, but now—oh, horror! He falls, he falls, with a musket-ball driven into his breast——the daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as, with the blood spouting from his wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture!

That old man, writhing there on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's gray hairs,

while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim back-ground to the scene.

Now hark! The sound of axes at the hall door—shouts—hurrahs—curses.

"We have the old rebel at last!"

The old man raises his head at that sound; makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle, and then falls back again, his eyes glaring as the fierce pain of that wound quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder-keg, and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments; they are in possession of the old block-house; they are rushing toward that chamber with murder in their hearts and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl—grown suddenly white as the 'kerchief round her neck—stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder-keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the doorway, with muskets in their hands, grim faces stained with blood glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into words, that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deathly light, utters this short, yet meaning, speech:

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold! Embrued as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men in the simple words of that young girl who stands there with the rifle laid against the powder-keg.

They stood as if spell-bound on the threshold of that chamber.

At last, one bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half concealed in a thick red beard, grasps his musket and levels it at the young girl's breast!

"Stand back, or by —— I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm: the bravo advances a step and then starts back. The sharp "*click*" of the rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come, daughter, kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face for I am getting cold. Oh, dark and cold!"

Look! As those trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue these fingers unloose their hold of the rifle; already the troopers are secure of one victim at least, a young and beautiful girl—for affection for her father is mastering the heroism of the moment. Look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger; again she clutches the rifle; again—although her father's dying accents are in her ears—stands there, prepared to scatter that house in ruins if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few brief terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle shot and the light of rifle blaze; then those ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong

arms of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that Hero-Woman—with one bound, springs forward into her brother's arms and nestles there, while her dead father, his form yet warm, lays with fixed eyeballs upon the floor.

Lippard visited New York in the fall of that year and made arrangements with the Messrs. Burr, then publishers of the "National Democrat," to act as literary editor of that paper, upon a handsome salary. While he filled that position he wrote numerous sketches upon the exhaustless subject of New York Life, in its manifold marvelous phases. They were characterized by all the fine scene-painting pathos and satire of his former works, and were very favorably received by the public.

During his residence in this city, Mr. Lippard lived in the house of his friend, Heman Burr. Mr. Burr informs us that, at this time, Lippard was much given to fits of abstraction and meditation. He would sit pondering, alone, for hours. He occasionally hinted at new schemes for the amelioration of mankind. He was evidently evolving some great and novel plan of social reform. We have not been able to learn *what* it was. He did not talk about it very freely. But we judge from all we can gather, that Lippard, in the last year of his life, was passing through a great mental change which, had he lived, would have been the turning point of his career.

Even the enemies of our author must admire his persistence and energy of purpose. What had *he* to live for—who to cheer him, help him, sympathize with him—that *he*, whose whole youth had been spent in toil, should be entering upon new projects of social reformation? Had he been spared, we believe he would have done more and better things than in the early part of his career.

He resumed his residence in Philadelphia in the spring of 1853. He was much fatigued in body and mind with his labors while in New York, and for several weeks following performed very little literary labor, if we except some finishing touches to his "Upper Ten and Lower Million." He began to feel about this time some premonitions of the disease which within a year from that time was to lay him in the grave. This presentiment gradually settled into a fixed belief. He wrote to a friend in Cleveland, speaking of his illness, and in the course of the letter made the prediction, that he should not live a year from the date, June 25th, 1853.

We quote the closing passages of this letter: "My health in general is good, but I have '*that within me which passeth show*'—in other words,

I am sentenced to death by consumption. If this impression prove incorrect, I will be the first to acknowledge it, a year from to-day; and if it don't, you will acknowledge that I spoke truly. It is an ugly word to say, and I hate to see it on paper, to say nothing of writing it, but I am making my last march; a year hence your friend will be among those who *have been*.

"I wish to go to Lake Superior, and spend a part of the summer there. To see Niagara again—once more. To see Ohio again. And if my means favor, I will do this. After thirty years in this world, I naturally wish to enjoy my last summer, and bid to it a kindly good-bye. Pardon, if I have said that which will make you sad—but I write as I feel, and—there is no evading the truth. It is as I have said.

"In brotherhood,

"GEORGE LIPPARD."

The reader will notice that in these singular—almost prophetic passages (of which we give an engraved copy, after the autograph elsewhere)—Lippard speaks of his disease as the consumption. He afterward, as we shall see, erroneously supposed it to be an affection of the liver.

His friend replied to this letter, making suggestions to facilitate the proposed trip to Lake Superior.

Lippard, in pursuance of this plan, came on to Cleveland for the third time in the early part of the summer of that year. His appearance, at that time, did not indicate the fearful ravages that disease was making in his system. He looked as well as at any time for three years, and had lost little or none of his old cheerfulness. He rarely spoke of his illness, and then generally when some one else introduced the subject. He disliked to converse about it, probably out of regard to the feelings of his friends. We do not believe that he indulged any fixed hope of recovery.

He seems to have enjoyed his visit to Lake Superior very much. The air of that region—in the summer—is delightfully fresh and bracing. It is almost always on the move, sweeping through the straits, or blowing from distant shores, or gathering in bays and coves and breathing a benediction of health over land and water. The sky is obscured by no miasmatic vapors, or smoke belched from huge chimneys. Islands far distant from you stand out with clear, sharp outlines of hills, and rocks, and trees. The twilight hangs on so late in the evening, that you can read a newspaper in the open air, without much trouble, at nine or ten o'clock; and the morning begins to brighten in the sky two hours after midnight.

The water of Lake Superior and the upper part of Huron is so transparent that of a calm day you can see the mossy rocks down twenty or thirty feet, and fishes playing sportively in and out of them. The hills encircling the shores are covered with a thick growth of balsams, upon whose soft, green curves, swelling like a succession of little hills back to the horizon, the eye rests with delight. All outward things conspire to rejoice the heart.

None of these natural beauties escaped the quick eye of Lippard. He was of course charmed with them, and had he been a younger and still ambitious man, he would have charmed us in turn with glowing descriptions of scenery, or made a new lot of thrilling legends, founded upon the Indian traditions of the Lakes. But no such idea entered his head, or if it did, was dismissed as an idle dream. He spent most of his time at the Sault Ste Marie, a pleasant little village upon the river of that name, which connects lakes Superior and Huron. He passed his hours here much as all visitors do, walking, sailing, fishing, chatting, and sleeping (and oh! such fine, sound sleep as you get there). As usual, he formed any number of pleasant acquaintances, upon the shortest possible notice, and was the center of many a delighted group, who listened to his lively and sportive conversation.

The most important incident of his trip was a descent of the Falls, which he achieved in a frail canoe, in company with several friends. These Falls (or Rapids) pour down from Lake Superior through a channel over half a mile wide, sloping about twenty-two feet in the distance of a mile. The speed of the rushing water is about twenty miles an hour. The descent of these tumbling Rapids is full of danger, unless you know the track. It lies among huge, black rocks—some lifting their heads audaciously above the torrent—others lying deceitfully beneath it, and only now and then revealed by the hollow of the waves. The trip is usually performed with a birch bark boat, guided by two Indians. One stands at the bow with a pole to keep the "cockle shell" off the rocks, while the other, with a like implement, prevents it from swinging round with the current. It is surprising to see "the Aborigines" guide one of these little things over this "hell of waters." They stand like statues, their lank, black hair floating about their temples, their sharp, black eyes flashing all around them in quest of danger. They move their long poles from this side to that with marvelous rapidity, and save your life from imminent peril about a dozen times a minute. All this while they utter nothing but an occasional guttural sound, as they exchange directions or execrations with each other. Passengers are expected, during this criti-

cal performance, to sit still in the bottom of the boat, unless they desire to be tipped into the other world. This was a great event in Lippard's quiet life, and must have produced a whirl of sensations in his active brain.

He remained a week or two in this interesting region, with a slight improvement in his health, we believe. The disease which, without his knowledge, was sapping away his very life-blood, had probably made too much headway to be stayed by any earthly power. His condition was, however, as we have said, slightly improved; but he soon caught a cold, and relapsed again.

Lippard reached Philadelphia in the month of September, taking Cleveland on his way back, and visiting several other places in Ohio at the request of friends. His cough perceptibly increased all this time. Arriving home, however, instead of putting himself under medical advice, he began to devote considerable of his time to writing. He commenced furnishing "Scott's Weekly" with a series of legends mostly treating of the French Revolution of the last century, to which he had paid much attention. He also made a bargain with the "Philadelphia Sunday Mercury" to write a story called "Eleanor, or Slave-Catching in the Quaker City," of which he gave in regular portions up to the time of his death.

He resided at this period in Apple Street, about a mile and a half from the center of the city. This distance he used to walk every day. He preferred this means of locomotion on account of the healthy exercise; and then, again, he had a perfect horror of omnibuses, and never could be coaxed into one upon ordinary occasions.

One of his earliest acts after visiting Philadelphia was to visit the graves of his wife, children, and sister, situated several miles from the city. He performed the journey on foot, and remained about the sad spot in solemn communion with the dead for one whole day. It was with him no ostentatious show of grief—for other people to talk about and wonder at—but the expression of a sincere and heart-rending sorrow in which he found a sweet relief. It was the pious pilgrimage of a bereaved love.

His cough grew worse by slow degrees, and early in October he began to sink under it. The first serious exhibition of the disease occurred at the house of one of his intimate friends—Mr. E. E. Barclay, the publisher, who resided at that time in South Seventh Street. He had been often in the habit of calling at his (Mr. B.'s) before his return home in the evening. On the occasion referred to he complained of being very

unwell. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay very kindly attended to his wants, and in the morning, after a good night's rest, he returned in a carriage to his house in Apple Street, in company with Mr. B.

Mr. Lippard had before this called on a physician and procured a vial of medicine, prescribed for an affection of the bronchial tubes ; but in general he had cared little for medical advice. At this crisis he began to look upon his case as more serious, and another physician was sent for to come to his house. He did so, and prepared a prescription for the liver complaint. Mr. Lippard insisted that he was suffering under that disease. He was confident of it, for the reason, among others, that his father died of the same malady.

He took the prescription, but without any visible change. It is doubtful whether any medicine would have effected any good at that juncture. Lippard did little or nothing to assist the success of its operation. Above all things he needed perfect quiet ; but he could not *be* quiet, though his life were at stake, and he knew it. His mind could not endure the prison-house of silence enjoined upon a sick chamber. Numerous friends called upon him to inquire after his health, and Lippard entered actively as ever into conversation with them. He would talk, discuss, and argue with all his old fiery vehemence of language and gesture. A friend relates an instance in which Lippard became fiercely engaged in one of these controversies. He spoke in a loud key, and his voice seemed for a few moments to be as powerful as formerly ; but the effort was too much for him. His frame reeled under it, and he was compelled to sit down from exhaustion.

And when alone, his imagination wandered away into that wonderful region in which he so much loved to revel. He filled solitude with images. He lived over again, in fancy, the happy and better hours of the past, or he conjured up strange romances without any design of writing, but merely for his own mental gratification. He could have turned a hermit's cell into a place of enchantment. After about a fortnight's confinement to his house, he thought himself strong enough to venture into the open air. In company with Mr. Barclay, he rode out to the Lamb Tavern, in the outskirts of the city. He enjoyed the trip very much. He little thought that his next journey would be to the grave. He was never able to leave the house after the excursion to the Lamb Tavern.

In a letter to Heman Burr, Esq., of New York, dated October 18th, 1853, we find this expression :

" And I have not written, mainly because I did not wish to write a

gloomy letter, and if I write the truth I can not write any thing but a gloomy letter. For my days are numbered, Heman, and I do not complain of it, but wish that it were well and safely over."

Among the visitors to his house were Mrs. French, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Gordon, of Philadelphia, (both Spiritualists), who called upon him one day to inquire into his condition. Mrs. French brought a bottle of medicine which, she said, had been prescribed by the spirits specially for his case. She mentioned several instances in which prescriptions of similar origin had been taken with success. Lippard's reply was characteristic of the man. He pointed to a small bust of Christ which stood upon the mantle and said, "That's the spirit I believe in." And it was no melodramatic remark, but the confession of a soul already touched with the shadows of another world.

Mrs. French not only assured him that the medicine was offered free of expense, but inquired with much kindness whether he was in need of pecuniary relief. Lippard promptly replied that he was not.

We will add here, that he was very much annoyed by paragraphs (well meant, of course) going the busy round of the newspapers to the effect that he was in needy circumstances. This was not the case. His house in Apple Street was a commodious three-story building. It was amply provided with good furniture and neatly carpeted. It was occupied by himself, his two aunts (whom he had furnished with a home for many years), and a nurse who attended him in his sickness. The services of this nurse were paid for by Gen. Dillar, father of Henry Dillar, Esq., now deceased, one of the dearest friends of Lippard's younger days. No reasonable comfort was wanting, and the path of the dying man was smoothed by many a little luxury. He had money enough to meet all his wants, and some to spare. His friends in different parts of the country, on hearing of his illness, had promptly forwarded handsome contributions without solicitation. He had, also, during a greater part of his illness, written upon the story of "Eleanor," which yielded him a considerable sum. And he had also made something out of his Legends of the French Revolution. His friends about Philadelphia were ready and anxious to do all that lay in their power. So far from being poor, he may be said to have died in very comfortable worldly circumstances.

The medicine left him by Mrs. French he would probably have taken but for the advice of his physician.

Lippard's study, in which he spent most of the time during his illness, was a very pleasant, neatly furnished room. It was large, airy, carpeted, and contained a wood stove, two tables, a sofa, and several chairs. Upon the table at which he wrote were piled several books—favorites of his. Among them was a large copy of the Bible finely bound in *papier maché*. A bust of Christ (as we have already said) graced the mantle, and several statues mounted on pedestals added to the tasteful appearance of the room. It did not front upon the street, and was altogether a very quiet, delightful retreat for an author. Lippard was much attached to this apartment, and used to spend most of the day in it. He disliked to be confined to his bed, which stood in another part of the house, and never remained there whenever he had strength enough to get out of it.

His condition during the latter part of his illness is disclosed in a letter to Mrs. Amelia Burr, dated January 20th, 1854. In it he writes:

I am very weak. The Dr. says he can raise me. I think him sincere. My trouble is not on the lungs, but with the liver. I have been a prisoner in my room for about six weeks. The good God hath bountifully favored me in regard to money: I have enough, although, it is true, I wrote a book after I was sick, which prostrated me. I do wonder if I will get well; or if this is my last illness!

Pray for me, Amelia, to God and Christ.

For some weeks before his death Lippard gradually faded away. Though his limbs were much shrunken, his face, however, preserved much of its manly beauty and symmetry. This was probably owing to its strong, bony structure. In spite of the evidences of his approaching dissolution, Lippard, at times, expected to survive. He cared little for life. His loves were in another world; his hopes all there; his thoughts all tended thither; and in many of his most serious moments we believe he would have trusted the issue of his illness to the toss of a penny. But he still expected at times to live. We know that about a fortnight before his death he talked of procuring a new velvet vest to be worn when he was emancipated from the sick chamber. It is a curious fact that Lippard, long before he was prostrated with sickness, used to speak more confidently of his death than afterward. We have already quoted the prediction in his letter to a friend that he should not survive a year from June, 1853. He was in the habit of making similar remarks to others. He told Mr. Barclay, on several occasions before his illness, that he should die in March of 1854.

Lippard's "ruling passion was strong in death." He wrote the story of "Eleanor," as we have seen, after he was stricken down with disease. The excitement and fatigue of composition were so great that his physician prohibited indulgence in it. But Lippard's love of his darling occupation could not be suppressed. It took another shape. He procured drawing-paper, bound it in a book form, and sketched a story in pictures. He had an admirable, but uncultivated, talent for penciling. Among the sketches which a friend remembers who saw this pictorial tale, was one of Lippard's wife, which Lippard assured him was correct. He worked slyly at this last novel literary undertaking up to the very day before his death. He had completed, at that time, over twenty pictures —or, rather, series of pictures—each group of which answered the purpose, by an easy interpretation, of a chapter.

He kept up the custom of rising every morning and dressing himself. He was not confined to his bed for twenty-four hours in succession. Even on the eighth of February, the day before his death, he was out of bed and dressed as usual.

His death took place at about four o'clock on the morning of February 9th. He had been evidently growing worse through the night. The physician was in attendance until early in the morning, when he retired to snatch a few hours' sleep. Lippard, shortly before he left the room, asked him, "Is this Death?" alluding, probably, to some strange sensation and the premonitory chill of dissolving nature. The doctor made some comforting remark, little suspecting how soon his patient was to pass into "another and a better world." A young lady residing near by was called in to see that the sufferer wanted nothing in the doctor's absence. It was during this time that Lippard died. She was supporting his head, and trying to adjust him in a more easy position, when he gave a prolonged sigh—his breath seeming to leave him in a lingering expiration—and the strange mystery of death was solved!—the glass was no longer darkened—the *other* world was *his* world! No longer need he say, with prophetic fervor——

"We see through a glass darkly, and dim shapes are moving there over the deep ocean of the other world.

"From distant darkness—see! even from that vast and shoreless sea —white hands are lifted beckoning; yes, after all, 'tis only a barrier of frailest glass that separates the present from the other world. Against that frail barrier for ages the waves have been breaking, and their murmurs have been to us whispers of eternal truth.

" We stand in cold and darkness—our hearts bowed—our feet weary —our eyes heavy with much watching—while before us stretches that dim and awful glass, the only barrier that divides us from eternity.

" Now and then, lifting our eyes, we gaze through the darkened glass, and feel some glimpses of the fathomless sea that rolls beyond it.

" We listen—even in weariness and despair—and hear some murmurs from the sounding sea; and many a white form glides by us; and many a word, spoken in some well-remembered tone, floats to us; and then the darkness, no longer dark, is set with islands of living light.

" A sad, yet beautiful, contrast.

" Here—all cold—all weariness—all despair; there—opening deep after deep—groups of happy homes, swarming with happy faces bathed in eternal light; and only a glass barrier is between. Here, wandering children, seeking with blind eagerness some glimpses of THE FATHER's face; there, the wandering child is home again. There, ranged in countless circles, that spread deep after deep through the abysses of eternity, is seen nothing but children gazing in the Father's face.

" Not vague nor transitory is the life of the Other World. It is no dream, but a reality. A reality so beautiful that our hearts, sick with suffering, are frightened at its very beauty. New duties are there, and new life for all of us; and always a brighter future; always golden steps to mount."

The white forms had taken the shapes of his parents, wife, children, and sisters; the murmurs were no longer dim utterances from the sounding sea, but the sweet, familiar tones of his loved ones speaking face to face; he was now, indeed, home again, gazing with timid hope and trust in THE FATHER's face; the golden steps rose before him; he had begun to mount them one by one, and was traversing with clear vision the ascent of Eternity!

An examination of the body was made on the following day. The result disclosed something wholly unexpected. Mr. Lippard's disease was not a complaint of the liver. It was found that one lung was entirely gone, the other shriveled, while the sack about his heart was much softened. He had died of consumption of the lungs. This was the malady whose dread presence he had never seemed to suspect, and yet it had probably been gnawing at his constitution for years. Perhaps the seeds of disease had been in his system from his very youth. Lippard's habitual neglect of the affection when it first began to reveal itself in a cough undoubtedly hastened his death. And so did his nervous, restless

temperament, which chafed under the bits of restraint. But the hand of Death was on him long before he came up to manhood, and it is doubtful—we repeat—whether any remedies or any care could have protracted his life to a very old age.

The last sad offices—the obsequies of the dead—took place on the fourth day after his decease. The funeral showed how widely and deeply Lippard was beloved. Members of the Brotherhood, on receiving intelligence of their bereavement, hastened to Philadelphia to assist in the melancholy rites. Among them were Orsimus L. Drake and Noah Castor, of Ohio, the former the highest officer of the Order in that State, and both long-tried and valued friends of the deceased. His house in Apple Street was thronged with visitors, all anxious to testify to their sorrow in their great common misfortune, and take a last look at the face of their brother and friend. The "flash of wit, the bright intelligence," no longer irradiated his features ; but the fine forehead, the long, dark hair smoothly composed over the brow, the high cheek-bones, the strongly-marked chin, the lineaments of high resolve and purpose, were all there. The expression of his features was characteristic and attractive even in death.

The funeral procession was a very large one. Among those who swelled its ranks were members of the Brotherhood, Free Masons, and Odd Fellows in regalia. A long line of carriages followed, and the sad retinue marched slowly through the streets to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery. Among the multitude were numerous Germans, who had become much attached to Lippard for his persistent and fearless advocacy of Land Reform.

The funeral services were beautifully impressive. They were in accordance with the ritual of the Brotherhood, written by Lippard himself, and abounding in those sweet touches of eloquence, pathos, Christian trust, and resignation that he loved so well to write with a fond, lingering pen. The service was read by E. W. G. Greene, Esq. A ritual of sepulture was also said in German, out of respect to the large body of those present who understood that language ; a prayer was read by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church—and all that was perishable of Lippard was consigned to the tomb. His remains, after reposing for some days in the receiving vault, were buried in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery.

Various suggestions have been made by the friends and admirers of

Lippard relative to the erection of a worthy monument to his memory. We are not aware that any concerted effort has ever been put on foot for this end. It only needs some decided action, we are sure, on the part of the Brotherhood of the Union, for example, to raise a sufficient amount —and that speedily—for the monument. It should be built by contributions, and no sum of money however small should be disdainfully received. The requisite means could be raised from the mites and pennies of men in humble life—poor men—to whom Lippard devoted the best labors of his pen and tongue. His whole life was a battle for them. He fought a running fight for the poor and the oppressed, beginning with his " Quaker City," clear down through long files of books, to his last blasting denunciation of human tyranny and his eloquent defense of white labor in " Eleanor." He waged the contest single-handed, from pillar to post, against all comers. No wrong was so hoary and wrinkled as to extort his veneration, no sanctimonious swindle so smooth and buttery as to mitigate his undying hatred, no wealth so great as to shield meanness and avarice from the burning shafts of his sarcastic wit. He was ever, in season and out of season, through all changes of personal fortune, the relentless foe of kingcraft, priestcraft, and a mere moneyed aristocracy. These enemies of mankind were his enemies ; he was only too glad to take the quarrels of the whole world on his single hands. His labors in this wise took mostly a practical direction. He was in favor of giving public lands to actual settlers, of limiting the amount of land tenable by any one owner to a given number of acres ; and of associating labor together, not in opposition *to* capital, but so that it should be, and should develop, its own capital. These maxims, as we have shown, are the basis of the Brotherhood of the Union, and constitute the back-bone—the grand, radiating principle—of all our author's writings.

Mr. Lippard's memory demands, and should receive, a tribute from the lovers of our country. No man living has done more to vindicate the glories of our early statesmen and soldiers, and awake a spirit of patriotism in the popular heart. Many men have stirred up a temporary excitement more tempestuous, perhaps, than Lippard ever did. He worked silently. He was in heart and soul an author. He did not labor for the passing applause of his fellow-men. He was not intoxicated with cheers. As a popular orator he might have achieved a high success. The populace would have delighted to have crowned him with wreaths, and borne him triumphantly on their shoulders to the goal of political success. But Lippard wrote and spoke because his deep, earnest soul was in his work. He adored his country. He hated—passionately hated—whosoever raised

his parricidal hand against it. He revered—he worshiped—the character of Washington and his compatriots of the sword and the pen. He glowed with pride as he pondered—with an enthusiasm as warm in his manhood as in his youth—upon the splendid victories of the Revolution. He went in fancy with our brave army to the banks of the Rio Grande and partook of the glory of our successes. He had a grandly poetical conception of our country's mission. He believed America to be the "Palestine of redeemed Labor," given by God for that end, "sacred from the craft of the priest or the power of the king"—in the language of Adonai, the pilgrim of eternity, "the last altar of human Brotherhood—the scene of God's last experiment with the human race—such is the New World." The inspiration of this idea gave to all of Lippard's writings upon labor great moral grandeur and force. His love of country was so closely wound up with religion that you can hardly tell where the one ends and the other begins. This joint-doctrine he would have carried into the pulpit had he ever gone there—and a very strange and popular religion it would have been. Many persons who read this brief memoir will remember how they gained their first notions of a true and exalted patriotism from Lippard's books. They will remember how the burning sentences of his "Washington and his Generals" kindled a love of country, perhaps never before lighted in their breasts, into a flame. They will remember with delight his "Legends of Mexico," full of the very passion of patriotism. They will remember the beautiful philosophy of the story of Adonai, in "The White Banner," a sort of prose poem, in which the author chants the song of redeemed labor—the place of its redemption, America.

But though Lippard's memory deserves a monument, it bids fair to live without one. His best monument is his books and his acts. His books and his acts, though fused in the furnace-heat of his brain, and poured hot upon the paper till it smoked, contain much of genius, eloquence, and, above all, honesty of thought, that the "world will not willingly let die." In writing his "Legends of the Revolution," he entered upon a field then unoccupied. Those who have followed in his footsteps have found little to glean. He monopolized that kind and style of writing. He has no rivals, no imitators even, that amount to any thing. As time lends a still deeper interest to every thing concerning the Heroes of the Revolution, Lippard's strange "Legends" will be turned to with a still greater zest than now. It is not likely that the style in which they are written will "take" with the critics of the next century any better than with those of the present. But Lippard did not write for the critics, nor look to them

as the official guardians of his fame. We believe, however, that his undoubted and original genius will be admitted by the censors of literature hereafter more fully than it now is. The public—to whom alone he always addressed himself—will, we think, take care of the fame confided to their keeping. We know that his death gave a decided impulse to the sale of his books. His "Upper Ten and Lower Million," published in Cincinnati, appeared only a few weeks before his decease, and met with a prompt and extensive sale. We understand that thirty thousand copies of his "Quaker City" are now regularly sold, and have been every year since its publication.

But Lippard's memory is likely to be perpetuated in another way, as the S. W. of the Brotherhood of the Union. There is a great deal of genius wrapped up in its ritual that the world knows not of. The plan of the order is beautiful; the degrees are impressive, instructive, and worthy to be attained; the language in which the whole is clothed is singularly poetical and chaste. The Religion of Christ, Patriotism, Humanity, combine to give life to the purposes of the order, and as long as the soul of man yearns toward them, the Brotherhood, it is probable, will be a favorite instrument of moral and social elevation in the hands of the people.

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