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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES:
A TEXTUAL STUDY BASED ON AN ANALYSIS OF THE
TALES IN THE THREE MAJOR COLLECTIONS

Volume I

DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the
Graduate School of The Ohio State
University

By

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FOREWORD

Professor Roy Harvey Pearce, defining the scope of his recent book, *The Continuity of American Poetry*, as a concern "not with the history of the making of poems, but rather with the history which poems have made," expresses his hope for "a proper literary history" and identifies the basic conditions that must be satisfied before that history can be written and our criticism fully mature. "A good deal of bibliographical and textual investigation," he notes, "needs to be completed before we can expect that definitive book."¹ Professor Pearce here points to what has surely been one of the most curious phenomena of American letters: in the midst of an otherwise rich critical tradition, an almost total lack of attention to the text. Although this situation is now quickly changing, the fact is nevertheless that Thomas H. Johnson's variant edition of the poems of Emily Dickinson offers at present the only established text of the complete works of any major American writer.² The following study, a critical edition and a textual examination of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, is an attempt to fill some small part of that gap in American criticism and to contribute its measure in making "a proper literary history" possible.
This study seeks to provide, for the first time, an established text of the Twice-Told Tales. Its central and abiding concerns are, therefore, textual and bibliographical rather than explicitly critical; the study addresses itself to matters which for the most part exist prior to the full critical act: it exists, indeed, to make that act possible. The immediate focus of the study, that is to say, is not on the history which these tales and sketches have made, but on the history of the making of the tales and sketches. The chief burden of the study, therefore, has been to record here as fully as possible and then to evaluate the textual variants which comprise the primary terms of that history. The "Introduction to the Text" and the lists of variant readings appended to the text represent the historical record, and the established text itself is the result of the evaluation of the changes made throughout the various printings of the text.

Beyond this, the study attempts to do two things: first, it explains in the chapter on "The Textual Method" those problems which have defined, and those principles and conventions which have guided, the establishment of the text; second, in the "Historical Introduction" it describes and explains those large patterns which characterize Hawthorne's revisions and his attitudes toward revision, and suggests, albeit in only a general way, what these patterns can tell us about the direction of Hawthorne's art. It is
no part of the intention of this chapter to engage in either a fully-developed criticism of the formal merits of the tales and sketches or a lengthy interpretation of their meanings. It does, however, seek to define that point at which textual analysis, the history of the making of the work, converges with literary history, the full account of the history which the work of art has made.

Inasmuch as this study is a result of my experience as a collator for The Centenary Edition of the Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, it is to the editors that I am chiefly indebted. It is a pleasure to acknowledge the good counsel and assistance which Professors Roy Harvey Pearce, Matthew J. Bruccoli and William Charvat have given me. I should also like to thank the following libraries for permission to use their manuscript collections of Hawthorne's tales and letters: Bowdoin College Library; Houghton Library, Harvard University; Historical Society of Pennsylvania; Huntington Library; Indiana University Libraries; Middlebury College Library; The Ohio State University Libraries; Pierpont Morgan Library; New York Public Library; St. Lawrence University Libraries; and University of Virginia Libraries.
Footnotes: Foreword


2 Besides Johnson's three-volume work there is *The Centennial Edition of Sidney Lanier*, published in 1945 in ten volumes under the general editorship of Charles Anderson, by Johns Hopkins University Press. A fairly full resume of editions now being published, including those of Whitman's, Melville's and Hawthorne's works, is given in William M. Gibson's and Edwin H. Cady's *PMLA* report, "Editions of American Writers, 1963: A Preliminary Survey," LXXVIII (September, 1963), pp. 1-8. The first volume of *The Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*--*The Scarlet Letter*--was published in 1962 by the Ohio State University Press and was sponsored by the Ohio State University, the Graduate School and the English Department. The movement has clearly begun, and hopefully it will fulfill what Gibson and Cady describe as its obligation "to make the whole writings of major American writers as these artists intended them for their public available to any reader who will go to a good library."
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION: TWICE-TOLD TALES

Hawthorne’s Concern for His Image of Self

In the early spring of 1821, the young Hawthorne, obviously worried about a continuing dependence upon his uncle, Robert Manning, wrote the following letter to his mother. He tells her of his intention of going to college and of his need to choose a profession:

I am quite reconciled to going to College. . . . Yet four years of the best part of my Life is a great deal to throw away. I have not yet concluded what profession I shall have. The being a Minister is of course out of the Question. I should not think that even you could desire me to choose so dull a way of life. Oh no Mother, I was not born to vegetate forever in one place, and to live and die as calm and tranquil as--A Puddle of Water. As to Lawyers there are so many of them already that one half of them (upon a modest calculation) are in a state of actual starvation. A Physician then seems to be "Hobson’s Choice," but yet I should not like to live by the diseases and Infirmities of my fellow creatures. And it would weigh very heavily on my conscience if in the course of my practice, I should chance to send any unlucky patient "ad inferum," which being interpreted, is "to the realms below." Oh that I was rich enough to live without a profession. What do you think of my becoming an author, on a relying for support upon my pen. Indeed I think the illegibility of my hand-writing is very authorlike. How proud you would feel to see my works praised by the reviewers, as equal to proudest productions of the scribbling sons of John Bull. But authors are always poor Devils, and therefore Satan may take them.
He goes on to describe his situation by quoting the kind of nonsense-verse which had long been a family tradition:

I am an Englishman and naked I stand here,  
A musing in my mind what garment I shall wear.

He closes the letter, however, with a curiously solemn remark: "I will only inform you that I now write no Poetry, nor anything else." And, finally, he adds the utterly earnest postscript: "Do not show this Letter."

The letter is noteworthy, first of all, because it clearly represents Hawthorne's commitment to the pursuit of literature. He has managed to say here that he is henceforth a writer, and his career has in a sense begun. More significant, it seems to me, is the quality of Hawthorne's statement, the language in which the declaration is couched. It is markedly different from Melville's dramatic pronouncement, made in fact in a letter to Hawthorne: "From my twenty-fifth year I dace my life. Three weeks have scarcely passed, at any time between then and now, that I have not unfolded within myself." Hawthorne could neither say with Melville that he would wrestle with the angel, Art, nor, much less, announce with Whitman that, containing enough within himself, he would let it out, sounding his "barbaric yawp" over the housetops. Instead of Melville's decisiveness and Whitman's expansive exuberance, there is in Hawthorne's rhetoric a quality which seems to operate against the seriousness of the declaration he would perforce make.
(It is the quality which characterizes many of Hawthorne's letters, most often rising to the surface whenever he speaks directly of himself, his literary plans, his literary successes and failures.) At the center of the statement, and detracting from it, is Hawthorne's self-conscious impulse to parody himself. There is a deliberate, however youthful, cultivation of an almost foppish manner (almost instinctively, one contrasts, for example, the non-sense-verse with one of Whitman's typical images of self: "Who goes there? hankering gross, mystical, nude . . ."), couched in terms which are unoriginal, even trite. Reading the letter, we need the equally trite directive in the postscript to convince ourselves of its basic seriousness, to be assured of the commitment. Reading it retrospectively in terms of Hawthorne's works, as we necessarily do, we recognize certain essential aspects of the style and understand somehow—not always without embarrassment and pain—that Hawthorne wrote it. I should like to suggest that we recognize the style because at least one of the roots of that kind of conscious self-parody is a constant element of Hawthorne's "style" in the largest sense: the private person's compulsive projection of an ideal image of himself as public figure. If the terms of this dimension of Hawthorne's self-consciousness are implicit here, they are nevertheless here forcefully.

They are explicit enough at the end of his career.
On May 28, 1863, Hawthorne wrote to his good friend and publisher, James T. Fields, about a revision he wished to make in *Our Old Home*. In his entire correspondence about his writing there is no other letter quite like it:

In the proof-sheet of 'Our Old Home' which I sent you to-day (page 43, or 4, or 5 or thereabout) I corrected a line thus, 'possessing a happy faculty of seeing my own interest.' Now as the public interest was my sole and individual object while I held office, I think that as a matter of scanty justice to myself, the line ought to stand thus, 'possessing a happy faculty of seeing my own interest and the public's.' Even then, you see, I only give myself credit for half the disinterestedness I really felt. Pray, by all means, have it altered as above, even if the page is stereotyped; which it can't have been, as the proof is now in the Concord post-office, and you will have it at the same time as this.

Beneath the surface humor here, Hawthorne insists upon the change, and his insistence—especially, as will be made clear, in view of the relatively few changes he made in any of his finished works—undeniably indicates the importance which he attached to the question of his relationship with his audience. The insistence indicates just how deeply he felt about the image his audience would have of him, the image he would have of himself.

I discuss the implications of the letter at such length because they seem to me to throw light on what is, after all, the central paradox of Hawthorne's career and one of the most troublesome critical problems regarding his work. Simply put, the question which that career and that work compel our criticism to ask is—Why, given some of
his novels and tales (The Scarlet Letter is always the reference), are there the others? How is it possible that, having written "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" before 1830, Hawthorne could (alas) also later have written "Little Daffydowndilly," "Buds and Bird Voices," indeed--especially, as some would say,--The Marble Faun? These, it seems, have been our leading questions even when we have temporarily postponed asking them. Inevitably, in the large body of twentieth-century critical attention to Hawthorne, many of the most enlightening studies have been devoted to the analysis of only a few of his productions, namely, those tales and sketches which, along with The Scarlet Letter, have come to be considered as Hawthorne's finest fiction. Significantly, those studies that have examined Hawthorne's other short fiction have very often been concerned with sources, and attempt to measure the literary and historical influences operative upon these works and thus account for them without, finally, coming to grips with them and our embarrassment of them. Clearly, these critical strategies acknowledge implicitly the worrisome split we see in Hawthorne's fiction, a split not so much between works which are completely successful and those which fail, but between those which represent for us what seem to be Hawthorne's genuine talents and those which are "not quite consonant with his native bent."

Our criticism has recently made a conscious effort
to understand this division by analyzing the development of various aspects of Hawthorne's art—his narrative techniques, the texture of his style, his shifting attitudes toward romance and history. To a great extent the Centenary Edition of Hawthorne's Complete Works is a natural result of this concern with the disunity which seemingly characterizes those works; establishing Hawthorne's text compels us once more, as it were, to notice all of the writing as one man's and to ask again the central question.

At no stage of Hawthorne's career is the question more pertinent than it is midway between the two letters mentioned previously. In 1837 Hawthorne published the first edition of the Twice-Told Tales, the first book which carried his name on the title-page. That volume of eighteen tales and sketches, along with the additional twenty-one tales and sketches of the 1842 edition, marks the beginning of Hawthorne's acknowledged authorship. The collection has, therefore, a crucial, even dramatic, importance in the Hawthorne canon.

And yet on the surface, at any rate, it represents the most modest and undramatic kind of beginning. The title itself, calling to mind as it does a decade of Hawthorne's arduous and frustratingly unsuccessful attempts to "open an intercourse with the world," is weighted by what we have come to recognize as his typical diffidence and self-deprecation. It negates, as it were, the idea of a
beginning. Nor, looking to the past, does it suggest strongly the idea of an ending. Such acknowledgement as there is belongs largely to Hawthorne himself, and that, we find, may have been given with no little hesitation. By no means does the Twice-Told Tales mark an end to Hawthorne's anonymity and the emergence of Hawthorne as a public literary figure. His own public statement regarding the collection, the well-known "Preface," he would not write until the third edition, which appeared in 1851, after the publication of The Scarlet Letter. In that preface Hawthorne would sum up fairly accurately the public reception of the Twice-Told Tales:

... if the Author had ever been greatly tormented by literary ambition, (which he does not remember or believe to have been the case,) it must have perished, beyond resuscitation, in the dearth of nutriment. This was fortunate; for the success of the volume was not such as would have gratified a craving desire for notoriety.  

Obviously, however, the tranquility with which Hawthorne is able to recall the highly limited appeal of the collection must be interpreted in the light of the success of The Scarlet Letter and the sharp turn which 1850 had brought in his career. By January 11, 1851, when Hawthorne wrote his "Preface," The Scarlet Letter, published on March 16, 1850, was already in its third edition and its sales over five thousand copies. In order to write that preface, moreover, Hawthorne had interrupted his work on the final draft of The House of the Seven Gables, a novel
which he was confident would have a much wider popularity than *The Scarlet Letter*. Most important, having established a solid relationship with James T. Fields of the Ticknor, Reed and Fields Co. of Boston, Hawthorne found that what had previously been the most pressing problem of his career had been solved; for Fields had not only assured him of the publication of all that he wrote but was encouraging him to write as quickly and as much as he could. Hawthorne, in 1851, could thus afford to accept complacently the failure of his earliest published collection of tales.

Studied in relation to Hawthorne's career in 1837 and 1842, the "Preface" to the third edition betrays that pattern of affirmation followed by denial which seems to have been a basic part of Hawthorne's make-up. If his estimate of the lack of public enthusiasm was not far off the mark, his statement regarding his own response to the failure of the collection is realistic only when viewed in terms of his situation in 1851. The "Preface" does not at all reflect what Hawthorne's attitude had been in 1837 or 1842:

A moderate edition was "got rid of" (to use the Publisher's very significant phrase) within a reasonable time, but apparently without rendering the writer or his productions much more generally known than before. The great bulk of the reading Public probably ignored the book altogether. . . . The circulation of the two volumes was chiefly confined to New England; nor was it until long after this period, if it even yet be the case, that the Author could regard himself as addressing the American Public, or, indeed, any Public at all. He was merely writing to his known or unknown friends.
To try to "open an intercourse with the world" is not to deliberately write merely to one's known or unknown friends. The important point is that it was only in 1851, after he had given up writing short fiction, that it was possible for Hawthorne to make the denial. Sending off the "Preface" to Fields on January 12, 1851, Hawthorne makes it clear that he has put the *Twice-Told Tales* behind him: "Herewith you have the preface for the tales. I did intend to have written a longer one, and somewhat in the manner of the Introduction to the Mosses and The Scarlet Letter; but on the whole, this is more proper. I wish you would personally correct the proof. If sent to me, it might be a week before I received it, and so much longer before you got it back." Significantly, it is typical of Hawthorne that, here in gently deprecating the tales, he would seem to be conscious that they had after all achieved their purpose to the extent that they did not now need the fuller introductory treatment which he had given *Mosses from an Old Manse* and *The Scarlet Letter*.

Since it is by way of Hawthorne's "Preface" that we come to know the *Twice-Told Tales* it is necessary again to remind ourselves that in 1837 Hawthorne had affirmed, not denied, the collection. The *Tales* at that time were yet another deliberate attempt by a somewhat desperate Hawthorne to open an intercourse with the world, an attempt, that is, to avoid that coterie of friends and to appeal instead to a
popular audience. It is this affirmation rather than the later denial that is our major concern here. Recognizing it, we begin to feel its essential strength and to sense that it was not without courage. We come to feel, that is to say, the peculiar staying power of the collection as a whole, in spite of all of the inadequacies of many of the individual pieces: to realize, as one critic has put it, that it is a work "which taken together . . . is surely greater than the sum of its parts."11

The Twice-Told Tales: The Circumstances of its Publication

The courage behind Hawthorne's affirmation is manifest in the circumstances of the publication of the 1837 first edition. The facts surrounding this first collection bespeak Hawthorne's difficulties in finding a publisher; they are appropriately few and vague considering that the stories were the work of "the obscurest man of letters in America." There are extant only a few pieces of Hawthorne's own correspondence regarding the appearance of the volume, and these contain little relevant information. Although none of his own letters shows to what extent Hawthorne was actively involved in the book's publication, such evidence as is available suggests that, in spite of his earlier failures to find a publisher for various projected collections, and with apparently little reason to hope for financial success now, Hawthorne was himself responsible for initiating
the project.

The earliest reference to the book is in Horatio Bridge's letter of September 25, 1836, to Hawthorne. Clearly, the collection of stories is only Hawthorne's hope at this time:

Dear Hawthorne,—The 'Token' is out, and I suppose you are getting your book ready for publication. What is the plan of operations? Who the publishers, and when the time that you will be known by name as well as your writings are? I hope to God that you will put your name upon the title-page, and come before the world at once and on your own responsibility. You could not fail to make a noise and an honorable name, and something besides.

I've been thinking how singularly you stand among the writers of the day; known by name to very few, and yet your writings admired more than any others with which they are ushered forth. One reason of this is that you scatter your strength by fighting under various banners. In the same book you appear as the author of 'The Gentle Boy,' the author of 'The Wedding Knell,' 'Sights from a Steeple,' and, besides, throw out two or thrice articles with no allusion to the author, as in the case of 'David Snow,' [sic] and 'The Prophetic Pictures,' which I take to be yours. Your articles in the last 'Token' alone are enough to give you a respectable name, if you were known as their author. But you must be aware of the necessity of coming out as you are, and have probably made some arrangements about the matter. I thought of writing a notice of the 'Token' and naming you as the author of several articles, with some candid remarks upon your merits as a writer. Would you have any objection to this? If not, I will do it. . . . Write me soon if it will not interfere with your book that is to come out. Don't flinch, nor delay to publish. Should there be any trouble in a pecuniary way with the publishers, let me know, and I can and will raise the needful with great pleasure.12

It may well be that Bridge was at this point the only person to have knowledge of Hawthorne's plans; and his desire to see Hawthorne as an established writer could conceivably
have led him to overestimate Hawthorne's prospects of finding a publisher willing to print the work of a virtually unknown writer. Samuel Griswold Goodrich, the editor of The Token (the gift-book annual in which so many of Hawthorne's stories had first been printed) and the man who would make the final arrangements for the publication of the Twice-Told Tales, is not known to have mentioned the book until late October, 1836. While it is most unlikely that Hawthorne shared the belief of Bridge and Jonathan Cilley, another friend from his Bowdoin years, that he was "coming into repute as a writer very fast,"\(^{13}\) he did have reason to feel, surely, that after almost a decade of anonymous and pseudonymous writing it was necessary to end his apprenticeship.\(^{14}\) No expectation of a ready-made audience encouraged Hawthorne. His task, indeed, was to create an audience. His motivation for acknowledging his work was personal as much as financial. If he had by this time resigned himself to the impossibility of earning his living by writing solely for periodicals and gift books, he was realist enough also to know that, far from being able to anticipate a wide commercial success for the collection, he could hardly expect to supplement his income in any substantial way. If it is true that his financial distress compelled him to hope against odds for an increased income, it was also his literary ambition—to see his works "praised by the reviewers, as equal to [the] proudest productions of
the scribbling sons of John Bull"—that spurred him to come before the world.

The extent to which the decision was Hawthorne's own is implied by the fact that he had apparently told Bridge of his plans before Park Benjamin's review of the 1836 *Token* had appeared in the *American Monthly Magazine*. Although it is possible that Benjamin had advised Hawthorne of the review before it appeared in the October issue and had thus actually originated the idea of a collection of tales, it is far more likely that Hawthorne had first made known his desire to find a publisher and that Benjamin had then pretended to suggest the project.

The review has too much the air of prophecy to have been altogether unprompted; American editors in the 1830's did not act with such spontaneous generosity. The date of the review suggests instead that Hawthorne was as accomplished a promoter of his own works as the general conditions of book production allowed him to be. We have, generally, not taken cognizance of the fact that, in those withdrawn and isolated years in his mother's house at Salem, Hawthorne had, besides developing his craft, come to know much about the exigencies of book production, even, one might say, book promotion. Benjamin had a long-standing debt to Hawthorne for stories printed in the *New-England Magazine* and later in the *American Monthly Magazine* during his editorship, stories published but not paid for even at
the low standard rate presumably offered all contributors. The fact that Hawthorne announced to Bridge his plans for the collection before Benjamin wrote his review suggests that Hawthorne, having given up hope of cash, would accept payment in the form of a "puff" for the collection. Indeed, Hawthorne may have foreseen what was clearly Benjamin's ungenerous motive for writing the review. If it was an opportunity to pay Hawthorne without cost, it was also a chance to continue his quarrel with his competitor, S. G. Goodrich. If we can never be certain whether or not Hawthorne himself exploited that quarrel, we know that he was aware of it. On May 14, 1836, Bridge had written to Hawthorne: "Goodrich has opened a heavy fire upon Park Benjamin, I see. I am glad that it is not you, and yet I should like to see you thoroughly angry and pouring it into the same fellow." In 1837, however, Hawthorne was in no position to enjoy the luxury of such anger. He had to hope for what he could get even from Benjamin. What Benjamin gave him was the first public mention of his name and the at least partially contrived suggestion that a volume with his name on it would receive public acclaim. But so far as influencing Hawthorne's decision, Benjamin's review at best reenforced Bridge's encouragement for Hawthorne to acknowledge the collection as his own.

Clearly, Hawthorne's temperament required encouragement. It is significant that, so far as the evidence
permits us to reconstruct his situation, his friend Bridge, rather than the men of the official publishing world, sustained Hawthorne's desire to see the book in print. Bridge was there at the beginning, willing to write his own puff for Hawthorne. He was there later when Hawthorne, after having apparently approached Goodrich about publishing the volume only to be put off, despaired of appearing in book form. It was necessary for Bridge to continue to encourage Hawthorne even after the publication of the Tales had been assured.

If Hawthorne needed encouragement, the last months of 1836 showed that he also would need, as Bridge himself had in all his optimism perhaps suspected, private money to guarantee the publisher against loss. Hawthorne's plight is demonstrated by the fact that there are two radically different versions of the publication of the Tales, Bridge's and Goodrich's. Although Bridge is not always a reliable source of information, there is no evidence which seriously contradicts his reporting of the matter. In view of Bridge's relationship with Hawthorne and the part he would play in the publication of the 1837 Twice-Told Tales, Goodrich's letter, dated October 20, 1836, has to be looked upon finally as a tribute to the commercial mind:

I received your letter in regard to our friend Hawthorne. It will cost about $450 to print 1000 volumes in good style. I have seen a publisher, and he agrees to publish it if he can be guaranteed $250 as an ultimate resort against loss. If you
will find that guaranty, the thing shall be put immediately in hand.

I am not now a publisher, but I shall take great interest in this work; and I do not think there is any probability that you will ever be called upon for a farthing. The generous spirit of your letter is a reference. I only wish to know if you will take the above risk. The publication will be solely for the benefit of Hawthorne; he receiving ten per cent, on the retail price—the usual terms.  

The "generous spirit" of Bridge's letter did not keep Goodrich from waiting for Bridge to submit the requisite guarantee before writing Hawthorne about the arrangements. Bridge supplied the needful, "stipulating only that the affair should be concealed from Hawthorne." Goodrich wrote to Hawthorne only on November 7, 1836: "I have seen Mr. Howes [a member of the American Stationers Company], who says he can give a definite answer Saturday. When I get it, I will communicate it to you. He seems pretty confident that he shall make the arrangement with a man who has capital, and will edit the book."  

Once Bridge had given the guarantee, the final arrangements were made and the book put through the press with all due speed. On March 4, 1837, John B. Russell notified Hawthorne that the volume would be published on the following Monday.  

The relative swiftness with which publication came about after Bridge guaranteed against loss is one of several facts that discredit Goodrich's version of the publication of The Tales. That version deserves attention, however,
because although Hawthorne would in 1838 publish five more pieces in *The Token*, the *Tales* had in effect cut him loose from his heavy dependence upon Goodrich: that publisher would not be involved in the expanded 1842 edition of the *Twice-Told Tales*. In a sense, Goodrich's story is dependent upon Bridge's, for in enjoining Goodrich to conceal from Hawthorne the fact of his sponsorship of the volume, Bridge had made it possible for Goodrich to present himself to Hawthorne, in 1836, as the man who would bring about the book's publication and, later, to the public in 1857, as the man who had indeed discovered Hawthorne and been his early patron. Insofar as Goodrich's story implies that he mediated between Hawthorne and the public and thus contributes, even if indirectly, to the myth that Hawthorne was singularly inept in business affairs---a "disembodied intelligence"---it is especially important that it be refuted.

Nothing more than his relationship with Hawthorne suggests so strongly that Goodrich was first and foremost a business man with an eye for the main chance and, worse, a penchant for presenting himself as an essentially disinterested patron of the arts. Goodrich had temporized deftly enough until securing the $250 from Bridge that Hawthorne, as soon as he received Goodrich's letter of November 7, wrote Bridge apparently proposing to dedicate the volume to Goodrich in recognition of his services. Bridge answered
on November 17; his analysis, based on facts unavailable to Hawthorne, must essentially be our own:

I fear you will hurt yourself by puffing Goodrich undeservedly,—for there is no doubt in my mind of his selfishness in regard to your work and yourself. I am perfectly aware that he has taken a good deal of interest in you, but when did he ever do anything for you without a quid pro quo? The magazine was given to you for $100 less than it should have been. The 'Token' was saved by your writing. What compensation you received I do not know,—probably the same with the others. And now he proposes to publish your book because he thinks it will be honorable and lucrative to be your publisher now and hereafter, and perhaps because he dares not lose your aid in the 'Token.' Unless you are already committed, do not mar the prospects of your first book by hoisting Goodrich into favor.30

If Goodrich could hardly have betrayed himself to Hawthorne, his rhetoric almost invariably betrays him to us. There are several unusual inconsistencies and inaccuracies in his Recollections:

In 1837, I recommended Mr. Hawthorne to publish a volume, comprising his various pieces, which had appeared in the Token and elsewhere. He consented, but as I had ceased to be a publisher, it was difficult to find any one who would undertake to bring out the work. I applied to the agent of the Stationers' Company, but he refused, until at last I relinquished my copyrights on such of the tales as I had published, to Mr. Hawthorne, and joined a friend of his in a bond to indemnify them against loss; and thus the work was published by the Stationers' Company, under the title of Twice Told Tales, and for the author's benefit. It was deemed a failure for more than a year, when a breeze seemed to rise and fill its sails, and with it the author was carried on to fame and fortune.31

Hawthorne, as we have seen, had a collection in mind by mid-September of 1836, and, while Goodrich's mention of
1837 might be an innocent and understandable slip, it is, in the light of other parts of the statement, just as likely to be unwittingly accurate. Goodrich relinquished his copyrights on those tales previously published in *The Token* not to Hawthorne, as he says, but to the American Stationers' Company. All of which, in view of the apparently large financial interest he had in this joint stock company, meant only that he relinquished little possible income. It was not out of consideration for Hawthorne that Goodrich surrendered copyright. Those tales—and the others in the 1837 volume, along with "The Toll-Gatherer's Day"—were not under Hawthorne's copyright until the 1842 edition. And they were Hawthorne's then not because of Goodrich's generosity but apparently because the American Stationers' Company had suffered bankruptcy in the depression that followed the Panic of 1837. Goodrich's statement that he joined Bridge in a bond plainly contradicts his letter to Bridge requesting the guarantee. Most important, however, is the outright duplicity of Goodrich's assertion, both here and to Bridge, that he had ceased to be a publisher. His application to John B. Russell was, in effect, nothing more than a ruse. With his experience and his sizable investment Goodrich would unquestionably have commanded authority in the company. It is inconceivable that the decision not to publish the *Twice-Told Tales* without a guarantee was Russell's rather than his.
It must be said in fairness to Goodrich that his refusal to publish without private sponsorship was justified on the basis of commercial considerations. Bertha Faust has shown that Hawthorne's writing before 1837 had awakened little interest and been the object of only scattered and cursory reviews. The general conditions for all American writers, moreover, in the 1820's and 30's were bleak. Hawthorne himself had earlier learned that Goodrich was only like all other publishers in being unwilling to take such risks. Oberon, the artist-protagonist of "The Devil in Manuscript," complains that "'no American publisher will meddle with an American work,—seldom if by a known writer, and never if by a new one,—unless at the writer's risk.'"

What is objectionable in Goodrich's relationship with Hawthorne, however, is his seemingly conscious exploitation of the helplessness of Hawthorne's situation. If Hawthorne's share of $100 on the one thousand copies of the *Twice-Told Tales* is as commensurate with the $450 publisher's profit as one can expect under the general conditions of book production at the time, Hawthorne's pay of $108 for the eight stories which appeared in the 1837 *Token* is gross exploitation. There is a great deal of damaging evidence which demonstrates that Goodrich in all justice owed Hawthorne a far greater share of the profits than he was ever willing to give. It is not too harsh to say of him that he was obsessed with the businessman's
perennial ploy. From beginning to end he complained of suffering heavy losses—financial and personal. His final protest in his autobiography summarizes and repeats what he had been saying ever since he published the first *Token* in 1828: "As a matter of business, [*The Token*] scarcely paid its expenses, and was a serious drawback upon my time and resources for fifteen years." 40

Goodrich's part in the printing of the *Twice-Told Tales* must be defined in the negative terms which his exploitation of Hawthorne demands. That exploitation had depended more than anything else on Hawthorne's policy of anonymity, and Hawthorne's anonymity, as literary history shows, was far more beneficial to Goodrich than to Hawthorne. We can be sure that Goodrich did not discourage Hawthorne from "scattering his strength by writing under various banners." The reputation of *The Token* was at stake to the extent that its implicit purpose, like that of the other gift books, was to print the productions of as many writers as possible. Although many of the gift books seemed to draw heavily upon the work of a few writers, the twenty-seven Hawthorne tales and sketches which *The Token* published between 1831 and 1838 easily represent one of the largest bodies of work submitted by a single writer over those years. The eight Hawthorne stories in the 1837 *Token* comprise about a third of that volume—needless to say, an almost unprecedented contribution in any of the gift-book
annuals. Indeed, if Bridge's assertion that the "'Token' was saved by [Hawthorne's] writing" is an angry exaggeration, it is perhaps something more than a coincidence that the 1837 issue was so commercially successful that in the following year Goodrich decided upon a larger and more elaborate edition at the extravagant price of five dollars a copy. It is certainly more than coincidence that Goodrich solicited work from Hawthorne for the 1838 Token as soon as the 1837 volume had been published.

Goodrich seems, then, to have relied on Hawthorne as much as Hawthorne was compelled to rely on him. The relationship between the two is a chapter in literary history that still remains to be written. Although we have uncovered so far only unsatisfactory bits of information, the character of that information does not at all support Goodrich's account in his autobiography. The chronology of events regarding the 1837 Twice-Told Tales seems especially damaging. Combined with this evidence, the fact that Benjamin's review predates the first surviving letter from Goodrich suggests strongly that Goodrich was a "hesitating and reluctant subscriber" to this project too. It seems reasonable to believe that Benjamin's review in fact forced Goodrich's hand by embarrassing him in a professional way. Recalling that review and Bridge's constant urging of Hawthorne to reject anonymous publication and use his own name--indeed, realizing that a need to do so is Hawthorne's
manifest compulsion in both his life and his work—we cannot ignore the fact that Goodrich advised Hawthorne not to use his name. Apparently having been asked by Hawthorne what the title of the collection should be, Goodrich answered: "Suppose you say, for title, "The Gray Champion, and other Tales, by N. H." That Hawthorne's anonymity was important to Goodrich there is simply no doubt. As early as May 31, 1831, Goodrich wrote that since "they ["The Wives of the Dead," "Roger Malvin's Burial," "Major Molinoaux," (sic) and "The Gentle Boy"] are anonymous, no objection arises from having so many pages by one author." It was only on Bridge's advice, apparently, that Hawthorne did not dedicate the volume to Goodrich. This near error Hawthorne himself made amends for in 1851 when, in dedicating The Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales to Bridge, he wrote: "If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself."

These are the chief actors and events of the publication of the 1837 Tales; and the drama, we find, is there after all. On the one hand there is Bridge, without whom, and the certainty of his $250, it is safe to say, the volume would not have appeared; on the other, there is, not so much Goodrich and Benjamin, but the quarrel between the two of them, pointing out how dangerously fortuitous the publication of the collection was in the 1830's. In the center, of course, stands Hawthorne himself: and it is he
whom we remember, he whose book it was, he whose decision, after all, the publication finally depended upon. Remembering him, we understand the high irony of his situation. Confronted by all of the large conventionalities of official book production, and unwittingly sponsored by a friend who was representative of his small private audience, Hawthorne would publish such a book as would have the effect of rejecting both. The title of the volume was not that suggested by Goodrich. Hawthorne's own choice epitomizes that hard core of strength and honesty—that point beyond which he would not go—which compels us to recognize what he wrote as his. The Twice-Told Tales was his letter to the world, and in 1837 and again in 1842 he signed it.

The Rationale of Hawthorne's Selection of Tales

"I think your selection of the tales nearly right." Thus Goodrich, commenting on Hawthorne's choice of stories for the 1837 collection. If Goodrich or anyone else ever advised a change in the selection and arrangement which Hawthorne had arrived at, there is no surviving evidence to that effect. We may be reasonably certain that, especially at this point in his career, Hawthorne himself maintained a deliberate control over his material. If he asked for Goodrich's advice in the matter, he seems, characteristically, to have made the decision himself. With the exception of "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," all of the
tales which Hawthorne chose for the 1837 edition had been individually published no later than the 1837 *Token*. "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" was not separately printed until March, 1837, when it appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* under the title "The Fountain of Youth." We have no way of knowing whether or not Hawthorne added this tale after he sent his initial list to Goodrich. It is placed at the end of the collection and thus may have been added even while the book was in press; it is likely, however, that Hawthorne had written the tale and given it to the magazine before his letter to Goodrich.  

The only other possibility of changes for which there is any documentation at all involves the 1842 edition. "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" was then added to the first volume, inserted between "The Hollow of the Three Hills" and "The Vision of the Fountain." Otherwise, two strange errors on the contents-page for Volume I of that edition suggest that Hawthorne may have added one or perhaps more tales which were removed when the book was in press. The errors, at any rate, cannot be easily explained as simple compositorial slips. "Little Annie's Ramble," listed as being on page 148, actually begins on page 155; "The Hollow of the Three Hills," listed as beginning on page 285, begins instead on page 269. Which additional story, if any, was planned for the volume we have no real way of ever knowing; but one more tale of the sixteen added pages involved in
the latter error would have made the shorter first volume more nearly the length of the second and balanced exactly the number of stories in the two volumes.

It is necessary to pay attention to such minutiae in order to establish two central facts about the Twice-Told Tales: Hawthorne, even though he was obviously busy writing new work to be published in magazines and annuals, took time to preside over the publication of his first collection—a book which in 1837 brought him at best $100.50 Hawthorne thus chose the tales, and, although they do not constitute a formal unity in the way his three previous projected collections were intended to, we have no reason to believe that his selections here were anything but deliberate and thoughtful. We do, on the other hand, have reason to believe that Hawthorne was not so consciously or finally involved in the other major collections as we have come to know them. Only the 1846 first edition of Mosses from an Old Manse was Hawthorne to be as close to as he was the Twice-Told Tales. When in late 1849 James T. Fields made his unsolicited offer to publish "an edition of two thousand copies of anything" Hawthorne would write, Hawthorne's career—and his attitude toward publishers—took its most dramatic turn.51 Fields was so immediately impressed with The Scarlet Letter that he persuaded Hawthorne, who had planned to include the romance merely in another collection of short fiction, to publish it as a
Hawthorne's confidence in Fields, after the largely unexpected success of *The Scarlet Letter*, was almost absolute; he trusted so completely in the ability and judgment of Fields that on any number of occasions in the next fourteen years he delegated essentially authorial responsibilities to his publisher. Hawthorne, for example, asked Fields to see to the proof-reading of several of his works. Even more surprisingly, he gave Fields authority to make major alterations in the contents of certain volumes. On June 7, 1854, having prepared the *Mosses from an Old Manse* for the second edition, Hawthorne answers Ticknor's request for additional material for the collection: "There are other detached passages of mine, scattered through Park Benjamin's volume of that magazine [*The New-England Magazine*]; and Fields would readily recognize them. Let him do as he pleases about inserting any or all of them;—only being careful to put in nothing that he does not feel absolutely certain about." The "detached passages" Hawthorne refers to are "Passages from a Relinquished Work" and "Sketches from Memory," originally, according to Adkins and others, part of his third projected collection, *The Story-Teller*. Fields added these three pieces to the 1854 *Mosses from an Old Manse*. There are other singular instances of Fields's being responsible for the final state of the text; Hawthorne and Fields, it will be seen, did not always feel "absolutely certain" about the same things. Indeed, one of
the most startling inconsistencies in the entire Hawthorne
canon is a result, I am convinced, of the fact that Hawthorne
did not see and thus did not revise "Sketches from Memory." 53

Hawthorne, however, had no Fields to rely on in
1837 and 1842; and we have no reason to doubt that the
decisions were all his—made with all the deliberation that
his first acknowledged work naturally demanded. It is
plain, then, that if we have a quarrel regarding the stories
selected for the *Twice-Told Tales*, that quarrel is with
Hawthorne himself rather than his publisher or his friends.
That there is something of a quarrel—perhaps it is more
accurate to say that we have a sense of bewilderment—is
fairly obvious. The terms of that quarrel and the strat­
egies which our criticism has come to use in order to deal
with our bewilderment are suggested best by what Seymour
L. Gross says in his study, "Hawthorne's 'Vision of the
Fountain' as a Parody:"

Virtually no critical attention has been paid
to 'The Vision of the Fountain' because, I sus­pect, devotees of Hawthorne would prefer to for­
get it. The incredible sentimentality which
saturates the tale makes the Hawthorne critic wish
that the tale might slip quietly from the Hawthorne
canon through the process of critical neglect.
Mark Van Doren's assertion that 'The Vision of the
Fountain' represents the 'average performance' of
the age in which it was written seems to sum up
the general attitude toward the piece.
It seems to me, however, that the tale is too
average, that the sentimentality (which almost
achieves the potency of an emetic) is too labored
to be taken solely at its face value. I find it
difficult to believe that the author who had
already written and published such morally tough
stories as 'My Kinsman, Major Molineux' and 'Young Goodman Brown' could, with a straight face, write a tale which, if serious, would have to stand up and be counted as one of the more mawkish specimens of a sentimental age. My own feeling is that the tale is a parody of precisely that literary phenomenon—the gift-book tale—of which it seems to be such an insipid example.54

The implication of Gross's remarks for the Twice-Told Tales is clear; his study is one of those that raise again the crucial question. "The Vision of the Fountain" is included in the 1837 edition; "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" and "Young Goodman Brown," though written before 1830, are not. The former, moreover, Hawthorne revised apparently in such a way as to fit it precisely to the pattern of incredibly bad tales demanded by a popular audience nurtured on gift-book annuals.55 "Young Goodman Brown" Hawthorne does not collect until the 1846 Mosses from an Old Manse; "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" concludes Hawthorne's final major collection, The Snow-Image. The contrast which Gross draws between these tales can, of course, be extended to apply in varying degrees to a depressingly large number of those tales and sketches which Hawthorne chose for the Twice-Told Tales. Contemporary criticism is, I think, generally inclined to view nearly all of the Twice-Told Tales as falling short, in one way or another, of the major accomplishment which "Molineux," "Young Goodman Brown" and only several of the other tales represent. The immediate questions confronting the critic
who would understand the rationale of Hawthorne's choice of tales are harsh ones: Is the Twice-Told Tales a calculated combination of Hawthorne's worst pieces, that is, those most capable of satisfying the mawkish and genteel needs of a predominately female public? Are the two volumes Hawthorne's conscious imitation of those gift-books he knew to be successful? To what extent, if at all, do they represent a departure from Hawthorne's "native bent"? The questions are all the more pointed because there is no doubt Hawthorne was aware that he was omitting these historical tales--and some others--from the collection.

Late in 1841, Evert A. Duyckinck, then editor of Arcturus, asked Hawthorne to contribute to the magazine. Explaining that the 1842 Twice-Told Tales was then in press, Hawthorne put those thirty-nine stories at Duyckinck's disposal, and added: "Several (which, for aught I know, are as good as the rest) will be left out of the new collection. In the Token for 1832 are some of the first stories which I wrote--'The Wives of the Dead'--'Major Molineux'--'Roger Malvin's Burial'--and in that for 1833, 'The Canterbury Pilgrims'--for 1837, 'The Man of Adamant,' and 'Monsieur du Miroir'--for 1838, 'Sylph Etherege.' In the New-England Magazine is 'Young Goodman Brown.'"56

In spite of the omission of these tales, the seemingly damaging implications in Gross's article, and our natural desire to find an answer that appears less
compromising in regard to Hawthorne's work, the fact is that the most accurate generalization which it is possible to make about Hawthorne's selection of tales is that it is not only a true representation of his most recently published work 57 but, more important, a reflection of Hawthorne's image of himself as artist.

If it must be said that the character— even the quality— of much of his work had changed since the time when he wrote his first stories, there seems to be no possibility of advancing evidence substantial enough to demonstrate that Hawthorne here resorted, consciously or unconsciously, to compromised forms in order to appeal to an unappreciative audience. While there is no question that Hawthorne knew well the tastes of the reading public and, indeed, that he was heavily influenced by what he felt to be the needs and demands of his readers, there is, I think, still less question that Hawthorne's fiction was, at least in the three major collections of tales, perhaps always determined finally by his capacity as artist rather than by what the market would bear. Hawthorne adapted to those needs and demands only when he saw them as exerting a valid claim upon him and only on such terms as the essential and constant direction of his art itself demanded first. I should like to suggest also that, however much the tastes of the reading public influenced Hawthorne's art in a negative way, his constant vision of
his audience was a positive principle motivating nearly all his work. It is his vision of himself in relation to his audience, finally, that allows us to understand, if not a continuity, at least something more than a discrepancy, between the most disparate of his works—between, say, "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" and "David Swan," The Scarlet Letter and "The Threefold Destiny." His own public disclaimers to the contrary, Hawthorne's insistent aspiration, as, I believe, both his successful and unsuccessful fiction—the unquestionably genuine and the seemingly spurious—show, was to be a popular rather than an elite artist. If that aspiration has a practical dimension in that it was necessary for Hawthorne to earn his living by writing, its practicality is secondary to its ideality. Hawthorne's aspiration arises initially out of the intensity of his commitment to his audience, a commitment which itself stems from what seems to me to be Hawthorne's radically democratic conception of the position and function of the artist in a democratic society. As Henry James noted: "Hawthorne has a democratic strain in his composition, a relish for the common stuff of human nature. He liked to fraternize with plain people, to take them on their own terms. . . . [He] had a taste for loitering in taverns where he could observe character in the rough . . ." His almost obsessive concern with the question of the place of the artist binds his work together. As we shall come to see,
even the weakest of his tales and sketches, when they seem to have nothing else, have a dimension of meaning which comments powerfully on Hawthorne's response to his situation as artist.

The following list, intended to show the relationship between the *Twice-Told Tales* and the corpus of Hawthorne's short fiction up to 1842, arranges the seventy-two tales and sketches known to be Hawthorne's. All entries are placed chronologically according to their first appearance in print. The eighteen pieces Hawthorne selected for inclusion in the 1837 *Twice-Told Tales* are marked by an asterisk; the twenty-one he added in the 1842 edition are identified by two asterisks. I have also noted here all additional separate appearances which Hawthorne unquestionably authorized as well as those other separate appearances, authorized and/or unauthorized, which predate the collected version of the individual tale and thus may have influenced Hawthorne's choice of tales for the collections.

*"Sights from a Steeple," *The Token*, 1831.

*"The Hollow of the Three Hills," *Salem Gazette*, November 12, 1830.


**"The Seven Vagabonds," *The Token*, 1833.


**"Little Annie's Ramble," *Youth's Keepsake*, 1835.


**"The Story Teller. No. II. The Village Theatre.," *The New-England Magazine*, December, 1834. Part collected in *Twice-Told Tales*, 1837, as "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe." The framework, five paragraphs of introductory sketch and five paragraphs of epilogue, was collected in *Mosses*, 1854, as part of "Passages from a Relinquished Work."


**"Wakefield," The New-England Magazine, May, 1835.**

**"The Ambitious Guest," The New-England Magazine, June 1835.**


**"A Rill from the Town-Pump," The New-England Magazine, June, 1835.**


**"The Wedding-Knell," The Token, 1836.**

**"The May-Pole of Merry Mount," The Token, 1836.**

**"The Minister's Black Veil," The Token, 1836.**


**"Sunday at Home," The Token, 1837.**
**"David Swan. A Fantasy," The Token, 1837; Salem Gazette, August 18, 1837.**

**"The Great Carbuncle," The Token, 1837.**

**"Fancy's Show Box, a Morality," The Token, 1837; Salem Gazette, March 14, 1837.**


**"The Prophetic Pictures," The Token, 1837.**

**"The Fountain of Youth," Knickerbocker Magazine, January, 1837. Collected in Twice-Told Tales, 1837, as "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment."**


**"Edward Fane's Rosebud," Knickerbocker Magazine, September, 1837; Salem Gazette, January 9, 1838.**

**"The Toll-Gatherer's Day, a Sketch of Transitory Life," Democratic Review, October, 1837; Salem Gazette, April 30, 1839.**


**"Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure," The Token, 1838.**

**"Endicott and the Red Cross," The Token, 1838; Salem Gazette, November 14, 1838.**

**"Night Sketches Beneath an Umbrella," The Token, 1838; Salem Gazette, January 22, 1839.**

**"The Shaker Bridal," The Token, 1838; Pittsfield Sun, November 16, 1837.**


**"Snow Flakes," Democratic Review, February, 1838.**

**"Howe's Masquerade," Democratic Review, May, 1838; Hesperian, July, 1838; The Boston Book, 1841.**

**"Edward Randolph's Portrait," Democratic Review, July, 1838; Salem Gazette, August 28, 1838.**

**"Chippings with a Chisel," Democratic Review, September, 1838; Salem Gazette, October 5, 1838.**


**"Lady Eleanore's Mantle," Democratic Review, December, 1838; Salem Gazette, December 18, 1838.**

**"Old Esther Dudley," Democratic Review, January, 1839.**

**"The Sister Years," Salem Gazette Carrier's Address, January 1, 1839; The New Yorker (Magazine Edition), The New Yorker (Folio Edition), January 12, 1839.**

**"The Lily's Quest, an Apologue," The Picturesque Pocket Companion, and Visitor's Guide, through Mount Auburn, (Boston, 1839); The Southern Rose, January 19, 1839; The New Yorker (Magazine Edition), The New Yorker (Folio Edition), February 16, 1839; Salem Gazette, March 12, 1839.**


The fact that it is necessary to resort to such a list as this in order to reconstruct as best we can the basis of Hawthorne's selection of tales is itself a comment upon how little solid evidence there is at our disposal. The critical history of the Twice-Told Tales, as a result of this lack of evidence, has been defined by generous amounts of conjecture and confusion. George Parsons Lathrop, Hawthorne's son-in-law, and the editor of the 1883 Riverside edition, curiously equates the Twice-Told Tales with Hawthorne's third projected collection, The Story-Teller, saying that "the first series of stories was given to the world in permanent form, as a handful of disconnected
compositions, under the general heading of 'Twice-Told Tales.' As I noted earlier, Bridge, writing ten years after Lathrop, makes another error: "Whatever may have been the causes for delay, the fact remains that the volume [Provincial Tales, the second of the collections for which Hawthorne could find no publisher], under the altered title of 'Twice-Told Tales,' did not appear until 1837—seven years after the manuscript—in part—was in Mr. Goodrich's possession." In the face of such empty and inaccurate conjecture, the value of such a list becomes apparent. It demonstrates that the Twice-Told Tales is not one of the earlier unified projects warmed over but, for better or worse, a new collection, even though obviously including some material from those collections. The list suggests, moreover, the possibility of several clear patterns.

The most obvious of these is that Hawthorne chose most of the tales from among those which had been the last published. Particularly if we disregard those pieces appearing in the 1836 American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, which Hawthorne evidently thought of as adjuncts of his editorial responsibilities rather than as properly literary efforts, the pattern is clear. Of the eighteen pieces in the 1837 collection, only five were published earlier than 1835. To put it another way, Hawthorne included only five of the twenty stories published before 1835, and thirteen of twenty-five of those
which had appeared within two years of the appearance of the Twice-Told Tales. Of the twenty-one published in the 1842 edition, only five predate the 1837 volume in their first printed appearance. Moreover, between the years 1837 and 1842, Hawthorne published only six pieces which he did not include in the collection, and two of these, "Thomas Green Fessenden" and "Jonathan Cilley" were biographical studies of the kind that Hawthorne never collected. 64

If there is any doubt that this pattern forms the primary basis for Hawthorne's choice of tales in 1837 and 1842, that doubt is dispelled by an analysis of the selections in the 1846 Mosses from an Old Manse, the only other collection, as we have noted, that Hawthorne can be said to have had complete control over. The evidence here is that the leading principle guiding the make-up of the collection is Hawthorne's insistence upon his most recently published work. Significantly, Hawthorne's letters show that the initial plans were to publish a single volume rather than two. In the spring of 1845, Hawthorne wrote Duyckinck about the collection:

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's proposals, in reference to the volume of tales, seem very liberal, and I shall be glad to take advantage of them, so soon as I find inward and outward quietude enough to write a couple of new stories. Of old tales, I would suggest the following:--'The [sic] Virtuoso's Collection,' (Boston Miscellany) 'The Birth-Mark,' (Pioneer) 'The New Adam and Eve,' 'The Artist of the Beautiful,' 'Buds and Bird Voices,' 'The Procession of Life,' 'A Select Party,' 'Aubepine's Writing,' ['Rappaccini's Daughter,' together with
Thus, of Hawthorne's twelve initial choices, only one— "A Virtuoso's Collection," published in May, 1842—had appeared as much as three years earlier; six others had been published in 1843 and the remaining five in 1844 (Hawthorne would publish only one sketch, "P's Correspondence," in 1845). To these Hawthorne intended to add "a couple of" new stories. Surely Hawthorne's impulse here was the same that had controlled his selection of "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" for the 1837 Twice-Told Tales and would lead him to title his final collection, The Snow-Image, after one of the most recent stories he had written. The other ten previously published stories which Hawthorne finally included in the 1846 Mosses reflect the same impulse. Only four— "Young Goodman Brown," "Mrs. Bullfrog," "Monsieur du Miroir," and "Roger Malvin's Burial"—are early tales; the others— "The Hall of Fantasy," "Egotism, or, the Bosom Serpent," "The Christmas Banquet," "The Intelligence Office," "P's Correspondence," and "The Old Apple Dealer"—had been printed within the three previous years. Thus, of the twenty-one pieces that had been printed individually since the 1842 Twice-Told Tales, Hawthorne published eighteen in the 1846 Mosses. And he had written the long autobiographical
sketch, "The Old Manse," to introduce the collection.

The pattern is so fixed here that, though there is no evidence to suggest that Hawthorne considered the four earlier tales as "make-weights," he included them in the collection only after exhausting his most recent work. Only in The Snow-Image, published at the end of 1851, and in the additions made in the Ticknor, Fields 1854 edition of Mosses is the pattern compromised, and this is a result, first, of James T. Fields's desire to get as many "new" editions of Hawthorne's works before the public as possible in order to take advantage of the success of The Scarlet Letter and, second, of Hawthorne's having given up the short story and sketch forms. Between 1846 and 1851 he had published separately only four tales and sketches: "Main Street" (Aesthetic Papers, 1849), "The Great Stone Face" (The National Era, January 24, 1850), "The Snow-Image, a Childish Miracle" (International Magazine, October, 1850), and "Ethan Brand" (Dollar Magazine, May, 1851). These, of course, he included in the collection. Ten of the eleven other stories in the volume had been printed at least a decade earlier. Some of these Hawthorne evidently had difficulty even remembering, for on May 5, 1851, he wrote to his sister Louisa asking her to send him old magazine copies of any she had or could obtain. On September 2, he received whatever Louisa had found, and answers: "Your package and letter were duly rec'd. I am rather afraid that
I shall not be able to collect articles enough for a volume." The evidence suggests the old pattern of affirmation and denial: Hawthorne more than most writers, it seems, had confidence in most of his works only immediately after finishing them.

The basic mathematics of Hawthorne's collections indicates also a second major pattern. The selections he made represent—in an almost studied way—a cross section of the magazines and annuals in which the stories had previously appeared. If we again discount the American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, Hawthorne had by 1837 published in six different periodicals, and of these only the American Monthly Magazine is not represented in the first edition of the tales. Hawthorne included ten of the twenty-two stories published in The Token, five of the fourteen that had appeared in The New-England Magazine, one of the four whose first appearance had been in the Salem Gazette; to these he added the single entries in the Knickerbocker Magazine and Youth's Keepsake. In the 1842 collection, he drew from each of the six publications in which his work had first appeared in the preceding five years. Again, the selections are distributed proportionally among the periodicals. Fifteen of the twenty-one new pieces in the collection Hawthorne took from the Democratic Review and The Token. Of the ten printed in the former, he included eight; while he included only seven of the seventeen remaining
uncollected *Token* pieces, he printed four of the last five stories he contributed to that annual. He took two of the seven uncollected *New-England Magazine* tales and added single pieces from the other four publications in which his work had appeared since the 1837 collection.

The pattern is the same in the 1846 *Mosses*— in both the original one-volume scheme and the final two-volume edition. The first twelve stories Hawthorne chose included all but one of the periodicals in which his fiction had appeared since the 1842 *Twice-Told Tales*. There is, of course, no such pattern in the 1852 *Snow-Image* volume, given the fact that Hawthorne wrote only four stories between 1846 and 1852. But whenever Hawthorne, in collecting his materials, included tales whose separate appearance predate a previous collected edition, he generally, though not always, selected that tale of most recent date.

These patterns suggest a third—or the absence of a third. Hawthorne's insistence upon his most recently published stories indicates that he could not have been consistently influenced by the varying number of reprints of those stories in making selections for his collected editions. Although an exhaustive search for unauthorized newspaper reprints of Hawthorne's tales and sketches lies beyond the terms of this study, the evidence of the authorized reprints and a number of unauthorized ones suggests that Hawthorne could by no means have determined
the make-up of any of these collections by relying on such a consideration in order, presumably, to calculate the relative popularity of each story.

Hawthorne remarks in his 1851 "Preface" that "one or two among . . . [the Twice-Told Tales]--The Rill from the Town-Pump in perhaps a greater degree than any other--had a pretty wide newspaper-circulation; as for the rest, he has no grounds for supposing, that, on their first appearance, they met with the good or evil fortune to be read by anybody." That sketch, reprinted even as a temperance tract, and "The Celestial Rail-Road," revised on at least one occasion for use as a Sunday-school lesson, are the only pieces for which there is any evidence of a wide circulation in newspapers. If Hawthorne was aware of the unauthorized reprints of his stories, there is no evidence that he selected his tales on the basis of the number of those reprints. As the chronological list shows, there were no authorized reprints before 1837 of any of the tales included in the first edition. Of those eighteen pieces, Hawthorne authorized later separate printings for only seven at most. While at least eleven of the twenty-one tales added to the 1842 collection were reprinted with Hawthorne's permission before 1842, Hawthorne does not include all of the tales that had been reprinted but does include seven--of a later date--which had not been printed separately a second time. "The Wives of the Dead," for
example, although reprinted twice before the publication of the 1846 *Mosses*, Hawthorne did not collect until 1852 in *The Snow-Image*.

These facts have, I think, a crucial bearing on the question of Hawthorne's selection of tales for the 1837 edition. They represent one of any number of large pieces of evidence which frustrate that critic who would seek to explain Hawthorne's rationale in terms of a spurious compromise with the demands of popular taste. Seymour L. Gross, in analyzing the "remarkable unevenness" of Hawthorne's work, especially from 1835 to 1840, suggests that "the tremendous artistic gap which exists . . . between the tragic complexity of 'The Minister's Black Veil' and the sterile fatuousness of 'The Lily's Quest'" can best be understood largely in terms of Hawthorne's capitulation to the capacity and desires of his audience: "whereas a half dozen years before he might have 'burned . . . ['The Man of Adamant'] without mercy or remorse, and, moreover, without any subsequent regret,' as he had done with other 'such very dull stuff,' he now recognized that tales with an 'evident design' such as 'David Swan' and 'Fancy's Show Box' . . . offered the greater chance for material success."75 Gross, however, in concluding that when "artistic failures become material successes a blotchy body of work is inevitable," curiously distorts the influence and meaning of the reprints: "Neither 'The Minister's Black Veil' nor
'The Prophetic Pictures' nor 'Lady Eleanore's Mantle,'" he says, "was ever reprinted until Hawthorne collected them in *Twice-Told Tales*, but such obvious allegories as 'The Man of Adamant,' 'David Swan,' and 'Fancy's Show Box' appeared twice before being incorporated into the published collection." The publication of the 1837 *Twice-Told Tales* on March 7, however, predates those second separate appearances of "David Swan" and "Fancy's Show Box"—the former by almost half a year! Significantly, both of these represent reprints, not of the first separate appearances, but of the 1837 first edition texts. It should be noted, too, that the *Arcturus* reprint of "The White Old Maid," like the *New World* reprint of "The Threefold Destiny," although appearing before the publication of the 1842 collection, appeared after the collection was in press. "Lady Eleanore's Mantle," one finds, was reprinted in the *Salem Gazette* three years before appearing in the 1842 collection. Finally, although "The Man of Adamant" was reprinted by early 1842, Hawthorne did not collect it in the 1846 *Mosses* but in *The Snow-Image* six years later, when Fields was urging him to publish everything he had available.

It is simply impossible to marshal evidence which suggests even vaguely a correlation between the number of reprints of a certain story and its appearance in a collection. Only four of the tales in the 1846 *Mosses* are known to have been printed more than once prior to the collection;
significantly, three of them—"Roger Malvin's Burial," "The Hall of Fantasy" (Pioneer, [February, 1843]; The New World, [April 2, 1843]), and "The Intelligence Office" (Democratic Review, [March, 1844]; The New World, [March 9, 1843])—were not included in Hawthorne's original one-volume plan. One might be tempted to attribute the presence in Mosses of "Roger Malvin's Burial," generally recognized as one of Hawthorne's most compelling tales, to the fact that it was reprinted in the Democratic Review (August, 1843): one would be tempted to do so if it were possible, at the same time, to account for Hawthorne's inclusion of "Young Goodman Brown," which had not been reprinted, and for his failure to include "The Wives of the Dead," a tale which not only belonged to the Provincial Tales but had also been reprinted twice, and whose subject matter was far better suited to the sentimental bias of the reading public. It matters little that Rufus W. Griswold, reputedly that nineteenth-century editor who had the most reliable sense of the tastes of the public, would choose for his 1847 anthology, Prose Writers of America, only "A Rill from the Town-Pump" and "David Swan" from the Twice-Told Tales. 77 To say—as our natural impulse, given our dissatisfaction with the quality and character of these sketches, would lead us to say—that Hawthorne himself a decade earlier chose them for precisely the same reasons is to grant him too much the gift of prophecy.
Hawthorne's Relationship to Periodical Publication

Any study of the *Twice-Told Tales*, involving as it does an attempt to explain why Hawthorne did not include those early historical tales which we regard as his best, even most characteristic work, necessarily involves also a consideration of Hawthorne's relationship to periodical publication and an analysis of the possible influences such publication had on the direction of his art. To repeat: given the disparity between "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" (1829) and "Little Annie's Ramble" (1834), one expects to find that Hawthorne's failure to find a publisher for his first three collections, *Seven Tales of My Native Land* (1825-1828), *Provincial Tales* (1830), and *The Story-Teller* (1834), so disappointed him that (1) he turned, whether deliberately or not, to spurious or semi-spurious forms once he was convinced that he had to publish his stories separately in periodicals in order merely to survive, and (2) he more or less consciously chose those second-rate sketches in 1837, when he finally had the opportunity to publish a collection. Expecting to find this, one finds instead something else. There is, first of all, almost no explicit evidence of any magazine or annual having a direct influence on what Hawthorne wrote. Secondly, where such evidence exists, it is always vitiated in large part by what are clearly the impulses and demands of Hawthorne's art itself. On the other hand, while the tastes of the reading public
had a large implicit effect on Hawthorne's writing and influenced his selection of stories for the Twice-Told Tales, it must also be said that at certain crucial points Hawthorne positively shared those tastes with his public. In general, the evidence here, like the evidence of the reprints, contradicts one's expectations. Whenever there is a hint of external influence, there is always, it seems, the evidence of a prior demand arising out of Hawthorne's art and his view of the function of the artist. The evidence suggests, finally, that Hawthorne almost always wrote basically what he could write, what his capacity and impulse as an artist compelled him to write.

It goes without saying, of course, that those tales which Hawthorne originally intended to be published in his early projected collections could not in that form have been influenced directly by the demands of any specific magazine or annual. As Nelson F. Adkins has pointed out, it is no longer possible to determine with any certainty either the tales and sketches which were originally part of those projects or the exact date of their composition. However, in terms of Adkin's reconstruction of those collections and those tales which have, with substantial reason, been assigned to these collections, we can see that a significant part of the Twice-Told Tales—ten of the eighteen tales in the 1837 edition and five of those added in 1842—was untouched by the influence of magazine publication. A listing
of the works which are thought to have been included in the three collections shows, moreover, that the collections themselves, somewhat ironically, are more or less proportionately represented in the *Twice-Told Tales.*

**Seven Tales of My Native Land:** "Alice Doane," "Susan Grey" [no longer extant], "The Hollow of the Three Hills" (?), "The Mermaid, a Reverie" (?), "An Old Woman's Tale" (?)


Several of these tales, it is true, Hawthorne revised rather extensively. "Alice Doane" was never published; the story became "Alice Doane's Appeal" and is the only known instance of Hawthorne's apparently revising a tale for separate publication in a periodical. "The Gentle Boy," on the other hand, is the only story about which it is possible to say that Hawthorne changed the basic intention of when preparing it for a collection. The *Story-Teller* was, because of a
series of wholly fortuitous circumstances, "revised," not by Hawthorne but by several editors of The New-England Magazine. The framework by which Hawthorne had intended the tales and sketches to be linked together was almost completely scrapped. In collecting "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" Hawthorne himself dropped the introductory sketch, and he deleted several passages in two other stories, "The Seven Vagabonds" and "The Vision of the Fountain," when collecting them.

All of these revisions will be discussed later. The point here is that even when we discount the revised pieces, there still remains, if not an outright example, then clearly the forerunner, of practically every kind of tale and sketch, both the genuine and the seemingly spurious, which Hawthorne would ever acknowledge in his other three collections. The explicitly juvenile fiction is missing, but it is strongly implied, as are the sentimental "apologues," in the entire character of "The Mermaid." Hawthorne's first juvenile story, "Little Annie's Ramble," was, moreover, written no later than mid-1834, perhaps earlier. The "essay-tales" which characterize much of Hawthorne's short fiction in the early 1840's and the Mosses are a later development, results of his increasing concern with injecting the contemporary scene into his work. Pointing toward that form, however, are Hawthorne's early descriptive sketches such as "A Rill
from the Town-Pump"—a work which is essentially similar to
the still earlier "Sights from a Steeple," written at about
the same time as Provincial Tales and for periodical publi-
cation. The historical and pseudo-historical tales are here,
of course—from the steep symbolic complexity of "Molineux"
to the relative simplicity of "The Gray Champion" and the
biographical straightforwardness of "Sir William Pepperell." But at the same time what has been called the "allegorical
imperative" has already declared itself in Hawthorne's
fiction: it is there both in the richness of "Young Goodman
Brown" as well as in the thin abstractions of "The Great
Carbuncle" and "The Threefold Destiny."

But the list need not be exhaustive to serve its
purpose. Other essentials of Hawthorne's art are also there,
including themes, images, symbols—in general, the basic
style, even then fully developed: "the achieved manner,"
as Matthiessen puts it, and, "the language . . . already
unmistakably his in its peculiar mixture of so high a
proportion of latinate words with a relaxed, if hardly
colloquial manner." Looming large in each of these
collections also is one of the most abiding structural
principles of both Hawthorne's short and full-length
fiction: the technique of the procession. It is equally
central to the fully realized "Molineux" and the seemingly
simplistic allegory of "David Swan" and "Little Daffydown-
dilly." "Life," Hawthorne wrote, "figures itself to me as
a festal or funereal procession." And though he did not write "The Procession of Life" until 1842 or early 1843, that thought had long been, and would continue to be, a cogent expression of one of the leading characteristics of his art. All this is in Hawthorne's work by 1835-- in tales and sketches which Hawthorne conceived for publication, not in periodicals, but in collected form.

As for those tales and sketches which he wrote with an awareness that their fate would be separate publication, the evidence is overwhelming that Hawthorne never resorted to the tactics of the "slick" writer, either in writing his stories for specific periodicals or in revising them for their collected appearances. Although his economic situation would seem to have provided him with a more than justifiable motive for adopting the artificial techniques of a hack-writer, and although the character of some of his tales and sketches suggests, strongly at times, that he must have adopted such techniques, certain facts regarding Hawthorne's relationship with periodical publications deny both the motive and the act.

The motive, if it was ever there, was shortlived: the possibility of earning sufficient income from periodical publication was, for Hawthorne, never real. Gross, who has made the most thorough analysis of the economics of Hawthorne's publications in magazines and annuals, summarizes this matter:

... although after a time there was a brisk demand
for his work and he had little difficulty in getting his stories placed, the inadequate, often non-existent, payments ultimately turned him away from a concern with the short piece. No writer would consciously modify his technique or characteristic approach to his art so as to make a living if he realized that he could not make a living by so doing. After the first flush of joy at being published at all, Hawthorne's experience with the magazines and annuals was a history of disappointment, discouragement, and poverty. At no point in his association with the magazines did Hawthorne ever find evidence that he could achieve the popularity (and consequently the economic security) of a Willis, a Mrs. Sigourney, or a Mellen. Money more than anything else can make a writer compromise his artistic integrity; Hawthorne was delivered from evil because he was not led into temptation. This is not to imply that Hawthorne never wrote with an eye to his audience—his children's stories disprove that. But it seems very unlikely . . . that Hawthorne's serious pieces were consciously designed for particular audiences— that he ever knowingly became a 'slick' writer.83

Gross shows, for example, that for the twenty-seven stories Hawthorne published in The Token, he could not have received more than $343, that is, never more than a dollar a page and often less than that rate.84 This income (it was a rate, incidentally, much lower than those of a number of other publications) Hawthorne received from an editor who early told him that his stories "are as good, if not better, than [sic] anything else I get,"85 and who, on the publication of the 1832 Token, was "gratified to find that all whose opinions I have heard agree with me as to the merit of the various pieces from your pen."86 But if Goodrich exploited young writers, he is the only editor who appears generally to have paid Hawthorne something for his work. Of those
others who published more than one of Hawthorne's stories—Park Benjamin, Griswold, and even Hawthorne's friends, Duyckinck and O'Sullivan—there is not one who was consistent in payments. 87

Hawthorne's complaints about his editors' failures to pay are numerous; they circumscribe his entire experience as a writer for magazines and annuals. 88 In 1843 he wrote Bridge that he was "very short of cash—having been disappointed in money that I had expected from three or four sources. . . . The system of slack payments in this country is abominable. . . . It is impossible for any individual to be just and honest, and true to his arrangements, when it is a settled principle of the community to be always behind hand. I find no difference in anybody, in this respect; all do wrong alike. [deleted name—very possibly a reference to O'Sullivan] is just as certain to disappoint me in money matters as any pitiful little scoundrel among the booksellers." 89 The birth of Una, his first child, in March, 1844, caused him to conclude: "It will never do for me to continue merely a writer of stories for magazines—the most unprofitable business in the world." 90 These circumstances forced Hawthorne to again consider the necessity of political appointment. The irony of the situation was that Hawthorne, although having to beg for a publisher for his collections until 1841, never had the least difficulty in placing his tales
in periodical publications. He himself felt the irony deeply: "It is rather singular that I should need an office," he wrote to Bridge, "for nobody's scribblings seem to be more acceptable to the public than mine; yet I find it a tough scratch to gain a respectable support by my pen."  

Disregarding for the moment Goodrich's uncertainty about the "public approbation of 'Alice Doane'" and the meaning of Hawthorne's revision of that tale for the 1835 *Token*, there is only one instance of Hawthorne's unsuccessfully having sought publication in any periodical. His letter to Carey and Lea, the publishers of the eminently successful *Atlantic Souvenir*, is singular: "I am the author of some tales ('My Kinsman, Major Molineux'; 'Roger Malvin's Burial'; and the 'Gentle Boy') published in *The Token* for the present year. I do not know whether they attracted your notice; but the object of this letter is to inquire whether you would choose to insert an article from me in the next *Souvenir*? and if so, what number of pages?"  

There is no record of the answer Hawthorne received, but it is nevertheless clear that he did not fail here because of any inadequacy in the quality of his fiction: in 1832 Goodrich bought the *Souvenir* and merged it with *The Token*, making his annual the largest and most successful and best known of the American gift books. Thus, it is the only adult gift book in which Hawthorne's work appeared. So far
as it is possible to measure the respect of the literary world for the publication, it is clear that both then and since that time Hawthorne's tales and sketches were themselves largely responsible for what reputation the annual had and has had. As we have seen, Goodrich was, through the 1830's, reluctant only about risking the publication of Hawthorne's stories in collected form: from the beginning he accepted those stories, even solicited them, for his Token. When preparing the more elaborate and expensive 1838 issue, he was anxious enough to get contributions from Hawthorne that he made at least three requests for stories. Earlier, in 1834, when The New-England Magazine plan for publishing The Story-Teller collapsed, he was unhesitating in skimming off for The Token several of the tales. A final point to be made here is that Hawthorne placed the collection in the magazine for serial publication, that he did it with apparently no difficulty, and that The New-England Magazine was "the most important general magazine published in New England before the birth of the Atlantic Monthly. . . and its roll of contributors was a distinguished one." Haw thorne's work, then, was accepted willingly, even solicited as early as the mid-1830's. Indeed, when, at the end of 1835, The New-England Magazine was merged with the American Monthly Magazine of New York, Benjamin becoming co-editor with Charles Fenno Hoffman, several of Hawthorne's
stories were taken from him, as it were, by force. If Benjamin had been responsible for "cutting up" *The Story-Teller*, he respected the fragments enough to take them to New York. No new evidence has been found that contradicts F. L. Mott's explanation of the appearance of "Old Ticonderoga," "A Visit to the Clerk of the Weather," and "Fragments from the Journal of a Solitary Man" in Benjamin's new magazine: "The publishers hoped to retain a Boston clientele, through Benjamin's connections, but the effort was not successful. Hawthorne 'scornfully bestowed' certain manuscripts which had been submitted for publication in the *New-England Magazine* when Benjamin 'begged' for them. Apparently Hawthorne was a creditor of the defunct periodical, when its editor went to try his fortunes in New York. 'Thus has this man,' Hawthorne is quoted as saying, 'who would be considered a Maecenas, taken from a penniless writer material incomparably better than any his own brain could supply.'"  

In his varied editorial career, Park Benjamin earned a reputation as one of the worst violators of copyright priorities and was capable as a newspaper editor of sophisticating the techniques of pirated reprints, especially of the works of the most popular British novelists. He did not forget Hawthorne's work when in 1840, with Rufus W. Griswold, he started *The New World* in New York: "The Threefold Destiny," "The Hall of Fantasy," and "The
Intelligence Office" he reprinted in that newspaper. There is, I think, little question, in view of Hawthorne's earlier judgment of the man, that these were unauthorized reprints. Benjamin, in fact, was probably foremost in Hawthorne's mind when, in 1843, he complained to Bridge that the "pamphlet and piratical system has so broken up all regular literature that I am forced to write hard for small gains." While it may be doubted that Hawthorne actually would have profited financially from a system of "regular literature," the history of the first separate appearances of his tales demonstrates conclusively that his work was genuinely in demand and that in an age when dozens of "ladies' magazines" were flooded with specimens of "moral amusement and elegant literature" and "every hamlet began to have its authoress," Hawthorne himself never had difficulty placing his individual tales in the publications of his choice. It is worth while to reconstruct the circumstances surrounding the first printings of these stories.

At some time in 1636, most likely as soon as The Token had been issued, Hawthorne himself had apparently written Lewis Gaylord Clark about contributing to the Knickerbocker Magazine, a periodical, Mott claims, which was from 1833 to the 1850's, "in the forefront of American magazines," and probably "a chief reason for the failure of the American Monthly Magazine." Clark extended Hawthorne a warm invitation: "I shall be glad to hear from you as
soon as you can, agreeably to yourself, favor us with anything from your pen, and . . . I shall never heed postage in your case. In all cases, therefore, please send communications by mail." Three of the next four pieces Hawthorne published appeared in the Knickerbocker. "The Fountain of Youth," "A Bell's Biography," and Edward Fane's Rosebud" were printed in the January, March, and September issues respectively. The fourth story, "Fragments from the Journal of a Solitary Man," appeared, as already mentioned, in the July issue of Benjamin's American Monthly Magazine. This latter sketch Benjamin had appropriated, and it was the last Hawthorne work he would be able to print the first appearance of. It is perhaps not accidental, considering the fact that the two magazines were in direct competition with each other, that Benjamin should choose to publish the last Hawthorne piece he held when it must have appeared to him that Hawthorne was going to contribute steadily to the Knickerbocker. The order of the appearances of these tales suggests that the editors were beginning to see in Hawthorne's fiction quality enough to make them hopeful of being competitive with their rivals.

Clearly, Hawthorne was not using the magazines to promote "spurious" work. Bridge's remark that Hawthorne should "by all means cultivate the 'Knickerbocker'" hints that Hawthorne had some doubts about the magazine as an appropriate outlet for his work--perhaps, one might guess,
because many of its stories were basically humorous, but more likely because Hawthorne had thus far written only for periodicals published in New England. It is nevertheless interesting that the first story Hawthorne sent Clark ("The Fountain of Youth" ["Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" in Twice-Told Tales]) might be said to contain humorous dimensions not quite typical of his stories before that time. It strikes me, therefore, that Clark's congratulatory letter represents one of the most serious temptations Hawthorne would ever have to write according to an artificial pattern alien to his "native bent:" "I have only to-day found time to thank you for your truly beautiful article, 'The Fountain of Youth,' in the current number of the 'Knickerbocker.' I have rarely read anything which delighted me more. The style is excellent, and the keeping of the whole excellent. We should be glad to hear from you as often as your leisure will permit you to write; and you will please inform 'Clark and Edson' when you desire the quid pro quo. . . . If you have a paper by you that we might have for the February number, it would appear among foreign and exotic plants of a good order."106 Yet Hawthorne did not make the February issue deadline; moreover, the two other pieces published in the magazine were different not only from "The Fountain of Youth" but also from each other. Far from writing facilely, Hawthorne "scratches hard enough" for a genuine subject that he expands "Bells,"
the encyclopediac sketch he had written for the American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, into one of his typical historical sketches.

So far as we know, Hawthorne's relationship with Clark and the Knickerbocker ended so quickly, not because of any dissatisfaction on either's part, but because Hawthorne evidently saw far greater promise in the United States Magazine and Democratic Review. On April 19, 1837, John O'Sullivan wrote Hawthorne about the magazine he was about to found in Washington:

This magazine is designed to be of the highest rank of magazine literature, taking ton of the first class in England for model. The compensation to good writers will be on so liberal a scale as to command the best and most polished exertions of their minds. It is therefore intended that nothing but matter of distinguished excellence shall appear in its pages, and that will be very handsomely remunerated. Many of the finest writers of the country are engaged for contribution, as some will also be from England; and as nothing will be accepted which shall be worth a less price than three dollars a page, in the judgment of the editors, Mr. Hawthorne will perceive the general tone of superiority to the common magazine writing of this country, at which they aim. In many cases they propose to give five dollars per page, depending on the kind and merit of the writing. As this magazine will have a vast circulation throughout the Union, and it will occupy so elevated a literary rank, it will afford to Mr. Hawthorne what he has not had before, a field for the exercise of his pen, and the acquisition of distinction worthy of the high promise which the editors of the 'United States Magazine' see in what he has already written.107

If the stature of the magazine would never approach O'Sullivan's enthusiastic prophecy of greatness, it would enjoy a
solid, and basically literary, standing among periodicals from 1837 to 1846.\textsuperscript{108} Its first number, a preliminary issue, was not published in July, as O'Sullivan had planned, but in October, and Hawthorne's "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" appeared in it.\textsuperscript{109} O'Sullivan quite obviously relied on Hawthorne as well as on Bryant and Whittier to make the most auspicious beginning possible. A total of twenty-six Hawthorne pieces, including two reprints and the "Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner," which Hawthorne edited, appeared in the Democratic Review in the next decade,\textsuperscript{110} more than in any other magazine. There is, of course, no indication that O'Sullivan rejected any of the tales and sketches Hawthorne contributed.\textsuperscript{111}

All the facts suggest the large extent to which Hawthorne's relationship with the impersonal, low-paying, and "piratical" processes of magazine publishing was based on personal friendships. These considerations clearly outweighed financial ones. Hawthorne's tie with the Democratic Review arose, quite plainly, out of his close friendship with O'Sullivan, and Hawthorne published next to nothing in that magazine during O'Sullivan's absence. The friendship was indeed a deep and abiding one. Hawthorne maintained it through the most severe trials, O'Sullivan being almost totally unreliable--though not willingly--about payment. "Not improbably we shall have to wait months for our money," Hawthorne wrote his wife, "if we ever get it at all. Nobody
pays us. It was inconsiderate of Mr. O'Sullivan not to send us some money, my request being so urgent. In spite of his increasing need for money, in spite of O'Sullivan's recurring inability to pay, in spite of the fact that, even when the Democratic Review could pay, its rates were not at all competitive with those of several other magazines apparently more than willing to publish Hawthorne's works—in spite of all these considerations Hawthorne continued during the 1840's to publish nearly all of his work in O'Sullivan's magazine.

The details of the separate printing of Hawthorne's other tales and sketches almost invariably illustrate the same patterns. Hawthorne's first published pieces appeared, of course, in the Salem Gazette, and later, because of his friendship with the editor, Caleb Foote, Hawthorne apparently invited him to reprint whatever of the tales and sketches Foote chose. Between 1837 and April, 1839, twelve such reprints appeared. More than this, Hawthorne was moved to write the "Carriers' Address" to the patrons of the newspaper for both 1838 and 1839, the latter ("The Sister Years") being collected in 1842 Twice-Told Tales. Hawthorne probably did not expect payment for any of these tales and sketches.

Friendships based initially on a respect for Hawthorne's art provided the explanation for otherwise curious appearances of his work. That Hawthorne would publish at all in the Southern Rose, a Charleston, South Carolina
magazine with an intensely "middle class tone . . . sentimental, pollyannish, and superficially Christian" is perhaps to be wondered at. The reprint of "Foot-Prints on the Seashore" (May 12, 1838) could be shrugged off as pirated were it not for the fact that Hawthorne himself may well have contributed "The Lily's Quest" (January 19, 1839) and that this story, unlike others published during the period and unlike most of the pieces in the Southern Rose, was not only signed as by the author of the Twice-Told Tales but carried his name as well. Given the nature of the newspaper and the sentimentality of the story, one might with reason suspect that Hawthorne's more or less conscious purpose was to exploit the possibilities of creating a new audience and a new source of income. Hawthorne, however, contributed the tale for different reasons. The story has something of the dimension of an occasional poem; its appearance in the paper is, I think, owing to Hawthorne's desire to recognize, even perhaps celebrate, what was undoubtedly the most generous appreciation he would receive for any of his works. In 1838 there had appeared in the Southern Rose an anonymous article entitled "A Day of Disappointment in Salem. By an Admirer of 'Twice Told Tales.'" The author was the Reverend Doctor Samuel Gilman, the husband of the editor, Caroline Gilman; the man had been so impressed with Hawthorne's tales that he made a pilgrimage to Salem to see Hawthorne and, failing to meet the
author, visited all the sites which he thought to be associated with the tales. I have not found any correspondence between the two, but it is likely that Gilman sent Hawthorne a copy of this issue and undeniable that Hawthorne saw the article and was, especially at this urgent period of his career, quite moved by Gilman's pilgrimage. "The Lily's Quest," far from Hawthorne's best work, is still manifestly his. At any rate, it seems unreasonable to suppose that Hawthorne would trouble himself to imitate the style of a magazine so lacking in prestige. Hawthorne's gesture here is not that of the slick writer; the events leading to its appearance in the magazine suggest that Hawthorne had been serious about it. Although he published no other tales in the Southern Rose, he collected this story in the 1842 Twice-Told Tales.

The four reprints which Hawthorne authorized Evert A. Duyckinck to publish in the early 1842 issues of Arcturus were solicited directly by Duyckinck, who apparently desired Hawthorne to contribute new stories too. Duyckinck was the reviewer who would be most frequent with appreciations of Hawthorne's tales and sketches, and he must be considered chiefly responsible for arranging with Wiley and Putnam the details of the publication of the 1846 Mosses. In late 1841, Hawthorne, undoubtedly impressed by Duyckinck's generous, even extravagant, praise of the 1837 Twice-Told Tales, thanked him for the review and invited him to reprint
any tales he wished. The letter is in many ways typical of those Hawthorne wrote to magazine editors:

Perhaps it would be decorous in me to decline some considerable part of the approbation there bestowed [in Arcturus (May, 1841)], as being quite beyond my deserts; but I cannot find in my heart to do it. It is true, the public will never ratify it; but at least, the writer felt what he expressed; and therefore I have a right to receive it as genuine testimony to the impressions I have produced. And, certainly, I would far rather receive earnest praise from a single individual, than to be claimed a tolerably pleasant writer by a thousand or a million. . . . I shall not expect to be remunerated for any use that you may make of my articles. It would give me pleasure to see them in a Magazine which I like so much as Arcturus . . . 124

The favorable publicity Duyckinck gave Hawthorne's collected tales Hawthorne himself evidently considered payment enough. It is significant that Lewis Gaylord Clark of the Knickerbocker, perhaps piqued at Hawthorne's earlier preference for the Democratic Review and certainly aware of the existence of a new rival in Arcturus, took pains to remind the public that "The Old Maid in the Winding Sheet," the first tale Duyckinck reprinted (January, 1842), had, after all, first appeared seven years before in The New-England Magazine. 126 Duyckinck, dauntless, not only reprinted three more pieces in successive issues, but in April, 1842, even called for a third collection of Hawthorne's works comprised of those tales presently appearing in Arcturus. 127 The last of the four reprints appeared in the May number, the last issue of the magazine's existence of a year and a half. In June it was combined with the
Boston Miscellany, which became the Boston Miscellany of Literature and Fashion. 128

Hawthorne contributed one sketch, "A Virtuoso's Collection," to that magazine. Again the appearance of the piece was preceded by a critical appreciation of Hawthorne's works. Nathan Hale, Jr., the editor of the Miscellany, had previously written the first review of the 1842 Twice-Told Tales. 129 The sketch was undeniably solicited, directly or indirectly by Hale, who, as Gross points out, was very likely delighted to have Hawthorne contribute to the struggling magazine: delighted even though the sketch must be called mediocre in terms of Hale's view of Hawthorne's writing. 130 Yet, if we can trust the testimony of Lathrop, the sketch, even in its mediocrity, cannot be counted a deliberate piece of hack-work, hurriedly pasted together to exploit still another outlet for his work. Lathrop asserts that Hawthorne had written the sketch several years earlier when still a bachelor living in Salem. 131 This lapse of time between its composition and publication suggests that Hawthorne himself was perhaps aware of its inadequacy; combined with the evidence of a letter of about the same date to George S. Hillard, the time lapse indicates also that Hawthorne published the sketch only because he could write nothing better. From Brook Farm, Hawthorne wrote: "I have not written that infernal story. The thought of it has tormented me ever since I came here [in April], and has
deprived me of all the comfort I might otherwise have had, in my few moments of leisure. Thank God, it is now too late—so I disburthen my mind of it forever. . . . You cannot think how exceedingly I regret the necessity of disappointing you; but what could be done?"  

Hawthorne had tried again to write fiction during the summer months of 1841, and he had failed. All of the financial pressures acting upon him could not change his habit here. What is far more important, however, is Hawthorne's private statement of his attitude toward magazine publishing and his analysis of his own problem as a serious writer. The letter goes on: "An engagement to write a story must in its nature be conditional; because stories grow like vegetables, and are not manufactured, like a pine table. My former stories all sprung up of their own accord, out of a quiet life. Now, I have no quiet at all; for when my outward man is at rest—which is seldom, and for short intervals—my mind is bothered with a sort of dull excitement, which makes it impossible to think continuously of any subject." It is an impressive statement and reflects what seems to be the basic integrity with which Hawthorne appears always to confront the uncertainties—and the certain disappointments—of free-lance writing. If his sense of friendship and its obligations was deep, if some of the tales and sketches qualify as "pine tables," his feeling for the limits and demands of his craft was still deeper,
was the primary determinant of his actual practice of that craft.

The integrity of Hawthorne's attitude permitted him to maintain a sometimes unbelievable equanimity in the face of all the contingencies of his profession. His relationship with Graham's Magazine presents a compelling example of the way in which his fiction and his friends were more important to him than the possibility of security in magazine writing. His contributions to that magazine consisted only of one tale, "Earth's Holocaust," published in May, 1844. Yet it was Graham's that had been almost solely responsible for revolutionizing magazine publication in the matter of payment to authors. The publisher, George R. Graham, "set a new example for American magazines, and ushered in a new era... Contributors' names meant much to him, and he paid for them accordingly." And yet, too, this magazine had solicited contributions from Hawthorne, presumably at a rate significantly higher than he would ever receive from any other magazine. Rufus W. Griswold, the editor, in May, 1843, asked Hawthorne "to change his mind about refusing to write for Graham's." The request would appear to have been just what Hawthorne needed to ease his continual financial problems and put his career on a more solid and stable basis. Hawthorne, however, in spite of his obvious enthusiasm, did not jump at the opportunity
as quickly as his situation would seem to demand. He wrote to Griswold:

There is a mistake as to my having refused to write for Graham's Magazine; the truth is, I have heretofore had no opportunity to refuse, even had I been so inclined—your letter being the first intimation that any contribution might be acceptable.

I am never a very diligent penman in the summer time; and moreover, I had projected a little work for children as this summer's literary labor and amusement, which is still to be begun. I have likewise one engagement to fulfill for a Magazine, before I can undertake any other of the kind. These matters being first disposed of, I shall be very willing to send you an article, and will agree to the terms you propose, rather than take upon myself to settle the marketable value of my productions.

I am advised that the publishers of Magazines consider it desirable to attach writers exclusively to their establishments, and will pay at a higher rate for such a monopoly. If this be the case, I should make no difficulties in forswearing all other periodicals for a specified time—and so much the more readily, on account of the safety of your Magazine in a financial point of view.\(^{137}\)

I have been unable to find further correspondence, and the reasons why this plan for exclusive publication in Graham's fell through are therefore uncertain.\(^{138}\) But such evidence as there is suggests that Hawthorne rather than Griswold called off the arrangement. The single engagement which Hawthorne had to fulfill for a magazine is not altogether clear: the next two stories he published were "Little Daffydowndilly" (Boys and Girls Magazine, [August, 1843])\(^{139}\) and "Fire Worship" (Democratic Review, [December, 1843]). What is important is that throughout 1843 and the first half of 1844 Hawthorne continued to supply his friends
(for the most part, O'Sullivan) with his fiction—and at an almost incalculable loss of money. So dilatory about payment was O'Sullivan that when he finally sent $100 to Hawthorne at the end of 1843, Sophia wrote a letter to her mother expressly to notify her of that event. In the autumn of 1845 Hawthorne received another $100 from O'Sullivan, but still found it necessary to borrow $150 from Bridge in order to move from the Old Manse to Salem. All these difficulties might have been avoided, one feels, if Hawthorne had published exclusively for Graham's. Griswold had asked Hawthorne for contributions shortly after becoming editor, and, if we can trust his own statement, he had long had great respect for Hawthorne's works and his praise for them had been constant. He would later write: "Hawthorne ... is, as I have printed it a dozen times, decidedly the greatest living literary man in this country." Since Graham's policy was to persuade America's leading writers to publish exclusively with him, Griswold would clearly have been pleased with having brought "the greatest living American literary man" in tow for the magazine.

It is likely that one of the basic reasons why Hawthorne did not contribute more is that he was not always able to fully respect Griswold. He probably remembered that editor most of all as Park Benjamin's partner in the American Monthly Magazine, The New Yorker, Brother Jonathan, and The New World—publications best known for their pirated reprints
and general running roughshod over assorted authors. The last of these, begun in fact by Griswold and Benjamin, was itself a primary example of the "Satanic Press," because of its various "sensational" articles. The Hawthorne pieces Benjamin appropriated for the American Monthly have already been noted. Five of Hawthorne's tales and sketches were printed— unquestionably without his permission—in The New Yorker during Griswold's and Benjamin's editorship. Three more pieces had been printed in The New World between 1841 and 1844. Given the similar reputation of this newspaper, the reprints of these tales too were in all likelihood unauthorized. It is perhaps significant that by the time Hawthorne published "Earth's Holocaust" in Graham's, Griswold was no longer its editor.

There is no specific evidence that indicates whether or not Hawthorne wrote the sketch expressly for Graham's, but it stands in such marked contrast to the usual fare offered by that magazine that such evidence seems almost irrelevant. Graham, catering to "the wide undiscriminating public who wished solely to be amused," leaned toward the stereotyped forms of the day--the heavily sentimental love story and the sensational adventure tale: "Propaganda, philosophical discussions, controversial matter of any kind, were excluded as being too upsetting." The sketch would have been far more appropriate to the pages of O'Sullivan's Democratic Review; it is not too much to say that, had
Hawthorne bent his tales and sketches to fit the leading fictional patterns of the magazines they were published in, he would have had to place "Earth's Holocaust" with O'Sullivan. But he did not; nor did he ever again contribute to Graham's, in spite of his financial distress, in spite of repeated invitations to contribute.150

But he did, in the mid-1840's, contribute to James Russell Lowell's Pioneer ("The Hall of Fantasy" [February, 1843] and "The Birthmark" [March, 1843]) and to Epes Sargent's New Monthly Magazine of Literature, Fashion and the Fine Arts ("The Old Apple Dealer" [January, 1843] and "The Antique Ring" [February, 1843]), as well as to the Boys and Girls Magazine and the queen of the utterly genteel publications, Godey's Lady's Book ("Drowne's Wooden Image" [July, 1844]). If these tales and sketches are uneven in their quality, that unevenness cannot be ascribed to a contrived correspondence between the individual pieces and the prospectus of the periodical in which they were printed. The Pioneer, founded in January, 1842, had a lifespan of just three issues; Sargent's New Monthly enjoyed only six issues, Hawthorne's work appearing in the first two. The editors were, again, Hawthorne's friends, and his stories, again, were requested—the first two for magazines which were too new to have a recognizable tone in their fiction. The almost casual way in which Hawthorne offers his stories to these magazines would also seem to deny altogether the possibility that he
consciously adapted his works to fit the tone of the magazine. To Sargent he writes: "In compliance with your request for an article, I have corrected and added some finishing touches to a sketch of character from a private journal of mine. Whether it have any interest must depend entirely on the sort of view taken by the writer, and the mode of execution. If it suit your purpose, I shall be glad." And to Lowell: "I send you an article for your Magazine. It does not seem to admit of illustration, so that Mrs. Hawthorne has made no attempt in that way. Epes Sargent offers me $5 per page for contributions. If you consider this a fair price, it will satisfy me; if not, you may have the article for whatever your arrangements will allow you to pay." Lowell's magazine, challenging popular tastes as it did, was a far more serious and idealistic venture than Sargent's. Its statement of purpose is a strong attack on popular magazine standards, and enough in itself to have discouraged Hawthorne from contributing to the magazine if he had been led primarily to satisfy popular standards in his writing:

The contents of each number will be entirely Original, and will consist of articles chiefly from American authors of the highest reputation. The object of the Subscribers in establishing the Pioneer, is to furnish the intelligent and reflecting portion of the Reading Public with a rational substitute for the enormous quantity of thrice-diluted trash, in the shape of namby-pamby love tales and sketches, which is monthly poured out to them by many of our popular magazines, and to offer instead thereof, a healthy and manly Periodical Literature, whose perusal will not necessarily involve a loss of time and a deterioration of every moral and intellectual faculty."
If the two pieces Hawthorne contributed to the *Pioneer* must be judged superior to those which appeared in Sargent's magazine,\textsuperscript{155} it would nevertheless seem unjustified to conclude that Hawthorne consciously distributed the stories in terms of such a judgment. Such a conclusion is at least inaccurate in that it implies an equation of the finest tales and sketches with the less popularly oriented magazines and the inadequate pieces with the "painted bladders." That hypothesis is negated by any number of instances, but by none more than the appearance of "Drowne's Wooden Image," certainly one of Hawthorne's more solid tales of the 1840's, in the pious pages of *Godey's Book*.

The most that can be said about Hawthorne's four pieces in the *Pioneer* and the *New Monthly* is that he may well have deliberately planned to make the stories in each magazine as different from one another as possible in order to represent the range of his fiction to different audiences. "Drowne's Wooden Image," like the others, had been solicited, not submitted. Hawthorne's letter to John Frost, the editor of the magazine, is significant both as it is similar to and different from his letters to Lowell and Sargent:

> Considering it good policy in a writer to extend and vary his audience as much as possible, I comply with your request for an article. It will make, I suppose, five, or perhaps six, pages of the Lady's Book. It is difficult to regulate the length of an article precisely according to order; as every story has its natural development, and will be maimed and imperfect, if cut short of it.
> By two or three editors, I have been offered twenty-five dollars for articles of such length as...
suit myself. As I find it a delicate point to set a price on my own productions, you may have this story at that rate. I should have asked the same had it been shorter; and it is less than I could obtain elsewhere for the same amount of matter.

Should either the price or the article fail to satisfy you, have the kindness to send that latter to J. L. O'Sullivan, Esq. (Editor of the Democratic Review). New York City.156

All three letters simply announce the availability of the stories. But in offering to contribute to Godey's, Hawthorne is careful to state certain demands of his own about his art and about remuneration. Godey's was second only to Graham's in the amount of pay it was willing to offer for fiction,157 but Hawthorne, far from indicating a willingness to compromise the integrity of his craft, was, in his relationship with these publications, coolly insistent about contributing only on his own terms. It is impossible to say whether or not he wrote "Drowne's Wooden Image" intending to publish it in Godey's; but in the light of his request that Frost send the story to O'Sullivan if he should not think the terms satisfactory, there seems to be nothing to support the view that the "sentimentality which slightly mars the tale"158 is a direct result of an attempt by Hawthorne to wrench the story so as to comply with the usual run of pseudogentility in the Lady's Book.159

We have no reason, then, not to take literally Hawthorne's statement that he gave the story to the magazine because it was only "good policy in a writer to extend and vary his audience as much as possible." It suggests that
Hawthorne relied on the obvious fact that different magazines, having different appeals and thus different subscribers, would acquaint various segments of the reading public with his work: such a "policy" precluded the necessity of his having to continually pervert his fiction in order to attract those different audiences.

After 1845 Hawthorne published separately only five pieces of short fiction. The patterns of the publication of these are generally the same as of those tales already discussed. But these too contain important explicit evidence that no periodicals had a direct influence on Hawthorne's work. The earliest of these five stories is "Main Street," which appeared in Aesthetic Papers (edited by Hawthorne's sister-in-law, Elizabeth Peabody) in 1849. He had first sent "Ethan Brand" to Elizabeth upon her request for a contribution. He must have suspected, though, that the story would be unsuitable for anything published by Miss Peabody; Sophia, sending the manuscript to her mother, reports that Hawthorne says "if this paper will not suit the book, he will make some other use of it if you will send it back." After it was returned (there was, of course, no offer to revise it to suit the book), Hawthorne subsequently sent "Main Street," refusing payment from Elizabeth. The "use" which he made of "Ethan Brand" produced the most curious publication circumstances of any of his pieces. Immediately after it was returned to him, he sent
it off to the New York editor, Charles Wilkins Webber, for inclusion in the initial volume of an elaborate magazine Webber had projected. Hawthorne's letter suggests that Webber had asked for a story some time before and was counting on Hawthorne to contribute regularly:

At last, by main strength, I have wrenched and torn an idea out of my miserable brain; or rather, the fragment of an idea, like a tooth ill-drawn, and leaving the roots to torture me. ... Perhaps you will not like it; if so, make no ceremony about rejecting it. I am as tractable an author as you ever knew, so far as putting my articles in the fire goes; though I cannot abide alterations or omissions.

I am ashamed, as a Yankee, and surveyor of the revenue, to say that I had not paid proper consideration to the terms of payment mentioned in two of your letters. I concluded your first statement to be as liberal as circumstances would allow, and should still think so if you did not yourself tell me to the contrary.

When shall you want another article? Now that the spell is broken, I hope to get into a regular train of scribbling; perhaps not, however, for I have many impediments to struggle against.

Pray continue to write freely to me. I feel a real interest in the success of your enterprise.

The magazine was abandoned, however, without a single number being issued. Webber, Benjamin-like, retained the manuscript anyway and a year later gave it to the Boston Museum, where it appeared on January 5, 1850. The Museum printing can only be called an authorized pirated first appearance.

Hawthorne, deeply involved at the time with The Scarlet Letter, heard of the forthcoming appearance of the tale and on December 18, 1849, wrote Webber. The letter deserves quoting at length here because it illustrates perfectly, even if the circumstances are highly singular,
what seems to be Hawthorne's consistent attitude toward magazine publication:

. . . when we spoke together about the 'Unpardonable Sin,' I understood that it was to be published, not as a story written for this newspaper--The Museum--but as a specimen of a forth-coming book; and that the time of its appearance was to be all but coincident with the publication of the book. On any other understanding, I should not have given my consent to your proposal, although sincerely desirous of doing all the service in my power. . . . I shall not have the book ready so soon as I expected; and I do not wish the appearance of this article to precede that of the book so long as it must, if the announcement of the Editor of the Museum be carried into effect. Neither (to tell you the truth) does it quite suit me to be blazoned abroad as a contributor to this weekly Museum; which may be the very best publication in the universe, but of which I know nothing whatever. So that I wish, in the first place, that you would enjoin the Editor to 'hold on', until I give him notice to 'go ahead'; and, secondly, that, if not published merely as a specimen from the proof-sheets of my forth-coming book, it shall at least be stated that the article was originally contributed to your magazine, and that it is transferred to the Museum by an arrangement with the editor of that magazine, and not with the author of the article.166

Hawthorne, at this point still definitely planning to publish The Scarlet Letter as one of a number of tales and sketches--including, obviously, "Ethan Brand"--was concerned lest the Museum printing precede the publication of Old Time Legends.167

His remarks indicate how thoroughly secondary he considered magazine appearances of his tales to their collected form. His attitude does much to explain his policies regarding periodical appearances. Those policies were, especially in view of all his circumstances, extra-
ordinarily casual and at times seemingly uninterested. Hawthorne could maintain them, one feels certain, only because from the very beginning—as even his abortive plans show—he counted upon being published in book form. Forced to become a free-lance writer because of his failures to find a publisher for those early collections, he still never resigned himself to publishing in periodicals, never thought of himself as that kind of writer, and thus was saved from one of the primary temptations to resort to outright hackwork. His complaint to Bridge—"God keep me from ever being really a writer for bread!"—has in this light a dimension of meaning we have not always recognized.

"Ethan Brand" finally appeared with Hawthorne's permission in May, 1851, when Duyckinck, having just become the editor of Holden's Dollar Magazine, asked if he could "reprint" it and also change the title from "Fragments from an Abortive Romance" to "The Unpardonable Sin." Never asking payment for reprints, Hawthorne in all likelihood was never paid for this story. Nor did he receive much for "The Great Stone Face," the other tale whose placement in a periodical Hawthorne may have meant to have political implications. It is uncertain whether or not Whittier solicited the story from Hawthorne, but it can be doubted that Hawthorne wrote the story with a view to satisfying whatever he might have taken the particular tastes of The National Era's audience to be.
The last two stories Hawthorne authorized for separate publication, "The Snow-Image; a Childish Miracle" and "Feather-ertop," both appeared first in Griswold's *International Monthly Magazine* (also frequently call the *International Miscellany*). The pattern is the familiar one. Griswold solicited the material, offered high pay, and attempted to engage Hawthorne on a fairly exclusive basis with the magazine; Hawthorne, on the other hand, had—at least on these two occasions—written the stories before hearing from Griswold, was typically permissive about the question of payment (typically, too, had great difficulty receiving any), and, finally, rejected the offer for a long-term arrangement.  

"The Snow-Image" was published in the October, 1850 issue. Hawthorne, however, though he had given the story to Griswold, had nothing apparently to do with this appearance. Griswold, up to his old tricks, had in August (when the magazine became a monthly) asked Hawthorne for a contribution to *The Memorial* (ed. Mary E. Hewitt), a souvenir "written by the friends of the late Mrs. [Fanny] Osgood." Hawthorne wrote to Fields about the story:

Griswold has written to me about an article for a Souvenir which he is going to edit, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Mrs. Osgood. If you are going to New York, perhaps you will take charge of the accompanying packet for him. It is a story which I have by me, intended for another purpose. He offers to pay for it; and as I did not know Mrs. Osgood, there does not seem to be much reason why I should decline payment;--so you shall be my attorney to
receive whatever may be forth coming. . . . You need not bother yourself about the remuneration for the story, but only hand it to Griswold, and let him pay when he is ready. 174

Even now, after The Scarlet Letter, Hawthorne is permissive. 175

The story duly appeared in the Memorial, published by Putnam at the end of the year. But meanwhile Griswold, without, so far as we know, consulting Hawthorne, printed the story in his magazine, with an editorial comment:

"There has never before appeared in this country a volume with so many eminent contributors. By Mr. Putnam's permission, we quote from it in advance, this beautiful tale by the author of The Scarlet Letter." 176 Griswold then procrastinated about payment. Fields wrote to Hawthorne on November 9, 1850: "I am curious to know if they have paid you the $50 for your story in The Osgood Memorial Book. Not that I have anything to do with the affairs of that publication, but I wd. like to know if you have been paid." 177 He then requested payment of Griswold, writing that he knew the money was "important to . . . [Hawthorne] just now." 178 Griswold, however, still did not pay, for Fields wrote Hawthorne again on January 30, 1851, saying, "I have written to Griswold to ask why he does not pay you for the story in his Memorial, but as yet not a word in reply." 179

The only solid evidence that Hawthorne was ever paid for "The Snow-Image" is that in late December, 1851, he was willing to give Griswold the manuscript of "Feathertop" for the International. 180 The story appears serialized in the
February and March issues. Hawthorne had written it some time before, possibly, as he himself says, for publication in *The National Era*. Certain evidence suggests that he may have intended to send it to *Graham's*. But regardless of where he initially counted upon publishing the story, the manifest difference between "Feathertop" and "Earth's Holocaust," "The Great Stone Face," and "The Snow-Image" are equally large and make it clear that Hawthorne was not writing in terms of a pattern preconceived for any of the magazines in question. He sent the story to Griswold in response to the last known request he was to get to publish short fiction in periodicals. His letter summarizes what had been a long-standing attitude toward separate publication:

> As regards the proposition for twelve short tales, I shall not be able to accept it; because experience has taught me that the thought and trouble, expended on that kind of production, is vastly greater, in proportion, than what is required for a long story. I doubt whether my romances would succeed in the serial mode of publication; lacking, as they certainly do the variety of interest and character which seem to have made the success of other works, so published. The reader would inevitably be tired to death of the one prominent idea, if presented to him under different aspects for a twelvemonth together. The effect of such a story, it appears to me [sic], depends on its being read continuously. If, on the completion of another work, it should seem fairly and naturally divisible into serial portions, I will think further of your proposal.

> I have by me a story which I wrote just before leaving Lenox, and which I thought of sending to Dr. Bailey of the National Era, who has offered me $100 for an article. But, being somewhat grotesque in its character, and therefore not quite adapted to the grave and sedate character of that Journal, I hesitate about so doing, and will send it to the *International*, should you wish. . . . The story
would make between twenty and thirty of such pages as Ticknor's editions of my books—hardly long enough, I think, to be broken into two articles for your magazine; but you might please yourself on that point. I cannot afford it for less than $100 and would not write another for the same price.  

The letter has been understood as Hawthorne's farewell to both short fiction and magazine publication. It is, however, something more and something less than this. Hawthorne had, of course, discovered in late 1849 and early 1850 that the long story he could bring off with little difficulty: "The Scarlet Letter being all in one tone, I had only to get my pitch, and could then go on interminably." And long before corresponding with Griswold, he had been able to write The House of the Seven Gables, an even longer romance, "in about the same length of time—about five months"—required for The Scarlet Letter. But to see this letter as evidence of a new attitude on Hawthorne's part, brought about by the success of his two romances, is to misunderstand his entire experience with periodical publication. That his short fiction may have been somewhat more in demand is undoubtedly true. The crucial fact, however, regarding the character of all those tales and sketches which Hawthorne printed in periodicals is that his letter represents a continuation, not a contradiction, of his attitude toward the processes of that kind of publishing. The letter is not a farewell in the sense that Hawthorne was only in 1851 able to declare
the freedom of his art over the restrictions of "slick" or semi-slick writing seemingly required by popular tastes. The circumstances of the separate publication of his tales and sketches contain no suggestion whatever that Hawthorne's decisions to publish particular stories in particular magazines resulted from considerations any less innocent and straightforward than those which led him to send "Feathertop" to the International rather than The National Era. Basically he had been "a citizen of somewhere else" from the beginning.

To summarize then: one cannot account for the wide disparity between the early achievement of "Molineux" and the comparative inadequacy in Hawthorne's tales and sketches of the late 1830's by assuming the direct influence of magazine forms of writing upon his art. An analysis of the circumstances surrounding the separate periodical appearances of Hawthorne's tales and sketches strongly indicates, instead, that Hawthorne was able, even in what we are inclined to call his failures, to maintain a distance between what he wrote and the official pieties of the magazine fiction of his day. The evidence seems to me to demonstrate conclusively that Hawthorne's attitude toward periodical publication was essentially the same in 1850 as it had been in the mid-1830's. Hawthorne had learned early that he could not really expect to earn his living by writing for the magazines and gift books, and he had learned just as early that he
could, ironically, publish in almost any periodical he wanted.

His contributions to periodicals were almost invariably preceded by editorial reviews which praised his earlier stories; and, almost invariably, he seemed to give his tales to those editors whom he could call friends rather than to those who promised the highest rate per page. A large number of his tales and sketches—representative of nearly every kind he would write—he intended for publication in book form. Others of his tales Hawthorne had written before deciding where to publish them; and a significant number of them were solicited for the first issues of periodicals, whose fiction therefore could not yet have been. Those pieces which Hawthorne in all probability wrote for specific periodicals give no solid indications of following patterns prescribed by the fiction in those periodicals; in fact, even a cursory analysis of those instances in which Hawthorne contributed more than once to the same magazine or gift book might be said to demonstrate that he made it a point to submit stories and sketches which are at least superficially, and often essentially, different from one another.

One finds that, during the twenty years of getting his work before the world primarily through periodicals, Hawthorne, in spite of sometimes unbelievable financial stress, managed to pay attention to his art first. When he
nad to earn money, he relied largely on nonliterary occupations; rather than compromise his art directly, he postponed it, willingly or not. But to his art he always returned. If he unquestionably engaged at times in hackwork, he consistently looked upon his tales and sketches, I believe, as his most serious efforts. Writing to his sister Elizabeth in 1836 about the "Peter Parley" series Goodrich had asked him to undertake, Hawthorne is obviously aware of a double standard of writing: "It need not be superior in profundity and polish to the middling magazine articles... Our pay as historians of the universe will be about one hundred dollars, the whole of which you may have. It is a poor compensation, but better than the Token; because the writing is so much less difficult." In 1851 Hawthorne, in putting aside short fiction for the full-length romance, tells Griswold that "experience has taught me that the thought and trouble, expended on that kind of production, is vastly greater, in proportion, than what is required for the long story."

In short, Hawthorne, desirous of being a genuinely popular writer and at the same time aware of the great popular success of such hacks as Nathaniel Parker Willis and Mrs. Sigourney, was able to withstand the temptation to become one of their kind. Whatever inadequacies there are in his tales and sketches—and however painful they often-times undeniably are—they cannot be considered the unhappy
imitation of stereotyped fictional patterns. The circum-
stances of their separate appearances in the magazines
preclude the possibility of such an interpretation. Those
circumstances give force to Matthiessen's remark that
Hawthorne's firm moral perception is vitiated very rarely
by . . . overtones of the era of *Godey's Lady's Book* and
the genteel female."¹⁹¹

The Tension Between Art and Audience:
The Artist as Mediator

The central paradox of Hawthorne's tales and sketches
lies in this: although it must be said that in relation to
explicit influences of specific periodicals Hawthorne always
wrote "what he felt, thought, and believed,"¹⁹² it simply
cannot be denied that the conventional tastes of the magazine
audience of his time, along with his failure to find a pub-
lisher for his first projected collections, had a large
implicit influence on his work. Hawthorne no less than any
other writer—and very likely far more than most writers—
was subject to that conditioning. Much of what he felt,
thought, and believed was a result of what he considered,
consciously or unconsciously, to be the needs and require-
ments of his public, or rather, the public he desired.
Those needs and requirements were themselves determined by
what Terence Martin has called the "fear of fictionality."¹⁹³
Indeed, it was in the nature of his art and his image of
himself as artist to be so influenced. The extent of that influence, being extremely difficult, perhaps impossible to measure precisely, is of course a matter of controversy. But Hawthorne's ability to maintain the primacy of his art in the face of the explicit demands of individual magazines and gift books, in combination with other evidence, leads me to believe that, however great the implicit influences of popular taste were, they at best encouraged the development of certain essential aspects of Hawthorne's art rather than others. Or, what (especially in relation to the question of the genuineness of his tales and sketches) amounts to the same thing: those influences encouraged the development of certain immanent aspects of Hawthorne's art which he came, rather quickly, to think of as being as essential as others.

These influences are markedly manifest, of course, in the Twice-Told Tales, especially since, reading that collection, as we perforce must, in the light of Hawthorne's earlier achievement in Provincial Tales, we are disconcerted and disappointed by Hawthorne's selection of tales. To repeat: along with The Scarlet Letter and several of the tales written in the 1840's and collected in Mosses, it is the Hawthorne of the projected Provincial Tales whom twentieth-century criticism has focussed its attention on: the Hawthorne with the dark, brooding sense of the past, "shrouded in blackness ten times black. . . . it is that blackness in Hawthorne . . . that so fixes and
fascinates . . ." So with Melville, so with ourselves. And understandably, to a great extent, for it is only these works that represent the fully realized products of Hawthorne's creative imagination. The Twice-Told Tales (along with the other two major collections as collections), on the other hand, while including a few tales which without doubt show the promise of The Scarlet Letter, includes far too few. It has thus been looked upon as generally characteristic of the "nineteenth-century Hawthorne:" "a pleasant writer, with a pleasant style,—a sequestered, harmless man, from whom any deep and weighty thing would hardly be anticipated—a man who means no meanings." To this Hawthorne we have, as Gross and others have suggested, paid less and less attention. The history of Hawthorne's relationship with the magazines, if nothing else, suggests, however, that we would do well to look more closely at the nature of the inadequacies and failures of this Hawthorne. My intention here is to describe, if only in general terms, what seem to me to be the leading characteristics of the Twice-Told Tales and to indicate in what sense these tales and sketches genuinely represent a stage in the continuity of Hawthorne's development.

Those characteristics, insofar as they are at all discernible, would seem to define themselves most cogently in terms of their opposition to the essential direction of the two earliest projected collections, Seven Tales of My
Native Land and Provincial Tales. Hawthorne's interests in these early pieces, as has been noted many times, are clearly, even single-mindedly, historical. All of these tales, and even the early biographical stories, reflect Hawthorne's discovery of the past as the most usable material for fiction: in the facts of history Hawthorne found the possibility of discovering through fiction the meaning of history, at once personal and national— or public— and intensely so. As the numerous source studies of these tales invariably show, Hawthorne required only a minimal amount of historical fact: enough simply to constitute a large, vital central event or situation. And as nearly all of the tales themselves make clear, the central historical fact is subsumed almost immediately by Hawthorne's exploration of its fictional possibilities. History-as-fact here, as one critic has put it, is transformed into history as moral adventure. Historical fact is used, as it were, to create a sense of history, a sense of the past as it bears upon the present. Often, of course, these aims are only partially realized. Hawthorne is at times hard pressed to bridge past and present. In "The Gray Champion," for example, he can only state the relationship summarily:

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch
and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that, whenever the descendents of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King-street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meetinghouse, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night, the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New-England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.196

But, noting such inadequacies as this, it has quite properly been our critical habit to appreciate tales like "The Gray Champion" for what they might have been, for what they in a sense do become in Hawthorne's richest and fullest fictional developments of historical fact. We view these historical tales, that is to say, as they lead up to, not away from, "My Kinsman, Major Molineux."197 Of those critics who have taught us how to read that tale, it is Professor Pearce who has been most concerned with explaining it specifically in terms of the uses which Hawthorne makes of history. He suggests that Hawthorne's historical tales are of three basic kinds:

There are those ('The Gray Champion' and its kind, for example) in which history is an object; their end accordingly is a recapturing of the past. There are those ('The Scarlet Letter' is the great example) in which history is subject; their end accordingly is through the past to achieve a perspective upon the present, or upon human nature.
taken as universally the same and therefore universally present. And there are those, finally, in which history is both subject and object. These last deal with historical themes in such a manner as to give us perspective upon our own involvement with those themes. They treat history as a continuum joining author, actor, and reader. Therefore, as they focus upon the quality of life as it exists at any given point on the continuum, they focus on the mutual involvement of the three parties in that continuum. The problem of composition in a work of this sort is complex and involved: for it entails at once portraying an historical episode, making the protagonist in the work come to see his relationship to the episode, and also making the reader aware of his relationship to the episode. The reader, that is to say, must be brought into some sort of direct relationship with the protagonist, so that what he takes from the story is, above all, an awareness of his own responsible involvement in the protagonist's actions.198

The great achievement of "Molineux" lies in the fact that Hawthorne seemingly discovered, simultaneously, the possibility of self—his own identity as artist—and the possibility of community: "Writing about history, writing history, was to be a way of involving himself, his protagonist, and his readers in the pattern of guilt and righteousness which made history meaningful."199 And more, that this discovery he made unselfconsciously, almost, it seems, effortlessly: by virtue of an overwhelming commitment to the imagination, since, as Pearce points out, the tale exists in order to contradict the abstracted statement of historical factuality by which Hawthorne "introduces" it. In contradicting the complacent certitudes of that factuality, the tale involves nothing less than the necessity of
testing those institutions upon which those certitudes—the certitudes of Hawthorne's audience—rest. The story moves, that is, at the risk of family and nation as institutionalized values by which identity and community are regarded as de facto, automatic achievements. Family conceived as realized value, as formal institution which bestows identity and community, is removed by the terms of the fiction. Robin, seated on the church steps waiting for his kinsman, thinks of his "father's household:"

He pictured them assembled at the door, beneath the tree, the great old tree, which had been spared for its huge twisted trunk and venerable shade, when a thousand leafy brethren fell. There, at the going down of the summer sun, it was the father's custom to perform domestic worship, that the neighbors might come and join with him like brothers of the family, and that the wayfaring man might pause to drink at that fountain, and keep his heart pure by freshening the memory of home. Robin distinguished the seat of every individual of the little audience; he saw the good man in the midst, holding the Scriptures in the golden light that fell from the western clouds; he beheld him close the book and all rise up to pray. He heard the old thanksgivings for daily mercies, the old supplications for their continuance, to which he had so often listened in weariness, but which were now among his dear remembrances. He perceived the slight inequality of his father's voice when he came to speak of the absent one; he noted how his mother turned her face to the broad and knotted trunk; how his elder brother scorned, because the beard was rough upon his upper lip, to permit his features to be moved; how the younger sister drew down a low hanging branch before her eyes; and how the little one of all, whose sports had hitherto broken the decorum of the scene, understood the prayer for her playmate, and burst into clamorous grief. Then he saw them go in at the door; and when Robin would have entered also, the latch tinkled into its place, and he was excluded from his home.
The historical episode and the sombre end of the story itself make it clear enough that identity and nationality exist only as possibilities. What must be emphasized, however, is that insofar as they exist at all, the fiction itself has made them possible. The fiction itself is the thing; so confident of it is Hawthorne that he can render its climax only by that supreme fiction, the Man in the Moon: "'Oho, quoth he, 'the old earth is frolicksome to-night!'" Finally, that the fiction is dark and ambiguous enough, that Hawthorne has here, as in the other great tales, thrown in "something, somehow like Original Sin, to strike the uneven balance," goes without saying.

This analysis, is, of course, a radical reduction of the particularities of these tales to their largest essential terms. But they are nevertheless, I think, the terms by which we have come to understand the achievement of these tales. They are also the terms by which we should approach the Twice-Told Tales. That collection, measured by the achievements of the Seven Tales and Provincial Tales, has "the effect of tameness" indeed, resembling for Hawthorne and for ourselves nothing so much as "the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade."

It is a commonplace of our criticism that the Twice-Told Tales lacks the unity of subject matter which marks both of the earlier collections. Hawthorne's selection of
tales seems to have no inherent thematic or formal principle. Only ten of the thirty-nine tales can be said to have a basically historical subject matter, and the fact that Hawthorne opens both volumes with historical tales can hardly be said to have any demonstrable significance. The rest of the stories and sketches, in fact—from the simple descriptive pieces such as "Sunday at Home" and "Sights from a Steeple" and the apologues, "The Village Uncle" and "The Threelfold Destiny," to the humorous "case-histories," "Mr. Higginbotham’s Catastrophe" and "Peter Goldthwaite’s Treasure," and the parable, "The Prophetic Pictures"—seem at least on the surface to be bound together only negatively: first, all reflect Hawthorne’s turning away from history as the source of fiction; second, in being non-historical, they seem to reflect also a diminution of the power of the fictionality itself and of Hawthorne’s increasing inability to sustain a fiction; and finally, certain of them even manifest traces of what Martin has called Hawthorne’s audience’s "fear of fictionality."

It would unquestionably be foolhardy to suggest the existence of a genuinely positive pattern in the collection. There simply is no pattern which can satisfactorily explain why Hawthorne chose "The Gentle Boy" rather than "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" and/or "Young Goodman Brown;" why "The White Old Maid" instead of "The Wives of the Dead;" and why, in 1837, "The Vision of the Fountain" instead of "The Village
Uncle"—and so on. The inclusion of only three tales can be specifically accounted for in fairly definite terms. "The Wedding-Knell," "The Minister's Black Veil," and "The May-Pole of Merry Mount" Hawthorne included in the 1837 collection primarily because the rather special praise they had received in England gave him increased confidence in them.  

Although other tales and sketches included in the 1837 edition had been pointed out in Benjamin's review of the 1837 Token, it would not seem justified to attribute their appearances to the review; other tales praised by Benjamin, Hawthorne did not include. Any attempt to account completely for the inclusion of certain tales to the exclusion of others having at least the same general character is bound to be tenuous and conjectural. Hawthorne's method is, as suggested earlier, almost purely eclectic. The rationale of the selections involves an almost mechanically balanced, proportional representation of every kind of tale and sketch Hawthorne had written and every magazine and annual he had published in. And yet, mechanical as these choices appear, they represent those pieces by which Hawthorne, in all seriousness, would publicly define himself as an imaginative writer. Sending Longfellow a copy of the 1837 edition, he wrote that "the present volume contains such articles as seemed best worth offering to the public a second time."
The very eclecticism of Hawthorne's method suggests more than anything else his understandable lack of confidence regarding the general public's reception of his work. To a great degree, that lack of confidence heavily influenced Hawthorne's need for the aesthetic of the romance that he would later formulate and was, even in the 1830's, developing. His remark to Fields in 1851 regarding a recent favorable review of his works might well be taken as a kind of motto for the 1837 and 1842 Twice-Told Tales. Commenting on the criticism of his fiction, Hawthorne concludes: "There are weeds enough in my mind, to be sure, and I might pluck them up by the handful; but, in so doing, I would root up the few flowers along with them. It is also to be considered that what one man calls weeds, another classifies among the choicest flowers in the garden."\textsuperscript{208} This consideration, expressing as it does a desire for such variety—as much sunshine and shadow—as would "appeal to the broadest class of sympathies," controls Hawthorne's selection of tales and sketches in his major collections. Such were the reasons Hawthorne would have given, I am convinced, for his selection of tales for the 1837 and 1842 volumes and for his rejection of the unified collections of historical tales.

If these attitudes imply that Hawthorne's eclecticism signifies an attempt to meet the imperatives of his audience, they do not suggest merely an undue deference to popular
taste. There is evidence that this desire for variety was also an effort to satisfy what he was coming to see as the chief imperatives of his art. We have no choice but to accept Hawthorne's own appraisal of his art and his audience as serious and generally accurate, however romanticized it is in part. In that well-known letter to Longfellow in 1837 Hawthorne describes his own understanding of himself and his fiction:

. . . I have secluded myself from society; and yet I never meant any such thing, nor dreamed what sort of life I was going to lead. I have made a captive of myself and put me into a dungeon; and now I cannot find the key to let myself out. . . . I can assure you that trouble is the next best thing to enjoyment, and that there is no fate in this world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or sorrows. For the last ten years, I have not lived, but only dreamed of living. It may be true that there have been some unsubstantial pleasures here in this shade, which I should have missed in the sunshine; but you cannot conceive how utterly devoid of satisfaction all my retrospects are. I have laid up no treasure of pleasant remembrances, against old age; but there is some comfort in thinking that my future years can hardly fail to be more varied, and therefore more tolerable, than the past. . . . As to my literary efforts, I do not think much of them—neither is it worth while to be ashamed of them. They would have been better, I trust, if written under more favorable circumstances. I have had no external excitement—no consciousness that the public would like what I wrote, nor much hope, nor a very passionate desire that they should do so. Nevertheless, having nothing else to be ambitious of, I have felt considerably interested in literature; and if my writings had made any decided impression, I should probably have been stimulated to greater exertions; but there has been no warmth of approbation, so that I have always written with benumbed fingers. I have another great difficulty, in the lack of materials; for I have seen so little of the world, that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of, and
it is not easy to give a lifelike semblance to such shadowy stuff. Sometimes, though a peep-hole, I have caught a glimpse of the real world; and the two or three articles, in which I have portrayed such glimpses, please me better than the others.

However misunderstood, however misused the letter has been when cited as evidence of the "withdrawn, unworldly, and inept" Hawthorne, it is, I think, the most meaningful statement Hawthorne was to make about his work in the 1830's. It has perhaps more bearing on the meaning of the Twice-Told Tales than the 1851 "Preface." It is crucial to our understanding of the collection not simply because it was written when it was, but because it at least hints at Hawthorne's reasons for turning away from the single-mindedness of the early historical tales. Finally, the statement suggests also the terms by which it is possible to see both the unity that is emergent in the Twice-Told Tales and the relationships between this collection and the earlier ones—relationships that are, at least in some respects, positive.

The letter unquestionably demonstrates that Hawthorne was acutely conscious of what we might call the problem of fictionality: not only as that problem manifests itself in terms of his audience and the lack of popular acceptance of his work, but, more important (it is significant that Hawthorne speaks first of this), as that problem bears upon his conception of himself. The rhetoric of Hawthorne's letter makes it plain that Hawthorne was still, in 1837,
viewing himself in terms of his fiction and that his commitment to fictionality was thus even then an inescapable habit of mind. But it is equally clear also, even when we disregard his typical self-depreciation, that Hawthorne is genuinely dissatisfied with what he sees: dissatisfied because he feels that his fiction has failed to fulfill his original intention—has failed, that is, to lead either to identity or to community. He is also more dissatisfied, it seems reasonable to say, with his earlier tales than with his more recent pieces, in which, he feels, he has "caught a glimpse of the real world." The point that needs to be stressed is that ironically, Hawthorne, in rejecting the explicitly historical mode of "Molineux," rejected it, if not better to fulfill, at least to fulfill as well as those "unfavorable circumstances" would permit, the very terms of his commitment to fictionality by which we have defined the achievement of "Molineux." The nature of that commitment included, was indeed based upon, Hawthorne's deep conviction that literature, in order to be meaningful, must lead somehow to the actual world. For him its preeminent function, at once individual and social, was "to discover forms for the possibilities of human action." In order for art to fulfill that function it must, of course, be addressed to an audience. Hawthorne, in "Molineux," had in a sense taken that audience for granted by subsuming it within the fiction; and he had
learned, from the failure of his early collections, that he
did not have an audience and could thus no longer even pre-
tend to take it for granted. Although we cannot assume
that "under more favorable conditions" Hawthorne would have
been capable of realizing again and again the "Molineux
theme" (there are any number of reasons, outside of a
mere consideration of his audience, which indicate that he
would not have been capable), we can, simply from the
character and quality of his later short fiction, assume
that he had been forced to make some such admission about
the unavailability of his audience to that theme.

Hawthorne's strategies in the face of this admission
are clear at the same time that they are somewhat complex.
They become evident for the most part prior to the pub-
lication of the Twice-Told Tales and remain fairly constant
throughout his career as a writer of short fiction. But they
are most fully employed in The Scarlet Letter and are
present, too, in the later romances. His basic strategy
involved a shift in emphasis from the fiction itself to a
variety of situations and relationships between artist and
audience—all of which exist prior to or outside of the
fiction itself. They exist, in fact, in order to explore
and to discover those conditions under which the fiction
itself could be made possible, could be made available to
the audience.

This strategy is first manifest as early as 1832,
in "The Seven Vagabonds," one of Hawthorne's longest sketches. Significantly, the actual "fiction" never comes off. The journey to and arrival at the Stamford camp-meeting never take place, much less the tale "wherewith [the narrator] proposed to amuse an audience that very evening."\textsuperscript{213} The sketch ends with the announcement, by a Methodist minister, that "the camp-meeting is broke up." Hawthorne's material here is pre-fictional, as it were. The sketch simply places the narrator, "a mere strolling gentlemen," in the company of various "vagabonds," including an itinerant showman, an Indian, and a fortuneteller, who, meeting by accident, propose travelling together and providing each other with entertainment. The narrator's design to "imitate the story-tellers of whom Oriental travellers have told us, and [to] become an itinerant novelist, reciting my own extemporaneous fictions to such audiences as I could collect"\textsuperscript{214} earns only a condescending approval from the group. Even among these people he lacks identity: "I saw that my associates were a little ashamed of me," the narrator remarks, "and that no time was to be lost in obtaining a public acknowledgement of my abilities."\textsuperscript{215} Fiction thus has no status even here, among people committed only to mirth and festivity--to meaningless play having nothing to do with the harsh actualities of the world. The narrator can only announce that either fiction "is my vocation, or I have been born in vain," and then set off
for "the distant city" with the Indian, even less fit for the world, one supposes, than he.

The idea which informs "The Seven Vagabonds" becomes, as Adkins has pointed out, the very basis for Hawthorne's third attempt to write a unified collection of tales and sketches. In an introductory sketch of The Story-Teller (1834), the narrator defines the new collection by referring to "The Seven Vagabonds:" "The idea of becoming a wandering story teller," he remarks, "had been suggested, a year or two before, by an encounter with several marry vagabonds in a showman's wagon, where they and I had sheltered ourselves during a summer shower." The plan of this third collection was radically different from that of the two unified solely by historical materials and themes. It is different in spite of the fact that, if Adkins' reconstruction of the putative contents of the collection is accurate, several of Hawthorne's most respected historical tales belonged to the collection. Hawthorne, having in all likelihood written the stories and sketches first, as separate units, (Adkins has this opinion), wrote his situational framework only later: thus he conceives of the center of the work in terms of the narrator's capacity to prepare the audience to be receptive to the fiction. That the framework was important to Hawthorne is evident in his reaction to the fragmentation of the collection. He is reported by Elizabeth Peabody to have said that he "cared
little for the stories afterwards, which had in their original place in the 'Storyteller' a great degree of significance.\textsuperscript{219} Hawthorne himself defined the collection in such a way as to set his "airdrawn pictures . . . in frames perhaps more valuable than the pictures themselves."\textsuperscript{220}

The narrator's situation is such that "the consequence of all this was a piece of light-hearted desperation."\textsuperscript{221} The book, the narrator tells us, is written "for the sake of its moral, which many a dreaming youth may profit by, though it is the experience of a wandering story teller."\textsuperscript{222} In the conclusion of the collection, "My Home Return," the second part of "Fragments from the Journal of a Solitary Man,"\textsuperscript{223} we hear of the narrator as "Oberon . . . 'Unwept, unhonored, and unsung,'"\textsuperscript{224} who had years later returned to the village of his parents, of his own youth—returning, as it were, to the world—to render that moral to any who would be foolish enough to emulate him: "'He shall be taught,' said I, 'by my life, and by my death, that the world is a sad one for him who shrinks from its sober duties. My experience shall warn him to adopt some great and serious aim, such as manhood will cling to, that he may not feel himself, too late, a cumberer of this overladen earth, but a man among men. I will beseech him not to follow an eccentric path, nor, by stepping aside from the highway of human affairs, to
relinquish his claim upon human sympathy." Hawthorne would have us believe that the moral, the burden of meaning, lies in the life and the death of the narrator; the conclusion of The Story-Teller thus reaffirms the primacy of the framework over the individual fictions.

The moral of that story, however, is not quite the end of the story. Fortunately, for that moral is reminiscent of the end of Fanshawe and its pat "romanticism": a romanticism which requires the poet-hero to "withdraw from the world because he is unfit." Fanshawe is thus the first suggestion—a sentimentally inverted one—of Hawthorne's theme of "withdrawal and return," especially as that theme is related to explicit artist-figures:

"Ordinarily a Hawthorne character is first in the world; then comes the retreat; and finally the return to the world. But Fanshawe is withdrawn when we meet him; he comes into the world, and there gains the self-knowledge that ordinarily comes from withdrawal; and finally, he withdraws from the world because he is 'unfit.' It is no wonder that he fails to engage the reader. He is humanized only temporarily; our first and last glimpses of him are of one who cannot share in the human situation." Oberon also dies, but his death takes place after his return, after he has "drawn near the meeting-house, and perceived that the crowd were beginning to recognize [him]." On the verge of death, he is able to "think better of the world
than formerly, more generously of its virtues, more merci-
fully of its faults, with a higher estimate of its present
happiness, and brighter hopes of its destiny."\textsuperscript{229}

Here it is the narrator himself, the fiction-
maker, who is presumably made aware of other possibilities
of human action in society: but he is made aware outside
of any real fictionality. The sketch, the narrator him-
self, are, of course, painfully sentimental; but they
represent nevertheless a step forward from Fanshawe. The
end of \textit{The Story-Teller} finds Oberon back in the world.
Having sentimentally warned the youth who would be "emulous
of my wild life and worthless fame . . . not to follow an
eccentric path," Oberon would insist on teaching him some-
thing else: "And often, as a text of deep and varied
meaning, I will remind him that he is an American."\textsuperscript{230}
Hawthorne insists here, if only vestigially on the
implications of the historical tales, all the while
recognizing that fear of fictionality which makes those
implications unavailable to his audience.

Thus, if the framework and the direction of \textit{The
Story-Teller} are reminiscent of \textit{Fanshawe} in requiring the
death of the artist, they also look forward to the more
durable Hawthorne, even, in fact, to what Pearce calls
the last fullblown variation on the "Molineux theme" in
the tales. They anticipate, that is to say, the revised
version of "Alice Doane's Appeal," a tale which Hawthorne
allegedly planned to include in both historical collections. 231

The revision of "Alice Doane's Appeal" consists simply in the replacement of the story itself by narrative summary and a framework the purpose of which is to illuminate the relationship between narrator, audience, and the fiction itself. Plainly, Hawthorne intended the "framework to be more crucial than the picture": "Hawthorne tells the story of telling a story in order to draw us directly into the struggle to relate ourselves to our history." 232 And as he develops the story, "regularly breaking off to remark to the reader on the effect he is immediately striving to create--[the story itself] becomes unimportant, an incidental means to a large end." 233 The end is not within the story, but outside: Hawthorne's purpose is to measure the effect of his story upon his audience, the response of the popular mind to the possibility of meaningful fictionality; as the narrator himself proposes, to make "a trial whether truth were more powerful than fiction." 234 How much fictionality, Hawthorne seems to ask, can that mind bear?

I plunged into my imagination for a blacker horror, and a deeper woe, and pictured the scaffold--

But here my companions seized an arm on each side; their nerves were trembling; and sweeter victory still, I had reached the seldom trodden places of their hearts, and found the well-spring of their tears. 235

"Alice Doane's Appeal" was Hawthorne's last attempt
in short fiction to relate his audience immediately to the Molineux theme. That he never acknowledged the story afterwards suggests that he was himself aware of its inadequacies. If he was incapable of realizing the implications of "Molineux," however, he did not discard the essential purpose of the framework method.

The Twice-Told Tales stand solidly in the line of Hawthorne's development of that purpose. The use Hawthorne makes of the narrator-framework device in the four "Tales of the Province House" in the 1842 edition suggests the possibility of a real, even literal, continuity. That continuity, however, is more evident, at least initially, on the basis of a consideration of what comes before and after the Twice-Told Tales than it is in terms of this collection alone. There is a continuity, as we have seen, from "The Seven Vagabonds" to The Story-Teller to the 1835 version of "Alice Doane's Appeal." It is, I think, clear that the 1846 Mosses participates in this development, and its place in the development defines more precisely that of the Twice-Told Tales.

When in 1845 Wiley and Putnam proposed a new collection of tales, Hawthorne originally intended to write two new stories to accompany the twelve he had already separately published. On May 2, however, Hawthorne wrote Duyckinck to say that although he had begun a story for the book, "It makes no good progress." This is
followed by another, more specific complaint in midsummer:

My story makes no good progress. . . . It was my purpose to construct a sort of frame-work, in this new story, for the series of stories already published, and to make the scene an idealization of our old personage, and of the river close at hand, with glimmerings of my actual life—yet so transmogrified that the reader should not know what was reality and what fancy. Perhaps such sketches would be more easily written after I have pitched my tent elsewhere. That will be in a few months, now. It grieves me to keep you waiting for this story . . . but if I were to attempt writing it now, the result would be most pitiable.238

It was not until a year later that Hawthorne sent off to Duyckinck "The Old Manse" with the other entries in the first volume of the collection: "I send you the initial article, promised many thousand years ago. . . . Nothing that I tried to write would flow out of my pen, till a very little while ago—when forth came this sketch, of its own accord, and much unlike what I had purposed. . . . It is truth, as you will perceive, with perhaps a gleam or two of ideal light thrown over it—yet hardly less true for that. I have written it as impersonally as I could, considering the nature of the thing, and do not feel as if there were any indelicacy in it, towards myself or anybody else."239

The only mystery here is why Hawthorne came to think that this introductory sketch was "much unlike what [he] had purposed." The sketch is certainly not the "couple of" tales Hawthorne first meant to add, but it would seem
to be a precise fulfillment of his description of a "framework" for the collection. We can only surmise that the sketch was not as "transmogrified," was far more unabashedly autobiographical, than Hawthorne initially intended to make it. It is almost as if Hawthorne, like Whitman in Section 24 of "Song of Myself," only now dared to name himself. The sketch is subtitled "The Author makes the Reader acquainted with his Abode." The artist, now Hawthorne himself, is at home in his world, which, although in the midst of the world, is not of it: "The glimmering shadows, that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway, were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which, the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world." But this "fairyland" provides access to the actual world: "In its near retirement, and accessible seclusion it was . . . not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness." And, simultaneously, to the materials of his early fiction: "The study had three windows, set with little, old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked, or rather peeped, between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history."
The Old Manse and its grounds become for Hawthorne "the very spot in which to utter the extremest nonsense or the profoundest wisdom, or that ethereal product of the mind which partakes of both, and may become one or the other, in correspondence with the faith and insight of the auditor."\(^{243}\)

The history of the Old Manse, moreover, is such as would endow the artist with a quasi-sacramental character:

Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer afternoon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time had dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. . . . The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse. . . . In the humblest event I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone.\(^{244}\)

Having assured the reader of the trustworthy, even orthodox, character of the artist, Hawthorne can confidently invite him to participate in the imaginative experience, in the fiction created by that artist: "after seating him in an antique elbow chair, an heirloom of the house, I take forth a roll of manuscript and entreat his attention to the following tales."\(^{245}\) Participating in this experience, the reader will presumably discover the essential terms of the fiction, the pattern of withdrawal and return by which
Hawthorne has defined it: a fiction whose "chief profit . . . lay—not in any definite idea—not in any angular or rounded truth . . . dug out of the shapeless mass of problematical stuff—but in the freedom which . . . [was] thereby won from all custom and conventionalism, and fettering influences of man on man . . . ;" and, at the same time, a fiction which forced the realization, "how sweet was it to return within the system of human society, not as to a dungeon and a chain, but as to a stately edifice."

In every aspect of its intention, even in much of its explicit imagery, "The Old Manse" anticipates both "The Custom-House" and the "Preface" to The House of the Seven Cables, pieces that we have long since considered important, serious statements about the place of the writer in America and "the difficulty of writing imaginative fiction in our kind of society." "The Old Manse" fully shares this importance, in spite of the fact that, like the two later introductions, its relaxed tone and rambling structure give it the marks of the familiar sketch so popular—for the most part so meaningless—in Hawthorne's time: a piece of "intimate journalism" combining "light humor, pathos, sentiment, and fancy."

All of which brings us, in an admittedly roundabout way, to the 1837 and 1842 Twice-Told Tales, for which Hawthorne wrote no preface, but which, I am convinced,
manifests the same concerns as the prefaces and "frameworks" as have been mentioned here. We read that collection best, I think, when we read it as a large experiment regarding the possibilities and the risks of fictionality—and anti-fictionality—in Hawthorne's time, in Hawthorne's society. We have become increasingly aware of the crucial role that artist-figures and artifacts play throughout Hawthorne's works. Both have a large and unambiguously literal presence in all of the novels and in many of the tales and sketches. Matthiessen has made it possible for us to see that all of the major characters in the novels are "refractions of the artistic nature." Artists and artifacts can, I think, be said to be the most prominent materials of "The Seven Vagabonds," "Passages from a Relinquished Work," "Alice Doane's Appeal," "The Devil in Manuscript," "The Prophetic Pictures," "Fragments from the Journal of a Solitary Man," "Edward Randolph's Portrait," "Lady Eleanor's Mantle," "A Virtuoso's Collection," "The Hall of Fantasy," "The Antique Ring," "The Artist of the Beautiful," "Drowne's Wooden Image," "P's Correspondence," "The Great Stone Face," "The Snow-Image," "Ethan Brand," and "Feathertop." Artist-figures appear also in "The Great Carbuncle," "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "Little Annie's Ramble," "The Village Uncle," "Graves and Goblins," "Sights from a Steeple," and "Sunday at Home." If it must be said that Hawthorne's portraits of the artist are his
way of exploring universal human problems—"are, ultimately, but examples of his convictions concerning sin and redemption, tragedy and happiness"—it is also true, of course, that Hawthorne's attention to artist-figures and the products of the imagination has a radically historical purpose and meaning. If "we must look behind the false costumes of quite a number of Hawthorne's characters for the image of the artist," we must also look beneath the surface events of Hawthorne's tales and sketches to see that very often those events describe Hawthorne's attempt to analyze and explore those relationships, between fictionality and "actuality" and between artist and audience, which would be possible for his culture.

Reading Hawthorne's tales and sketches this way, we realize, for example, that "Little Daffydowndilly" is no more only a juvenile story than is "The Snow-Image; a Childish Miracle." If it is unquestionably not great fiction, it is nevertheless an astringent comment upon the seeming impossibility of genuine play in a world dominated completely by workaday values. Reading the Twice-Told Tales this way, we become more deeply aware of how many of these tales and sketches center around the introduction or appearance of a radically fictional "possibility" into a "real" or "actual" public scene, and how many of them seek to measure the effects of that fiction, the response of the "crowd"—forming a kind of public audience—to that
possibility. Something such as this is the pattern of "The Gray Champion." Hawthorne constructs a factual, historical scene in preparation for the entrance of "the type of New England's hereditary spirit:" 254

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured. . . . The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand, to assist the tremulous gait of age. 255

Similar singular occurrences, staged in similarly "factual" circumstances, are the focus of "The Wedding-Knell" and "The Minister's Black Veil." In both of these Hawthorne is concerned first to establish the credibility of the narrative by giving it a "reliable" basis in fact. The first depends on an entirely trustworthy eyewitness: "There is a certain church, in the city of New-York which I have always regarded
with peculiar interest, on account of a marriage there solemnized, under very singular circumstances, in my grandmother's girlhood. That venerable lady chanced to be a spectator of the scene, and ever after made it her favorite narrative.\textsuperscript{256} Having said this much Hawthorne is free to affirm fictionality: "Whether the edifice now standing on the same sight be the identical one to which she referred, I am not antiquarian enough to know; nor would it be worth while to correct myself, perhaps, of an agreeable error, by reading the date of its erection on the tablet over the door."\textsuperscript{257} He is free also to introduce into the wedding party "the bridegroom in his shroud."\textsuperscript{258} The introductory note to "The Minister's Black Veil" refers to a real past event in order to "justify" the fiction—and then, so it would seem, proceeds, by implication, to point out the comparative simplicity and thus the inferiority of the fact in relation to the fiction: "Another clergyman in New England, Mr. Joseph Moody, of York, Maine, who died about eighty years since, made himself remarkable by the same eccentricity that is here related of the Reverend Mr. Hooper. In his case, however, the symbol had a different import. In early life he had accidentally killed a beloved friend; and from that day till the hour of his own death, he hid his face from men."\textsuperscript{259}

Major and minor variations of this pattern are behind the events and circumstances central to many of the
tales and sketches in the collection—"Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe," "The Prophetic Pictures," "The Hollow of the Three Hills," and, among others, the four "Legends of the Province-House" and several of the sketches—especially, "The Haunted Mind." That the technique is by no means new with Hawthorne, that Hawthorne's use of it is by no means confined only to the *Twice-Told Tales*, does not invalidate the argument that it has a special and especially conscious function in this collection, as it has in the short fiction Hawthorne was writing in the middle and late 1830's.

In choosing those tales and sketches "as seemed best worth offering to the public a second time," Hawthorne intended to include those pieces which he thought would best dispose his audience to the genuine and meaningful possibilities of fictionality. His choice was determined in large part, I believe, by his acute awareness of the fact that his audience was predisposed to "actuality." 260 "Molineux" had fulfilled the function of great literature by exploring, as Hugh D. Duncan puts it, "through symbolic action . . . how men *can* act when they act freely in human society." 261 The failure of those early collections, together with Hawthorne's simultaneous and equally deep commitments to both fictionality and his audience, led him in the mid-1830's to ask again and again: How is it possible, in such an anti-poetic society as this, to explore through the imagination the possibilities of human action? How,
that is to say, is it possible to make fiction meaningful when that society is itself committed to a fear of fictionality, and actively militates against the exploration of imaginative possibilities of action, considering them at best unimportant, at worst absolutely dangerous?

If, as has often been argued, Hawthorne's creative imagination habitually relied upon a single, significant event, it seems useful to suggest that that central event, especially during this period, came to be his own situation: his position—his lack of position—as a serious writer in such a society. We have already seen that in both the 1837 and the 1842 collections, Hawthorne preferred his more recent works; and it is those tales and sketches that manifest Hawthorne's persistent attempts to bring his fiction closer to the present actualities of his world. "The Toll-Gatherer's Day," written in 1837 and added to the first volume in the 1842 edition, is subtitled "A Sketch of Transitory Life" and demonstrates well Hawthorne's efforts to place the artist at the center of ordinary and therefore—so the reasoning goes—"real" life:

Methinks, for a person whose instinct bids him rather to pore over the current of life, than to plunge into its tumultuous waves, no undesirable retreat were a toll-house beside some thronged thoroughfare of the land. In youth, perhaps, it is good for the observer to run about the earth—to leave the track of his footsteps far and wide—to mingle himself with the action of numberless vicissitudes—and, finally, in some calm solitude, to feed a musing spirit on all that he has seen and felt. But there are natures
too indolent, or too sensitive, to endure the dust, the sunshine, or the rain, the turmoil of moral and physical elements, to which all the wayfarers of the world expose themselves. For such a man, how pleasant a miracle, could life be made to roll its variegated length by the threshold of his own hermitage, and the great globe, as it were, perform its revolutions and shift its thousand scenes before his eyes without whirling him onward in its course. If any mortal be favored with a lot analogous to this, it is the toll-gatherer.

That this represents a response to what he felt to be his own genuine need as well as his public's is evidenced simply by the fact of his American Note-Books, begun at Augusta in July, 1837, about the time he wrote this sketch. "It is apparent," says Randall Stewart, "that Hawthorne's 'minute and trivial chronicle' of experience had the important effect upon his fiction . . . of bringing it closer to mundane affairs. . . . Aside from those passages consisting of philosophical reflections and hints for stories, the American Notebooks are the expression of Hawthorne's quest of physical reality."  

A number of tales and sketches, "The May-Pole of Merry Mount," "The Great Carbuncle," "Old Esther Dudley," "The Ambitious Guest," and "The Threefold Destiny"—perhaps chief examples of the types among them—share, in spite of the largest obvious differences, an insistence that imaginative possibilities must have an integral relationship with the commonplace terms of actual life. The masques and mummeries at Merry Mount require, for Hawthorne, the discipline of the Puritan ethic in order to be fully meaningful.
To put it another way: neither the abstracted imaginative possibilities of "the votaries of the May-Pole" nor the Puritan Endicott's insistence on hard, unimaginative actualities is important; what has fictional and human significance, for Hawthorne, is the confrontation of the two impulses and, as the problem we are left with at the end of the story indicates, the question of whether the two will be able to exist together. The other tales here focus critically on projected imaginative possibilities which are judged unreal and spurious, however noble and elevated.

In "The Ambitious Guest" the situation provides for the artist-figure, a solitary youth who stops for the night at a lonely cottage in the Notch of the White Hills, a typically microcosmic popular audience in the mountain family. The setting is, typically, an overwhelmingly "actual" world: "the Notch is a great artery, through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing." The youth's arrival at the idyllically domesticated "fireside circle" moves four of the members of the family to divulge their intimate desires--their incipient impulses toward imaginative possibility. Their little "stories" move climactically, from the practical-minded father's atrophied capabilities ("I should want," he says, "to stand well with my neighbors, and be called 'Squire, and sent to General Court, for a term or two") to the
innocently gay and unaware abandon of the little boy, who wants all of them to "take a drink out of the basin of the Flume. . . . a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch . . . ;" to the daughter's self-conscious and unspeakable dreams of love; to, finally, the old grandmother's radically superstitious speculation about the need to get a glimpse of herself in her coffin. The "fictions" are increasingly dangerous in that they lead away from the necessities of the actual world. The host, for example, refuses to answer the call of other wayfarers, "unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain, by inviting people to patronize his house." At last, the "old woman's ghastly conception so engrossed the minds of her hearers" that the actual world is left behind and the beginning of the landslide unheard. Their momentary commitment to fictionality, the story would seem to say, is fatal: rushing to refuge at a barrier erected for such an emergency, "they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction." 

Likewise, "Sunday at Home," "A Rill from the Town-Pump," "Sights from a Steeple," "Night Sketches Beneath an Umbrella" are almost explicit statements of the dilemma the serious writer finds himself in. They are essentially complaints—if weak ones—expressing as they do the tenuous and attenuated relationship between the artist and the contemporary scene, between the imagination and actuality.
Those complaints are so much the same that they seem to manifest a lack of originality. Compare, for example, this passage from "Sunday at Home," in which Hawthorne personifies the church steeple as "a calm, and meditative, and somewhat melancholy spirit:"

It impresses us as a giant, with a mind comprehensive and discriminating enough to care for the great and small concerns of the town. Hourly, while it speaks a moral to the few that think, it reminds thousands of busy individuals of their separate and most secret affairs. It is the steeple, too, that flings abroad the hurried and irregular accents of general alarm; neither have gladness and festivity found a better utterance, than by its tongue; and when the dead are slowly passing to their home, the steeple has a melancholy voice to bid them welcome. Yet, in spite of this connexion with human interests, what a moral loneliness, on week days, broods round-about its stately height! It has no kindred with the houses above which it towers; it looks down into the narrow thoroughfare, the lonelier, because the crowd are elbowing their passage at its base.

with the terms of the complaint in "Night Sketches;"

... amid the bustle of traffic, or whatever else may seem to be going on around me, the rain-drops will occasionally be heard to patter against my window-panes, which look forth upon one of the quietest streets in a New England town. After a time, too, the visions vanish, and will not appear again at my bidding. Then, it being nightfall, a gloomy sense of unreality depresses my spirits, and impels me to venture out, before the clock shall strike bedtime, to satisfy myself that the world is not entirely made up of such shadowy materials, as have busied me throughout the day. A dreamer may dwell so long among fantasies, that the things without him will seem as unreal as those within.

The statements are what they are because of Hawthorne's compulsive need to meet simultaneously the demands of fictionality and those of actuality. They epitomize the
"bifurcated Hawthorne:" "On the one hand we have Hawthorne the artist, the romancer, who desires the best possible milieu for his artistic creation, who requires the use of the imaginative order. On the other hand we have Hawthorne the citizen, the democrat, the man of his day, who sees, understands, and sympathizes with the insistence of his society upon actualities." The Hawthorne of the Twice-Told Tales, it must be understood, always insisted upon both of these dimensions of experience. Too often he has been thought of as resting comfortably in the face of the problem. That famous passage from "Sights from a Steeple" is an often-cited example:

\begin{quote}
Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all-heeding and unheeded. Oh, that the multitude of chimneys could speak, like those of Madrid, and betray, in smoky whispers, the secrets of all who, since their first foundation, have assembled at the hearths within! Oh, that the Limping Devil of Le Sage would perch beside me here, extend his wand over this contiguity of roofs, uncover every chamber, and make me familiar with their inhabitants! The most desirable mode of existence might be that of a spiritualized Paul Pry, hovering invisible round man and woman, witnessing their deeds, searching into their hearts, borrowing brightness from their felicity, and shade from their sorrow, and retaining no emotion peculiar to himself.\end{quote}

Critics have ended here, although Hawthorne himself goes on: "But none of these things are possible; and if I would know the interior of brick walls, or the mystery of human bosoms, I can but guess." Which is to say that he must imagine possibilities of human action.
Hawthorne was committed to the imagination, but he was committed to it with a sense of discipline and responsibility and a sharp perception of his culture's values. The discipline, the sense of responsibility are undeniably a result of both the quality of his imagination and of the restrictive forces of his culture. W. H. Auden's remarks on the imagination, however post-Puritan they are, do much to clarify Hawthorne's attitudes. For Auden, the imagination is beyond good and evil, but it is only with the help of the imagination that I can become good or evil. Without imagination I remain an innocent animal, unable to become anything but what I already am. In order to become what I should become, therefore, I have put my imagination to work, to limit its playful activities, to imagining those possibilities which, for me, are both permissible and real; if I allow it to be the master and play exactly as it likes, then I shall remain in a dream-like state of imagining everything I might become, without getting around to ever becoming anything. But, once imagination has done its work for me to the degree that, with its help I have become what I should become, imagination has a right to demand its freedom to play without any limitation, for there is no longer any danger that I shall take its play seriously.

Once we have granted the fact--for Hawthorne a crucial one--that the imagination was in the Puritan-Scottish Common Sense culture by no means "beyond" evil possibilities, Auden's statement reflects Hawthorne's problem accurately enough. And Auden's solution, it seems to me, suggests what Hawthorne can be said to have striven for--and, as the posthumous fragments especially testify, never achieved.
Hawthorne's problem involves the necessity to create an identity for himself through his fiction: by imagining those possibilities which his culture allowed him to project as permissible and real for himself. In a culture in which everything from lack of copyright laws to low or non-existent magazine pay to aesthetic theory operated against such creativity, it is not surprising that many of those possibilities should hardly be imaginative at all. It is not surprising that Hawthorne's self-appraisal in the mid-1830's centered around his fear—real enough in such a culture—that he would never get around to becoming anything: nor that the weakness of the complaint the sketches make is derived from the fact that at times Hawthorne was led to take refuge in "the satisfying yet 'safe' emotional experience which is a part of seeing figured in one's surroundings the values by which one has been brought to believe one should live." We should not be surprised to discover Hawthorne resorting to "safe" moral pronouncements such as the apparently anti-fictional conclusion of "David Swan," a kind of inverted "Molineux:" "the page from the secret history of David Swan" presumably illustrates that "sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in mortal
life, to render foresight even partially available?"\(^{281}\)

It is understandable, too, that Hawthorne should assume, in "The Village Uncle," the mask of a kind of good gray poet who "had no other literature" than the Bible, a singing book of psalms and the almanac in the circle of his idyllic domesticity: who "feared to trust [his children] even with the alphabet," since he knew "it was the key to a fatal treasure."\(^{282}\) Now an old man, the narrator, like young Ralph Cranfield of "The Threefold Destiny," is brought, in his "final hour," to a total rejection of fictional possibility:

And now for a moral to my reverie. Shall it be, that, since fancy can create so bright a dream of happiness, it were better to dream on from youth to age, than to awake and strive doubtfully for something real? Oh! the slight tissue of a dream can no more preserve us from the stern reality of misfortune, than a robe of cobweb could repel the wintry blast. Be this the moral, then. In chaste and warm affections, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind, and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life, and the fairest hope of Heaven.\(^{283}\)

The conclusion involves the rejection of "the book that [he] flung down, and the sheet that [he] left half written, some fifty years ago."\(^{284}\) It involves also the dissolution of his relationship with the past—with the matter that leads to "Molineux:" "many a forgotten usage, and traditions ancient in my youth, and early adventures of myself or others . . . effaced by things more recent."\(^{285}\) It involves the rejection, as well, of those other "dark"
materials by which we have generally defined the durable Hawthorne: "the sad, true tale of a young man on the eve of marriage, who had been nine days missing, when his drowned body floated into the very pathway, on Marblehead neck, that had often led him to the dwelling of his bride; as if the dripping corpse would have come where the mourner was." The story, insofar as it works at all, would seem to work so as to prefer life over art, the actuality of the present over the "slight tissue" of historical fictionality. It is, of course, one of the Hawthorne pieces we have perhaps more or less tried to forget. In being as successful as we have, we have failed to ask certain questions about it that should be asked.

We have at least not asked often enough how, given its failure—and that of others like it—does it still have meaning? Charles Feidelson, asking this question about Melville's "other" novels, discovers that, while they are "a pale reflection of the achievement of Moby-Dick, they reveal the extent of Melville's preoccupation with intellectual method, which was the ground not only of his masterpiece but of nearly everything he wrote." He discovers that Melville's preoccupation with the problem of meaning, his quest for meaning, is such that in Israel Potter "just one 'significance' is left him—the evaporation of significance, meaninglessness at the source of meaning." I should like only to suggest here that Hawthorne's commitment to meaning—
ful fictionality not only represents a persistent dimension of meaning in his work, but that, at this point in his career, his commitment to fictionality is such that he pursued it--consciously or unconsciously--to the point of projecting masks which would let him discover the full import of the fear of fictionality.

However pietistic and sentimental the anti-fictional attitude affirmed by the village uncle, the indisputable fact is that Hawthorne had created a radically fictional mask in order to discover the meaning of life defined in terms of the absence of fictionality. It is not altogether without significance that, if Fanshawe enters the world and Oberon returns to it only to die because, being artists, they are unfit for it, the old village patriarch affirms the standard pieties only to die too. Implicit in the old man's rejection of fictionality is an acute sense of the power of fictionality: "Ah! One feels a chillness, not bodily, but about the heart, and, moreover, a foolish dread of looking behind him, after these pastimes. I can imagine precisely how a magician would sit down in gloom and terror, after dismissing the shadows that had personated dead or distant people, and stripping his cavern of the unreal splendor which had changed it to a palace." The statement suggests that the loss of imaginative possibility is itself not without its terrors; immediately preceding the pronouncement of the moral as it does, the statement would also
seem to suggest that there is something like desperation in the facile parallelisms of that moral. Attempting to affirm all of the sunshine and optimism of the actual contemporary world through fiction, Hawthorne finds it necessary to reject fiction; rejecting fiction, however, would seem to make actuality itself unbearable. If the end, the moral, is simplistic, it is not all; and even with its inadequacies the sketch suggests that the yearning for the "safe emotional experience" is not without its costs and that it arises because Hawthorne felt as intensely as he did the conflicting demands of the imagination and actuality and not because he felt no pressure at all. There is even in "The Village Uncle"—almost, as it were, in spite of the sketch itself—something resembling the recognition of the power of the imagination we feel in Auden's analysis.

Thus if those pressures had such confused and negative results as "The Village Uncle" and the other pieces like it, and if they have a role in the final failure of the imagination in the late fifties and early sixties, they also, in a larger sense, led, curiously, even in "The Village Uncle"—to positive achievement. For the writer who would be a serious artist, who would sustain his commitment to the imagination in spite of his culture's and his own—suspicions about the risks of fictionality, those forces could operate only in such a way as would
sharpen his already intense consciousness of the aims and materials and costs of his art. They could operate only in such a way as to force into the open the primitive question of the very possibility of imaginative possibility: especially when that artist felt simultaneously a deep moral commitment to the emotional and imaginative needs of his audience and, like a Fireside Poet, would minister to those needs rather than exploit them.

It seems hardly necessary to point out that if those pressures did not give rise to the sense of psychological tension and moral ambiguity so large in Hawthorne's best work, they did, after all, play a part in their development. The basic style of those ambiguities—the alleged appearances of the letter "A" in the sky and on Dimmesdale's breast are central examples—consists of a range of alternatives, from the radically inward and imaginative to the prosaically common-sensible and "actual." If we have been most concerned, and properly so, to explain the ambiguity in terms of its symbolic power, the multiplicity of its meaning, we must also, in our appreciation of it, realize that one of the greatest aspects of its achievement, historically, is that it made fictional possibility available to an audience fearful of fictionality at the same time that it had the effect ultimately of freeing fictionality from the restrictions of the actual world to which that audience was committed. The Twice-Told
Tales of 1837 and 1842 represent, in this sense, Hawthorne's first public battleground where those possibilities and those fears could be tested by the artist and, hopefully, his audience.

Those pressures themselves had to be part of Hawthorne's historical situation in order for his art to issue in those strong affirmations of fictionality— at all costs— such as "The Haunted Mind," "Fire-Worship," and, of course, The Scarlet Letter. In "The Haunted Mind" the imaginative experience works so as to both inform and validate the extramental "actual" world: "Your spirit has departed, and strays like a free citizen, among the people of a shadowy world, beholding strange sights, yet without wonder or dismay." "Fire-Worship" is, of course, a sketch about the very meaning of fictionality, not about the superiority of the open fireplace over the stove. The domestic fire, "a type of . . . the picturesque, the poetic, and the beautiful [in] human life," Hawthorne says, seems "to bring might and majesty, and wild Nature and a spiritual essence into our inmost home, and yet to dwell with us in such friendliness that its mysteries and marvels excited no dismay. . . . he is the great artisan and laborer by whose aid men are enabled to build a world within a world." It is one of Hawthorne's numerous attempts to render through a single symbol the dichotomy that is central to so much of his art: imaginative possibility itself as at once "the
tremendous agent of change" and "the great conservative of Nature." It is an attempt, that is, to affirm the imagination as at once dangerous and domestic:

Nor did it lessen the charm of his soft, familiar courtesy and helpfulness that the mighty spirit, were opportunity offered him, would run riot through the peaceful house, wrap its inmates in his terrible embrace, and leave nothing of them save their whitened bones. This possibility of mad destruction only made his domestic kindness the more beautiful and touching. It was so sweet of him, being endowed with such power, to dwell day after day, and one long lonesome night after another, on the dusky hearth, only now and then betraying his wild nature by thrusting his red tongue out of the chimney top! True, he had done much mischief in the world, and was pretty certain to do more; but his warm heart atoned for all. He was kindly to the race of man; and they pardoned his characteristic imperfections.

The Scarlet Letter itself, if we read it as a romance in which "every character, in effect, re-enacts the 'Custom-House' scene in which Hawthorne himself contemplated the letter," is not only, as Feidelson suggests, "a kind of exposition of the nature of symbolic perception" but also a kind of analysis of the question of what it means to bear fully the burden of fictionality. To wear the scarlet letter, the book contends, is to be defined by what is preeminently an artifact. And if the meaning of the romance, literally and symbolically, is unquestionably more than an affirmation of fictionality, it is nevertheless, among those other meanings, an extravagantly powerful affirmation of all the risks and consequences—in Hawthorne's society as well as Hester's—of the commitment to imaginative possibility. It is as powerful as it is,
largely because Hawthorne, as R. W. B. Lewis has said, "was able by temperament to give full and fair play to both parties in the agone: to the hero and the tribe as well."\textsuperscript{297} Lewis' concern is with the Adamic metaphor, but the terms of his analysis point up the fact that part of the darkness and treachery that Hawthorne exposed in the American scene involves, and in a central way, the question of fictionality itself. At the center of the work is the wearer and the creator of an artifact; and she is surrounded by a hostile and suspicious audience. If, as Lewis argues, the greatness of the romance can be defined in terms of Hawthorne's "controlled division of sympathies,"\textsuperscript{298} the division itself includes in one of its dimensions the tensions between artifact and audience, between artist and artifact, between artist and audience. The terms of that tension are such that they enhance the import even of those among the Twice-Told Tales which are almost total failures: those tales and sketches, in all their inadequacy, come to be viewed as the necessary experiments which enabled Hawthorne to formulate the symbols of The Scarlet Letter. Hawthorne tried to give full and fair play to both parties in the agone in the Twice-Told Tales too.

One of the strategies Hawthorne used in facing his audience's fear of fictionality in those tales is evident in his large-scale revisions. With the exception of the several long passages he deleted in "The Gentle Boy" and
those deletions which are, for one reason or another, almost totally mechanical, Hawthorne's usual revisions consisted of the removal of such remarks as might offend the moralistic, anti-fictional views of the popular audience. As might be expected, a number of these involve observations having sexual overtones. Throughout his career Hawthorne made such changes, and normally the revisions had to do with passages which reflected unfavorably upon the character of the narrator. Writing in a more and more openly autobiographical way and relying more and more on various kinds of framework materials, Hawthorne took special care—particularly when, in the published collections, he acknowledged those works hitherto anonymous—to avoid putting into the mouth of the narrator any statements his audience might deem excessive. The strategy, however much it contradicts contemporary views, was an honest one, and a natural result of his need to project himself as a public figure and his consciousness of "what garment . . . [he] shall wear." Not all of the remarks had to do with sex. When revising "Monsieur du Miroir" for the 1846 Mosses, Hawthorne sought both to subdue the relationship between himself and that character and to soften the extent of Miroir's alleged dissipation. This sentence, included in the 1837 Token version, equates even for a gift-book audience the author and Monsieur du Miroir: "If we chance to meet, when I am pale with midnight study,
or haply flushed with a mere sip of silver-top champagne, 
the poor fellow is sure to exhibit an aspect of worn-out 
or over excited energy, graduated precisely to my own."^300

That statement, along with the following paragraph, which 
makes Miroir dangerously unconventional, Hawthorne deleted:

Intimate as, in some respects, we may be said to 
be, the reader will hardly conceive my ignorance 
in regard to many important points of M. du Miroir's 
mode of life. I never yet could discover, nor even 
guess, what is his business or pastime, in the long 
space which sometimes elapses without an interview 
between us. He seldom goes into society, except 
when introduced by me. Yet, occasionally, I have 
cought a dim glimpse of M. du Miroir's well-known 
countenance, gazing at me from the casement of some 
aristocratic mansion where I am not a guest; 
although, quite as often, I grieve to say, he has 
been imprudent enough to show himself within the 
dusty panes of the lowest pot-houses, or even 
more disreputable haunts. In such cases, meeting 
each other's eyes, we both look down abashed. 
It must not be concealed, however, that, while 
holding my course amid the week-day bustle which 
flows past a church, I have discerned my friend 
through the lofty windows, doubtless enjoying a 
private audience of Religion, who sits six days 
in her deserted fane, and sees all the world the 
seventh. With what sect he worships on the 
Sabbath, indispensable as the point is to a 
proper judgment of his moral character, I abso­
lutely never knew. When the bells fling out their 
holy music, I generally see him, in his best black 
suit, of the same pattern as my own, and wearing 
a mild solemnity of aspect, that edifies me almost 
as much as the sound orthodoxy of my reverend 
pastor. But we meet no more, till the services 
are ended. Whether he goes to church with the 
Episcopalian, to chapel with the Methodists, or to 
the synagogue with the Jews--whether perverted to 
Roman Catholic idolatry, or to Universalist or 
Unitarian infidelity--is a matter which, being no 
controversialist, M. du Miroir keeps to himself. 
Of course, however exemplary in his worldly 
character, he cannot expect my full confidence, 
while there remains the slightest ambiguity on 
this head.^301
In a world in which "criticks and reviews..." wrote exercising jurisdiction not only upon the literary but moral blemishes of the authors, that come before them, it is not surprising that Hawthorne would remove such passages. If it is conceivable that he would have preferred to retain them, there is more evidence to support the view that Hawthorne's own tastes guided the changes. It is not conceivable, at any rate, that he thought of these deletions as violations of his art. When revision involved a genuine violation of art, Hawthorne's attitude, one feels, was always what it was in the "Preface to the Second Edition" of The Scarlet Letter: "The author," he said of himself, "is constrained to republish his introductory sketch without the change of a word." The large intention behind these deletions is to set the fiction free by promoting confidence in a narrator who is both strikingly real and morally reliable.

The two letters cited at the beginning of this chapter provide a frame for Hawthorne's whole career and suggest, first, his dual commitments, equally deep and instinctive, to fictionality and to audience and, second, the basic ambivalence that resulted from this duality. He who wanted to "live throughout the whole range of his faculties and sensibilities" felt also that the burden of history demanded that he live—and, obviously, write—"for...[his] own age." The letters suggest that such
an artist—aware that the popular audience he was committed to had "no power of thought, no depth of feeling, no troublesome sensibilities; nothing, in short, but a few commonplace instincts . . . [and] the cheerful temper that grew inevitably out of [its] physical well-being."³⁰⁵—such an artist would seek to mediate between his art and that audience.

That all these strategies represent a sacrifice and a diminution of Hawthorne's art is obvious: the Twice-Told Tales represent, in large part, Hawthorne's "other" tales and sketches. That the strategies and the sacrifice were necessary is obvious too: Hawthorne would speak to his own time as well as to ours. That they were not spurious is less obvious. So too is the fact that they required courage and greatness. We realize that fully only when we discover that the 1842 Twice-Told Tales, to all appearances buoyed up by all those nineteenth-century crowd-pleasers, sold so poorly that three years later Hawthorne was forced to re-issue six to seven hundred of the original one thousand copies in a false edition.³⁰⁶
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BY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

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BY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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Footnotes: Historical Introduction


2 A copy of this letter is in the Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book in the Houghton Library, Harvard University. The book consists of holograph copies of Hawthorne's and Fields's letters in various hands.


4 See especially Walter Blair's bibliography of Hawthorne in Eight American Authors, edited by Floyd Stovall (New York, 1955), and the current bibliography of Hawthorne in American Literature. There are important exceptions to this general tendency, however, the primary ones being F. O. Matthiessen's American Renaissance: Art and Expression in the Age of Emerson and Whitman (New York, 1941); Roy Harvey Pearce's two studies, "Hawthorne and the Twilight of Romance," Yale Review, XXVII (September, 1948), 487-506, and "Hawthorne's Sense of the Past, or the Immortality of Major Molineux," English Literary History, XXI (December, 1954), 327-49; Seymour L. Gross's "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of Illinois, 1954); Edward H. Davidson's Hawthorne's Last Phase (New York, 1949).


6 Hawthorne's attitude is particularly understandable in view of the reception of the 1837 edition in this notice in the Boston Courier for March 9, 1837: "'Twice Told Tales' is a title of a beautiful duodecimo just published by the American Stationers' Company. It is the production of
'Nathaniel Hawthorne'—whether a true or fictitious name, we know not—probably the latter." Hawthorne was always painfully conscious of the fact that his collections were composed almost completely of reprinted tales—or, as he once put it to Longfellow—of his 'twice-told' tediousness." Horatio Bridge had written Hawthorne shortly after the publication of the 1837 volume, saying that newspaper notices were "cold" about the book: "Most of the coldness is due to the fact that the stories are 'Twice-Told;' and this I know from remarks of some of my friends, who declined buying because the book was not original!" (Letter dated March 26, 1837. Cited in Julian Hawthorne, Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife [Boston, 1884], I, p. 153.) Poe, reviewing the 1842 edition, did not pass up the chance to point out that the tales and sketches were misnamed, being "now in their third republication, and, of course, . . . thrice-told" (Graham's Magazine [May, 1842]).

7 "Preface," Twice-Told Tales [1851] (see Volume II, p. 7 in this study for the established text). All references to the text of the Twice-Told Tales, unless otherwise specified, are to the established text given here in the second volume.

8 Hawthorne seems almost invariably to have preferred his most recent work to earlier ones. Just as he was convinced that The House of the Seven Gables was superior to The Scarlet Letter, he had little taste for Mosses from an Old Manse when revising that collection for the 1854 second edition. He wrote to Fields: "When I wrote those dreamy sketches, I little thought that I should ever preface an edition for the press amidst the bustling life of a Liverpool consulate. Upon my honor, I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning in some of these blasted allegories; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or at least thought I had. I am a good deal changed since those times; and to tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste as I see myself in this book" (April 13, 1854, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University).

9 pp. 6-7.


However much Hawthorne himself may have romanticized his "solitary years" since his graduation from Bowdoin, it is nonetheless true that he was acutely aware of the political and literary successes of his old college friends—Franklin Pierce, Jonathan Cilley, Bridge himself and, of course, Longfellow.

The review did not appear until the October, 1836 issue (pp. 405-6).

See Roy Harvey Pearce's "Introduction" to the forthcoming Centenary Edition of Fanshawe for his discussion of Hawthorne's campaign to put that romance before the public. See also Hawthorne's letters to Sophia Hawthorne, September 10, 1841, and September 27, 1841, regarding his arrangements with James Munroe for the publication of Grandfather's Chair (Love Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne: 1839-1841 [Chicago, 1907], pp. 41-2, 55-7).

Hawthorne complained bitterly about Benjamin's handling of his stories: "Thus has this man, who would be considered a Maecenas, taken from a penniless writer material incomparably better than his own brain could supply" (cited in Horatio Bridge, "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne," Harper's Magazine, LXXXIV [February, 1892], p.360). Seymour L. Gross has suggested that Benjamin paid Hawthorne at most a dollar per page for the tales he published in the New-England and that, in view of his absconding with several other tales, it is even likely that Hawthorne would have had great difficulty collecting that amount (op. cit., p.31). Elizabeth Peabody wrote that Hawthorne "got little or nothing as pay" from Benjamin (Moncure D. Conway, Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne [London, 1890], p. 32). Hawthorne was not at all naive, however: he was simply powerless to stop such "piratical" practices.


Bridge wrote Hawthorne on September 25, 1836: "I thought of writing a notice of the 'Token,' and naming you as the author of several articles, with some candid remarks upon your merits as a writer" (Julian Hawthorne, I, p. 139). And on October 16 of that year he wrote the following remarks, asking Hawthorne if he should send them to the Boston Post: 'It is a singular fact that of the few American writers by profession, one of the very best is a gentleman whose name has never yet been made public, though his writings are extensively and favorably known.
We refer to Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., of Salem, the author of "The Gentle Boy," "The Gray Champion," etc., etc., all productions of high merit, which have appeared in the annuals and magazines of the last three or four years. Liberally educated, but bred to no profession, he has devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits, with an ardor and success which will ere long give him a high place among the scholars of this country. His style is classical and pure; his imagination exceedingly delicate and fanciful, and through all his writings there runs a vein of sweetest poetry. Perhaps we have no writer so deeply imbued with the early literature of America, or who can so well portray the times and manners of the Puritans. Hitherto, Mr. Hawthorne has published no work of magnitude; but it is to be hoped that one who has shown such unequivocal evidence of talent will soon give to the world some production which shall place him in a higher rank than can be attained by one whose efforts are confined to the sphere of magazines and annuals'" (cited in Julian Hawthorne, I, pp. 140-41).

Bertha Faust (Hawthorne's Contemporaneous Reputation: A Study of Literary Opinion in America and England, 1828-1864 [Philadelphia, 1939]) does not list a review by Bridge, and I have not been able to determine whether it was ever printed.


22 Curiously, for example, he confuses the Provincial Tales with the 1837 Twice-Told (Personal Recollections [New York, 1893], p. 78).

23 op. cit., pp. 78-9. Bridge wrote: "At last, however, having become convinced that my friend was being deluded by false hope, I wrote to Mr. Goodrich and asked if there was any pecuniary obstacle in the way of the publication; adding, if that were the cause of the delay, I would obviate it by guaranteeing the publisher against loss."

24 op. cit., p. 79.

25 op. cit.

26 Julian Hawthorne, I, p. 142.

27 Ibid., p. 150.

29 The phrase is G. W. Curtis', from his essay on Hawthorne's Works in the North American Review (October, 1864), pp. 539-57. In his Recollections, Goodrich contrasts Hawthorne and Nathaniel P. Willis, remarking that Hawthorne "stood aloof, and surveyed the world from shy and sheltered positions" (pp. 269-71).

30 Julian Hawthorne, I, pp. 142-43.

31 pp. 272-73.

32 Ibid., p. 272fn. See also Bertha Faust, p. 25.

33 In his Recollections Goodrich would write that though "I was a hesitating and reluctant subscriber to the stock, and in fact was the last to join the association, I still shared largely--I may say fatally--in its misfortunes. It entailed upon me the loss of the little property I had accumulated, and embarrassments which have haunted to the present day" (p. 273fn).

34 Ironically, he described the purpose of the American Stationers' Company as that of "publishing original American works of a high character, and in such a way as to render due compensation and encouragement to authors" (p. 272fn).

35 op. cit., p. 25.

36 Gross has pointed out that, except for "a facile and prolific Nathaniel Parker Willis or a mawkishly sentimental Mrs. Sigourney, writing for magazines and annuals was a distinctly unremunerative profession" (op. cit., p. 18.).

37 The Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales (Boston, 1852), p. 206.

38 For "The Prophetic Pictures," "The Great Carbuncle," "Sunday at Home," "Monsieur du Miroir," "Mrs. Bullfrog," "Fancy's Show Box," "The Man of Adamant" and "David Swan" Goodrich presumably paid Hawthorne at the rate of one dollar a page (Julian Hawthorne, I, p. 138). While George Parsons Lathrop has suggested that the pay from Goodrich was sometimes as low as twenty cents a page (The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne [Cambridge, 1883], I, p. 10), Seymour Gross has more reliably estimated that for the twenty-seven pieces Hawthorne published in The Token between 1831 and 1838 he was paid somewhere in the vicinity of between $334 and $343 ("Hawthorne's Income from The Token," Studies in Bibliography, VIII (1956), 236-39.)
39 Goodrich's evaluation of the relationship between writer and publisher must have been laughable to Hawthorne: the two, he says, "are partners in the fellowship of literature. . . . Nothing is now more marketable than good writing. . . . Starving, neglected, abused genius, is a myth of bygone times. If an author is poorly paid, it is because he writes poorly. I do not think that authors are adequately paid. . . . but it is certain that a clever, industrious, and judicious writer may make his talent the means of living" (op. cit., II, p. 276).

40 Ibid., II, p. 264.

41 Gross, "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 20. See also Ralph Thompson, American Literary Annuals and Gift Books (New York, 1936).

42 See his letter to Hawthorne, dated September 23, 1836 (Julian Hawthorne, I, p. 138). Goodrich wrote again on February 9, 1837, requesting new stories for the 1838 volume (Ibid., p. 150); and on April 6, 1837, he wrote still again, asking for "one or two more stories" (Ibid., pp. 157-58).

43 The letter is dated November 7, 1836. (Ibid., p. 142).

44 Personal Recollections, p. 80.

45 "Preface," p. 8. The preface is in the form of a letter to Bridge.

46 Julian Hawthorne, I, p. 142.

47 Later in his career—after the publication of The Scarlet Letter—Hawthorne came to rely implicitly on James T. Fields, abiding by this publisher's decisions in any number of matters regarding the texts of his works.

48 See Julian Hawthorne, I, pp. 140-41. On October 16, 1836 Bridge advised Hawthorne: "By all means cultivate the 'Knickerbocker;'" and on the following day Lewis Gaylord Clark, the editor of the magazine, answering an earlier letter of Hawthorne, wrote: "I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as you can, agreeably to yourself, favor us with anything from your pen."

49 Since the tale was first printed in the United States Magazine and Democratic Review as late as October, 1837, and since the editor, John S. O'Sullivan, had not written Hawthorne until April 19, 1837, asking him to contribute, it is unlikely that Hawthorne had written the tale before March, when the 1837 edition was published.
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50 According to Goodrich, the publication would be "solely for the benefit of Hawthorne; he receiving ten per cent, on the retail price—the usual terms" (letter dated October 20, 1836, cited in Bridge, Personal Recollections, p. 79.)

51 See James T. Fields's Yesterdays with Authors (Boston, 1872), pp. 49-52.

52 The letter is to W. D. Ticknor, MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University.

53 See my discussion of the rationale of Hawthorne's large-scale revisions, p. 258.

54 American Literature, XXVII (March, 1955), 101-105.

55 See Appendix I, pp. 797-98 for the revisions which Hawthorne made in this tale for the 1837 collection.

56 December 22, 1841, Duyckinck to Hawthorne, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL. Of these forty-seven tales, Duyckinck reprinted in Arcturus only "The White Old Maid" (January, 1842), "The Man of Adamant" (February, 1842), and "The Canterbury Pilgrims" (March, 1842).

57 Bertha Faust has commented that the Twice-Told Tales "contained only eighteen pieces, out of the thirty-six [sic] which Hawthorne had published up to this time . . . even if one leaves out of consideration those which have been ascribed to him. Nevertheless the collection, though small, was thoroughly representative, and gave an accurate impression of Hawthorne's manner in its then modest range. It was a fair and favorable presentation" (ibid., p. 26).

58 His attitude in his prefaces to the tales, always written much later than the tales themselves, is constant. Compare, for example, this remark in his "Preface" to The Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales with those in the Twice-Told Tales preface: "ever since my youth, I have been addressing a very limited circle of friendly readers, without much danger of being overheard by the public at large" ([p. 7]).

On the other hand, there are in the tales themselves such judgments as this one in "Old News. I.:" "Here is a volume of what were once newspapers . . . a species of literature which we are accustomed to consider as connected only with the present moment. Ephemeral as they were intended and supposed to be, they have long outlived the printer and his whole subscription-list, and have proved
more durable, as to their physical existence, than most of the timber, bricks, and stone, of the town where they were issued. These are but the least of their triumphs. . . . Happy are the editors of newspapers! Their productions excel all others in immediate popularity, and are certain to acquire another sort of value with the lapse of time. They scatter their leaves to the wind, as the sybil did, and posterity collects them, to be treasured up among the best materials of its wisdom. With hasty pens they write for immortality" (The Snow-Image [1852], p. [159]).

59 Cited in Lathrop, Works, XII, p. 471.

60 The list does not include any of the various pieces, at one time or another attributed to Hawthorne, whose authorship is in doubt. The chief among these tales are: "The Young Provincial" (The Token, 1830), "The Haunted Quack" and "The New England Village" (The Token, 1831), "My Wife's Novel" (The Token, 1832), and "The Bald Eagle" (The Token, 1833), all of which were collected in the Autograph Edition of the Complete Writings of Hawthorne (1900); "The Fated Family" (The Token, 1831), "The Adventurer" (The Token, 1832), "The Adventures of a Rain Drop" (The Token, 1838), "The First and Last Dinner" (Samuel P. Newman, ed., A Practical System of Rhetoric [1829]). For a fuller description of these and other attributions see Blanck.

61 Works, I, p. 10. In his "Introductory Note" to the uncollected tales and sketches (XII, p. 7), Lathrop remarks again: "The 'Journal of a Solitary Man' and 'My Home Return' may not improbably be connected with the narrative of 'The Story-Teller' which Hawthorne had planned as an accompaniment to the 'Twice-Told Tales.'"


63 The 1835 Youth's Keepsake was, like all other gift-book annuals, published in the fall of the preceding year to promote Christmas sales. See Thompson regarding the publication dates of the annuals.

64 Hawthorne's remark to Bridge is indicative of his attitude toward the kind of editorial hack-work he was at times forced to do: "I did not send you the Life of Pierce, not considering it fairly one of my literary productions" (October 18, 1852, in the Maurice Copybook, Bowdoin).
This tale was first printed in the Democratic Review in April.

O'Sullivan had reprinted this tale in the August, 1843 issue of the Democratic Review.

Two of the other three tales, "The Antique Ring" and "A Book of Autographs," Hawthorne himself would never collect; the third, "Little Daffydowndilly," he included in his last collection.

See my discussion of the circumstances of the first separate printings of these tales, pp. 78-86.

Blanck notes the following remark by Duyckinck in Arcturus (May, 1841): "The Rill from the Town-Pump, the best known of Hawthorne's sketches, was stolen by a cunning London bookseller, the author's name omitted, and circulated as a temperance tract" (BAL, IV, p. 24). The piracy was allegedly published in 1841, but no copies have been seen. In 1857, the sketch was separately published in London, "with Remarks by Telba" (BAL, IV, p. 25).

The latter was published anonymously under the title "A Visit to the Celestial City," and revised by the Committee of Publication of the American Sunday-School Union (n.d., 1852). See Blanck, IV, p. 25. On March 26, 1851, Fields wrote Hawthorne that the "periodical and newspapers have stolen you [sic] new preface [for the Twice-Told Tales], and it is making a tour around the country (MS, Berg Collection, NYPL). I have not seen any of these reprints, however, and it is not improbable that Fields was to some extent exaggerating.


In view of Hawthorne's general distrust of Griswold, it is not unlikely that the latter pirated the Hawthorne selections for his anthology and that Hawthorne himself was unaware of this printing. Griswold also included "The
Celestial Rail-Road" and a brief excerpt from “Buds and Bird Voices” which he entitled “Spring.” These last two stories had been among Hawthorne's first choices for the 1846 Mosses.

This projected collection failed largely as a result of the kind of seemingly fortuitous circumstance that plagued Hawthorne until 1850. Several editorial shifts in The New-England Magazine caused the collection to be fragmented after the founders of the magazine, Joseph T. Buckingham and his son Edwin, had agreed to publish the collection in serial form. But because of Edwin's death, the magazine was sold and the editorship passed, in October, 1834, to Samuel G. Howe and John O. Sargent and then, in March, 1835, to Park Benjamin. Which of these editors was most responsible for the breaking up of the collection it is almost impossible to say; Hawthorne himself blamed Benjamin. For a full and accurate description of these events see Gross, pp. 9-13.

These lists are based for the most part on Nelson F. Adkins' analysis of the early works. Those stories about which there is some uncertainty are designated by a question mark in parentheses. Gross states that "everything else published by Hawthorne during this period [1834-1836] was part of The Story-Teller, except two hack pieces for the American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. . . . There is no reason to believe that Hawthorne wrote special pieces for The Token during this period: he seemed willing to ride along on the strength of the segments of this the third of his ill-fated projects" ("Hawthorne's Income from The Token," p. 238). Conway likewise implies that the number of tales to be included in the collection was indeed large: Goodrich was unwilling to publish the project, he says, because "it was two volumes" (Life of Hawthorne, p. 32).

Hawthorne never collected this sketch.


"The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 35.

"Hawthorne's Income from The Token," p. 238.


Cited in Faust, p. 15.


March 25, 1843, MS, Bowdoin.

The Complete Writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne, XVII (1900), p. 424.

Hawthorne apparently had no difficulty persuading Wiley and Putnam to publish Grandfather's Chair: A History for Youth in 1841, even in view of its simultaneous publication in Boston by Elizabeth Peabody, who also published the second and third parts of that series—Famous Old People: Being the Second Epoch of Grandfather's Chair and Liberty Tree: With the Last Words of Grandfather's Chair. According to both Lathrop and Bridge, moreover, Ferdinand Andrews, the publisher to whom Hawthorne had given Seven Tales of My Native Land, was "waiting only for better business prospects" to publish the collection and was allegedly disappointed when Hawthorne, exasperated by the delay, recalled the manuscript (see Adkins' reconstruction of their accounts, p. 122).


Letter dated January 27, 1832. Cited in Conway, p. 44. The letter is especially illuminating about Hawthorne's general motives for anonymity and pseudonymity. Conway accounts for Hawthorne's remark at the end of the letter—"I should not wish to be mentioned as the author of those tales"—by saying that "Goodrich was able to publish the four [whether Conway inadvertently deleted "The Wives of the Dead" from the letter or Hawthorne himself failed to mention it we have no way of knowing], by the same writer, because they were anonymous." And rightly so: but, given the anonymous publication of Fanshawe, it is an incomplete explanation of Hawthorne's motives. His insistence upon anonymity in relation to his finest tales seriously undermines the implication that he viewed anonymous publication as a strategy which would allow him to write admittedly second-rate pieces for which he would not have to claim responsibility. On the contrary, the full meaning of his policy of anonymity extends beyond both Fanshawe and the widespread convention of anonymity in the magazines and
annuals of the 1820's and 30's. Whatever his reasons were regarding Fanshawe, Hawthorne was, with the tales, saving his name for their publication in book form—which he had always aspired to and, as much as conditions permitted, counted upon. The fact that he continued to publish anonymously and pseudonymously after the 1837 Twice-Told Tales had borne his name leaves, I think, little room for conjecture. It may well be that before 1837 part of the cause for his not using his name was his uncertainty about the reception of his work, but this could hardly have been his reason for continuing to employ pseudonymity after 1837.

94 See Thompson for a full description of The Token's status among gift-books.


96 It should be remarked that no one has explained how Goodrich managed to get any part of the manuscript after it had been committed to The New-England Magazine. Hawthorne himself later denied that Goodrich had been directly responsible for the fragmentation of the two volumes: "it was Park Benjamin, not Goodrich, who cut up the 'Story-Teller'" (George E. Woodberry, Nathaniel Hawthorne [Boston and New York, 1902], p. 70).


98 Ibid., pp. 602-603.

99 Ibid., p. 360

100 Letter dated May 3, 1843 (Personal Recollections, p. 367).

101 Gross, "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 27.

102 Bertha Faust suggests that Goodrich "presented his protege" to Clark in order to find still another outlet for Hawthorne's stories, but she cites no source for her statement (p. 24). In view of his three letters asking Hawthorne to send new manuscripts for The Token, it seems unlikely that he would at the same time encourage Hawthorne to publish elsewhere. Nor would there have been any need for Goodrich to introduce Hawthorne to Clark, since Clark "reviewed the annuals regularly, and although he does not mention Hawthorne by name until February, 1837, he was certainly acquainted with his work before then" (Gross, "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 91).
Cf also Bridge's letter dated October 16, 1836, urging Hawthorne to "cultivate the 'Knickerbocker'" (Julian Hawthorne, I, p. 140). It seems less improbable that Goodrich and Clark were in fact at this time competing with each other for Hawthorne's new work.

103 Mott, pp. 345-46.


105 Clark's letter of congratulation following the publication of the first of these stories is indicative of the appreciation most editors had of Hawthorne's contributions. See p. 61 of this study for the text of that letter.

106 Letter dated January 4, 1836. Cited in Julian Hawthorne, I, p. 133. Given the appearance of the story in the January, 1837 issue, the proper date for the letter is January 4, 1837.

107 Cited in Julian Hawthorne, I, pp. 159-60.

108 See Mott, pp. 678-80, for an account of the magazine's history.

109 It is worth noting, along the way, that this sketch shares no special similarities with the two praised by O'Sullivan in his letter.

110 Besides those which appeared in the chronological list on pp. 33-37 of this study, there are the following: "The New Adam and Eve" (February, 1843), "Egotism, or, The Bosom Serpent" (March, 1843), "The Procession of Life" (April, 1843), "The Celestial Rail-Road" (May, 1843), "Buds and Bird Voices" (June, 1843), "Fire-Worship" (December, 1843), "The Christmas Banquet" (January, 1844), "The Intelligence Office" (March, 1844), "The Artist of the Beautiful" (June, 1844), "A Select Party" (July, 1844), "A Book of Autographs" (November, 1844), "Rappaccini's Daughter" (December, 1844), "P's Correspondence" (April, 1845), and "Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner" (January-September, 1846).

111 The fact that only two tales appeared in the four years from 1839 to 1843 is the result, not of any suspension of the friendship, but of Hawthorne's having written only four pieces of short fiction. His duties at the Boston Custom-House and the rigors of his experiment at Brook Farm precluded the possibility of writing for him. During these years, moreover, O'Sullivan had relinquished his editorial chair (Mott, pp. 679-80).

113  Hawthorne placed with other magazines only three of the fifteen stories he wrote between March, 1843 and 1846, when he stopped writing and became Surveyor of the Salem Custom-House.


115  Gross, "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 44.

116  Conway, Browne, Cathcart, Faust and Gross consider the Southern Rose text as the first appearance of the tale, but Blanck lists The Picturesque Pocket Companion, and Visitor's Guide, through Mount Auburn (Boston, 1839) as the first printing of the tale (p. 5). It is most likely that the publication of this volume predates January 1, 1839. Blanck gives no specific date and I have been unable to find any other evidence.

117  Bertha Faust states erroneously that the tale was published anonymously (pp. 33-4).

118  Gross, for example, remarks that the tale "is appropriate [for the magazine] in general tenor as well as in title" ("The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 44). The tale was always printed with the same title, however.

119  Ibid., p. 43. Gilman collected this piece in Contributions to Literature (Boston, 1856).

120  The publication failed in August, 1839 (Mott, p. 801).

121  Seven years later Hawthorne still remembered Dr. Gilman. In a letter to Duyckinck, he asks that a complimentary copy of the 1846 Mosses be sent to "Dr. Gilman in Charleston" (May 29, 1846, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL).

122  Duyckinck mentioned Hawthorne in at least six reviews and notices between 1841 and 1845, and wrote over a dozen altogether (Faust, pp. 147-57).

123  See Hawthorne's letters to Duyckinck, dated April 7, 1845; May 2, 1845; July 1, 1845; February 22, 1846; April 18, 1846, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL. Most of these letters I cite elsewhere in these chapters.

124  December 22, 1841, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL.
Duyckinck and Cornelius Matthews founded the magazine in January, 1841, and Duyckinck's reviews of Hawthorne's work appeared in the January and May issues of that year and in the January and March issues of 1842.

Knickerbocker, XIX, (February, 1842), 190.

Arcturus, III, (April, 1842), 394.

Mott, p. 711.

Hale's review, as Gross notes, was more perceptive than most: "Mr. Hawthorne's stories rarely contain much external action. He contents himself with unveiling the movements of the inner man, and the growth of motive and reflection, while the outward world is quiet or forgotten.... the intense interest which he gives to his simple stories, is the result and the proof of the skill, with which he bears himself through these dangerous imaginative paths" (cited in Gross, "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 47).

Ibid., pp. 46-7.


July 16, 1841, MS, Barrett Collection, University of Virginia Library. "Howe's Masquerade" had been reprinted in the 1841 Boston Book, and Hillard had evidently asked Hawthorne to write a new story for the 1842 volume. It is perhaps significant that Hawthorne, having "A Virtuoso's Collection" on hand, did not send that sketch to Hillard.

Mott, p. 548.

Ibid., p. 507.

Cf Gross, "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 24. Curiously, Gross reports that Griswold's request came as early as May, 1842. The time would have been propitious, for the first of Edgar Allan Poe's famous reviews had just appeared in the May issue of Graham's and Hawthorne was at that time frantically looking for just such a proposal (in March he had travelled to Albany to negotiate with O'Sullivan regarding tales for the Democratic Review) in order to have enough money to marry Sophia Peabody. Although Gross remarks that "Hawthorne was quick to inform Griswold" of his error, Hawthorne's answer to the proposal is dated July 2, 1843.
In March, 1843, Hawthorne wrote in his journal: "The Magazine people do not pay their debts, so that we taste some of the inconveniences of poverty, and the mortification—only temporary, however—of owing money, with empty pockets" (cited in Randall Stewart, *Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Biography* [New Haven, 1948], p. 66).

Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold, W. M. Griswold, ed. (Cambridge, 1898), p. 258. Hawthorne was at the time hoping to write "one or two mythological story books, to be published under O'Sullivan's auspices in New York—which is the only place where books can be published, with a chance of profit" (Hawthorne to Sophia, March 15, 1843, *Love Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, p. 109). The plan, however, was unsuccessful; he did not write *A Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls* or *Tanglewood Tales* until the early 1850's.

F. B. Sanborn cites a letter which he erroneously dates January 9, 1843 (the correct date is January 9, 1844) but which suggests that Griswold had renewed his original offer half a year later: "Mr. Griswold, editor of Graham's Magazine, has requested my husband to contribute, offering $5 per page, and the liberty of drawing for the money the moment the article was published. The Democratic Review is so poor now that it can only offer $20 for an article of what length soever, so that Mr. Hawthorne cannot well afford to give any but short stories to it; and besides it is sadly dilatory about payment. The last paper he sent to it was a real gift, as it was more than four pages; but he thought its character better suited to the grave Democrat than for Graham's." The reference Mrs. Hawthorne makes, says Sanborn, is to "the 'Boston Serpent,' [sic] which came out just before this letter" (*Hawthorne and His Friends* [Cedar Rapids, 1908], pp. 31-2). "Egotism, or The Bosom Serpent," however, appeared first in the March, 1843 issue of the Democratic Review. Mrs. Hawthorne was in all probability referring instead to "The Christmas Banquet," an even longer sketch, published first in the January, 1844 Democratic Review. Such a reconstruction of these events would at least account for others of Sophia's and Hawthorne's letters complaining about the dilatoriness of O'Sullivan: almost all came toward the close of 1843.

This single story is perhaps what, in 1843, came out of Hawthorne's plans for the collections of mythological stories.

Hawthorne to Bridge, October 7, 1845, MS, Bowdoin.

Hawthorne's remark to Bridge is understandable: "God keep me from ever being really a writer for bread!" (Works, XVII, p. 425).

Griswold, Passages, p. 258.

In 1844 Graham claimed with pride that Longfellow, Bryant, Paulding and Cooper published exclusively with him (Mott, p. 546).

Ibid., pp. 358-62.

In 1838 "Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore" (January 27) and "Snow-Flakes" (February 17) were reprinted from their Democratic Review appearances in those same months; in 1839 "The Sister Years" (January 12) was reprinted from the Salem Gazette (January 1, 1839), "The Lily's Quest" (February 16) from the Southern Rose (January 19, 1839), and "The White Old Maid" (March 23) from the old New-England Magazine text (July, 1835).

The newspaper reprinted "The Threefold Destiny" (December 25, 1841) from Benjamin's American Monthly Magazine (March, 1838); "The Hall of Fantasy" (April 2, 1843) from the Pioneer (February, 1843); and "The Intelligence Office" (March 9, 1844) from the Democratic Review (March, 1844).

See Mott, p. 544. According to Gross ("The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 49), Griswold evidently was still editor when Hawthorne contributed the tale in October, 1843. However, he delayed publishing it, and Hawthorne complained to Hillard the following March: "I sent an article to Graham, and he wrote me accepting it with a 'great deal of pleasure,' etc.--but it does not yet appear. Unless he publishes it next month, I shall reclaim it" (Works, XVII, pp.424-25).

Gross, p. 49. "The menu worked," he says, for "in its first year Graham's could boast a circulation of twenty-five thousand and a profit of fifteen thousand dollars."

See Fields's letter to Hawthorne, November 9, 1850, MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University.

Gross has discovered a notice of Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales by Sargent which, in its implications, precludes any need for Hawthorne to wrench his material so as to suit it
to the editor or his magazine. It ends with the remark that "these tales which will bear telling more than 'twice,' will not be less acceptable than anything that has proceeded from the pen of Irving and Dickens" (p. 47). Bertha Faust does not list this notice, which appeared in the first number of the magazine (January, 1842).

October 21, 1842, MS, St. Lawrence University Library. See Randall Stewart, American Notebooks, pp. 90-92, for Hawthorne's original journal entries.

December 17, 1842, MS, St. Lawrence University Library.

Cited in Mott, pp. 735-36.

"The Antique Ring," as noted earlier, Hawthorne never collected.

March 11, 1849, MS, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Mott, p. 351.

This is Gross's judgment; but he also says that the story, "one of Hawthorne's best . . . seems out of place in the lily-like pages of Godey's ("The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 51).

Godey's stories "frequently begin with an explicit statement of the moral, stop every few paragraphs to reiterate it, and then end with a page of edifying disquisition" (Mott, p. 58). Hawthorne's story, needless to say, doesn't approach that pattern at all.

Adkins, p. 160.


Randall Stewart, Nathaniel Hawthorne, pp. 92-3.

Just why Hawthorne should have sent material to Webber is itself curious, since Webber was, in 1849, an associate editor of the American Whig Review, established deliberately in 1845 as the counterpart of the United States Magazine and Democratic Review and having, initially, an overwhelmingly political character (Mott, pp. 752-53). Hawthorne's attraction to Webber may well have been, at least in part, politically inspired, for the Whigs had already begun their manoeuvres to oust Hawthorne from the Custom-House. Hawthorne's willingness to publish so incomplete a piece as "Ethan Brand" may have been a political rather than
altogether literary strategy. Hawthorne, as Professor Charvat has pointed out (Centenary Edition, I, p. xix), hoped to retain his surveyorship even as late as July, 1849.


165 According to Randall Stewart, the editor of the Boston Museum himself testified that Hawthorne had never been paid for the story (Nathaniel Hawthorne, p. 93).

166 MS, Barrett Collection, University of Virginia Library. Webber did comply with Hawthorne's wishes to the extent of seeing that the title was followed by the notation "From an Unpublished Work."

167 The title of the volume was to have been Old-Time Legends; Together with Sketches, Experimental and Ideal (see Hawthorne's letter to Fields, January 15, 1850). Adkins concludes that "in using the word Experimental... [Hawthorne] must have referred to Ethan Brand" (p. 149). It seems reasonable to say that the tale's appearance in the Museum had no little influence on Hawthorne's decision to follow Fields's advice and print The Scarlet Letter by itself. That decision, made in late January, represents the turning point of Hawthorne's career. But his letter to Fields, January 20, 1850, in which he gives his reasons for fearing to print the romance by itself, also demonstrates why Hawthorne, conscious of the need to appeal to a large audience, did not feel compelled to distort his individual tales in order to satisfy popular taste:

"As regards the size of the book, I have been thinking a good deal about it. Considered merely as a matter of taste and beauty, the form of publication which you recommend seems, to me much preferable to that of the 'Mosses.'

In the present case, however, I have some doubts of the expediency, because, if the book is made up entirely of 'The Scarlet Letter,' it will be too sombre. I found it impossible to relieve the shadows of the story with so much light as I would gladly have thrown in. Keeping so close to its point as the tale does, and diversified no otherwise than by turning different sides of the same dark idea to the reader's eye, it will weary very many people and disgust some. Is it safe, then, to stake the fate of the book entirely on this one chance? A hunter loads his gun with a bullet and several buckshot, and following his sagacious example, it was my purpose to conjoin the one long story with half a dozen shorter ones, so that, failing to kill the public outright with my biggest and heaviest lump of lead, I might have other chances with the smaller bits,
individually and in the aggregate" (MS, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University).

It has not been noticed to just what extent Hawthorne relied upon his "buckshot" principle. Though in this letter he mentions printing only "half a dozen" shorter tales with the romance, he had five days earlier been planning on the inclusion of at least twice that many. He wrote to Fields: "Calculating the page of the new volume at the size of that of the 'Mosses' I can supply 400 and probably more. 'The Scarlet Letter,' I suppose, will make half of that number; otherwise, the calculation may fall a little short, though I think not" (MS, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University). The 1846 Mosses page was the largest of any of Hawthorne's first-edition pages: the 418 pages of that volume expand to 482 pages in the 1883 Riverside Edition (even after one subtracts from the latter the total pages taken up by those pieces added to Mosses in 1854 and included, of course, in 1883). The 1850 first-edition text of The Scarlet Letter, on the other hand, is 321 pages long, the romance itself occupying 267, "The Custom-House" 54 pages: in the 1883 edition the total length is 295 pages, the romance being 245 pages long and the introductory sketch 50 pages.

Now if Hawthorne did not make a gross miscalculation (and we know that because of the per-page payments of the magazines he was accustomed to estimating the length of his stories), he must have intended to include enough tales to make an 1883 volume of about 475 pages—or 180 pages in addition to both the essay and the romance. In the 1883 edition of The Snow-Image, those sixteen stories which Hawthorne had written before January, 1850, total 226 pages. The briefest of these tales are about ten pages long. Thus simple mathematics lead inevitably to the conclusion—astonishing in view of the history of The Scarlet Letter itself—that, even if Hawthorne had included only the longest tales in that collection, he would have had to use twelve of them. The possibility leads to further speculation: surely, one feels, Hawthorne would have used "Major Molineux" here. Remembering Hawthorne's insistence upon those "smaller bits," one is led to ask whether or not Hawthorne would have arranged those tales, as he was to arrange them in The Snow-Image one year later, so that "Molineux" followed "Little Daffydowndilly."

168 The Complete Writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne, XVII, pp. 424-25.

169 Hawthorne's answer is dated March 14, 1851, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL. A later, unauthorized and bowdlerized reprint, (Josephine Gallery, [New York, 1859]), changed the title still once more—to "Bertram the Lime-Burner."
Whittier wrote Hawthorne on February 22, 1850, apologizing for both the lateness and the inadequacy of the payment (MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University). Randall Stewart says that Hawthorne received $25 (Nathaniel Hawthorne, p. 93).

Marvin Laser asserts that the story "was apparently written specifically for publication in this anti-slavery journal" but, as Gross points out, he merely infers this from Stewart's statement that Hawthorne submitted the story to Whittier (cited in "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," pp. 51-2).

Griswold had founded the magazine as a weekly, but in late August, 1850, he changed to monthly publication in order to compete with Harper's. The magazines were merged in April, 1852 (Mott, pp. 406-408).

Griswold was again hoping, apparently, that Hawthorne would add prestige to another magazine in its infancy. The first issue had appeared in July of that year (Mott, p. 506).


He is permissive, even if we do not accept Conway's statement that Hawthorne wrote the story as early as 1848 (p. 121). Cf also Julian Hawthorne, I, pp. 312, 330; Adkins, however, dates its composition as 1850 (p. 149).

International Monthly Magazine (October, 1850), p. 537.


Griswold, Passages . . . Correspondence, p. 267.

MS, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University. It may well be that neither Hawthorne nor Fields knew of the story's appearance in the International. None of their correspondence about the tale mentions Griswold's use of it.

It is most likely that Griswold paid Hawthorne for the Memorial appearance for Putnam and had, for the price of acknowledging the volume, managed to get the story's earliest appearance for his own magazine.
181 See his letter to Griswold, December 15, 1851, Houghton Library, Harvard University.

182 Graham had evidently written to Fields asking him to persuade Hawthorne to contribute a story "about the length of The Snow-Image ... for his maga" (Fields to Hawthorne, November 9, 1850, MS, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University.

183 December 15, 1851, MS, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University. One simply assumes that Griswold, having printed the story, paid Hawthorne the $100. There is no evidence, however, and the failure of his magazine in April, 1852, leaves room for doubt (Mott, p. 408).


185 Charvat, Centenary Edition, I, p. xxv.

186 Besides the offers he had from Graham and Griswold, for example, there is one from Emerson (December [?], 1850, MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University).

187 Hawthorne wrote to Longfellow in 1839 about having "done nothing yet about publishing a new volume of tales" and says: "If I write a preface, it will be to bid farewell to literature; for, as a literary man, my new occupations entirely break me up" (May 16, 1839, MS Houghton Library, Harvard University). On January 24, 1846, he wrote to Duyckinck about the forthcoming Mosses and said "as I never mean to write any more stories (the one now in embryo excepted) we will offer this collection to the public as the last that they shall ever be troubled with, at my hands" (Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL).

188 It should be noted here that several of the tales Hawthorne wrote in the early 1840's may also have been intended for a Collection, this one called Allegories of the Heart. "Egotism; or the Bosom Serpent" and "The Christmas Banquet" carried the subtitle "From the Unpublished Allegories of the Heart" in the 1846 Mosses. Although Elizabeth Chandler has remarked that Hawthorne meant only to group these stories thematically, Adkins has pointed out that four other stories of the same period--"The Birthmark," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "Earth's Holocaust," and "The Antique Ring"--contain similar themes and thus would have fit into a unified collection (p. 146). Whether or not they were written as part of an intended
collection, the stories themselves testify to the fact that, even when treating highly similar themes, he was capable of achieving the most uneven results.

169 Lathrop, pp. 171-72. Hawthorne is referring most immediately here to the eight tales and sketches in the 1837 Token, none of which represents for us his best work.

190 December 15, 1851, MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University. Hawthorne's letter to Duyckinck, in response to an invitation to write a history of New England witchcraft, is indicative of Hawthorne's instinctive seriousness about his work: "I have often thought of such a work; but I should not like to throw it off hastily, or to write it for the sole and specific purpose of getting $500. A mere narrative, to be sure, might be prepared easily enough, but such a work, if worthily written, would demand research and study, and as dear thought as any man could bring to it. The more I look at it, the more difficulties do I see—yet difficulties but as I should like to overcome. Perhaps it may be the work of an after time" (October 31, 1845, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL).

191 American Renaissance, p. 288.
192 Gross, "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 82.
194 Herman Melville, "Hawthorne and His Mosses," The Literary World, VI (August 17, 1850; August 24, 1850), 126-27.
196 p. 22.
197 The study of The Scarlet Letter, Q. D. Leavis says, "should be preceded by a reading of the three studies collected under the title Old News, which give the historical background and are clearly the fruit of work preparatory for Major Molineux" (Hawthorne as Poet," The Sewanee Review, LIX (Spring and Summer), Part I, 198.
Thus the tale explicitly contradicts the chief formalized and institutionalized patterns by which the earlier American writer of historical fiction and sentimental fiction, confronted by "experience in bulk, experience badly in need of synthesis . . . [was to] view, arrange, and codify the restricted imaginative reality of which he was capable." Terence Martin's analysis of the problem of the writer in America is pertinent to Hawthorne's own situation and the direction his art was to take. Writers of both kinds of fiction, he says, "did feel the necessity of visualizing the action of their novels within the framework of some social form, or seeing a pattern in the action which could be institutionalized formally and socially. The importance of this feeling deserves to be stressed. The United States of America was a new nation, socially, economically, and politically fluid, a nation whose government could hope for but not promise security. The United States had effected a revolution upsetting the balance of a colonial system which had evolved to take care of the needs of the western world; but it was a nation which did not want to appear radical. The important questions of where authority was and whence it came were not yet fully answered in such a country; these were questions which the societies of Europe had answered only gradually and concomitantly with the growth of institutions which seemed to be the cultural basis for the answering. And so with a deficiency of formal social institutions (with proper and transitional functions) by means of which he could have created fiction more surely," the American writer ordered experience in terms of the central institutions that were available: "For the historical novelist this institution was the nation; for the sentimental novelist it was the family" ("The Emergence of the Novel in America: A Study in the Cultural History of an Art Form" [unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, The Ohio State University, 1954], pp. 179-80).

The Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales (Boston, 1852), p. 264.

Ibid., p. 272.

Melville, p. 126.


Henry Chorley, reviewing the 1836 Token in the Athenaeum on November 7, 1835 (pp. 830-31), had specifically mentioned these tales as having great merit; he quoted several
passages from "The May-Pole of Merry Mount" (Faust, pp. 19-20). Lathrop states that Hawthorne knew of the review and mentioned it in a letter (p. 173). Hawthorne was especially responsive to British reviews, rightly considering them to be more objective appraisals and less inspired by favor than American notices, which were often-times in the nature of "puffs." These three tales had earlier received cursory mention from Benjamin in October, 1835.


March 7, 1837, MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University.
June 11, 1837, MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University.

The term is Professor Pearce's, from "Hawthorne and the Sense of the Past."

Needless to say, the admission is a drastic one for both Hawthorne and ourselves. It is, however, a necessary one, especially when we recall that the only separate reprinted appearance of "Molineux" in the nineteenth century was, according to the standard bibliographies, its translation in El Universo pintoresco, Madrid (November 30, 1853) and that the tale's first reprinting in this country other than in The Snow-Image editions themselves was not until Norman Holmes Pearson's Modern Library edition of The Complete Novels and Selected Tales of Nathaniel Hawthorne (New York, 1937). In view of the amount of critical attention paid to the tale in the last decade and the number of times it has been reprinted in anthologies during that time, it is difficult to realize that Matthiessen does not even mention the tale in American Renaissance.

p. 185.
p. 183.
"Passages from a Relinquished Work," *Mosses from an Old Manse* (Boston, 1854), II, p. 194.


( Italics mine. )

Ibid., p. 194.

Ibid., p. 195.

This appeared in Benjamin's *American Monthly Magazine* (July, 1837); Hawthorne did not collect it.

*Works*, XII, p. 27.

Ibid., p. 40.

Martin, "The Emergence of the Novel in America," p. 283.

Ibid.

*Works*, XII, p. 40.

Ibid.

Ibid.

In view of Goodrich's letter stating his uncertainty about the "public approbation" of "Alice Doane," Adkins' hypothesis about Hawthorne's revision of the tale seems reasonable: the original story apparently involved incest, the narrator being removed from the fiction as in the other early historical tales. The two critics who have written most fully about the tale, Professors Pearce ("Hawthorne and the Sense of the Past") and Gross ("Hawthorne's 'Alice Doane's Appeal,'" *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, X [December, 1955], 232-36), like others who have analyzed the tale (Hyatt H. Waggoner, "Hawthorne's Beginning: 'Alice Doane's Appeal,'" *The University of Kansas City Review*, XVI [Summer, 1950], 254-55; and Mark Van Doren, *Hawthorne* (New York, 1949), p. 72), agree about "its blundering
structure, its frequently ill-connected episodes, its apologetics and disproportionately long framework, its preponderance of summarized narrative, its complete lack of dramatic immediacy" (Gross, p. 232). Ironically, however, they come to diametrically opposed conclusions. Gross all too quickly, one feels, attributes the failure of the tale to Hawthorne's willingness to subdue the element of incest and thereby "comply with the exigencies of the gift-book trade . . . even at the expense of artistry" ("The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," p. 75). His reasons are that Hawthorne was in such desperate need of money that he could not discard "a single piece that might . . . be made salable" (Ibid.). But he overlooks the fact that Hawthorne's experience with periodical publishing was such that he can hardly be said to have "sold" anything; he ignores as well the fact of The Story-Teller and its heavy reliance upon framework rather than "fiction" proper--fiction which, as Hawthorne himself said, derived much of its meaning from the framework. The tale was published, moreover, only in the 1835 Token, apparently more than five years after the original version.

Other facts would seem to support Pearce's hypothesis that the revised version constituted a genuine if unsuccessful experiment: one is the possibility that the situation of the framework he used may have derived from two separate incidents at the conclusion to The Story-Teller. At any rate, the last section of part one and the first section of part two of "Fragments from the Journal of a Solitary Man" involve, respectively, the narrator's meeting with "three lovely girls . . . . Whether sisters, or cousins, or not at all related to each other I cannot tell" (Works, XII, p. 33) and his musing upon "the graveyard, sloping towards the farther extremity of the village" (Ibid., p. 36). Although this sketch was not published until July, 1837, there is no question that Hawthorne had written it as the conclusion to his third projected collection (Adkins, pp. 142-43) and that Hawthorne's writing of it predates the revised version of "Alice Doane." In that story, the narrator is "The companion of two young ladies in a walk . . . . [to] Gallows Hill" (Works, XII, p. 279). Given the publication of "Alice Doane's Appeal" in the autumn of 1834, it seems at least plausible that Hawthorne may have revised this story for inclusion in The Story-Teller.

232 Pearce, p. 337.
233 Ibid., pp. 337-38.
234 Works, XII, p. 292.
See Hawthorne's letter to Duyckinck, April 7, 1845, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL.

May 2, 1845, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL.

July 1, 1845, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL.

April 18, 1846, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL.

Mosses from an Old Manse (New York, 1846), p. [1].

The intimacy of the relationship between the two sketches and the degree to which Hawthorne may be said to have patterned "The Custom-House" after "The Old Manse" are suggested by Hawthorne's description of the former: "The Custom-House," he wrote, is "introductory--an entrance-hall to the magnificent edifice which I throw open to my guests" (Hawthorne to Fields, January 20, 1850, MS, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University). The central images of his study and of the house itself in the The House of the Seven Gables and its "Preface" help also to suggest the significance which Hawthorne attached to this kind of "framework."


American Renaissance, p. 223.

Millicent Bell, Hawthorne's View of the Artist (New York, 1962), pp. ix-x.
See Martin, The Instructed Vision, pp. 57-103, for his discussion of "American Fiction and the Metaphysics of Actuality."

Duncan, p. 160.

pp. [281]-282.

American Notebooks, p. xliii.

p. 124.

p. 129.

p. 130.

Ibid.

p. 133.

p. 134.


p. 272.


pp. 274-75.

See, for example, Bell, p. 148.

William C. Brownell is, I think, generally correct when he says that "while Hawthorne's imagination impelled him to the production of fiction, his 'Puritanism' restrained his fiction within the confines of the didactic" (American Prose Masters [New York, 1929], p. 71). I would only add that, as Martin points out, it was his Puritan
heritage reenforced by the influence of Scottish Common Sense philosophy that restrained his imagination.


277 The association of the artistic process and guilt seemed to be instinctive with Hawthorne, and the two are almost concomitants in any number of his works. "A scheme of guilt," he wrote in 'Fancy's Show Box,' "till it be put in execution, greatly resembles a train of incidents in a projected tale" (p. [314]). That the relationship the two had for Hawthorne played a large part in his turning away from historical fiction is not to be denied. For historical fiction, requiring that the artist turn away from the literal actualities of the contemporary world, demanded that he abstract himself from what his society called reality. "Abstraction" and "abstracted" were key words for Hawthorne; compare his use of them in "Wakefield," "The Gentle Boy," "The Ambitious Guest," and "The Artist of the Beautiful."


279 Hawthorne wrote several times even in the 1850's of a recurrent dream in which he found himself still in his mother's house at Salem, having written nothing and, like Wakefield, having lost his place in the contemporary world forever.


281 p. 270.

282 p. 112.

283 p. 119.

284 p. 118.

285 p. 114.

286 p. 115.


288 Ibid.

289 p. 119.

291 See Martin, The Instructed Vision, pp. 145-48, for his discussion of this sketch and Hawthorne's use of the idea of the "haunted mind as the basis of artistic creation . . . [in which] the imagination ceases to be subservient to literal fact."

292 p. 99.

293 Moses (1846), I, p. 129.

294 Ibid., pp. 129-30.

295 Ibid., pp. 130-31.

296 Symbolism and American Literature, p. 10.


298 Ibid., p. 112.

299 See my discussion of these deletions and revisions in "Introduction to the Text."

300 The Token (1837), p. 52. This sentence duplicates that in copy AY11.T64, 1837 in The Ohio State University Library. The need for textual criticism and the major problems involved in it are exemplified by Arlin Turner's citation of this sentence in "A Note on Hawthorne's Revisions," Modern Language Notes, LI (November, 1936), 426-29. Turner's version includes the spelling champagne and the compound over-excited. See also fn 301 below.

301 Ibid., pp. 53-4. Turner's version of this long passage includes two substantive changes, almost certainly the result of an error in transcription. The Token's word imprudent becomes impudent; and in the final sentence of the passage five words are deleted in Turner's citation. His version reads: "Of course, however, he cannot expect my full confidence, while there remains the slightest ambiguity on this head" (Ibid., p. 428). I find it difficult to believe that there were simultaneous separate editions of this or any other gift-book which could cause such variants readings as these.


This "edition" has never been noticed before in any Hawthorne bibliography or critical study—in spite of the fact that any number of bibliographers and critics have apparently had at hand copies of the 1842 edition with this 1845 imprint. George Parsons Lathrop was one of these, for he remarks that "about eight years after the first volume [the 1837 Twice-Told Tales], a second one was issued" (Works, I, p. 10). Bridge, whether copying Lathrop or not, would make the same error in his Recollections: "In 1845 Hawthorne, besides preparing for the press the second series of 'Twice-Told-Tales,' edited the 'Journal of an African Cruiser'" (p. 87). It has been more or less standard practice among bibliographers to distinguish the tales collected first in 1837 and those collected in 1842 by the terms "FIRST SERIES" and "SECOND SERIES." Astonishingly, these designations appeared on the title pages of the two volumes in 1845—and in no other edition of the collection. Conway, Cathcart and Faust use these terms; and curiously, Jacob Blanck in the Bibliography of American Literature (IV, p. 7, entry 7594) attaches these terms to the two volumes of the 1842 edition. See pp. copies of the title pages and contents-lists of the two editions.

The 1845 "edition" consists of the unsold remnant of the 1842 edition: all aspects of the two texts are the same except for the new title pages, p. [i] in both volumes, the copyright notice, p. [ii] of Volume I, and the deletion of the printer's notice, p. [ii] of both volumes in 1845. The contents-lists themselves were not altered even though they contained a total of three printer's errors: in the contents-list for Volume I, p. 148 should be p. 155, and p. 285 should be p. 271; in that for Volume II, p. 191 should be p. 189.

That it was a false edition there is no doubt. It seems to be the only instance in Hawthorne's career that he was compelled to take such a step. The following letter, never printed before, Hawthorne wrote to George Hillard on May 29, 1844: "It seems to me that the purchase of the books at $27 5 would not be a safe speculation. It is the highest price named by O'Sullivan; and his calculations are entirely based upon the supposition that there were 700 copies remaining, instead of 600. Now these one hundred copies, which are not to be forthcoming, involve the whole profit of $200, which I might otherwise have a chance of gaining by the operation. As the case stands, I could not make anything; so that I prefer not to run any risk. Munroe
must either agree to Langley's proposition [in all prob- ability Henry G. Langley, publisher of the Democratic Review 1841-45, and O'Sullivan's associate (Mott, pp. 677-78)], leaving me my original percentage on the sales, or go on as he has heretofore. I wish Heaven would make me rich enough to buy the copies for the purpose of burning them. This humbug of a new edition is not pleasant to my feelings. Hitherto, the little vogue that I have gained has been fairly won, without any tricks of trade; and I hate to be driven into them now. But there is no help" (MS, Middlebury College).

That the letter refers to the 1842 Twice-Told Tales is undisputable: this was the only one of Hawthorne's books published by James Munroe and Company. What finally happened to this remnant of the 1842 edition it is impossible to say. It evidently posed a problem as late as the winter of 1849. James T. Fields, in recounting the dramatic story of his discovery of the "germ" of The Scarlet Letter, says that it was his admiration for the Twice-Told Tales that had led him to guarantee to publish "with an edition of two thousand copies . . . anything" Hawthorne would write. Hawthorne's alleged answer to this prompting has the ring of accuracy: "'Nonsense,' said he; 'what heart had I to write anything, when my publishers (M. and Company) have been so many years trying to sell a small edition of the "Twice-Told Tales"?'" (Yesterdays with Authors, p. 49).

It may well be, especially in view of the apparent rarity of copies with the 1845 imprint, that Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, before publishing their 1851 edition of the collection, saw to it that those copies were taken out of circulation. Whatever the case may be, Hawthorne too could announce that he talked with "the authority of failure."
CHAPTER II

THE TEXTUAL METHOD

The general techniques which control the determination of the text of the Twice-Told Tales in this study were in large part formulated by Sir Walter Greg and Professor Fredson Bowers; they comprise the standard procedure which Professor Bowers follows in The Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne. I rely heavily on his "Preface to the Text" in the Centenary Edition's first volume, The Scarlet Letter: not only for the superficial reason that this study was carried out in conjunction with that project but, more basically, because these procedures provide the only precedent for a modern textual analysis of nineteenth-century American fiction. Much of the explanation here is, therefore, inevitably a restatement of Professor Bowers' work.

In accordance with a nonprescriptive ideal of the text, the study seeks to restore insofar as is possible the final intention of Hawthorne. The text of the Twice-Told Tales made available here is a critical unmodernized reconstruction arrived at by an exhaustive comparison of variant readings in all of the authorized documents and an analysis of the authority of those readings based upon the relationships of the documents to one another. Taking into
account all of the documents in which authorial changes may have been made, the established text is generally a critical synthesis of readings from at least several of those documents rather than an exact reprint of any individual text. The copy-text, that document which is used as the basis for the established text of each tale and sketch, normally undergoes various editorial emendations and corrections, but none of these changes represents an attempt to bring the texture of Hawthorne's style into conformity with standard modern usage.

The identification of all of the early documents having—or possibly having—Hawthorne's approval is the first task in the establishment of the text. In contrast to the primary documents of Hawthorne's novels and most of his other works, these tales and sketches (and those in his other two major collections, *Mosses from an Old Manse* and *The Snow-Image*), appearing first individually in periodicals and gift-books, involve the identification of those first separate printings and other individual appearances, both authorized and pirated reprints. In addition to the standard bibliographies of Hawthorne's works, a number of bibliographies of first editions and newspaper and magazine printings have been consulted in an attempt to gather every document which has any significance in the history of the text of these tales and sketches and to distinguish between those early appearances which had Hawthorne's approval and
those which were mere reprints and piracies. Although no systematic investigation of mid-nineteenth-century New England newspapers has been made in order to discover every reprint of these tales and sketches, the study accounts for those reprints noted in the bibliographies along with several others which are previously unrecorded. With the exception only of the manuscript of "The Lily's Quest," the whereabouts of which I was able to trace only to 1920, all manuscripts and all printed documents, individual and collected, which have any reasonable possibility of primary or secondary authority, have been included in the analysis, as have the most important collected editions published within the first thirty years after Hawthorne's death.

Although the same primary documents do not exist for each of these tales and sketches, the principles which guide the establishment of each text differ only incidentally. The initial requirement in the editorial procedure is that the precise forms of the early documents be ascertained and their relationship to one another determined. For the two pieces which exist in manuscript form, "The Wedding-Knell" and the "Preface" to the 1851 edition, this task involves a thorough examination of every aspect of the texture of the manuscript. A complete record of the "accidental" character of all words lists every occurrence of variable spelling, word-division, capitalization and punctuation, and notes especially any inconsistencies in
these forms. When there has been revision in the manuscript, either by Hawthorne or by someone else, the original reading is, if possible, restored and classified as authorial or nonauthorial.

Given the fact that there are only these two manuscripts for the entries in the *Twice-Told Tales*, the determination of the forms and relationships of the earliest documents normally involves two procedures. First, the relationship between all authorized separate appearances in print and the first collected appearance must be ascertained for each of the stories. Preserved manuscripts, of course, always have primary authority, and the earliest document or documents printed from it only a supplementary authority. However, for stories whose manuscripts are no longer extant, the document which has primary authority is that appearance which both represents Hawthorne's final intention and is printed either directly from the manuscript or from another document which represents Hawthorne's revised manuscript. Thus, a hand collation which compares these printed texts and records all instances of accidental and substantive variation is necessary in order to discover the nature and extent of authorial revision and thus decide which document has the greater authority. A necessary but at this point merely arbitrary editorial convenience is the choice of the first collected appearance as the control-text in the collations for each tale and sketch: all other printings
are collated against the first collected edition.

Second, multiple copies of the first collected edition and of any other collected edition possessing authority have been compared on the Hinman Collating Machine in order to discover whether or not there are unrecorded states of these editions which introduce changes into the text during the course of a single printing. When variant readings occur within different states of an edition, the readings must be analyzed and the sequence determined. Although no alterations have been discovered within any of the early editions of the *Twice-Told Tales*, the examination of multiple copies is nevertheless necessary in view of the inadequacies of the present bibliographies of Hawthorne's first editions. The comparison made for the Centenary Edition of *The Scarlet Letter*, for example, discovered two hitherto unknown instances of duplicate type-settings in the first and second editions. 5 When, as with the first edition of *Mosses from an Old Manse*, preliminary investigation and bibliographical evidence indicate the possibility of several impressions having the same date in the imprint, 6 the mechanical collation is necessary to distinguish and analyze the different printings. The readings which have the greatest authority, then, are identified in every aspect of their substantive and accidental forms, and there is little possibility that other, unexamined copies of these editions will be found to contain any variants with
genuine significance. The only variants at all likely to exist are nonverbal differences resulting either from a mechanical imperfection of the type or from the lack of uniformity inherent in the wet-paper printing process used at that time.  

Along with these primary documents, all other editions which are included in the collations and for which multiple copies are available have been compared on the Hinman Collator in order to determine all of the significant aspects of their form. Whereas all of the authoritative collected editions of the *Twice-Told Tales* were printed from standing type, the later editions in the family tree were printed from stereotype plates. Thus, tracing the history of the text in these editions involves a complete comparison of the first ascertained impression of each set of plates with the last known impression. The Hinman collating process, providing as it does an exact superimposition of copies from the same editions or plates, makes possible the discovery of whatever variant readings have been introduced into the history of the plates. Although substantive variation is exceptional in the history of the plates of any edition of Hawthorne's works that have been examined, one expects to find, on the other hand, that responsible proof-reading will at some stage lead to the correction of typographical errors in the original plates and also to the repairing of any plates damaged enough to make battered type
unreadable. The machine collations of early and late impressions of each edition of the Twice-Told Tales printed from plates have demonstrated that almost no significant changes (other than the addition of the note at the end of "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" in the 1866 impression of the 1852 plates) were introduced into any edition, even though some plates were used for as many as fifteen impressions and for more than twenty years. Those few changes that were made represent only the correction of some of the typographical errors in the original plates. If new substantive variation had been discovered, the full textual examination would have involved the collation of all the intermediate impressions printed before 1865, the year after Hawthorne's death, in order to discover that printing which first introduced the variant reading and thus determine the authority residing in the change.

In view of the absence of any new alterations of the text through the history of each set of plates (that is, in the history of any single edition), it can be said that the primary characteristic of the history of the Twice-Told Tales is that textual variation is always introduced into new typesettings and new plates. The form and the consistency of each of these collected editions having been determined by means of mechanical collation, all editions have been hand-collated against the first collected edition, the control-text, and every variant reading, both substantives
and accidentals, has been recorded in the initial collation lists. It is on the basis of this evidence, and the evidence gathered from the previous hand collations, that the history of the text, the transmission from document to document of every significant variant, can be traced. And the textual evidence of these collations combined with the external evidence drawn largely from Hawthorne’s letters has made it possible for the degree of authority of each document to be accurately measured. The rationale of authority followed here is that used in the establishment of the *Centenary Edition* texts: authority is defined as "resident in any document printed directly from a Hawthorne manuscript or from some other document, such as another edition, that had been corrected or revised by Hawthorne or by another person utilizing a Hawthorne manuscript." An analysis of the variants recorded in these lists has in most areas made it possible to distinguish successfully between those readings which represent Hawthorne’s inscription and those which represent, on the one hand, editorial changes and intended improvements and, on the other, uncritical reprints of corrupted forms. And it has demonstrated that none of the later editions is critical in the primary sense of attempting to correct the intermediate corrupted readings and restore early substantive forms systematically. The result of these hand collations, then, is that the substantive or authoritative documents and the derived or
reprinted texts, individual and collected, have been identified. All of the evidence upon which this classification rests is recorded in the Historical Collation.

The next editorial procedure, the selection of the copy-text from among those documents identified as substantive, points up the special problems involved in the establishment of the text for those of Hawthorne's works which were first published in separate periodical and gift-book form. The most reliable theory of copy-text has been the work of Sir Walter Greg and Professor Bowers; this edition proceeds on the basis of the principles which Greg has formulated in his article, "The Rationale of Copy-Text," together with those used by Bowers for the Centenary Edition. The basic theory is stated by Bowers: "whenever practicable the copy-text selected is that form of the text, no matter how it may subsequently have been revised, that is nearest to the primary authority of Hawthorne's manuscript." Thus, for a work such as The Scarlet Letter, having no extant manuscript, the copy-text and only authority clearly must be the first edition, once the collations have proven that Hawthorne himself did not revise the text for a later edition. The introduction of genuine authorial changes into a later edition of one of the novels requires a recognition of more than one authority. Bowers cites Greg's principle of a double authority in relation to The Marble Faun (Hawthorne revised the proof sheets of the
first English edition in preparing the novel for publication in America): "The copy-text [that is, the edition first printed] remains the supreme authority for the accidentals, since it alone was set directly from Hawthorne's manuscript. On the other hand, the substantive variants in other texts not thought to be printer's errors must be taken to represent Hawthorne's revisions, and to these must be added such alterations in the accidentals as appear to derive from the author, although this last is a much more difficult matter to determine."12

Obviously, when the manuscript is extant it is the copy-text and the sole authority. The manuscript of "The Wedding-Knell," for example, has been collated against both the first appearance of the tale in print and the first collected appearance. Standard editorial procedure here requires the documentation of all variant readings and the rejection by the established text of every substantive and accidental variant from the manuscript that does not seem to have been made at some stage of the printing by Hawthorne himself. Other than Hawthorne's own revisions the only departures from the manuscript which are admitted into the established text are necessary corrections of manifest errors which Hawthorne made when drafting the manuscript.

The choice of the copy-text when the manuscript has been preserved, then, presents no problem. However, one of the basic facts of the history of the text of the Twice-
Told Tales is, of course, the loss of the manuscripts. That loss creates problems relating to the choice of a copy-text for the Twice-Told Tales that do not arise in relation to The Scarlet Letter or any of the other novels. A basic lack of uniformity defines the initial substantive documents which still survive. Unlike The Scarlet Letter, which, with the exception of the "Preface to the Second Edition," is, of course, complete in its first printed appearance, the tales and sketches are fragmented in the early documents: only two of a possible forty-one manuscripts are extant; the stories are first printed separately, and in several different publications; the first collection issued under the title Twice-Told Tales includes only eighteen of the thirty-nine stories; the second collected edition, containing all of the tales and sketches, is not published until five years later, in 1842; and then by another publishing house; the third edition (but only the second full collection) is published by still another house, nine years after the second edition, and contains the first printing of Hawthorne's "Preface." More startling perhaps is the fact that the total text of the Twice-Told Tales was not printed until 1865, a year after Hawthorne's death, when in the "Blue and Gold" edition Hawthorne's publishers finally added the note at the end of "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," with the date "September, 1860." It is worth remarking in this context that this edition prints on the
copyright page a publisher's note which serves to illustrate the complexity surrounding the textual history of the Twice-Told Tales: "This Edition contains all the 'Twice-Told Tales,' including the volume of 'The Snow-Image, and other Twice-Told Tales.'"¹³

The distinctive textual conditions of the Twice-Told Tales as well as Hawthorne's other major collections of tales and sketches are such that the principles used successfully in the choice of a copy-text for The Scarlet Letter cannot reasonably be applied here without significant qualification. For the evidence of the initial hand collations of the first printed appearance and the first collected appearance, the primary authoritative documents for these tales and sketches, have conclusively demonstrated two crucial facts: first, Hawthorne himself clearly made large revisions in many of these stories when he prepared them for publication in collected form; second, the initial individual texts have widespread differences in the character of their accidentals—differences which textual analysis shows to be consonant with the printing style of the specific newspaper, magazine or annual, and thus often in disagreement with a number of Hawthorne's known practices as these have been established by a close examination of the manuscripts and letters of approximately the same date.¹⁴ Thus, even though it is only these first separate appearances in print that were demonstrably set from Hawthorne's manuscripts,
they cannot therefore be for purposes of convenience accepted as the sole authority for the accidentals of the text: to repeat, they are not always in conformity with Hawthorne's inscription and, finally, the evidence is strong that Hawthorne sometimes revised accidentals as well as substantives when collecting the tales. In Bowers' own terms the choice of the first individual appearance in print as the copy-text is here decidedly not "practicable."

Thus, whereas Hawthorne's revision of substantives prescribes clearly that the first collected edition have the primary authority of copy-text in regard to such substantive revision, the question of copy-text for accidental variants is a much more difficult matter. Because the collations demonstrate that the accidental forms in the first collected appearance also manifest in some areas a fairly consistent lack of conformity with what may confidently be described as Hawthorne's habitual forms, it has been necessary in some instances to supplement the copy-text authority of this document in terms of the authority which resides in the first separate printings. Thus, when it happens that certain accidental forms of the manuscripts and of the first magazine printing consistently agree with each other but disagree with the first-edition copy-text forms, the copy-text has been emended. It is necessary, that is, for editorial procedure to recognize the authority of more than one document in regard to the accidentals.
Practicality demands, first of all, that primary copy-text authority for accidental forms be placed in the first collected appearance of each tale and sketch, since for obvious reasons there is less inconsistency within any collection than there is among texts printed in different publications. But the primary authority of the collected appearance alone is inadequate because of its distance from Hawthorne's manuscript. Far from being able to assume that Hawthorne supplied his publishers with new revised manuscripts as printer's copy for the first collected edition (the scarcity of the manuscripts themselves would seem to preclude that possibility), it is likely that even for those tales and sketches containing the largest revisions Hawthorne sent his publishers only the marked-up tear sheets from the periodical and gift-book printings. The surviving evidence is much too inconclusive to permit a firm description of the final manuscript form of the stories collected in the Twice-Told Tales. It is clear, however, that for both Mosses from an Old Manse and The Snow-Image Hawthorne revised on the tear sheets rather than writing clean drafts when he collected these stories. Even in relation to the Twice-Told Tales there is nothing in the general character of the revisions that would have prohibited the use of printed sheets as copy: whenever large revisions occur, the revised form is always a deletion rather than an addition of material. Such excisions, of
course, could have been indicated easily enough on the printed page.

Beyond these considerations, the decision to divide the copy-text authority in regard to the accidentals is based firmly upon Greg's and Bowers' principles and represents a logical and necessary extension of their procedures. More than this, it stems from their editorial attitude toward copy-text authority and from a recognition of the possibility of a too rigid application of the principle of copy-text: a recognition of what Greg calls, albeit in another connection, "the tyranny of copy-text."

"The true theory," Greg argues, "is . . . that the copy-text should govern (generally) in the matter of accidentals." And Bowers defines the limits of this qualification of the authority of the copy-text in terms of an acceptance of "such alterations [in substantive editions later than the copy-text] in the accidentals as appear to derive from the author." The procedures of Greg and Bowers are thus extended to take into account the peculiar textual conditions of the Twice-Told Tales: a double authority is recognized, not only in regard to the separation of substantive and accidental variants, but also in regard to the accidental variants alone. To put it another way: when the text to be established is first printed individually and then in a collected form which has the general authority of copy-text, editorial technique almost
necessarily involves the acceptance of some accidental
variant readings prior to the copy-text as well as those
introduced into later substantive documents. A supple­
mentary copy-text authority resides, then, in the first
separate appearance as well as in any other authorized
single appearance.

The objection that such an application of these
principles results in a needlessly and arbitrarily
eclectic method can be answered on several grounds. It
must be remembered, first of all, that the first individual
appearances in print, although they sometimes depart from
Hawthorne's known habits, are nevertheless the only docu­
ments which can be shown to be typeset from the manuscripts;
as such they are the only documents which can be expected to
preserve with any authority whatever characteristics of
those manuscripts that have not been normalized by the im­
position of printing-house style upon the copy. Moreover,
it must be recognized that the copy-text itself is a means
rather than an end; as Greg argues, its "authority is never
absolute, but only relative." The limits of its author­
ity as a basis for the establishment of a critical text is,
as both Greg and Bowers imply, invariably determined by the
specific conditions which define the initial substantive
documents. It is, of course, conscious editorial procedure
to follow the copy-text reading whenever possible, "with
the least possible alteration," and thus fulfill its
obvious function: changes among the accidentals are admitted into the established text only on the strongest evidence that the copy-text reading is a departure from authorial practice. Finally, the purpose of the established text must be emphasized here: the reconstruction of Hawthorne's final inscription insofar as evidence permits inevitably implies the necessity of synthesizing various accidental forms of the most authoritative documents.

Likewise, the degree of normalization which this established text is compelled to impose upon the copy-text form has been determined by the initial textual conditions. A basic principle of critical editing is that each work should be treated within itself and the terms of its singular textual history without any attempt to secure a conformity of texture with others of the author's works having a different textual history. Obviously, however, the application of this rule varies with the immediate character of each work. Bowers cites the textual character of two of the romances: "the texture of accidentals in a work like The House of the Seven Gables, established from authorial manuscript, will differ from that in a work like The Scarlet Letter, established from the first printed edition." The established text of each romance requires that various inconsistencies among the accidentals be normalized whenever possible, that is, whenever there is evidence that such anomalies are not Hawthorne's own. Likewise, the established
text of the collected tales and sketches of the *Twice-Told Tales* demands that each volume of the copy-text normalize all variant forms that are imposed by printers or printer's readers. This editorial necessity demands in turn, of course, that critical procedure at times move beyond the limits of the evidence available within the textual history of any single tale or sketch.

Just as inconsistencies among the accidentals in the established text for those tales and sketches which comprise "Series I" and in the established text for those comprising "Series II" have been allowed to stand only when they reflect Hawthorne's own inconsistencies, such inconsistencies as exist between the texts of each series have been allowed to stand only when the specific conditions characterizing each text demand that they remain. Thus, for example, this hypothetical situation: should each copy-text be consistent within itself but different from the other copy-text, and should conclusive evidence not be available, from either a manuscript or the first separate printing, that one of these forms distorts Hawthorne's original inscription, then neither copy-text form would be made to conform with the other.

The amount of evidence available for the establishment of the precise forms of the accidentals in these stories is indeed the major problem confronting the editor of a critical text once the principle of double authority
for the accidentals is recognized. For, just as it happens that the copy-texts for "Series I" and "Series II" differ from each other and yet are not known to differ from Hawthorne's practice, it sometimes happens also that the copy-text forms, differing from one another and from the supplementary forms of the first printed appearances, depart too from Hawthorne's habits insofar as these latter can be determined. Bowers' standard procedure in the face of such inconsistency is clearly stated in relation to The Scarlet Letter: "the printing-house style imposed on the text removes it in various respects from conformity with Hawthorne's known practices in spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and word-division as seen in his manuscripts of about the same date. One might be able to alter some of these forms . . . to bring the text, in theory, into a closer relationship with what one may reasonably suppose to have been certain of the details of the lost manuscript. But interesting as such an experiment might be, the result could never wholly be consistent and could not lead to any demonstrably established form of the text. Hence, each work in the Centenary Edition rests as a separate unit on the evidence of its own preserved documents, and represents a faithfulness to Hawthorne's full intentions in varying degrees of exactitude according to the authority of this evidence." 23 The Centenary Edition of The Scarlet Letter proceeds on this principle and retains such first-
edition copy-text forms as 0 and various -our spellings rather than emending the copy-text to Oh and -or endings even though these later forms represent without exception Hawthorne's practice in his manuscripts and letters. The issue emphasizes that area of the establishment of any critical text which depends finally on editorial preference. Professor Bowers' faithfulness to his procedure results unquestionably in a critical text established in terms of a definitive certitude. It seems reasonable to say that, even for The Scarlet Letter, other equally legitimate standards may be applied in this area without appreciably sacrificing standards of certitude or the validity of the critical text.

In any case, some such standards are required for the establishment of a critical text of the Twice-Told Tales simply because of that lack of uniformity defining the initial substantive documents which still survive. These documents present what are essentially the most complicated textual relationships in Hawthorne's works, and it is in these documents that the greatest inconsistency is to be found. Because the most reliable current theories of critical editing regard the normalization of inconsistent printed forms as a desirable end whenever known authorial practice allows it, it is incumbent upon the editor to create a rationale that will normalize inconsistencies in accordance with authorial habit regardless of the complexity
of the relationships among the substantive documents. To that end a thorough examination of the manuscripts nearest in date has been made, lengthy lists of exemplary forms among all the accidentals drawn up for each manuscript, and a complete comparison of those forms used to measure precisely the consistency of Hawthorne's inscription. In addition, exemplars of certain accidentals which differ in the printed substantive texts have been extracted from Hawthorne's letters. The results of this analysis, some parts of which are entered in those appendixes involving manuscripts, show conclusively that Hawthorne's style, as is only to be expected, was in many areas consistent, and over a long period of time. Unfortunately, however, the lists also manifest a large number of inconsistencies in word-division, patterns of internal punctuation and of capitalization, and a few spellings. For other areas, the lists, although they indicate no inconsistency, do not provide a sampling large enough to actually ascertain Hawthorne's habits. In these areas the critical procedure is to normalize variant forms according to the regular practice of the copy-text. When as sometimes happens, the copy-text itself contains anomalies of such forms, the critical procedure is to normalize them by referring to the supplementary authority of the magazine forms.

In short, editorial procedure for the Twice-Told
Tales involves, in regard to many accidentals, judgments based on evidence found beyond the limits of the surviving documents of the individual tale or sketch—the total character of those documents making such judgments mandatory, the character of Hawthorne's contemporaneous manuscripts making them possible. The critical reconstruction normalizes accidental forms whenever this is justifiable. It refuses, however, to "modernize" those forms, that is, to regularize them when Hawthorne's own practice is known to be variable.26

Evidence which, if available, would ease editorial judgments is unfortunately lacking also in regard to the most prominent substantive variant readings. Bowers' statement of technique again emphasizes one of the central problems: "any alteration believed to be Hawthorne's must be adopted, regardless of critical estimate of its literary worth, although, of course, an editor's literary judgment is one of the various criteria that operate to establish any alteration as a Hawthorne variant instead of the printer's."27 Editorial procedure must recognize the need to evaluate each substantive variant individually rather than in terms of the general authority of the document in question: the fact that Hawthorne is known to have revised his text for certain editions by no means enables the established text to automatically accept all substantive changes in these documents as Hawthorne's own revisions. An
inescapable condition of the critical procedure is that at various points the most valid standard on which to base textual readings is no more objective and scientific than the literary judgment of the individual editor. However imperfect an instrument this is, it is nevertheless, as Greg convincingly shows, the best instrument we have, and its only alternative an undue deference to the copy-text: "The choice is necessarily a matter for editorial judgment, and an editor who declines or is unable to exercise his judgment and falls back on some arbitrary canon, such as the authority of the copy-text, is in fact abdicating his editorial function. Yet this is what has been frequently commended as 'scientific'—'streng wissenschaftlich' in the prevalent idiom—and the result is that what many editors have done is to produce, not editions of their authors' works at all, but only editions of particular authorities for those works, a course that may be perfectly legitimate in itself, but was not the one they were professedly pursuing."28 To repeat, the course pursued in this critical text is the reconstruction of Hawthorne's final inscription in detail, even when that inscription is not fully demonstrable in terms of the evidence surviving for each tale and sketch.

To say this is to say nothing more than that risks are simply unavoidable in the editorial process. The decision here has been to risk in the direction, hopefully,
of the restoration of the purer text rather than in that of
the demonstrability of the copy-text. If, as is gener­
ally the case, the substantive readings of the copy-text
have been retained, they are retained because in the
editor's judgment they best represent Hawthorne's final
intentions, not merely because they have the authority of
copy-text.

A final major problem regarding the rationale of
the evaluation of evidence concerns large substantive
variants and, again, arises more often in Hawthorne's tales
and sketches than in any of his other works. Specifically,
it involves those variant readings which may be called
extra-literary. Here, especially, the procedure guiding
the establishment of the text is completely dependent upon
critical evaluation. Bowers' discussion of the problem is
once more to the point: "not all of Hawthorne's revisions
are literary in their nature. When Hawthorne softened his
original satire, or excised sections for personal reasons
as with the passage on saloons in The Blithedale Romance
revised in the print, presumably in deference to his wife's
prejudices, the unrevised version has been retained in the
established text as more faithfully representing Hawthorne's
true intentions than the results of censorship even though
self-imposed." Thus, even when there is no question that
Hawthorne is himself responsible for specific large-scale
revisions, it is still the burden of the editor to establish
the readings. Each variant must, of course, be judged initially in terms of the evidence surrounding it. Nevertheless, even here the general idea of normalization must, as Bowers suggests, operate throughout the work in question. The rationale for such normalization in this text of the Twice-Told Tales cannot be understood as arising out of the authority of the copy-text. Instead, it proceeds out of a critical consideration of the total evidence, intrinsic and extrinsic, which bears upon the text. The decision to retain such large revisions as Hawthorne made when collecting the stories rather than emending to conform with the earlier versions is based upon the conviction, discussed at length in the "Historical Introduction," that the essential character of the collection is defined by a more or less conscious effort on Hawthorne's part to accommodate his art to the general public which he hoped would be his audience. However much that effort may have been influenced by Mrs. Hawthorne, it seems to represent a basic strategy whereby Hawthorne hoped to strike a balance between the demands of artistic integrity and the conditions of popular success. As has already been suggested, it is at this point of the establishment of the text that a concern for the history of the making of the Twice-Told Tales converges with the concern for that history which the Twice-Told Tales made in Hawthorne's time and has made for us.

To summarize: the nature of Hawthorne's revisions,
Hawthorne's attitudes toward proof-reading, the constant imposition of publishing-house style upon Hawthorne's inscription, and the complexity of the relationships among the substantive documents—such conditions make it necessary that copy-text forms be rejected or admitted on evidence which is at times not contained in the surviving substantive documents for the tale or sketch in question. Heavy reliance is put on the few extant manuscripts when they provide conclusive evidence; and even in the most crucial areas of revision, the principal mode of judgment is sometimes based upon evidence which is not explicitly textual in nature. It must be understood, however, that all readings admitted into the established text represent forms which have occurred in relevant substantive documents.

As in the Centenary Edition of The Scarlet Letter, then, there are several general areas in which editorial emendation of the copy-text has proved necessary.

First, a number of substantive changes have been made because, apparently, neither Hawthorne nor the printing-house copy-reader examined proof-sheets carefully enough to correct all of the compositors' errors. Most such substantive changes, it should be remarked, have been made in at least one of the editions collated in this study.

Second, since the printer's copy from which type was set for both the 1837 and the 1842 collections was inconsistent in the character of its accidentals, the copy-text
itself is at times inconsistent in respect to spelling, capitalization, word-division and punctuation. While the established text makes no attempt to regularize all the anomalies between these two series, it does normalize within each one all that do not reflect Hawthorne's known inconsistencies: first of all, in accordance with the general practice of the copy-text when the copy-text reflects what is clearly Hawthorne's habitual usage; or, secondly, in accordance with the forms of the supplementary copy-text authority, the first appearance in print, when the practice of that text is in closer conformity with Hawthorne's inscription in the contemporaneous manuscripts.

Third, when it happens that the copy-text is inconsistent at the same time that Hawthorne's characteristic usage is not able to be stated with confidence (upward and upwards, sunk and sank, shrunk and shrank, and, in certain instances, farther and further are used interchangeably both in the printed texts and in Hawthorne's own hand), then emendation is acceptable only if the dictionary Hawthorne used\(^{33}\) justifies correction by labelling one of these words faulty. Capitalizations present perhaps the most troublesome inconsistencies (Heaven and heaven, Nature and nature, Death and death, Eternity and eternity are only a few of many pairs which appear many times capitalized and lower-cased in identical or nearly identical contexts both in the manuscripts and in the substantive printed documents).
Indeed, all of the relevant documents are so inconsistent here as to render it absolutely impossible to determine the general tendency of the copy-text—within individual tales and collectively—or that of Hawthorne himself. Editorial emendation here, then, is necessarily conservative and has been admitted for the most part only when the evidence from the supplementary copy-text authority of the first printed appearance seems to demand it. Otherwise, emendation is approved when the copy-text form appears less suitable contextually, that is, in terms of the consistency and degree of capitalization of other related words within the tale or sketch in question.

Fourth, when in the manuscript or the printed text there is habitual or inadvertent misspelling, the errors are corrected. However, all spellings which are characteristic are retained when they are deliberate archaisms or acceptable variants of the preferred forms as the latter are listed in Hawthorne's dictionary.

Fifth, word-division is normalized, first of all and insofar as possible, in terms of the copy-text. When, however, the house style of the copy-text regularizes against Hawthorne's practice, normalization in the established text agrees with the supplementary authority or, if that also disagrees with authorial usage, relies on the manuscripts closest in date. When manuscript forms are either lacking or too few to be conclusive, normalization is made on the basis of the copy-text.
Because the established text of the *Twice-Told Tales* is presented here in the form of a marked-up copy-text which would be used for printer's copy, the reader is asked to distinguish the text itself from the purely stylistic details of its typography. It is not the intention of this study to prepare the tales for actual publication by indicating alterations in the printing formats or to describe those variations which exist between the formats of the editions collated. The appurtenances of the copy-text—the 1837 first edition, which serves as the copy-text for "Series I," and the second volume of the 1842 second edition, which, along with the insert of "The Toll-Gatherer's Day," serves as the copy-text for "Series II"—stand as they are although, obviously, they are not the same in all respects. Details such as the page size, lineation, and pointing in the contents-lists differ between the two editions. Likewise, whereas page references given in the contents-list of the 1837 first edition are to the actual beginning of the tales and sketches, those in the 1842 contents-list point to the individual title-pages. No other mention is made of the fact that the 1837 copy-text indents the first paragraph of each story while the 1842 does not. Finally, whereas both of these editions use the single quotation mark to indicate direct discourse (the normal form in Hawthorne's manuscripts), several of the later documents use the modern double marks. These
have been treated as aspects of typographical styling even though they do not conform to Hawthorne's inscription. Thus, when it has been necessary to include such marks in the appendixes, all editions are for convenience noted by the single quotation mark, except, of course, where an actual compositorial error has occurred. Although such differences as these exist in all of the editions collated, I do not hereafter call attention to them. At the same time it should be understood that in the preparation of the text for actual publication these printing details would be both normalized and modernized.

If the marked-up copy-text is an imperfect instrument in that it clutters up the page, slows reading, and causes some awkwardness in the description of the collection itself, it is nevertheless necessary. The only alternative, a typed transcript, is a poor one indeed, since an absolutely clean copy is impossible. The risk of introducing still further distortions of the text inadvertently is far too great, as the history of the printing of the Twice-Told Tales and Hawthorne's other works clearly demonstrates. Finally, moreover, since this text is intended primarily as a tool for the specialist, the marked-up copy-text is useful in dramatizing the variants by entering them in the margins and indicating clearly their exact location in the text.

Consonant with the purpose of the text as a special
tool is the fact that the record of textual variants transmitted in the history of the printing is as full as possible. This information is included in the various appendixes to the text. The standard reference in all of these records, including those which involve manuscripts, is either the page and line of the copy-text of the Twice-Told Tales or the page and line of the control-text of those other works for which the results of the collations have been used. Each list in the appendixes refers to the specific tale or sketch. Those lists included in "Part I" refer exclusively to the Twice-Told Tales; those in "Part II," while including other documentation of the Twice-Told Tales, also record results of the collations of closely related material such as certain variants in the other two major collections, Mosses from an Old Manse and The Snow-Image.

APPENDIXES: PART I

In all of the appendixes the editions recorded are represented by sigla. The fragmented character of the publication of these tales and sketches, however, does not allow the use of such sigla for the various editions as would distinguish easily between those printed from type and those printed from stereotype plates. It has been necessary instead to identify all editions by dates and to refer to particular impressions of each set of plates by
means of superior numbers. Thus, 1837 signifies the first edition of "Series I," published in that year, and 1842 signifies the second edition of "Series I" and the first edition of "Series II," published together in that year; 1852 \textsuperscript{53} refers to the second impression of the 1852 edition, the first set from plates, the superior number identifying the year of publication. \textsuperscript{38} Unless specific reference is made to a late impression printed from altered plates, the readings cited are constant throughout all the impressions collated. The following sigla represent all those editions included in these collections:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Edition</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1851</td>
<td>&quot;A New Edition.&quot;</td>
<td>Boston, 1851</td>
<td>by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. \textsuperscript{39}</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1852 \textsuperscript{53}</td>
<td>&quot;A New Edition.&quot;</td>
<td>Boston, 1853</td>
<td>by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1852 \textsuperscript{66}</td>
<td>&quot;A New Edition.&quot;</td>
<td>Boston, 1866</td>
<td>by Ticknor and Fields.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The magazines, gift-book annuals, newspapers, anthologies and other separate publications are signified in the following way:

A Arcturus (New York)
AM The American Monthly Magazine (New York)
BB The Boston Book (Boston)
DR The U. S. Magazine & Democratic Review (Washington)
FB The Flower Basket (New York)
H Hesperian (Columbus, Ohio)
K The Knickerbocker Magazine (New York)
MA The Picturesque Pocket Companion, and Visitor's Guide, through Mount Auburn (Boston)
NE The New-England Magazine (Boston)
NW The New World (New York)
NY The New Yorker Folio Edition (New York)
NY The New Yorker Magazine Edition (New York)
PW Prose Writers of America (New York)
SG Salem Gazette (Salem, Massachusetts)
SR Southern Rose (Charleston, South Carolina)
T The Token (Boston)
TH Tales of Humor (Boston)
YK Youth's Keepsake (Boston)


Editorial Emendations: While all departures from the copy-text are recorded within the text itself, this appendix identifies those variants and lists the immediate source of
the approved reading, that is, the first appearance of the emendation in the printings collated for the determination of the established text. The purpose of this list is to indicate the differences between the copy-text and any other text through the first appearance of the reading given in the established text. Variant readings occurring in the first separate printings are also listed here, but they cannot of course be understood as emendations of the copy-text (existing as they do prior to the copy-text reading) but only as departures from it.

Each entry in this emendations list provides, first of all, the exact reading of the established text. Following this, and separated from it by a square bracket, is the citation of the earliest appearance of the corrected reading in the printings which have been examined. A semicolon separates this notation from the identification of the copy-text reading and, in some instances, any other variant reading earlier in date than the first occurrence of the established form. The source of each reading is always given immediately after the reading itself.

A number of arbitrary symbols are used in order to make these entries brief and clear. For example, when variants in punctuation are cited, a wavy dash - is used to represent the repeated word or words associated with the punctuation. An inferior caret * indicates that the variant reading referred to involves the absence of punctuation.
Three dots indicate one or more omitted words and are used, of course, only when the omitted words are identical in the texts referred to. When it is necessary to include quotation marks in citing variants, the single mark is arbitrarily assigned to all texts.

The basis for the appendixes is the page and line number of the copy-text; viz., 37.20 means page 37, line 20. The following is an example entry in the emendations list of "The Gray Champion:"

21.28 marvelled] 1851; marveled NE, 1837, 1842

The entry means simply that the reading approved by the established text, marvelled, was first introduced in "The Gray Champion" in the third edition, printed from type metal, 1851; the rejected spelling, marveled, is not only the copy-text reading but also the form in the first appearance of the tale in print—in The New-England Magazine (January, 1835)—and in the second edition of the collected tales, 1842.41 Thus, the appearances of the rejected reading are given chronologically here, as they always are, even when the reading in the first appearance in print represents a third variant reading that differs not only from the established text but also from the copy-text.

The following notation appears in the emendations list of "The Ambitious Guest," first collected in 1842:

130.24 night.~] NE; ~. 1842-1852, 1865, 1883

There is no direct discourse in this passage, and the
established reading corrects the typographical error which first appears in the copy-text, the 1842 edition, and which, surprisingly, was overlooked by the compositors and proof-readers who prepared the 1851, 1852, 1865 and the 1883 Large Paper editions. The reading in *The New-England Magazine* (June, 1835), the first appearance of the tale, is correct; but the inadvertent error entering the copy-text is not corrected until the 1875 "Little Classics" edition, and then it reappears in the 1883 text. The designation 1852 signifies that the typographical error was never corrected in any impression made from those plates; and that of 1875 means that the corrected reading was consistent in all of the impressions from those plates through the "Concord" edition of 1899.

Asterisked entries in the emendations list signify readings which are discussed in the Textual Notes. Such entries include both emended and unemended readings. The following notation is from "The Gentle Boy:"

*{[98].25  abstractedly] stet 1837-1883; abstractly T}

The original reading in the 1832 *Token*, abstractly, was changed to abstractedly when Hawthorne collected the tale in 1837, and this copy-text reading remained in all later appearances—whether from type metal or stereotype plates—through the 1883 "Large Paper" edition, including the separate edition of the tale of 1839. It remains unemended
in the established text. This bracketed page number, like all others, indicates that the page lacks the number.

Textual Notes: When any reading, emended or unemended, requires further explanation, a textual note provides the rationale for the established form.

Variants Between the First Appearance in Print and the First Collected Appearance: Hawthorne's shorter fiction, his tales and sketches, since they first appeared in print individually in various magazines, newspapers and giftbooks, give rise to textual problems basically different from those which characterize the full-length romances and nearly all of his other works. Because the relationship between these initial documents and the collected editions defines those problems, this appendix is a record of all variants, both substantives and accidentals, between these printings. In order to avoid senseless repetition, however, this appendix cites only the first instance of a consistent variant within each tale. Even certain substantive variants are so treated. Thus, for "Edward Fane's Rosebud," this appendix notes only the first of twelve occurrences of the change Hawthorne made in the name of his major character. In The Knickerbocker Magazine (September, 1837) the name is Ingersoll; however, in the 1842 edition, the tale's first collected appearance, Hawthorne changed the name to Toothaker. The appendix cites only the appearance at 330.11, where the name is first mentioned and refers to "the Widow Toothaker;"
it does not note the variant again even though the name is used later to refer to another character, the widow's late husband, "Mr. Toothaker." Repeated and consistent spelling variants are always marked only by the initial occurrence within each tale.

When it happens that one text is inconsistent in its spelling, the appendix lists the first occurrence of each form of the word, both the variant and the absence of the variant. Thus, in the collation list of "The Prophetic Pictures," there are these two entries:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Form</th>
<th>Source</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>242.15</td>
<td>recognised</td>
<td>copy-text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>243.10</td>
<td>recognise</td>
<td>1837 Token</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The entries show that the copy-text, the reading to the left of the bracket, is consistent in its spelling of the word while the 1837 Token text (identified at the beginning of the list) departs from the copy-text at 243.10 but not at 242.15. The symbol nv abbreviates the notation no variant. The appendix, however, does not include additional occurrences of either the variant or the absence of the variant (at 246.25, for example, the full but unrecorded collation list notes "recognise] nv") simply because most such inconsistencies involve only one occurrence of the presence or the absence of variant forms. A literal record of such variants would only become less useful as they became longer. All other types of variants, however, are noted in all instances in this appendix.
Historical Collation: The primary purpose of this appendix is to provide a history of all substantive variants from the established text in all of the documents included in the collations. Secondarily, it provides also a full history of the first occurrences of the accidental variant readings in the following individual pieces in the collection:

"Preface"

(Series I)
"The Gray Champion"
"Sunday at Home"
"The Wedding-Knell"
"The Minister's Black Veil"
"The May-Pole of Merry Mount"
"The Gentle Boy"
"Sights from a Steeple"

(Series II)
"Howe's Masquerade"
"Edward Randolph's Portrait"
"The Haunted Mind"
"The Seven Vagabonds"
"The White Old Maid"
"Chippings with a Chisel"

There are several reasons for this choice: among these tales and sketches are those of the *Twice-Told Tales* most often reprinted both in Hawthorne's lifetime and in twentieth-century anthologies; the selections are also typical of the general literary quality and range of the collection; and, in their textual history, they are representative of those magazines, newspapers and annuals which the tales and sketches first appeared in.

For the other twenty-six tales and sketches a list
of the first occurrences of selected accidental variants is included in the textual history. These variants are for the most part matters of spelling, word-division and capitalization which at once characterize each document and suggest the extent to which the documents conform to Hawthorne's known practices. Although many of these entries can hardly be said to significantly affect Hawthorne's meaning, it should be clear that their inclusion in the Historical Collation is for the purpose of describing as fully as possible the continuous development of the text and the accumulation of editorial preferences imposed upon Hawthorne's final inscription.

In this appendix the first reading is that of the established text, the emended copy-text. Following the bracket is the variant reading with the sigla for those documents in which it occurs. Any document not cited should be understood as conforming to the reading of the established text. The documents containing variant readings are, of course, listed in chronological order:

222.14 Grub street] Grubb street 1842; Grub Street 185253-1883

This reading, entered in the collation list for "The Great Carbuncle," means that the established text accepts the 1837 copy-text reading Grub street, a form repeated in the Token appearance and in the 1851 edition. The established text rejects the other two readings, Grubb street, which
appeared only in the 1842 second edition and *Grub Street*, the reading of the 1852\textsuperscript{53} impression (and of all impressions of the 1852 plates), the 1865, 1875 and 1883 editions.

In entries which cite more than one variant in a single reading, the order is chronological in relation to the dates of the plates rather than actual publication dates. There is this entry in the collation list for "Chippings with a Chisel":

\begin{quote}
242.3 decease[ ] disease 1852-1875; death 1883
\end{quote}

Thus the reading of the last impression of the 1852 plates is given silently before the 1875 edition (as well as the 1865 edition, also given silently here) even though it was published later than these; and the reading of the 1899 "Concord" edition is given silently before the new variant reading of the 1883 "Large Paper" edition.\textsuperscript{44}

The large deletions Hawthorne made in a number of the tales and sketches when collecting them are given in full only in the appendix which lists variants between the first appearance in print and the first collected edition. The Historical Collation signifies such changes by referring the reader to the earlier appendix. There is the following entry in the Historical Collation of "The Toll-Gatherer's Day":

\begin{quote}
286.3-8 hearts!\[ ]They] -! . . . [!]- (See individual 1842-DR and 1842-SG collations.)
\end{quote}

This entry states that a passage of five lines, deleted in
the 1842 first collected appearance and occurring in none of the subsequent collated appearances, was printed in both the Democratic Review (October, 1837) and, in a different form, in the Salem Gazette (April 30, 1839). The page-line reference signifies, as usual, the location of the variant in the established text and also the length of the deleted passage in the earlier prints.

Word-Division: End-of-line Hyphenation in the First Collected Appearance: Because the established text by no means emends all end-of-line compounds and because many hyphens ending lines in the copy-text actually divide solid compound words (rather than genuinely hyphenated compounds or merely the syllables of a single word), this appendix lists all occurrences of end-of-line hyphens which break solid compounds when those occurrences have not already been cited in the Editorial Emendations. In this list, citation of the copy-text reading itself, always an end-of-line hyphenation, is unnecessary:

22.4 sunshine

The entry means simply that the copy-text end-of-line form, sun-|shine, the established text considers a solid compound. Any end-of-line hyphenated compound not cited in this list is understood to be hyphenated within the line. Thus, although such a reading as bright-|eyed, at 102.6 of "The Gentle Boy," is not entered here, there should be no ambiguity about the word-division in the established text.
This second large section of the record of textual variants completes the documentation of the textual history of the Twice-Told Tales by concentrating on especially crucial areas of variance. The lists of this section are by no means merely supplementary in their significance; they are set apart, instead, for emphasis and convenience. Their immediate purpose is to focus attention on Hawthorne's manuscripts and certain characteristics of his creative process, on his practices of revision, and on the unauthorized editorial treatment which certain of his shorter works received. They record as well the textual evidence necessary for a comparison of the textual histories of Hawthorne's three major collections, the Twice-Told Tales, Mosses from an Old Manse, and The Snow-Image. Together with the appendixes in Part I, these lists provide for the three collections all of the most important textual information necessary for an assessment of the influence of popular taste and editorial treatment upon Hawthorne's development as an artist.

Hawthorne's Revision of the Manuscripts: These lists comprise a record of all of the interlinear emendations Hawthorne made in the manuscripts collated for this study—"The Wedding-Knell," "Earth's Holocaust," "The Old Manse," "The Snow-Image: A Childish Miracle," "Feathertop," the "Preface to the 1851 Edition" of the Twice-Told Tales, and the
single sheet of the original manuscript of *The House of the Seven Gables*. The collation lists are separate, and those of the tales and sketches in chronological order. The page-line reference is to the copy-text in the lists for "The Wedding-Knell" and the "Preface;" in all other lists, since the texts of these works have not been established, the reference indicates the control-text, that is, the document against which all other documents have been collated. Thus, the control-text for "Earth's Holocaust" and "The Old Manse" is the first edition of *Mosses from an Old Manse*, published in 1846 by Wiley & Putnam; for "Feather-top" the control-text is the revised and enlarged "New Edition" of *Mosses*, published by Ticknor and Fields in 1854; for "The Snow-Image" it is Ticknor, Reed, and Fields's 1852 first edition of *The Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales*; for *The House of the Seven Gables* it is the first edition, published in 1851 by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. Thus, the control-text is always the first collected appearance. The entries are as follows:

39.3 *she was left in possession*] she became possessor of > *she was left in possession of*

This emendation is in the list for "The Wedding-Knell;" the reading to the left of the bracket is that of the 1837 first edition copy-text, the reading immediately after the bracket the initial reading of the manuscript. The last reading, after the angle bracket is Hawthorne's own revision.
The caret always signifies that the first manuscript reading is crossed out and the change is made interlinearly. Since the copy-text or control-text rarely disagrees with the emended manuscript, that reading is given primarily to facilitate the reader in locating the point of revision. 

Variants Between the Manuscripts and the Primary Printed Documents: Because a large number of different readings occur early in the textual history of many of the tales, this appendix is included to dramatize the transmission of those changes which occur between the final inscription of the manuscripts and the first appearances in print and, normally, the first collected appearances. This record includes all instances of both substantive and accidental variants except when it is possible to cite only the first occurrence of consistent and repeated accidental variants. When any of these documents are inconsistent and include both variant readings and identical readings, however, the collation records both forms, the absence of variance being signified by the symbol \( \text{nv} \). The documents are identified in the note preceding each collation list, and the page-line references in the list are always to the control-text. The following example is from the collation record for "Earth's Holocaust," collected first in the 1846 edition of Mosses from an Old Manse:

- 134.23 armfuls \( \rightarrow \) arms full MS, G
- 152.24 lamentations \( \rightarrow \) lamentation MS, G, 1854
The readings to the left of the bracket are those of the 1846 first edition, the control-text. In the first entry, the same variant reading is found in the manuscript and in the first printed appearance, in Graham's Magazine (May, 1844). The second notation indicates that the control-text reading, lamentations, is different from that of all the other primary documents—the manuscript, Graham's Magazine, and the 1854 second edition of Mosses.

Variants Between the First CollectedAppearances and the Unauthorized Reprints of Selected Tales and Sketches: This appendix emphasizes various aspects of the unauthorized editorial treatment which several of Hawthorne's short pieces underwent during his lifetime. It includes reprints not only of selections from the Twice-Told Tales but also from the other two collections. Generally, only unquestionable substantive variants are included in these listings. However, those accidental variants in capitalization and spelling which, especially when they occur repeatedly, may be defined as substantive in their total effect have been admitted. The list likewise includes various typographical errors when they serve to characterize the general quality of the reprint or piracy. The documents are identified within each list, and the page-line reference is always to the first collected edition, the control-text.

Mosses from an Old Manse: Variants Between the First Collected Appearances and the First Appearance in Print: Pro-
vided here is a full record of substantive variant readings between the initial printed authoritative documents of the tales and sketches collected in *Mosses*. The lists include also those accidental variants which are especially relevant to the establishment of the text of the *Twice-Told Tales*. The purpose of this appendix is to document the data necessary for the reader to compare the extent of the revision and other variation both in the individual pieces and in the collection as a whole. The lists follow the arrangement of the tales and sketches in the revised and enlarged "New Edition" of 1854, since that collection is the first to include all of the stories known under the title of *Mosses from an Old Manse*. The control-text for all of these tales and sketches except the three added in 1854, however, is the first edition, 1846. The individual documents are clearly specified at the heading of each list.

*Mosses from an Old Manse: Variants Between the First and Second Editions*: Because the textual relationship between the first two collected editions of the *Twice-Told Tales* differs sharply from that between the 1846 and 1854 editions of *Mosses*, collations of selected tales and sketches are recorded here in order to define the differences and demonstrate the effects of editorial control and publishing-house style on Hawthorne's inscription. All substantive variants are listed here, along with such of the accidentals as are particularly instructive in relation to the transmission.
of the text. The reader need only compare the variants listed here with those entered in the previous appendix to see that the 1854 second edition represents in large part a return to the text of the first printed appearance. The Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales: Variants Between the First Collected Appearance and the First Appearance in Print: This collation records variant readings in the tales and sketches of Hawthorne's third major collection according to the same rationale and the same format as the corresponding appendix does for the stories in Mosses from an Old Manse. It completes the documentation of variant readings in the authorized American appearances of the three collections before 1865.

The Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales: Variants Between the First American Edition and the First English Edition: This collation, the last of the study, is included because the relationship between these editions is singular in the history of the three collections and because, even though the English edition was set from the advance proof-sheets of the American first edition, there are nevertheless a number of substantive and selected accidental variants which represent still another dimension of the editorial "improvements" which Hawthorne's inscription underwent in his lifetime. As in the other appendixes, the documents are identified individually in the collation for each tale.
Taken collectively, then, these appendixes are designed to document every aspect of the textual record of Hawthorne's short fiction. They represent that part of his art which is, on the one hand, the richest source of his own revisions and, on the other, perhaps the most radically corrupted texts of all his works. That many areas of the textual record seem trivial and far-removed from the legitimate concerns of literary criticism there is no doubt—particularly for the critic who would involve himself in the task of recording, cataloguing and analyzing those accidental variant readings. But there is still less doubt of the inexorable fact that, however much we would like to believe otherwise, the making of literature—the imaginative process itself—is literally bound by the making of books and the conditions of the book trade. The discovery we make that publishing-house style exists—that discovery is called the need for textual criticism. By making available to criticism the total record of substantive variation and the chief characteristics of accidental variation, the textual study makes it possible for criticism to redeem the literature.

Nearly all of the hand collations were duplicated by collating teams working independently at the Ohio State University and the University of Virginia. As an additional precaution to insure maximum accuracy, the Twice-Told Tales collations of the copy-text against the first appearances
in print were repeated a second time. The results of all of the collations were then conflated twice and all discrepancies, whether involving substantive or accidental variants, corrected. The established text itself has been proofread twice. The possibility that significant variant readings were overlooked is minimal.
Footnotes: The Textual Method

1 Three of the standard Hawthorne bibliographies were compiled in 1905: Nina E. Browne's *A Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, W. H. Cathcart's *Bibliography of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, and J. C. Chamberlain's *First Editions of Nathaniel Hawthorne*. All of these, like later bibliographies, however, are either inaccurate in part or incomplete. Besides individual auction catalogues the most helpful of the modern bibliographies have been Jacob Blanck's *Bibliography of American Literature*, Volume 4, compiled for the Bibliographical Society of America (1963); *American Literary Manuscripts: A Checklist of Holdings in Academic, Historical, and Public Libraries in the United States*, compiled and published under the auspices of the American Literature Group of the Modern Language Association of America in 1960. Also useful as an aid in the identification and location of various primary documents is the *New York University Index to American Periodicals*; likewise useful is Seymour Lee Gross's unpublished Illinois dissertation, "The Technique of Hawthorne's Short Stories," (1954). Professor Matthew J. Bruccoli, who made available other listings of various individual printings of Hawthorne's short fiction and was of great help to me in this area, will compile for the Centenary Edition a thoroughly modern bibliography of Hawthorne's works which will supersede all present Hawthorne bibliographies.

2 The manuscript was in the private library of William Loring Andrews (September 9, 1837—March 19, 1920) a well-known collector and bookman in the early twentieth century. At his death his library was sold, the manuscript of "The Lily's Quest" being purchased by James F. Drake, Inc., New York. Mr. James H. Drake, the present owner, has informed me that although the manuscript is listed in the company's catalogue of the Andrews' library the records do not reveal to whom it was subsequently sold.

3 None of the several British editions published in Hawthorne's lifetime have been included in the collations. At present, the Hawthorne holdings at the Ohio State University Libraries and the University of Virginia Library lack these volumes. Two of them, published by Bohn and by Rutledge, London, appeared in 1851; another edition, published by Miller & Sowerby, Halifax, appeared in 1856. Later editions listed in various of the bibliographies were published in 1871 by Ball & Daldy, London, and in 1873 by Warne, London.
(See Blanck's Bibliography of American Literature, v. 4, p. 9, entry 7603). None of these editions has any authority, since all were derived from editions which themselves introduced no new authority. The collations have traced the family tree only through the 1883 Riverside "Large Paper" Edition, the standard scholarly edition of Hawthorne's works. The Autograph Edition (1900), published again by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, does however, represent another new set of plates in the main line of the transmission of the text. That edition will be included in the Centenary Edition collations.

4 A hand or "sight" collation is a comparison of any two of the same texts which are not printed from identical or allegedly identical plates. The individual collator, without the use of the Hinman Machine, compares any combination of texts from manuscript, type metal, or different stereotype plates.

5 For a description of these typesettings see Fredson Bowers, "Textual Introduction," lii-liv.

6 For a description of this edition see Blanck's comments (v. 4, pp. 7-8, entry 7598).

7 Although it is possible for such mechanical imperfections of type and paper to influence the history of a text, no instance of significant variance of this kind occurs in the historical collation of the Twice-Told Tales.


12 Ibid.


14 The Token, for example, set a number of words in -our, including favoured, labours, armour, honoured, vapours, harbour, behaviour, neighbours, parlour and coloured, even though -or endings are consistent in Hawthorne's manuscripts.
There are only four -our spellings in all of the other magazine and gift-book appearances of the stories. The New-England Magazine, on the other hand, is the only magazine that consistently hyphenates New-England in Hawthorne's fiction. Occurrences of this hyphen in other magazines are extremely rare, and Hawthorne's manuscripts show that he did not always use a hyphen in the term. The Token, in fact, seldom uses hyphens in a large number of compounds which are normally hyphenated in the manuscripts, printing some instead as single-word compounds and others as two words; the New-England Magazine, however, relies so heavily on hyphens that single-word compounds in the manuscripts are occasionally hyphenated in that publication. The fact that seven words capitalized in the manuscript of "The Wedding-Knell" (Southern, Southern, Time, Heavens, Eternity, Time, Eternity) were not capitalized in the Token version suggests, along with other evidence, that this gift-book, especially, did not always follow Hawthorne's inscription in such matters.

See particularly the patterns of the changes in capitalization in the first collected editions as these are listed in the Historical Collation.

The manuscripts demonstrate, for example, that Hawthorne consistently wrote recognize, tomorrow, towards, burthen, Oh, and that he wrote the indefinite compound pronouns such as anybody, somebody, everything, anything, and the adverbs anywhere, everywhere, as single words. The first collected edition forms, on the other hand, are normally recognise, to-morrow, and on occasion, toward, burden and O; and many of these pronouns and adverbs occur as two words. Hawthorne invariably doubled the final consonant before suffixes in words such as marvelled, marvellous, travelling, traveller, shrivelled, fidgetty, tranquillity, worshipper, and benefitting, whereas the first collected forms are inconsistent. Certain other compounds always hyphenated in the manuscripts --pine-trees, pear-tree, for example--are nearly always made two words in the first collected edition, the copy-text.

Hawthorne's letters to friends and publishers leave no doubt that this was his usual procedure. Regarding the 1846 Mosses from an Old Manse, see his letter to Evert A. Duyckinck, dated April 18, 1846 (Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL); regarding the 1852 Snow-Image collection, see his letters to his sister Louisa, May 20, 1851, and September 2, 1851 (Huntington Library) and to H. D. Ticknor, November 9, 1851 (University of Virginia Library); regarding the additions made in the 1854 second edition of Mosses from an Old Manse, see his letter to James T. Fields, April 13, 1854 (Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard
University). The text of these letters is given in my discussion of Hawthorne's revisions in the Historical Introduction. Further evidence of Hawthorne's reliance upon tear-sheets is given in his letter to Fields, January 15, 1850, (Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book) in his remark about "the manuscript portion of my volume." The tales and sketches he had planned to publish with The Scarlet Letter he was going to cull from the magazines and gift-books.

20 Greg, p. 19.
21 Ibid., p. 21.
23 Ibid.
24 About 1400 exemplars, many of them involving multiple occurrences, have been extracted from the five extant manuscripts from the three major collections of tales: "The Wedding-Knell," "The Old Manse," "Earth's Holocaust," "Feathertop," and "The Snow-Image," as well as the "Preface" to the 1851 edition of the Twice-Told Tales.

25 However unfortunate for the critical editor, this fact is at least in part not surprising when one realizes, first, that Hawthorne's diction, like other larger aspects of his art, is extraordinarily intense and narrow, the same words and kinds of words being repeated again and again; and, second, that using as many compound forms, for example, as he did, he at times wrote them as one word and at others used a hyphen. (The compound forms are themselves still further complicated by the fact that Hawthorne often left a slight space--always, however, distinctly smaller than his normal space between words--between the compound elements. Some few of these, printers set as two words: rain bow, self same, ship board, pocket book, mantle piece, frame work, eye lids. Other printers resorted to a hyphen. Besides being smaller, the space at times appears between syllables rather than between words or compound elements: thus one sees ever ythlng and other similar obviously unintentional divisions in the manuscripts.)

In the manuscript of "The Wedding-Knell," for example, one finds the reading "a death-like aspect" and less than a page later "his deathlike composure." The slight half-space is present in the second reading, so that it might
have been printed as "his death like composure"--as were other constructions like it.

Although Hawthorne almost always hyphenated noun-participle, adjective-participle, noun-adjective and adjective-adjective combinations when these preceded a noun, and usually did not use a hyphen when they did not occur with a noun, there are manuscript instances when the opposite is true. Likewise, his normal practice is to forego hyphens in adverb-participle sequences ("gorgeously decorated gown," "was gorgeously decorated"); but since there are manuscript occurrences of hyphens in these constructions, normalization is, according to the principles guiding the establishment of this text, clearly unjustified.

Because Hawthorne's internal punctuation is, in terms of contemporary standards, even disruptively heavy, it is also understandable that there would be some degree of inconsistency here. One finds only normal habits rather than inflexible application of mechanics. Thus, single adverbial modifiers are usually not surrounded by commas or other punctuation: Hawthorne usually writes "and finally, he" and "heart; then recovering herself, while;" not "and, finally, he" and "heart; then, recovering herself, while." But he does not always avoid those other commas, and the critical reconstruction of his forms does not allow normalization of the merely untypical.

Terminal punctuation involving variant readings between question marks and exclamation points also provides, as the collation lists show, an inconsistency that is Hawthorne's at least in part. The problem arose initially simply because Hawthorne's handwriting barely distinguishes between the question mark and the exclamation point, the latter more often than not being curved rather than straight. Secondly, the degree of the rhetorical intention in Hawthorne's interrogative constructions is often great enough to seem to demand an exclamation point. Because of this and because of the tag, repeated, the compositor for the 1851 edition of the Twice-Told Tales set an exclamation point in place of the question mark in the following passage from "The Wedding-Knell:"

'Cruel! cruel!' groaned the heart-stricken bride.  
'Cruel?' repeated he . . .

Finally, Hawthorne himself used both forms of punctuation in almost identical situations.

Anomalies in his patterns of capitalization are still more crucial regarding the actual meaning of his fiction; and they are even more obvious than the other inconsistencies in his manuscripts. Not to be confused with real inconsistent usage, however, is Hawthorne's conscious shifting from lower-case to capital letters in certain key terms in many
of his tales: there is, at the end of these tales, a consistent tendency to capitalize words that have not been capitalized earlier, and this must be seen as a deliberate technique to intensify meaning. What is certainly not deliberate, however, is the occurrence in the same tales and in the same contexts of double forms such as Heaven-heaven and Puritan-puritan. Thus, in "The Wedding-Knell" manuscript we find at 41.17

'Good Heavens! what an omen,' . . .

and then at 45.2

'For heaven's sake, what is the matter?'

Hawthorne's spelling also manifests a lack of consistency in some areas. Among the doublets present in the manuscripts are intreat-entreat, farther-further, ribbons-ribands, burnt-burned and other similar variant verb endings.

26 It should be noted that the refusal to normalize has been made only after all the material necessary for unqualified normalization has been gathered in the lists of exemplars. Variant forms within the established text are thus not oversights. An example of such variant forms in the Centenary Edition "Custom House" text parallels a significant number of unnormalized forms in the established text of the Twice-Told Tales:

6.14 the sea-flushed ship-master

and

23.17 merchants and ship-masters

as opposed to a reading that occurs between these:

11.1 a gray-headed shipmaster


28 Greg, p. 28.

29 See my "Introduction to the Text" and the discussion of the capitalized forms admitted into the copy-text of the first volume, even though they did not occur until the 1842 second edition.


31 See my "Historical Introduction" and the discussion of the deletions and other revisions Hawthorne made in passages concerning sex, especially the changes he made in "The Toll-Gatherer's Day."
Thus in the first volume erroneous copy-text forms such as Phillip's (13.25), sunday clothes ([53].6), where (91.29), to day (104.25), work? (116.26), then (131.10), sometime (301.25), experiment... (326.8), and beyound (327.25) are emended to their correct respective forms: Phillip's, Sunday clothes, were, to-day, work!, than, some time, experiment,' and beyond.

In the second volume are similar necessary changes of erroneous forms: beleagured (8.16), Pownal (18.19), where (34.13), ashen (85.9), relics ([103].7), Brobdignaggs ([163].13), accumulated (215.10), opaque (218.22), Governor (251.28), sentiments (246.23), Fay.' (301.17), and three-cornered (351.11) are emended respectively to beleaguered, Pownall, wherever, aspen, relics, Brobdignaggs, accumulated, opaque, Governor, sentiments?, Fay.‘, and three-cornered.


The only Hawthorne misspellings, whether habitual or inadvertent, to appear in the six manuscripts studied here were corrected in the first printings: these include legers for ledgers, unreguarded for unregarded, cieling for ceiling, vollies for volleys, valies for valleys, glistened for glistened, pleasant for pleasant, laber for labor, hereditary for hereditary, encyclopediasts for encyclopedists.

The obvious exception here, of course, is "The Wedding-Knell," for which the manuscript is the copy-text. Likewise, though the critical edition uses, for purposes of mechanical convenience, a xerox of the 1851 first printing of the "Preface," that manuscript is also the copy-text. Only for the note added at the end of "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" does this edition use a typescript to represent the copy-text. The 1865 "Blue and Gold " Edition, its first appearance in print is the actual copy-text of the note.

This is the procedure followed in the establishment of Hawthorne's text for the Centenary Edition.

Since throughout the history of the text there is always one more edition of "Series I" than of "Series II," it has not been possible to simplify this system by using roman numbers to identify editions set from stereotype plates.
38 Because of the incompleteness of the publishing records in the cost books of Ticknor and Fields, it has not been possible to identify precisely how many impressions were printed from the company's plates and thereby determine, say, that the 1866 reprint of the 1852 plates was the eleventh or the twelfth impression. What can be said is that these plates, like others, were used for far too many impressions and were worn badly before they were discarded.

39 Neither the 1851 nor the 1852 edition (nor any of the impressions of the 1852 plates) is a "new edition." See my discussion of these editions on pp. 254-59.

40 The record of these variants is not to be confused with those smaller markings in the text made to signify individual pieces of print that were not clearly reproduced in the xerox of the copy-text. These markings, of course, are not emendations.

41 This reading is an example of the rejection of copy-text and other authoritative forms on the basis of their disagreement with Hawthorne's consistent practice in the manuscripts.

42 The reason for the special notice given this reading is that Seymour Gross has written that "the abstractedly of the Riverside edition . . . is obviously a misprint." See his "Hawthorne's Revision of 'The Gentle Boy,'" American Literature, XXVI (1954), 196-208.

43 The copy-text, that is to say, before established emendation. The reading to the left of the bracket is not necessarily that of the established text.

44 If the 1875 plates had been changed in 1899 to the variant death, the entry would have read:

242.3 decease] disease 1875; death 1883, 1875

There would thus be no misunderstanding about the fact that the reading death first occurred in the Riverside 1883 edition.

45 The first British edition had the title The Snow-Image, and Other Tales, and was published by Henry G. Bohn, 1851.

46 The University of Virginia collations, it should be noted, documented for the most part only substantive variants.
CHAPTER III

INTRODUCTION TO THE TEXT: TWICE-TOLD TALES

The first edition of the Twice-Told Tales, printed from type by Freeman and Bolles, was published in one volume on March 7, 1837, by American Stationers' Company. The book collates, 12°: a4, A-I, K-U, W-Z, 2A-2C6, 2D2; 168 leaves, pp. [1]-334, [335-336]. Publisher's advertisements, undated, are on pp. 1-4. The title page is on p. [5], the copyright and printer's notice on p. [6], and the contents-list on p. [7]. The volume includes eighteen tales and sketches: the first tale, "The Gray Champion," begins on p. [11]; the last, "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," ends on p. 334. The final leaf, pp. [335-336], is blank. An undated publisher's catalogue, having no bibliographical significance, is inserted in the back of copies of this first edition.

In the contents-lists of all examined copies are several typographical errors: the first page of "The May-Pole of Merry Mount" is incorrectly given as p. 78, the tale actually beginning on p. 77; "Little Annie's Ramble" is entered as "Little Anne's Ramble;" "A Rill from the Town-Pump" lacks the hyphen in "Town-Pump; and the customary comma setting off titles is missing after "The Vision of the Fountain."
The second edition of the *Twice-Told Tales*, expanded to include a "second series" and a total of thirty-nine tales and sketches, was published in two volumes in January, 1842, by James Munroe and Company. Both volumes were printed from type metal by Freeman and Bolles. Volume I adds "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" to the eighteen pieces published in the first edition, inserting that sketch at p. 279, after "The Hollow of the Three Hills." The first volume collates, 8°: [a]², 1-20⁸, 21⁶; [i-iv], [l]-331, [332]. The title page is on p. [i], the copyright and printer's notice on p. [ii], and the contents-list, for Volume I, on p. [iii]. The first tale, "The Gray Champion," begins on p. [l]; the last, "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," ends on p. 331. The final page is blank.

There are, in all copies included in the collations, three errors in the contents-list: the first page of "Little Annie's Ramble" is incorrectly listed as p. 148, the sketch beginning instead on p. 155; "A Rill from the Town-Pump" again lacks the hyphen as it is given here, although the running titles hyphenate; and the first page of "The Hollow of the Three Hills" is entered inaccurately as p. 285, the tale actually beginning on p. 269.

Volume II of the second edition contains twenty additional tales and sketches. The book collates, 8°: [a]²,
1-22, 23; 180 leaves, pp. [i-iv], [1]-356. The title page is on p. [i], the contents-list on pp. [iii-iv]. The first tale, "Howe's Masquerade," begins on p. [l]; the last, "The Threefold Destiny," ends on p. 356.

One typographical error in the contents-list should be noted: the first page of "The White Old Maid" is inadvertently cited as p. 191, the tale actually beginning on p. 189. Unlike the contents-list of Volume I, this list does not set off titles by a comma.

The characteristics of the documentary form of the first and second editions have been established for the purpose of this study from a comparison of the following copies in the Rare Book Collection of the Ohio State University Libraries: for the 1837 first edition, OU¹ (copy 1 [uncatalogued]), OU² (copy 2 [PS1870.A1]), OU³ (copy 3 [uncatalogued]), and OU⁴ (copy 4 [uncatalogued]); for Volume I of the 1842 second edition, OU¹ (copy 1 [PS1870.A1.1842. v.1]); for Volume II of the second edition, OU¹ (copy 1 [PS1670.A1.1842 v.2]) and OU² (copy 2 [PS1870. Al.1842 v.2]).¹

No printer's alterations within either the first-edition or the second-edition text have been observed in any of these collated copies. Both the machine collations and the sight collations involving these two editions demonstrate that no changes or corrections were made in the type during the course of either printing. The obvious
typographical errors in the contents-lists of the two editions, for example, were not corrected in any of the copies collated. There are also, in both editions, a number of faulty or erroneous readings which remain constant in all of the copies examined. These are either compositorial errors or the result of loosened or battered type.  

The following readings, all obviously errors by the printers, appear in the collated copies of the first edition. Two of these are simple misspellings:

314.28 damatist ] dramatist
327.25 beyound ] beyond

Three other such changes, while involving spelling, affect actual word changes which disturb the syntax as well as the sense:

91.29 where ] were
131.10 then ] than
301.25 sometime ] some time

The following misreading in capitalization, although it first occurred in the 1836 Token printing and may thus have been Hawthorne's manuscript form, must be defined as a compositorial error:

[53].6 sunday clothes ] Sunday -

Normally, an idiosyncratic form such as this would be changed, if not by the printer himself, then by the printer's or the publisher's reader. The next eight misreadings
involve punctuation and also represent manifest compos-
mitorial errors. Six of these must be said to be

**substantive in effect:**

47.1 Mr. Ellenwood ] ~, ~

116.26 work? ] ~l

120.25 trodden? ] ~?'

125.8 Ilbrahim, ] ~

138.11 heavily;' yet ] ~; ~

164.13 suppose, ] ~,'

239.11 fancy, I ] ~. ~

322.15 Heidegger,' may ] ~, ~

The errors at 47.1, 120.25, and 164.13 are actual misprints rather than the result of battered type since, as the spacing makes clear, there is not sufficient room for the punctuation marks. The misreadings at 138.11 and 322.15, of course, improperly identify the "tag" as the direct discourse itself. The question mark at 116.26 distorts the exclamatory intent of the syntax: "Get you down, and remember that the sentence of death is on you; yea, and shall be executed, were it but for this day's work?" The comma at 125.8 disrupts a simple subject-verb relationship: "Of the malice, which generally accompanies a superfluity of sensitiveness, Ilbrahim, was altogether destitute . . . ." The comma at 239.11 causes a fused sentence: "But it was all fancy, I thought nothing of it at the time—I have seen nothing of it since—I did but dream it." Inasmuch as the
other printings of the tale, including the earlier 1837 Token text, use a period in this last reading, it is most unlikely that the comma represents a battered semicolon rather than an outright printer's error.

Of the other fourteen readings which are in some way faulty, there are two that could have been caused by either compositorial errors or damaged type. Even though they involve only punctuation, they have substantive significance:

104.25 to dav' ---
326.8 experi-|ment.| -.'

The first reading, lacking the hyphen customary in Hawthorne's manuscripts and given as the single standard form in his family dictionary, obscures the parallelism "neither yesterday nor to-day." The absence of the quotation mark at 326.8 neglects the direct discourse.

The nature and the effect of the other faulty readings are self-explanatory:

22.28 spirit: } ~;
37.13 lovelies. } loveliest
40.10 funeral. It } ~. ~
66.23 earth. Be } ~. ~
198.5 Well; } ~;
220.8 othe| }other|
255.2 of [OU^4] ] of|
The spacing makes it clear that these faulty readings are the results of defective or damaged or loosened type rather than the errors of a printer. The reading at 262.26 in OU² is a result of uneven print, not of a change in type: the first letter of the word is a faulty h rather than an n. Neither this last reading nor that at 255.2 appears in the control-text xerox, which is a copy of OU¹ (copy 1). These two readings represent the only inconsistencies recorded between the four copies of the 1837 first edition. Neither has any textual significance. If it is perhaps too much to hope that other similar differences caused by loosened type have not been overlooked, it is certain that there are at least no variant readings within these copies of the text that result from actual changes or corrections of the type during the course of the printing.

The existence of a similarly large number of faulty readings characterizes the 1842 second edition and thus suggests both that the proof-reader, whether Hawthorne himself or a printer's reader, did not look closely enough and that this edition, like the 1837, was published at minimal cost. As with the earlier volume, the presence of the mis-
prints here, since they are constant in all copies, provides
the best proof that no corrections or changes were introduced
while the edition was in press. There are no obvious mis-
readings in the Volume I control-text of "The Toll-Gatherer's
Day," but the printers surprisingly repeat several of the
most blatant errors made in the 1837 text:

91.29 where ] were
104.25 to day ] ---
164.13 suppose, ] ] ~,'

In addition, the following new compositiorial errors appear:

136.11 though, ] ] ~
287.3 ever.' ] ] ~.
290.23 true, ] ] ~,'
314.6 crimsoned-curtained ] crimson-curtained
324.27 maters ] matters

The comma at 136.11 converts the conjunction though into an
adverb and destroys both sense and syntax. The quotation
mark at 287.3 excludes over two lines of direct discourse:
"' . . . I have left those behind me with whom my fate was
intimately bound, and from whom I am cut off for ever.'
There is a weight in my bosom that I cannot away with, and
I have come hither to inquire of their welfare.'" The
absence of the quotation mark at 290.23 fails to signal the
end of the discourse. The other errors listed here are even
more obvious. Finally, there are two instances of battered
type in this first volume, and both are present in all
copies examined:

194.5  Wake|field ] --|--
242.3  acquaintances ] --.

Printers setting type for the second volume made twenty-three outright errors. Ten of these represent simple misspellings:

8.16  beleagured ] beleaguered
16.5  Phips ] Phipps
18.19 Pownal ] Pownall
82.21  Phips ] Phipps
[163].13 Brobdignags ] Brobdingnags
215.10 accumulated ] accumulated
251.28  Govenor ] Governor
281.22  opaqe ] opaque
287.19 discoverd ] discovered
351.11 three-corned ] three-cornered

Six others result in manifest word changes:

34.13  where ] wherever
59.13  so almost ] so as almost
85.9  ashen ] aspen
[103].7 relicts ] relics
321.13 desert ] dessert
354.13-14 a|a ] a

The last three of these misreadings are self-evident. The first two, at 34.13 and 59.13, are alike in that they cause a lack of idiom. "'Our annals tell us,' continued the
Captain of Castle William, 'that the curse of the people followed this Randolph where he went, and wrought evil in all the subsequent events of his life, and that its effect was seen likewise in the manner of his death.' The archaic quality of this construction has no parallels in the other speeches of the young captain and is thus not really consonant with his character. The construction at 59.13 is incomplete: "It was no other than that she should throw off the mantle, which, while he pressed the silver cup of wine upon her, she had drawn more closely around her form, so almost to shroud herself within it." The word change at 85.9 causes the kind of repetition that any number of Hawthorne's own alterations were intended to correct. "As she gazed, the gray and withered lady moved her ashen lips, murmuring half aloud, talking to shapes that she saw within the mirror . . . ." The word only repeats that Esther Dudley is gray with age; aspen, however, the word printed in the first appearance of the tale, suggests that the lips were quivering and tremulous, an idea Hawthorne had mentioned earlier in the story.

Seven additional misreadings clearly caused by the printers involve punctuation:

15.17 seemed, ] ~
130.24 night.' ] ~ .
223.14 partner, | ] ~ , ' |
246.23 sentiments! ] ~ ?
291.5 block—" ] ~ ~ ~ '
The comma at 15.17 disrupts the syntax: "... but as he crossed the threshold, unlike the early Puritan governors, he seemed, to wring his hands with sorrow." The errors at 130.24, 301.17, and 303.4 identify narrative as direct discourse, the last one with double quotation marks inconsistent with the printing-house style. That misprint occurs also at 291.5. The spacing at 223.14 shows that the necessary quotation mark was omitted by the printer at the end of that line. Another end-line misreading could be the result of either a compositorial error or of loosened type:

Still another misreading may have been either a printer's error, his conscious alteration, or the result of battered type in the copy he was setting type from:

The reading or destroys the large parallel construction and the intended irony of the passage: "'The weight of these heavy marbles, though unfelt by the dead corpse or the enfranchised soul, presses drearily upon the spirit of the survivor . . . ."

All of the following errors are the result of battered or loosened type and appear in all copies examined:

8.27   at
33.9   well
The only recorded instance of variation among copies of this volume is at 111.27 in OU² (copy 2), where the i of silent is completely missing rather than only partially battered as in the xerox of OU¹ used for this study. The variant, however, has no textual significance.³

The "Preface," added in the 1851 edition, has as its copy-text, of course, Hawthorne's manuscript. It should be noted here, however, that a single obvious printer's error is present in this first printed text:

12.5 January

In 1864, with the publication in the Ticknor and Fields "Blue and Gold" edition of the note at the end of "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," the contents of the Twice-Told Tales were complete.⁴ There are no ostensible compositorial errors in that note. The circumstances of its printing, however, along with the large number of printer's errors that characterizes the earlier editions, serve to illustrate one of the central facts about the history of the Twice-Told Tales. Almost four years elapsed between the time Hawthorne sent the note to Fields and the date of its first appearance.
in print. The incident emphasizes the general reluctance of Hawthorne's publishers to make any changes whatever in either the type metal or the stereotype plates. Fields could have added the note in one of the several impressions of the 1852 plates issued between 1860 and 1864; but he waited—for reasons of economy, no doubt—until preparing new plates for the "Blue and Gold" edition rather than alter the old 1852 plates. Only in 1866 were those plates changed so as to include the note, and the change represents the single large alteration made in Hawthorne's text within any set of plates.

The textual history of the Twice-Told Tales differs markedly in this respect from that of The Scarlet Letter, which involves a first edition with two states and a second edition printed in part from the standing type of the first edition and in part from reset type. All other changes made in the plates of the Twice-Told Tales represent corrections of compositorial errors: the first appearance of new variant readings always occurs either in new typesettings or in new plates. The number of such changes is a second area in which the two textual histories contrast sharply with one another. As the Centenary Edition of The Scarlet Letter demonstrates, there are, in the Boston line of the transmission of the text, fewer than 150 substantive variants between the various editions. The number of significant variants—and, indeed, of accidental variants—in the ed-
tions possessing authority is far greater in the *Twice-Told Tales* since, besides being printed first in various periodical publications, these tales were in the hands of three different publishers for three of the four American editions published during Hawthorne's lifetime.

Given this situation, the initial task of the textual editor of this collection is to discover Hawthorne's relationship with each of these appearances of the tales, individual and collected, and thus determine which edition most accurately represents his final intentions. This is a special problem with the *Twice-Told Tales* not only because Ticknor, Reed and Fields advertised and published the 1851 edition as "A New Edition," but also because the Hawthorne-Fields correspondence shows that in 1850 and 1851 Hawthorne usually felt obliged to correct his own proof-sheets. All this, on initial examination, raises the expectation that the 1851 edition introduces the most recent authority into the text, at least in relation to substantive variants.

External evidence, however, is firm that Hawthorne himself did not read proof for any part of the 1851 edition; and, along with the internal evidence of the variant readings introduced in this printing, it leaves little doubt that Hawthorne did not otherwise order any changes to be made in the text. The quasi-deprecatory tone of the 1851 "Preface," while not factual evidence, is nevertheless an accurate measure of the interest Hawthorne took in this edition. It
is difficult to believe that Hawthorne, understandably dis-
appointed over the failure of the earlier editions to sell
themselves, would have bothered to take the time to provide
Fields with a marked-up copy for a revised edition. When in
1850 Fields, anxious to exploit the popularity of The Scarlet
Letter, asked Hawthorne for permission to publish another
edition of these tales, Hawthorne answered: "I shall be
glad to have you publish an edition of the Twice-Told Tales;
and as it seems to be the fashion now-adays for authors to
write prefaces to their new editions, I will write a very
pretty one . . . You need not wait for it before printing
the book, as I suppose the paging of the main text will be
independent of that of the preface; or, if you choose, you
might print the second volume first. I don't like to turn
aside from my new volume just now to write anything else.
. . . I shan't have the new story ready by November, for I
am not good for anything in the literary way till after the
first autumnal frost." The new story is, of course, The
House of the Seven Gables, which Fields had hoped to publish
in time for the fall trade. He answered immediately on
October 3: "We will go ahead with the 'Twice Told Tales'
and not bore you with proofs unless you desire it. The book
will be set by hands competent. The preface may be left
till last." The main purpose of the letter, however, was
to urge Hawthorne to finish the new romance. Fields goes on:
"You say the book will not be ready by November! Please
drop me a line at once and say when we shall begin on it as it will be necessary to announce it... I hope it will be ready by Decr 1st." The sequence of letters shows that Hawthorne was already writing the romance when Fields suggested publishing the tales again, and the letters themselves indicate that neither Hawthorne nor Fields had plans for revising the 1842 copy-text.

There are several exchanges of correspondence between the two men later in 1850, but the next mention of the new edition of tales is not until January 4, 1851: "Don't forget that we shall soon (some say in a week) want yr. proposed Introduction to the new Ed. of The 'Twice Told Tales'. The 2d vol. is nearly printed & our printers will begin the 1st just as soon as you are ready to give us the article."

Fields's remark strongly suggests that Hawthorne had happily assented to the earlier proposal that the proofs be corrected by the printer's readers, for, had he been reading proof himself, he undoubtedly would have seen most of the second volume by this time. It was Fields's consistent policy, at least with Hawthorne, to send proof-sheets piecemeal, as soon as they were off the press, so as to hasten publication. It was not unusual for him to send even single sheets; this he apparently did in February, 1851, for The House of the Seven Gables. Having received the new manuscript on January 30, he wrote Hawthorne that he would send the first proofs "in a few days" and that "the arrange-
ment that will secure the most rapid returns will be to
mail each package & ask you to send back by return of
mail. When we begin to send, a package will come every
day to Lenox & it will be well if you have a communication
with the P. O. daily."\textsuperscript{11} Hawthorne was, in fact, so
preoccupied with the new romance that he did not even
read proof for his preface to the tales. He mailed that
manuscript to Fields on January 12: "I wish you would
personally correct the proof. If sent to me, it might be
a week before I received it, and so much longer before you
got it back."\textsuperscript{12} The next mention of the \textit{Twice-Told Tales}
in their correspondence is in Fields'\'s letter of March 3,
which states that the tales would be out on the following
Saturday, March 8. Given his insistence on reading proof
for the romance, Hawthorne could not have had time in
February to see the sheets of both the romance and the
tales. Not reading proof for his new preface, he would
certainly not read proof for the reprinted tales.

The "hands competent," then, are responsible for
the changes made in 1851; none of the changes made can be
described as characteristic of Hawthorne. The phrase "A
New Edition" turns out to be a reflection of Fields'\'s
promotional abilities rather than of Hawthorne's part in
the publication. We can be sure that Fields would have
puffed the edition more if he had had reason to do so. In
1854, for example, when publishing the first Ticknor and
Fields edition of *Mosses from an Old Manse*, he would advertise that collection as a "New Edition, Carefully Revised by the Author." Whereas that edition added several previously uncollected stories and contained a large number of revisions which were unquestionably Hawthorne's own, the only new piece in the 1851 *Twice-Told Tales* is the "Preface." Appearances to the contrary, there is no reason to regard that edition as having any definitive authority. It is here, instead, that the long process of the imposition of printing-house style on Hawthorne's inscription clearly begins. That process is only accelerated in the later editions in the Boston line of transmission, each new typesetting introducing still further departures from Hawthorne's intention. And although several of the variants represent necessary corrections, they nevertheless have no authority.

The most crucial fact leading to the determination of the copy-text for the *Twice-Told Tales* is that Hawthorne did exercise care in selecting and revising his tales for their first collected appearance. Whatever final large-scale revisions Hawthorne made in these stories he made for the 1837 and 1842 editions. He made such changes in three of the tales collected in 1837—"The Gentle Boy," "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe," and "The Vision of the Fountain." In 1841 he made large revisions in five other tales—"The Toll-Gatherer's Day," "The Village Uncle,"
"The Sister Years," "The Seven Vagabonds," and "Edward Fane's Rosebud." The pattern is almost identical in Mosses from an Old Manse and in The Snow-Image. In 1846 Hawthorne, in preparing the twenty-two tales and sketches for Mosses, significantly altered the texts of six—"Rappaccini's Daughter," "Monsieur du Miroir," "The Hall of Fantasy," "The Procession of Life," "P.'s Correspondence," and "A Virtuoso's Collection." In 1851, when collecting the fifteen pieces for The Snow-Image, he made similar unmistakable changes in three—"Old News," "Old Ticonderoga," and "My Kinsman, Major Molineux." As noted earlier, most of these revisions are at least in part mechanical in that they are mere deletions of lengthy passages rather than actual reworkings of the material. Even those changes Hawthorne made in "The Gentle Boy"—the only ones which can be said to have reshaped the fiction—consist of excisions. Many of the deletions were made necessary primarily because of the fragmentation of The Story-Teller. But nearly all of them, including those in "The Gentle Boy," reflect, in one way or another, Hawthorne's image of himself as an artist and his sense of his own emergence as a "public" figure. They have a genuine coherence in that they derive from Hawthorne's compulsion to guarantee the character of the fiction by means of the character of the writer.

Hawthorne dropped the five introductory paragraphs
and the four paragraphs of epilogue which provided the framework for "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe." This revision, like others, plainly has a more than mechanical basis. Much of that framework Hawthorne had come to consider excessive in its characterization of the narrator-artist:

On my return to the tavern, ... the bar was thronged with customers, the toddy-stick keeping a continual tattoo, while in the hall there was a broad, deep buzzing sound, with an occasional peal of impatient thunder, all symptoms of an overflowing house and an eager audience. I drank a glass of wine and water, and stood at the side-scene, conversing with a young person of doubtful sex. If a gentleman, how could he have performed the singing-girl, the night before, in No Song No Supper? Or if a lady, why did she enact Young Korval, and now wear a green coat and white pantaloons, in the character of Little Pickle? In either case, the dress was pretty, and the wearer bewitching; so that, at the proper moment, I stepped forward, with a gay heart and a bold one ... 16

As unnoticeable as the passage is to any reader of contemporary fiction, it was Hawthorne's assessment that such descriptions were to be deleted because they made the relationship between himself and his nineteenth-century popular audience far too shaky. In the deleted epilogue Hawthorne had referred to "the fripperies of the theatre ... the fantastic and effeminate men, the painted women, the giddy girl in boy's clothes, merrier than modest"17--an atmosphere and company appropriate only for anonymous publication, Hawthorne must have felt, even though the passage occurs in an excessively moralistic context.
Hawthorne sought always to avoid anything that smacked vaguely of indelicacy. The original Token version of "The Gentle Boy" had included this sequence in the description of the Puritan children's attack on Ilbrahim: "Having watched the victim's struggling approach, with a calm smile and unabashed eye, the foul-hearted little villain lifted his staff, and struck Ilbrahim on the mouth, so forcibly that the blood issued in a stream. The poor child's arms had been raised to guard his head from the storm of blows; but now he dropped them at once, for he was stricken in a tender part." So careful was Hawthorne to avoid awkwardnesses of this kind that in 1837 he deleted the misleading final clause of this last sentence.

Once he had placed the artist at the center of many of his stories--and once he had related himself to his fiction by signing his name to the collections--he thought it necessary to drop any passage that might reflect adversely on the narrator and himself. Some parts of the frameworks themselves were thus deleted in the collected forms of the tales. These two introductory paragraphs of the original version of "The Vision of the Fountain" do not appear in the 1837 collected form:

Dear ladies, could I but look into your eyes, like a star-gazer, I might read secret intelligences. Will you read what I have written? You love music and the dance, and are passionate for flowers; you sometimes cherish singing-birds, and sometimes young kittens. You sigh by moonlight. Once or twice you have wept over a love-story in the annuals. Sleep falls upon
you, like a lace veil, rich with gold-embroidered dreams, and is withdrawn as lightly, that you may see brighter dreams than them. Maiden pursuits, and gentle meditations, the sunshine of maiden glee, and the summer-cloud of maiden sadness—these make up the tale of your happy years. You are in your spring, fair reader—are you not? I am scarce in my summer-time. Yet, I have wandered through the world, till its weary dust has settled on me; and when I meet a bright, young girl, a girl of sixteen, with her heart untouched, so sweetly proud, so softly glorious, so fresh among faded things, I fancy that the gate of Paradise has been left ajar, and she has stolen out. Then I give a sigh to the memory of Rachel.

Oh, Rachel! How pleasant is the sound to me! thy sweet, old scriptural name. As I repeat it, thoughts and feelings grow vivid again, which I deemed long ago forgotten. There they are, yet in my heart, like the initials and devices engraved by virgin fingers in the wood of a young tree, remaining deep and permanent, though concealed by the furrowed bark of years. The boy of fifteen was handsome; though you would shake your heads, could you glance at the altered features of the man. And the boy had lofty, sweet, and tender thoughts, and dim, but glorious visions; he was a child of poetry.19

Seymour Gross argues that these paragraphs define a basically satiric intent, that they make it clear that Hawthorne is in fact parodying rather than participating in the sentimental tastes of his age. To do so, however, is to fail to come to grips with Hawthorne’s failures. In view of the heavy-handed sentimentality of any number of other pieces that are clearly not parody—"The Village Uncle," "Little Annie's Ramble," and "The Threefold Destiny," for example—and in view of Hawthorne’s use, in many of his most serious and successful pieces, of the relationship between narrator and audience, it is extremely difficult to see these paragraphs as anything other than Hawthorne’s serious attempt to
discover a "voice" which would be heard by a popular audience. The paragraphs constitute another explicit plea that the popular audience "read what Hawthorne has written." That Hawthorne dropped the passage because of his embarrassment at its excessive sentimentality rather than because of a fear that his audience would see that they were the object of satire is suggested, if only slightly, by the sentence which originally followed this introduction. Hawthorne had written: "Well; at fifteen I became resident in a country village, more than a hundred miles from my home." In the 1837 text, however, the story begins "At fifteen . . ." The effect of that one-word transition "Well" is to call the writer back from the spontaneous revery of the first two paragraphs. It indicates that even in the original version Hawthorne was aware of the excessive sentimentality of the passage and that the narrator himself was somewhat embarrassed by the extent of the self-revelations there. That sentimentality, Hawthorne felt in 1837, though excusable in the boy of fifteen, was not appropriate to the character of the narrator himself.

Most of the excisions Hawthorne made in the 1842 edition are likewise "purifications" and seek to tone down excessive statements made by the narrator. Such observations as this one in "The Seven Vagabonds" had to be omitted: "I hardly know how to hint, that, as the brevity of her gown displayed rather more than her ankles, I could not
help wishing that I had stood a little distance without, when she stept up the ladder into the wagon."\(^{21}\) The original version of "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" contained the following sentiment—the narrator's benediction for a newly married couple: "And when you shall have reached the close of that journey of life, on which you are thus brightly entering, hand grasped in hand, and heart folded to heart, may you lie down together to as sweet and happy a repose, as that queer parting smile on our good old friend's face seems to invoke for you, at the close of this day's journey, its first happy stage!"\(^{22}\) In 1842, however, Hawthorne removed what he thought might be interpreted as prurient: "May your whole life's pilgrimage be as blissful as this first day's journey, and its close be gladdened with even brighter anticipations than those which hallow your bridal night!"\(^{23}\) To say that the revision is nothing more than a bowdlerization, though, is at best to oversimplify, at worst to distort altogether. Between these two versions is a third, which appeared in the Salem Gazette (April 30, 1839) and which, regardless of whether Hawthorne himself or the editor made the change, does much to clarify the basic intentions of Hawthorne's revisions as well as some of the problems he faced in writing fiction for a popular audience. In this reprint the passage is as follows: "And when you shall have reached the close of that journey of life, on which you are thus brightly entering,
hand grasped in hand, and heart folded to heart, may you
lie down to a sweet and happy repose." In the light of
this version, which is far more angelic than the first
version is earthy, it is possible to see that the final
collected form of 1842 achieves in fact a healthy balance
between the less complicated attitudes of the first two
passages. In those readings the physical and the spiritual
are more or less disparate, the one negating the presence
of the other; the 1842 text makes the two dimensions of
meaning and experience analogues of one another.

Whether or not Hawthorne himself revised the state­
ment for the Gazette reprint it is impossible to say; but
it is on the other hand implausible that, living in Salem
at the time, he did not see it. The dates of these last
two appearances are crucial in an assessment of the meaning
of Hawthorne's own revisions. The reprint in the Gazette
came just after Hawthorne's correspondence with Sophia had
begun, and the angelic quality of the revision there so
closely parallels the character of his love-letters at this
period that it is not difficult to believe that Hawthorne
made this change. The final version, written shortly
before Hawthorne's marriage, likewise has its counterpart
in the letters he was then writing to Sophia: as Randall
Stewart has pointed out, the love-letters, especially those
late in the courtship, insist on the relationship between
physical and spiritual love. The 1842 version, even in
its decorousness, can thus be seen as a kind of celebration of the prospects of his own marriage. The point to be made here is that, whether he revised for the 1839 reprint or not, all three versions—and especially that of 1842—say what, under the circumstances, it was natural for him to say. If he did not make the Gazette revision, he did not allow that revision to dictate to him in 1842.

The revisions of "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" suggest that the stories of the mid-1830's contained to some extent increasingly autobiographical matter. Writing more about the contemporary world, Hawthorne had lessened the distance between himself and his narrator-masks in a number of pieces. Doing this, he sought to subdue the degree of personal revelation in those pieces when he published them under his own name. Thus, this passage involving politics was deleted in 1842 from "The Sister Years:"

'My whole history,' continued she [the Old Year], 'is here set down by a very able and faithful secretary of mine; and, now that I have no further use for his services, I would recommend you to employ him on the same footing!'

'What are his politics?' inquired the New Year, with an air of grave deliberation, and a dubious expression of countenance.---Not Whig, I trust.'

'Whig--to the backbone,' answered her elder sister; 'and whatever your opinions may be, his are not very likely to change. But, at any rate, his narratives of fact may pretty safely be depended on, and you may gain from this volume a compendious summary of my efforts and achievements, my good and evil fortune; and, in some degree, of my thoughts and feelings throughout my early career. Men will not look back to me as a very distinguished Year, in any part of the world.'
Besides politics, the passage involves, of course, a thinly veiled evaluation of his own literary productions of the past year. Such judgments, both about himself and about his contemporaries, he always dropped when revising for his collections. A number of long passages in the Pioneer version of "The Hall of Fantasy," for example, he deleted for the 1846 Mosses text because they were concerned with living literary and political personalities. He dropped them, it should be added, even though most of his remarks were positive appreciations rather than criticisms.27

That all of the large revisions in the 1837 and 1842 editions of the Twice-Told Tales (as well as in the other two collections) are authorial is best pointed up by a passage which appears in the 1854 Mosses only because Hawthorne did not see the sketch before Ticknor and Fields added it to this expanded edition. When Hawthorne, having revised the entries in the 1846 edition for printer's copy, gave Fields permission to add to the new edition "other detached passages . . . scattered through Park Benjamin's volumes [The New-England Magazine],' he cautioned him to be "careful to put in nothing that he does not feel absolutely certain about."28 Fields printed all of "The Canal Boat," originally part of "Sketches from Memory," and the edition printed this passage about the communal sleeping quarters below deck:

Other, though fainter, sounds than these contributed
to my restlessness. My head was close to the crimson curtain,—the sexual division of the boat, behind which I continually heard whispers and stealthy footsteps; the noise of a comb laid on the table or a slipper dropped on the floor; the twang, like a broken harpstring, caused by loosening a tight belt; the rustling of a pair of stays. My ear seemed to have the properties of an eye; a visible image pestered my fancy in the darkness; the curtain was withdrawn between me and the western lady, who yet disrobed herself without a blush.

Finally all was hushed in that quarter. Still I was more broad awake than through the whole preceding day, and felt a feverish impulse to toss my limbs miles apart and appease the unquietness of mind by that of matter.29

It seems to me that on the basis of Hawthorne's consistent attitude about the revision of such passages there is no question that he and Fields did not feel absolutely certain about the same things and that, had he himself revised the sketch, this passage would have been deleted.

The fact that very few of the tales in the 1837 and 1842 editions have no substantive changes from their first separate appearances further demonstrates Hawthorne's control over the first collected texts and limits sharply the possibility that at least the majority of substantive variants introduced there were the work of anyone but Hawthorne himself. Only three tales in the 1837 first edition—"The Wedding-Knell," "The Minister's Black Veil," and "Fancy's Show Box"—contain no new substantive readings; and only "The Shaker Bridal" and "Night Sketches" of the 1842 pieces fail to differ substantively from their periodical forms.
The evidence suggests that all the revisions Hawthorne made when collecting the tales and sketches he made on tear-sheets, almost invariably from the first separate periodical prints rather than the reprints. The only record regarding the use of tear-sheets for the 1837 and 1842 *Twice-Told Tales* is in Goodrich's letter of December 13, 1836: "I will with pleasure supply the copies of the 'Token' for the edition of the Tales." In view of Hawthorne's correspondence about the use of tear-sheets for his later collections, it seems most likely that he used tear-sheets from the other magazines and annuals as well as from *The Token* in the 1837 and 1842. His habit of mentioning the first appearance along with the title of each tale suggests that he assumed type would be set from the magazine sheets. Writing to Duyckinck about the need to see the proof for "The Old Manse," Hawthorne added: "All the remaining contents of the volume are enclosed, except the Procession of Life, which is so inaccurately printed that I must write out a new copy." As noted earlier, he had originally planned to send tear-sheets of the tales and sketches that were to be printed with *The Scarlet Letter*, "the manuscript portion of [his] volume:" he had written to Louisa for copies of the first periodical appearances of tales selected for *The Snow-Image*, apparently rewriting only "Major Molineux" because the tear-sheets available provided only "an imperfect copy." For the 1854 *Mosses*
he used a copy of the 1846 edition: "I return the copy sent me, after a careful revision."33 His habit was unchanged at the end of his career when he used the Atlantic Monthly sheets as copy for Our Old Home: "As I have most of the unbound Nos. of the Magazine containing my articles, I will look over them and make such corrections as seem desirable."34

Of the thirty-nine pieces in the Twice-Told Tales only "Howe's Masquerade" appears to have been printed, in its first collected form, from anything other than the first separate appearance. The printer's copy for that tale was very likely the 1840 Boston Book instead of the Democratic Review (May, 1838). In a letter to Sophia, Hawthorne explained that the manuscript of the story "was destroyed by the printers; and I have been in hopes to procure it elsewhere. But my own copy of the Magazine . . . is likewise lost; so that I must buy the Boston Book."35 The most conclusive internal evidence that Hawthorne used corrected tear-sheets from the first appearances rather than from any of the later reprints is that the former are invariably more similar to the collected versions: none of the later reprints contains substantive variants from the first appearance which are repeated in the first collected texts.36

The number of phrasal and single-word variant readings between the first appearances and the first collected
form of the tales is nevertheless large. Together with the deletions they come to more than 550 variants in those tales collected in 1837 and over 650 in those added in the 1842 second edition. Of these, 267 are either brief additions, large and small deletions, or actual one-word changes. Many other variants--some of those which involve capitalization and punctuation as well as spelling and typographical errors--affect substantive changes. So large a number of variants precludes the possibility of individual description. Because of this the attempt has been made to classify as meaningfully as possible, for each tale and sketch, all of the substantive and accidental variant readings that occur between the primary documents. Table 1, including all of the pieces first collected in 1837, classifies all the variants between that edition and the first separate printings; Table 2, on the next page, lists the twenty pieces added in Volume II of the 1842 edition and classifies all the variants between that printing and the first appearances; Table 3 records the variants for the 1851 "Preface" (the manuscript against the 1851 first printing) and those for "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" (the first separate printing against the first collected form in Volume I of the 1842 edition. Because the variants involving commas pose a special problem in the establishment of the text and define a crucial aspect of Hawthorne's style, two other charts list the number of commas added and deleted in the primary documents. Table 4 gives the number of commas added and deleted from each tale.
in the 1837 and 1842 texts. Where necessary the individual titles have been abbreviated; those in the *Twice-Told Tales* always appear in the order of their printing in the 1837 and 1842 editions.

**TABLE 1: TWICE-TOLD TALES**

VARIANTS BETWEEN FIRST APPEARANCE AND FIRST COLLECTED TEXT

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<th>ADDITIONS</th>
<th>DELETIONS</th>
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TABLE 4: 1837 AND 1842 TWICE-TOLD TALES

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TABLE 3: OTHER ENTRIES IN TWICE-TOLD TALES

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That the overwhelming majority of substantive changes made in the 1837 and 1842 editions are Hawthorne's own there is simply no doubt. The nature of many of those revisions makes it impossible that a printer or a publisher's reader should have been responsible. At the same time the character of those changes that are unquestionably Hawthorne's is such that we can be sure he read the tales very closely. It is very likely that, reading them as closely as he did, he also made some of those changes among the accidental variants.

Many of the changes Hawthorne made when collecting the tales had been necessitated by printers' misreadings of his handwriting in the manuscripts when type was set for the first separate appearances in print. The fact that there are so many instances of such misreadings indicates that it was not the policy of the annuals and periodicals to have their contributors examine proof-sheets and that Hawthorne's earliest chance to make these corrections was in the collections. And the absence of similar numbers of such misreadings in the 1837 and 1842 texts themselves provides further evidence that Hawthorne did not write fresh manuscripts for these editions.

Those misprintings surely corrected by Hawthorne range at least from terminal punctuation to the most important kinds of single-word substantive variants. Perhaps no other aspect of Hawthorne's hand involved as much misunderstanding as his question marks, exclamation points and
quotation marks. As the collation lists show, quotation marks at the end of direct discourse are often missing in the magazine printings. Hawthorne's letters indicate that he might have omitted these marks in the manuscripts. The revisions involving questions and exclamations in 1837 and 1842 are complicated because, being in Hawthorne's hand, they involve further misprints. The following are characteristic examples of changes either caused by misprints in the first appearance or resulting in misprints in the collections (the entry immediately after the page-line reference is the Volume I copy-text reading; the reading after the bracket, that of the first printing):

116.26 work? ~.'
181.17 hand? ~!
268.1 wakes? ~,' 269.22 top! ~?'
270.7 available? ~.
289.6 it, ~' ~;

The reading at 116.26 of the copy-text, cited earlier, lacks sense: the construction is not interrogative. The only reasonable explanation for the reading is that Hawthorne, unsatisfied with the period used in The Token text, emended to an exclamation—which the 1837 printer misread as a question mark. The emended reading of this critical text, work!, is the only one that can satisfactorily account for the two authoritative—but erroneous—readings. The reading
at 289.6 corrects the misprint in the Salem Gazette, which fails to mark off the discourse because the comma-quotatation sequence, in all probability in Hawthorne's manuscript, was misunderstood by that printer as a semicolon. The readings at 269.22 correct the most common printer's misreadings of the manuscripts, though the corrections reverse the forms themselves. The reading from "David Swan" involves an invitation--"'Room on top!' answered the driver"—rather than a query. The emphasis of the question mark at 181.17 is much more idiosyncratic, and for that very reason is more likely to be Hawthorne's change: "Oh, my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town-crier to bellow up and down the streets, affrighting old and young, for the loss of a little girl who has not once let go my hand?" The query registers the extent and kind of disbelief more accurately, perhaps, than the exclamation. The only other reasonable explanation lies in the possibility that Hawthorne made no correction and the printer, intending to duplicate the first printing, unintentionally set a question mark. Given the certainty of Hawthorne's other corrections regarding these marks, however, the likelihood of authorial revision here is greater than is the printer's error. The same must be said about the revision at 270.7.

The following are similar examples of typical changes Hawthorne made in 1842 (unless otherwise specified,
the second reading is that of the first appearance in print):

288.27 again? " ~ 
21.30 corpse;-- " ~ ,
52.3 disrespect! " ~ ,
53.3 freak? " ~ ,
64.2 Eleanore! " ~ ,
183.23 sue! " ~
183.24 crew! " ~
264.23 sentiments! " ~
278.13 mansion! " ~
303.7 Happiness? " ~
303.12 Temple? " ~

While any reliable printer would be expected to emend such obvious misreadings as those at 21.30, 183.23 and 183.24, he would never deliberately change the question to an exclamation at 264.23: "'But our sister!' observed the elder from Harvard; 'hath she not likewise a gift to declare her sentiments?'" Nor would he, unless inadvertently, make the revisions at 278.13 and, given their tags, others in the list. The readings in the magazine texts demonstrate that Hawthorne's punctuation forms in the manuscripts were confused with any number of other forms which altogether distorted the meanings of the passages. Even the least conscientious author would have taken discouraged notice and carefully corrected for his first collection. Knowing that only Hawthorne would have made some of these changes, we can
be reasonably certain that he was responsible for most of them. This aspect of Hawthorne's pointing caused large inaccuracies through most of his career. The collation lists for Mosses and The Snow-Image show the same patterns of correction, and, as Bowers has pointed out, there are in this area many discrepancies between the manuscript and the first edition of The House of the Seven Gables. New variants in the Twice-Told Tales themselves are introduced throughout the history of the text.

There are likewise many single-word revisions in both editions that Hawthorne unquestionably made. Many of these, like those corrections of terminal punctuation, were required because lack of clarity in the manuscripts led the printers of the first periodical texts to misread and misprint them. The following are examples of 1837 first edition revisions the character of which compels us to define them as unquestionably authorial:

20.8 Nay, nay] Nay, away
80.23 revellers] revellous
82.15 yon] your
87.12 bond-slaves] fond slaves
98.25 abstractedly] abstractly
102.21 spiritual] spirited
113.10 lent] bent
192.15 initial] critical
296.2 lonely] lovely
None of these first-appearance readings violates the literal sense of the passages in which they occur. If anything, a number of them have more obvious, less complicated meanings than do the revisions. Thus none of the original readings of this kind would it be conceivable for a printer to feel he had to emend. The *abstractly* at 98.25, it is safe to say, would without doubt have been reproduced from copy by any compositor; the revised *abstractedly* is an idiosyncratic Hawthorne word. Its occurrence here is the first of several in the first edition—and thus the first time the printer would have seen it. What the list, in type, cannot suggest clearly is that all of the other entries here have in common the fact that in script—especially in Hawthorne's—they can easily be mistaken for their earlier respective forms.

A similarly large number of this kind of authorial revisions is in the 1842 edition. The following are typical examples:

- 16.14 *form*] fain
- 18.8 *various*] curious
- 19.28 *fancied*] fain cried
- 36.23 *There*] These
- 57.4 *sanity*] vanity
- 64.24 *fellow*] fallen
- 67.10 *diseased*] deceased
Several of these forms that have been rejected lack either
cogency or relevance in their contexts. The readings at
16.14, 67.10, and 132.6 contain the most obvious violations
of sense among these entries. The first, in "Howe's Mas-
querade," is without doubt a misreading of the word form in
Hawthorne's manuscript since it involves a confusion of fain
and feign. Even spelled correctly the term would be incon-
sistent since it points to the unreality of the masquerade,
rather than to its real power to provoke fear: "'the ghosts
of these ancient governors had been summoned to feign the
funeral procession of royal authority in New England.'" The
second--"'Fie! Heap of deceased mortality, why lurkest thou
in my lady's chamber?'"--is a confusion of no small dimen-
sions. And yet, given the recurrence of the word disease
throughout Hawthorne's work, we can be sure that Hawthorne
wrote diseased and that the confusion was a printer's. It
is implausible to suppose, then, that Hawthorne, correcting
carefully, would have overlooked it and that another printer
would have corrected it. The use of the word Judean in a
story set in the White Hills is admittedly questionable in
its relevance. But, again, to think that Hawthorne, having
obviously written Indian, would not have emended the magazine
form to that of the manuscript is unreasonable, especially when this view requires that the misreading—itsel itself the result of one printer's error—have been corrected by another printer or printer's reader. It must be remembered that the close similarities of appearance that these pairs shared in Hawthorne's manuscripts are not always so large in the printed form of the tear-sheets that the printer and his reader would have seen. The collation lists recording variants between the equivalent documents for both Mosses and The Snow-Image elicit these same patterns: manuscript forms distorted in the first printing were revised back to the original forms by Hawthorne in the first collected editions.

The nature of these changes again allows the establishment as authorial emendations of other generally similar variants which in themselves provide only inconclusive evidence. Such changes as these latter, that is to say, could easily be accepted as the work of a competent and conscientious printer were it not primarily for the fact that Hawthorne himself made the previously mentioned revisions. Typical revisions of this kind in 1837 include these:

12.16 colonists] colonies
12.24 Edmund Andros] Edward Andros
17.1 churchman] churchmen
[77].2 Wollaston] Wallaston
84.8 mummers] mummeries
112.24 then] them
For ever."

Inasmuch as Hawthorne would have prepared the tear-sheets for printer's copy and made his changes before a printer would have had an opportunity to make any, it is likely that even the misspellings and other obvious errors here were corrected by Hawthorne rather than by an agent of the publishing-house. Even if the misspelling at 289.26, deep-ended, had initially been Hawthorne's own (he misspelled glistened as glistenened in a later manuscript), the end-line printing of the word, accentuating an actual word change, should have caught his eye. The error in the name at 12.24, Edward, would have been more obvious to Hawthorne than to the printer. Surely Hawthorne, unquestionably a student of history, corrected this reading as well as the misspelling Wallaston; just as surely, the printers who had set type for the magazines had misread Hawthorne's correct manuscript spellings. In all probability, the other changes here represent Hawthorne's revisions back to the original
manuscript forms. The magazine readings at 12.6 and 84.8 upset parallelisms not only characteristic of Hawthorne's style but also demanded by logic. Yet the errors are not so obvious that we can rely on a printer's having caught them. For example, at 12.6: "Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonies had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom, than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain." Hawthorne, nurtured on eighteenth-century rules of rhetoric, would originally have written—and, later, emended to—colonists. And, at 84.8, he would have written "mummers, rope-dancers, and mountebanks . . . in a word, mirth-makers of every sort." The need for changes here would have been far more obvious to Hawthorne than to any printer. Likewise, the emphasis of revision at 321.12, slight as it is, has Hawthorne's mark: "Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward."

Given the fable, Hawthorne would take for granted the capacity of the spirits to act. The changes in number at 17.1 and 152.25 clarify antecedents and thus sharpen the sense of the passages. Both magazine forms are most likely misprintings of the manuscript words. The "high churchman" had been given a conspicuous reference in the previous paragraph as "the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred
up the deepest feeling . . . the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness."

Indeed, he becomes so representative that the use of the plural is almost understandable. The singular fact of the first appearance represents one of the many instances in which Hawthorne's terminal s was indistinguishable to printers. Insofar as it represents an almost equally possible reference, only Hawthorne, knowing precisely what he meant, would have had reason to make a change. The established reading understands the reference to be "a respectable narrative" rather than "one piece of corroborative evidence."

The pattern is the same in these examples typical of second edition authorial changes on this level:

36.12 fable--fairies] --\n
42.7 desperation] despotism

50.25 monomania] monamania

52.7 welcome.') \n
53.3 freak?] ~

94.15 enjoyments] employments

176.21 inscrutable] inflexible

204.5 sufficed] sufficient

255.12 came] come

[329].10 behold] beheld
Hawthorne's a's, e's, o's, and u's were often mistaken for each other—at times even misspellings rather than genuine word changes resulted. This fact, along with differences in printing-house styles and Hawthorne's own inconsistency, accounts for the farther-further variants in the primary documents, and it also helps to explain why the first collected editions contain as many revisions in verbs tenses as they do. The two changes in tense here, however, are, like others, fairly subtle ones and, since they do not blatantly violate chronology, cannot be automatically attributed to a printer or proof-reader. The evidence of the few surviving manuscripts makes it possible to ascribe to Hawthorne many of the corrections in punctuation such as those at 52.7 and 53.3. Those manuscripts with numerous passages of direct discourse show that Hawthorne was meticulous about his quotation marks; they indicate too that he relied—perhaps all too heavily—on exclamatory and interrogative constructions in those passages. Insofar as this pointing was a deliberate effort to bolster his themes with the emotion and sense of immediacy and life that he feared was lacking in his fiction, it is unreasonable to suppose that he would not heed printer's errors here. He would likewise undoubtedly have noticed the confusion arising from the hyphen at 36.12: "one of those spirits of fable-fairies, or creatures of a more antique mythology,—who . . ." The error is cited here primarily because it points up the serious effects that the
exigencies of printing often had on Hawthorne's text. Here, at the end of the line, the printer simply didn't have room enough for what was unquestionably a dash in the manuscript; realizing his error or not, he settled for a hyphen rather than respace the type.

The readings at 42.7, 94.15, and 176.21 suggest that printers, like the rest of us, often read what they want to read. The reading despotism is, in referring to Hutchinson, a less sophisticated and more obvious one than Hawthorne's desperation, the result, perhaps, of a habit of seeing clear-cut differences in fiction between unfeeling villains and humane heroes: "Casting a scowl of defiance at the pictured face, (which seemed at that moment, to intensify the horror of its miserable and wicked look,) he scrawled on the paper, in characters that betokened it a deed of despotism, the name of Thomas Hutchinson." The influence of The Flower Basket's pervasive sentimentality shows up in the work of the printer who, setting type for the "Table of Contents" in the 1840 volume, entered Hawthorne's "The Haunted Mind" as "The Haunted Maid." The change at 94.15 from employments to enjoyments is surely authorial, enjoyments being a typical Hawthorne word in the first place and employments a reading possible enough in the context not to have demanded the printer's attention. The same is true of the revision at 176.21.

All this is not to say either that error arises in
the history of Hawthorne's text only through printers' misreadings of his manuscripts or that printers did not at times take it upon themselves to make changes somewhat similar to this. In *The Scarlet Letter*, for example, printers, setting new type for the second edition rejected Hawthorne's word *reduplicate*, substituting *repudiate*, a word which so clearly violated sense that later printers, setting type for the 1875 Little Classics without referring to the first edition, emended to *resuscitate*: "It was marvellous to observe how the ghosts of bygone meals were continually rising up before him; not in anger or retribution, but as if grateful for his former appreciation, and seeking to reduplicate an endless series of enjoyment, at once shadowy and sensual." 37 The same kind of change appears in the textual history of "Chippings with a Chisel." Hawthorne's word *decease* was emended in the 1852 edition, the first from stereotyped plates, to *disease* and was then further emended in the 1883 edition to *death*: "His own monument, recording his decease by starvation, would probably be an early specimen of his skill." The light irony of the context, involving as it does "a melancholy dearth of business to a resident artist in that line," is best fulfilled by Hawthorne's self-conscious word. But printers' changes of this kind are very rare. And, although it is not at all possible to accept automatically as authorial revisions all the changes—even of the kind we
have been mentioning—in the 1837 and 1842 editions, it is necessary, finally, to accept as Hawthorne's nearly all substantive changes made in the first collected form of each tale.

Given the absence of explicit external evidence which would conclusively separate the authorial from the nonauthorial revisions here, the judgments determining the text must be based both on the nature of the variants themselves and on the circumstances of the printing, as well as on the still larger considerations of Hawthorne's basic style and his creative process. We have already seen that, besides the large-scale changes that are Hawthorne's, there are numerous kinds of one-word revisions which, because of their character, must be seen as his. The facts of Hawthorne's relationship to the printing of each of these primary documents argue strongly, if circumstantially, for authorial rather than nonauthorial revision in the first collected texts. We know, first, that Hawthorne, in preparing the tales for collection, made certain kinds of significant revision. The primary practical reason for his care in doing so was, as the collations show, the large number of errors in most of the first separate printings: errors caused, first, by a combination of a lack of clarity in the manuscripts and the likelihood that little if any proof-reading was done for most of the publications and, second, by the economics of periodical publication, which
no doubt required speed above all in typesetting and thus encouraged a disregard for the writer's precise word. Hawthorne's preparation of the tales for collection was in all probability his first opportunity to "read proof." In the errors that characterize those first printings Hawthorne found added good reason for the use of tear-sheets rather than fresh manuscripts as printer's copy. And the fact that very few of those ostensible errors reappear in the collections is itself the best measure of Hawthorne's thoroughness here.

The corruption of his manuscript forms--especially in the first printings, since the number is largest there--may be said to be one of the chief determinants of his basic attitude toward revising and proof-reading. A passage in "P.'s Correspondence" (Democratic Review [April, 1845]) indicates that Hawthorne viewed the problem of an accurate text as a long-standing one related primarily, up until 1845 at least, to first separate printings: "Still scribbling for the Democratic? And do those infernal compositors and proof-readers misprint your productions as vilely as ever? It is too bad. Let every man manufacture his own nonsense, say I!" Hawthorne was always concerned essentially with the transmission of the text from manuscript to print rather than from one print to another: his "revisions," as these lists have shown, are usually corrections and represent a return to the manuscript form. Thus in 1846 the only entry
in *Mosses* that he insists on reading proof for is "The Old Manse," the only new piece and the one manuscript used as printer's copy for the collection: "I must feel anxious," he wrote to Duyckinck, "about the accuracy of the press, in relation to this article, and therefore beg you to send me the proof-sheets of it." In 1851, he asked Fields to read proof even for his new *Twice-Told Tales* "Preface," and in 1854, being in Liverpool, he did not read proof for the expanded *Mosses* but only "carefully revised" the 1846 copy the printers would use. With his novels, on the other hand, he always insisted on having proof-sheets sent to him even when it meant a delay in publication. Sending off *The House of the Seven Gables* to Fields, he wrote: "I deem it indispensable that the proof-sheets should be sent me for correction. It will cause some delay, no doubt, but probably not much more than if I lived at Salem. At all events, I don't see how it can be helped. My autography is sometimes villainously blind; and it is odd enough that wherever the printers do mistake a word, it is just the very jewel of a word, worth all the rest of the Dictionary." The character of the changes discussed earlier leaves little doubt that Hawthorne here defined them and located their source accurately.

When we recall the facts of the correction of all the errors in the first printings and the greater than usual number of new obvious errors in the first and second editions
of the Twice-Told Tales, it is difficult to believe that Hawthorne was not more conscientious than his printers and proof-readers. The number of new errors in those editions suggests either that Hawthorne was careless in correcting the proof-sheets or that he did not see those proofs. The latter alternative is the more likely one for several reasons. First, Hawthorne himself seems always to have been hesitant about making changes once type and plates were set. Second, the two editions were clearly published on minimal budgets which precluded the possibility, certainly, of many changes and even perhaps of the postage costs of proof-sheets. Finally, Hawthorne, after submitting to the drudgery of preparing printer's copy, was probably not so conscientious about correcting proof even when it was possible for him to see them. There is no correspondence at all in 1837 and 1842 regarding Twice-Told Tale proof-sheets, but it is perhaps indicative that Hawthorne apparently did not read proof for Grandfather's Chair, published in 1841: "As to the proof-sheets," he wrote Sophia, "I think we need not trouble." Standing to gain only $100 from the collection in 1837 and little, if any, more in 1842, Hawthorne probably thought on both occasions that he would spend his time and energy more prudently by writing new stories for the magazines.

Besides the large-scale deletions and the numerous
Hawthorne made several other kinds of revision of single words and phrases. Some of these changes have as their purpose either a clarity of intention or greater accuracy of idiomatic expression, grammatical and syntactical correctness, or avoidance of repetitious diction. Others, consisting for the most part of changes in titles and names and the degree of capitalization, attempt to intensify and perhaps clarify meaning by essentially mechanical techniques. Still others reflect Hawthorne's consciousness of what was appropriate for public, acknowledged utterance. Needless to say, a number of these variants defy classification and the categories themselves tend at times to overlap. Many of the kinds of revisions already mentioned, for example, necessarily result in greater accuracy and clarity as well as reflecting a greater grammatical correctness.

Those revisions whose chief purpose is to make expression more accurate and idiomatic usually involve merely mechanical changes in tense, number, in pronouns, prepositions and brief structures of modification; some, however, although only involving the substitution of one word for another, sharpen the sense considerably. The following are examples of changes in the 1837 first edition which have been accepted as authorial:

18.20 is] was
20.12 of times] of the times
Context clearly demands the present tense at 18.20 and 87.29. At 132.14 of "The Gentle Boy" the changing of the simple past tense of the verb to an adjective makes clear that the persecution of the Quakers was of long-standing and continuing duration: "Early after the Restoration, the English Quakers represented to Charles II. that a 'vein of blood was open in his dominions;' but though the displeasure of the voluptuous king was roused, his interference was not prompt." The archaic mightst at 136.3 makes the verb more consistent with the Biblical speech patterns of the old Quaker, Tobias Pearson's confidant. It represents accurately the slightness of Hawthorne's attempt to individualize the
speeches of his characters. Whereas the substitution of the possessive pronoun at 161.6 avoids ambiguity and the changing of the definite article and pronoun at 158.7 results in truer idiom, the effect of the changes at 79.17 and 215.18 is much slighter, the changes themselves more arbitrary. The first, in "The May-Pole of Merry Mount," refers to "a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his fore-paws to the frasp of a human hand," ready for the dance: "His inferior nature rose half-way, to meet his companions as they stooped." Given Hawthorne's repeated use of his in reference to the bear in this passage, that pronoun is more consistent from the point of view of a "pure" grammar that would demand its to be used with this. The gains in the second change are likewise minimal, the change itself reflecting grammatical purity: "Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high-crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible." Although the improvement in idiom at 172.8 is also nigh-on to negligible, the dropping of the definite article at 20.12 improves the rhythm as well as making the sentence more consistent with the archaic quality of the speech patterns: "'See you not, he is some round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times?''

It should not be thought, however, that only revisions having merit are defined as authorial. The established text
accepts the following changes in "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe" as Hawthorne's even though they may be said to be less clear and emphatic, even less consonant with the character of the speaker, than the original readings:

- 164.22 he nodded] he just nodded
- 164.22 as if to] as much as to

The toll-gatherer, a country type with a colloquial manner, is speaking to Dominicus Pike: "He [Mr. Higginbotham] passed the gate just before you drove up; and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night, he nodded,—as if to say, "charge my toll,"—and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock.'" The first change avoids the repetition of a word, and the second substitutes a refined version of the idiom: the result represents an increase in propriety, not in realistic speech. But when such changes—however niggling—occur in the midst of others manifestly authorial and at the same time do not contradict Hawthorne's recognizable patterns of expression, there is little reason to refuse to accept them as authorial revisions.

The three revisions involving number at 166.14, 241.23 and 281.19 exemplify the range of significance in Hawthorne's revisions. The last change is representative of changes the significance of which is questionable, disting-
uishing only as it does individual articles of clothing from dress or attire generally. The fact that Hawthorne's final s in the manuscripts was frequently dropped in first printings, however, outweighs any consideration that might lead one to believe that the change was a printer's. The change to the singular at 166.14—"a man of peaceable occupation"--results in a slight improvement in idiom. The phrase "after the conversation above recorded" at 241.23 of "The Prophetic Pictures" has as its reference the single exchange between Walter Ludlow and Elinor which occurred prior to this point in the story. Likewise in "The Gentle Boy" walked is exact, and necessary to the context. Pearson, stopped in his journey home by a distressful cry, resolves to "search this matter out:" "He therefore left the path, and walked somewhat fearfully across the field." Obviously, the revision requires intelligence--albeit an editorial more than creative intelligence, specifically focussed on essentially mechanical, even dull matters.

Those stories added in 1842 underwent the same kind of changes. The following are representative:

287.29  chasm] same
7.23    the] that
9.5     a Falstaff] - swag-paunched -
15.12   his] the
16.16   figures] gentlemen
40.12   Until] 'Till
exerting his] ~ all ~
me that I] me I
her? the .
from midnight slumber] from slumber
hour] hours
month] months
upon] against

The varying degrees of greater accuracy are again evident in the changes of the articles and pronouns at 7.23, 15.12 and 52.27. The introductory that at 58.2, besides adding a kind of formal correctness appropriate to the haughty Lady Eleanore, separates two pronouns in a sentence burdened with four: "'They tell me that I have done you harm.'" Likewise the more formal Until at 40.12 fits better the religious solemnity of the old patriarch in "Edward Randolph's Portrait:" "'For some wise end,' said the aged Selectman, solemnly, 'hath Providence scattered away the mist of years that had so long hid this dreadful effigy. Until this hour no living man hath seen what we behold!'" The revision at 9.5 is actually a second one, the reading in the Democratic Review having been "a sway-paunched Falstaffe." Both modifiers are awkward and inexact coinages untypical of Hawthorne; their deletion suggests that the accuracy gained outweighed the loss of the individuality afforded by the description. The deletion of all at 41.18 is likewise an
attempt at concise accuracy: "exerting his energy—which was not, however, his most characteristic feature—he strove to shake off the spell of Randolph's countenance."
The addition of the adjective midnight and the use of the singular hour in "The Haunted Mind," similarly simple, are much more essential revisions as the contexts show. The word figures emphasizes the primary characteristics of the masqueraders in "Howe's Masquerade"—their unknown identity and obscurity. The use of month at 159.6 is more controversial: "Often, ere he will give up his empire, old Winter rushes fiercely back, and hurls a snow-drift at the shrinking form of Spring; yet, step, by step, he is compelled to retreat northward, and spends the summer month within the Arctic circle." In the personification of Winter, the point of view itself has shifted to become Winter's own so that he is confined to the Arctic only for its single month of summer. The change is so tenuous and picayune in its effect that all new editions after 1852 emended to months. The change made at 160.6, however, almost certainly Hawthorne's, is equally subtle at the same time that it is far more justifiable. It is a change which obviously required close—and mechanical—scrutiny. The context involves a contrast between the warmth of the speaker's room and the violence of the storm outside, and the use of upon rather than against not only avoids repetition but contributes to that contrast: "the fire-light gradually
brightens, and throws my flickering shadow upon the walls and ceiling of my chamber; but still the storm rages and rattles against the windows."

Closely related to these changes are others that normally clarify the basic intention and point of view in larger and more obvious ways and are thus more significant than those which simply create greater accuracy. They comprise a smaller class of revisions; like the others, they appear equally in both editions. The following, from both volumes, are typical examples:

92.9 cried] exclaimed
122.25 uncommitted] committed
123.9 lay in the dungeons of] ate
the bread of
275.11 no] an
278.17 ridiculously] unfortunately
333.24 more transient than] as ~ as
60.15 queenly maiden] fair aristocrat
67.21 all avenged--Nature is avenged
for] all avenged--for
75.30 unwitnessed] witnessed
129.24 granite, or a glorious memory
in the universal heart of man.']
granite.'

The effect of the changes at 122.25 and 75.30 is self-explanatory, and the increased emphasis in the revision at 333.24 is obvious. The revision at 123.9 is one of many in "The Gentle Boy" whose effect is to clarify the cruelty of the
Puritans: "she had pined in the cells of a Catholic Inquisition, before she felt the lash, and lay in the dungeons of the Puritans." The revision at 275.11 is especially curious, occurring in the "Paul Pry" passage, which in the original version had the narrator "retaining an emotion peculiar to himself." The original reading at 278.17 is guilty of a moralistic pretentiousness both untypical of Hawthorne and inconsistent with the point of view of the passage. The change at 60.15, itself a reference to Lady Eleanore, deftly emphasizes her haughty inaccessibility in both adjective and noun; and that at 67.21 broadens the meaning of her withdrawal, making it an act against nature as well as mankind. The additional phrase at 129.24 of "The Ambitious Guest," strengthens the thematic progression—from the commonplace and material to the imaginative and non-material—that defines the tale. Finally the revision at 92.9 shows a real intelligence at work. In "The May-Pole of Merry Mount," the painful helplessness of the young Lord of the May in his confrontation with Endicott and the armored Puritans is more accurately expressed by cried rather than exclaimed, which tends to denote only loudness and disbelief: "'Stern man,' cried the May Lord, 'how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat!'"

A larger class of revisions has the narrower but equally necessary purpose of achieving grammatical and
syntactical correctness. Many of these seem without doubt to be Hawthorne's; others have all the appearances of self-styled improvements by printers or readers inspired by a purist point of view about grammar. In Thomas F. Adams' *Typographia*, a standard American printer's guide of the time, there is a description of the qualifications of the printer's reader that explains the difficulty involved in distinguishing authorial from non-authorial variants of this kind:

A reader ought to be well versed in all the peculiarities of the English tongue—its idioms, its true genius, and singular adaption to that variety of expression in which we embody our thoughts, and portray the human intellect. . . . Many, even of our first-rate authors, are too apt, in the warmth of discussion, the flights of speculation, and the laborious exercise of the thinking powers, to pass over, unobserved, those deviations from pure diction and strict grammatical accuracy, which they have imperceptibly acquired the habit of falling into, by their ordinary conversation with mankind. 42

The printers and their readers were to be thoroughly familiar with the subtleties of eighteenth-century prescriptive grammar and syntax: subjunctive mood verbs, the differences between farther and further, toward and towards, the question of subject-verb agreement where collective nouns and compound subjects are involved, the difference between verbs expressing certainty and those indicating probability—and such like considerations. As Hawthorne's formal education and private reading—as well as his general style in the manuscripts—make clear, however, he too was nurtured
on essentially eighteenth-century principles in grammar, syntax, and rhetoric. His manuscripts are always nearly perfect fair copy, not working drafts, and, with the exception of a few habitual misspellings, free of those "imperfections and mistakes . . . of a quick or voluminous writer" which the printer's guide complains of as giving rise to the need for a consistent printing-house style. That such revisions had to be made in 1837 and 1842 is a further indictment of the printers who set type for the first appearances more often than it is an indication of carelessness in Hawthorne's manuscripts, although some changes seem to represent awkwardnesses that are Hawthorne's. Changes in this general category most often involve proper sequence of tenses, subject-verb agreement, prepositions and modifiers, and larger structures of predication. There is no measurable difference in number or kind of variants between the 1837 and 1842 editions. Typical revisions from both volumes are listed here and, unless otherwise specified, they represent readings accepted as authorial in the established text:

30.8 upwards] upward
30.8 downwards] downward
157.25 and the recovery] and recovery
163.2 at] of
181.5 address] addresses
192.28 conceives] conceived
277.25  man. After] man, and after
291.24  was] were
49.28  matters. With] matters with
65.4  possessed] possesses
108.4  with red] with the red
110.14  whenever] wherever
113.13  shells. Then did I discourse]
         shells, discoursing
135.4  had] has
198.29  appearing] appeared
221.17  was] being
244.19  shop; or sometimes] shop, sometimes
290.16  on] from
350.31  come] comes

With one exception, all the changes in verb forms are clearly required for either proper sequence or agreement with subject. The emendation at 135.4, however, just as clearly violates sense, and it is difficult to think that the author would have made the error. The original reading "has been told" is clearly the only coherent one: "Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate." In the sentence preceding these, had left and had known are the correct verb forms; it is most likely that a compositor was led to repeat the pluperfect form.

Of the five large changes in syntax, the first, at
277.25, clarifies the point of view by avoiding a misleading parallelism: "On looking again to the long and shady walk, I perceive that the two fair girls have encountered the young man. After a sort of shyness in the recognition, he turns back with them." The second, at 49.28, corrects a run-on sentence in all probability caused by a printer's misreading of a manuscript semicolon at the point of emendation: "This precious liquor was imbibed by Mr. Tiffany with peculiar zest; and after sipping the third glass, it was his pleasure to give us one of the oddest legends which he had yet raked from the store-house, where he keeps such matters. With some suitable adornments from my own fancy, it ran pretty much as follows." The emendation at 113.13 of "The Village Uncle" corrects a dangling participial construction of almost five lines. The participle at 198.29 of "The White Old Maid" not only makes for correctness (given the lack of the needed conjunction) but also properly subordinates the final phrase: "The Old Maid looked slowly round, with a slight gesture of one hand, and a finger of the other upon her lip, appearing more shadow-like than ever, in the obscurity of the porch." On the other hand, the revision of the participle to the indicative was, at 221.17, corrects a mixed construction—"as the honor of his company was seldom requested." The addition of the semicolon and conjunction at 244.19 of "Chippings with a Chisel" is required initially by the length of the clauses
so separated. But the change also succeeds in strengthening the principle of contrast--between the old carver and the narrator, between making and imagining, the material artifact and the vaguely felt possibility--which defines the whole paragraph.

Most of the remaining changes in this list seem fairly niggling though necessary. The change at 110.14 to whenever is perhaps least so: "for whenever I behold your forms, whether in dream or vision . . ." The context demands the concept of time rather than that of place, and the revision almost certainly reflects Hawthorne's patterns of thought. A further reason for accepting the change as his is the likelihood that the first printing form wherever is still another misreading of the manuscript. The article the before recovery, at 157.25, makes a balanced parallel construction typical of Hawthorne's style: "the apprehension of his murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property." The deletion of the definitive article before "red rock cod" likewise is demanded by strict grammar, and likewise it makes consistent a parallel construction which moves back and forth between the indefinite and the definite: "Ere night fall, I hauled my skiff high and dry on the beach, laden with red rock cod, or the white bellied ones of deep water; haddock, bearing the black marks of Saint Peter's fingers near the gills; the long-bearded hake, whose liver holds oil enough for a midnight lamp; and now and then a mighty halibut, with a back broad as my boat."
The emendation to at in "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe," at 163.2, is probably intended to make more obvious the fact that Dominicus Pike is at this point some distance from Parker's Falls: "The pedler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls. . . . Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike . . . ." Given the mechanical nature of this transitional sentence, the likeliest theory is that Hawthorne wished to strengthen it. Inasmuch as Hawthorne made several obvious changes in this story, this one seems to be a conscious one: at 157.27, for example, Hawthorne had referred to "the whole population of Parker's Falls."

The established text does not admit the two changes at 30.8, upwards and downwards, treating them as alleged corrections by printers rather than Hawthorne's work. There are two reasons for this decision: first, manuscript exemplars show that Hawthorne nearly always used -ward in all such adverbs and prepositions except towards, invariably his form in all contexts; second, the only other new readings in the tale in 1837 involve clear-cut accidental variants which, since they contradict Hawthorne's known forms, are the result of the imposition of printing-house style. If Hawthorne had been replacing another manuscript
here, he would have done it in numerous similar instances. And, as other revisions show, had he been concerned that his audience might think the description improper he would have made a more telling change: "Those pretty girls! Why will they disturb my pious meditations! ... Were I the minister himself, I must needs look. One girl is white linen from the waist upward, and black silk downward to her slippers ..."

Hawthorne made a number of word changes in order to avoid repetitious words and sounds. They are mentioned specifically here, not because they comprise a large part of his revisions or because they have in themselves unusual significance, but because they are clearly his and call attention to a leading characteristic of his imaginative process. They call attention, that is, to the paradox that both his finest imaginative effects and his most unsatisfactory failures have within them the same intensity—and the same narrow range—of diction, of language generally. In all of his work Hawthorne operated in terms of a language extraordinarily limited on every level—from his vocabulary clusters representing "sunshine and shadow" and his conceptual words dealing with depths and surfaces to the vague spatial terms—hitherward, towards, upward, downward, heavenward, forward—that define the world of his fiction. The following examples are characteristic:

26.2 massy] massive
The first change recorded here is one of several accepted as authorial even though it was not made until the second collected appearance of the tale. In "Sunday at Home" the word massive originally appeared three times:

26.2 [the church's] massive walls
31.22 the massive melody of the organ
34.21 this massive edifice

The change avoids repetitiveness and at the same time improves euphony by reducing the -ive sounds: "We naturally personify, and conceive its massy walls, and its dim emptiness, to be instinct with a calm, and meditative, and somewhat melancholy spirit." (Had he earlier, one wonders, consciously avoided instinctive in the manuscript?) That the first occurrence of the word is the one revised is an additional reason for attributing the change to Hawthorne; the printer would not normally be aware of the later occurrences of the word when setting type here. The change to be at 188.8 gets rid of the second of three instances of look within two brief sentences. The change at 182.19, like
that at 232.12, deletes repetitive sound: "All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!" The revisions at 124.14 and 124.16 point up Hawthorne's consciousness of the problem of repetition in his revisions. The adjective at 346.14, in a context burdened with references to fate and various synonyms, is altogether redundant. The change at 183.5—"the story-tellers of whom Oriental travellers have told us"—is required by the previous use of Eastern at 180.4, which refers to an Indian tribe's "excursions down our Eastern rivers." Hawthorne, once he had used a word in a tale, more often than not used it again.

Three kinds of substantive authorial revision remain to be discussed. Though none of them has a large literary significance, all generally define areas in which Hawthorne sought simultaneously to clarify his art and bring it into conformity with the demands of his public. The first of these involves changes in titles and names which either simplify—such as that of "The Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet" to "The White Old Maid"—or indicate the thematic emphasis of the tale. The other two title revisions— that of "The Fountain of Youth" to "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" and "The Mermaid" to "The Village Uncle"—are significant in that both shift the focus from the fiction itself to the "artist figure," the source of the fiction.44

The changes in names range from those that represent
obvious corrections in spelling to those that seek to clarify or emphasize meaning. The spelling changes argue generally for authorial revision:

89.2 Blackstone] Claxton
222.14 Grub] Grubb
23.7 Brookline] Brooklyn

The first emendation involves a misreading of the variant spelling Blaxton in the first appearance; in 1837 Hawthorne used the primary spelling. In 1842 the correct reading of the 1837 edition, Grub street, was changed mistakenly to Grubb Street. This reading is rejected even though it is probably Hawthorne's—the result of his habit of doubling final consonants. The final reading is a correction of another obvious misprint of Hawthorne's manuscript form. Another simple spelling change is the addition of the final e in Peter Goldthwaite. Other changes are more meaningful:

175.4 Peter Parley's] Robin Carver's
175.17 Suffolk] United States
192.25 Edith] Patience
330.11 Toothaker] Ingersoll

The first change, in "Little Annie's Ramble," to Samuel Goodrich's eponym, Peter Parley, is what came of Hawthorne's original plans to dedicate the first edition to the man. The change at 175.17, along with the deletion accompanying it, suggests Hawthorne's desire to avoid even slight satiric
thrusts when they might offend. The original passage read as follows: "'It is a bill of the United States Bank . . . and better than the specie.' . . . As the beggar had nothing to object to the national credit . . ." The revised version deletes the final prepositional phrase. The change in the names of the heroines of "The White Old Maid" and "Edward Fane's Rosebud," surely two of the least compelling tales in the collection, indicate more than anything else Hawthorne's inability to make genuine revisions. It is true that Patience is a largely inappropriate name for the one character and that Toothaker has an emblematic content lacking in Ingersoll, but the changes, one feels, Hawthorne made because, once having written a story, he could not revise it by reworking it.

Inasmuch as these names involve allegorical or near-allegorical qualities they are related to Hawthorne's capitalization of many emblematic and conceptual terms. The extant manuscripts of the tales and the collations of the three major collections demonstrate that Hawthorne capitalized most heavily in the stories written in the 1840's and published together in the 1846 Mosses. His tendency towards a greater reliance on capitalization as a conscious technique is quite evident, however, in certain revisions in the Twice-Told Tales, particularly in the 1842 edition. In "The White Old Maid," for example, Hawthorne shifted the emphasis of the meaning from character to
concept: Patience becomes Edith and, at 195.2, their only mention in the story, integrity, love, and innocence are revised to Integrity, Love, and Innocence. Likewise in "Old Esther Dudley" the magazine forms are reversed in the collected version: the chief reference to the old narrator--Loyalist--is lower-cased whereas all the conceptual nouns lower-cased in the magazine version are capitalized in the collection--Hope, Memory, Death, Royalty, Past. "The Haunted Mind," a sketch of seven pages, contains the following new capitalized forms in 1842: Passion, Feeling, Hope, Sorrow, Disappointment, Fatality, Shame, Remorse, Eternal home. These are only two of many instances in which Hawthorne capitalized the crucial terms of early tales so as to bring their style into conformity with his present habits of thought.

That these revisions are Hawthorne's there is little doubt: almost all of the tales and sketches of the late 1830's manifest larger numbers of conceptual capitalizations which appear in both the first printing and the collected text. "The Sister Years," for example, capitalizes Time, Infinite Space, Immortal Pilgrim, Ambition, Economy, Man's, Liberty, Patriotism, Mankind, Railroad, Eternity, and Angels. Another story of the same period indicates a pattern of capitalized forms which, though not altogether consistent, appears too often not to be deliberate on Hawthorne's part. "The Lily's Quest" is heavy in its capitalization of such
terms as Temple of Happiness, Hope and Joy, Pilgrims, Heaven, Paradise and Eternity at the same time that terms such as guilt, sorrow, earth, and the evil one appear, with few exceptions, lower-cased. The contrast between the young lovers and the old man, Walter Gascoigne, emphasizes this split in the way Hawthorne conceptualizes the ideal and the real: "They looked as if moulded of Heaven's sunshine, and he of earth's gloomiest shade; they flitted along like Hope and Joy, roaming hand in hand through life; while his darksome figure stalked behind, a type of all the woful influences which life could fling upon them." Hawthorne's "sunshine" vocabulary was often far more crystallized, conventional, and absolute than were those "shadow" terms, much more peculiarly his, by which he represented the dark ambiguities he is best known for.

Other revisions also indicate that Hawthorne used capitalized forms in a highly selective way—used them to bear the burden of meaning that lies at the end of the tales' action. In story after story one finds heavy capitalization which seems to be inconsistent with uncaptionalized forms elsewhere in the same pieces. In the manuscript of "The Wedding-Knell," for instance, the final sentence capitalizes terms that had appeared in the lower-case: "And when the awful rite was finished, and, with cold hand in cold hand, the Married of Eternity withdrew, the organ's peal of solemn triumph drowned the Wedding-Knell." Some ten lines earlier
(at 49.10 of the copy-text), the bridegroom had exclaimed: 
"'And what is Time, to the married of Eternity?'" And at 48.24 the word eternity, originally capitalized in the manuscript (and in the first appearance), is lower-cased in the collected version: "'Let us wed for eternity!'" The capitalized forms as Hawthorne uses them here are not simply inconsistencies in the manuscripts, but are instead intended to have a "performative" effect, to validate the meaning of the experience much as the wedding ceremony validates the relationship between the central characters, Mrs. Dabney and Mr. Ellenwood.

In "The Minister's Black Veil" the dozens of repeated references to the veil itself were lower-cased in the first printing. The single instance of capitalization in that version occurs midway in the story, at 62.8, when Mr. Hooper, catching a glimpse of himself in a mirror, rushes out into the comfort of the night: "For the Earth, too, had on her Black Veil!" In the 1837 first edition, however, Hawthorne capitalized the term in its last two occurrences. The first of these, at 73.23, comprises the minister's last words: 
"'I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!'" The second involves the final words of the tale itself: 
"good Mr. Hooper's face is dust; but awful is still the thought that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil!" These three capitalizations, and especially the last two, intensifying the final unfolding of the meaning as they do, formalize
the emblem and the moments into little epiphanies. In "Edward Randolph's Portrait" the theme centers around what Hawthorne refers to as a people's curse. The term occurs three times in the tale— at 35.6, 41.9, and 43.10. The related phrase, a people's rights, occurs at 41.15. In the Democratic Review appearance the first and last instances read a People's curse; in 1842, however, the word is capitalized only at 43.10, in the last words of the tale: "Did . . . [Edward Randolph's] broken spirit feel, at that dread hour, the tremendous burden of a People's curse?"

The collation lists show many such revisions between the first appearances and the collected texts of the tales. The impact of the capitalizations is often doubtful; there is little question that they more often than not fail to achieve the performative effects Hawthorne seems to have intended. Often they succeed only in making the obvious a bit more so. Both successful and unsuccessful instances, however, point again to the basically mechanical nature of nearly all of Hawthorne's revisions.

The final category of substantive revisions Hawthorne made has to do with a refinement of diction, a tendency to substitute a more restrained, modest or delicate term for the commonplace word or the one with even slightly excessive or awkward connotations. The changes Hawthorne made in the manuscripts provide incontrovertible evidence that other revisions, made only when the tales were collected, were
also his. The following are among the interlinear emendations Hawthorne made in the manuscript of "The Wedding-Knell," probably written in the fall of 1835:

39.3 became possessor of > was left in possession of
42.5 forms > persons
42.7 depravity > perversity
49.11 thrill > swell
49.20 pealed > poured

The changes are oftentimes very slight, but they always tend toward a softening of the language. They tend too toward a greater social elegance. The 1851 "Preface" manuscript contains several changes suggesting that Hawthorne was perhaps especially conscious of the need for this kind of restraint in language referring to himself. The following emendations were made interlinearly, and the writing is Hawthorne's own:

6.21 met with > enjoyed
7.23 consider > regard
9.3 hot > warm
10.17 article of praise > article
10.19 authorship > authorship with unexpected praise
11.17 sensibility > tender sensibility

The two changes at 10.17 and 10.19 illustrate the extreme sophistication of the revisions in general: "Occasionally, however, when he deemed them [the tales] entirely forgotten,
a paragraph or an article, from a native or foreign critic, would gratify his instincts of authorship with unexpected praise;--too generous praise, indeed, and too little alloyed with censure, which, therefore, he learned the better to inflict upon himself." The intellectual habits which would lead to such a change as this were nurtured on standards of social and literary propriety utterly alien to our own. We understand Hawthorne better, I think, when we understand that he gained his literary achievements in response to those standards, not in rebellion against them.

The following revisions Hawthorne made not in the manuscripts but for the collected versions of the tales. They represent all those that can reasonably be regarded as in large part refinements of one kind or another:

98.21 sectarian] sectual
132.18 to encounter] to exult in the midst of
163.4 determined] designed
210.5 cleanse] wash
214.24 woman] female
222.14 a garret] an attic
233.10 heaviest] biggest
288.13 woman] female
330.17 frolicksomeness] foolishness
37.8 centre] middle
51.13 gone] got
69.9 that--Heaven be praised--it] that it
Practically all of these are innocuous enough. Hawthorne's desire to steer away from the most innocent connotations of sex is evident in the changes at 214.24 and 288.13, and something like that consideration helps guide the changes at 98.21 and 105.28. The change at 330.17 softens the judgment of the passage, and that at 69.9 attempts to inject a conventionalized emotional response. The rest involve the substitution of more socially correct and consciously formal terms for more common and "colloquial" ones. Only at 115.26 and 142.5, however, can the delicacy and formality of the revised words be said to represent the loss of a term more appropriate to the context, and the loss is small enough: far too small, surely, to signify a perversion of Hawthorne's recognizable style.

The evidence provided by these changes seriously qualifies one of the standard assumptions of contemporary criticism regarding that style, namely, that Mrs. Hawthorne rather than Hawthorne himself was responsible for the absence of the colloquial and the earthy in his published work. The
assumption arose basically out of Randall Stewart's edition of the American Notebooks (1932) and his discovery that Mrs. Hawthorne, in editing Passages from the American Note-Books (1872), had not, as she had claimed, made a literal transcription of the journal entries. Her revisions, as Stewart accurately pointed out, ranged from grammatical corrections, syntactical rearrangements of constructions equally good, and word changes in the direction of greater social elegance and literary refinement, to the deletion of passages relating either to sex or rude, realistic experience as well as of passages containing judgments about his contemporaries, aspects of his private life and his relationships with people. The result of his analysis made Mrs. Hawthorne the "classical example, at least in America, of the genteel Victorian female" and created the large impression that Hawthorne's style had a broad colloquial, earthy basis. Giving that impression, the study contributed to the notion that Mrs. Hawthorne "began to exercise a similar 'purifying' influence on Hawthorne's writing soon after their marriage." The fact that both the 1837 and the 1842 collections were published before the Hawthornes were married shows, however, that the revisions were Hawthorne's and that they were guided by Hawthorne's consideration of the difference between anonymous utterance and public statement. The revisions made for the 1842 second edition, published six months before the marriage, must have been made by early November,
1841, and very likely during the time after Hawthorne had
returned to Brook Farm as a boarder with the intention of
writing. Still, if it is conceivable that Sophia urged him
to make certain revisions for that collection, it is clear
from those he made for the first edition—published before
he even knew Sophia—that the urging was unnecessary.

The consistency of the revisions throughout Haw­
thorne's career demonstrates also that Sophia's gentility
did not encourage larger numbers of those changes after 1842.
The emendations Hawthorne made in the later manuscripts
plainly duplicate those made in "The Wedding-Knell" and in
the collected versions of the Twice-Told Tales. Those made
in "The Old Manse" are typical:

1.19 retirement > privacy
3.2 material > physical
3.13 fiercely > sternly
5.15 beautiful > lovely
8.2 fellow-creature > brother-man
8.26 makes > shapes
14.18 name > title
16.1 deep > profound
29.10 haunt > swell around

The changes here, insofar as they can be defined, are in the
direction of restraint and formality, and none of the read­
ings, obviously, can be said to involve a colloquial level
of language. Even in its rawest form the language of Haw­
thorne's fiction is far removed from the colloquialism and the genius for dialect of, say, Mark Twain. If something like two "styles" exist in the tales—one for anonymous, another for acknowledged, publication—it should not be surprising that Hawthorne uses still another slightly different style in his journals or that the style should be more familiar, less self-conscious and literary, since those journals were written as a private record never intended even for anonymous publication. Still that style clearly does not represent a new language of uncompromising realism or incipient naturalism. It represents only such a variation of the acknowledged style as would require a larger number of the same kinds of word changes and deletions that characterize the Twice-Told Tales.

In view of these earlier revisions, then, it becomes necessary to reevaluate Mrs. Hawthorne's own revisions and excisions of the notebook passages. A comparison of the two will show, I think, that she can no longer be considered as submerging the Hawthorne of the other works under several layers of female genteelism. Happily, Stewart himself—albeit for other reasons and in an essay lacking the circulation and thus the critical influence of his "Introduction" to his edition of the notebooks—has called for such a reexamination:

A good deal can be said for the view that Mrs. Hawthorne was trying not so much to misrepresent her husband, or remake his writing closer to her
heart's desire, as to do the kind of revising which Hawthorne himself would have done. Of course, with her sometimes mistaken notions of language, and delicacy, she made many revisions which would have been abhorrent to the author. But much of her rewriting was similar—and this point I did not sufficiently stress in the Introduction—to the kind of rewriting which Hawthorne himself had done when he adapted notebook material in his tales and novels.48

It is a remarkable statement in view of the influence of the earlier "Introduction." Stewart concludes that a new edition of those notebooks is needed and that it should include "those passages in Mrs. Hawthorne's edition whose manuscript originals have not survived."49 That edition should demonstrate that a number of Mrs. Hawthorne's revisions did nothing more than duplicate those that Hawthorne made in his tales, and it will suggest, too, that Hawthorne would have had little reason to find more than a few of her changes "abhorrent." It will surely give little comfort to those who feel that "The Scarlet Letter... would be an even greater book if it had been written in... [the] early notebook style."50

It should be mentioned, finally, in relation to these refinements made by Hawthorne himself, that the texts of various tales were tampered with by numerous editors in their reprinted appearances. A few changes of this kind appear in the main line of textual transmission. Most noticeable of these are the following, shown with the date of the edition they first appear in:
The loss of meaning is greatest in the change made in "The Minister's Black Veil:" "The sexton stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling lustily at the bell-rope." Hawthorne's lustily, with its connotations of health and vigor, is not only more appropriate to the scene in the opening paragraph of the tale but also serves to emphasize, by way of contrast, the immediate effect of the veil. That none of the emendations made in the 1851 edition or later is Hawthorne's is supported not only by the overwhelming external evidence mentioned previously but by changes such as the one at 227.9. Hawthorne invariably wrote concentrated, and more than once printers set concentrated (the same change, made in the second edition of The Scarlet Letter, is recorded at 57.2 of the Centenary Edition text). Since none of these changes are Hawthorne's and none are necessary corrections, they—and others like them—have not been accepted into the established text.

Still larger, more finicky refinements were made by newspaper and magazine and gift-book editors reprinting Hawthorne's tales. The Salem Gazette deleted long passages from several stories, notably "Chippings with a Chisel,"

[53].2 lustily] busily 1852
227.9 concentrated] concentrated 1851
[47].8 segar] cigar 1852
173.1 set] sat 1852
332.16 earthy] earthly 1851
"Edward Fane's Rosebud" and "Edward Randolph's Portrait." Typical of these changes is this one-sentence deletion from the reprinting of "David Swan," a remark of one of the villains: "'Let's take a drink, and be off,' said the other." The two stories which suffered the most from editorial mistreatment, however, are "Ethan Brand," in the Josephine Gallery reprint, and "The Celestial Railroad," in the revised version published by the Sunday School Union. The changes are fully recorded in the appropriate appendix.

That any number of editors felt that Hawthorne's text required further refinements suggests once again the integrity of the changes which Hawthorne himself made: in satisfying what he saw to be the genuine needs of his public he also satisfied what he saw to be the terms of his art.

No substantive revisions made in the text after the 1842 edition have been defined by the established text as authorial. The few substantive changes that have been admitted are viewed as necessary corrections. On the other hand, nearly all of the substantive revisions made either in the first or the second edition are considered to be authorial. Whenever the established text readings differ substantively from one of those two editions, the emendations either 1) make necessary corrections of obvious errors, some of which were Hawthorne's, or 2) having defined the copy-text forms as printer's changes, revert to the authorial forms of the first printing, or 3) change 1837 copy-text
forms to authorial revisions made in 1842.

Regarding the approximately one thousand accidental variant readings between the first appearance and the first collected edition there is less possibility of certainty that all of Hawthorne's own forms have been—or can be—recovered. On the one hand, there is reason to doubt that Hawthorne, and most other authors, would have expended the time and energy necessary to see that the forms of words as well as the words themselves were reproduced exactly from his inscription. As demanding as he was inclined to be about that "very jewel of a word" and as mechanical as most of his revisions habitually were, he was at the same time unquestionably permissive about such characteristics as were imposed on his text by printers and publishing-house styles: the discrepancies among the accidental forms printed in the various first magazine appearances—which have no counterpart in Hawthorne's manuscripts and which Hawthorne did not bother to revise for the collected texts—demonstrate this fact. The most prominent of these irregular forms were mentioned earlier; all are indicated in the appendixes which record variants between these two documents. They demonstrate that in some aspects of the accidentals printing-house style was imposed on Hawthorne's inscription in the first printings. Also arguing for Hawthorne's lack of insistence about the exact duplication of these accidentals is the fact that any number of other
magazine forms which reproduced Hawthorne's manuscript were changed in the first collected texts. At 216.27 and 217.22 of "The Great Carbuncle," for example, the Token readings which reproduced Hawthorne's spellings, jewelled and marvelous, are emended in the first edition to jeweled and marvelous; at 285.9 of "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" Hawthorne's spelling canvass, printed so in the Democratic Review, was emended to canvas in the 1842 edition. But examples of this sort of emendation in the first collected appearance—emendation which does not reflect Hawthorne—are far too numerous to deal with individually here. The established text emends all such copy-text readings; and those emendations almost invariably revert back to the first printed form.

As with the substantive revisions, there are in all probability many readings involving accidentals in the first printed appearances which were the result of misreadings of the manuscripts. Because of Hawthorne's habit of leaving slight half-spaces, oftentimes between the elements of solid compound words, the first-appearance forms often print those compounds as two words or emend to a hyphenated compound. While the large number of substantive misreadings in the first appearances makes it impossible to believe that there is not something like a corresponding number of accidental misprintings there, the manuscripts generally fail to provide sufficient evidence necessary
for successfully distinguishing such misprintings from those readings that do reproduce Hawthorne's inscription. The extant manuscripts lack even single occurrences of many of these compounds and possible compounds, and, though they sometimes contain what would seem to be analogous compound forms, those forms themselves differ from one another. In "The Wedding-Knell" manuscript, for example, one finds these forms: wedding-day, wedding-knell, wedding garment, wedding party, bridal party, bridal attendants, bridal-chamber, death-bell, funeral bell, funeral knell, church-door, churchyard. One finds bed-chamber but bedside, footstep but foot-print, tomorrow but to-day, book-shelves but booksellers, broomstick but pudding-stick, chamber-window but cottage window, rosebuds but rose-bushes—and other combinations of these and many more compounds.

The critical editor must decide on the basis of such evidence as this whether to retain or emend similar copy-text readings. Do the analogous and seemingly authorial forms, Custom-House, toll-house, light-house, meeting-house, for example, justify the emendations (in "Legends of the Province House") of Province House, the consistent form in the copy-text, to Province-House, the invariable form of the Democratic Review first printing? The decision to emend to the hyphenated form of the term in the established text has involved a comparison of the Democratic Review compounds with manuscript exemplars. The fact that this
magazine's printings of Hawthorne's tales contained a larger than usual number of faulty readings has also been weighed in the decision. But confidence that those errors are not normally matters of compounding has led to a willingness to consider Province-House Hawthorne's own form. Such considerations are complex, and they do not, of course guarantee an always satisfactorily validated form, in spite of efforts to make them so. In this instance, the evidence seems strong enough to justify emendation against the copy-text form; in the majority of such readings, however, satisfactory evidence is lacking both for this kind of emendation and for the normalization of copy-text forms themselves. Any editorial rationale which would insist on the consistency of all the forms of these and other accidentals--particularly spelling and some kinds of internal punctuation--would require the aid of a computer and even then produce a text which would be modernized rather than a critically reconstructed edition. It is impossible, then, to normalize in terms of analogous forms because it is impossible in many instances to determine which of the two primary documents, when they differ from one another, best represents Hawthorne's inscription.

At the same time the first collected forms of a large number of accidentals emend first appearance forms in the direction of Hawthorne's normal manuscript forms. All of the -our spellings of The Token printings, for example, are changed to Hawthorne's invariable -or ending; etherial
is emended to ethereal, the form in the manuscript; and a number of final consonants before suffixes are doubled and thus put in conformity with Hawthorne's habitual forms. These, along with other changes such as those in paragraph division, would seem to argue for Hawthorne's presence in the revision of the accidentals. But an equally strong case can be made for the theory that these changes were made by printers who, in imposing printing-house style on their copy, happened also, simply by accident, to put these terms in conformity with Hawthorne's manuscripts. Indeed, even when the collected texts seem to normalize Hawthorne's idiosyncratic forms, it is still not always possible to determine that Hawthorne himself did not make the changes. The first edition emendation in "A Rill from the Town-Pump" at 203.26, form Good b'ye to Good-by, for example, suggests, in view of authorial substantive changes, Hawthorne's tendency toward refined forms as much—or nearly as much—as it suggests the imposition of a printing-house's simpler form. Likewise when the original reading in "The Toll-Gatherer's Day," for'c'stle, which would seem to have been Hawthorne's, becomes fore-|castle, the possibility that the change was caused by the awkwardness of the end-line apostrophe is more or less balanced by the possibility that Hawthorne himself refined the form. The established text accepts this last copy-text revision as well as the earlier one even though it makes a number of emendations based on
the likelihood that copy-text variant readings were the result of printing exigencies. For example, the 1836 Token reading *impatience*, became, at 16.10 of the first edition, *impatience*. The decision to replace the comma in the established text is a relatively simple one, since that comma was dropped only because of expediency. But generally the certitude of the established readings among the accidentals is less than absolute. Given the absence of so many of the manuscripts and the number of corrupted forms in the first printings, it is too much to hope that all of the accidental characteristics of these manuscripts can be recovered.

The following forms represent those accidental characteristics which involve copy-text or established text emendations and can be defined with near complete certainty as Hawthorne's own habitual forms:

- almanacs
- burthen
- canvass
- clenched
- concentréd
- criticize
- dispatch
- ethereal
- forever
- frenzy
- frolicksome
- gaiety
- gray

- loathed
- loth
- meanwhile
- Oh
- recognized
- roundabout
- slumberous
- stupified
- to-day
- tomorrow
- towards
- woe
- -or endings
- -ize verb-endings

In addition to these spellings are several other constant characteristics of the manuscript forms: all final
consonants are, whenever possible, doubled before a suffix; all compound adverbs and pronouns—such as anybody, somewhere—are solid compounds; all compounds involving sun are solid (sunshine, sunset) whether used as nouns or adjectives; all manuscript compounds involving snow are hyphenated (snow-flakes, snow-drift); and all compounds involving -tree are hyphenated (pear-tree, maple-trees). The established text normalizes all these forms even when that normalization requires the emendation of all, or almost all, of the occurrences in the copy-text.

The following forms, on the other hand, are, along with others mentioned previously, among the most important and recurrent variables in the manuscripts included in the study:

Autumn - autumn
Earth - earth
Eastern - eastern
Eternity - eternity
Heaven - heaven
Nature - nature
Puritan - puritan
Spring - spring
Summer - summer
Time - time
Winter - winter
a [humbler] - an [hereditary]
entreat - intreat
farther - further
ribands - ribbons
-t - -ed verb endings (as in stopt, stopped and dropt, dropped)
-e - -e (as in sate, sat and trode, trod)
-eable - -able (as in unpurchaseable and immovable)
-ful - -full - -ful (as in hand fulls, handfull, mouthfuls)

New-England - New-England
New-York - New-England
The established text refuses to normalize any of these forms as well as those involving variable forms of internal punctuation and variable forms of word division in structures of modification. Where the copy-text has normalized against Hawthorne's tendencies, moreover, (as in its deletions of the hyphen from New-England) the established text reverts to the first appearance form. Any other revisions of such forms occur in reference to capitalization, and those changes do not represent an attempt to normalize but, as discussed earlier, to reconstruct Hawthorne's "performative" use of those forms. All other inconsistencies within the copy-text --all others, that is, which do not reflect known manuscript variables--are normalized in the established text.

Hawthorne's heavy internal pointing presents perhaps the most complex problems for an accurately reconstructed text. The tendency in the transmission of the text has been to radically change the basic texture of Hawthorne's prose by deleting literally hundreds of commas. The full historical collations record the effect of those deletions, and they illustrate that, although most of those deletions were made in the 1651 edition or later, enough were made in the substantive documents to have a significant effect on Hawthorne's style. Hawthorne's manuscript pointing represents an emphatic aspect of his art and his creative process. It emphasizes a high degree of conceptualization in his
style and makes the prose of even the most sentimental sketches less fluid, more analytic. The commas, as Hawthorne uses them, oftentimes have something of the effect of the pointing in Emily Dickinson's poetry, setting off different layers of modification and predication and thus freezing the process of the syntax into concentrated and static moments and "scenes." The effect of the pointing is to slow the reading and thus intensify and internalize the meaning. Compare, for example, the manuscript and the copy-text version of the following sentence from "The Wedding-Knell" (49.4-10) with the 1883 Riverside edition's, the standard scholarly form: "Superficial observers, and deeper ones, seemed to concur, in supposing that the lady must have borne no inactive part, in arranging the affair; there were considerations of expediency, which she would be far more likely to appreciate than Mr. Ellenwood; and there was just the specious phantom of sentiment and romance, in this late union of two early lovers, which sometimes makes a fool of a woman, who has lost her true feelings among the accidents of life." The 1883 text deletes all of these commas but the first two. That text has, from a modernist's point of view, more merit because it is more readable. From a textual point of view, however, it is extremely corrupted; and from a critical point of view, it can be said that the modernization--especially when it is consistent in sentence after sentence--entails a significant loss of
meaning even though there are no clear-cut substantive revisions. It may well be that only the methods of the structural linguist can define that loss precisely by an explanation of the full effects of the pointing. If it cannot be denied that the heavy pointing could represent, at least on one level, still another basically mechanical strategy Hawthorne used to emphasize meaning—even meaning that was perhaps not satisfactorily there—there is little question that one of the primary effects of the pointing was to turn the reader inward and to make the work a more explicitly meditative act. Thus, making the tales more "readable," the deleted commas corrupt something close to the center of Hawthorne's intentions: although he obviously did not want to make difficulty for the reader, he did want to slow the reader up. Taken as a whole, the gradual corruption of internal punctuation of the original documents provides one of the best reasons for a close re-reading of Hawthorne's tales and sketches.

Certain consistent uses of the comma suggest that Hawthorne pointed his prose on the basis of sound rather than syntactical elements. Many of his commas split structures of predication between the subject and the predicate itself in ways distracting to any modern reader. There is rarely the normal distinction between restrictive and non-restrictive relative clauses in terms of the punctuation. And while certain punctuation—for example,
the comma preceding the adverb introducing noun clauses—
can be explained in terms of the standard forms of the
time, many aspects of the pointing cannot be so explained.
Any number of commas, for example, have the effect of a
caesural pause. All this suggests that Hawthorne wrote with
an oral rather than typographical sense of his prose. It
suggests as well the presence of a personal voice in that
prose and reflects, even at the very basis of his style,
his concern, I think, for the relationship between artist
and audience. That this should be so is, at least in one
sense, not surprising: Hawthorne's relationship with lit­
erature was conditioned from beginning to end by the habit
of reading aloud in his family circle and thus by a sense
of the "voice" of the writer. The question of the quality
of the "voice" is explicitly in the works themselves: we
need think only of Dimmesdale's election sermon and of its
effect on Hester, the community at large, and on Dimmesdale
himself to be aware of the crucial importance Hawthorne
attached to it: "This vocal organ was in itself a rich
endowment; insomuch that a listener, comprehending nothing
of the language in which the preacher spoke, might still
have been swayed to and fro by the mere tone and cadence.
Like all other music, it breathed passion and pathos, and
emotions high or tender, in a tongue native to the human
heart, wherever educated."51

Hawthorne's pointing is so heavy that even in the
first collected edition there is a certain distortion caused by the deletion of commas. The following table gives for each of the manuscripts the total number of commas added and deleted in the first collected texts.

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<td>160</td>
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The evidence provided here, along with that of the collations between the first printed appearance and the first collected text, strongly indicates that Hawthorne's manuscript pointing was usually much heavier than that of the collected form. Although it is impossible to reconstruct Hawthorne's final inscription in this area, the established text reflects the general tendency of Hawthorne's pointing by 1) accepting the majority of the few additions of commas in the first collected text and 2) refusing to accept the majority of the deletions of first-appearance commas in the copy-text. The procedure is not as arbitrary as it appears. A number of the deletions occur as the result of battered
type in the magazine printings, others as the result of misspacing in the copy-text. All other emendations made by the established text follow Hawthorne's habitual forms as these have been determined by an examination of manuscript exemplars. The most important of these involve the presence of pointing before noun clauses, between the elements of a compound predicate, and before and after prepositional phrases which either occur in a series or interrupt a single syntactical unit. More than these, however, the emendations are guided by a recognition of the caesural principle that lies behind Hawthorne's pointing. That pointing is in many respects idiosyncratic and it is reasonable to think that Hawthorne would be the one more likely to intensify an already heavy system of punctuation and that printers and their readers would, on the other hand, be more likely to lighten the punctuation so as to make it conform more closely to printing-house style. The effect of the deletions and additions made through the 1883 edition has been to totally do away with that principle. Significantly, when the 1883 edition adds a comma, it does so in order to clarify a syntactical relationship rather than emphasize the spoken quality of the prose: it attempts, that is, to impose a typographical consistency on a text having a preeminently oral character. The established text seeks to restore that quality, not, obviously, for whatever antiquarian value it might have, but because it is at the center of Hawthorne's art.
To summarize: the relationship between the two primary documents makes it impossible to determine precisely the extent of Hawthorne's control over the accidental characteristics of the copy-text. While the evidence is strong that he made certain changes in capitalization and terminal punctuation, and while there is no doubt that he read the tear-sheets closely enough to make many smaller revisions, the presence of a large number of uncharacteristic forms in the copy-text suggests strongly that he did not read proof for either the 1837 or the 1842 edition. There are thus varying degrees of certainty with which readings from both these editions are adopted in the established text. However, when emendations of these editions are made in the present edition, they are nearly always supported by the strongest evidence, the manuscript exemplars themselves. Risks have, in some areas, been taken, but only when the evidence available demands those risks by indicating the imposition of house style on Hawthorne's inscription. Finally, to repeat once more: regarding the texts of the thirty-nine tales and sketches, the few readings from any later edition adopted by the established text have been admitted as necessary but unauthorial corrections.

The line of textual transmission—and, as the historical collations demonstrate, of the proliferation of corrupted readings—presents far fewer problems.
The remaining copies of the 1842 second edition Hawthorne reissued, in 1845 or 1846, with the imprint 1845, having changed only the title pages and copyright notices of the two volumes. Xerox copies of these pages and the contents-list, which are those of the 1842 volumes, are included in the illustrations.

The first Ticknor, Reed and Fields edition (1851) was published in two volumes, on March 8, 1851, with 2,000 copies set in type metal from the 1842 second edition. Advertised as "A New Edition," it contained the first printing of Hawthorne's "Preface." Since Hawthorne neither prepared copy for the printers nor proof-read, no variant reading in the original thirty-nine pieces here has any authority. Moreover, since Hawthorne did not read proof even for the preface, all departures from the manuscript are emended in the established text. While making a number of necessary corrections, it also repeated any number of obvious typographical errors, the most interesting of which is a reading at 130.24 of "The Ambitious Guest:" the end of a paragraph, night, identifies a long narrative passage as direct discourse. The error appears in all the editions, including all the separate impressions of plates, in the main line of transmission except the 1875 Little Classics plates: the 1842, 1851, 1865 and 1883 editions. Although it is of no textual significance, it is perhaps indicative of the central place the Twice-Told Tales have in Hawthorne's
works that this edition contained an engraving of the author, the first of his works to do so. 54

The 1851 edition has been confused in some Hawthorne bibliographies with the 1852 Ticknor, Reed and Fields edition, the first edition of the Twice-Told Tales printed from stereotype plates. The difference between the 1851 and 1852 editions was discovered by Professors Charvat and Tryon. 55 As they note, the 1852 edition has the imprint of the Boston Stereotype Foundry on the verso of the title page. The 1851 edition served as copy for this typesetting, and the pagination is the same in both volumes of the two editions. This first impression was issued in an edition of 500 copies. These plates were used for many impressions through the Illustrated "Library" edition of 1871 and the "Fireside" edition of 1879: the cost books show entries for another printing in 1853, one in 1857 (500 copies), others in 1860 and in 1861 (280 copies each), and list an 1864 printing of 375 copies as the ninth edition. Another printing followed in 1865; two more were issued in 1866. These and the later printings were small editions, from 280 to 500 copies. The plates were in use until badly worn, and they underwent a minimum of textual modification. The note in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" was added to the plates for the 1866 impressions to make them uniform with other editions of the Twice-Told Tales. But of about thirty blatantly erroneous readings in the original plates only
four were corrected. Since these changes reverted back to
the original forms and were not made until after the 1866
impression they have no authority. The four corrected
readings appear in the 1879 impression:

[281].2  pore] pour
283.10  nor] now
37.25  gentleman] gentlemen
135.4  has] had

Such readings as 80.12 jolity, 296.6 as of (for as if),
87.16 strangers (for stranger's), 98.12 breart (for breast),
and 349.3 be (for he) remained uncorrected, however.
Although set in 1852 from the 1851 sheets these plates
introduced a great many variant forms into the history of
the text which became the basis for the later editions.

One of the later impressions of these unchanged
plates was used as copy for the Ticknor and Fields "Blue
and Gold" edition, printed from plates and published,
according to the cost books, on October 28, 1864. This
first impression of 1,500 copies included in its two
volumes the Twice-Told Tales and The Snow-Image, and Other
Twice-Told Tales, the copy for the latter collection being
the 1852 first edition. According to the cost books a
second impression of 1,250 copies was issued in the first
six months of 1865. The cost-book entry for the first
impression lists a charge of $3.20 for eight hours of
correcting, in all likelihood the adjustment of errors
and defective type in the plates made on the basis of the proof-reading of the first sheets. There is no mention of further correction for the second impression even though a number of obvious typographical misprints remained after the original corrections. The plates introduced into the text for the first time the note regarding plagiarism in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment." Fields had the printers insert the note at the end of the tale. Hawthorne, however, had asked that it be made a footnote on the first page of the tale, and the established text makes that emendation.  

Except for this paragraph, none of the numerous variant readings introduced here has any authority. Surprisingly, there is no record of further impressions made from these plates.

The "Little Classics" edition of 1875, published by James R. Osgood and Company, in a printing of 3,000 copies, introduced the sixth new typesetting. The repeated occurrences of identical forms in a large number of different kinds of variant readings demonstrate that these plates were derived from the "Blue and Gold" edition. The plates went through several printings, including the "Popular" edition of 1891 and the Concord Edition of 1899. One of the many substantive changes present in all impressions of these plates is the return to the 1837 first edition reading massive at 26.2 of "Sunday at Home." All printings from 1842 had retained the revision massy, which the established
text admits as an authorial revision. The emendation in the Little Classics plates is a singular one, however, and there is no question that it represents a totally fortuitous agreement with the first edition form rather than a general return to substantive forms. Thus none of the readings has any authority. These plates, like those of the 1852 edition, underwent very few alterations; the changes are neither systematic nor authoritative. While the plates correct the obvious erroneous readings in the 1865 copy and are in fact the only typesetting that avoids the error at 130.24 of "The Ambitious Guest," they introduce a number of new errors which, with one exception, appear in all the impressions. The misprint now at 283.10 of "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" is emended to the earlier, correct reading nor by the "Concord" edition. Among the most blatant errors which remain uncorrected through that 1899 impression are 43.5 tomb. (for tomb.), 208.7 so hovel (for no hovel), 252.24 spirit (for spirit).

The Riverside edition of 1883, the most famous and the most corrupted of all the editions, was published by Houghton, Mifflin, and issued originally both in large-paper and in trade copies, under the editorship of George Parsons Lathrop. The large-paper form printed only 250 copies. As a few idiosyncratic forms appearing only in the 1852 plates and the 1883 plates demonstrate, the latter typesetting was derived from one of the impressions of those
earlier plates. Besides repeating the typographical error at 130.24, night.", the 1883 plates follow such 1852 forms as 176.21 wilt (all other typesettings printing will) and 297.25 while (all others printing wile). Only the large-paper form was included in the collations, and the sequence has therefore not been established between the large-paper and trade forms. No new authority enters the text here. Those readings that vary from the copy-text are either repetitions of necessary corrections made in an intermediate typesetting or fancied improvements in Hawthorne's style. Practically all of these latter emendations are in the direction of alleged correctness or of literary refinement: none has been admitted into the established text. Various printings derive from these plates, including the Wayside edition of 1884, the 1891 Standard Library edition, the 1902 New Wayside edition, and the Fireside edition of 1909.

The history of these plates as well as that of other editions (such as the several British printings) outside the main line of transmission of the text has not been traced in this study. All the twentieth-century editions of the tales, as well as most of the anthologized tales and sketches, are merely reprints of the 1883 standard scholarly text or some other later edition lacking authority, and these have not been included in the collations.

The established text as it is offered here follows
the conventional—and authorial—arrangement of the tales. Because whatever unity there is in the collection must stem from the way in which Hawthorne ordered the individual pieces, no textual or critical purpose would be served by sacrificing that sequence for one based on the chronology of the first separate printings. That chronology is indicated outside the text itself; the precise dates of Hawthorne's composition of these tales, information potentially far more enlightening, are in all probability irrecoverable.

The established text's treatment of the copy-text forms has ranged widely, depending upon the kinds of variant readings involved and the circumstances surrounding those variants. The certitude of the established readings themselves also varies widely, from the confidence that the overwhelming majority of substantive authorial readings have been recovered to the recognition, regarding a number of accidentals, that some risks have been taken to recover those readings.

The text is such that it invites the reader to look again at the Twice-Told Tales; and the fullness of the record of variant readings in the different appendixes, while not absolving the editor of blunders, provides the reader with all of the textual evidence on which the established forms are based.
Footnotes: Introduction to the Text

1 Although sight collations were made at both The Ohio State University and the University of Virginia, it did not fall within the scope of this study to machine collate the University of Virginia copies. The procedure for the Centenary Edition, however, will make use of a more extensive mechanical comparison of copies of these editions. That edition of The Scarlet Letter, for example, was based on machine collations of eight copies of the first edition.

2 It is, of course, often impossible to determine whether or not these errors were initially Hawthorne's own. Both inadvertent and habitual misspellings occur in his manuscripts and his punctuation is at times indistinct. Such errors, however, it is the printing house's responsibility to correct. Inasmuch as evidence suggests that Hawthorne's practice was to have the printers set type from the tear sheets of the earlier periodical texts, it seems likely that where the collected version is in obvious error, it is the printer's, not Hawthorne's initial responsibility.

3 While there are undoubtedly many instances of partially battered type that vary slightly from copy to copy in this and many other nineteenth-century American editions of Hawthorne, these differences are usually so minute as to escape description. Since none of them actually obscures entire letters and since none was corrected during the course of the printing, they have no textual significance at all—either within a single edition or between different editions. The fact that these and some of the later editions were printed on wet paper resulted in curls and waves in the paper that in turn caused slight—but sometimes general—irregularity and unevenness in the print itself. No attempt has been made to record or describe these irregularities here when they have no textual significance.

4 The cost books of Ticknor and Fields, often unreliable about even the most important matters, contain entries for two "Blue and Gold" printings, the first of 1500 copies allegedly published on October 28, 1864, the second of 1250 copies published sometime after January 26, 1865. The copy of the printing included in these collations has 1865 in the imprint, but, because it was normal for volumes published late in the year to be dated the following year, it has not been possible to identify this printing.

5 Yesterdays with Authors, p. 49.
Characteristic of Fields's attitude about making changes in standing type and in plates is his remark regarding the second edition of 2000 copies of The Scarlet Letter. After asking Hawthorne if he wanted to alter the text, he wrote: "I advise an exact Reprint" (March 29, 1850, Fields to Hawthorne, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University).


October 1, 1850, MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University. It should be pointed out here that initially Fields had apparently wanted to publish an altogether new collection or perhaps expand the Twice-Told Tales. As early as April 22, 1850, he had written Hawthorne: "I have got together all the Token articles for the new vol. of Tales together with 'A Bell's Biography' (Knick*) & the 'Old News' & 'Devil's Ms' from the N.E. Mag." (MS, Houghton Library, Harvard University). The letter helps to explain why the third collection of tales, when finally published in 1851, had Twice-Told Tales in the title and why, later, the two collections were included together in the two volumes of the "Blue and Gold" edition.

All of those large-scale revisions, and others referred to in this chapter, are documented in the appropriate appendixes whether they are cited here or not.

While there are no block deletions or additions in "Moli-neux," there are many one-word substantive changes. Hawthorne wrote Ticknor on November 3, 1851: "I send the preface to the new volume of tales. If a perfect copy of "Major Molineux" cannot be found, I think the imperfect copy had better be sent to me, and I will rewrite what is missing" (Letter in Norman Holmes Pearson's Collection).

Gross has written about all of these deletions in "The Gentle Boy," saying that they "exhibit how Hawthorne has managed to give his piece a firmer point of view through the solidifying of a remarkably perilous balance between Quaker and Puritan" (Hawthorne's Revision of 'The Gentle
Boy," 196). Most of the deleted passages involve characterizations, descriptions, or judgments that emphasize the greater burden of Puritan guilt. Pearce has pointed out that in making the guilt balanced between Quaker and Puritan, Hawthorne moved away from another exploration of the "Molineux theme." Gross's treatment of these revisions is complete and accurate, but there is this point to make about the meaning of those revisions in relation to the others Hawthorne made in 1837 and 1842: many of the deleted passages contained what Hawthorne viewed as essentially personal and private speculations about the nature and extent of the guilt of his ancestors. The Token version had ended with a statement of the personal involvement of Hawthorne himself: "My heart is glad of this triumph of our better nature; it gives me a kindlier feeling for the fathers of my native land; and with it I will close the tale" (The Token [1832], p. 240). In view of the other revisions he was making, this one has to be seen as caused also by his desire to avoid delicate self-revelations. Later, of course, when he had removed the narrator to the introductory pieces such as "The Custom-House," he would reveal himself freely.


17 Ibid., 459.

18 The Token (1832), p. 225.


21 The Token (1833), p. 57. Arlin Turner, noting Hawthorne's revision of the story, has, curiously, cited the sentence immediately following this one as another deletion from the 1842 text ("A Note on Hawthorne's Revisions," Modern Language Notes, LI [November, 1936], 427). That passage, however, does appear in all of the examined copies of the 1842 edition as well as the 1845 "edition." It has been deleted from none of the editions of the tales in the main line of the Boston transmission of the text. There is nothing in the sentence to detract from the moral impeccability of the narrator: "This gay stranger was appropriately burdened with that mirth-inspiring instrument, the fiddle, which her companion took from her hands, and shortly began the process of tuning" ([172]).

22 Democratic Review, I (October, 1837), 33.
23 p. 151 (286).

24 See Love Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1839-41.

25 Nathaniel Hawthorne, p. 56.

26 "The Sister Years; Being the Carrier's Address, to the Patrons of the Salem Gazette for the First of January, 1839," (Salem, 1839).

27 Harold P. Miller has treated these deletions at length in "Hawthorne Surveys His Contemporaries," American Literature, XII (May, 1940), 228-235. Part of his analysis has bearing on the revisions of 1837 and 1842: "Hawthorne was cautious and politic by nature, and had not yet passed through the bitter experience of ejection from the Salem Customhouse, which was to give him motive and courage for the treatment of living persons in print" (p. 235).


29 Mosses from an Old Manse (Boston, 1854), II, p. 227.

30 Julian Hawthorne, I, p. 146.

31 His letter to Duyckinck, April 7, 1845, cited earlier, is characteristic in its mention of the magazines in which the stories first appeared.

32 April 18, 1845, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL. It is very doubtful that Hawthorne went to the trouble of writing out "a new copy." In a postscript in this very letter he remarks: "I have sent the Procession of Life, so that you now have all." The collation lists for the comparison of the first appearance in print (Democratic Review [April, 1843]) and the 1846 first edition text record twenty-three clear-cut substantive variants, a number somewhat larger than normal. Some of these involve the correction of obvious errors in the earlier print. None of the changes, however, would have required a new copy of the tale: all involve the change of only one word.

33 Hawthorne to Fields, April 13, 1854, from the U. S. Consulate, Liverpool, MS, Hawthorne-Fields Letter Book, Houghton Library, Harvard University.


36 This pattern suggests that the Southern Rose might have predated the Mt. Auburn printing of "The Lily's Quest," for for the former printing contains far fewer variants from the 1842 second edition text and was unquestionably used as copy there.


38 Mosses from an Old Manse (1846), Part II, p. 131.

39 April 18, 1846, Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL. In a letter dated April 30, Hawthorne requested several complimentary copies and remarked that the "proof-sheet has not yet made its appearance" (Duyckinck Collection, MS Division, NYPL). Inasmuch as Hawthorne had sent "the remaining contents of the volume" on April 18 and the edition was published in June, it is clear that he could not have read proof for any of the tales. Given the fact that there are over sixty variants, almost all of which are unqualified substantives, between the manuscript and the 1846 first edition text of "The Old Manse," moreover, it is almost certain that Hawthorne did not even get to read proof for that sketch.


42 Thomas F. Adams, Typographia; or, The Printer's Instructor (Philadelphia, 1853), pp. 169-98. Originally published in 1844, the guide went through numerous reprints.

43 See, for example, Hawthorne's curriculum at Bowdoin as it is listed in Stewart's biography, pp. 16-18.

44 Hawthorne's concern for titles was a constant one. He worried about the titles of all his romances as well as that of his second collection of stories, the English edition of The Marble Faun, of course, carried the title The Transformation.

45 American Notebooks, pp. xiv-xxi.

The additions and deletions of commas regarding the manuscript of "The Wedding-Knell" seem definitely to be an exception to the general tendencies of the history of the text where the primary documents are concerned. Compare the deletions of commas, for example, from the first printings in the appendixes.


The engraving was by the English engraver, T. Phillibrown, from the painting by C. G. Thompson.

See *Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 94.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES:
A TEXTUAL STUDY BASED ON AN ANALYSIS OF THE
TALES IN THE THREE MAJOR COLLECTIONS

Volume II

DISSertation
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate School of The Ohio State University

By

JOSEPH DONALD CROWLEY, B.A., M.A.
The Ohio State University
1964

Approved by:
TWICE-TOLD TALES.

By

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
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THE Author of Twice-told Tales has a claim to one distinction, which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was, for a good many years, the obscurest man of letters in America.

These stories were published in Magazines and Annuals, extending over a period of ten or twelve years, and comprising the whole of the writer's young manhood, without making (so far as he has ever been aware) the slightest impression on the Public. One or two among them— The Rill from the Town Pump in perhaps a greater degree than any other— had a pretty wide newspaper circulation; as for the rest, he has no grounds for supposing, that, on their first appearance, they met with the good or evil fortune to be read by anybody. Throughout the time above specified, he had no incitement to literary vol. I.
effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit; nothing but the pleasure itself of composition—an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the merit of the work in hand, but which, in the long run, will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart, or the numbness out of his fingers. To this total lack of sympathy, at the age when his mind would naturally have been most effervescent, the Public owe it, (and it is certainly an effect not to be regretted, on either part,) that the Author can show nothing for the thought and industry of that portion of his life, save the forty sketches, or thereabouts, included in these volumes.

Much more, indeed, he wrote; and some very small part of it might yet be rummaged out, (but it would not be worth the trouble among the dingy pages of fifteen-or-twenty-year-old periodicals, or within the shabby morocco covers of faded Souvenirs. The remainder of the works, alluded to, had a very brief existence, but, on the score of brilliancy, enjoyed a fate vastly superior to that of their brotherhood, which succeeded in getting through the press. In a word, the Author burned them without mercy or remorse, and, moreover, without any subsequent regret, and had more than one occasion to marvel that such very dull stuff, as he knew his condemned manuscripts to be, should yet have possessed inflammability enough to set the chimney on fire!

After a long while, the first collected volume of the Tales was published. By this time, if the Author had ever been greatly tormented by literary ambition, (which he does not remember or believe to have been the case,) it must have perished, beyond resuscitation, in the dearth of nutriment. This was fortunate; for the success of the volume was not such as would have gratified a craving desire for notoriety. A moderate edition was got rid of (to use the Publisher's very significant phrase) within a reasonable time, but apparently without rendering the writer or his productions much more generally known than before. The great bulk of the reading Public probably ignored the book altogether. A few persons read it, and liked it better than it deserved. At an interval of three or four years, the second volume was published, and encountered much the same sort of kindly, but calm, and very limited reception. The circulation of the two volumes was chiefly confined to New-England; nor was it until long after this period, if it even yet be the case, that the Author could regard himself as addressing the American Public, or, indeed, any Public at all. He was merely writing to his known or unknown friends.
As he glances over these long-forgotten pages, and considers his way of life, while composing them, the Author can very clearly discern why all this was so. After so many sober years, he would have reason to be ashamed if he could not critically judge his own work as fairly as another man's; and, though it is little his business, and perhaps still less his interest, he cannot resist a temptation to achieve something of the sort. If writers were allowed to do so, and would perform the task with perfect sincerity and unreserve, their opinions of their own productions would often be more valuable and instructive than the works themselves.

At all events, there can be no harm in the Author's remarking, that he with wonder how the Twice-told Tales should have gained what vogue they did, than that it was so little and so gradual. They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade — the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion, there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood, as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the Author's touches have often an effect of tameness; the merriest man can hardly contrive to laugh at his broadest humor; the tenderest woman, one would suppose, will hardly shed warm tears at his deepest pathos. The book, if you would see any thing in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages.

With the foregoing characteristics, proper to the productions of a person in retirement, (which happened to be the Author's category at the time,) the book is devoid of others that we should quite as naturally look for. The sketches are not, it is hardly necessary to say, profound; but it is rather more remarkable that they so seldom, if ever, show any design on the writer's part to make them so. They have none of the abstruseness of idea, or obscurity of expression, which mark the written communications of a solitary mind with itself. They never need translation. It is, in fact, the style of a man of society. Every sentence, so far as it embodies thought or sensibility, may be understood and felt by any body who will give himself the trouble to read it, and will take up the book in a proper mood.

This statement of apparently opposite peculiarities leads us to a perception of what the sketches truly are. They are not the talk of a secluded man with
his own mind and heart, (had it been so, they could hardly have failed to be more deeply and permanently valuable,) but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world.

The Author would regret to be understood as speaking sourly or querulously of the slight mark, made by his earlier literary efforts, on the Public at large. It is so far the contrary, that he has been moved to write this Preface chiefly as affording him an opportunity to express how much enjoyment he has owed to those volumes, both before and since their publication. They are the memorials of very tranquil and not unhappy years. They failed, it is true — nor could it have been otherwise — in winning an extensive popularity. Occasionally, however, when he deemed them entirely forgotten, a paragraph or an article, from a native or foreign critic, would gratify his instincts of authorship with unexpected praise — / too generous praise, indeed, and too little alloyed with censure, which, therefore, he deemed the better to inflict upon himself. And, by-the-by, it is a very suspicious symptom of a deficiency of the popular element in a book, when it calls forth no harsh criticism. This has been particularly the fortune of the Twice-told Tales. They made no enemies, and were so little known and talked about, that those who read, and chanced to like them, were apt to conceive the sort of kindness for the book, which a person naturally feels for a discovery of his own.

This kindly feeling, (in some cases, at least,) extended to the Author, who, on the internal evidence of his sketches, came to be regarded as a mild, shy, gentle, melancholic, exceedingly sensitive, and not very forcible man, hiding his blushing under an assumed name, the quaintness of which was supposed, somehow or other, to symbolize his personal and literary traits. He is by no means certain, that some of his subsequent productions have not been influenced and modified by a natural desire to fill up so amiable an outline, and to act in consonance with the character assigned to him; nor, even now, could he forfeit it without a few tears of tender sensibility. To conclude, however, these volumes have opened the way to most agreeable associations, and to the formation of imperishable friendships; and there are many golden threads, interwoven with his present happiness, which he can follow up more or less directly, until he finds their commencement here; so that his pleasant pathway among realities seems to proceed out of the Dream-Land of his youth, and to be bordered with just enough of its shadowy
Foliage to shelter him from the heat of the day. He is therefore satisfied with what the *Twice-told Tales* have done for him, and feels it to be far better than fame.

*Lexing*, January 11, 1851.
THE GRAY CHAMPION.
There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and finally, dissatisfaction overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in
sullen submission, by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom, than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length, a rumor reached our shores, that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man, that stirred against King James, would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston.

The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King-street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain, and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed, since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency, than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God, for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here too, smiling grimly at the thought, that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burnt villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded
them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in
their very garments. These holy men exerted their
influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them.
Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing
the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest
commotion might throw the country into a ferment,
was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and vari-
ously explained.

'Satan will strike his master-stroke presently,' cried
some, 'because he knoweth that his time is short. All
our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We
shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King-street!'

Hereupon, the people of each parish gathered closer
round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and
assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a
candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the
crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that
period, that New England might have a John Rogers
of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the
Primer.

'The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St.
Bartholomew!' cried others. 'We are to be massa-
ered, man and male child!'

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although
the wiser class believed the Governor's object some-
what less atrocious. His predecessor under the old
charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first
settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds
for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended,
at once, to strike terror, by a parade of military force;
and to confound the opposite faction, by possessing
himself of their chief.

'Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!' shouted
the crowd, seizing upon the idea. 'The good old Go-
vernor Bradstreet!'

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were
surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Brad-
street himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who ap-
peared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with char-
acteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the
constituted authorities.

'My children,' concluded this venerable person, 'do
nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the wel-
fare of New England, and expect patiently what the
Lord will do in this matter!'

The event was soon to be decided. All this time,
the roll of the drum had been approaching through
Cornhill, louder and deeper, till, with reverberations
from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial
footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of
soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole
breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks,
and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in
the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress
of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over every
thing in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a con-
fused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of
mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Ed-
mund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch enemy, that 'blasted wretch,' as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

'Oh! Lord of Hosts,' cried a voice among the crowd, 'provide a Champion for thy people!'

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand, to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at
once of encouragement and warning, then turned
again, and resumed his way.

‘Who is this gray patriarch?’ asked the young men
of their sires.

‘Who is this venerable brother?’ asked the old men
among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the
people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were
disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget
one of such evident authority, whom they must have
known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop
and all the old Councillors, giving laws, and making
prayers, and leading them against the savage. The
elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with
locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now.

And the young! How could he have passed so utterly
from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-
departed times, whose awful benediction had surely
been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

‘Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who
can this old man be?’ whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand,
was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the
street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and
as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the
old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the de-
crepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders,
leaving him in gray, but unbroken dignity. Now, he
marched onward with a warrior’s step, keeping time
to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced
on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and ma-
gistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards
remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the
middle, and held it before him like a leader’s trun-
cheon.

‘Stand!’ cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the
solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule
a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer,
were irresistible. At the old man’s word and out-
stretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once,
and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous en-
thusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately
form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so
dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong
to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom
the oppressor’s drum had summoned from his grave.
They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked
for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, per-
cieving themselves brought to an unexpected stand,
rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed
their snorting and affrighted horses right against the
hoary apparition. He, however, blench’d not a step,
but glancing his severe eye round the group, which
half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir
Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the
dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Gov-
ernor and Council, with soldiers at their back, repre-
senting the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have staid the march of a King himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his Saints. And what speak ye of James! There is no longer a popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by tomorrow noon, his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—tomorrow, the prison!—back, lest I strike the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported, that when the troops had gone from King-street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from
their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed, that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that, whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King-street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

SUNDAY AT HOME.
Every Sabbath morning, in the summer time, I thrust back the curtain, to watch the sunrise stealing down a steeple, which stands opposite my chamber window. First, the weathercock begins to flash; then, a fainter lustre gives the spire an airy aspect; next it encroaches on the tower, and causes the index of the dial to glisten like gold, as it points to the gilded figure of the hour. Now, the loftiest window gleams, and now the lower. The carved framework of the portal is marked strongly out. At length, the morning glory, in its descent from Heaven, comes down the stone steps, one by one; and there stands the steeple, glowing with fresh radiance, while the shades of twilight still hide themselves among the nooks of the adjacent buildings. Methinks, though the same sun brightens it, every fair morning, yet the steeple has a peculiar robe of brightness for the Sabbath.

By dwelling near a church, a person soon contracts
an attachment for the edifice. We naturally personify it, and conceive its massive walls, and its dim emptiness, to be instinct with a calm, and meditative, and somewhat melancholy spirit. But the steeple stands foremost, in our thoughts, as well as locally. It impresses us as a giant, with a mind comprehensive and discriminating enough to care for the great and small concerns of all the town. Hourly, while it speaks a moral to the few that think, it reminds thousands of busy individuals of their separate and most secret affairs. It is the steeple, too, that flings abroad the hurried and irregular accents of general alarm; neither have gladness and festivity found a better utterance, than by its tongue; and when the dead are slowly passing to their home, the steeple has a melancholy voice to bid them welcome. Yet, in spite of this connexion with human interests, what a moral loneliness, on week days, broods round about its stately height! It has no kindred with the houses above which it towers; it looks down into the narrow thoroughfare, the lonelier, because the crowd are elbowing their passage at its base. A glance at the body of the church deepens this impression. Within, by the light of distant windows, amid refracted shadows, we discern the vacant pews and empty galleries, the silent organ, the voiceless pulpit, and the clock, which tells to solitude how time is passing. Time—where man lives not—what is it but eternity?

Some illusions, and this among them, are the shadows of great truths. Doubts may flit around me, or seem to close their evil wings, and settle down; but, so long as I imagine that the earth is hallowed, and the light of heaven retains its sanctity, on the Sabbath—while that blessed sunshine lives within me—never can my soul have lost the instinct of its faith. If it have gone astray, it will return again.

I love to spend such pleasant Sabbaths, from morning till night, behind the curtain of my open window. Are they spent amiss? Every spot, so near the church week, all thoughts and feelings that have reference to eternity, until the holy day comes round again, to let them forth. Might not, then, its more appropriate site be in the outskirts of the town, with space for old trees to wave around it, and throw their solemn shadows over a quiet green? We will say more of this, hereafter.
as to be visited by the circling shadow of the steeple, should be deemed consecrated ground, to-day. With stronger truth be it said, that a devout heart may consecrate a den of thieves, as an evil one may convert a temple to the same. My heart, perhaps, has not such holy, nor, I would fain trust, such impious potency. It must suffice, that, though my form be absent, my inner man goes constantly to church, while many, whose bodily presence fills the accustomed seats, have left their souls at home. But I am there, even before my friend, the sexton. At length, he comes—a man of kindly, but sombre aspect, in dark gray clothes, and hair of the same mixture—he comes, and applies his key to the wide portal. Now, my thoughts may go in among the dusty pews, or ascend the pulpit without sacrilege, but soon come forth again, to enjoy the music of the bell. How glad, yet solemn too! All the steeples in town are talking together, aloft in the sunny air, and rejoicing among themselves, while their spires point heavenward. Meantime, here are the children assembling to the Sabbath-school, which is kept somewhere within the church. Often, while looking at the arched portal, I have been gladdened by the sight of a score of these little girls and boys, in pink, blue, yellow, and crimson frocks, bursting suddenly forth into the sunshine, like a swarm of gay butterflies that had been shut up in the solemn gloom. Or I might compare them to cherubs, haunting that holy place.

About a quarter of an hour before the second ringing of the bell, individuals of the congregation begin to appear. The earliest is invariably an old woman in black, whose bent frame and rounded shoulders are evidently laden with some heavy affliction, which she is eager to rest upon the altar. Would that the Sabbath came twice as often, for the sake of that sorrowful old soul! There is an elderly man, also, who arrives in good season, and leans against the corner of the tower, just within the line of its shadow, looking downward with a darksome brow. I sometimes fancy that the old woman is the happier of the two. After these, others drop in singly, and by twos and threes, either disappearing through the door-way, or taking their stand in its vicinity. At last, and always with an unexpected sensation, the bell turns in the steeple overhead, and throws out an irregular clangor, jarring the tower to its foundation. As if there were magic in the sound, the sidewalks of the street, both up and down along, are immediately thronged with two long lines of people, all converging hitherward, and streaming into the church. Perhaps the far-off roar of a coach draws nearer—a deeper thunder by its contrast with the surrounding stillness—until it sets down the wealthy worshipers at the portal, among their humblest brethren. Beyond that entrance, in theory at least, there are no distinctions of earthly rank; nor, indeed, by the goodly apparel which is flaunting in the sun, would there seem to be such, on
the hither side. Those pretty girls! Why will they disturb my pious meditations? Of all days in the week, they should strive to look least fascinating on the Sabbath, instead of heightening their mortal loneliness, as if to rival the blessed angels, and keep our thoughts from heaven. Were I the minister himself, I must needs look. One girl is white muslin from the waist upwards and black silk downwards to her slippers; a second blushes from top-knot to shoe-tie, one universal scarlet; another shines of a pervading yellow, as if she had made a garment of the sunshine. The greater part, however, have adopted a milder cheerfulness of hue. Their veils, especially when the wind raises them, give a lightness to the general effect, and make them appear like airy phantoms, as they fit up the steps, and vanish into the sombre door-way. Nearly all—though it is very strange that I should know it—wear white stockings, white as snow, and neat slippers, laced crosswise with black ribbon, pretty high above the ankles. A white stocking is infinitely more effective than a black one.

Here comes the clergyman, slow and solemn, in severe simplicity, needing no black silk gown to denote his office. His aspect claims my reverence, but cannot win my love. Were I to picture Saint Peter, keeping fast the gate of Heaven, and frowning, more stern than pitiful, on the wretched applicants, that face should be my study. By middle age, or sooner, the creed has generally wrought upon the heart, or been tempered by it. As the minister passes into the church, the bell holds its iron tongue, and all the low murmur of the congregation dies away. The gray sexton looks up and down the street, and then at my window curtain, where, through the small peephole, I half fancy that he has caught my eye. Now, every loiterer has gone in, and the street lies asleep in the quiet sun, while a feeling of loneliness comes over me, and brings also an uneasy sense of neglected privileges and duties. Oh, I ought to have gone to church! The bustle of the rising congregation reaches my ears. They are standing up to pray. Could I bring my heart into unison with those who are praying in yonder church, and lift it heavenward, with a fervor of supplication, but no distinct request, would not that be the safest kind of prayer? 'Lord, look down upon me in mercy!' With that sentiment gushing from my soul, might I not leave all the rest to Him?

Hark! the hymn. This, at least, is a portion of the service which I can enjoy better than if I sat within the walls, where the full choir, and the massive melody of the organ, would fall with a weight upon me. At this distance, it thrills through my frame, and plays upon my heart-strings, with a pleasure both of the sense and spirit. Heaven be praised, I know nothing of music, as a science; and the most elaborate harmonies, if they please me, please as simply as a nurse's lullaby. The strain has ceased, but prolongs
itself in my mind, with fanciful echoes, till I start from my reverie, and find that the sermon has commenced. It is my misfortune seldom to fructify, in a regular way, by any but printed sermons. The first strong idea, which the preacher utters, gives birth to a train of thought, and leads me onward, step by step, quite out of hearing of the good man's voice, unless he be indeed a son of thunder. At my open window, catching now and then a sentence of the 'parson's saw,' I am as well situated as at the foot of the pulpit stairs. The broken and scattered fragments of this one discourse will be the texts of many sermons, preached by those colleague pastors—colleagues, but often disputants—my Mind and Heart. The former pretends to be a scholar, and perplexes me with doctrinal points; the latter takes me on the score of feeling; and both, like several other preachers, spend their strength to very little purpose. I, their sole auditor, cannot always understand them.

Suppose that a few hours have passed, and behold me still behind my curtain, just before the close of the afternoon service. The hour-hand on the dial has passed beyond four o'clock. The declining sun is hidden behind the steeple, and throws its shadow straight across the street, so that my chamber is darkened, as with a cloud. Around the church door, all is solitude, and an impenetrable obscurity, beyond the threshold. A commotion is heard. The seats are slammed down, and the pew doors thrown back—a multitude of feet are trampling along the unseen aisles—and the congregation bursts suddenly through the portal. Foremost, scampers a rabble of boys, behind whom moves a dense and dark phalanx of grown men, and lastly, a crowd of females, with young children, and a few scattered husbands. This instantaneous outbreak of life into loneliness is one of the pleasantest scenes of the day. Some of the good people are rubbing their eyes, thereby intimating that they have been wrapt, as it were, in a sort of holy trance, by the fervor of their devotion. There is a young man, a third-rate coxcomb, whose first care is always to flourish a white handkerchief, and brush the seat of a tight pair of black silk pantaloons, which shine as if varnished. They must have been made of the stuff called 'everlasting,' or perhaps of the same piece as Christian's garments, in the Pilgrim's Progress, for he put them on two summers ago, and has not yet worn the gloss off. I have taken a great liking to those black silk pantaloons. But, now, with nods and greetings among friends, each matron takes her husband's arm, and paces gravely homeward, while the girls also flutter away, after arranging sunset walks with their favored bachelors. The Sabbath eve is the eve of love. At length, the whole congregation is dispersed. No; here, with faces as glossy as black satin, come two sable ladies and a sable gentleman, and close in their rear, the minister, who softens his severe visage, and bestows a kind word on each. Poor
souls! To them, the most captivating picture of bliss in Heaven, is—"There we shall be white!"

All is solitude again. But, hark!—a broken warbling of voices, and now, attuning its grandeur to their sweetness, a stately peal of the organ. Who are the choristers? Let me dream, that the angels, who came down from Heaven, this blessed morn, to blend themselves with the worship of the truly good, are playing and singing their farewell to the earth. On the wings of that rich melody, they were borne upward.

This, gentle reader, is merely a flight of poetry. A few of the singing men and singing women had lingered behind their fellows, and raised their voices fitfully, and blew a careless note upon the organ. Yet, it lifted my soul higher than all their former strains. They are gone—the sons and daughters of music—and the gray sexton is just closing the portal. For six days more, there will be no face of man in the pews, and aisles, and galleries, nor a voice in the pulpit, nor music in the choir. Was it worth while to rear this massive edifice, to be a desert in the heart of the town, and populous only for a few hours of each seventh day? Oh! but the church is a symbol of religion. May its site, which was consecrated on the day when the first tree was felled, be kept holy for ever, a spot of solitude and peace, amid the trouble and vanity of our week-day world! There is a moral, and a religion too, even in the silent walls. And, may the steeple still point heavenward, and be decked with the hallowed sunshine of the Sabbath morn!
There is a certain church in the city of New York, which I have always regarded with peculiar interest, on account of a marriage there solemnized, under very singular circumstances, in my grandmother's girlhood. That venerable lady chanced to be a spectator of the scene, and ever after made it her favorite narrative. Whether the edifice now standing on the same site be the identical one to which she referred, I am not antiquarian enough to know; nor would it be worth while to correct myself, perhaps, of an agreeable error, by reading the date of its erection on the tablet over the door. It is a stately church, surrounded by an inclosure of verdant green, within which appear urns, pillars, obelisks, and other forms of monumental marble, the tributes of private affection, or more splendid memorials of historic dust. With such a place, though the tumult of the city rolls beneath
its tower, one would be willing to connect some legendary interest.

The marriage might be considered as the result of an early engagement, though there had been two intermediate weddings on the lady's part, and forty years of celibacy on that of the gentleman. At sixty-five, Mr. Ellenwood was a shy, but not quite a secluded man; selfish, like all men who brood over their own hearts, yet manifesting, on rare occasions, a vein of generous sentiment; a scholar, throughout life, though always an indolent one, because his studies had no definite object, either of public advantage or personal ambition; a gentleman, high-bred and fastidiously delicate, yet sometimes requiring a considerable relaxation, in his behalf, of the common rules of society. In truth, there were so many anomalies in his character, and, though shrinking with diseased sensibility from public notice, it had been his fatality so often to become the topic of the day, by some wild eccentricity of conduct, that people searched his lineage for an hereditary taint of insanity. But there was no need of this. His caprices had their origin in a mind that lacked the support of an engrossing purpose, and in feelings that preyed upon themselves, for want of other food. If he were mad, it was the consequence, and not the cause, of an aimless and abortive life.

The widow was as complete a contrast to her third bridegroom, in every thing but age, as can well be conceived. Compelled to relinquish her first engage-

ment, she had been united to a man of twice her own years, to whom she became an exemplary wife, and by whose death she was left in possession of a splendid fortune. A Southern gentleman considerably younger than herself, succeeded to her hand, and carried her to Charleston, where, after many uncomfortable years, she found herself again a widow. It would have been singular, if any uncommon delicacy of feeling had survived through such a life as Mrs. Dabney's; it could not but be crushed and killed by her early disappointment, the cold duty of her first marriage, the dislocation of the heart's principles, consequent on a second union, and the unkindness of her Southern husband, which had inevitably driven her to connect the idea of his death with that of her comfort. To be brief, she was that wisest, but unloveliest variety of woman, a philosopher, bearing troubles of the heart with equanimity, dispensing with all that should have been her happiness, and making the best of what remained. Sage in most matters, the widow was perhaps the more amiable, for the one frailty that made her ridiculous. Being childless, she could not remain beautiful by proxy, in the person of a daughter; she therefore refused to grow old and ugly, on any consideration; she struggled with Time, and held fast her roses in spite of him, till the venerable thief appeared to have relinquished the spoil, as not worth the trouble of acquiring it.

The approaching marriage of this woman of the
world, with such an unworldly man as Mr. Ellenwood, was announced soon after Mrs. Dabney's return to her native city. Superficial observers, and deeper ones, seemed to concur, in supposing that the lady must have borne no inactive part, in arranging the affair; there were considerations of expediency, which she would be far more likely to appreciate than Mr. Ellenwood; and there was just the specious phantom of sentiment and romance, in this late union of two early lovers, which sometimes makes a fool of a woman, who has lost her true feelings among the accidents of life. All the wonder was, how the gentleman, with his lack of worldly wisdom, and agonizing consciousness of ridicule, could have been induced to take a measure, at once so prudent and so laughable. But while people talked, the wedding day arrived. The ceremony was to be solemnized according to the Episcopalian forms, and in open church, with a degree of publicity that attracted many spectators, who occupied the front seats of the galleries, and the pews near the altar and along the broad aisle. It had been arranged, or possibly it was the custom of the day, that the parties should proceed separately to church. By some accident, the bridegroom was a little less punctual than the widow and her bridal attendants; with whose arrival, after this tedious but necessary preface, the action of our tale may be said to commence.

The clumsy wheels of several old fashioned coaches were heard, and the gentlemen and ladies, composing the bridal party, came through the church door, with the sudden and gladsome effect of a burst of sunshine. The whole group, except the principal figure, was made up of youth and gaiety. As they streamed up the broad aisle, while the pews and pillars seemed to brighten on either side, their steps were as buoyant as if they mistook the church for a ball-room, and were ready to dance hand in hand to the altar. So brilliant was the spectacle, that few took notice of a singular phenomenon that had marked its entrance. At the moment when the bride's foot touched the threshold, the bell swung heavily in the tower above her, and sent forth its deepest knell. The vibrations died away and returned, with prolonged solemnity, as she entered the body of the church.

*Good heavens! what an omen,* whispered a young lady to her lover.

*On my honor,* replied the gentleman, *I believe the bell has the good taste to toll of its own accord. What has she to do with weddings? If you, dearest Julia, were approaching the altar, the bell would ring out its merriest peal. It has only a funeral knell for her.*

The bride, and most of her company, had been too much occupied with the bustle of entrance, to hear the first boding stroke of the bell, or at least to reflect on the singularity of such a welcome to the altar. They therefore continued to advance, with undiminish-
ed gaiety. The gorgeous dresses of the time, the crimson velvet coats, the gold-laced hats, the hoop-petticoats, the silk, satin, brocade and embroidery, the buckles, canes and swords, all displayed to the best advantage on persons suited to such finery, made the group appear more like a bright-colored picture, than anything real. But by what perversity of taste, had the artist represented his principal figure as so wrinkled and decayed, while yet he had decked her out in the brightest splendor of attire, as if the loveliest maiden had suddenly withered into age, and become a moral to the beautiful around her! On they went, however, and had glittered along about a third of the aisle, when another stroke of the bell seemed to fill the church with a visible gloom, dimming and obscuring the bright pageant, till it shone forth again as from a mist.

This time the party wavered, stopped, and huddled closer together, while a slight scream was heard from some of the ladies, and a confused whispering among the gentlemen. Thus tossing to and fro, they might have been fancifully compared to a splendid bunch of flowers, suddenly shaken by a puff of wind, which threatened to scatter the leaves of an old, brown, withered rose, on the same stalk with two dewy buds; such being the emblem of the widow between her fair young bridesmaids. But her heroism was admirable. She had started with an irrepressible shudder, as if the stroke of the bell had fallen directly on her heart; then recovering herself, while her attendants were yet in dismay, she took the lead, and paced calmly up the aisle. The bell continued to swing, strike, and vibrate, with the same doleful regularity, as when a corpse is on its way to the tomb.

"My young friends here have their nerves a little shaken," said the widow, with a smile, to the clergyman at the altar. "But so many weddings have been ushered in with the merriest peal of the bells, and yet turned out unhappily, that I shall hope for better fortune under such different auspices."

"Madam," answered the rector, in great perplexity, "this strange occurrence brings to my mind a marriage sermon of the famous Bishop Taylor, wherein he mingles so many thoughts of mortality and future woe, that, to speak somewhat after his own rich style, he seems to hang the bridal chamber in black, and cut the wedding garment out of a coffin pall. And it has been the custom of divers nations to infuse something of sadness into their marriage ceremonies; so to keep death in mind, while contracting that engagement which is life's chiefest business. Thus we may draw a sad but profitable moral from this funeral knell."

But, though the clergyman might have given his moral even a keener point, he did not fail to despatch an attendant to inquire into the mystery, and stop those sounds, so dismally appropriate to such a marriage. A brief space elapsed, during which the silence was broken only by whispers, and a few suppressed
titterings, among the wedding party and the spectators, who, after the first shock, were disposed to draw an ill-natured merriment from the affair. The young have less charity for aged follies, than the old for those of youth. The widow's glance was observed to wander, for an instant, towards a window of the church, as if searching for the time-worn marble that she had dedicated to her first husband; then her eyelids dropt over their faded orbs, and her thoughts were drawn irresistibly to another grave. Two buried men, with a voice at her ear and a cry afar off, were calling her to lie down beside them. Perhaps, with momentary truth of feeling, she thought how much happier had been her fate, if, after years of bliss, the bell were now tolling for her funeral, and she were followed to the grave by the old affection of her earliest lover, long her husband. But why had she returned to him, when their cold hearts shrank from each other's embrace?

Still the death-bell tolled so mournfully, that the sunshine seemed to fade in the air. A whisper, communicated from those who stood nearest the windows, now spread through the church; a hearse, with a train of several coaches, was creeping along the street, conveying some dead man to the church-yard, while the bride awaited a living one at the altar. Immediately after, the footsteps of the bridegroom and his friends were heard at the door. The widow looked down the aisle, and clenched the arm of one of her bridesmaids in her bony hand, with such unconscious violence, that the fair girl trembled.

'You frighten me, my dear madam!' cried she.
'For heaven's sake, what is the matter?' whispered close to her ear,—'There is a foolish fancy, that I cannot get rid of. I am expecting my bridegroom to come into the church, with my two first husbands for groomsmen!'

'Look, look!' screamed the bridesmaid. 'What is here? The funeral!'

As she spoke, a dark procession paced into the church. First came an old man and woman, like chief mourners at a funeral; attired from head to foot in the deepest black, all but their pale features and hoary hair; he leaning on a staff, and supporting her decrepit form with his nerveless arm. Behind, appeared another, and another pair, as aged, as black, and mournful as the first. As they drew near, the widow recognised in every face some trait of former friends, long forgotten, but now returning, as if from their old graves, to warn her to prepare a shroud; or, with purpose almost as unwelcome, to exhibit their wrinkles and infirmity, and claim her as their companion by the tokens of her own decay. Many a merry night had she danced with them, in youth. And now, in joyless age, she felt that some withered partner should request her hand, and all unite in a dance of death, to the music of the funeral bell.

While these aged mourners were passing up the aisle, it was observed, that, from pew to pew, the
spectators shuddered with irrepressible awe, as some object, hitherto concealed by the intervening figures, came full in sight. Many turned away their faces; others kept a fixed and rigid stare; and a young girl giggled hysterically, and fainted with the laughter on her lips. When the spectral procession approached the altar, each couple separated and slowly diverged, till, in the centre, appeared a form, that had been worthily ushered in with all this gloomy pomp, the death-knell, and the funeral. It was the bridegroom in his shroud! No garb but that of the grave could have befitted such a death-like aspect; the eyes, indeed, had the wild gleam of a sepulchral lamp; all else was fixed in the stern calmness which old men wear in the coffin. The corpse stood motionless, but addressed the widow in accents that seemed to melt into the clang of the bell, which fell heavily on the air while he spoke.

"Come, my bride!" said those pale lips. "The hearse is ready. The sexton stands waiting for us at the door of the tomb. Let us be married; and then to our coffins!"

How shall the widow's horror be represented! It gave her the ghastliness of a dead man's bride. Her youthful friends stood apart, shuddering at the mourners, the shrouded bridegroom, and herself; the whole scene expressed, by the strongest imagery, the vain struggle of the gilded vanities of this world, when opposed to age, infirmity, sorrow, and death. The awe-struck silence was first broken by the clergyman.

"Mr. Ellenwood," said he, soothingly, yet with something of authority, "you are not well. Your mind has been agitated by the unusual circumstances in which you are placed. The ceremony must be deferred. As an old friend, let me entreat you to return home."

"Home! yes; but not without my bride," answered he, in the same hollow accents. "You deem this mockery; perhaps madness. Had I bedizened my aged and broken frame with scarlet and embroidery—had I forced my withered lips to smile at my dead heart—that might have been mockery, or madness. But now, let young and old declare, which of us has come hither without a wedding garment—the bridegroom, or the bride!"

He stepped forward at a ghostly pace, and stood beside the widow, contrasting the awful simplicity of his shroud with the glare and glitter in which she had arrayed herself for this unhappy scene. None, that beheld them, could deny the terrible strength of the moral which his disordered intellect had contrived to draw.

"Cruel! cruel!" groaned the heart-stricken bride.

"Cruel!" repeated he; then losing his death-like composure in a wild bitterness,—"Heaven judge, which of us has been cruel to the other! In youth, you deprived me of my happiness, my hopes, my aims; you took away all the substance of my life, and made it a dream, without reality enough even to grieve at—with only a pervading gloom, through which I walked..."
wearily, and cared not whither. But after forty years, when I have built my tomb, and would not give up the thought of resting there—no, not for such a life as we once pictured—you call me to the altar. At your summons I am here. But other husbands have enjoyed your youth, your beauty, your warmth of heart, and all that could be termed your life. What is there for me but your decay and death? And therefore I have bidden these funeral friends, and bespoken the sexton’s deepest knell, and am come, in my shroud, to wed you, as with a burial service, that we may join our hands at the door of the sepulchre, and enter it together.’

It was not frenzy; it was not merely the drunkenness of strong emotion, in a heart unused to it, that now wrought upon the bride. The stern lesson of the day had done its work; her worldliness was gone. She seized the bridegroom’s hand.

‘Yes!’ cried she. ‘Let us wed, even at the door of the sepulchre! My life is gone, in vanity and emptiness. But at its close, there is one true feeling. It has made me what I was in youth; it makes me worthy of you. Time is no more for both of us. Let us wed for eternity!’

With a long and deep regard, the bridegroom looked into her eyes, while a tear was gathering in his own. How strange that gush of human feeling from the frozen bosom of a corpse! He wiped away the tear, even with his shroud.

‘Beloved of my youth,’ said he, ‘I have been wild. The despair of my whole lifetime had returned at once, and maddened me. Forgive; and be forgiven. Yes; it is evening with us now; and we have realized none of our morning dreams of happiness. But let us join our hands before the altar, as lovers, whom adverse circumstances have separated through life, yet who meet again as they are leaving it, and find their earthly affection changed into something holy as religion. And what is Time, to the married of Eternity?’

Amid the tears of many, and a swell of exalted sentiment, in those who felt aright, was solemnized the union of two immortal souls. The train of withered mourners, the hoary bridegroom in his shroud, the pale features of the aged bride, and the death-bell tolling through the whole, till its deep voice overpowered the marriage words, all marked the funeral of earthly hopes. But as the ceremony proceeded, the organ, as if stirred by the sympathies of this impressive scene, poured forth an anthem, first mingling with the dismal knell, then rising to a loftier strain, till the soul looked down upon its woe. And when the awful rite was finished, and with cold hand in cold hand, the Married of Eternity withdrew, the organ’s peal of solemn triumph drowned the Wedding Knell.
THE MINISTER'S BLACK VEIL.
The sexton stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling lustily at the bell-ropes. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children, with bright faces, tripped merrily beside their parents, or mimicked a graver gait, in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked side-long at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on week-days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on

* Another clergyman in New England, Mr. Joseph Moody, of York, Maine, who died about eighty years since, made himself remarkable by the same eccentricity that is here related of the Reverend Mr. Hooper. In his case, however, the symbol had a different import. In early life he had accidentally killed a beloved friend; and from that day till the hour of his own death, he hid his face from men.
the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse
of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to
cease its summons.

"But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his
face?" cried the sexton in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about, and
beheld the semblance of Mr. Hooper, pacing slowly
his meditative way towards the meeting-house. With
one accord they started, expressing more wonder than
if some strange minister were coming to dust the
cushions of Mr. Hooper's pulpit.

"Are you sure it is our parson?" inquired Goodman
Gray of the sexton.

"Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper," replied the
sexton. "He was to have exchanged pulpits with
Parson Shute of Westbury; but Parson Shute sent to
excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral
sermon."

The cause of so much amazement may appear
sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person
of about thirty, though still a bachelor, was dressed
with due clerical neatness, as if a careful wife had
starched his band, and brushed the weekly dust from
his Sunday's garb. There was but one thing remark­
able in his appearance. Swathed about his forehead,
and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken
by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil. On a
nearer view, it seemed to consist of two folds of crape,
which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth

and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight,
farther than to give a darkened aspect to all living and
inanimate things. With this gloomy shade before him,
good Mr. Hooper walked on ward, at a slow and quiet
pace, stooping somewhat and looking on the ground,
as is customary with abstracted men, yet nodding
kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on
the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck were
they, that his greeting hardly met with a return.

"I can't really feel as if good Mr. Hooper's face was
behind that piece of crape," said the sexton.

"I don't like it," muttered an old woman, as she
hobbled into the meeting-house. "He has changed
himself into something awful, only by hiding his face."

"Our parson has gone mad!" cried Goodman Gray,
following him across the threshold.

A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had
preceded Mr. Hooper into the meeting-house, and set
all the congregation astir. Few could refrain from
twisting their heads towards the door; many stood up­
right, and turned directly about; while several little
boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again
with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a
rustling of the women's gowns and shuffling of the
men's feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose
which should attend the entrance of the minister. But
Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of
his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step,
bent his head mildly to the pews on each side, and
bowd as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grand sire, who occupied an arm-chair in the centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe, how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not fully to partake of the prevailing wonder, till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs, and bowed himself in the pulpit, face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed, the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meeting-house. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister, as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher, but not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heavenward, by mild persuasive influences, rather than to drive them thither, by the thunders of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered, was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner, as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the Omniscient can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their hoarded iniquity of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said; at least, no violence; and yet, with every tremor of his melancholy voice, the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with awe. So sensible were the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister, that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture, and voice were those of Mr. Hooper.

At the close of the services, the people hurried out with indelicate confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits, the moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with
their mouths all whispering in the centre; some went homeward alone, wrapt in silent meditation; some talked loudly, and profaned the Sabbath-day with ostentatious laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery; while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp, as to require a shade. After a brief interval, forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle-aged with kind dignity, as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath-day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on former occasions, aspired to the honor of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders, doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory, neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food, almost every Sunday since his settlement. He returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and, at the moment of closing the door, was observed to look back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil, and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared.

How strange,' said a lady, 'that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!'

'Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects,' observed her husband, the physician of the village. 'But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person, and makes him ghost-like from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?'

'Truly do I,' replied the lady; 'and I would not be alone with him for the world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself!'

'Men sometimes are so,' said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion, the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were assembled in the house, and the more distant acquaintances stood about the door, speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hooper, still covered with his black veil. It was now an appropriate emblen. The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was laid, and bent over the coffin, to take a last farewell of his deceased parishioner. As he stooped, the veil hung straight down from his forehead, so that, if her eye-lids had not been closed...
the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the black veil? A person, who watched the interview between the dead and living, scrupled not to affirm, that, at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed, the corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud and muslin cap, though the countenance retained the composure of death. A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy. From the coffin, Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer. It was a tender and heart-dissolving prayer, full of sorrow, yet so imbued with celestial hopes, that the music of a heavenly harp, swept by the fingers of the dead, seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The people trembled, though they but darkly understood him, when he prayed that they, and himself, and all of mortal race, might be ready, as he trusted this young maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil from their faces. The bearers went heavily forth, and the mourners followed, saddening all the street, with the dead before them, and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind.

'Why do you look back?' said one in the procession to his partner.

'I had a fancy,' replied she, 'that the minister and the maiden's spirit were walking hand in hand.'
ought to have brightened the features of the guests, like a cheerful gleam from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking-glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered—his lips grew white—he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet—and rushed forth into the darkness. For the Earth, too, had on her Black Veil.

The next day, the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street, and good women gossiping at their open windows. It was the first item of news that the tavern-keeper told to his guests. The children babbled of it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates, that the panic seized himself, and he well nigh lost his wits by his own waggery.

It was remarkable, that, of all the busy-bodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper, wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such interference, he had never lacked advisers, nor shown himself averse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a degree of self-distrust, that even the mildest cen-
a council of the churches, if, indeed, it might not require a general synod.

But there was one person in the village, unappalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. When the deputies returned without an explanation, or even venturing to demand one, she, with the calm energy of her character, determined to chase away the strange cloud that appeared to be settling round Mr. Hooper, every moment more darkly than before. As his plighted wife, it should be her privilege to know what the black veil concealed. At the minister's first visit, therefore, she entered upon the subject, with a direct simplicity, which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the veil, but could discern nothing of the dreadful gloom that had so overawed the multitude: it was but a double fold of crape, hanging down from his forehead to his mouth, and slightly stirring with his breath.

"No," said she aloud, and smiling, "there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape, except that it hides a face which I am always glad to look upon. Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the cloud. First lay aside your black veil: then tell me why you put it on."

Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly.

"There is an hour to come," said he, "when all of us shall cast aside our veils. Take it not amiss, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of crape till then."

"Your words are a mystery too," returned the young lady. "Take away the veil from them, at least."

"Elizabeth, I will," said he, "so far as my vow may suffer me. Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol, and I am bound to wear it ever, both in light and darkness, in solitude and before the gaze of multitudes, and as with strangers, so with my familiar friends. No mortal eye will see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world: even you, Elizabeth, can never come behind it!"

"What grievous affliction hath befallen you," she earnestly inquired, "that you should thus darken your eyes for ever?"

"If it be a sign of mourning," replied Mr. Hooper, "I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil."

"But what if the world will not believe that it is the type of an innocent sorrow?" urged Elizabeth. "Beloved and respected as you are, there may be whispers, that you hide your face under the consciousness of secret sin. For the sake of your holy office, do away this scandal!"

The color rose into her cheeks, as she intimated the nature of the rumors that were already abroad in the village. But Mr. Hooper's mildness did not forsake him. He even smiled again—that same sad smile, which always appeared like a faint glimmering of light, proceeding from the obscurity beneath the veil.

"If I hide my face for sorrow, there is cause enough,"
he merely replied; 'and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?'

And with this gentle, but unconquerable obstinacy, did he resist all her entreaties. At length Elizabeth sat silent. For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, considering, probably, what new methods might be tried, to withdraw her lover from so dark a fantasy, which, if it had no other meaning, was perhaps a symptom of mental disease. Though of a firmer character than his own, the tears rolled down her cheeks. But, in an instant, as it were, a new feeling took the place of sorrow: her eyes were fixed insensibly on the black veil, when, like a sudden twilight in the air, its terrors fell around her. She arose, and stood trembling before him.

'And do you feel it then at last?' said he mournfully.

She made no reply, but covered her eyes with her hand, and turned to leave the room. He rushed forward and caught her arm.

'Hear patience with me, Elizabeth!' cried he passionately. 'Do not desert me, though this veil must be between us here on earth! Be mine, and hereafter there shall be no veil over my face, no darkness between our souls! It is but a mortal veil—it is not for eternity! Oh! you know not how lonely I am, and how frightened, to be alone behind my black veil. Do not leave me in this miserable obscurity for ever!'

'Lift the veil but once, and look me in the face,' said she.

'Never! It cannot be!' replied Mr. Hooper.

'Then, farewell!' said Elizabeth.

She withdrew her arm from his grasp, and slowly departed, pausing at the door, to give one long, shuddering gaze, that seemed almost to penetrate the mystery of the black veil. But, even amid his grief, Mr. Hooper smiled to think that only a material emblem had separated him from happiness, though the horrors which it shadowed forth, must be drawn darkly between the fondest of lovers.

From that time no attempts were made to remove Mr. Hooper's black veil, or, by a direct appeal, to discover the secret which it was supposed to hide. By persons who claimed a superiority to popular prejudice, it was reckoned merely an eccentric whim, such as often mingles with the sober actions of men otherwise rational, and tinges them all with its own semblance of insanity. But with the multitude, good Mr. Hooper was irreparably a bugbear. He could not walk the street with any peace of mind, so conscious was he that the gentle and timid would turn aside to avoid him, and that others would make it a point of hardihood to throw themselves in his way. The impertinence of the latter class compelled him to give up his customary walk, at sunset, to the burial ground; for when he leaned pensively over the gate, there would always be faces behind the grave-stones, peeping at his black veil. A fable went the rounds, that the stare of the dead people drove him thence. It
grieved him, to the very depth of his kind heart, to
observe how the children fled from his approach,
breaking up their merriest sports, while his melancholy
figure was yet afar off. Their instinctive dread caused
him to feel, more strongly than aught else, that a
preternatural horror was interwoven with the threads
of the black crape. In truth, his own antipathy to
the veil was known to be so great, that he never will­
ingly passed before a mirror, nor stooped to drink at
a still fountain, lest, in its peaceful bosom, he should
be affrighted by himself. This was what gave plausi­

ty to the whispers, that Mr. Hooper's conscience
tortured him for some great crime, too horrible to be
entirely concealed, or otherwise than so obscurely in­
timated. Thus, from beneath the black veil, there
rolled a cloud into the sunshine, an ambiguity of sin
or sorrow, which enveloped the poor minister, so that
love or sympathy could never reach him. It was said,
that ghost and fiend consorted with him there. With
self-shudderings and outward terrors, he walked con­
tinually in its shadow, groping darkly within his own
soul, or gazing through a medium that saddened the
whole world. Even the lawless wind, it was believed,
respected his dreadful secret, and never blew aside the
veil. But still good Mr. Hooper sadly smiled, at the
pale visages of the worldly throng, as he passed by.

Among all its bad influences, the black veil had the
one desirable effect, of making its wearer a very
efficient clergyman. By the aid of his mysterious em­
blem—for there was no other apparent cause—he be­
came a man of awful power, over souls that were in
agony for sin. His converts always regarded him with
a dread peculiar to themselves, affirming, though but
figuratively, that, before he brought them to celestial
light, they had been with him behind the black veil.
Its gloom, indeed, enabled him to sympathize with all
dark affections. Dying sinners cried aloud for Mr.
Hooper, and would not yield their breath till he ap­
peared; though ever, as he stooped to whisper con­
solation, they shuddered at the veiled face so near
their own. Such were the terrors of the black veil,
even when death had bared his visage! Strangers
came long distances to attend service at his church,
with the mere idle purpose of gazing at his figure, be­
because it was forbidden them to behold his face. But
many were made to quake ere they departed! Once,
during Governor Belcher's administration, Mr. Hooper
was appointed to preach the election sermon. Cover­
ed with his black veil, he stood before the chief magis­
trate, the council, and the representatives, and wrought
so deep an impression, that the legislative measures of
that year, were characterized by all the gloom and
piety of our earliest ancestral sway.

In this manner Mr. Hooper spent a long life, irre­
proachable in outward act, yet shrouded in dismal
suspicions; kind and loving, though unloved, and
dimly feared; a man apart from men, shunned in
their health and joy, but ever summoned to their aid
in mortal anguish. As years wore on, shedding their
snows above his sable veil, he acquired a name through-
out the New England churches, and they called him
Father Hooper. Nearly all his parishioners, who
were of mature age when he was settled, had been
borne away by many a funeral: he had one congrega-
tion in the church, and a more crowded one in the
church-yard; and having wrought so late into the
evening, and done his work so well, it was now good
Father Hooper's turn to rest.

Several persons were visible by the shaded candle-
light, in the death-chamber of the old clergyman.
Natural connexions he had none. But there was the
decorously grave, though unmoved physician, seeking
only to mitigate the last pangs of the patient whom he
could not save. There were the deacons, and other
eminently pious members of his church. There,
also, was the Reverend Mr. Clark, of Westbury, a
young and zealous divine, who had ridden in haste to
pray by the bedside of the expiring minister. There
was the nurse, no hired handmaiden of death, but one
whose calm affection had endured thus long, in secrecy,
in solitude, amid the chill of age, and would not perish,
even at the dying hour. Who, but Elizabeth! And
there lay the hoary head of good Father Hooper upon
the death-pillow, with the black veil still swathed about
his brow and reaching down over his face, so that
each more difficult gasp of his faint breath caused it
to stir. All through life that piece of crape had hung
between him and the world: it had separated him
from cheerful brotherhood and woman's love, and kept
him in that saddest of all prisons, his own heart; and
still it lay upon his face, as if to deepen the gloom of
his darksome chamber, and shade him from the sun-
shine of eternity.

For some time previous, his mind had been con-
fused, wavering doubtfully between the past and the
present, and hovering forward, as it were, at intervals,
into the indistinctness of the world to come. There
had been feverish turns, which tossed him from side
to side, and wore away what little strength he had.
But in his most convulsive struggles, and in the wildest
vagaries of his intellect, when no other thought retain-
ed its sober influence, he still showed an awful solici-
tude lest the black veil should slip aside. Even if his
bewildered soul could have forgotten, there was a
faithful woman at his pillow, who, with averted eyes,
would have covered that aged face, which she had last
beheld in the comeliness of manhood. At length the
death-stricken old man lay quietly in the torpor of
mental and bodily exhaustion, with an imperceptible
pulse, and breath that grew fainter and fainter, except
when a long, deep, and irregular inspiration seemed to
prelude the flight of his spirit.

The minister of Westbury approached the bedside.

'Venerable Father Hooper,' said he, 'the moment
of your release is at hand. Are you ready for the
lifting of the veil, that shuts in time from eternity?"
Father Hooper at first replied merely by a feeble motion of his head; then, apprehensive, perhaps, that his meaning might be doubtful, he exerted himself to speak.

"Yea," said he, in faint accents, "my soul hath a patient weariness until that veil be lifted."

"And is it fitting," resumed the Reverend Mr. Clark, "that a man so given to prayer, of such a blameless example, holy in deed and thought, so far as mortal judgment may pronounce; is it fitting that a father in the church should leave a shadow on his memory, that may seem to blacken a life so pure? I pray you, my venerable brother, let not this thing be! Suffer us to be gladdened by your triumphant aspect, as you go to your reward. Before the veil of eternity be lifted, let me cast aside this black veil from your face!"

And thus speaking, the Reverend Mr. Clark bent forward to reveal the mystery of so many years. But, exerting a sudden energy, that made all the beholders stand aghast, Father Hooper snatched both his hands from beneath the bed-clothes, and pressed them strongly on the black veil, resolute to struggle, if the minister of Westbury would contend with a dying man.

"Never!" cried the veiled clergyman. "On earth, never!"

"Dark old man!" exclaimed the affrighted minister, "with what horrible crime upon your soul are you now passing to the judgment?"

Father Hooper's breath heaved; it rattled in his throat; but, with a mighty effort, grasping forward with his hands, he caught hold of life, and held it back till he should speak. He even raised himself in bed; and there he sat, shivering with the arms of death around him, while the black veil hung down, awful, at that last moment, in the gathered terrors of a lifetime. And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now seemed to glimmer from its obscurity, and linger on Father Hooper's lips.

"Why do you tremble at me alone?" cried he, turning his veiled face round the circle of pale spectators. "Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best-beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

While his auditors shrank from one another, in mutual affright, Father Hooper fell back upon his pillow, a veiled corpse, with a faint smile lingering on the lips. Still veiled, they laid him in his coffin, and a veiled corpse they bore him to the grave. The grass of many years has sprung up and withered on
that grave, the burial-stone is moss-grown, and good Mr. Hooper's face is dust; but awful is still the thought, that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil!

THE MAY-POLE OF MERRY MOUNT.
THE MAY-POLE OF MERRY MOUNT.

There is an admirable foundation for a philosophic romance, in the curious history of the early settlement of Mount Wollaston, or Merry Mount. In the slight sketch here attempted, the facts, recorded on the grave pages of our New England annalists, have wrought themselves, almost spontaneously, into a sort of allegory. The masques, mummeries, and festive customs, described in the text, are in accordance with the manners of the age. Authority, on these points may be found in Strutt's Book of English Sports and Pastimes.

Bright were the days at Merry Mount, when the May-Pole was the banner-staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire. Midsummer eve had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap, of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of Spring. But May, or her
mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the Summer months, and reveling with Autumn, and basking in the glow of Winter's fireside. Through a world of toil and care, she flitted with a dreamlike smile, and came hither to find a home among the lightsome hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the May-Pole been so gaily decked as at sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, colored like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground, the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers, and blossoms of the wilderness, laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine tree. Where this green and flowery splendor terminated, the shaft of the May-Pole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. Oh, people of the Golden Age, the chief of your husbandry, was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand about the May-Pole? It could not be, that the Fauns and Nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the West. These were Gothic monsters, though perhaps of Grecian ancestry. On the shoulders of a comely youth, uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable he-goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his fore paws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose half-way, to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the Salvage Man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a nobler figure, but still a counterfeit, appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore fools-caps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the
inaudible music of their gleesome spirits. Some youths and maidens were of soberer garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng, by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount, as they stood in the broad smile of sunset, round their venerated May-Pole.

Had a wanderer, bewildered in the melancholy forest, heard their mirth, and stolen a half-affrighted glance, he might have fancied them the crew of Comus, some already transformed to brutes, some midway between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that foreran the change. But a band of Puritans, who watched the scene, invisible themselves, compared the masques to those devils and ruined souls, with whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.

Within the ring of monsters, appeared the two airiest forms, that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple and golden cloud. One was a youth, in glistening apparel, with a scarf of the rainbow pattern crosswise on his breast. His right hand held a gilded staff, the ensign of high dignity among the revellers, and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden, not less gaily decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were scattered round their feet, or had sprung up spontaneously there. Behind this lightsome couple, so close to the May-Pole that its boughs shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically dressed, yet decked with flowers, in Heceathi fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine leaves. By the riot of his rolling eye, and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

'Votaries of the May-Pole,' cried the flower-decked priest, 'merrily, all day long, have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest hour, my hearts! Lo, here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oxford, and high-priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morrice-dancers, green men, and gleemaidens, bears and wolves, and horned gentlemen! Come; a chorus now, rich with the old mirth of Merry England, and the wilder glee of this fresh forest; and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of, and how airily they should go through it! All ye that love the May-Pole, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of the May!'

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses, that hung from the lowest green bough of the May-Pole, had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads, in symbol of their
flowery union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

"Begin you the stave, reverend Sir," cried they all; "and never did the woods ring to such a merry peal, as we of the May-Pole shall send up!"

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cittern, and viol, touched with practised minstrelsy, began to play from a neighboring thicket, in such a mournful cadence, that the boughs of the May-Pole quivered to the sound. But the May Lord, he of the gilded staff, chancing to look into his Lady’s eyes, was wonderstruck at the almost pensive glance that met his own.

"Edith, sweet Lady of the May," whispered he, reproachfully, "is yon wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves, that you look so sad? Oh, Edith, this is our golden time! Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind; for it may be, that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the mere remembrance of what is now passing."

"That was the very thought that saddened me! How came it in your mind to do so?" said Edith, in a still lower tone than he; for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. "Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary, and their mirth unreal, and that we are no true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery in my heart?"

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose leaves from the May-Pole. Alas, for the young lovers! No sooner had their hearts glowed with real passion, than they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment of inevitable change. From the moment that they truly loved, they had subjected themselves to earth’s doom of care, and sorrow, and troubled joy, and had no more a home at Merry Mount. That was Edith’s mystery. Now leave we the priest to marry them, and the masquers to sport round the May-Pole, till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit, and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Meanwhile, we may discover who these gay people were.

Two hundred years ago, and more, the old world and its inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the West; some to barter glass beads, and such like jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires; and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so long with life, that when Thought and Wisdom came, even these unwelcome guests were led astray, by the crowd of vanities which they should have put to flight. Erring Thought and perverted Wisdom were made to put on masques, and play the fool. The men of whom we
speak, after losing the heart's fresh gaiety, imagined a wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act out their latest day-dream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe, whose whole life is like the festal days of sorcerer men. In their train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets; wandering players, whose theatres had been the halls of noblemen; mummers, rope-dancers, and mountebanks, who would long be missed at wakes, church-ales, and fairs; in a word, mirth-makers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be disconten-tenanced by the rapid growth of Puritanism. Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May Lord and his Lady; but whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow wilfully, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn triflers of a life-time, they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not even to be truly blest.

All the hereditary pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of Saint John, they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn, and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount, was their veneration for the May-Pole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs; Summer brought roses of the deepest blush, and the perfected foliage of the forest; Autumn enriched it with that red and yellow gorgeousness, which converts each wild-wood leaf into a painted flower; and Winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles, till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the May-Pole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendor. Its votaries danced round it, once, at least, in every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always, it was the banner-staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately, there were men in the new world, of a sterner faith than these May-Pole worshippers. Not far from Merry Mount was a settlement of Puritans, most dismal wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, and then wrought in the forest or the cornfield, till evening made it prayer time again. Their weapons were always at hand, to shoot down the
straggling savage. When they met in conclave, it was never to keep up the old English mirth, but to hear sermons three hours long, or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of Indians. Their festivals were fast-days, and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden, who did but dream of a dance! The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; or if he danced, it was round the whipping-post, which might be termed the Puritan May-Pole.

A party of these grim Puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horse-load of iron armor to burthen his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists, sporting round their May-Pole; perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian; or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves, which they had hunted for that especial purpose. Often, the whole colony were playing at blindman's buff, magistrates and all with their eyes bandaged, except a single scape-goat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower-decked corpse, with merriment and festive music, to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times, they sang ballads and told tales, for the edification of their pious visitors; or perplexed them with juggling tricks; or grinned at them through horse-collars; and when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity, and began a yawning match. At the very least of these enormities, the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly, that the revellers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine, which was to be perpetual there. On the other hand, the Puritans affirmed, that, when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship, the echo, which the forest sent them back, seemed often like the chorus of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend, and his bond-servants, the crew of Merry Mount, had thus disturbed them! In due time, a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as (any thing) could be, among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance to the May-Pole. The future complexion of New England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grisly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime, and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of sermon and psalms for ever! But should the banner-staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills, and flowers would beautify the forest, and late posterity do homage to the May-Pole!

After these authentic passages from history, we return to the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too long, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance again
at the May-Pole, a solitary sunbeam is fading from
the summit, and leaves only a faint golden tinge,
blended with the hues of the rainbow banner. Even
that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the
whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom,
which has rushed so instantaneously from the black
surrounding woods. But some of these black shadows
have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes: with the setting sun, the last day of mirth had
passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay masquers
was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers
in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb;
the bells of the morrice-dancers tinkled with tremulous
affright. The Puritans had played a characteristic
part in the May-Pole mummeries. Their darksome
figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes,
and made the scene a picture of the moment,
when waking thoughts start up amid the scattered
fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party
stood in the centre of the circle, while the rout of
monsters cowered around him, like evil spirits in the
presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery
could look him in the face. So stern was the energy
of his aspect, that the whole man, visage, frame, and
soul, seemed wrought of iron, gifted with life and
thought, yet all of one substance with his head-piece
and breast-plate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it
was Endicott himself.

'Stand off, priest of Baal!' said he, with a grim
frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice.
'I know thee, Blackstone!* Thou art the man, who
couldst not abide the rule even of thine own corrupted
church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity, and
to give example of it in thy life. But now shall it be
seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for
his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile
it! And first, for this flower-decked abomination, the
altar of thy worship!

'And with his keen sword, Endicott assaulted the
hallowed May-Pole. Nor long did it resist his arm.
It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves
and rose-buds upon the remorseless enthusiast; and
finally, with all its green boughs, and ribbons, and
flowers, symbolic of departed pleasures, down fell the
banner-staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition
says, the evening sky grew darker, and the woods
threw forth a more sombre shadow.

'There,' cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on
his work, 'there lies the only May-Pole in New-
England! The thought is strong within me, that, by
its fall, is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle
mirth-makers, amongst us and our posterity. Amen,
saith John Endicott!'

'Amen!' echoed his followers.

* Old Governor Endicott speak less positively, we should suspect a mis-
aker here. The Rev. Mr. Blackstone, though an eccentric, is not known to
have been an immoral man. We rather doubt his identity with the priest
of Merry Mount.
But the votaries of the May-Pole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound, the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient of the band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a May-Pole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again, and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would have served rarely for a whipping-post!"

"But there are pine trees enow," suggested the lieutenant.

"True, good Ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore, bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well-ordered settlements, where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired Ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine, whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself! For such as violate our civil order, it may be permitted us to show mercy. But woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear," resumed the officer. "Must be the stripes of his fellows!"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan. "I suspect witchcraft in the beast."

"Here be a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword, and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, downcast, and apprehensive. Yet there was an air of mutual support, and of pure affection, seeking aid and giving it, that showed them to be man and wife, with the sanction of a priest upon their love. The youth, in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff, and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast, too lightly to burthen him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together, for good or evil. They looked first at each other, and then into the grim captain's face. There they stood, in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle pleasures, of which their companions the emblems, had given place
to the sternest cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans. But never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high, as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case, thou and thy maiden wife. Make ready presently; for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding-day!"

"Stern man," cried the May Lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat you as thou wilt; but let Edith go untouched!"

"Not so," replied the immittigable zealot. "We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex, which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty, besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me!"

 Truly, as Endicott had said, the poor lovers stood in a woeful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilderness around them, and a rigorous destiny, in the shape of the Puritan leader, their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal, that the iron man was softened; he smiled, at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed, for the inevitable blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport themselves under their present trials, ere we burthen them with greater. If, among the spoil, there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May Lord and his Lady, instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the love-lock and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith, and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth, which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, that may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that they are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a May-Pole!"

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock-foundation of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the ruin of the May-Pole, and threw it, with his own gauntleted hand, over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gaiety, even so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But, as their flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there,
so, in the tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went heavenward, supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.

THE GENTLE BOY.
In the course of the year 1656, several of the people called Quakers, led, as they professed, by the inward movement of the spirit, made their appearance in New England. Their reputation, as holders of mystic and pernicious principles, having spread before them, the Puritans early endeavored to banish, and to prevent the further intrusion of the rising sect. But the measures by which it was intended to purge the land of heresy, though more than sufficiently vigorous, were entirely unsuccessful. The Quakers, esteeming persecution as a divine call to the post of danger, laid claim to a holy courage, unknown to the Puritans themselves, who had shunned the cross, by providing for the peaceable exercise of their religion in a distant wilderness. Though it was the singular fact, that every nation of the earth rejected the wandering enthusiasts who practised peace towards all men, the place of greatest
uneasiness and peril, and therefore in their eyes the most eligible, was the province of Massachusetts Bay.

The fines, imprisonments, and stripes, liberally distributed by our pious forefathers; the popular antipathy, so strong that it endured nearly a hundred years after actual persecution had ceased, were attractions as powerful for the Quakers, as peace, honor, and reward, would have been for the worldly-minded. Every European vessel brought new cargoes of the sect, eager to testify against the oppression which they hoped to share; and, when ship-masters were restrained by heavy fines from affording them passage, they made long and circuitous journeys through the Indian country, and appeared in the province as if conveyed by a supernatural power. Their enthusiasm, heightened almost to madness by the treatment which they received, produced actions contrary to the rules of decency, as well as of rational religion, and presented a singular contrast to the calm and staid deportment of their sectarian successors of the present day. The command of the spirit, inaudible except to the soul, and not to be controverted on grounds of human wisdom, was made a plea for most indecorous exhibitions, which, abstractedly considered, well deserved the moderate chastisement of the rod. These extravagances, and the persecution which was at once their cause and consequence, continued to increase, till, in the year 1659, the government of Massachusetts Bay indulged two members of the Quaker sect with the crown of martyrdom.

An indelible stain of blood is upon the hands of all who consented to this act, but a large share of the awful responsibility must rest upon the person then at the head of the government. He was a man of narrow mind and imperfect education, and his uncompromising bigotry was made hot and mischievous by violent and hasty passions; he exerted his influence indecorously and unjustifiably to compass the death of the enthusiasts; and his whole conduct, in respect to them, was marked by brutal cruelty. The Quakers, whose revengeful feelings were not less deep because they were inactive, remembered this man and his associates, in after times. The historian of the sect affirms that, by the wrath of Heaven, a blight fell upon the land in the vicinity of the ‘bloody town’ of Boston, so that no wheat would grow there; and he takes his stand, as it were, among the graves of the ancient persecutors, and triumphantly recounts the judgments that overtook them, in old age or at the parting hour. He tells us that they died suddenly, and violently, and in madness; but nothing can exceed the bitter mockery with which he records the loathsome disease, and ‘death by rottenness,’ of the fierce and cruel governor.

On the evening of the autumn day, that had witnessed the martyrdom of two men of the Quaker persuasion, a Puritan settler was returning from the
metropolis to the neighboring country town in which he resided. The air was cool, the sky clear, and the lingering twilight was made brighter by the rays of a young moon, which had now nearly reached the verge of the horizon. The traveller, a man of middle age, wrapped in a grey frieze cloak, quickened his pace when he had reached the outskirts of the town, for a gloomy extent of nearly four miles lay between him and his home. The low, straw-thatched houses were scattered at considerable intervals along the road, and the country having been settled but about thirty years, the tracts of original forest still bore no small proportion to the cultivated ground. The autumn wind wandered among the branches, whirling away the leaves from all except the pine-trees, and moaning as if it lamented the desolation of which it was the instrument. The road had penetrated the mass of woods that lay nearest to the town, and was just emerging into an open space, when the traveller's ears were saluted by a sound more mournful than even that of the wind. It was like the wailing of some one in distress, and it seemed to proceed from beneath a tall and lonely fir-tree, in the centre of a cleared, but unenclosed and uncultivated field. The Puritan could not but remember that this was the very spot, which had been made accursed a few hours before, by the execution of the Quakers, whose bodies had been thrown together into one hasty grave, beneath the tree on which they suffered. He struggled, however, against the superstitious fears which belonged to the age, and compelled himself to pause and listen. 'The voice is most likely mortal, nor have I cause to tremble if it be otherwise,' thought he, straining his eyes through the dim moonlight. 'Methinks it is like the wailing of a child; some infant, it may be, which has strayed from its mother, and chance upon this place of death. For the ease of mine own conscience, I must search this matter out.' He therefore left the path, and walked somewhat fearfully across the field. Though now so desolate, its soil was pressed down and trampled by the thousand footsteps of those who had witnessed the spectacle of that day, all of whom had now retired, leaving the dead to their loneliness. The traveller at length reached the fir-tree, which from the middle upward was covered with living branches, although a scaffold had been erected beneath, and other preparations made for the work of death. Under this unhappy tree, which in after times was believed to drop poison with its dew, sat the one solitary mourner for innocent blood. It was a slender and light-clad little boy, who leaned his face upon a hillock of fresh-turned and half-frozen earth, and wailed bitterly, yet in a suppressed tone, as if his grief might receive the punishment of crime. The Puritan, whose approach had been unperceived, laid his hand upon the child's shoulder, and addressed him compassionately. 'You have chosen a dreary lodging, my poor boy,
and no wonder that you weep,' said he. 'But dry your eyes, and tell me where your mother dwells. I promise you, if the journey be not too far, I will leave you in her arms to-night.'

The boy had hushed his wailing at once, and turned his face upward to the stranger. It was a pale, bright-eyed countenance, certainly not more than six years old, but sorrow, fear, and want, had destroyed much of its infantile expression. The Puritan, seeing the boy's frightened gaze, and feeling that he trembled under his hand, endeavored to reassure him.

'Nay, if I intended to do you harm, little lad, the readiest way were to leave you here. What! you do not fear to sit beneath the gallows on a new-made grave; and yet you tremble at a friend's touch! Take heart, child, and tell me what is your name, and where is your home?'

'Friend,' replied the little boy, in a sweet, though faltering voice, 'they call me Ilbrahim, and my home is here.'

The pale, spiritual face, the eyes that seemed to mingle with the moonlight, the sweet, airy voice, and the outlandish name, almost made the Puritan believe, that the boy was in truth a being which had sprung up out of the grave on which he sat. But perceiving that the apparition stood the test of a short mental prayer, and remembering that the arm which he had touched was life-like, he adopted a more rational supposition. 'The poor child is stricken in his intellect,' thought he, 'but verily his words are fearful, in a place like this.' He then spoke soothingly, intending to humor the boy's fantasy.

'Your home will scarce be comfortable, Ilbrahim, this cold autumn night, and I fear you are ill provided with food. I am hastening to a warm supper and bed, and if you will go with me, you shall share them!'

'I thank thee, friend, but though I be hungry and shivering with cold, thou wilt not give me food nor lodging,' replied the boy, in the quiet tone which despair had taught him, even so young. 'My father was of the people whom all men hate. They have laid him under this heap of earth, and here is my home.'

The Puritan, who had laid hold of little Ilbrahim's hand, relinquished it as if he were touching a loathsome reptile. But he possessed a compassionate heart, which not even religious prejudice could harden into stone.

'God forbid that I should leave this child to perish, though he comes of the accursed sect,' said he to himself. 'Do we not all spring from an evil root? Are we not all in darkness till the light doth shine upon us? He shall not perish, neither in body, nor, if prayer and instruction may avail for him, in soul.' He then spoke aloud and kindly to Ilbrahim, who had again hid his face in the cold earth of the grave. 'Was every door in the land shut against you, my
child, that you have wandered to this unhallowed spot?

"They drove me forth from the prison when they took my father thence," said the boy, "and I stood afar off, watching the crowd of people, and then when they were gone, I came hither, and found only this grave. I knew that my father was sleeping here, and I said, this shall be my home."

"No, child, no; not while I have a roof over my head, or a morsel to share with you," exclaimed the Puritan, whose sympathies were now fully excited. "Rise up and come with me, and fear not any harm.

The boy wept afresh, and clung to the heap of earth, as if the cold heart beneath it were warmer to him than any in a living breast. The traveller, however, continued to entreat him tenderly, and seeming to acquire some degree of confidence, he at length arose. But his slender limbs tottered with weakness, his little head grew dizzy, and he leaned against the tree of death for support.

"My poor boy, are you so feeble?" said the Puritan. "When did you taste food last?"

"I ate of bread and water with my father in the prison," replied Ilbrahim, "but they brought him none neither yesterday nor to day, saying that he had eaten enough to bear him to his journey's end. Trouble not thyself for my hunger, kind friend, for I have lacked food many times ere now."

The traveller took the child in his arms and wrapped his cloak about him, while his heart stirred with shame and anger against the gratuitous cruelty of the instruments in this persecution. In the awakened warmth of his feelings, he resolved that, at whatever risk, he would not forsake the poor little defenceless being whom Heaven had confided to his care. With this determination, he left the accursed field, and resumed the homeward path from which the wailing of the boy had called him. The light and motionless burthen scarcely impeded his progress, and he soon beheld the fire-rays from the windows of the cottage which he, a native of a distant clime, had built in the western wilderness. It was surrounded by a considerable extent of cultivated ground, and the dwelling was situated in the nook of a wood-covered hill, whither it seemed to have crept for protection.

"Look up, child," said the Puritan to Ilbrahim, whose faint head had sunk upon his shoulder; "there is our home."

At the word 'home,' a thrill passed through the child's frame, but he continued silent. A few moments brought them to the cottage-door, at which the owner knocked; for at that early period, when savages were wandering everywhere among the settlers, bolt and bar were indispensable to the security of a dwelling. The summons was answered by a bond-servant, a coarse-clad and dull-featured piece of humanity, who, after ascertaining that his master was the applicant, undid the door, and held a flaring pine-knot torch to
light him in. Farther back in the passage-way, the red blaze discovered a matronly woman, but no little crowd of children came bounding forth to greet their father's return. As the Puritan entered, he thrust aside his cloak, and displayed Ibrahim's face to the female.

'Dorothy, here is a little outcast whom Providence hath put into our hands,' observed he. 'Be kind to him, even as if he were of those dear ones who have departed from us.'

'What pale and bright-eyed little boy is this, Tobias?' she inquired. 'Is he one whom the wilderness folk have ravished from some Christian mother?'

'No, Dorothy, this poor child is no captive from the wilderness,' he replied. 'The heathen savage would have given him to eat of his scanty morsel, and to drink of his birchen cup; but Christian men, alas! had cast him out to die.'

Then he told her how he had found him beneath the gallows, upon his father's grave; and how his heart had prompted him, like the speaking of an inward voice, to take the little outcast home, and be kind unto him. He acknowledged his resolution to feed and clothe him, as if he were his own child, and to afford him the instruction which should counteract the pernicious errors hitherto instilled into his infant mind. Dorothy was gifted with even a quicker tenderness than her husband, and she approved of all his doings and intentions.

'I have you a mother, dear child!' she inquired.

The tears burst forth from his full heart, as he attempted to reply; but Dorothy at length understood that he had a mother, who, like the rest of her sect, was a persecuted wanderer. She had been taken from the prison a short time before, carried into the uninhabited wilderness, and left to perish there by hunger or wild beasts. This was no uncommon method of disposing of the Quakers, and they were accustomed to boast, that the inhabitants of the desert were more hospitable to them than civilized man.

'Fear not, little boy, you shall not need a mother, and a kind one,' said Dorothy, when she had gathered this information. 'Dry your tears, Ibrahim, and be my child, as I will be your mother.'

The good woman prepared the little bed, from which her own children had successively been borne to another resting place. Before Ibrahim would consent to occupy it, he knelt down, and as Dorothy listened to his simple and affecting prayer, she marvelled how the parents that had taught it to him could have been judged worthy of death. When the boy had fallen asleep, she bent over his pale and spiritual countenance, pressed a kiss upon his white brow, drew the bedclothes up about his neck, and went away with a pensive gladness in her heart.

Tobias Pearson was not among the earliest emigrants from the old country. He had remained in England during the first years of the civil war, in which he
had borne some share as a cornet of dragoons, under Cromwell. But when the ambitious designs of his leader began to develop themselves, he quitted the army of the parliament, and sought a refuge from the strife, which was no longer holy, among the people of his persuasion in the colony of Massachusetts. A more worldly consideration had perhaps an influence in drawing him thither; for New England offered advantages to men of unprosperous fortunes, as well as to dissatisfied religionists, and Pearson had hitherto found it difficult to provide for a wife and increasing family. To this supposed impurity of motive, the more bigoted Puritans were inclined to impute the removal by death of all the children, for whose earthly good the father had been over-thoughtful. They had left their native country blooming like roses, and like roses they had perished in a foreign soil. Those expounders of the ways of Providence, who had thus judged their brother, and attributed his domestic sorrows to his sin, were not more charitable when they saw him and Dorothy endeavoring to fill up the void in their hearts, by the adoption of an infant of the accursed sect. Nor did they fail to communicate their disapprobation to Tobias; but the latter, in reply, merely pointed at the little quiet, lovely boy, whose appearance and deportment were indeed as powerful arguments as could possibly have been adduced in his own favor. Even his beauty, however, and his winning manners, sometimes produced an effect ultimately unfavorable; for the bigots, when the outer surfaces of their iron hearts had been softened and again grew hard, affirmed that no merely natural cause could have so worked upon them.

Their antipathy to the poor infant was also increased by the ill success of divers theological discussions, in which it was attempted to convince him of the errors of his sect. Ilbrahim, it is true, was not a skilful controversialist; but the feeling of his religion was strong as instinct in him, and he could neither be enticed nor driven from the faith which his father had died for. The odium of this stubbornness was shared in a great measure by the child's protectors, insomuch that Tobias and Dorothy very shortly began to experience a most bitter species of persecution, in the cold regards of many a friend whom they had valued. The common people manifested their opinions more openly. Pearson was a man of some consideration, being a Representative to the General Court, and an approved Lieutenant in the train-bands, yet within a week after his adoption of Ilbrahim, he had been both hissed and hooted. Once, also, when walking through a solitary piece of woods, he heard a loud voice from some invisible speaker; and it cried, 'What shall be done to the backslider? Lo! the scourge is knotted for him, even the whip of nine cords, and every cord three knots!' These insults irritated Pearson's temper for the moment; they entered also into his heart, and became imperceptible but powerful workers towards
an end, which his most secret thought had not yet whispered.

On the second Sabbath after Ilbrahim became a member of their family, Pearson and his wife deemed it proper that he should appear with them at public worship. They had anticipated some opposition to this measure from the boy, but he prepared himself in silence, and at the appointed hour was clad in the new mourning suit which Dorothy had wrought for him. As the parish was then, and during many subsequent years, unprovided with a bell, the signal for the commencement of religious exercises was the beat of a drum. At the first sound of that martial call to the place of holy and quiet thoughts, Tobias and Dorothy set forth, each holding a hand of little Ilbrahim, like two parents linked together by the infant of their love. On their path through the leafless woods, they were overtaken by many persons of their acquaintance, all of whom avoided them, and passed by on the other side; but a severer trial awaited their constancy when they had descended the hill and drew near the pine-built and undecorated house of prayer. Around the door, from which the drummer still sent forth his thundering summons, was drawn up a formidable phalanx, including several of the oldest members of the congregation, many of the middle-aged, and nearly all the younger males. Pearson found it difficult to sustain their united and disapproving gaze, but Dor-

othy, whose mind was differently circumstanced, merely drew the boy closer to her, and faltered not in her approach. As they entered the door, they overheard the muttered sentiments of the assemblage, and when the reviling voices of the little children smote Ilbrahim's ear, he wept.

The interior aspect of the meetinghouse was rude. The low ceiling, the unplastered walls, the naked wood-work, and the undraped pulpit, offered nothing to excite the devotion, which, without such external aids, often remains latent in the heart. The floor of the building was occupied by rows of long, cushionless benches, supplying the place of pews, and the broad-aisle formed a sexual division, impassable except by children beneath a certain age.

Pearson and Dorothy separated at the door of the meetinghouse, and Ilbrahim, being within the years of infancy, was retained under the care of the latter. The wrinkled beldams involved themselves in their rusty cloaks as he passed by; even the mild-featured maidens seemed to dread contamination; and many a stern old man arose, and turned his repulsive and unheavenly countenance upon the gentle boy, as if the sanctuary were polluted by his presence. He was a sweet infant of the skies, that had strayed away from his home, and all the inhabitants of this miserable world closed up their impure hearts against him, drew back their earth-soiled garments from his touch, and said, 'We are holier than thou.'
Ilbrahim, seated by the side of his adopted mother, and retaining fast hold of her hand, assumed a grave and decorous demeanor, such as might befit a person of matured taste and understanding, who should find himself in a temple dedicated to some worship which he did not recognize, but felt himself bound to respect. The exercises had not yet commenced, however, when the boy’s attention was arrested by an event, apparently of trifling interest. A woman, having her face muffled in a hood, and a cloak drawn completely about her form, advanced slowly up the broad-aisle and took place upon the foremost bench. Ilbrahim’s faint color varied, his nerves fluttered, he was unable to turn his eyes from the muffled female.

When the preliminary prayer and hymn were over, the minister arose, and having turned the hour-glass which stood by the great bible, commenced his discourse. He was now well stricken in years, a man of pale, thin countenance, and his grey hairs were closely covered by a black velvet skull-cap. In his younger days he had practically learned the meaning of persecution, from Archbishop Laud, and he was not now disposed to forget the lesson against which he had murmured then. Introducing the often discussed subject of the Quakers, he gave a history of that sect, and a description of their tenets, in which error predominated, and prejudice distorted the aspect of what was true. He adverted to the recent measures in the province, and cautioned his hearers of weaker parts against calling in question the just severity, which God-fearing magistrates had at length been compelled to exercise. He spoke of the danger of pity, in some cases a commendable and Christian virtue, but inapplicable to this pernicious sect. He observed that such was their devilish obstinacy in error, that even the little children, the sucking babes, were hardened and desperate heretics. He affirmed that no man, without Heaven’s especial warrant, should attempt their conversion, lest while he lent his hand to draw them from the slough, he should himself be precipitated into its lowest depths.

The sands of the second hour were principally in the lower half of the glass, when the sermon concluded. An approving murmur followed, and the clergyman, having given out a hymn, took his seat with much self-congratulation, and endeavored to read the effect of his eloquence in the visages of the people. But while voices from all parts of the house were tuning themselves to sing; a scene occurred, which, though not very unusual at that period in the province, happened to be without precedent in this parish.

The muffled female, who had hitherto sat motionless in the front rank of the audience, now arose, and with slow, stately, and unwavering step, ascended the pulpit stairs. The quaverings of incipient harmony were hushed, and the divine sat in speechless and almost terrified astonishment, while she undid the door, and stood up in the sacred desk from which his maledic-
tions had just been thundered. She then divested herself of the cloak and hood, and appeared in a most singular array. A shapeless robe of sackcloth was girded about her waist with a knotted cord; her raven hair fell down upon her shoulders, and its blackness was defiled by pale streaks of ashes, which she had strewn upon her head. Her eyebrows, dark and strongly defined, added to the deathly whiteness of a countenance which, emaciated with want, and wild with enthusiasm and strange sorrows, retained no trace of earlier beauty. This figure stood gazing earnestly on the audience, and there was no sound, nor any movement, except a faint shuddering which every man observed in his neighbor, but was scarcely conscious of in himself. At length, when her fit of inspiration came, she spoke, for the first few moments, in a low voice, and not invariably distinct utterance. Her discourse gave evidence of an imagination hopelessly entangled with her reason; it was a vague and incomprehensible rhapsody, which, however, seemed to spread its own atmosphere round the hearer's soul, and to move his feelings by some influence unconnected with the words. As she proceeded, beautiful but shadowy images would sometimes be seen, like bright things moving in a turbid river; or a strong and singularly shaped idea leapt forth, and seized at once on the understanding or the heart. But the course of her unearthly eloquence soon led her to the persecutions of her sect, and from thence the step was short to her own peculiar sorrows. She was naturally a woman of mighty passions, and hatred and revenge now wrapped themselves in the garb of piety; the character of her speech was changed, her images became distinct though wild, and her denunciations had an almost hellish bitterness.

The Governor and his mighty men,' she said, 'have gathered together, taking counsel among themselves and saying, “What shall we do unto this people—e'en unto the people that have come into this land to put our iniquity to the blush?” And lo! the devil entereth into the council-chamber, like a lame man of low stature and gravely appareled, with a dark and twisted countenance, and a bright, downcast eye. And he standeth up among the rulers; yea, he goeth to and fro, whispering to each; and every man lendeth his ear, for his word is “slay, slay!” But I say unto ye, Woe to them that slay! Woe to them that shed the blood of saints! Woe to them that have slain the husband, and cast forth the child, the tender infant, to wander homeless, and hungry, and cold, till he die; and have saved the mother alive, in the cruelty of their tender mercies! Woe to them in their lifetime, cursed are they in the delight and pleasure of their hearts! Woe to them in their death-hour, whether it come swiftly with blood and violence, or after long and lingering pain! Woe, in the dark house, in the rottenness of the grave, when the children's children shall revile the ashes of the fathers! Woe, woe, woe,
at the judgment, when all the persecuted and all the slain in this bloody land, and the father, the mother, and the child, shall await them in a day that they cannot escape! Seed of the faith, seed of the faith, ye whose hearts are moving with a power that ye know not, arise, wash your hands of this innocent blood! Lift your voices, chosen ones, cry aloud, and call down a woe and a judgment with me!

Having thus given vent to the flood of malignity which she mistook for inspiration, the speaker was silent. Her voice was succeeded by the hysteric shrieks of several women, but the feelings of the audience generally had not been drawn onward in the current with her own. They remained, stranded as it were, in the midst of a torrent, which deafened them by its roaring, but might not move them by its violence. The clergyman, who could not hitherto have ejected the usurper of his pulpit otherwise than by bodily force, now addressed her in the tone of just indignation and legitimate authority.

"Get you down, woman, from the holy place which you profane," he said. "Is it to the Lord's house that you come to pour forth the foulness of your heart, and the inspiration of the devil? Get you down, and remember that the sentence of death is on you; yea, and shall be executed, were it but for this day's work."

"I go, friend, I go, for the voice hath had its utterance," replied she, in a depressed and even mild tone. "I have done my mission unto thee and to thy people.

Reward me with stripes, imprisonment, or death, as ye shall be permitted.

The weakness of exhausted passion caused her steps to totter as she descended the pulpit stairs. The people, in the meanwhile, were stirring to and fro on the floor of the house, whispering among themselves, and glancing towards the intruder. Many of them now recognised her as the woman who had assaulted the Governor with frightful language, as he passed by the window of her prison; they knew, also, that she was adjudged to suffer death, and had been preserved only by an involuntary banishment into the wilderness. The new outrage, by which she had provoked her fate, seemed to render further lenity impossible; and a gentleman in military dress, with a stout man of inferior rank, drew towards the door of the meeting-house, and awaited her approach. Sarcely did her feet press the floor, however, when an unexpected scene occurred. In that moment of her peril, when every eye frowned with death, a little timid boy pressed forth, and threw his arms round his mother.

"I am here, mother, it is I, and I will go with thee to prison," he exclaimed.

She gazed at him with a doubtful and almost frightened expression, for she knew that the boy had been cast out to perish, and she had not hoped to see his face again. She feared, perhaps, that it was but one of the happy visions, with which her excited fancy had often deceived her, in the solitude of the desert,
or in prison. But when she felt his hand warm within her own, and heard his little eloquence of childish love, she began to know that she was yet a mother.

"Blessed art thou, my son," she sobbed. "My heart was withered; yea, dead with thee and with thy father; and now it leaps as in the first moment when I pressed thee to my bosom."

She knelt down, and embraced him again and again, while the joy that could find no words, expressed itself in broken accents, like the bubbles gushing up to vanish at the surface of a deep fountain. The sorrows of past years, and the darker peril that was nigh, cast not a shadow on the brightness of that fleeting moment. Soon, however, the spectators saw a change upon her face, as the consciousness of her sad estate returned, and grief supplied the fount of tears which joy had opened. By the words she uttered, it would seem that the indulgence of natural love had given her mind a momentary sense of its errors, and made her know how far she had strayed from duty, in following the dictates of a wild fanaticism.

"In a doleful hour art thou returned to me, poor boy," she said, "for thy mother's path has gone darkening onward, till now the end is death. Son, son, I have borne thee in my arms when my limbs were tottering, and I have fed thee with the food that I was fainting for; yet I have ill performed a mother's part by thee in life, and now I leave thee no inheritance but woe and shame. Thou wilt go seeking through the world, and find all hearts closed against thee, and their sweet affections turned to bitterness for my sake. My child, my child, how many a pang awaits thy gentle spirit, and I the cause of all!"

She hid her face on Ilbrahim's head, and her long, raven hair, discolored with the ashes of her mourning, fell down about him like a veil. A low and interrupted moan was the voice of her heart's anguish, and it did not fail to move the sympathies of many who mistook their involuntary virtue for a sin. Sobs were audible in the female section of the house, and every man who was a father, drew his hand across his eyes. Tobias Pearson was agitated and uneasy, but a certain feeling like the consciousness of guilt oppressed him, so that he could not go forth and offer himself as the protector of the child. Dorothy, however, had watched her husband's eye. Her mind was free from the influence that had begun to work on his, and she drew near the Quaker woman, and addressed her in the hearing of all the congregation.

"Stranger, trust this boy to me, and I will be his mother," she said, taking Ilbrahim's hand. "Providence has signally marked out my husband to protect him, and he has fed at our table and lodged under our roof, now many days, till our hearts have grown very strongly unto him. Leave the tender child with us, and be at ease concerning his welfare."

The Quaker rose from the ground, but drew the boy closer to her, while she gazed earnestly in Dor-
othy’s face. Her mild, but saddened features, and neat, matronly attire, harmonized together, and were like a verse of fireside poetry. Her very aspect proved that she was blameless, so far as mortal could be so, in respect to God and man; while the enthusiast, in her robe of sackcloth and girdle of knotted cord, had as evidently violated the duties of the present life and the future, by fixing her attention wholly on the latter. The two females, as they held each a hand of Ibrahim, formed a practical allegory; it was rational piety and unbridled fanaticism, contending for the empire of a young heart.

‘Thou art not of our people,’ said the Quaker, mournfully.

‘No, we are not of your people,’ replied Dorothy, with mildness, ‘but we are Christians, looking upward to the same Heaven with you. Doubt not that your boy shall meet you there, if there be a blessing on our tender and prayerful guidance of him. Thither, I trust, my own children have gone before me; I am no longer so;’ she added, in a faltering tone, ‘and your son will have all my care.’

‘But will ye lead him in the path which his parents have trodden?’ demanded the Quaker. ‘Can ye teach him the enlightened faith which his father has died for, and for which I, even I, am soon to become an unworthy martyr? The boy has been baptized in blood; will ye keep the mark fresh and ruddy upon his forehead?’

‘I will not deceive you,’ answered Dorothy. ‘If your child become our child, we must breed him up in the instruction which Heaven has imparted to us; we must pray for him the prayers of our own faith; we must do towards him according to the dictates of our own consciences, and not of your’s. Were we to act otherwise, we should abuse your trust, even in complying with your wishes.’

The mother looked down upon her boy with a troubled countenance, and then turned her eyes upward to heaven. She seemed to pray internally, and the contention of her soul was evident.

‘Friend,’ she said at length to Dorothy, ‘I doubt not that my son shall receive all earthly tenderness at thy hands. Nay, I will believe that even thy imperfect lights may guide him to a better world; for surely thou art on the path thither. But thou hast spoken of a husband. Doth he stand here among this multitude of people? Let him come forth, for I must know to whom I commit this most precious trust.’

She turned her face upon the male auditors, and after a momentary delay, Tobias Pearson came forth from among them. The Quaker saw the dress which marked his military rank, and shook her head; but then she noted the hesitating air, the eyes that struggled with her own, and were vanquished; the color that went and came, and could find no resting place. As she gazed, an unmirthful smile spread over her features, like sunshine that grows melancholy in some
desolate spot. Her lips moved inaudibly, but at length she spake.

'I hear it, I hear it. The voice speaketh within me and saith, "Leave thy child, Catharine, for his place is here, and go hence, for I have other work for thee. Break the bonds of natural affection, martyr thy love, and know that in all these things eternal wisdom hath its ends." I go, friends, I go. Take ye my boy, my precious jewel. I go hence, trusting that all shall be well, and that even for his infant hands there is a labor in the vineyard.'

She knelt down and whispered to Ilbrahim, who at first struggled and clung to his mother, with sobs and tears, but remained passive when she had kissed his cheek and arisen from the ground. Having held her hands over his head in mental prayer, she was ready to depart.

'Farewell, friends, in mine extremity,' she said to Pearson and his wife; 'the good deed ye have done me is a treasure laid up in heaven, to be returned a thousandfold hereafter. And farewell ye, mine enemies, to whom it is not permitted to harm so much as a hair of my head, nor to stay my footsteps even for a moment. The day is coming, when ye shall call upon me to witness for ye to this one sin uncommitted, and I will rise up and answer.'

She turned her steps towards the door, and the men, who had stationed themselves to guard it, withdrew, and suffered her to pass. A general sentiment of pity overcame the virulence of religious hatred. Sanctified by her love, and her affection, she went forth, and all the people gazed after her till she had journeyed up the hill, and was lost behind its brow. She went, the apostle of her own unquiet heart, to renew the wanderings of past years. For her voice had been already heard in many lands of Christendom; and she had pined in the cells of a Catholic Inquisition, before she felt the lash, and lay in the dungeons of the Puritans. Her mission had extended also to the followers of the Prophet, and from them she had received the courtesy and kindness, which all the contending sects of our purer religion united to deny her. Her husband and herself had resided many months in Turkey, where even the Sultan's countenance was gracious to them; in that pagan land, too, was Ilbrahim's birthplace, and his oriental name was a mark of gratitude for the good deeds of an unbeliever.

When Pearson and his wife had thus acquired all the rights over Ilbrahim that could be delegated, their affection for him became, like the memory of their native land, or their mild sorrow for the dead, a piece of the immovable furniture of their hearts. The boy, also, after a week or two of mental disquiet, began to gratify his protectors, by many inadvertent proofs that he considered them as parents, and their house as home. Before the winter snows were melted, the persecuted infant, the little wanderer from a remote
and heathen country, seemed native in the New England cottage, and inseparable from the warmth and security of its hearth. Under the influence of kind treatment, and in the consciousness that he was loved, Ibrahim’s demeanor lost a premature manliness, which had resulted from his earlier situation; he became more childlike, and his natural character displayed itself with freedom. It was in many respects a beautiful one, yet the disordered imaginations of both his father and mother had perhaps propagated a certain unhealthiness in the mind of the boy. In his general state, Ibrahim would derive enjoyment from the most trifling events, and from every object about him; he seemed to discover rich treasures of happiness, by a faculty analogous to that of the witchhazel, which points to hidden gold where all is barren to the eye.

His airy gaiety, coming to him from a thousand sources, communicated itself to the family, and Ibrahim was like a domesticated sunbeam, brightening moody countenances, and chasing away the gloom from the dark corners of the cottage.

On the other hand, as the susceptibility of pleasure is also that of pain, the exuberant cheerfulness of the boy’s prevailing temper sometimes yielded to moments of deep depression. His sorrows could not always be followed up to their original source, but most frequently they appeared to flow, though Ibrahim was young to be sad for such a cause, from wounded love. The flightiness of his mirth rendered him often guilty of offences against the decorum of a Puritan household, and on these occasions he did not invariably escape rebuke. But the slightest word of real bitterness, which he was infallible in distinguishing from pretended anger, seemed to sink into his heart and poison all his enjoyments, till he became sensible that he was entirely forgiven. Of the malice, which generally accompanies a superfluity of sensitiveness, Ibrahim was altogether destitute; when trodden upon, he would not turn; when wounded, he could but die. His mind was wanting in the stamina for self-support; it was a plant that would twine beautifully round something stronger than itself, but if repulsed, or torn away, it had no choice but to wither on the ground. Dorothy’s acuteness taught her that severity would crush the spirit of the child, and she nurtured him with the gentle care of one who handles a butterfly. Her husband manifested an equal affection, although it grew daily less productive of familiar caresses.

The feelings of the neighboring people, in regard to the Quaker infant and his protectors, had not undergone a favorable change, in spite of the momentary triumph which the desolate mother had obtained over their sympathies. The scorn and bitterness, of which he was the object, were very grievous to Ibrahim, especially when any circumstance made him sensible that the children, his equals in age, partook of the enmity of their parents. His tender and social nature had already overflowed in attachments to everything
about him; and still there was a residue of unappropriated love, which he yearned to bestow upon the little ones who were taught to hate him. As the warm days of spring came on, Ilbrahim was accustomed to remain for hours, silent and inactive, within hearing of the children's voices at their play; yet, with his usual delicacy of feeling, he avoided their notice, and would flee and hide himself from the smallest individual among them. Chance, however, at length seemed to open a medium of communication between his heart and theirs; it was by means of a boy about two years older than Ilbrahim, who was injured by a fall from a tree in the vicinity of Pearson's habitation. As the sufferer's own home was at some distance, Dorothy willingly received him under her roof, and became his tender and careful nurse.

Ilbrahim was the unconscious possessor of much skill in physiognomy, and it would have deterred him, in other circumstances, from attempting to make a friend of this boy. The countenance of the latter immediately impressed a beholder disagreeably, but it required some examination to discover that the cause was a very slight distortion of the mouth, and the irregular, broken line, and near approach of the eye-brows. Analogous, perhaps, to these trifling deformities, was an almost imperceptible twist of every joint, and the uneven prominence of the breast; forming a body, regular in its general outline, but faulty in almost all its details. The disposition of the boy was sullen and reserved, and the village schoolmaster stigmatized him as obtuse in intellect; although, at a later period of life, he evinced ambition and very peculiar talents. But whatever might be his personal or moral irregularities, Ilbrahim's heart seized upon, and clung to him, from the moment that he was brought wounded into the cottage; the child of persecution seemed to compare his own fate with that of the sufferer, and to feel that even different modes of misfortune had created a sort of relationship between them. Food, rest, and the fresh air, for which he languished, were neglected; he nestled continually by the bed-side of the little stranger, and, with a fond jealousy, endeavored to be the medium of all the cares that were bestowed upon him. As the boy became convalescent, Ilbrahim contrived games suitable to his situation, or amused him by a faculty which he had perhaps breathed in with the air of his barbaric birthplace. It was that of reciting imaginary adventures, on the spur of the moment, and apparently inexhaustible succession. His tales were of course monstrous, disjointed, and without aim; but they were curious on account of a vein of human tenderness, which ran through them all, and was like a sweet, familiar face, encountered in the midst of wild and unearthly scenery. The auditor paid much attention to these romances, and sometimes interrupted them by brief remarks upon the incidents, displaying shrewdness above his years, mingled with a moral obliquity
THE GENTLE BOY.

which grated very harshly against Ilbrahim's instinctive rectitude. Nothing, however, could arrest the progress of the latter's affection, and there were many proofs that it met with a response from the dark and stubborn nature on which it was lavished. The boy's parents at length removed him, to complete his cure under their own roof.

Ilbrahim did not visit his new friend after his departure; but he made anxious and continual inquiries respecting him, and informed himself of the day when he was to reappear among his playmates. On a pleasant summer afternoon, the children of the neighborhood had assembled in the little forest-crowned amphitheatre behind the meetinghouse, and the recovering invalid was there, leaning on a staff. The glee of a score of untainted bosoms was heard in light and airy voices, which danced among the trees like sunshine become audible; the grown men of this weary world, as they journeyed by the spot, marvelled why life, beginning in such brightness, should proceed in gloom; and their hearts, or their imaginations, answered them and said, that the bliss of childhood gushes from its innocence. But it happened that an unexpected addition was made to the heavenly little band. It was Ilbrahim, who came towards the children, with a look of sweet confidence on his fair and spiritual face, as if, having manifested his love to one of them, he had no longer to fear a repulse from their society. A hush came over their mirth, the moment they beheld him; and they stood whispering to each other while he drew near; but, all at once, the devil of their fathers entered into the unbreched fanatics, and, sending up a fierce, shrill cry, they rushed upon the poor Quaker child. In an instant, he was the centre of a brood of baby-fiends, who lifted sticks against him, pelted him with stones, and displayed an instinct of destruction, far more loathsome than the blood-thirstiness of manhood.

The invalid, in the meanwhile, stood apart from the tumult, crying out with a loud voice, 'Fear not, Ilbrahim, come hither and take my hand;' and his unhappy friend endeavored to obey him. After watching the victim's struggling approach, with a calm smile and unabashed eye, the foul-hearted little villain lifted his staff, and struck Ilbrahim on the mouth, so forcibly that the blood issued in a stream. The poor child's arms had been raised to guard his head from the storm of blows; but now he dropped them at once. His persecutors beat him down, trampled upon him, dragged him by his long, fair locks; and Ilbrahim was on the point of becoming a veritable martyr, as ever entered bleeding into heaven. The uproar, however, attracted the notice of a few neighbors, who put themselves to the trouble of rescuing the little heretic, and of conveying him to Pearson's door.

Ilbrahim's bodily harm was severe, but long and careful nursing accomplished his recovery; the injury done to his sensitive spirit was more serious, though...
not so visible. Its signs were principally of a negative character, and to be discovered only by those who had previously known him. His gait was thenceforth slow, even, and unvaried by the sudden bursts of sprightlier motion, which had once corresponded to his overflow of gladness; his countenance was heavier, and its former play of expression, the dance of sunshine reflected from moving water, was destroyed by the cloud over his existence; his notice was attracted in a far less degree by passing events, and he appeared to find greater difficulty in comprehending what was new to him, than at a happier period. A stranger, founding his judgment upon these circumstances, would have said that the dulness of the child's intellect widely contradicted the promise of his features; but the secret was in the direction of Ilbrahim's thoughts, which were brooding within him when they should naturally have been wandering abroad. An attempt of Dorothy to revive his former sportiveness was the single occasion, on which his quiet demeanor yielded to a violent display of grief; he burst into passionate weeping, and ran and hid himself, for his heart had become so miserably sore, that even the hand of kindness tortured it like fire. Sometimes, at night and probably in his dreams, he was heard to cry, 'Mother! Mother!' as if her place, which a stranger had supplied while Ilbrahim was happy, admitted of no substitute in his extreme affliction. Perhaps, among the many life-weary wretches then upon the earth, there was not one who combined innocence and misery with the poor, broken-hearted infant, so soon the victim of his own heavenly nature.

While this melancholy scene had taken place in Ilbrahim, one of different character had commenced in his adopted father. The incident with which this tale commences found Pearson in a state of religious dulness, yet mentally disquieted, and longing for a more fervid faith than he possessed. The first effect of his kindness to Ilbrahim was to produce a softened feeling, an incipient love for the child's whole sect; but joined to this, and resulting perhaps from self-suspicion, was a proud and ostentatious contempt of their tenets and practical extravagances. In the course of much thought, however, for the subject struggled irresistibly into his mind, the foolishness of the doctrine began to be less evident, and the points which had particularly offended his reason assumed another aspect, or vanished entirely away. The work within him appeared to go on even while he slept, and that which had been a doubt, when he laid down to rest, would often hold the place of a truth, confirmed by some forgotten demonstration, when he recalled his thoughts in the morning. But while he was thus becoming assimilated to the enthusiasts, his contempt, in nowise decreasing towards them, grew very fierce against himself; he imagined, also, that every face of his acquaintance wore a sneer, and that every word addressed to him
was a gibe. Such was his state of mind at the period of
Ibrahim's misfortune; and the emotions consequent
upon that event completed the change, of which the
child had been the original instrument.
In the increased bitterness of the persecutors,
or the irritation of their victims, had de-
creased. The dungeons were never empty; the streets
of almost every village echoed daily with the lash; the
life of a woman, whose mild and Christian spirit no
cruelty could embitter, had been sacrificed; and more
innocent blood was yet to pollute the hands, that were
so often raised in prayer. Early after the Restoration,
the English Quakers represented to Charles II. that a
rain of blood was open in his dominions; but though
the displeasure of the voluptuous king was roused, his
interference was not prompt. And now the tale must
stride forward over many months, leaving Pearson to
encounter ignominy and misfortune; his wife to a
firm endurance of a thousand sorrows; poor Ibrahim
to pine and droop like a cankered rose-bud; his mother
to wander on a mistaken errand, neglectful of the
holiest trust which can be committed to a woman.

A winter evening, a night of storm, had darkened
over Pearson's habitation, and there were no cheerful
faces to drive the gloom from his broad hearth. The
gire, it is true, sent forth a glowing heat and a ruddy
light, and large logs, dripping with half-melted snow,
lay ready to be cast upon the embers. But the in-

ment was saddened in its aspect by the absence of
much of the homely wealth which had once adorned
it; for the exaction of repeated fines, and his own
neglect of temporal affairs, had greatly impoverished
the owner. And with the furniture of peace, the im-
plements of war had likewise disappeared; the sword
was broken, the helm and cuirass were cast away for
ever; the soldier had done with battles, and might not
lift so much as his naked hand to guard his head. But
the Holy Book remained, and the table on which it
rested was drawn before the fire, while two of the
persecuted sect sought comfort from its pages.

He who listened, while the other read, was the
master of the house, now emaciated in form, and altering
as to the expression and healthiness of his counten-
ance; for his mind had dwelt too long among visionary
thoughts, and his body had been worn by imprison-
ment and stripes. The hale and weather-beaten old
man, who sat beside him, had sustained less injury
from a far longer course of the same mode of life.
In person he was tall and dignified, and, which alone
would have made him hateful to the Puritans, his gray
locks fell from beneath the broad-brimmed hat, and
rested on his shoulders. As the old man read the
sacred page, the snow drifted against the windows, or
edded in at the crevices of the door, while a blast kept
laughing in the chimney, and the blaze leaped fiercely
up to seek it. And sometimes, when the wind struck
the hill at a certain angle, and swept down by the
cottage across the wintry plain, its voice was the most
doleful that can be conceived; it came as if the Past
were speaking, as if the Dead had contributed each a
whisper, as if the Desolation of Ages were breathed in
that one lamenting sound.

The Quaker at length closed the book, retaining
however his hand between the pages which he had
been reading, while he looked steadfastly at Pearson.
The attitude and features of the latter might have
indicated the endurance of bodily pain; he leaned his
forehead on his hands, his teeth were firmly closed,
and his frame was tremulous at intervals with a nervous
agitation.

"Friend Tobias," inquired the old man, compassion-
ately, "hast thou found no comfort in these many
blessed passages of scripture?"

"Thy voice has fallen on my ear like a sound afar
off and indistinct," replied Pearson without lifting his
eyes. "Yea, and when I have harkened carefully, the
words seemed cold and lifeless, and intended for
another and a lesser grief than mine. Remove the
book," he added, in a tone of sullen bitterness. "I
have no part in its consolations, and they do but fret
my sorrow the more."

"Nay, feeble brother, be not as one who hath never
known the light," said the elder Quaker, earnestly, but
with mildness. "Art thou he that wouldst be content
to give all, and endure all, for conscience sake; desiring
even peculiar trials, that thy faith might be purified,
and thy heart weaned from worldly desires? And wilt
thou sink beneath an affliction which happens alike to
them that have their portion here below, and to them
that lay up treasure in heaven? Faint not, for thy
burthen is yet light."

"It is heavy! It is heavier than I can bear!" ex-
claimed Pearson, with the impatience of a variable
spirit. "From my youth upward I have been a man
marked out for wrath; and year by year, yea, day
after day, I have endured sorrows such as others know
not in their life-time. And now I speak not of the
love that has been turned to hatred, the honor to
ignominy, the case and plentfulness of all things to
danger, want, and nakedness. All this I could have
borne, and counted myself blessed. But when my
heart was desolate with many losses, I fixed it upon
the child of a stranger, and he became dearer to me
than all my buried ones; and now he must die, as
if my love were poison. Verily, I am an accursed
man, and I will lay me down in the dust, and lift up
my head no more."

"Thou sinnest, brother, but it is not for me to
rebuke thee; for I also have had my hours of dark-
ness, wherein I have murmured against the cross," said the old Quaker. He continued, perhaps in the
hope of distracting his companion's thoughts from his
own sorrows. "Even of late was the light obscured
within me, when the men of blood had banished me
on pain of death, and the constables led me onward
From village to village, towards the wilderness. A strong and cruel hand was wielding the knotted cords; they sunk deep into the flesh, and thou mightest have tracked every real and totter of my footsteps by the blood that followed. As we went on—

"Have I not borne all this; and have I murmured?" interrupted Pearson, impatiently.

"Nay, friend, but hear me," continued the other. 

"As we journeyed on, night darkened on our path, so that no man could see the rage of the persecutors, or the constancy of my endurance, though Heaven forbid that I should glory therein. The lights began to glimmer in the cottage windows, and I could discern the inmates as they gathered, in comfort and security, every man with his wife and children by their own evening hearth. At length we came to a tract of fertile land; in the dim light, the forest was not visible around it; and behold! there was a straw-thatched dwelling, which bore the very aspect of my home, far over the wild ocean, far in our own England. Then came bitter thoughts upon me; yea, remembrances that were like death to my soul. The happiness of my early days was painted to me; the disquiet of my manhood, the altered faith of my declining years. I remembered how I had been moved to go forth a wanderer, when my daughter, the youngest, the dearest of my flock, lay on her dying bed, and—"

"Couldst thou obey the command at such a moment?" exclaimed Pearson, shuddering.
drifted hard against the windows, and sometimes, as
the blaze of the logs had gradually sunk, came down
the spacious chimney and hissed upon the hearth. A
cautious footstep might now and then be heard in a
neighboring apartment, and the sound invariably drew
the eyes of both Quakers to the door which led thither.
When a fierce and riotous gust of wind had led his
thoughts, by a natural association, to homeless travellers
on such a night, Pearson resumed the conversation.

'I have well nigh sunk under my own share of this
trial,' observed he, sighing heavily yet I would that
it might be doubled to me, if so the child's mother
could be spared. Her wounds have been deep and
many, but this will be the sorest of all.'

'Fear not for Catharine,' replied the old Quaker;
'for I know that valiant woman, and have seen how
she can bear the cross. A mother's heart, indeed, is
strong in her, and may seem to contend mightily with
her faith; but soon she will stand up and give thanks
that her son has been thus early an accepted sacrifice.
The boy hath done his work, and she will feel that he
is taken hence in kindness both to him and her.
Blessed, blessed are they, that with so little suffering
can enter into peace!'

The fitful rush of the wind was now disturbed by a
portentous sound; it was a quick and heavy knocking
at the outer door. Pearson's wan countenance grew
eraler, for many a visit of persecution had taught him
what to dread; the old man, on the other hand, stood
up erect, and his glance was hirm as that of the tried
soldier who awaits his enemy.

'The men of blood have come to seek me,' he
observed, with calmness. 'They have heard how I
was moved to return from banishment; and now am I
to be led to prison, and thence to death. It is an end
I have long looked for. I will open unto them, lest
they say, "Lo, he feareth!"'

'Nay, I will present myself before them,' said
Pearson, with recovered fortitude. 'It may be that
they seek me alone, and know not that thou abidest
with me.'

'Let us go boldly, both one and the other,' rejoined
his companion. 'It is not fitting that thou or I
should shrink.'

They therefore proceeded through the entry to the
door, which they opened, bidding the applicant 'Come
in, in God's name!' A furious blast of wind drove
the storm into their faces, and extinguished the lamp;
they had barely time to discern a figure, so white from
head to foot with the drifted snow, that it seemed like
Winter's self, come in human shape to seek refuge
from its own desolation.

'Enter, friend, and do thy errand, be it what it
may,' said Pearson. 'It must needs be pressing, since
thou comest on such a bitter night.'

'Peace be with this household,' said the stranger,
when they stood on the floor of the inner apartment.

Pearson started and the elder Quaker stirred the slum-
bering embers of the fire, till they sent up a clear and lofty blaze; it was a female voice that had spoken; it was a female form that shone out, cold and wintry, in that comfortable light.

"Catharine, blessed woman," exclaimed the old man, "art thou come to this darkened land again! art thou come to bear a valiant testimony as in former years? The scourge hath not prevailed against thee, and from the dungeon hast thou come forth triumphant; but strengthen, strengthen now thy heart, Catharine, for Heaven will prove thee yet this once, ere thou go to thy reward."

"Rejoice, friends!" she replied. "Thou who hast long been of our people, and thou whom a little child hath led to us, rejoice! Lo! I come, the messenger of glad tidings, for the day of persecution is overpast. The heart of the king, even Charles, hath been moved in gentleness towards us, and he hath sent forth his letters to stay the hands of the men of blood. A ship's company of our friends hath arrived at yonder town, and I also sailed joyfully among them."

As Catharine spoke, her eyes were roaming about the room, in search of him for whose sake security was dear to her. Pearson made a silent appeal to the old man, nor did the latter shrink from the painful task assigned him.

"Sister," he began, in a softened yet perfectly calm tone, "thou tellst us of His love, manifested in temporal good; and now must we speak to thee of that selfsame love, displayed in chastenings. Hitherto, Catharine, thou hast been as one journeying in a darksome and difficult path, and leading an infant by the hand; fain wouldst thou have looked heavenward continually, but still the cares of that little child have drawn thine eyes, and thy affections, to the earth. Sister! go on rejoicing, for his tottering footsteps shall impede thine own no more."

But the unhappy mother was not thus to be consoled; she shook like a leaf, she turned white as the very snow that hung drifted into her hair. The firm old man extended his hand and held her up, keeping his eye upon her's, as if to repress any outbreak of passion.

"I am a woman, I am but a woman; will He try me above my strength?" said Catharine, very quickly, and almost in a whisper. "I have been wounded sore; I have suffered much; many things in the body, many in the mind; crucified in myself, and in them that were dearest to me. Surely," added she, with a long shudder, "He hath spared me in this one thing." She broke forth with sudden and irrepressible violence. "Tell me, man of cold heart, what has God done to me? Hast He cast me down never to rise again? Hast He crushed my very heart in his hand? And thou, to whom I committed my child, how hast thou fulfilled thy trust? Give me back the boy, well, sound, alive, alive; or earth and heaven shall avenge me!"

The agonized shriek of Catharine was answered by the faint, the very faint voice of a child.
On this day it had become evident to Pearson, to his aged guest, and to Dorothy, that Ilbrahim's brief and troubled pilgrimage drew near its close. The two former would willingly have remained by him, to make use of the prayers and pious discourses which they deemed appropriate to the time, and which, if they be impotent as to the departing traveller's reception in the world whither he goes, may at least sustain him in bidding adieu to earth. But though Ilbrahim uttered no complaint, he was disturbed by the faces that looked upon him; so that Dorothy's entreaties, and their own conviction that the child's feet might tread heaven's pavement and not soil it, had induced the two Quakers to remove. Ilbrahim then closed his eyes and grew calm, and, except for now and then a kind and low word to his nurse, might have been thought to slumber. As night-fall came on, however, and the storm began to rise, something seemed to trouble the repose of the boy's mind, and to render his sense of hearing active and acute. If a passing wind lingered to shake the casement, he strove to turn his head towards it; if the door jarred to and fro upon its hinges, he looked long and anxiously thitherward; if the heavy voice of the old man, as he read the scriptures, rose but a little higher, the child almost held his dying breath to listen; if a snow-drift swept by the cottage, with a sound like the trailing of a garment, Ilbrahim seemed to watch that some visitant should enter.

But, after a little time, he relinquished whatever secret hope had agitated him, and, with one low, complaining whisper, turned his cheek upon the pillow. He then addressed Dorothy with his usual sweetness, and besought her to draw near him; she did so, and Ilbrahim took her hand in both of his, grasping it with a gentle pressure, as if to assure himself that he retained it. At intervals, and without disturbing the repose of his countenance, a very faint trembling passed over him from head to foot, as if a mild but somewhat cool wind had breathed upon him, and made him shiver. As the boy thus led her by the hand, in his quiet progress over the borders of eternity, Dorothy almost imagined that she could discern the near, though dim delightfulness, of the home he was about to reach; she would not have enticed the little wanderer back, though she bemoaned herself that she must leave him and return. But just when Ilbrahim's feet were pressing on the soil of Paradise, he heard a voice behind him, and it recalled him a few, few paces of the weary path which he had travelled. As Dorothy looked upon his features, she perceived that their placid expression was again disturbed; her own thoughts had been so wrapt in him, that all sounds of the storm, and of human speech, were lost to her; but when Catharine's shriek pierced through the room, the boy strove to raise himself.

'Friend, she is come! Open unto her!' cried he.

In a moment, his mother was kneeling by the bed-
side; she drew Ilbrahim to her bosom, and he nestled there, with no violence of joy, but contentedly as if he were hushing himself to sleep. He looked into her face, and reading its agony, said, with feeble earnestness;

'Mourn not, dearest mother. I am happy now.' And with these words, the gentle boy was dead.

The king's mandate to stay the New England persecutors was effectual in preventing further martyrdoms; but the colonial authorities, trusting in the remoteness of their situation, and perhaps in the supposed instability of the royal government, shortly renewed their severities in all other respects. Catharine's fanaticism had become wilder by the sundering of all human ties; and wherever a scourge was lifted, there was she to receive the blow; and whenever a dungeon was unbarred, thither she came, to cast herself upon the floor. But in process of time, a more Christian spirit—a spirit of forbearance, though not of cordiality or approbation—began to pervade the land in regard to the persecuted sect. And then, when the rigid old Pilgrims eyed her rather in pity than in wrath; when the matrons fed her with the fragments of their children's food, and offered her a lodging on a hard and lowly bed; when no little crowd of school-boys left their sports to cast stones after the roving enthusiast; then did Catharine return to Pearson's dwelling, and made that her home.

As if Ilbrahim's sweetness yet lingered round his ashes; as if his gentle spirit came down from heaven to teach his parent a true religion, her fierce and vindictive nature was softened by the same griefs which had once irritated it. When the course of years had made the features of the unobtrusive mourner familiar in the settlement, she became a subject of not deep, but general interest; a being on whom the otherwise superfluous sympathies of all might be bestowed. Every one spoke of her with that degree of pity which it is pleasant to experience; every one was ready to do her the little kindnesses, which are not costly, yet manifest good will; and when at last she died, a long train of her once bitter persecutors followed her, with decent sadness and tears that were not painful, to her place by Ilbrahim's green and sunken grave.
MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.
MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATAS-
TROPHE.

A young fellow, a tobacco-pedler by trade, was on
his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely
with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village
of Parker's Falls on Salmon River. He had a neat
little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted
on each side-panel, and an Indian chief, holding a
pipe and a golden tobacco-stalk, on the rear. The
pedler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man
of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the
worse liked by the Yankees; who, as I have heard
them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor
than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the
pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used
to court by presents of the best smoking-tobacco in his
stock; knowing well that the country lasses of New
England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was insatiable, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the tobacco-pedler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had traveled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip, as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up, and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

'Good morning, mister,' said Dominicus, when within speaking distance: 'You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?'

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered, rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

'MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.'

'Well, then,' rejoined Dominicus Pike, 'let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer.'

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet, in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news, or weighing the exigency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud, and no other mortal would have heard him.

'I do remember one little trifle of news,' said he.

Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a negro. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning.'

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The pedler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines, and a great deal of pig-tail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton
was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham’s own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael’s pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots, to travel at such a rate.  

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President’s Message."  

The difficulty was solved, by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day, in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country-store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard, about night-fall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham’s catastrophe, hinting, what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vise. His property would descend to a pretty niece, who was now keeping school in Kimballton.  

"What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road, that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker’s Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before, and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco smoke the pedler had ever smelt.  

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, ‘that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?’  

‘I tell the story as I heard it, mister,’ answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar; ‘I don’t say that I saw the thing done. So I can’t take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way.’
'But I can take mine,' said the farmer, that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did.'

'Why, then it can't be a fact!' exclaimed Dominicus Pike. 'I guess he'd have mentioned, if it was,' said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed, where, all night long, he dreamt of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested, that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn, revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light wagon, chaise, horseman, nor foot-traveler, till just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder, on the end of a stick.

'Good morning, mister,' said the pedler, reining in his mare. 'If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?'

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:

'No! no! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet.'

Scurceyly had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace, which would have kept the pedler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he
had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all. These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hang the nigger won't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the He!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as thriving as three cotton factories and a slitting mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it was perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk, that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals, and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding houses, factory girls, millmen, and schoolboys, rushed
into the street and kept up such a terrible loquacity, as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which restrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the tow pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence, which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher, when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses, at Kimballton at three in the morning.

'Now we shall hear all the particulars,' shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

'Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!' bawled the mob. 'What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!!'

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him; even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as readily have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder.

'Gentlemen and ladies,' said the lawyer, to the shopkeepers, the millmen, and the factory girls, 'I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note, relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts,
which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening.'

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or—as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd, on beholding her so rosy and bright; that same unhappy niece, whom they had supposed, on the authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted all along, whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bed-side, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents, to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuits in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible, and well-worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be Preceptress of the best Academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder; so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants, on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob-law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young
lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty-pudding, hit him alap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back, and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the Loudon newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money-bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The pedler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as

Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When, to this singular combination of incidents, it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life; and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael pear-tree, near which he always passed at night-fall; the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong, that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the pedler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

'May I be hanged myself,' exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill. 'if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unhanged, till I see
him with my own eyes, and bear it from his own mouth! And as he’s a real shaver, I’ll have the minister, or some other responsible man, for an endorser.'

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man, and while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

'I suppose, said the pedler, throwing back his whip-lash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare’s flank, you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?'

'Yes,' answered the toll-gatherer. 'He passed the gate just before you drove up; and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff’s sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night, he nodded,—as if to say, charge my toll,—and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o’clock.'

'So they tell me,' said Dominicus.

'I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does,' continued the toll-gatherer. 'Says I to myself, to-night, he’s more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood.'

The pedler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse’s feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial; as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

'Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike,' thought he. He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road.

On reaching this point the pedler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left was a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, further still, a mowing-field, and last of all, a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct; for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

'For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!' said he, trembling. 'I never shall be my own man.
Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night, by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say, that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time, the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors, by dying a Christian death, in bardsince which melancholy event, Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village.

The pedler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt of his whip, and found — not, indeed, hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged, or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery, by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr.
LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE.
LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
The town-crier has rung his bell, at a distant corner, and little Annie stands on her father's door-steps, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about. Let me listen too. Oh! he is telling the people that an elephant, and a lion, and a royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other strange beasts from foreign countries, have come to town, and will receive all visitors who choose to wait upon them. Perhaps little Annie would like to go. Yes; and I can see that the pretty child is weary of this wide and pleasant street, with the green trees flinging their shade across the quiet sunshine, and the pavements and the sidewalks all as clean as if the housemaid had just swept them with her broom. She feels that impulse to go strolling away—that longing after the mystery of the great world—which many children feel, and which I felt in my childhood. Little Annie shall take
LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE.

a ramble with me. See! I do but hold out my hand, and, like some bright bird in the sunny air, with her blue silk frock fluttering upwards from her white pantalets, she comes bounding on tiptoe across the street.

Smooth back your brown curls, Annie; and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will set forth! What a strange couple to go on their rambles together! One walks in black attire, with a measured step, and a heavy brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down, while the gay little girl trips lightly along, as if she were forced to keep hold of my hand, lest her feet should dance away from the earth. Yet there is sympathy between us. If I pride myself on anything, it is because I have a smile that children love; and, on the other hand, there are few grown ladies that could entice me from the side of little Annie; for I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. So, come, Annie; but if I moralize as we go, do not listen to me; only look about you, and be merry!

Now we turn the corner. Here are hacks with two horses, and stage-coaches with four, thundering to meet each other, and trucks and carts moving at a slower pace, being heavily laden with barrels from the wharves, and here are rattling gigs, which perhaps will be smashed to pieces before our eyes. Hitherward, also, comes a man trundling a wheelbarrow along the pavement. Is not little Annie afraid of such a tumult?

No; she does not even shrink closer to my side, but passes on with fearless confidence, a happy child amidst a great throng of grown people, who pay the same reverence to her infancy, that they would to extreme old age. Nobody jostles her; all turn aside to make way for little Annie; and what is most singular, she appears conscious of her claim to such respect. Now her eyes brighten with pleasure! A street musician has seated himself on the steps of yonder church, and pours forth his strains to the busy town, a melody that has gone astray among the tramp of footsteps, the buzz of voices, and the war of passing wheels. Who heeds the poor organ-grinder? None but myself and little Annie, whose feet begin to move in unison with the lively tune, as if she were loth that music should be wasted without a dance. But where would Annie find a partner? Some bare the gout in their toes, or the rheumatism in their joints; some are stiff with age; some feeble with disease; some are so lean that their bones would rattle, and others of such ponderous size that their agility would crack the flagstones; but many, many have leaden feet, because their hearts are far heavier than lead. It is a sad thought that I have chanced upon. What a company of dancers should we be! For I, too, am a gentleman of sober footsteps, and therefore, little Annie, let us walk sedately on.

It is a question with me, whether this giddy child, or my sage self, have most pleasure in looking at the
shop-windows. We love the silks of sunny hue, that
glow within the darkened premises of the spruce dry-
goods men; we are pleasantly dazzled by the burn-
nished silver, and the chased gold, the rings of wedlock
and the costly love-ornaments, glistening at the window
of the jeweller; but Annie, more than I, seeks for a
glimpse of her passing figure in the dusty looking-
glasses at the hardware stores. All that is bright and
gay attracts us both.

Here is a shop to which the recollections of my
boyhood, as well as present partialities, give a peculiar
magic. How delightful to let the fancy revel on the
dainties of a confectioner; those pies, with such white
and flaky paste, their contents being a mystery, whether
rich mince, with whole plums intermixed, or piquant
apple, delicately rose-flavored; those cakes, heart-
shaped or round, piled in a lofty pyramid; those sweet
little circlets, sweetly named kisses; those dark ma-
jestic masses, fit to be bridal loaves at the wedding of
an heiress, mountains in size, their summits deeply
snow-covered with sugar! Then the mighty treasures
of sugarplums, white, and crimson, and yellow, in
large glass vases; and candy of all varieties; and
those little cockles, or whatever they are called, much
prized by children for their sweetness, and more for
the mottos which they enclose, by love-sick maids
and bachelors! Oh! my mouth waters, little Annie,
and so doth yours; but we will not be tempted, except
to an imaginary feast; so let us hasten onward, de-
vouring the vision of a plum cake.

Here are pleasures, as some people would say, of a
more exalted kind, in the window of a bookseller. Is
Annie a literary lady? Yes; she is deeply read in
Peter Parley's tomes, and has an increasing love for
fairy tales, though seldom met with now-a-days, and
she will subscribe, next year, to the Juvenile Miscel-
nany. But, truth to tell, she is apt to turn away from
the printed page, and keep gazing at the pretty pictures,
such as the gay-colored ones which make this shop-
window the continual loitering place of children.
What would Annie think, if, in the book which I
mean to fond her, on New Year's day, she should find
her sweet little self, bound up in silk or morocco with
gilt edges, there to remain till she become a woman
grown, with children of her own to read about their
mother's childhood! That would be very queer.

Little Annie is weary of pictures, and pulls me
onward, by the hand, till suddenly we pause at the
most wondrous shop in all the town. Oh, my stars!
Is this a toyshop, or is it fairy land? For here are
gilded chariots, in which the king and queen of the
fairies might ride side by side, while their courtiers,
on these small horses, should gallop in triumphal pro-
cession before and behind the royal pair. Here, too,
are dishes of china ware, fit to be the dining set of
those same princely personages, when they make a
regal banquet in the stateliest hall of their palace,
full five feet high, and behold their nobles feasting
adown the long perspective of the table. Betwixt the
Now we elbow our way among the throng again. It is curious, in the most crowded part of a town, to meet with living creatures that had their birth-place in some far solitude, but have acquired a second nature in the wilderness of men. Look up, Annie, at that canary bird, hanging out of the window in his cage. Poor little fellow! His golden feathers are all tarnished in this smoky sunshine; he would have glistened twice as brightly among the summer islands; but still he has become a citizen in all his tastes and habits, and would not sing half so well without the uproar that drowns his music. What a pity that he does not know how miserable he is! There is a parrot, too, calling out, 'Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!' as we pass by. Foolish bird, to be talking about her prettiness to strangers; especially as she is not a pretty Poll, though gaudily dressed in green and yellow. If she had said 'pretty Annie,' there would have been some sense in it. See that gray squirrel, at the door of the fruit-shop, whirling round and round so merrily within his wire wheel! Being condemned to the treadmill, he makes it an amusement. Admirable philosophy!

Here comes a big, rough dog, a countryman's dog in search of his master; smelling at everybody's heels, and touching little Annie's hand with his cold nose, but hurrying away, though she would fain have patted him. Success to your search, Fidelity! And there sits a great yellow cat upon a window-sill, a very corpulent and comfortable cat, gaz ing at this transitory
world, with owl's eyes, and making pithy comments, 
doubtless, or what appear such, to the silly beast. Oh, 
sage pass, make room for me beside you, and we will 
be a pair of philosophers!

Here we see something to remind us of the town-crier, 
and his ding-dong-bell! Look! look at that great 
cloth spread out in the air, pictured all over with wild 
beasts, as if they had met together to choose a king, 
according to their custom in the days of Egypt. But 
they are choosing neither a king nor a President; else 
we should hear a most horrible snarling! They have 
come from the deep woods, and the wild mountains, 
and the desert sands, and the polar snows, only to do 
homage to my little Annie. As we enter among them, 
the great elephant makes us a bow, in the best style of 
elephantine courtesy, bending lowly down his mountain 
bulk, with trunk abased and leg thrust out behind. 
Annie returns the salute, much to the gratification of 
the elephant, who is certainly the best bred monster 
in the caravan. The lion and the lioness are busy 
with two beef bones. The royal tiger, the beautiful, 
the untamable, keeps pacing his narrow cage with a 
haughty step, unmindful of the spectators, or recalling 
the fierce deeds of his former life, when he was wont 
to leap forth upon such inferior animals, from the 
jungles of Bengal.

Here we see the very same wolf—to not go near 
him, Annie!—the self-same wolf that devoured little 
Red Riding Hood and her grandmother. In the next 

...
Mercy on us, what a noisy world we quiet people live in! Did Annie ever read the cries of London? With what lusty lungs doth yonder man proclaim that his wheelbarrow is full of lobsters! Here comes another mounted on a cart, and blowing a hoarse and dreadful blast from a tin horn, as much as to say 'fresh fish!' And hark! a voice on high, like that of a muezzin from the summit of a mosque, announcing that some chimney sweeper has emerged from smoke and soot, and darksome caverns, into the upper air. What cares the world for that! But, well-a-day, we hear a shrill voice of affliction, the scream of a little child, rising louder with every repetition of that smart, sharp, slapping sound, produced by an open hand on tender flesh. Annie sympathizes, though without experience of such direful woe. Lo! the town-crier again, with some new secret for the public ear. Will he tell us of an auction, or of a lost pocketbook, or a show of beautiful wax figures, or of some monstrous beast more horrible than any in the caravan? I guess the latter. See how he uplifts the bell in his right hand, and shakes it slowly at first, then with a hurried motion, till the clapper seems to strike both sides at once, and the sounds are scattered forth in quick succession, far and near.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

Now he raises his clear, loud voice, above all the din of the town; it drowns the buzzing talk of many tongues, and draws each man's mind from his own business; it rolls up and down the echoing street, and ascends to the hushed chamber of the sick, and penetrates downward to the cellar kitchen, where the hot cook turns from the fire to listen. Who, of all that address the public ear, whether in church, or courthouse, or hall of state, has such an attentive audience as the town-crier! What saith the people's orator?

'Stayed from her home, a little girl, of five years old, in a blue silk frock and white pantalets, with brown curling hair and hazel eyes. Whoever will bring her back to her afflicted mother—'

Stop, stop, town-crier! The lost is found. Oh, my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town-crier to bellow up and down the streets, affrighting old and young, for the loss of a little girl who has not once let go my hand? Well, let us hasten homeward; and as we go, forget not to thank heaven, my Annie, that after wandering a little way into the world, you may return at the first summons, with an untainted and unwearied heart, and be a happy child again. But I have gone too far astray for the town-crier to call me back!

Sweet has been the charm of childhood on my spirit, throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a bubble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations, about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not
so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more; then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler woman, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!
In some old magazine or newspaper, I recollect a story, told as truth, of a man—let us call him Wakefield—who absented himself for a long time from his wife. The fact, thus stated, is not very uncommon, nor—without a proper distinction of circumstances—to be condemned either as naughty or nonsensical. Howbeit, this, though far from the most aggravated, is perhaps the strangest instance, on record, of marital delinquency; and, moreover, as remarkable a freak as may be found in the whole list of human oddities. The wedded couple lived in London. The man, under pretense of going a journey, took lodgings in the next street to his own house, and there, unheard of by his wife or friends, and without the shadow of a reason for such self-banishment, dwelt upwards of twenty years. During that period, he beheld his home every day, and frequently the forlorn Mrs. Wakefield. And after so great a gap in his
matrimonial felicity—when his death was reckoned certain, his estate settled, his name dismissed from memory, and his wife, long; long ago, resigned to her autumnal widowhood—he entered the door one evening, quietly, as from a day's absence, and became a loving spouse till death.

This outline is all that I remember. But the incident, though of the purest originality, unexampled, and probably never to be repeated, is one, I think, which appeals to the general sympathies of mankind. We know, each for himself, that none of us would perpetrate such a folly, yet feel as if some other might. To my own contemplations, at least, it has often recurred, always exciting wonder, but with a sense that the story must be true, and a conception of its hero's character. Whenever any subject so forcibly attracts the mind, time is well spent in thinking of it. If the reader choose, let him do his own meditation; or if he prefer to ramble with me through the twenty years of Wakefield's vagary, I bid him welcome; trusting that there will be a pervading spirit and a moral, even should we fail to find them, done up neatly, and condensed into the final sentence. Thought has always its efficacy, and every striking incident its moral.

What sort of a man was Wakefield? We are free to shape out our own idea, and call it by his name. He was now in the meridian of life; his matrimonial affections, never violent, were sobered into a calm, habitual sentiment; of all husbands, he was likely to be the most constant, because a certain sluggishness would keep his heart at rest, wherever it might be placed. He was intellectual, but not actively so; his mind occupied itself in long and lazy musings, that tended to no purpose, or had not vigor to attain it; his thoughts were seldom so energetic as to seize hold of words. Imagination, in the proper meaning of the term, made no part of Wakefield's gifts. With a cold, but not depraved nor wandering heart, and a mind never feverish with riotous thoughts, nor perplexed with originality, who could have anticipated, that our friend would entitle himself to a foremost place among the doers of eccentric deeds? Had his acquaintances been asked, who was the man in London, the surest to perform nothing today which should be remembered on the morrow, they would have thought of Wakefield. Only the wife of his bosom might have hesitated. She, without having analyzed his character, was partly aware of a quiet selfishness, that had rusted into his inactive mind—of a peculiar sort of vanity, the most uneasy attribute about him—of a disposition to craft, which had seldom produced more positive effects than the keeping of petty secrets, hardly worth revealing—and, lastly, of what she called a little strangeness, sometimes, in the good man. This latter quality is indefinable, and perhaps non-existent.

Let us now imagine Wakefield bidding adieu to his wife. It is the dusk of an October evening. His equipment is a drab greatcoat, a hat covered with an
oilcloth, top-boots, an umbrella in one hand and a small portmanteau in the other. He has informed Mrs. Wakefield that he is to take the night-coach into the country. She would fain inquire the length of his journey, its object, and the probable time of his return; but, indulgent to his harmless love of mystery, interrogates him only by a look. He tells her not to expect him positively by the return coach, nor to be alarmed should he tarry three or four days; but, at all events, to look for him at supper on Friday evening. Wakefield himself, be it considered, has no suspicion of what is before him. He holds out his hand; she gives her own, and meets his parting kiss, in the matter-of-course way of a ten years’ matrimony, and forth goes the middle-aged Mr. Wakefield, almost resolved to perplex his good lady by a whole week’s absence. After the door has closed behind him, she perceives it thrust partly open, and a vision of her husband’s face, through the aperture, smiling on her, and gone in a moment. For the time, this little incident is dismissed without a thought. But, long afterwards, when she has been more years a widow than a wife, that smile recurs, and flickers across all her reminiscences of Wakefield’s visage. In her many musings, she surrounds the original smile with a multitude of fantasies, which make it strange and awful; as, for instance, if she imagines him in a coffin, that parting look is frozen on his pale features; or, if she dreams of him in Heaven, still his blessed spirit wears a quiet and crafty smile. Yet, for its sake, when all others have given him up for dead, she sometimes doubts whether she is a widow.

But, our business is with the husband. We must hurry after him, along the street, ere he lose his individuality, and melt into the great mass of London life. It would be vain searching for him there. Let us follow close at his heels, therefore; until, after several superfluous turns and doublings, we find him comfortably established by the fireside of a small apartment, previously bespoken. He is in the next street to his own, and at his journey’s end. He can scarcely trust his good fortune, in having got thither unperceived—recollecting that, at one time, he was delayed by the throng, in the very focus of a lighted lantern; and, again, there were footsteps, that seemed to tread behind his own, distinct from the multitudinous tramp around him; and, anon, he heard a voice shouting afar, and fancied that it called his name. Doubtless, a dozen busybodies had been watching him, and told his wife the whole affair. Poor Wakefield! Little knowest thou thine own insignificance in this great world! No mortal eye but mine has traced thee. Go quietly to thy bed, foolish man; and, on the morrow, if thou wilt be wise, get thee home to good Mrs. Wakefield, and tell her the truth. Remove not thyself, even for a little week, from thy place in her chaste bosom. Were she, for a single moment, to deem thee dead, or lost, or lastingly divided from her, thou
wouldst be woefully conscious of a change in thy true wife, or even after. It is perilous to make a chasm in human affections; not that they gape so long and wide—but so quickly close again!

Almost repenting of his frolic, or whatever it may be termed, Wakefield lies down betimes, and starting from his first nap, spreads forth his arms into the wide and solitary waste of the unaccustomed bed. 'No'—thinks he, gathering the bed-clothes about him—'I will not sleep alone another night.'

In the morning, he rises earlier than usual, and sets himself to consider what he really means to do. Such are his loose and rambling modes of thought, that he has taken this very singular step, with the consciousness of a purpose, indeed, but without being able to define it sufficiently for his own contemplation. The vagueness of the project, and the convulsive effort with which he plunges into the execution of it, are equally characteristic of a feeble-minded man. Wakefield sifts his ideas, however, as minutely as he may, and finds himself curious to know the progress of matters at home—how his exemplary wife will endure her widowhood, of a week; and, briefly, how the little sphere of creatures and circumstances, in which he was a central object, will be affected by his removal. A morbid vanity, therefore, lies nearest the bottom of the affair. But, how is he to attain his ends? Not, certainly, by keeping close in this comfortable lodging, where, though he slept and awoke in the next street to his home, he is as effectually abroad, as if the stage-coach had been whirling him away all night. Yet, should he reappear, the whole project is knocked in the head. His poor brains being hopelessly puzzled with this dilemma, he at length ventures out, partly resolving to cross the head of the street, and send one hasty glance towards his forsaken domicile. Habit—for he is a man of habits—takes him by the hand, and guides him, wholly unaware, to his own door, where, just at the critical moment, he is aroused by the scraping of his foot upon the step. Wakefield! whither are you going?

At that instant, his fate was turning on the pivot. Little dreaming of the doom to which his first backward step devotes him, he hurries away, breathless with agitation hitherto unfelt, and hardly dares turn his head, at the distant corner. Can it be, that nobody caught sight of him? Will not the whole household—the decent Mrs. Wakefield, the smart maidservant, and the dirty little footboy—raise a hue-and-cry, through London streets, in pursuit of their fugitive lord and master? Wonderful escape! He gathers courage to pause and look homeward, but is perplexed with a sense of change about the familiar edifice, such as affects us all, when, after a separation of months or years, we again see some hill or lake, or work of art, with which we were friends, of old. In ordinary cases, this indescribable impression is caused by the comparison and contrast between our imperfect
reminiscences and the reality. In Wakefield, the magic of a single night has wrought a similar transformation, because, in that brief period, a great moral change has been effected. But this is a secret from himself. Before leaving the spot, he catches a far and momentary glimpse of his wife, passing athwart the front window, with her face turned towards the head of the street. The crafty nincompoop takes to his heels, seared with the idea, that, among a thousand, such atoms of mortality, her eye must have detected him. Right glad is his heart, though his brain be somewhat dizzy, when he finds himself by the coal-fire of his lodgings.

So much for the commencement of this long whim-wham. After the initial conception, and the stirring up of the man's sluggish temperament to put it in practice, the whole matter evolves itself in a natural train. We may suppose him, as the result of deep deliberation, buying a new wig, of reddish hair, and selecting sundry garments, in a fashion unlike his customary suit of brown, from a Jew's old-clothes bag. It is accomplished. Wakefield is another man. The new system being now established, a retrograde movement to the old would be almost as difficult as the step that placed him in his unparalleled position. Furthermore, he is rendered obstinate by a sulkiness, occasionally incident to his temper, and brought on, at present, by the inadequate sensation which he conceives to have been produced in the bosom of Mrs. Wakefield. He will not go back until she be frightened half to death. Well; twice or thrice has she passed before his sight, each time with a heavier step, a paler cheek, and more anxious brow; and in the third week of his non-appearance, he detects a portent of evil entering the house, in the guise of an apothecary. Next day, the knocker is muffled. Towards night-fall, comes the chariot of a physician, and deposits its big-wigged and solemn burden at Wakefield's door, whence, after a quarter of an hour's visit, he emerges, perchance the herald of a funeral. Dear woman! Will she die? By this time, Wakefield is excited to something like energy of feeling, but still lingers away from his wife's bedside, pleading with his conscience, that she must not be disturbed at such a juncture. If aught else restrains him, he does not know it. In the course of a few weeks, she gradually recovers; the crisis is over; her heart is sad, perhaps, but quiet; and, let him return soon or late, it will never be feverish for him again. Such ideas glimmer through the mist of Wakefield's mind, and render him indistinctly conscious, that an almost impassable gulf divides his hired apartment from his former home. 'It is but in the next street!' he sometimes says. Fool! it is in another world. Hitherto, he has put off his return from one particular day to another; henceforward, he leaves the precise time undetermined. Not tomorrow—probably next week—pretty soon. Poor man! The dead have nearly as much chance of re-visiting their earthly homes, as the self-banished Wakefield.
Would that I had a folio to write, instead of an article of a dozen pages! Then might I exemplify how an influence, beyond our control, lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity. Wakefield is spell-bound. We must leave him, for ten years or so, to haunt around his house, without once crossing the threshold, and to be faithful to his wife, with all the affection of which his heart is capable, while he is slowly fading out of her. Long since, it must be remarked, he has lost the perception of singularity in his conduct.

Now for a scene! Amid the throng of a London street, we distinguish a man, now waxing elderly, with few characteristics to attract careless observers, yet bearing, in his whole aspect, the handwriting of no common fate, for such as have the skill to read it. He is meagre; his low and narrow forehead is deeply wrinkled; his eyes, small and lustreless, sometimes wander apprehensively about him, but oftener seem to look inward. He bends his head, and moves with an indescribable obliquity of gait, as if unwilling to display his full front to the world. Watch him, long enough to see what we have described, and you will allow, that circumstances—which often produce remarkable men from nature's ordinary handiwork—have produced one such here. Next, leaving him to sidle along the foot-walk, cast your eyes in the opposite direction, where a portly female, considerably in the wane of life, with a prayer-book in her hand, is proceeding to yonder church. She has the placid mien of settled widowhood. Her regrets have either died away, or have become so essential to her heart, that they would be poorly exchanged for joy. Just as the lean man and well-conditioned woman are passing, a slight obstruction occurs, and brings these two figures directly in contact. Their hands touch; the pressure of the crowd forces her bosom against his shoulder; they stand, face to face, staring into each other's eyes. After a ten years' separation, thus Wakefield meets his wife!

The throng eddies away, and carries them asunder. The sober widow, resuming her former pace, proceeds to church, but pauses in the portal, and throws a perplexed glance along the street. She passes in, however, opening her prayer-book as she goes. And the man? With so wild a face, that busy and selfish London stands to gaze after him, he hurries to his lodgings, bolts the door, and throws himself upon the bed. The latent feelings of years break out; his feeble mind acquires a brief energy from their strength; all the miserable strangeness of his life is revealed to him at a glance and he cries out, passionately—'Wakefield! Wakefield! You are mad!'

Perhaps he was so. The singularity of his situation must have so moulded him to itself, that, considered in regard to his fellow-creatures and the business of life, he could not be said to possess his right mind.
He had contrived, or rather he had happened, to discover himself from the world—to vanish—to give up his place and privileges with living men, without being admitted among the dead. The life of a hermit is nowise parallel to his. He was in the bustle of the city, as of old; but the crowd swept by, and saw him not; he was, we may figuratively say, always beside his wife, and at his hearth, yet must never feel the warmth of the one, nor the affection of the other. It was Wakefield's unprecedented fate, to retain his original share of human sympathies, and to be still involved in human interests, while he had lost his reciprocal influence on them. It would be a most curious speculation, to trace out the effect of such circumstances on his heart and intellect, separately, and in unison. Yet, changed as he was, he would seldom be conscious of it, but deem himself the same man as ever; glimpses of the truth, indeed, would come, but only for the moment; and still he would keep saying—'I shall soon go back!'—nor reflect, that he had been saying so for twenty years.

I conceive, also, that these twenty years would appear, in the retrospect, scarcely longer than the week to which Wakefield had at first limited his absence. He would look on the affair as no more than an interlude in the main business of his life. When, after a little while more, he should deem it time to re-enter his parlor, his wife would clasp her hands for joy, on beholding the middle-aged Mr. Wakefield. Alas, what a mistake! Would Time but await the close of our favorite follies, we should be young men, all of us, and still Doomsday.

One evening, in the twentieth year since he vanished, Wakefield is taking his customary walk towards the dwelling which he still calls his own. It is a gusty night of autumn, with frequent showers, that patter down upon the pavement, and are gone, before a man can put up his umbrella. Pausing near the house, Wakefield discerns, through the parlor-windows of the second floor, the red glow, and the glimmer and fitful flash, of a comfortable fire. On the ceiling appears a grotesque shadow of good Mrs. Wakefield. The cap, the nose and chin, and the broad waist, form an admirable caricature, which dances, moreover, with the up-slickering and down-sinking blaze, almost too merrily for the shade of an elderly widow. At this instant, a shower chances to fall, and is driven, by the unmanly gust, full into Wakefield's face and bosom. He is quite penetrated with its autumnal chill. Shall he stand, wet and shivering here; when his own hearth has a good fire to warm him, and his own wife will run to fetch the gray coat and small-clothes, which, doubtless, she has kept carefully in the closet of their bedchamber? No! Wakefield is no such fool. He ascends the steps—heavily!—for twenty years have stiffened his legs, since he came down—but he knows it not. Stay, Wakefield! Would you go to the sole home that is left you? Then step into your grave!
The door opens. As he passes in, we have a parting glimpse of his visage, and recognize the crafty smile, which was the precursor of the little joke, that he has ever since been playing off at his wife's expense. How unmercifully has he quizzed the poor woman! Well, a good night's rest to Wakefield!

This happy event—supposing it to be such—could only have occurred at an unpremeditated moment. We will not follow our friend across the threshold. He has left us much food for thought, a portion of which shall lend its wisdom to a moral, and be shaped into a figure. Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another, and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place for ever. Like Wakefield, he may become, as it were, the Outcast of the Universe.
A RILL FROM THE TOWN-PUMP.

(Scene—the corner of two principal streets. The Town-Pump talking through its nose.)

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town-officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town-Pump? The title of 'town-treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to

* Essex and Washington Streets, Salem.
him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire
department, and one of the physicians to the board of
health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers
will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some
of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public
notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak
within bounds, I am the chief person of the munici-
pality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to
my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, down-
right, and impartial discharge of my business, and the
constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or
winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I
am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market,
stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and
at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show
where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noon-side, I am cupbearer to the
parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is
chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall,
at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my
plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice.
Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk
up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is
the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of
father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica,
strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the
hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay!
Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no cus-
tomers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen!
Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in
a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another
cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as
thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that
you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and,
like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and
stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Other-
wise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would
have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to no-
thing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and
make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to
quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which
he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most
rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers,
hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be
anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your
breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man!
The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet,
and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet,
which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and
tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever,
in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend
the price of your children's food, for a swig half so
delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years,
you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and,
whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a
constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh,
my little friend, you are let loose from school, and
Come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain tape of the fœrule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who trod so tenderly over the pavingsstones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people, who have no wine-cellar. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott, and his followers, came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years, it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a fleeting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mudpuddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now
their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town-Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town-Pump, and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore, which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town-Pump and
the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and, finally, monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the [inserted] of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and re-kindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to them-
permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"Success to the Town-Pump!"
The Great Carbuncle.

A Mystery of the White Mountains.

At night-fall, once, in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves, after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends, nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines, that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There

* The Indian tradition, on which this somewhat extravagant tale is founded, is both too wild and too beautiful, to be adequately wrought up, in prose. B Juniper, in his history of Maine, written since the Revolution, remarks, that even then, the existence of the Great Carbuncle was not entirely discredited.
was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become
so estranged from natural sympathies, by the absorbing
spell of the pursuit, as to acknowledge no satisfaction
at the sight of human faces, in the remote and solitary
region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of
wilderness lay between them and the nearest settle-
ment, while scant a mile above their heads, was that
bleak verge, where the hills throw off their shaggy
mantle of forest trees, and either robe themselves in
cloaks, or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the
Amonoosuck would have been too awful for endurance,
if only a solitary man had listened, while the mountain
stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable
greetings, and welcomed one another to the hut, where
each man was the host, and all were the guests of the
whole company. They spread their individual supplies
of food on the flat surface of a rock, and partook of a
general repast; at the close of which, a sentiment of
good fellowship was perceptible among the party,
though repressed by the idea, that the renewed search
for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers
again, in the morning. Seven men and one young
woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire,
which extended its bright wall along the whole front of
their wigwam. As they observed the various and con-
trasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man
looking like a caricature of himself, in the unsteady
light that flickered over him, they came mutually to
the conclusion, that an odder society had never met,
in city or wilderness—on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group, a tall, lean, weather-beaten
man, some sixty years of age, was clad in the skins of
wild animals, whose fashion of dress he did well to
imitate, since the deer, the wolf, and the bear, had
long been his most intimate companions. He was one
of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of,
whom, in their early youth, the Great Carbuncle smote
with a peculiar madness, and became the passionate
dream of their existence. All, who visited that region,
knew him as the Seeker, and by no other name. As
none could remember when he first took up the search,
there went a fable in the valley of the Saco, that for
his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle, he had
been condemned to wander among the mountains till
the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at
sunrise—the same despair at eve. Near this miserable
Seeker sat a little elderly personage, wearing a high
crowned hat, shaped somewhat like a crucible. He
was from beyond the sea, a Doctor Cacaphodol, who
had wilted and dried himself into a mummy, by con-
tinually stooping over charcoal furnaces, and inhaling
unwholesome fumes, during his researches in chemistry
and alchymy. It was told of him, whether truly or
not, that, at the commencement of his studies, he had
drained his body of all its richest blood, and wasted
it, with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsucce-
sful experiment—and had never been a well man since.
Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pigmnort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story, that Master Pigmornort was accustomed to spend a whole hour, after prayer-time, every morning and evening, in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth, whom we shall notice, had no name, that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles, which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature, to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a wight-eyed man, but woefully pined away, which was no more than natural, if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist, and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine, whenever he could get it. Certain it is, that the poetry, which flowed from him, had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien, and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress, and gleamed intensely on the jewelled pomme1 of his sword. This was the Lord de Vere, who, when at home, was said to spend much of his time in the burial-vault of his dead progenitors, rummaging their mouldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vain-glory, that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry.

Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side, a blooming little person, in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew; two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair, who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object, that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had 'listened to a traveller's tale of this marvelous stone, in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it, as could only be quenched in its intensest luster. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years, till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting expedition, full forty miles south
of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight, and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts, which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source. A light that overpowered the moon, and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other, in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a scarcely hidden conviction, that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions, that a spirit kept watch about the gem, and bewildered those who sought it, either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills, or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit; all professing to believe, that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point, among the intricacies of forest, valley, and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation, the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual, in turn, the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

'So, fellow-pilgrims,' said he, 'here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel—who, doubtless, is as wise as any gray-beard of the company: here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks now, it were not amiss, that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it. What says our friend in the bear-skin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?'

'How enjoy it!' exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. 'I hope for no enjoyment from it—that folly has passed long ago! I keep up the search for this accursed stone, because the vain-ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me, in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength—the energy of my soul—the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones! Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead, on the hither side of the Notch, which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet, not to have my wasted life-time back again, would I give up my hopes of the Great Carbuncle! Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die, and keep it buried with me for ever!'

'Oh, wretch, regardless of the interests of science!' cried Doctor Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation. 'Thou art not worthy to behold, even from afar off, the lustre of this most precious gem that ever
was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is
the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the
possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on
obtaining it—for I have a presentiment, good people,
that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputa-
tion—I shall return to Europe, and employ my remain-
ing years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion
of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder; other parts
shall be dissolved in acids, or whatever solvents
will act upon so admirable a composition; and the
remainder I design to melt in the crucible, or set on
fire with the blow-pipe. By these various methods, I
shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow
the result of my labors upon the world, in a folio
volume.

'Excellent!' quoth the man with the spectacles.
'Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the
necessary destruction of the gem; since the perusal of
your folio may teach every mother's son of us to con-
coct a Great Carbuncle of his own.'

'But, verily,' said Master Ichabod Pignor, 'for
mine own part, I object to the making of these counter-
feits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable
value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have
an interest in keeping up the price: Here have I
quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the
care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great
hazard, and furthermore, have put myself in peril of
death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages—

and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the
congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed little better than a traffic with the
evil one. Now think ye that I would have done this
grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation and estate,
without a reasonable chance of profit?

'Not I, pious Master Pignor,' said the man with
the spectacles. 'I never laid such a great folly to thy
charge.'

'Truly, I hope not,' said the merchant. 'Now, as
touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I
have never had a glimpse of it; but be it only the
hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely
outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he
holds at an incalculable sum. Wherefore, I am mind-
ed to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard, and
voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or
into Heathendom, if Providence should send me
thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best
bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may
place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have a
wiser plan, let him expound it.'

'That have I, thou sordid man!' exclaimed the poet.
'Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou
wouldst transmute all this ethereal lustre into such
dross, as thou wallowest in already? For myself,
hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back
to my attic chamber, in one of the darksome alleys
of London. There, night and day, will I gaze upon
it—my soul shall drink its radiance—it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poetry that I indite. Thus, long ages after I am gone, the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name!

'Well said, Master Poet!' cried he of the spectacles. 'Hide it under thy cloak, say'st thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes, and make thee look like a jack-o'lantern!'

'To think!' ejaculated the Lord de Vere, rather to himself, than to his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse,—'to think that a fellow in a tattered cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub street! Have not I resolved within myself, that the whole earth contains no lesser ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noontide of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners, and escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain, but that I might win it, and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never, O the diadem of the White Mountains, did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored, as is reserved for it in the hall of the de Veres!'

'It is a noble thought,' said the Cynic, with an obsequious sneer. 'Yet might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of your lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault, than in the castle hall.'

'Nay forsooth,' observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, 'the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose.'

'How, fellow!' exclaimed his lordship, in surprise. 'What castle hall hast thou to hang it in?'

'No castle,' replied Matthew, 'but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle, because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings; and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors, when they visit us. It will shine through the house, so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows aglowing, as if there were a great fire of pine knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!'

There was a general smile among the adventurers, at the simplicity of the young couple's project, in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth, that Matthew asked him, rather peevishly, what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.
'The Great Carbuncle!' answered the Cynic, with ineffable scorn. 'Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing, in rerum natura. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains, and poke my head into every chasm, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man, one whit less an ass than thyself, that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug!'

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men, whose yearnings are downward to the darkness, instead of Heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory. As the Cynic spoke, several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor, that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains, and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars, those dial-points of Heaven, now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs, and open them, in dreams, to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the furthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously woven twigs, such as might have hung, in deep festoons around the bridal bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry, while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke, from visions of unearthly radiance, to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant, and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter, with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were, than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain, and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

'Up, dear Matthew!' cried she, in haste. 'The strange folk are all gone! Up, this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!'

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither, that they had slept peacefully all night, and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine; while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness, or dreamt of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stepped to say their prayers, and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Amonoosuck, and then to taste a morsel of food, ere they turned their faces to the moun-
taint side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection, as they toiled up the difficult ascent, gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded. After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest, and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind, and cloud, and naked rocks, and desolate sunshine, that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths, rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

'Shall we go on?' said Matthew, throwing his arm round Hannah's waist, both to protect her, and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

'Let us climb a little higher,' whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

'Come then,' said Matthew, mustering his manly courage, and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again, the moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the

Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly interwoven branches of dwarf pines, which, by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next, they came to masses and fragments of naked rock, heaped confusedly together, like a cairn reared by giants, in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air, nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentrated in their two hearts; they had climbed so high, that Nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them, within the verge of the forest trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children, as they strayed where her own green foot-prints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark, the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape, and sailing heavily to one centre, as if the loftiest mountain-peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally, the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again, more intensely, alas! than, beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of Heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation, when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus anni-
hilated, at least for them, the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together, with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight.

Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high, between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that, her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last, she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully. "We shall never find our way to the earth again. And, oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart!—we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction, the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist. By its aid, I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle!"

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time, it must be noon. If there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But, look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny, that a radiance was breaking through the mist, and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interwoven with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight, with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain-lake, deep, bright, clear, and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff, impending over the enchanted lake. For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle!

They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success; for, as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate—and the consciousness was fearful. Often, from childhood upward, they had seen it shining like a distant star. And now that star was throwing its intensest lustre on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes, in the
red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks, and sky; and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But, with their next glance, they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man, with his arms extended in the act of climbing, and his face turned upward, as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead!"

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death!"

"The Great Carbuncle," cried a peevish voice behind them. "The Great Humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the Cynic, with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light, as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet, as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your Great Humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it!"

"There," said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the Cynic round towards the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it!"

Now these colored spectacles probably darkened the Cynic's sight, in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose, and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But, scarcely had he encountered it, when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropt his head, and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was, in very truth, no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any other light on earth, nor light of Heaven itself, for the poor Cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence!"

Matthew saw that she was faint, and kneeling down, supported her in his arms, while he threw some of the thrillingly cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not revitalize her courage.

"Yes, dearest!" cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast,—"we will go hence, and return
to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine, and the quiet moonlight, shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth, at eventide, and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

"No," said his bride, "for how could we live by day, or sleep by night, in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle!"

Out of the hollow of their hands, they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, leading their guidance to the blinded Cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet, as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the Spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance towards the cliff, and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell, that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pigsnort soon gave up the quest, as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town-dock, in Boston. But, as he passed through the Notch of the mountains, a war party of Indians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage, till, by the payment of a heavy ransom, he had woefully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered, that, for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence-worth of copper. Doctor Cacaphodel, the alchymist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burnt with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And, for all these purposes, the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice, which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded, in all points, with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say, that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The Lord de Vero went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled, in due course of time, another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no heed of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The Cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world, a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light, for the wilful blindness of his former life. The whole night long, he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward, at sunrise, as
THE GREAT CARBUNCLE.

duly as a Persian idolater; he made a pilgrimage to Rome, to witness the magnificent illumination of Saint Peter's church; and finally perished in the great fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself, with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze, that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years, and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, towards the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those, who remembered the ancient lustre of the gem. For it is affirmed, that, from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise, as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned. When other pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone, with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that, as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff, and fell into the enchanted lake, and that, at noontide, the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing, as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance, like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned, that, many a mile from the Crystal Hills, I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured, by the faith of poetry, to be the latest pilgrim of the Great Carbuncle.
'But this painter!' cried Walter Ludlow, with animation. He not only excels in his peculiar art, but possesses vast acquirements in all other learning and science. He talks Hebrew with Doctor Mather, and gives lectures in anatomy to Doctor Boylston. In a word, he will meet the best instructed man among us, on his own ground. Moreover, he is a polished gentleman—a citizen of the world—yes, a true cosmopolite; for he will speak like a native of each clime and country on the globe, except our own forests, whither he is now going. Nor is all this what I most admire in him.'

'Indeed!' said Elinor, who had listened with a woman's interest to the description of such a man. 'Yet this is admirable enough.'

*This story was suggested by an anecdote of Sturt, related in Dunlap's History of the Arts of Design—a most entertaining book to the general reader, and a deeply interesting one, we should think, to the artist.
"Surely it is," replied her lover, "but far less so than his natural gift of adapting himself to every variety of character, insomuch that all men—and women too, Elinor—shall find a mirror of themselves in this wonderful painter. But the greatest wonder is yet to be told."

"Nay, if he have more wonderful attributes than these," said Elinor, laughing, "Boston is a perilous abode for the poor gentleman. Are you telling me of a painter, or a wizard?"

"In truth," answered he, "that question might be asked much more seriously than you suppose. They say that he paints not merely a man's features, but his mind and heart. He catches the secret sentiments and passions, and throws them upon the canvas, like sunshine—or perhaps, in the portraits of dark-souled men, like a gleam of infernal fire. It is an awful gift," added Walter, lowering his voice from its tone of enthusiasm. "I shall be almost afraid to sit to him."

"Walter, are you in earnest?" exclaimed Elinor.

"For Heaven's sake, dearest Elinor, do not let him paint the look which you now wear," said her lover, smiling, though rather perplexed. "There: it is passing away now, but when you spoke, you seemed frightened to death, and very sad besides. What were you thinking of?"

"Nothing; nothing," answered Elinor, hastily. "You paint my face with your own fantasies. Well; come for me tomorrow, and we will visit this wonderful artist."

But when the young man had departed, it cannot be denied that a remarkable expression was again visible on the fair and youthful face of his mistress. It was a sad and anxious look, little in accordance with what should have been the feelings of a maiden on the eve of wedlock. Yet Walter Ludlow was the chosen of her heart.

"A look!" said Elinor to herself. "No wonder that it startled him, if it expressed what I sometimes feel. I know, by my own experience, how frightful a look may be. But it was all fancy; I thought nothing of it at the time—I have seen nothing of it since—I did but dream it."

And she busied herself about the embroidery of a ruff, in which she meant that her portrait should be taken.

The painter, of whom they had been speaking, was not one of those native artists, who at a later period than this, borrowed their colors from the Indians, and manufactured their pencils of the furs of wild beasts. Perhaps, if he could have revoked his life and prearranged his destiny, he might have chosen to belong to that school without a master, in the hope of being at least original, since there were no works of art to imitate, nor rules to follow. But he had been born and educated in Europe. People said, that he had studied the grandeur or beauty of conception, and every touch of the master-hand, in all the most famous pictures, in cabinets and galleries, and on the walls of
churches, till there was nothing more for his powerful mind to learn. Art could add nothing to its lessons, but Nature might. He had therefore visited a world, whither none of his professional brethren had preceded him, to feast his eyes on visible images, that were noble and picturesque, yet had never been transferred to canvas. America was too poor to afford other temptations to an artist of eminence, though many of the colonial gentry, on the painter's arrival, had expressed a wish to transmit their lineaments to posterity, by means of his skill. Whenever such proposals were made, he fixed his piercing eyes on the applicant, and seemed to look him through and through. If he beheld a sleek and comfortable visage, though there were a gold-laced coat to adorn the picture, and golden guineas to pay for it, he civilly rejected the task and the reward. But if the face were the index of anything uncommon, in thought, sentiment, or experience; or if he met a beggar in the street, with a white beard and a furrowed brow; or if, sometimes a child happened to look up and smile: he would exhaust all the art on them, that he denied to wealth.

Pictorial skill being so rare in the colonies, the painter became an object of general curiosity. If few or none could appreciate the technical merit of his productions, yet there were points, in regard to which the opinion of the crowd was as valuable as the refined judgment of the amateur. He watched the effect that each picture produced on such untutored beholders, and derived profit from their remarks, while they would as soon have thought of instructing Nature herself, as him who seemed to rival her. Their admiration, it must be owned, was tinted with the prejudices of the age and country. Some deemed it an offence against the Mosaic law, and even a presumptuous mockery of the Creator, to bring into existence such lively images of his creatures. Others, frightened at the art which could raise phantoms at will, and keep the form of the dead among the living, were inclined to consider the painter as a magician, or perhaps the famous Black Man of old witch-times, plotting mischief in a new guise. These foolish fancies were more than half believed, among the mob. Even in superior circles, his character was invested with a vague awe, partly rising like smoke-wreaths from the popular superstitions, but chiefly caused by the varied knowledge and talents which he made subservient to his profession.

Being on the eve of marriage, Walter Ludlow and Elinor were eager to obtain their portraits, as the first of what, they doubtless hoped, would be a long series of family pictures. The day after the conversation above recorded, they visited the painter's rooms. A servant ushered them into an apartment, where, though the artist himself was not visible, there were personages, whom they could hardly forbear greeting with reverence. They knew, indeed, that the whole assembly were but pictures, yet felt it impossible to separate the idea of life and intellect from such striking
counterfeits. Several of the portraits were known to
them, either as distinguished characters of the day, or
their private acquaintances. There was Governor
Burnett, looking as if he had just received an undutiful
communication from the House of Representatives, and
were inditing a most sharp response. Mr. Cooke hung
beside the ruler whom he opposed, sturdy, and some­
what puritanical, as befitted a popular leader. The
ancient lady of Sir William Phipps eyed them from
the wall, in ruff and farthingale, an imperious old
dame, not unsuspected of witchcraft. John Winslow,
then a very young man, wore the expression of warlike
enterprise, which long afterwards made him a distin­
guished general. Their personal friends were recog­
nised at a glance. In most of the pictures, the whole
mind and character were brought out on the counte­
nance, and concentrated into a single look, so that, to
speak paradoxically, the originals hardly resembled
themselves so strikingly as the portraits did.
Among these modern worthies, there were two old
bearded Saints, who had almost vanished into the
darkening canvas. There was also a pale, but unfad­
ed Madonna, who had perhaps been worshipped in
Rome, and now regarded the lovers with such a mild
and holy look, that they longed to worship too.
‘How singular a thought,’ observed Walter Ludlow,
‘that this beautiful face has been beautiful for above
two hundred years! Oh, if all beauty would endure so
well! Do you not envy her, Elinor?’
artist and his works, and felt as if one of the pictures had stepped from the canvas to salute them.

Walter Ludlow, who was slightly known to the painter, explained the object of their visit. While he spoke, a sunbeam was falling athwart his figure and Elinor's, with so happy an effect, that they also seemed living pictures of youth and beauty, gladdened by bright fortune. The artist was evidently struck.

'My easel is occupied for several ensuing days, and my stay in Boston must be brief,' said he, thoughtfully; 'but your wishes shall be gratified, though I disappoint the Chief Justice and Madame Oliver. I must not lose this opportunity, for the sake of painting a few ells of broadcloth and brocade.'

The painter expressed a desire to introduce both their portraits into one picture, and represent them engaged in some appropriate action. This plan would have delighted the lovers, but was necessarily rejected, because so large a space of canvas would have been unfit for the room which it was intended to decorate. Two half-length portraits were therefore fixed upon. After they had taken leave, Walter Ludlow asked Elinor, with a smile, whether she knew what an influence over their fates the painter was about to acquire.

'The old women of Boston affirm,' continued he, 'that after he has once got possession of a person's face and figure, he may paint him in any act or situation whatever—and the picture will be prophetic. Do you believe it?'
While speaking, he still bent his penetrative eye upon them, nor withdrew it till they had reached the bottom of the stairs.

Nothing, in the whole circle of human vanities, takes stronger hold of the imagination, than this affair of having a portrait painted. Yet why should it be so? The looking-glass, the polished globes of the andirons, the mirror-like water, and all other reflecting surfaces, continually present us with portraits, or rather ghosts of ourselves, which we glance at, and straightway forget them. But we forget them, only because they vanish. It is the idea of duration—of earthly immortality—that gives such a mysterious interest to our own portraits. Walter and Elinor were not insensible to this feeling, and hastened to the painter's rooms, punctually at the appointed hour, to meet those pictured shapes, which were to be their representatives with posterity. The sunshine flashed after them into the apartment, but left it somewhat gloomy, as they closed the door.

Their eyes were immediately attracted to their portraits, which rested against the farthest wall of the room. At the first glance, through the dim light and the distance, seeing themselves in precisely their natural attitudes, and with all the air that they recognised so well, they uttered a simultaneous exclamation of delight.

‘There we stand,’ cried Walter, enthusiastically, ‘fixed in sunshine forever! No dark passions can gather on our faces!’
expression. Nay, it is grief and terror! Is this like Elinor?

'Compare the living face with the pictured one,' said the painter.

Walter glanced sidelong at his mistress, and started. Motionless and absorbed—fascinated, as it were—in contemplation of Walter's portrait, Elinor's face had assumed precisely the expression of which he had just been complaining. Had she practised for whole hours before a mirror, she could not have caught the look so successfully. Had the picture itself been a mirror, it could not have thrown back her present aspect, with stronger and more melancholy truth. She appeared quite unconscious of the dialogue between the artist and her lover.

'Elinor,' exclaimed Walter, in amazement, 'what change has come over you?'

She did not hear him, nor desist from her fixed gaze, till he seized her hand, and thus attracted her notice; then, with a sudden tremor, she looked from the picture to the face of the original.

'Do you see no change in your portrait?' asked she.

'In mine?—None!' replied Walter, examining it. 'But let me see! Yes; there is a slight change—an improvement, I think, in the picture, though none in the likeness. It has a livelier expression than yesterday, as if some bright thought were flashing from the eyes, and about to be uttered from the lips. Now that I have caught the look, it becomes very decided.'

While he was intent on these observations, Elinor turned to the painter. She regarded him with grief and awe, and felt that he repaid her with sympathy and commiseration, though wherefore, she could but vaguely guess.

'That look!' whispered she, and shuddered. 'How came it there?'

'Madam,' said the painter, sadly, taking her hand, and leading her apart, 'in both these pictures, I have painted what I saw. The artist—the true artist—must look beneath the exterior. It is his gift—his proudest, but often a melancholy one—to see the inmost soul, and, by a power indefinable even to himself, to make it glow or darken upon the canvas, in glances that express the thought and sentiment of years. Would that I might convince myself of error in the present instance!'

They had now approached the table, on which were heads in chalk, hands almost as expressive as ordinary faces, ivied church-towers, thatched cottages, old thunder-stricken trees, oriental and antique costume, and all such picturesque vagaries of an artist's idle moments. Turning them over, with seeming carelessness, a crayon sketch of two figures was disclosed.

'If I have failed,' continued he, 'if your heart does not see itself reflected in your own portrait—if you have no secret cause to trust my delineation of the other—it is not yet too late to alter them. I might w
He directed her notice to the sketch. A thrill ran through Elinor's frame; a shriek was upon her lips; but she stifled it, with the self-command that becomes habitual to all, who hide thoughts of fear and anguish within their bosoms. Turning from the table, she perceived that Walter had advanced near enough to have seen the sketch, though she could not determine whether it had caught his eye.

"We will not have the pictures altered," said she, hastily. "If mine is sad, I shall but look the gayer for the contrast."

"Be it so," answered the painter, bowing. "May your griefs be such fanciful ones, that only your picture may mourn for them! For your joys—may they be true and deep, and paint themselves upon this lovely face, till it quite belies my art!"

After the marriage of Walter and Elinor, the pictures formed the two most splendid ornaments of their abode. They hung side by side, separated by a narrow panel, appearing to eye each other constantly, yet always returning the gaze of the spectator. Travelling gentlemen, who professed a knowledge of such subjects, reckoned these among the most admirable specimens of modern portraiture; while common observers compared them with the originals, feature by feature, and were rapturous in praise of the likeness. But, it was on a third class—not travelled connoisseurs nor common observers, but people of natural sensibility—that the pictures wrought their strongest effect. Such persons might gaze carelessly at first, but, becoming interested, would return day after day, and study these painted faces like the pages of a mystic volume. Walter Ludlow's portrait attracted their earliest notice. In the absence of himself and his bride, they sometimes disputed as to the expression which the painter had intended to throw upon the features; all agreeing that there was a look of earnest import, though no two explained it alike. There was less diversity of opinion in regard to Elinor's picture. They differed, indeed, in their attempts to estimate the nature and depth of the gloom that dwelt upon her face, but agreed that it was gloom, and alien from the natural temperament of their youthful friend. A certain fanciful person announced, as the result of much scrutiny, that both these pictures were parts of one design, and that the melancholy strength of feeling, in Elinor's countenance, bore reference to the more vivid emotion, or, as he termed it, the wild passion, in that of Walter. Though unskilled in the art, he even began a sketch, in which the action of the two figures was to correspond with their mutual expression.

It was whispered among friends, that, day by day, Elinor's face was assuming a deeper shade of pensiveness, which threatened soon to render her too true a counterpart of her melancholy picture. Walter, on the other hand, instead of acquiring the vivid look..."
of Indian girls; the domestic life of wigwams; the stealthy march; the battle beneath gloomy pine-trees; the frontier fortress with its garrison; the anomaly of the old French partisan, bred in courts, but grown gray in shaggy deserts; such were the scenes and portraits that he had sketched. The glow of perilous moments; flashes of wild feeling; struggles of fierce power—love, hate, grief, frenzy—in a word, all the worn-out heart of the old earth, had been revealed to him under a new form. His portfolio was filled with graphic illustrations of the volume of his memory, which genius would transmute into its own substance, and imbue with immortality. He felt that the deep wisdom in his art, which he had sought so far, was found.

But, amid stern or lovely nature, in the perils of the forest, or its overwhelming peacefulness, still there had been two phantoms, the companions of his way. Like all other men around whom an engrossing purpose wreathes itself, he was insulated from the mass of human kind. He had no aim—no pleasure—no sympathies—but what were ultimately connected with his art. Though gentle in manner, and upright in intent and action, he did not possess kindly feelings; his heart was cold; no living creature could be brought near enough to keep him warm. For these two beings, however, he had felt, in its greatest intensity, the sort of interest which always allied him to the subjects of his pencil. He had pried into their souls with his
keenest insight, and pictured the result upon their features, with his utmost skill, so as barely to fall short of that standard which no genius ever reached, his own severe conception. He had caught from the darkness of the future—at least, so he fancied—a fearful secret, and had obscurely revealed it on the portraits. So much of himself—of his imagination and all other powers—had been lavished on the study of Walter and Elinor, that he almost regarded them as creations of his own, like the thousands with which he had peopled the realms of Picture. Therefore did they flit through the twilight of the woods, hover on the mist of waterfalls, look forth from the mirror of the lake, nor melt away in the noontide sun. They haunted his pictorial fancy, not as mockeries of life, nor pale goblins of the dead, but in the guise of portraits, each with the unalterable expression which his magic had evoked from the caverns of the soul. He could not recross the Atlantic, till he had again beheld the originals of those airy pictures.

'Oh, glorious Art!' thus mused the enthusiastic painter, as he trod the street. 'Thou art the image of the Creator's own. The innumerable forms, that wander in nothingness, start into being at thy beck. The dead live again. Thou recallest them to their old scenes, and givest their gray shadows the lustre of a better life, at once earthly and immortal. Thou snatchest back the fleeting moments of History. With thee, there is no Past; for, at thy touch, all that is great becomes for ever present; and illustrious men live through long ages, in the visible performance of the very deeds, which made them what they are. Oh, potent Art! as thou bringest the faintly revealed Past to stand in that narrow strip of sunlight, which we call Now, canst thou summon the shrouded Future to meet her there? Have I not achieved it? Am I not thy Prophet?'

Thus, with a proud, yet melancholy fervor, did he almost cry aloud, as he passed through the toilsome street, among people that knew not of his reveries, nor could understand nor care for them. It is not good for man to cherish a solitary ambition. Unless there be those around him, by whose example he may regulate himself, his thoughts, desires, and hopes will become extravagant, and he the semblance, perhaps the reality, of a madman. Reading other bosoms, with an acuteness almost preternatural, the painter failed to see the disorder of his own.

'And this should be the house,' said he, looking up and down the front, before he knocked. 'Heaven help my brains! That picture! Methinks it will never vanish. Whether I look at the windows or the door, there it is framed within them, painted strongly, and glowing in the richest tints—the faces of the portraits—the figures and action of the sketch!'

He knocked.

'The Portraits! Are they within,' inquired he, of the domestic; then recollecting himself—'your master and mistress! Are they at home?'
They are, sir,' said the servant, adding, as he noticed that picturesque aspect of which the painter could never divest himself,—'and the Portraits too!'

The guest was admitted into a parlor, communicating by a central door, with an interior room of the same size. As the first apartment was empty, he passed to the entrance of the second, within which, his eyes were greeted by those living personages, as well as their pictured representatives, who had long been the objects of so singular an interest. He involuntarily paused on the threshold.

They had not perceived his approach. Walter and Elinor were standing before the portraits, whence the former had just flung back the rich and voluminous folds of the silken curtain, holding its golden tassel with one hand, while the other grasped that of his bride. The pictures, concealed for months, gleamed forth again in undiminished splendor, appearing to throw a sombre light across the room, rather than to be disclosed by a borrowed radiance. That of Elinor had been almost prophetic. A pensiveness, and next a gentle sorrow, had successively dwelt upon her countenance, deepening, with the lapse of time, into a quiet anguish. A mixture of affright would now have made it the very expression of the portrait. Walter's face was moody and dull, or animated only by fitful flashes, which left a heavier darkness for their momentary illumination. He looked from Elinor to her portrait, and thence to his own, in the contemplation of which he finally stood absorbed.

The painter seemed to hear the step of Destiny approaching behind him, on its progress towards its victims. A strange thought darted into his mind. Was not his own the form in which that Destiny had embodied itself, and he a chief agent of the coming evil which he had foreshadowed?

Still, Walter remained silent before the picture, communing with it, as with his own heart, and abandoning himself to the spell of evil influence, that the painter had cast upon the features. Gradually his eyes kindled; while as Elinor watched the increasing wildness of his face, her own assumed a look of terror; and when at last, he turned upon her, the resemblance of both to their portraits was complete.

'Our fate is upon us!' howled Walter. 'Die!'

Drawing a knife, he sustained her, as she was sinking to the ground, and aimed it at her bosom. In the action, and in the look and attitude of each, the painter beheld the figures of his sketch. The picture, with all its tremendous coloring, was finished.

'Hold, madman!' cried he sternly.

He had advanced from the door, and interposed himself between the wretched beings, with the same sense of power to regulate their destiny, as to alter a scene upon the canvas. He stood like a magician, controlling the phantoms which he had evoked.

'What!' muttered Walter Ludlow, as he relapsed from fierce excitement into sullen gloom. 'Does Fate impede its own decree?'
THE PROPHETIC PICTURES.

‘Wretched lady!’ said the painter. ‘Did I not warn you?’

‘You did,’ replied Elinor calmly, as her terror gave place to the quiet grief which it had disturbed. ‘But—I loved him!’

Is there not a deep moral in the tale? Could the result of one, or all our deeds, be shadowed forth and set before us—some would call it Fate, and hurry onward—others be swept along by their passionate desires—and none be turned aside by the Prophetic Pictures.

DAVID SWAN.
DAVID SWAN.

A FANTASY.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David, until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a
native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky, overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, a-foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road-side. But, censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand-still, nearly in front of David's resting place. A linch-pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up, all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentle-
man. 'From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind.'

'And youth, besides,' said the lady. 'Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his, than our wakefulness.'

The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way-side and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

'Providence seems to have laid him here,' whispered she to her husband, 'and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?'

'To what purpose!' said the merchant, hesitating. 'We know nothing of the youth's character.'

'That open countenance!' replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. 'This innocent sleep!'

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest.

Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor, who fell asleep in poverty.

'Shall we not waken him?' repeated the lady, persuasively.

'The coach is ready, sir,' said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering, that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused— is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape.
on tiptoe. But, there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

'He is handsome!' thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain, by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

'How sound he sleeps!' murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way-side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow, 'Listen!—Do you see that bundle under his head?'

The other villain nodded, winked, and jeered.

'I'll bet you a horn of brandy,' said the first, 'that the chap has either a pocketbook, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket.'
"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pahaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink, and be off," said the other.

The man, with the dagger, thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now, he stirred—now, moved his lips, without a sound—now, talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger!" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—not that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur—not that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all, in the brief hour.
since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in moral life, to render foresight even partially available.
SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. 0 that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and the warmth of this summer afternoon! They are ponderous air-ships, black as death, and freighted with the tempest; and at intervals their thunder, the signal-guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor—methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long!—seem scattered here and there, for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps—for who can tell?—
beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, where the floating mass so imperfectly obstructs the color of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sunbeams love to linger in their journeyings through space. Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a sea-maid's hair. Bright they are, as a young man's visions, and like them, would be realized in chillness, obscurity and tears. I will look on them no more.

In three parts of the visible circle, whose centre is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country-seats, the waving lines of rivulets, little placid lakes, and here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all-heeding and unheeded. That the multitude of chimneys could speak, like those of Madrid, and betray in smoky whispers, the secrets of all who, since their first foundation, have assembled at the hearths within! That the Limping Devil of Le Sage would perch beside me here, extend his wand over this contiguity of roofs, uncover every chamber, and make me familiar with their inhabitants! The most desirable mode of existence might be that of a spiritualized Paul Pry, hovering invisible round man and woman, witnessing their deeds, searching into their hearts, borrowing brightness from their felicity, and shade from their sorrow, and retaining no emotion peculiar to himself. But none of these things are possible; and if I would know the interior of brick walls, or the mystery of human bosoms, I can but guess.

Yonder is a fair street, extending north and south. The stately mansions are placed each on its carpet of verdant grass, and a long flight of steps descends from every door to the pavement. Ornamental trees, the broad-leaved horse-chestnut, the elm so lofty and bending, the graceful but infrequent willow, and others whereof I know not the names, grow thrivingly among brick and stone. The oblique rays of the sun are intercepted by these green citizens, and by the houses, so that one side of the street is a shaded and pleasant walk. On its whole extent there is now but a single passenger, advancing from the upper end; and he, unless distance, and the medium of a pocket spyglass do him more than justice, is a fine young man of
twenty. He saunters slowly forward, slapping his left hand with his folded gloves, bending his eyes upon the pavement, and sometimes raising them to throw a glance before him. Certainly, he has a pensive air. Is he in doubt, or in debt? Is he, if the question be allowable, in love? Does he strive to be melancholy and gentlemanlike?—Or, is he merely overcome by the heat? But I bid him farewell, for the present.

The door of one of the houses, an aristocratic edifice, with curtains of purple and gold waving from the windows, is now opened, and down the steps come two ladies, swinging their parasols, and lightly arrayed for a summer ramble. Both are young, both are pretty; but methinks the left-hand lass is the fairer of the two. They stand talking a little while upon the steps, and finally proceed up the street. Meanwhile, as their faces are now turned from me, I may look elsewhere.

Upon that wharf, and down the corresponding street, is a busy contrast to the quiet scene which I have just noticed. Business evidently has its centre there, and many a man is wasting the summer afternoon in labor and anxiety, in losing riches, or in gaining them, when he would be wiser to flee away to some pleasant country village, or shaded lake in the forest, or wild and cool sea-beach. I see vessels unlading at the wharf, and precious merchandise strown upon the ground, abundantly as at the bottom of the sea, that market whence no goods return, and where there is no captain nor supercargo to render an account of sales. Here, the clerks are diligent with their paper and pencils, and sailors ply the block and tackle that hang over the hold, accompanying their toil with cries, long-drawn and roughly melodious, till the bales and puncheons ascend to upper air. At a little distance, a group of gentlemen are assembled round the door of a warehouse. Grave seniors be they; and I would wager—if it were safe, in these times, to be responsible for any one—that the least eminent among them, might vie with old Vincentio, that incomparable trafficker of Pisa. I can even select the wealthiest of the company. It is the elderly personage, in somewhat rusty black, with powdered hair, the superfluous whiteness of which is visible upon the cape of his coat. His twenty ships are wafted on some of their many courses by every breeze that blows, and his name—I will venture to say, though I know it not—is a familiar sound among the far separated merchants of Europe and the Indies. But I bestow too much of my attention in this quarter.

On looking again to the long and shady walk, I perceive that the two fair girls have encountered the young man. After a sort of shyness in the recognition, he turns back with them. Moreover, he has sanctioned my taste, in regard to his companions by placing himself on the inner side of the pavement, nearest the Venus to whom I—enacting, on a steeple-top, the part...
of Paris on the top of Ida—adjudged the golden apple.

In two streets, converging at right angles towards my watchtower, I distinguish three different processions. One is a proud array of voluntary soldiers in bright uniform, resembling, from the height whence I look down, the painted veterans that garrison the windows of a toyshop. And yet, it stirs my heart; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sun-flash on their bayonets and musket-barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the sife ever and anon piercing through—these things have wakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be. Close to their rear marches a battalion of schoolboys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and ridiculously aping the intricate manoeuvres of the foremost band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, 'Which are the boys?'—or rather, 'Which the men?' But, leaving these, let us turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflections in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed, and covered by a dusty pall; two or three coaches rumbling over the stones, their drivers half asleep; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every-day attire; such was not the fashion of our fathers, when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no doleful clang of the bell, to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the King of Terrors more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this change? Not so. Here is a proof that he retains his proper majesty. The military men, and the military boys, are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral full in the face. Immediately, the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous foot-fall. The soldiers yield the path to the dusty hearse, and unpretending train, and the children quit their ranks, and cluster on the sidewalks, with timorous and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the churchyard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among the burial stones; the lightning glimmers on them as they lower down the coffin, and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily, the shower is near, and I tremble for the young man and the girls, who have now disappeared from the long and shady street.

How various are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them! The new-born, the aged, the dying, the strong in life, and the recent dead, are in the chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate, dwell together within the circle of my glance. In some of the houses, over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted
by a debased and trodden virtue,—guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind, and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo! the rain-drops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals, the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts, quivers, disappears, and then comes the thunder, travelling slowly after its twin-born flame. A strong wind has sprung up, howls through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. The disbanded soldiers fly, the funeral has already vanished like its dead, and all people hurry homeward—all that have a home; while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure. In a narrow lane which communicates with the shady street, I discern the rich old merchant, putting himself to the top of his speed, lest the rain should convert his hair-powder to a paste. Unhappy gentleman! By the slow vehemence, and painful moderation wherewith he journeys, it is but too evident: that Podagra has left its thrilling tenderness in his great toe. But yonder, at a far more rapid pace, come three other of my acquaintance, the two pretty girls and the young man, unseasonably interrupted in their walk. Their footsteps are supported by the risen dust, the wind lends them its velocity, they fly like three sea-birds driven landward by the tempestuous breeze. The ladies would not thus rival Atalanta, if they but knew that any one were at leisure to observe them. Ah! as they hasten onward, laughing in the angry face of nature, a sudden catastrophe has chanced. At the corner where the narrow lane enters into the street, they come plump against the old merchant, whose tortoise motion has just brought him to that point. He likes not the sweet encounter; the darkness of the whole air gathers speedily upon his visage, and there is a pause on both sides. Finally he thrusts aside the youth with little courtesy, seizes an arm of each of the two girls, and plods onward, like a magician with a prize of captive fairies. All this is easy to be understood. How disconsolate the poor lover stands! regardless of the rain that threatens an exceeding damage to his well-fashioned habiliments, till he catches a backward glance of mirth from a bright eye, and turns away with whatever comfort it conveys.

The old man and his daughters are safely housed, and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams.
bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is striding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseeem a city of the dead. And turning a single moment to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow!
In those strange old times, when fantastic dreams and madmen's reveries were realized among the actual circumstances of life, two persons met together at an appointed hour and place. One was a lady, graceful in form and fair of feature, though pale and troubled, and smitten with an untimely blight in what should have been the fullest bloom of her years; the other was an ancient and mealy dressed woman, of ill-favored aspect, and so withered, shrunken and decrepit, that even the space since she began to decay must have exceeded the ordinary term of human existence. In the spot where they encountered, no mortal could observe them. Three little hills stood near each other, and down in the midst of them sunk a hollow basin, almost mathematically circular, two or three hundred feet in breadth, and of such depth that a stately cedar
might but just be visible above the sides. Dwarf pines
were numerous upon the hills, and partly fringed the
outer verge of the intermediate hollow; within which
there was nothing but the brown grass of October, and
here and there a tree-trunk, that had fallen long ago,
and lay mouldering with no green successor from its
roots. One of these masses of decaying wood, for­
merly a majestic oak, rested close beside a pool of
green and sluggish water at the bottom of the basin.
Such scenes as this (so gray tradition tells) were once
the resort of a Power of Evil and his plighted sub­
jects; and here, at midnight or on the dim verge of
evening, they were said to stand round the mantling
pool, disturbing its putrid waters in the perform­
ance of an impious baptismal rite. The chill beauty of an
autumnal sunset was now gilding the three hill-tops,
whence a paler tint stole down their sides into the
hollow.

'Here is our pleasant meeting come to pass,' said
the aged crone, 'according as thou hast desired. Say
quickly what thou wouldest have of me, for there is but
a short hour that we may tarry here.'

As the old withered woman spoke, a smile gimmered
on her countenance, like lamplight on the wall of a
sepulchre. The lady trembled, and cast her eyes
upward to the verge of the basin, as if meditating to
return with her purpose unaccomplished. But it was
not so ordained.

'I am stranger in this land, as you know,' said she
at length. 'Whence I come it matters not;—but I
have left those behind me with whom my fate was
intimately bound, and from whom I am cut off for ever.
There is a weight in my bosom that I cannot away
with, and I have come hither to inquire of their wel­
fare.'

'And who is there by this green pool, that can
bring thee news from the ends of the Earth?' cried
the old woman, peering into the lady's face. 'Not
from my lips mayst thou hear these tidings; yet, be
thou bold, and the daylight shall not pass away from
yonder hill-top, before thy wish be granted.'

'I will do your bidding though I die,' replied the
lady desperately.

The old woman seated herself on the trunk of the
fallen tree, threw aside the hood that shrouded her
grey locks, and beckoned her companion to draw near.

'Kneel down,' she said, 'and lay your forehead on
my knees.'

She hesitated a moment, but the anxiety, that had
long been kindling, burned fiercely up within her. As
she knelt down, the border of her garment was dipped
into the pool; she laid her forehead on the old
woman's knees, and the latter drew a cloak about the
lady's face, so that she was in darkness. Then she
heard the muttered words of a prayer, in the midst of
which she started, and would have arisen.

'Let me flee,—let me flee and hide myself, that they
may not look upon me!' she cried. But, with return­
ing recollection, she hushed herself, and was still as death.

For it seemed as if other voices,—familiar in infancy, and unforgotten through many wanderings, in all the vicissitudes of her heart and fortune,—were mingling with the accents of the prayer. At first the words were faint and indistinct, not rendered so by distance, but rather resembling the dim pages of a book, which we strive to read by an imperfect and gradually brightening light. In such a manner, as the prayer proceeded, did those voices strengthen upon the ear; till at length the petition ended, and the conversation of an aged man, and of a woman broken and decayed like himself, became distinctly audible to the lady as she knelt. But those strangers appeared not to stand in the hollow depth between the three hills. Their voices were encompassed and re-echoed by the walls of a chamber, the windows of which were rattling in the breeze; the regular vibration of a clock, the crackling of a fire, and the tinkling of the embers as they fell among the ashes, rendered the scene almost as vivid as if painted to the eye. By a melancholy hearth sat these two old people, the man calmly despondent, the woman querulous and tearful, and their words were all of sorrow. They spoke of a daughter, a wanderer they knew not where, bearing dishonor along with her, and leaving shame and affliction to bring their gray heads to the grave. They alluded also to other and more recent woe, but in the midst of their talk, their voices seemed to melt into the sound of the wind sweeping mournfully among the autumn leaves; and when the lady lifted her eyes, there was she kneeling in the hollow between three hills.

"A weary and lonesome time yonder old couple have of it," remarked the old woman, smiling in the lady's face.

"And did you also hear them!" exclaimed she, a sense of intolerable humiliation triumphing over her agony and fear.

"Yes; and we have yet more to hear," replied the old woman. "Therefore, cover thy face quickly."

Again the withered hag poured forth the monotonous words of a prayer that was not meant to be acceptable in Heaven; and soon, in the pauses of her breath, strange murmurings began to thicken, gradually increasing so as to drown and overpower the charm by which they grew. Shrieks pierced through the obscurity of sound, and were succeeded by the singing of sweet female voices, which in their turn gave way to a wild roar of laughter, broken suddenly by groanings and sobs, forming altogether a ghastly confusion of terror and mourning and mirth. Chains were rattling, fierce and stern voices uttered threats, and the scourge resounded at their command. All these noises deepened and became substantial to the listener's ear, till she could distinguish every soft and dreamy accent of the love songs, that died causelessly into funeral hymns. She shuddered at the unprovoked..."
wrath which blazed up like the spontaneous kindling of flame, and she grew faint at the fearful merriment, raging miserably around her. In the midst of this wild scene, where unbound passions jostled each other in a drunken career, there was one solemn voice of a man, and a manly and melodious voice it might once have been. He went to-and-fro continually, and his feet sounded upon the floor. In each member of that frenzied company, whose own burning thoughts had become their exclusive world, he sought an auditor for the story of his individual wrong, and interpreted their laughter and tears as his reward of scorn or pity. He spoke of woman's perfidy, of a wife who had broken her holiest vows, of a home and heart made desolate. Even as he went on, the shout, the laugh, the shriek, the sob, rose up in unison, till they changed into the hollow, fitful, and uneven sound of the wind, as it fought among the pine trees on those three lonely hills.

The lady looked up, and there was the withered woman smiling in her face.

"Couldst thou have thought there were such merry times in a Mad House?" inquired the latter.

"True, true," said the lady to herself; "there is mirth within its walls, but misery, misery without."

"Wouldst thou hear more?" demanded the old woman.

"There is one other voice I would fain listen to again," replied the lady faintly.

Then lay down thy head speedily upon my knees, that thou mayst get thee hence before the hour be past."

The golden skirts of day were yet lingering upon the hills, but deep shades obscured the hollow and the pool, as if sombre night were rising thence to overspread the world. Again that evil woman began to weave her spell. Long did it proceed unanswered, till the knolling of a bell stole in among the intervals of her words, like a clang that had travelled far over valley and rising ground, and was just ready to die in the air. The lady shook upon her companion's knees, as she heard that boding sound. Stronger it grew and sadder, and deepened into the tone of a death-bell, knolling dolefully from some ivy-mantled tower, and bearing tidings of mortality and woe to the cottage, to the hall, and to the solitary wayfarer, that all might weep for the doom appointed in turn to them. Then came a measured tread, passing slowly, slowly on, as of mourners with a coffin, their garments trailing on the ground, so that the car could measure the length of their melancholy array. Before them went the priest, reading the burial-service, while the leaves of his book were rustling in the breeze. And though no voice but his was heard to speak aloud, still there were revilings and anathemas, whispered but distinct, from women and from men, breathed against the daughter who had wrung the aged hearts of her parents,—the wife who had betrayed the trusting fondness of her husband,—the mother who had sinned
against natural affection, and left her child to die. The sweeping sound of the funeral train faded away like a thin vapor, and the wind, that just before had seemed to shake the coffin-pall, moaned sadly round the verge of the Hollow between three Hills. But when the old woman stirred the kneeling lady, she lifted not her head.

"Here has been a sweet hour's sport!" said the withered crowe, chuckling to herself.
THE TOLL-GATHERER'S DAY.

A SKETCH OF TRANSITORY LIFE.

It thinks, for a person whose instinct bids him rather to pore over the current of life, than to plunge into its tumultuous waves, no desirable retreat were a toll-house beside some thronged thoroughfare of the land. In youth, perhaps, it is good for the observer to run about the earth—to leave the track of his footsteps far and wide—to mingle himself with the action of numberless vicissitudes—and, finally, in some calm solitude, to feed a musing spirit on all that he has seen and felt. But there are natures too indolent, or too sensitive, to endure the dust, the sunshine, or the rain, the turmoil of moral and physical elements, to which all the wayfarers of the world expose themselves. For such a man, how pleasant a miracle, could life be made to roll its variegated length by the threshold of his own hermitage, and the great globe, as it were, perform its revolutions and shift its thousand scenes before his eyes without whirling him.
onward in its course. If any mortal be favored with a lot analogous to this, it is the toll-gatherer. So, at least, have I often fancied, while lounging on a bench at the door of a small square edifice, which stands between shore and shore in the midst of a long bridge. Beneath the timbers ebbs and flows an arm of the sea; while above, like the life-blood through a great artery, the travel of the north and east is continually throbbing. Sitting on the aforesaid bench, I amuse myself with a conception, illustrated by numerous pencil-sketches in the air, of the toll-gatherer's day.

In the morning—dim, gray, dewy summer's morn—the distant roll of ponderous wheels begins to mingle with my old friend's slumbers, creaking more and more harshly through the midst of his dream, and gradually replacing it with realities. Hardly conscious of the change from sleep to wakefulness, he finds himself partly clad and throwing wide the toll-gates for the passage of a fragrant load of hay. The timbers groan beneath the slow-revolving wheels; one sturdy yeoman stalks beside the oxen, and, peering from the summit of the hay, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished lantern over the toll-house, is seen the drowsy visage of his comrade, who has enjoyed a nap some ten miles long. The toll is paid—creak, creak, again go the wheels, and the huge hay-mow vanishes into the morning mist.

As yet, nature is but half awake, and familiar objects appear visionary. But yonder, dashing from the shore with a rattling thunder of the wheels and a confused clatter of hoofs, comes the never-tiring mail, which has hurried onward at the same headlong, restless rate, all through the quiet night. The bridge resounds in one continued peal as the coach rolls on without a pause, merely affording the toll-gatherer a glimpse at the sleepy passengers, who now bestir their torpid limbs, and snuff a cordial in the briny air. The morn breathes upon them and blushes, and they forget how wearily the darkness toiled away. And behold now the fervid day, in his bright chariot, glittering aslant over the waves, nor scorning to throw a tribute of his golden beams on the toll-gatherer's little hermitage. The old man looks eastward, and (for he is a moralizer) frames a simile of the stage-coach and the sun.

While the world is rousing itself, we may glance slightly at the scene of our sketch. It sits above the bosom of the broad flood, a spot not of earth, but in the midst of waters, which rush with a murmuring sound among the massive beams beneath. Over the door is a weather-beaten board, inscribed with the rates of toll, in letters so nearly effaced that the gilding of the sunshine can hardly make them legible. Beneath the window is a wooden bench, on which a long succession of weary wayfarers have reposed themselves. Peeping within doors, we perceive the whitewashed walls bedecked with sundry lithographic prints and advertisements of various import, and the immemorial show-bill of a wandering caravan. And there sits our good old toll-gatherer, glorified by the early sunbeams. He is a man, as his aspect may announce, of quiet soul, and thoughtful, shrewd, yet simple mind,
who, of the wisdom which the passing world scatters 
along the wayside, has gathered a reasonable store.

Now the sun smiles upon the landscape, and earth 
smiles back again upon the sky. Frequent, now, are 
the travellers. The toll-gatherer's practised ear can 
distinguish the weight of every vehicle, the number 
of its wheels, and how many horses beat the resound­
ing timbers with their iron tramp. Here, in a sub­
stantial family chaise, setting forth betimes to take 
advantage of the dewy road, come a gentleman and 
his wife, with their rosy-checked little girl sitting 
gladly between them. The bottom of the chaise 
is heaped with multifarious band-boxes and carpet 
bags, and beneath the axle swings a leathern trunk, 
dusty with yesterday's journey. Next appears a four­
wheeled carryall, peopled with a round half dozen of 
pretty girls, all drawn by a single horse, and driven 
by a single gentleman. Luckless wight, doomed, 
through a whole summer day, to be the butt of mirth 
and mischief among the frolicksome maidens! Bolt 
upright in a sulky rides a thin, sour-visaged man, 
who, as he pays his toll, hands the toll-gatherer a 
printed card to stick upon the wall. The vinegar­
faced traveller proves to be a manufacturer of pickles.

Now paces slowly from timber to timber a horseman 
clothed in black, with a meditative brow, as of one who, 
whithersoever his steed might bear him, would still 
journey through a mist of brooding thought. He is 
a country preacher, going to labor at a protracted 
meeting. The next object passing townward is a 
buttercart, canopied with its arch of snow-white 
cotton. Behind comes a 'sauceman,' driving a wa­
gen full of new potatoes, green ears of corn, beets, 
carrots, turnips, and summer squashes; and next, 
two wrinkled, withered, witch-looking old gossips, in 
an antediluvian chaise, drawn by a horse of former 
generations, and going to peddle out a lot of huckle­
berries. See there, a man trundling a wheelbarrow 
load of lobsters. And now a milk-cart rattles briskly 
onward, covered with green canvas, and conveying 
the contributions of a whole herd of cows, in large 
tin canisters. But let all these pay their toll and 
pass. Here comes a spectacle that causes the old 
toll-gatherer to smile benignantly, as if the travellers 
brought sunshine with them and lavished its gladsome 
influence all along the road.

It is a barouche of the newest style, the varnished 
panels of which reflect the whole moving panorama 
of the landscape, and show a picture, likewise, of our 
friend, with his visage broadened, so that his medita­
tive smile is transformed to grotesque merriment. 
Within, sits a youth, fresh as the summer morn, and 
beside him a young lady in white, with white gloves 
upon her slender hands, and a white veil flowing 
down over her face. But methinks her blushing 
cheek burns through the snowy veil. Another white­
robed virgin sits in front. And who are these, on 
whom, and on all that appertains to them, the dust of 
earth seems never to have settled? Two lovers, 
whom the priest has blessed, this blessed morn, and 
sent them forth, with one of the bridemaids, on the 
matrimonial tour. Take my blessing too, ye happy
THE TOLL-GATHERER'S DAY.

ones! May the sky not frown upon you, nor clouds bedew you with their chill and sullen rain! May the hot sun kindle no fever in your hearts! May your whole life's pilgrimage be as blissful as this first day's journey, and its close be gladdened with even brighter anticipations than those which hallow your bridal night!

They pass; and ere the reflection of their joy has faded from his face, another spectacle throws a melancholy shadow over the spirit of the observing man. In a close carriage sits a fragile figure, muffling carefully, and shrinking even from the mild breath of summer. She leans against a manly form, and his arm enfolds her, as if to guard his treasure from some enemy. Let but a few weeks pass, and when he shall strive to embrace that loved one, he will press only desolation to his heart.

And now has morning gathered up her dewy pearls, and fled away. The sun rolls blazing through the sky, and cannot find a cloud to cool his face with. The horses toil sluggishly along the bridge, and heave their glistening sides in short quick pantings, when the reins are tightened at the toll-house. Glisten, too, the faces of the travellers. Their garments are thickly bestrewn with dust; their whiskers and hair look hoary; their throats are choked with the dusty atmosphere which they have left behind them. No air is stirring on the road. Nature dares draw no breath, lest she should inhale a stifling cloud of dust. 'A hot and dusty day!' cry the poor pilgrims, as they wipe their begrimed foreheads, and woo the

doubtful breeze which the river bears along with it.

'Awful hot! Dreadful dusty!' answers the sympathetic toll-gatherer. They start again, to pass through the fiery furnace, while he reenters his cool hermitage, and besprinkles it with a pail of briny water from the stream beneath. He thinks within himself, that the sun is not so fierce here as elsewhere, and that the gentle air doth not forget him in these sultry days. Yes, old friend; and a quiet heart will make a dog-day temperate. He hears a weary footstep, and perceives a traveller with pack and staff, who sits down upon the hospitable bench, and removes the hat from his wet brow. The toll-gatherer administers a cup of cold water, and discovering his guest to be a man of homely sense, he engages him in profitable talk, uttering the maxims of a philosophy which he has found in his own soul, but knows not how it came there. And as the wayfarer makes ready to resume his journey, he tells him a sovereign remedy for blistered feet.

Now comes the noon-tide hour—of all the hours, nearest akin to midnight; for each has its own calmness and repose. Soon, however, the world begins to turn again upon its axis, and it seems the busiest epoch of the day; when an accident impedes the march of sublunary things. The draw being lifted to permit the passage of a schooner, laden with wood from the eastern forests, she sticks immovably, right athwart the bridge! Meanwhile, on both sides of the chasm, a throng of impatient travellers fret and fume. Here are two sailors in a gig, with the top thrown back,
both puffing cigars, and swearing all sorts of oaths; there, in a smart chaise, a dashingly dressed gentleman and lady, he from a tailor's shop, and she from a milliner's back room — the aristocrats of a summer afternoon. And what are the haughtiest of us, but the ephemeral aristocrats of a summer's day? Here is a tin-peddler, whose glittering ware bedazzles all beholders, like a travelling meteor, or opposition sun; and on the other side a seller of spruce beer, which brisk liquor is confined in several dozen of stone bottles. Here come a party of ladies on horseback, in green riding-habits, and gentlemen attendant; and there a flock of sheep for the market, pattering over the bridge with a multitudinous clatter of their little hoofs. Here a Frenchman, with a hand-organ on his shoulder; and there an itinerant Swiss jeweller. On this side, heralded by a blast of clarions and bugles, appears a train of wagons, conveying all the wild beasts of a caravan; and on that, a company of summer soldiers, marching from village to village on a festival campaign, attended by the brass band. Now look at the scene, and it presents an emblem of the mysterious confusion, the apparently insolvable riddle, in which individuals, or the great world itself, seem often to be involved. What miracle shall set all things right again?

But see! the schooner has thrust her bulky carcass through the chasm; the draw descends; horse and foot pass onward, and leave the bridge vacant from end to end. 'And thus,' muses the toll-gatherer,
THE VISION OF THE FOUNTAIN.
THE VISION OF THE FOUNTAIN.

At fifteen, I became a resident in a country village, more than a hundred miles from home. The morning after my arrival—a September morning, but warm and bright as any in July—I rambled into a wood of oaks, with a few walnut trees intermixed, forming the closest shade above my head. The ground was rocky, uneven, overgrown with bushes and clumps of young saplings, and traversed only by cattle-paths. The track, which I chanced to follow, led me to a crystal spring, with a border of grass, as freshly green as on May morning, and overshadowed by the limb of a great oak. One solitary sunbeam found its way down, and played like a goldfish in the water.

From my childhood, I have loved to gaze into a spring. The water filled a circular basin, small, but deep, and set round with stones, some of which were covered with slimy moss, the others naked, and of variegated hue, reddish, white, and brown. The bot-
tom was covered with coarse sand, which sparkled
in the lonely sunbeam, and seemed to illuminate the
spring with an unborrowed light. In one spot,
the gush of the water violently agitated the sand,
but without obscuring the fountain, or breaking the
glassiness of its surface. It appeared as if some living
creature were about to emerge, the Naiad of the spring,
perhaps, in the shape of a beautiful young woman, with
a gown of filmy water-moss, a belt of rainbow drops,
and a cold, pure, passionless countenance. How would
the beholder shiver, pleasantly, yet fearfully, to see her
sitting on one of the stones, paddling her white feet in
the ripples, and throwing up water, to sparkle in the
sun! Wherever she laid her hands on grass and flowers,
they would immediately be moist, as with morning
dew. Then would she set about her labors, like a
careful housewife, to clear the fountain of withered
leaves, and bits of slimy wood, and old acorns from
the oaks above, and grains of corn left by cattle in
drinking, till the bright sand, in the bright water, were
like a treasury of diamonds. But, should the intruder
approach too near, he would find only the drops of a
summer shower, glistening about the spot where he
had seen her.

Reclining on the border of grass, where the dewy
goddess should have been, I bent forward, and a pair
of eyes met mine within the watery mirror. They
were the reflection of my own. I looked again, and
lo! another face, deeper in the fountain than my own
image, more distinct in all the features, yet faint as
thought. The vision had the aspect of a fair young
girl, with locks of paly gold. A mirthful expression
laughed in the eyes and dimpled over the whole sha-
dowy countenance, till it seemed just what a fountain
would be, if, while dancing merrily into the sunshine,
it should assume the shape of woman. Through the
dim rosiness of the cheeks, I could see the brown
leaves, the slimy twigs, the acorns, and the sparkling
sand. The solitary sunbeam was diffused among the
golden hair, which melted into its faint brightness, and
became a glory round that head so beautiful!

My description can give no idea how suddenly the
fountain was thus tenanted, and how soon it was left
desolate. I breathed; and there was the face! I held
my breath; and it was gone! Had it passed away, or
faded into nothing? I doubted whether it had ever
been.

My sweet readers, what a dreamy and delicious hour
did I spend, where that vision found and left me!
For a long time, I sat perfectly still, waiting till it
should reappear, and fearful that the slightest motion,
or even the flutter of my breath, might frighten it
away. Thus have I often started from a pleasant
dream, and then kept quiet, in hopes to wile it back.
Deep were my musings, as to the race and attributes
of that ethereal being. Had I created her? Was she
the daughter of my fancy, akin to those strange shapes
which peep under the lids of children's eyes? And
did her beauty gladden me, for that one moment, and then die? Or was she a water-nymph within the fountain, or fairy, or woodland goddess, peeping over my shoulder, or the ghost of some forsaken maid, who had drowned herself for love? Or, in good truth, had a lovely girl, with a warm heart, and lips that would bear pressure, stolen softly behind me, and thrown her image into the spring?

I watched and waited, but no vision came again. I departed, but with a spell upon me, which drew me back, that same afternoon, to the haunted spring. There was the water gushing, the sand sparkling, and the sunbeam glimmering. There the vision was not, but only a great frog, the hermit of that solitude, who immediately withdrew his speckled snout and made himself invisible, all except a pair of long legs, beneath a stone. Methought he had a devilish look! I could have slain him as an enchanter, who kept the mysterious beauty imprisoned in the fountain.

Sad and heavy, I was returning to the village. Between me and the church spire, rose a little hill, and on its summit a group of trees, insulated from all the rest of the wood, with their own share of radiance hovering on them from the west, and their own solitary shadow falling to the east. The afternoon being far declined, the sunshine was almost pensive, and the shade almost cheerful; glory and gloom were mingled in the placid light; as if the spirits of the Day and Evening had met in friendship under those trees, and

found themselves akin. I was admiring the picture, when the shape of a young girl emerged from behind the clump of oaks. My heart knew her; it was the Vision; but so distant and ethereal did she seem, so unmixed with earth, so imbued with the pensive glory of the spot where she was standing, that my spirit sank within me, sadder than before. How could I ever reach her!

While I gazed, a sudden shower came pattering down upon the leaves. In a moment the air was full of brightness, each rain-drop catching a portion of sunlight as it fell, and the whole gentle shower appearing like a mist, just substantial enough to bear the burden of radiance. A rainbow, vivid as Niagara’s, was painted in the air. Its southern limb came down before the group of trees, and enveloped the fair Vision, as if the hues of Heaven were the only garment for her beauty. When the rainbow vanished, she, who had seemed a part of it, was no longer there. Was her existence absorbed in nature’s loveliest phenomenon, and did her pure frame dissolve away in the varied light? Yet, I would not despair of her return; for, robed in the rainbow, she was the emblem of Hope.

Thus did the Vision leave me; and many a doleful day succeeded to the parting moment. By the spring, and in the wood, and on the hill, and through the village; at dewy sunrise, burning noon, and at that magic hour of sunset, when she had vanished from my sight, I sought her, but in vain. Weeks came and
wandered to-and-fro, or sat in solitude, like one that had caught a glimpse of Heaven, and could take no more joy on earth. I withdrew into an inner world, where my thoughts lived and breathed, and the Vision in the midst of them. Without intending it, I became at once the author and hero of a romance, conjuring up rivals, imagining events, the actions of others and my own, and experiencing every change of passion, till jealousy and despair had their end in bliss. Oh, had I the burning fancy of my early youth, with manhood's colder gift, the power of expression, your hearts, sweet ladies, should flutter at my tale!

In the middle of January, I was summoned home. The day before my departure, visiting the spots which had been hallowed by the Vision, I found that the spring had a frozen bosom, and nothing but the snow and a glare of winter sunshine, on the hill of the rainbow. 'Let me hope,' thought I, 'or my heart will be as icy as the fountain, and the whole world as desolate as this snowy hill.' Most of the day was spent in preparing for the journey, which was to commence at four o'clock the next morning. About an hour after supper, when all was in readiness, I descended from my chamber to the sitting-room, to take leave of the old clergyman and his family, with whom I had been an inmate. A gust of wind blew out my lamp as I passed through the entry.

According to their invariable custom, so pleasant a one when the fire blazes cheerfully, the family were sitting in the parlor, with no other light than what came from the hearth. As the good clergyman's scanty stipend compelled him to use all sorts of economy, the foundation of his fires was always a large heap of tan, or ground bark, which would smoulder away, from morning till night, with a dull warmth and no flame. This evening, the heap of tan was newly put on, and surmounted with three sticks of red oak, full of moisture, and a few pieces of dry pine, that had not yet kindled. There was no light, except the little that came sullenly from two half-burnt brands, without even glimmering on the auditors. But I knew the position of the old minister's arm-chair, and also where his wife sat, with her knitting-work, and how to avoid his two daughters, one a stout country lass, and the other a consumptive girl. Groping through the gloom, I found my own place next to that of the son, a learned collegian, who had come home to keep school in the village during the winter vacation. I noticed that there was less room than usual, to-night, between the collegian's chair and mine.

As people are always taciturn in the dark, not a word was said for some time after my entrance. Nothing broke the stillness but the regular click of the matron's knitting-needles. At times, the fire threw out a brief and dusky gleam, which twinkled on the old man's glasses, and hovered doubtfully round our
circle, but was far too faint to portray the individuals who composed it. Were we not like ghosts? Dreamy as the scene was, might it not be a type of the mode in which departed people, who had known and loved each other here, would hold communion in eternity? We were aware of each other's presence, not by sight, nor sound, nor touch, but by an inward consciousness. Would it not be so among the dead?

The silence was interrupted by the consumptive daughter, addressing a remark to some one in the circle, whom she called Rachel. Her tremulous and decayed accents were answered by a single word, but in a voice that made me start, and bend towards the spot whence it had proceeded. Had I ever heard that sweet, low tone? If not, why did it rouse up so many old recollections, or mockeries of such, the shadows of things familiar, yet unknown, and fill my mind with confused images of her features who had spoken, though buried in the gloom of the parlor? Whom had my heart recognised, that it throbbed so? I listened, to catch her gentle breathing, and strove, by the intensity of my gaze, to picture forth a shape where none was visible.

Suddenly, the dry pine caught; the fire blazed up with a ruddy glow; and where the darkness had been, there was she—the Vision of the Fountain! A spirit of radiance only, she had vanished with the rainbow, and appeared again in the fire-light, perhaps to flicker with the blaze, and be gone. Yet, her cheek was rosy and life-like, and her features, in the bright warmth of the room, were even sweeter and tenderer than my recollection of them. She knew me! The mirthful expression, that had laughed in her eyes and dimpled over her countenance, when I beheld her faint beauty in the fountain, was laughing and dimpling there now. One moment, our glance mingled—the next, down rolled the heap of tan upon the kindled wood—and darkness snatched away that light, and gave her back to me no more!

Fair ladies, there is nothing more to tell. Must the simple mystery be revealed, then, that Rachel was the daughter of the village Squire, and had left home for a boarding-school, the morning after I arrived, and returned the day before my departure? If I transformed her to an angel, it is what every youthful lover does for his mistress. Therein consists the essence of my story. But, slight the change, sweet maids, to make angels of yourselves!
FANCY'S SHOW BOX.
FANCY'S SHOW BOX.

AMORALITY.

What is Guilt? A stain upon the soul. And it is a point of vast interest, whether the soul may contract such stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which have been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, have never had existence. Must the fleshly hand, and visible frame of man, set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner? Or, while none but crimes perpetrated are cognizable before an earthly tribunal, will guilty thoughts—of which guilty deeds are no more than shadows—will those draw down the full weight of a condemning sentence, in the supreme court of eternity? In the solitude of a midnight chamber, or in a desert, afar from men, or in a church, while the body is kneeling, the soul may pollute itself even with those crimes, which we are accustomed to
deem altogether carnal. If this be true, it is a fearful truth.

Let us illustrate the subject by an imaginary example. A venerable gentleman, one Mr. Smith, who had long been regarded as a pattern of moral excellence, was warming his aged blood with a glass or two of generous wine. His children being gone forth about their worldly business, and his grandchildren at school, he sat alone, in a deep, luxurious arm chair, with his feet beneath a richly carved mahogany table. Some old people have a dread of solitude, and when better company may not be had, rejoice even to hear the quiet breathing of a babe, asleep upon the carpet. But Mr. Smith, whose silver hair was the bright symbol of a life unstained, except by such spots as are inseparable from human nature, had no need of a babe to protect him by its purity, nor of a grown person, to stand between him and his own soul. Nevertheless, Manhood must converse with Age, or Womanhood must soothe him with gentle cares, or Infancy must sport around his chair, or his thoughts will stray into the misty region of the past, and the old man be chill and sad. Wine will not always cheer him. Such might have been the case with Mr. Smith, when, through the brilliant medium of his glass of old Madeira, he beheld three figures entering the room. These were Fancy, who had assumed the garb and aspect of an itinerant showman, with a box of pictures on her back; and Memory, in the likeness of a clerk, with a pen behind her ear, an ink-horn at her button-hole, and a huge manuscript volume beneath her arm; and lastly, behind the other two, a person shrouded in a dusky mantle, which concealed both face and form. But Mr. Smith had a shrewd idea that it was Conscience.

How kind of Fancy, Memory, and Conscience, to visit the old gentleman, just as he was beginning to imagine that the wine had neither so bright a sparkle, nor so excellent a flavor, as when himself and the liquor were less aged! Through the dim length of the apartment, where crimson curtains muffled the glare of sunshine, and created a rich obscurity, the three guests drew near the silver-haired old man. Memory, with a finger between the leaves of her huge volume, placed herself at his right hand. Conscience, with her face still hidden in the dusky mantle, took her station on the left, so as to be next his heart; while Fancy set down her picture-box upon the table, with the magnifying glass convenient to his eye. We can sketch merely the outlines of two or three, out of the many pictures, which at the pulling of a string, successively peopled the box with the semblances of living scenes.

One was a moonlight picture; in the back ground, a lowly dwelling; and in front, partly shadowed by a tree, yet besprinkled with flakes of radiance, two youthful figures, male and female. The young man stood with folded arms, a haughty smile upon his lip,
and a gleam of triumph in his eye, as he glanced downward at the kneeling girl. She was almost prostrate at his feet, evidently sinking under a weight of shame and anguish, which hardly allowed her to lift her clasped hands in supplication. Her eyes she could not lift. But neither her agony, nor the lovely features on which it was depicted, nor the slender grace of the form which it convulsed, appeared to soften the obduracy of the young man. 'He was the personification of triumphant scorn. Now, strange to say, as old Mr. Smith peeped through the magnifying glass, which made the objects start out from the anraj with magical deception, he began to recognize the farm-house, the tree, and both the figures of the picture. The young man, in times long past, had often met his gaze within the looking-glass; the girl was the very image of his first love—his cottage-love—his Martha Burroughs! Mr. Smith was scandalized. 'Oh, vile and slanderous picture!' he exclaims. 'When have I triumphed over ruined innocence? Was not Martha wedded, in her teens, to David Tomkins, who won her girlish love, and long enjoyed her affection as a wife? And ever since his death, she has lived a reputable widow!' Mean-time, Memory was turning over the leaves of her volume, rustling them to and fro with uncertain fingers, until, among the earlier pages, she found one which had reference to this picture. She reads it, close to the old gentleman's ear; it is a record merely of sinful thought, which never was embodied in an act; but, while Memory is reading, Conscience unveils her face, and strikes a dagger to the heart of Mr. Smith. Though not a death-blow, the torture was extreme.

The exhibition proceeded. One after another, Fancy displayed her pictures, all of which appeared to have been painted by some malicious artist, on purpose to vex Mr. Smith. Not a shadow of proof could have been adduced, in any earthly court, that he was guilty of the slightest of those sins which were thus made to stare him in the face. In one scene, there was a table set out, with several bottles, and glasses half-filled with wine, which threw back the dull ray of an expiring lamp. There had been mirth and revelry, until the hand of the clock stood just at midnight, when Murder stepped between the boon companions. A young man had fallen on the floor, and lay stone dead, with a ghastly wound crushed into his temple, while over him, with a delirium of mingled rage and horror in his countenance, stood the youthful likeness of Mr. Smith. The murdered youth wore the features of Edward Spencer! 'What does this rascal of a painter mean?' cries Mr. Smith, provoked beyond all patience. 'Edward Spencer was my earliest and dearest friend, true to me as I to him, through more than half a century. Neither I, nor any other, ever murdered him. Was he not alive within five years, and did he not, in token of our long friendship, bequeath me his gold-headed cane, and a mourning ring?' Again had Memory been turning over her volume, and fixed at length upon
so confused a page, that she surely must have scribbled it when she was tipsy. The purport was, however, that, while Mr. Smith and Edward Spencer were beating their young blood with wine, a quarrel had flashed up between them, and Mr. Smith, in deadly wrath, had flung a bottle at Spencer's head. True, it missed its aim, and merely smashed a looking-glass; and the next morning, when the incident was imperfectly remembered, they had shaken hands with a hearty laugh. Yet, again, while Memory was reading, Conscience unveiled her face, struck a dagger to the heart of Mr. Smith, and quelled his remonstrance with her iron frown. The pain was quite excruciating.

Some of the pictures had been painted with so doubtful a touch, and in colors so faint and pale that the subjects could barely be conjectured. A dull, semi-transparent mist had been thrown over the surface of the canvas, into which the figures seemed to vanish, while the eye sought most earnestly to fix them. But, in every scene, however dubiously portrayed, Mr. Smith was invariably haunted by his own lineaments, at various ages, as in a dusty mirror. After poring several minutes over one of these blurred and almost indistinguishable pictures, he began to see, that the painter had intended to represent him, now in the decline of life, as stripping the clothes from the backs of three half-starved children. 'Really, this puzzles me!' quoth Mr. Smith, with the irony of conscious rectitude. 'Asking pardon of the painter, I pronounce him a fool, as well as a scandalous knave. A man of my standing in the world, to be robbing little children of their clothes! Ridiculous!'—But while he spoke, Memory had searched her fatal volume, and found a page, which, with her sad, calm voice, she poured into his ear. It was not altogether inapplicable to the misty scene. It told how Mr. Smith had been grievously tempted, by many devilish sophistries, on the ground of a legal quibble, to commence a lawsuit against three orphan children, joint heirs to a considerable estate. Fortunately, before he was quite decided, his claims had turned out nearly as devoid of law, as justice. As Memory ceased to read, Conscience again thrust aside her mantle, and would have struck her victim with the envenomed dagger, only that he struggled, and clasped his hands before his heart. Even then, however, he sustained an ugly gash.

Why should we follow Fancy through the whole series of those awful pictures? Painted by an artist of wondrous power, and terrible acquaintance with the secret soul, they embodied the ghosts of all the never-perpetrated sins, that had glided through the life-time of Mr. Smith. And could such beings of cloudy fantasy, so near akin to nothingness, give valid evidence against him, at the day of judgment? Be that the case or not, there is reason to believe, that one truly penitential tear would have washed away each
hateful picture, and left the canvas white as snow. But Mr. Smith, at a prick of Conscience too keen to be endured, bellowed aloud, with impatient agony, and suddenly discovered that his three guests were gone. There he sat alone, a silver-haired and highly venerataed old man, in the rich gloom of the crimson-curtained room, with no box of pictures on the table, but only a decanter of most excellent Madeira. Yet his heart still seemed to fester with the venom of the dagger.

Nevertheless, the unfortunate old gentleman might have argued the matter with Conscience, and alleged many reasons wherefore she should not smite him so pitilessly. Were we to take up his cause, it should be somewhat in the following fashion. A scheme of guilt, till it be put in execution, greatly resembles a train of incidents in a projected tale. The latter, in order to produce a sense of reality in the reader's mind, must be conceived with such proportionate strength by the author as to seem, in the glow of fancy, more like truth, past, present, or to come, than purely fiction. The prospective sinner, on the other hand, weaves his plot of crime, but seldom or never feels a perfect certainty that it will be executed. There is a dreaminess diffused about his thoughts; in a dream, as it were, he strikes the death-blow into his victim's heart, and starts to find an indelible blood-stain on his hand. Thus a novel-writer, or a dramatist, in creating a villain of romance, and fitting him with evil deeds, and the

villain of actual life, in projecting crimes that will be perpetrated, may almost meet each other, half way between reality and fancy. It is not until the crime is accomplished, that guilt clutches its grip upon the guilty heart and claims it for its own. Then, and not before, sin is actually felt and acknowledged, and, if unaccompanied by repentance, grows a thousand fold more virulent by its self-consciousness. Be it considered, also, that men often over-estimate their capacity for evil. At a distance, while its attendant circumstances do not press upon their notice, and its results are dimly seen, they can bear to contemplate it. They may take the steps which lead to crime, impelled by the same sort of mental action as in working out a mathematical problem, yet be powerless with compunction, at the final moment. They knew not what deed it was, that they deemed themselves resolved to do. In truth, there is no such thing in man's nature, as a settled and full resolve, either for good or evil, except at the very moment of execution. Let us hope, therefore, that all the dreadful consequences of sin will not be incurred, unless the act have set its seal upon the thought.

Yet, with the slight fancy-work which we have framed, some sad and awful truths are interwoven. Man must not disclaim his brotherhood, even with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity. He must feel, that, when he shall knock at
the gate of Heaven, no semblance of an unspotted life can entitle him to entrance there. Penitence must kneel, and Mercy come from the footstool of the throne, or that golden gate will never open!

**DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.**
*Note.—In an English review, not long since, I have been accused of plagiarizing the idea of this story from a chapter in one of the novels of Alexandre Dumas. There has undoubtedly been a plagiarism on one side or the other; but as my story was written a good deal more than twenty years ago, and as the novel is of considerably more recent date, I take pleasure in thinking that M. Dumas has done me the honor to appropriate one of the fanciful conceptions of my earlier days. He is heartily welcome to it, nor is it the only instance by many in which the great French Romancer has exercised the privilege of commanding genius by confiscating the intellectual property of less famous people to his own use and behoof.

September, 1860.

DR. HEIDEGGER’S EXPERIMENT.*

That very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician,
a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black-letter quarto quarto, and the upper with little parchment covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had
stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said—"Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But, without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder, and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"Seel!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crim-
son, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show: "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the "Fountain of Youth?" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story: "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid, as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a life-time to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"
The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

'Drink, then,' said the doctor, bowing. 'I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment.'

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

'Give us more of this wondrous water!' cried they, eagerly. 'We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick!—give us more!'

'Patience, patience!' quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. 'You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service.'

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion! Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen, of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

'My dear widow, you are charming!' cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.
The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner, as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhalation of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other aide of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror, curtseying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

'My dear old doctor,' cried she, 'pray favor me with another glass!'

'Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!' replied the complaisant doctor; 'see! I have already filled the glasses.'

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimming full of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown dusky than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.
But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awaked. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

'Ve are young! We are young!' they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicksomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gaiety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly— if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

'Doctor, you dear old soul,' cried she, 'get up and dance with me!' And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

'Pray excuse me,' answered the doctor, quietly, 'I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner.'

'Dance with me, Clara!' cried Colonel Killigrew.

'No, no, I will be her partner!' shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

'She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!' exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—an other threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the dustiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridic-
holding it in the light of the sunset clouds: ‘it appears to be fading again.’

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

‘I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness,’ observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor’s snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

‘Are we grown old again, so soon!’ cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the
coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

'Yes, friends, ye are old again,' said Dr. Heidegger; 'and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!'

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

THE END.
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE HOUSE. /-/

NUMBER I.

VOL. II. 1
HOWE'S MASQUERADE.

One afternoon, last summer, while walking along Washington street, my eye was attracted by a signboard protruding over a narrow arch-way, nearly opposite the Old South Church. The sign represented the front of a stately edifice, which was designated as the Old Province House, kept by Thomas Waite. I was glad to be thus reminded of a purpose, long entertained, of visiting and rambling over the mansion of the old royal governors of Massachusetts; and entering the arched passage, which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me from the busy heart of modern Boston, into a small and secluded court-yard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the Old
South. The figure has kept this attitude for seventy
years or more, ever since good deacon Drowne, a
cunning carver of wood, first stationed him on his long
sentinel's watch over the city.

The Province House is constructed of brick, which
seems recently to have been overlaid with a coat of
light colored paint. A flight of red free-stone steps,
fenced in by a balustrade of curiously wrought iron,
ascends from the court-yard to the spacious porch,
over which is a balcony, with an iron balustrade of
similar pattern and workmanship to that beneath.

These letters and figures—16 P. S. 79—are wrought
into the iron work of the balcony, and probably express
the date of the edifice, with the initials of its
founder's name. A wide door with double leaves
admitted me into the hall or entry, on the right of
which is the entrance to the bar-room.

It was in this apartment, I presume, that the ancient
governors held their levees, with vice-regal pomp,
surrounded by the military men, the councilors, the
judges, and other officers of the crown, while all the
loyalty of the province thronged to do them honor.

But the room, in its present condition, cannot boast
even of faded magnificence. The paneled wainscot
is covered with dingy paint, and acquires a duskier
hue from the deep shadow into which the Province
House is thrown by the brick block that shuts it in from
Washington street. A ray of sunshine never visits
this apartment any more than the glare of the festal
torches, which have been extinguished from the era
of the revolution. The most venerable and orna-
mental object, is a chimney-piece set round with Dutch
tiles of blue-figured China, representing scenes from
Scripture; and, for aught I know, the lady of Pownall
or Bernard may have sat beside this fireplace, and
told her children the story of each blue tile. A bar
in modern style, well replenished with decanters,
bottles, cigar-boxes, and net-work bags of lemons,
and provided with a beer-pump and a soda-fount, ex-
tends along one side of the room. At my entrance,
an elderly person was smacking his lips, with a zest
which satisfied me that the cellars of the Province
House still hold good liquor, though doubtless of other
vintages than were quaffed by the old governors.

After sipping a glass of port-sangaree, prepared by
the skilful hands of Mr. Thomas Waite, I besought
that worthy successor and representative of so many
historic personages to conduct me over their time-
honored mansion.

He readily complied; but, to confess the truth, I
was forced to draw strenuously upon my imagination,
in order to find aught that was interesting in a house
which, without its historic associations, would have
seemed merely such a tavern as is usually favored by
the custom of decent city boarders, and old fashioned
country gentlemen. The chambers, which were pro-
bably spacious in former times, are now cut up by
partitions, and subdivided into little nooks, each affor-
ding scanty room for the narrow bed, and chair,
and dressing table, of a single lodger. The great
staircase, however, may be termed, without much
hyperbole, a feature of grandeur and magnificence.
It winds through the midst of the house by flights of broad steps, each flight terminating in a square landing-place, whence the ascent is continued towards the cupola. A carved balustrade, freshly painted in the lower stories, but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase with its quaintly twisted and intertwined pillars, from top to bottom. Up these stairs the military boots, or perchance the gouty shoes of many a governor have trodden, as the wearers mounted to the cupola, which afforded them so wide a view over their metropolis and the surrounding country. The cupola is an octagon, with several windows, and a door opening upon the roof. From this station, as I pleased myself with imagining, Gage may have beheld his disastrous victory on Bunker Hill, (unless one of the tri-mountains intervened,) and Howe have marked the approaches of Washington's besieging army; although the buildings, since erected in the vicinity, have shut out almost every object, save the steeple of the Old South, which seems almost within arm's length. Descending from the cupola, I paused in the garret to observe the ponderous white-oak frame-work, so much more massive than the frames of modern houses, and thereby resembling an antique skeleton. The brick walls, the materials of which were imported from Holland, and the timbers of the mansion, are still as sound as ever; but the floors and other interior parts being greatly decayed, it is contemplated to gut the whole, and build a new house within the ancient frame and brick work. Among other inconveniences of the present edifice, mine host mentioned that any jar or motion was apt to shake down the dust of ages out of the ceiling of one chamber upon the floor of that beneath it.

We stepped forth from the great front window into the balcony, where, in old times, it was doubtless the custom of the king's representative to show himself to a loyal populace, requiting their huzzas and tossed-up hats with stately bendings of his dignified person. In those days, the front of the Province House looked upon the street; and the whole site now occupied by the brick range of stores, as well as the present courtyard, was laid out in grass plats, overshadowed by trees and bordered by a wrought iron fence. Now, the old aristocratic edifice hides its time-worn visage behind an upstart modern building; at one of the back windows I observed some pretty tailoresses, sewing, and chatting, and laughing, with now and then a careless glance towards the balcony. Descending thence, we again entered the bar-room, where the elderly gentleman above mentioned, the smack of whose lips had spoken so favorably for Mr. Waite's good liquor, was still lounging in his chair. He seemed to be, if not a lodger, at least a familiar visiter of the house, who might be supposed to have his regular score at the bar, his summer seat at the open window, and his prescriptive corner at the winter's fireside. Being of a sociable aspect, I ventured to address him with a remark, calculated to draw forth his historical reminiscences, if any such were in his mind; and it gratified me to discover, that, between memory and tradition, the old gentleman was really possessed of
some very pleasant gossip about the Province House. The portion of his talk which chiefly interested me, was the outline of the following legend. He professed to have received it at one or two removes from an eye-witness; but this derivation, together with the lapse of time, must have afforded opportunities for many variations of the narrative; so that, despairing of literal and absolute truth, I have not scrupled to make such further changes as seemed conducive to the reader's profit and delight.

At one of the entertainments given at the Province House, during the latter part of the siege of Boston, there passed a scene which has never yet been satisfactorily explained. The officers of the British army, and the loyal gentry of the province, most of whom were collected within the beleaguered town, had been invited to a masqued ball; for it was the policy of Sir William Howe to hide the distress and danger of the period, and the desperate aspect of the siege, under an ostentation of festivity. The spectacle of this evening, if the oldest members of the provincial court circle might be believed, was the most gay and gorgeous affair that had occurred in the annals of the government. The brilliantly lighted apartments were thronged with figures that seemed to have stepped from the dark canvas of historic portraits, or to have flown thither from the magic pages of romance, or at least to have flown thither from one of the London theatres, without a change of garments. Steeled knights of the Conquest, bearded statesmen of Queen Elizabeth, and high-ruffled ladies of her court, were mingled with characters of comedy, such as a parti-colored Merry Andrew, jingling his cap and bells; a Falstaffe, almost as provocative of laughter as his prototype; and a Don Quixote, with a bean-pole for a lance, and a pot-lid for a shield.

But the broadest merriment was excited by a group of figures ridiculously dressed in old regimentals, which seemed to have been purchased at a military rag-fair, or pilfered from some receptacle of the cast-off clothes of both the French and British armies. Portions of their attire had probably been worn at the siege of Louisburg, and the coats of most recent cut might have been rent and tattered by sword, ball, or bayonet, as long ago as Wolfe's victory. One of these worthies—a tall, lank figure, brandishing a rusty sword of immense longitude—purported to be no less a personage than General George Washington; and the other principal officers of the American army, such as Gates, Lee, Putnam, Schuyler, Ward and Heath, were represented by similar scare-crows. An interview in the mock heroic style, between the rebel warriors and the British commander-in-chief, was received with immense applause, which came loudest of all from the loyalists of the colony. There was one of the guests, however, who stood apart, eyeing these antics sternly and scornfully, at once with a frown and a bitter smile.

It was an old man, formerly of high station and
great repute in the province, and who had been a very famous soldier in his day. Some surprise had been expressed, that a person of Colonel Joliffe's known whig principles, though now too old to take an active part in the contest, should have remained in Boston during the siege, and especially that he should consent to show himself in the mansion of Sir William Howe. But thither he had come, with a fair grand-daughter under his arm; and there, amid all the mirth and buffoonery, stood this stern old figure, the best sustained character in the masquerade, because so well representing the antique spirit of his native land. The other guests affirmed that Colonel Joliffe's black puritanical scowl threw a shadow round about him; although in spite of his sombre influence, their gaiety continued to blaze higher, like — (an ominous comparison) — the flickering brilliancy of a lamp which has but a little while to burn. Eleven strokes, full half an hour ago, had pealed from the clock of the Old South, when a rumor was circulated among the company that some new spectacle or pageant was about to be exhibited, which should put a fitting close to the splendid festivities of the night.

'What new jest has your Excellency in hand?' asked the Reverend Mather Byles, whose Presbyterian scruples had not kept him from the entertainment. 'Trust me, sir, I have already laughed more than besems my cloth, at your Homeric confabulation with yonder ragamuffin General of the rebels. One other such fit of merriment, and I must throw off my clerical wig and band.'

'Not so, good Doctor Byles,' answered Sir William Howe; 'if mirth were a crime, you had never gained your doctorate in divinity. As to this new foolery, I know no more about it than yourself; perhaps not so much. Honestly now, Doctor, have you not stirred up the sober brains of some of your countrymen to enact a scene in our masquerade?'

'Perhaps,' slyly remarked the grand-daughter of Colonel Joliffe, whose high spirit had been stung by many taunts against New England — 'perhaps we are to have a masque of allegorical figures. Victory, with trophies from Lexington and Bunker Hill; Plenty, with her overflowing horn, to typify the present abundance in this good town — and Glory, with a wreath for his Excellency's brow.'

Sir William Howe smiled at words which he would have answered with one of his darkest frowns, had they been uttered by lips that wore a beard. He was spared the necessity of a retort, by a singular interruption. A sound of music was heard without the house, as if proceeding from a full band of military instruments stationed in the street, playing not such a festal strain as was suited to the occasion; but a slow funeral march. The drums appeared to be muffled, and the trumpets poured forth a wailing breath, which at once hushed the merriment of the auditors, filling all with wonder, and some with apprehension. The idea occurred to many, that either the funeral procession of some great personage had halted in front of the Province House, or that a corpse, in a velvet-covered and gorgeously decorated coffin, was about to
be borne from the portal. After listening a moment, Sir William Howe called, in a stern voice, to the leader of the musicians, who had hitherto enlivened the entertainment with gay and lightsome melodies. The man was drum-major to one of the British regiments.

'Dighton,' demanded the General, 'what means this foolery? Bid your band silence that dead march — or, by my word, they shall have sufficient cause for their lugubrious strains! Silence it, sirrah!'

'Please your honor,' answered the drum-major, whose rubicund visage had lost all its color, 'the fault is none of mine. I and my band are all here together; and I question whether there be a man of us that could play that march without book. I never heard it but once before, and that was at the funeral of his late Majesty, King George the Second.'

'Well, well!' said Sir William Howe, recovering his composure — 'it is the prelude to some masquering antic. Let it pass.'

A figure now presented itself, but among the many fantastic masks that were dispersed through the apartments, none could tell precisely from whence it came. It was a man in an old fashioned dress of black serge, and having the aspect of a steward, or principal domestic in the household of a nobleman, or great English landholder. This figure advanced to the outer door of the mansion, and throwing both its leaves wide open, withdrew a little to one side and looked back towards the grand staircase, as if expecting some person to descend. At the same time, the music in the street rounded a loud and doleful summons.

The eyes of Sir William Howe and his guests being directed to the staircase, there appeared, on the uppermost landing-place that was discernible from the bottom, several personages descending towards the door. The foremost was a man of stern visage, wearing a steeple-crowned hat and a skull-cap beneath it; a dark cloak, and huge wrinkled boots that came halfway up his legs. Under his arm was a rolled-up banner, which seemed to be the banner of England, but strangely rent and torn; he had a sword in his right hand, and grasped a Bible in his left. The next figure was of milder aspect, yet full of dignity, wearing a broad ruff, over which descended a beard, a gown of wrought velvet, and a doublet and hose of black satin. He carried a roll of manuscript in his hand. Close behind these two, came a young man of very striking countenance and demeanor, with deep thought and contemplation on his brow, and perhaps a flash of enthusiasm in his eye. His garb, like that of his predecessors, was of an antique fashion, and there was a stain of blood upon his ruff. In the same group with these, were three or four others, all men of dignity and evident command, and bearing themselves like personages who were accustomed to the gaze of the multitude. It was the idea of the beholders, that these figures went to join the mysterious funeral that had halted in front of the Province House; yet that supposition seemed to be contradicted by the air of triumph with which they waved their hands, as they crossed the threshold and vanished through the portal.
"In the devil's name, what is this?" muttered Sir William Howe to a gentleman beside him; "a procession of the regicide judges of King Charles the martyr?"

"These," said Colonel Joliffe, breaking silence almost for the first time that evening—"these, if I interpret them aright, are the Puritan governors—the rulers of the old, original Democracy of Massachusetts. Endicott, with the banner from which he had torn the symbol of subjection, and Winthrop, and Sir Henry Vane, and Dudley, Haynes, Bellingham, and Leverett."

"Why had that young man a stain of blood upon his ruff?" asked Miss Joliffe.

"Because, in after years," answered her grandfather, "he laid down the wisest head in England upon the block, for the principles of liberty."

"Will not your Excellency order out the guard?" whispered Lord Percy, who, with other British officers, had now assembled round the General. "There may be a plot under this mummercy."

"Tush! we have nothing to fear," carelessly replied Sir William Howe. "There can be no worse treason in the matter than a jest, and that somewhat of the dullest. Even were it a sharp and bitter one, our best policy would be to laugh it off. See—here come more of these gentry."

Another group of characters had now partly descended the staircase. The first was a venerable and white-bearded patriarch, who cautiously felt his way downward with a staff. Treading hastily behind him, and stretching forth his gauntleted hand as if to grasp the old man's shoulder, came a tall, soldier-like figure, equipped with a plumed cap of steel, a bright breast-plate, and a long sword, which rattled against the stairs. Next was seen a stout man, dressed in rich and courtly attire, but not of courtly demeanor; his gait had the swinging motion of a seaman's walk; and chancing to stumble on the staircase, he suddenly grew wrathful, and was heard to mutter an oath. He was followed by a noble-looking personage in a curled wig, such as are represented in the portraits of Queen Anne's time and earlier; and the breast of his coat was decorated with an embroidered star. While advancing to the door, he bowed to the right hand and to the left, in a very gracious and insinuating style; but as he crossed the threshold, unlike the early Puritan governors, he seemed to wring his hands with sorrow.

"Prithee, play the part of a chorus, good Doctor Byles," said Sir William Howe. "What worthies are these?"

"If it please your Excellency, they lived somewhat before my day," answered the doctor; "but doubtless our friend, the Colonel, has been hand and glove with them."

"Their living faces I never looked upon," said Colonel Joliffe, gravely; "although I have spoken face to face with many rulers of this land, and shall greet yet another with an old man's blessing, ere I die. But we talk of these figures. I take the venerable patriarch to be Bradstreet, the last of the Puritan governors, dressed in rich and courtly attire, but not of courtly demeanor; his gait had the swinging motion of a seaman's walk; and chancing to stumble on the staircase, he suddenly grew wrathful, and was heard to mutter an oath. He was followed by a noble-looking personage in a curled wig, such as are represented in the portraits of Queen Anne's time and earlier; and the breast of his coat was decorated with an embroidered star. While advancing to the door, he bowed to the right hand and to the left, in a very gracious and insinuating style; but as he crossed the threshold, unlike the early Puritan governors, he seemed to wring his hands with sorrow.

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tance, who was governor at ninety, or thereabouts. The next is Sir Edmund Andros, a tyrant, as any New England school-boy will tell you; and therefore the people cast him down from his high seat into a dungeon. Then comes Sir William, shepherd, cooper, sea-captain, and governor — may many of his countrymen rise as high, from as low an origin! Lastly, you saw the gracious Earl of Bellamont, who ruled us under King William.‘

‘But what is the meaning of it all?’ asked Lord Percy.

‘Now, were I a rebel,’ said Miss Jolliffe, half aloud, ‘I might fancy that the ghosts of these ancient governors had been summoned to form the funeral procession of royal authority in New England.’

Several other figures were now seen at the turn of the staircase. The one in advance had a thoughtful, anxious, and somewhat crafty expression of face; and in spite of his loftiness of manner, which was evidently the result both of an ambitious spirit and of long continuance in high stations, he seemed not incapable of cringing to a greater than himself. A few steps behind came an officer in a scarlet and embroidered uniform, cut in a fashion old enough to have been worn by the Duke of Marlborough. His nose had a rubicund tinge, which, together with the twinkle of his eye, might have marked him as a lover of the wine cup and good fellowship; notwithstanding which tokens, he appeared ill at ease, and often glanced around him, as if apprehensive of some secret mischief. Next came a portly gentleman, wearing a coat of shaggy cloth, lined with silken velvet; he had sense, shrewdness, and humor in his face, and a folio volume under his arm; but his aspect was that of a man vexed and tormented beyond all patience, and harassed almost to death. He went hastily down, and was followed by a dignified person, dressed in a purple velvet suit, with very rich embroidery; his demeanor would have possessed much stateliness, only that a grievous fit of the gout compelled him to hobble from stair to stair, with contortions of face and body. When Doctor Bylles beheld this figure on the staircase, he shivered as with an ague, but continued to watch him steadfastly, until the gouty gentleman had reached the threshold, made a gesture of anguish and despair, and vanished into the outer gloom, whither the funeral music summoned him.

‘Governor Belcher! — my old patron! — in his very shape and dress!’ gasped Doctor Byles. ‘This is an awful mockery!’

‘A tedious foolery, rather,’ said Sir William Howe, with an air of indifference. ‘But who were the three that preceded him?’

‘Governor Dudley, a cunning politician — yet his craft once brought him to a prison,’ replied Colonel Jolliffe. ‘Governor Shute, formerly a Colonel under Marlborough, and whom the people frightened out of the province; and learned Governor Burnet, whom the legislature tormented into a mortal fever.’

‘Methinks they were miserable men, these royal governors of Massachusetts,’ observed Miss Jolliffe. ‘Heavens, how dim the light grows!’
It was certainly a fact that the large lamp which illuminated the staircase, now burned dim and dusky, so that several figures, which passed hastily down the stairs and went forth from the porch, appeared rather like shadows than persons of fleshly substance. Sir William Howe and his guests stood at the doors of the contiguous apartments, watching the progress of this singular pageant, with various emotions of anger, contempt, or half acknowledged fear, but still with an anxious curiosity. The shapes, which now seemed hastening to join the mysterious procession, were recognised rather by striking peculiarities of dress, or broad characteristics of manner, than by any perceptible resemblance of features to their prototypes. Their faces, indeed, were invariably kept in deep shadow. But Doctor Byles, and other gentlemen who had long been familiar with the successive rulers of the province, were heard to whisper the names of Shirley, of Townshend, of Sir Francis Bernard, and of the well remembered Hutchinson; thereby confessing that the actors, whoever they might be, in this spectral march of governors, had succeeded in putting on some distant portraiture of the real personages. As they vanished from the door, still did these shadows toss their arms into the gloom of night, with a dread expression of anger. Following the mimic representative of Hutchinson, came a military figure, holding before his face the cocked hat which he had taken from his powdered head; but his epaulettes and other insignia of rank were those of a general officer; and something in his mien reminded the beholders of one who had recently been master of the Province House, and chief of all the land.

‘The shape of Gage, as true as in a looking glass,’ exclaimed Lord Percy, turning pale.

‘No, surely,’ cried Miss Joliffe, laughing hysterically; ‘it could not be Gage, or Sir William would have greeted his old comrade in arms! Perhaps he will not suffer the next to pass unchallenged.’

‘Of that be assured, young lady,’ answered Sir William Howe, fixing his eyes, with a very marked expression, upon the immovable visage of her grandfather. ‘I have long enough delayed to pay the ceremonies of a host to these departing guests. The next that takes his leave shall receive due courtesy.’

A wild and dreary burst of music came through the open door. It seemed as if the procession, which had been gradually filling up its ranks, were now about to move, and that this loud peal of the wailing trumpets, and roll of the muffled drums, were a call to some loiterer to make haste. Many eyes, by an irresistible impulse, were turned upon Sir William Howe, as if it were he whom the dreary music summoned to the funeral of departed power.

‘See!—here comes the last!’ whispered Miss Joliffe, pointing her tremulous finger to the staircase.

A figure had come into view as if descending the stairs; although so dusky was the region whence it emerged, some of the spectators fancied that they had seen this human shape suddenly moulding itself amid the gloom. Downward the figure came, with a stately and martial tread, and reaching the lowest stair
was observed to be a tall man, booted and wrapped in a military cloak, which was drawn up around the face so as to meet the flapped brim of a laced hat. The features, therefore, were completely hidden. But the British officers deemed that they had seen that military cloak before, and even recognised the frayed embroidery on the collar, as well as the gilded scabbard of a sword which protruded from the folds of the cloak, and glittered in a vivid gleam of light. Apart from these trifling particulars there were characteristics of gait and bearing, which impelled the wondering guests to glance from the shrouded figure to Sir William Howe, as if to satisfy themselves that their host had not suddenly vanished from the midst of them.

With a dark flush of wrath upon his brow, they saw the General draw his sword and advance to meet the figure in the cloak before the latter had stepped one pace upon the floor. 'Villain, unmask yourself!' cried he. 'You pass no further!'

The figure, without blenching a hair's breadth from the sword which was pointed at his breast, made a solemn pause and lowered the cape of the cloak from about his face, yet not sufficiently for the spectators to catch a glimpse of it. But Sir William Howe had evidently seen enough. The sternness of his countenance gave place to a look of wild amazement, if not horror, while he recoiled several steps from the figure, and let fall his sword upon the floor. The martial shape again drew the cloak about his features and passed on; but reaching the threshold, with his back towards the spectators, he was seen to stamp his foot and shake his clenched hands in the air. It was afterwards affirmed that Sir William Howe had repeated that self-same gesture of rage and sorrow, when, for the last time, and as the last royal governor, he passed through the portal of the Province House.

'Would your Excellency inquire further into the mystery of the pageant?' said he.

'Take care of your gray head!' cried Sir William Howe, fiercely, though with a quivering lip. 'It has stood too long on a traitor's shoulders!' You must make haste to chop it off, then,' calmly replied the Colonel; 'for a few hours longer, and not all the power of Sir William Howe, nor of his master, shall cause one of these gray hairs to fall. The empire of Britain, in this ancient province, is at its last gasp to-night; — almost while I speak it is a dead corpse; — and methinks the shadows of the old governors are fit mourners at its funeral!'
With these words Colonel Joliffe threw on his cloak, and drawing his grand-daughter's arm within his own, retired from the last festival that a British ruler ever held in the old province of Massachusetts Bay. It was supposed that the Colonel and the young lady possessed some secret intelligence in regard to the mysterious pageant of that night. However this might be, such knowledge has never become general. The actors in the scene have vanished into deeper obscurity than even that wild Indian band who scattered the cargoes of the tea ships on the waves, and gained a place in history, yet left no names. But superstition, among other legends of this mansion, repeats the wondrous tale, that on the anniversary night of Britain's discomfiture, the ghosts of the ancient governors of Massachusetts still glide through the portal of the Province House. And, lost of all, comes a figure shrouded in a military cloak, tossing his clenched hands into the air, and stamping his iron-shod boots upon the broad free-stone steps, with a semblance of feverish despair, but without the sound of a foot-tramp.

When the truth-telling accents of the elderly gentleman were hushed, I drew a long breath and looked round the room, striving, with the best energy of my imagination, to throw a tinge of romance and historic grandeur over the realities of the scene. But my nostrils snuffed up a scent of cigar-smoke, clouds of which the narrator had emitted by way of visible emblem, I suppose, of the nebulous obscurity of his tale. Moreover, my gorgeous fantasies were woefully disturbed by the rattling of the spoon in a tumbler of whisky punch, which Mr. Thomas Waite was mingling for a customer. Nor did it add to the picturesque appearance of the panelled walls, that the slate of the Brookline stage was suspended against them, instead of the armorial escutcheon of some far-descended governor. A stage-driver sat at one of the windows, reading a penny paper of the day—the Boston Times—and presenting a figure which could nowise be brought into any picture of 'Times in Boston,' seventy or a hundred years ago. On the window-seat lay a bundle, neatly done up in brown paper, the direction of which I had the idle curiosity to read. "Miss Susan Huggins, at the Province House." A pretty chamber-maid, no doubt. In truth, it is desperately hard work, when we attempt to throw the spell of hoar antiquity over localities with which the living world, and the day that is passing over us, have aught to do. Yet, as I glanced at the stately staircase, down which the procession of the old governors had descended, and as I emerged through the venerable portal, whence their figures had preceded me, it gladdened me to be conscious of a thrill of awe. Then diving through the narrow archway, a few strides transported me into the densest throng of Washington street.
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE HOUSE. /-/ NUMBER II.
Edward Randolph's Portrait.

The old legendary guest of the Province House, abode in my remembrance from mid-summer till January. One idle evening, last winter, confident that he would be found in the snuggeat corner of the bar-room, I resolved to pay him another visit, hoping to deserve well of my country by snatching from oblivion some else unheard of fact of history. The night was chill and raw, and rendered boisterous by almost a gale of wind, which whistled along Washington street, causing the gas-lights to flare and flicker within the lamps. As I hurried onward, my fancy was busy with a comparison between the present aspect of the street, and that which it probably wore when the British Governors inhabited the mansion whither I was now going. Brick edifices in those times were few, till a succession of destructive fires had swept, and swept again, the wooden dwellings and ware-houses from the most populous quarters of the town. The
buildings stood insulated and independent, not, as now, merging their separate existences into connected ranges, with a front of tiresome identity,—but each possessing features of its own, as if the owner’s individual taste had shaped it,—and the whole presenting a picturesque irregularity, the absence of which is hardly compensated by any beauties of our modern architecture. Such a scene, dimly vanishing from the eye by the ray of here and there a tallow candle, glimmering through the small panes of scattered windows, would form a sombre contrast to the street, as I beheld it, with the gas-lights blazing from corner to corner, flaming within the shops, and throwing a noon-day brightness through the huge plates of glass.

But the black, lowering sky, as I turned my eyes upward, wore, doubtless, the same visage as when it crowned upon the ante-revolutionary New Englanders. The wintry blast had the same shriek that was familiar to their ears. The Old South too, still pointed its antique spire into the darkness, and was lost between earth and heaven; and as I passed, its clock, which had warned so many generations how transitory was their life-time, spoke heavily and slowly: one unregarded moral to myself. ‘Only seven o’clock,’ thought I. ‘My old friend’s legends will scarcely kill the hours ’twixt this and bed-time.’

Passing through the narrow arch, I crossed the court-yard, the confined precincts of which were made visible by a lantern over the portal of the Province House. On entering the bar-room, I found, as I expected, the old tradition-monger seated by a special good fire of anthracite, compelling clouds of smoke from a corpulent cigar. He recognised me with evident pleasure; for my rare properties as a patient listener invariably make me a favorite with elderly gentlemen and ladies of narrative propensities. Drawing a chair to the fire, I desired mine host to favor us with a glass a-piece of whisky punch, which was speedily prepared, steaming hot, with a slice of lemon at the bottom, a dark-red stratum of port wine upon the surface, and a sprinkling of nutmeg strewn over all. As we touched our glasses together, my legendary friend made himself known to me as Mr. Bela Tiffany; and I rejoiced at the oddity of the name, because it gave his image and character a sort of individuality in my conception. The old gentleman’s draught acted as a solvent upon his memory, so that it overflowed with tales, traditions, anecdotes of famous dead people, and traits of ancient manners, some of which were childish as a nurse’s lullaby, while others might have been worth the notice of the grave historian. Nothing impressed me more than a story of a black, mysterious picture, which used to hang in one of the chambers of the Province House, directly above the room where we were now sitting. The following is as correct a version of the fact as the reader would be likely to obtain from any other source, although assuredly, it has a tinge of romance approaching to the marvellous:

In one of the apartments of the Province House there was long preserved an ancient picture, the frame
of which was as black as ebony, and the canvas itself so dark with age, damp, and soot, that not a touch of the painter's art could be discerned. Time had thrown an impenetrable veil over it, and left to tradition, and fable, and conjecture, to say what had once been there portrayed. During the rule of many successive governors, it had hung, by prescriptive and undisputed right, over the mantelpiece of the same chamber; and it still kept its place when Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson assumed the administration of the province, on the departure of Sir Francis Bernard.

The Lieutenant Governor sat, one afternoon, resting his head against the carved back of his stately arm chair, and gazing up thoughtfully at the void blackness of the picture. It was scarcely a time for such inactive musing, when affairs of the deepest moment required the ruler's decision; for, within that very hour, Hutchinson had received intelligence of the arrival of a British fleet, bringing three regiments from Halifax to overawe the insubordination of the people. These troops awaited his permission to occupy the fortress of Castle William, and the town itself. Yet, instead of affixing his signature to an official order, there sat the Lieutenant Governor, so carefully scrutinizing the black waste of canvas, that his demeanor attracted the notice of two young persons who attended him. One, wearing a military dress of buff, was his kinsman, Francis Lincoln, the Provincial Captain of Castle William; the other, who sat on a low stool beside his chair, was Alice Vane, his favorite niece.

She was clad entirely in white, a pale, ethereal creature, who, though a native of New England, had been educated abroad, and seemed not merely a stranger from another clime, but almost a being from another world. For several years, until left an orphan, she had dwelt with her father in sunny Italy, and there had acquired a taste and enthusiasm for sculpture and painting, which she found few opportunities of gratifying in the undecorated dwellings of the colonial gentry.

It was said that the early productions of her own pencil exhibited no inferior genius, though, perhaps, the rude atmosphere of New England had cramped her hand, and dimmed the glowing colors of her fancy. But observing her uncle's steadfast gaze, which appeared to search through the mist of years to discover the subject of the picture, her curiosity was excited.

'Is it known, my dear uncle,' inquired she, 'what this old picture once represented? Possibly, could it be made visible, it might prove a masterpiece of some great artist—else why has it so long held such a conspicuous place?'

As her uncle, contrary to his usual custom, (for he was as attentive to all the humors and caprices of Alice as if she had been his own best beloved child,) did not immediately reply, the young Captain of Castle William took that office upon himself.

'This dark old square of canvas, my fair cousin,' said he, 'has been an heirloom in the Province House from time immemorial. As to the painter, I can tell you nothing; but, if half the stories told of it be true, not one of the great Italian masters has ever produced so marvelous a piece of work, as that before you.'
Captain Lincoln proceeded to relate some of the strange fables and fantasies, which, as it was impossible to refute them by ocular demonstration, had grown to be articles of popular belief, in reference to this old picture. One of the wildest, and at the same time the best accredited accounts, stated it to be an original and authentic portrait of the Evil One, taken at a witch meeting near Salem; and that its strong and terrible resemblance had been confirmed by several of the confessing wizards and witches, at their trial, in open court. It was likewise affirmed that a familiar spirit, or demon, abode behind the blackness of the picture, and had shown himself, at seasons of public calamity, to more than one of the royal governors. Shirley, for instance, had beheld this ominous apparition, on the eve of General Abercrombie's shameful and bloody defeat under the walls of Ticonderoga. Many of the servants of the Province House had caught glimpses of a visage frowning down upon them, at morning or evening twilight,—or in the depths of night, while raking up the fire that glimmered on the hearth beneath; although, if any were bold enough to hold a torch before the picture, it would appear as black and undistinguishable as ever. The oldest inhabitant of Boston recollected that his father, in whose days the portrait had not wholly faded out of sight, had once looked upon it, but would never suffer himself to be questioned as to the face which was there represented. In connection with such stories, it was remarkable that over the top of the frame there were some ragged remnants of black silk, indicating that a veil had formerly hung down before the picture, until the duskiness of time had so effectually concealed it. But, after all, it was the most singular part of the affair, that so many of the pompous governors of Massachusetts had allowed the obliterated picture to remain in the state-chamber of the Province House. 'Some of these fables are really awful,' observed Alice Vane, who had occasionally shuddered, as well as smiled, while her cousin spoke. 'It would be almost worth while to wipe away the black surface of the canvas, since the original picture can hardly be so formidable as those which fancy paints instead of it.' 'But would it be possible,' inquired her cousin, 'to restore this dark picture to its pristine hues?' 'Such arts are known in Italy,' said Alice. The Lieutenant Governor had roused himself from his abstracted mood, and listened with a smile to the conversation of his young relatives. Yet his voice had something peculiar in its tones, when he undertook the explanation of the mystery. 'I am sorry, Alice, to destroy your faith in the legends of which you are so fond,' remarked he; 'but my antiquarian researches have long since made me acquainted with the subject of this picture—if picture it can be called—which is no more visible, nor ever will be, than the face of the long buried man whom it once represented. It was the portrait of Edward Randolph, the founder of this house, a person famous in the history of New England.'
Of that Edward Randolph," exclaimed Captain Lincoln, "who obtained the repeal of the first provincial charter, under which our forefathers had enjoyed almost democratic privileges! He that was styled the arch enemy of New England, and whose memory is still held in detestation, as the destroyer of our liberties!"

"It was the same Randolph," answered Hutchinson, moving uneasily in his chair. "It was his lot to taste the bitterness of popular odium."

"Our annals tell us," continued the Captain of Castle William, "that the curse of the people followed this Randolph wherever he went, and wrought evil in all the subsequent events of his life, and that its effect was seen likewise in the manner of his death. They say, too, that the inward misery of that curse worked itself outward, and was visible on the wretched man's countenance, making it too horrible to be looked upon. If so, and if this picture truly represented his aspect, it was in mercy that the cloud of blackness has gathered over it."

"These traditions are folly, to one who has proved, as I have, how little of historic truth lies at the bottom," said the Lieutenant Governor. "As regards the life and character of Edward Randolph too implicit credence has been given to Dr. Cotton Mather, who— I must say it, though some of his blood runs in my veins— has filled our early history with old women's tales, as fanciful and extravagant as those of Greece or Rome."

"And yet," whispered Alice Vane, "may not such fables have a moral? And methinks, if the visage of this portrait be so dreadful, it is not without a cause that it has hung so long in a chamber of the Province House. When the rulers feel themselves irresponsible, it were well that they should be reminded of the awful weight of a people's curse."

The Lieutenant Governor started, and gazed for a moment at his niece, as if her girlish fantasies had struck upon some feeling in his own breast, which all his policy or principles could not entirely subdue. He knew, indeed, that Alice, in spite of her foreign education, retained the native sympathies of a New England girl.

"Peace, silly child," cried he, at last, more harshly than he had ever before addressed the gentle Alice. "The rebuke of a king is more to be dreaded than the clamor of a wild, misguided multitude. Captain Lincoln, it is decided. The fortress of Castle William must be occupied by the Royal troops. The two remaining regiments shall be billeted in the town, or encamped upon the Common. It is time, after years of tumult, and almost rebellion, that his majesty's government should have a wall of strength about it."

"Trust, sir—trust yet awhile to the loyalty of the people," said Captain Lincoln; "nor teach them that they can ever be on other terms with British soldiers than those of brotherhood, as when they fought side by side through the French war. Do not convert the streets of your native town into a camp. Think twice before you give up old Castle William, the key of the province, into other keeping than that of true born New Englanders."
Young man, it is decided," repeated Hutchinson, rising from his chair. A British officer will be in attendance this evening, to receive the necessary instructions for the disposal of the troops. Your presence also will be required. Till then, farewell.'

With these words the Lieutenant Governor hastily left the room, while Alice and her cousin more slowly followed, whispering together, and once pausing to glance back at the mysterious picture. The Captain of Castle William fancied that the girl's air and mien were such as might have belonged to one of those spirits of fable—fairies, or creatures of a more antique mythology, who sometimes mingled their agency with mortal affairs, half in caprice, yet with a sensibility to human weal or woe. As he held the door for her to pass, Alice beckoned to the picture and smiled.

'Come forth, dark and evil Shape!' cried she. 'It is thine hour!'"

In the evening, Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson sat in the same chamber where the foregoing scene had occurred, surrounded by several persons whose various interests had summoned them together. There were the Selectmen of Boston, plain, patriarchal fathers of the people, excellent representatives of the old puritanical founders, whose sombre strength had stamped so deep an impress upon the New England character. Contrasting with these were one or two members of Council, richly dressed in the white wigs, the embroidered waistcoats and other magnificence of the time, and making a somewhat ostentatious display of courtier-like ceremonial. In attendance, likewise, was a major of the British army, awaiting the Lieutenant Governor's orders for the landing of the troops, which still remained on board the transports. The Captain of Castle William stood beside Hutchinson's chair, with folded arms, glancing rather haughtily at the British officer, by whom he was soon to be superseded in his command. On a table, in the centre of the chamber, stood a branched silver candlestick, throwing down the glow of half a dozen wax lights upon a paper apparently ready for the Lieutenant Governor's signature.

Partly shrouded in the voluminous folds of one of the window curtains, which fell from the ceiling to the floor, was seen the white drapery of a lady's robe. It may appear strange that Alice Vane should have been there, at such a time; but there was something so childlike, so wayward, in her singular character, so apart from ordinary rules, that her presence did not surprise the few who noticed it. Meantime, the chairman of the Selectmen was addressing to the Lieutenant Governor a long and solemn protest against the reception of the British troops into the town.

'And if your Honor,' concluded this excellent, but somewhat prosy old gentleman, 'shall see fit to persist in bringing these mercenary sworders and musketeers into our quiet streets, not on our heads be the responsibility. Think, sir, while there is yet time, that if one drop of blood be shed, that blood shall be an eternal stain upon your Honor's memory. You, sir, have written, with an able pen, the deeds of our
forefathers. The more to be desired is it, therefore, that yourself should deserve honorable mention, as a true patriot and upright ruler, when your own doings shall be written down in history.

'I am not insensible, my good sir, to the natural desire to stand well in the annals of my country,' replied Hutchinson, controlling his impatience into courtesy, 'nor know I any better method of attaining that end than by withstanding the merely temporary spirit of mischief, which, with your pardon, seems to have infected elder men than myself. Would you have me wait till the mob shall sack the Province House, as they did my private mansion? Trust me, sir, the time may come when you will be glad to flee for protection to the King's banner, the raising of which is now so distasteful to you.'

'Yes,' said the British major, who was impatiently expecting the Lieutenant Governor's orders. 'The demagogues of this Province have raised the devil, and cannot lay him again. We will exorcise him, in God's name and the King's.'

'If you meddle with the devil, take care of his claws!' answered the Captain of Castle William, stirred by the taunt against his countrymen.

'Craving your pardon, young sir,' said the venerable Selectman, 'let not an evil spirit enter into your words. We will strive against the oppressor with prayer and fasting, as our forefathers would have done. Like them, moreover, we will submit to whatever lot a wise Providence may send us,—always, after our own best exertions to amend it.'

'And there peep forth the devil's claws!' muttered Hutchinson, who well understood the nature of Puritan submission. 'This matter shall be expedited forthwith. When there shall be a sentinel at every corner, and a court of guard before the town-house, a loyal gentleman may venture to walk abroad. What to me is the outcry of a mob, in this remote province of the realm? The King is my master, and England is my country! Upheld by their armed strength, I set my foot upon the raffle, and defy them!'

He snatched a pen, and was about to affix his signature to the paper that lay on the table, when the Captain of Castle William placed his hand upon his shoulder. The freedom of the action, so contrary to the ceremonious respect which was then considered due to rank and dignity, awakened general surprise, and in none more than in the Lieutenant Governor himself. Looking angrily up, he perceived that his young relative was pointing his finger to the opposite wall. Hutchinson's eye followed the signal; and he saw, what had hitherto been unobserved, that a black silk curtain was suspended before the mysterious picture, so as completely to conceal it. His thoughts immediately recurred to the scene of the preceding afternoon; and, in his surprise, confused by indistinct emotions, yet sensible that his niece must have had an agency in this phenomenon, he called loudly upon her.

'Alice!—Come hither, Alice!'
eyes, with the other snatched away the sable curtain that concealed the portrait. An exclamation of surprise burst from every beholder; but the Lieutenant Governor's voice had a tone of horror.

'By heaven,' said he, in a low, inward murmur, speaking rather to himself than to those around him, 'if the spirit of Edward Randolph were to appear among us from the place of torment, he could not wear more of the terrors of hell upon his face!' 'For some wise end,' said the aged Selectman, solemnly, 'hath Providence scattered away the mist of years that had so long hid this dreadful effigy. Until this hour no living man hath seen what we behold!' Within the antique frame, which so recently had enclosed a sable waste of canvas, now appeared a visible picture, still dark, indeed, in its hues and shadings, but thrown forward in strong relief. It was a half-length figure of a gentleman in a rich, but very old-fashioned dress of embroidered velvet, with a broad ruff and a beard, and wearing a hat, the brim of which overshadowed his forehead. Beneath this cloud the eyes had a peculiar glare, which was almost life-like. The whole portrait started so distinctly out of the background, that it had the effect of a person looking down from the wall at the astonished and awe-stricken spectators. The expression of the face, if any words can convey an idea of it, was that of a wretch detected in some hideous guilt, and exposed to the bitter hatred, and laughter, and withering scorn, of a vast surrounding multitude. There was the struggle of defiance, beaten down and overwhelmed by the crushing weight of ignominy. The torture of the soul had come forth upon the countenance. It seemed as if the picture, while hidden behind the cloud of inmemorial years, had been all the time acquiring an intenser depth and darkness of expression, till now it gloomed forth again, and threw its evil omen over the present hour. Such, if the wild legend may be credited, was the portrait of Edward Randolph, as he appeared when a people's curse had wrought its influence upon his nature.

'T would drive me mad — that awful face!' said Hutchinson, who seemed fascinated by the contemplation of it.

'Be warned, then!' whispered Alice. 'He trampled on a people's rights. Behold his punishment — and avoid a crime like his!'

The Lieutenant Governor actually trembled for an instant; but, exerting his energy — which was not, however, his most characteristic feature — he strove to shake off the spell of Randolph's countenance.

'Girl!' cried he, laughing bitterly, as he turned to Alice, 'have you brought hither your painter's art — your Italian spirit of intrigue — your tricks of stage-effect — and think to influence the councils of rulers and the affairs of nations, by such shallow contrivances? See here!' 'Stay yet awhile,' said the Selectman, as Hutchinson again snatched the pen; 'for if ever mortal man received a warning from a tormented soul, your Honor is that man!'

'Away!' answered Hutchinson fiercely. 'Though
yonder senseless picture cried "Forbear!"—it should not move me!"

Casting a scowl of defiance at the pictured face, (which seemed, at that moment, to intensify the horror of its miserable and wicked look,) he scrawled on the paper, in characters that betokened it a deed of desperation, the name of Thomas Hutchinson. Then, it is said, he shuddered, as if that signature had granted away his salvation.

"It is done," said he; and placed his hand upon his brow.

"May Heaven forgive the deed," said the soft, sad accents of Alice Vane, like the voice of a good spirit, flitting away.

When morning came there was a stifled whisper through the household, and spreading thence about the town, that the dark, mysterious picture had started from the wall, and spoken face to face with Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson. If such a miracle had been wrought, however, no traces of it remained behind; for within the antique frame, nothing could be discerned, save the impenetrable cloud, which had covered the canvas since the memory of man. If the figure had, indeed, stepped forth, it had fled back, spirit-like, at the day-dawn, and hidden itself behind a century's obscurity. The truth probably was, that Alice Vane's secret for restoring the hues of the picture had merely effected a temporary renovation. But those who, in that brief interval, had beheld the awful visage of Edward Randolph, desired no second glance, and ever afterwards trembled at the recollection of the scene, as if an evil spirit had appeared visibly among them. And as for Hutchinson, when, far over the ocean, his dying hour drew on, he gasped for breath, and complained that he was choking with the blood of the Boston Massacre; and Francis Lincoln, the former Captain of Castle William, who was standing at his bedside, perceived a likeness in his frenzied look to that of Edward Randolph. Did his broken spirit feel, at that dread hour, the tremendous burden of a People's curse?

At the conclusion of this miraculous legend I inquired of mine host whether the picture still remained in the chamber over our heads; but Mr. Tiffany informed me that it had long since been removed, and was supposed to be hidden in some out-of-the-way corner of the New England Museum. Perchance some curious antiquary may light upon it there, and, with the assistance of Mr. Howorth, the picture cleaner, may supply a not unnecessary proof of the authenticity of the facts here set down. During the progress of the story a storm had been gathering abroad, and raging and rattling so loudly in the upper regions of the "Pine House," that it seemed as if all the old Governors and great men were running riot above stairs, while Mr. Bela Tiffany babbled of them below. In the course of generations, when many people have lived and died in an ancient house, the whistling of the wind through its crannies, and the creaking of its beams and rafters, become strangely like the tones of
the human voice, or thundering laughter, or heavy footsteps treading the deserted chambers. It is as if the echoes of half a century were revived. Such were the ghostly sounds that roared and murmured in our ears, when I took leave of the circle round the fire.

LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE HOUSE.

NUMBER III.
MINE excellent friend, the landlord of the Province House, was pleased, the other evening, to invite Mr. Tiffany and myself to an oyster supper. This slight mark of respect and gratitude, as he handsomely observed, was far less than the ingenious tale-teller, and I, the humble note-taker of his narratives, had fairly earned, by the public notice which our joint lucubrations had attracted to his establishment. Many a scutar had been smoked within his premises—many a glass of wine, or more potent aqua vitae, had been quaffed—many a dinner had been eaten by curious strangers, who, save for the fortunate conjunction of Mr. Tiffany and me, would never have ventured through that darksome avenue, which gives access to the historic precincts of the Province House. In short, if any credit be due to the courteous assurances of Mr. Thomas Waite, we had brought his forgotten mansion almost as effectually into public view.
as if we had thrown down the vulgar range of shoe-
shops and dry-good stores, which hides its aristocratic
front from Washington street. It may be unadvisa-
ble, however, to speak too loudly of the increased
custom of the house, lest Mr. Waite should find it
difficult to renew the lease on so favorable terms as
heretofore.

Being thus welcomed as benefactors, neither Mr.
Tiffany nor myself felt any scruple in doing full jus-
tice to the good things that were set before us. If
the feast were less magnificent than those same
walls had witnessed, in a by-gone century — if
mine host presided with somewhat less of state, than
might have besotted a successor of the royal Gover-
nors — if the guests made a less imposing show than
the bewigged, and powdered, and embroidered digni-
taries, who erst banqueted at the gubernatorial table,
and now sleep within their armorial tombs on Copp's
Hill, or round King's Chapel — yet never, I may
boldly say, did a more comfortable little party assem-
bled in the Province House, from Queen Anne's days
to the Revolution. The occasion was rendered more
interesting by the presence of a venerable personage,
whose own actual reminiscences went back to the epoch
of Gage and Howe, and even supplied him with a
doubtful anecdote or two of Hutchinson. He was
one of that small, and now all but extinguished class,
whose attachment to royalty, and to the colonial in-
stitutions and customs that were connected with it,
had never yielded to the democratic heresies of after-
times. The young queen of Britain has not a more

loyal subject in her realm — perhaps not one who
would kneel before her throne with such reverence.
love — as this old grand sire whose head has whitened
beneath the mild sway of the Republic, which still,
in his mellower moments, he terms a usurpation.
Yet prejudices so obstinate have not made him
an ungentle or impracticable companion. If the
truth must be told, the life of the aged loyalist has
been of such a scrambling and unsettled charac-
ter — he has had so little choice of friends, and been
so often destitute of any — that I doubt whether he
would refuse a cup of kindness with either Oliver
Cromwell or John Hancock; to pay nothing of any
democrat now upon the stage. In another paper of
this series, I may perhaps give the reader a closer
year, and a liba-
tion to his memory. This precious liquor was im-
bibed by Mr. Tiffany with peculiar zest; and after
sipping the third glass, it was his pleasure to give us
one of the oddest legends which he had yet raked
from the store-house, where he keeps such matters.
With some suitable adornments from my own fancy,
it ran pretty much as follows:
Not long after Colonel Shute had assumed the government of Massachusetts Bay, now nearly a hundred and twenty years ago, a young lady of rank and fortune arrived from England, to claim his protection as her guardian. He was her distant relative, but the nearest who had survived the gradual extinction of her family; so that no more eligible shelter could be found for the rich and high-born Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, than within the Province House of a transatlantic colony. The consort of Governor Shute, moreover, had been as a mother to her childhood, and was now anxious to receive her, in the hope that a beautiful young woman would be exposed to infinitely less peril from the primitive society of New England, than amid the artifices and corruptions of a court. If either the Governor or his lady had especially consulted their own comfort, they would probably have sought to devolve the responsibility on other hands; since with some noble and splendid traits of character, Lady Eleanore was remarkable for a harsh, unyielding pride, a haughty consciousness of her hereditary and personal advantages, which made her almost incapable of control. Judging from many traditionary anecdotes, this peculiar temper was hardly less than a monomania; or, if the acts which it inspired were those of a sane person, it seemed due from Providence that pride so sinful should be followed by as severe a retribution. That tinge of the fabulous which is thrown over so many of these half-forgotten legends has probably imparted an additional wildness to the strange story of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe.

The ship in which she came passenger had arrived at Newport, whence Lady Eleanore was conveyed to Boston in the Governor's coach, attended by a small escort of gentlemen on horseback. The ponderous equipage, with its four black horses, attracted much notice as it rumbled through Cornhill, surrounded by the prancing steeds of half a dozen cavaliers, with swords dangling to their stirrups and pistols at their holsters. Through the large glass windows of the coach, as it rolled along, the people could discern the figure of Lady Eleanore, strangely combining an almost queenly stateliness with the grace and beauty of a maiden in her teens. A singular tale had gone abroad among the ladies of the province, that their fair rival was indebted for much of the irresistible charm of her appearance to a certain article of dress—an embroidered mantle—which had been wrought by the most skilful artist in London, and possessed even magical properties of adornment. On the present occasion, however, she owed nothing to the witchery of dress, being clad in a riding-habit of velvet, which would have appeared stiff and ungraceful on any other form.

The coachman reined in his four black steeds, and the whole cavalcade came to a pause in front of the contorted iron balustrade that fenced the Province House from the public street. It was an awkward coincidence, that the bell of the Old South was just then tolling for a funeral; so that, instead of the gladsome peal with which it was customary to announce the arrival of distinguished strangers, Lady Eleanore
Rochcliffe was ushered by a doleful clang, as if calamity had come embodied in her beautiful person.

"A very great disrespect!" exclaimed Captain Langford, an English officer, who had recently brought despatches to Governor Shute. "The funeral should have been deferred, lest Lady Eleanore's spirits be affected by such a dismal welcome."

"With your pardon, sir," replied Doctor Clarke, a physician, and a famous champion of the popular party, "whatever the heralds may pretend, a dead beggar must have precedence of a living queen. King Death confers high privileges."

These remarks were interchanged while the speakers waited a passage through the crowd, which had gathered on each side of the gateway, leaving an open avenue to the portal of the Province House. A black slave in livery now leaped from behind the coach, and threw open the door; while at the same moment Governor Shute descended the flight of steps from his mansion, to assist Lady Eleanore in alighting. But the Governor's stately approach was anticipated in a manner that excited general astonishment. A pale young man, with his black hair all in disorder, rushed from the throng, and prostrated himself beside the coach, thus offering his person as a footstool for Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe to tread upon. She held back an instant; yet with an expression as if doubting whether the young man were worthy to bear the weight of her footstep, rather than dissatisfied to receive such awful reverence from a fellow-mortal.

"Up, sir," said the Governor, sternly, at the same time lifting his cane over the intruder. "What means the Bedlamite by this freak?"

"Nay," answered Lady Eleanore playfully, but with more scorn than pity in her tone, "your Excellency shall not strike him. When men seek only to be trampled upon, it were a pity to deny them a favor so easily granted — and so well deserved!"

Then, though as lightly as a sunbeam on a cloud, she placed her foot upon the cowering form, and extended her hand to meet that of the Governor. There was a brief interval, during which Lady Eleanore retained this attitude; and never, surely, was there an apter emblem of aristocracy and hereditary pride, trampling on human sympathies and the kindness of nature, than these two figures presented at that moment. Yet the spectators were so smitten with her beauty, and so essential did pride seem to the existence of such a creature, that they gave a simultaneous acclamation of applause.

"Who is this insolent young fellow?" inquired Captain Langford, who still remained beside Doctor Clarke. "If he be in his senses, his impertinence demands the bastinado. If mad, Lady Eleanore should be secured from further inconvenience, by his confinement."

"His name is Jervas Heiwyse," answered the Doctor — "a youth of no birth or fortune, or other advantages, save the mind and soul that nature gave him; and being secretary to our colonial agent in London, it was his misfortune to meet this Lady Eleanore..."
Rochcliffe. He loved her — and her scorn has driven
him mad.'

'He was mad so to aspire;' observed the English
officer.

'It may be so,' said Doctor Clarke, frowning as he
spoke. 'But I tell you, sir, I could well nigh doubt
the justice of the Heaven above us, if no signal
humiliation overtake this lady, who now treads so
haughtily into yonder mansion. She seeks to place
herself above the sympathies of our common nature,
which envelopes all human souls. See, if that nature
do not assert its claim over her in some mode that
shall bring her level with the lowest!'

'Never!' cried Captain Langford, indignantly —
'neither in life nor when they lay her with her an­
cestors.'

Not many days afterwards the Governor gave a
ball in honor of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe. The
principal gentry of the colony received invitations,
which were distributed to their residences, far and
near, by messengers on horseback, bearing missives
sealed with all the formality of official despatches.

In obedience to the summons, there was a general
gathering of rank, wealth, and beauty; and the wide
doors of the Province House had seldom given admit­
tance to more numerous and honorable guests than
on the evening of Lady Eleanore's ball. Without
much extravagance of eulogy, the spectacle might
even be termed splendid; for, according to the fash­
on of the times, the ladies shone in rich silks and
satins, outspread over wide-projecting hoops; and the
genomen glittered in gold embroidery, laid unspor­
ingly upon the purple, or scarlet, or sky-blue velvet,
which was the material of their coats and waistcoats.
The latter article of dress was of great importance,
since it enveloped the wearer's body nearly to the
knees, and was perhaps bedizened with the amount
of his whole year's income, in golden flowers and
foliage. The altered taste of the present day — a
taste symbolic of a deep change in the whole system
of society — would look upon almost any of those
gorgeous figures as ridiculous; although that evening
the guests sought their reflections in the pier-glasses,
and rejoiced to catch their own glitter amid the glit­
tering crowd. What a pity that one of the stately
mirrors has not preserved a picture of the scene,
which, by the very traits that were so transitory,
might have taught us much that would be worth
knowing and remembering!

Would, at least, that either painter or mirror could
convey to us some faint idea of a garment, already
noticed in this legend — the Lady Eleanore's embroi­
dered mantle — which the gossips whispered was in­
vested with magic properties, so as to lend a new and
untried grace to her figure each time that she put it
on! Idle fancy as it is, this mysterious mantle has
thrown an awe around my image of her, partly from
its fabled virtues, and partly because it was the handi­
work of a dying woman, and, perchance, owed the
fantastic grace of its conception to the delirium of ap­
proaching death.

After the ceremonial greetings had been paid, Lady
Eleanore Rochcliffe stood apart from the mob of guests, insulating herself within a small and distinguished circle, to whom she accorded a more cordial favor than to the general throng. The waxen torches threw their radiance vividly over the scene, bringing out its brilliant points in strong relief; but she gazed carelessly, and with now and then an expression of weariness or scorn, tempered with such feminine grace, that her auditors scarcely perceived the moral deformity of which it was the utterance. She beheld the spectacle not with vulgar ridicule, as disdaining to be pleased with the provincial mockery of a court festival, but with the deeper scorn of one whose spirit held itself too high to participate in the enjoyment of other human souls. Whether or no the recollections of those who saw her that evening were influenced by the strange events with which she was subsequently connected, so it was, that her figure ever after recurred to them as marked by something wild and unnatural; although, at the time, the general whisper was of her exceeding beauty, and of the indescribable charm which her mantle threw around her. Some close observers, indeed, detected a feverish flush and alternate paleness of countenance, with a corresponding flow and revulsion of spirits, and once or twice a painful and helpless betrayal of lassitude, as if she were on the point of sinking to the ground. Then, with a nervous shudder, she seemed to arouse her energies, and threw some bright and playful, yet half-wicked sarcasm into the conversation. There was so strange a characteristic in her manners and sentiments, that it astonished every right-minded listener; till looking in her face, a lurking and incomprehensible glance and smile perplexed them with doubts both as to her seriousness and sanity. Gradually, Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe's circle grew smaller, till only four gentlemen remained in it. These were Captain Langford, the English officer before mentioned; a Virginian planter, who had come to Massachusetts on some political errand; a young Episcopal clergyman, the grandson of a British Earl; and lastly, the private secretary of Governor Shute, whose obeisance had won a sort of tolerance from Lady Eleanore.

At different periods of the evening the liveried servants of the Province House passed among the guests, bearing huge trays of refreshments, and French and Spanish wines. Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, who refused to wet her beautiful lips even with a bubble of Champaigne, had sunk back into a large damask chair, apparently overworn with the excitement of the scene or its tedium; and white, for an instant, she was unconscious of voices, laughter, and music, a young man stole forward, and knelt down at her feet. He bore a salver in his hand, on which was a chased silver goblet, filled to the brim with wine, which he offered as reverentially as to a crowned queen, or rather with the awful devotion of a priest doing sacrifice to his idol. Conscious that some one touched her robe, Lady Eleanore started, and unclosed her eyes upon the pale, wild features and disheveled hair of Jervase Helwyse.

'Why do you haunt me thus?' said she, in a lan-
guid tone, but with a kindlier feeling than she ordinarily permitted herself to express. 'They tell me that I have done you harm.'

'Heaven knows if that be so,' replied the young man solemnly. 'But, Lady Eleanore, in requital of that harm, if such there be, and for your own earthly and heavenly welfare, I pray you to take one sip of this holy wine, and then to pass the goblet round among the guests. And this shall be a symbol that you have not sought to withdraw yourself from the chain of human sympathies — which whoso would shake off must keep company with fallen angels.'

'Where has this mad fellow stolen that sacramental vessel?' exclaimed the Episcopal clergyman.

This question drew the notice of the guests to the silver cup, which was recognized as appertaining to the communion plate of the Old South Church; and, for aught that could be known, it was brimming over with the consecrated wine.

'Perhaps it is poisoned,' half whispered the Governor's secretary.

'Pour it down the villain's throat!' cried the Virginian, fiercely.

'Turn him out of the house!' cried Captain Langford, seizing Jervase Helwyse so roughly by the shoulder that the sacramental cup was overturned, and its contents sprinkled upon Lady Eleanore's mantle. 'Whether knave, fool, or Bedlamite, it is intolerable that the fellow should go at large.'

'Pray, gentlemen, do my poor admirer no harm,' said Lady Eleanore, with a faint and weary smile. 'Take him out of my sight, if such be your pleasure; for I can find in my heart to do nothing but laugh at him — whereas, in all decency and conscience, it would become me to weep for the mischief I have wrought!'

But while the bystanders were attempting to lead away the unfortunate young man, he broke from them, and with a wild, impassioned earnestness, offered a new and equally strange petition to Lady Eleanore. It was no other than that she should throw off the mantle, which, while he pressed the silver cup of wine upon her, she had drawn more closely around her form, so almost to shroud herself within it.

'Cast it from you!' exclaimed Jervase Helwyse, clasping his hands in an agony of entreaty. 'It may not yet be too late! Give the accursed garment to the flames!'

But Lady Eleanore, with a laugh of scorn, drew the rich folds of the embroidered mantle over her head, in such a fashion as to give a completely new aspect to her beautiful face, which — half-hidden, half-revealed — seemed to belong to some being of mysterious character and purposes.

'Farewell, Jervase Helwyse!' said she. 'Keep my image in your remembrance, as you behold it now.'

'Alas, lady!' he replied, in a tone no longer wild, but sad as a funeral bell. 'We must meet shortly, when your face may wear another aspect — and that shall be the image that must abide within me.'
He made no more resistance to the violent efforts of the gentlemen and servants, who almost dragged him out of the apartment, and dismissed him roughly from the iron gate of the Province House. Captain Langford, who had been very active in this affair, was returning to the presence of Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe, when he encountered the physician, Doctor Clarke, with whom he had held some casual talk on the day of her arrival. The Doctor stood apart, separated from Lady Eleanore by the width of the room, but eyeing her with such keen sagacity, that Captain Langford involuntarily gave him credit for the discovery of some deep secret.

'You appear to be smitten, after all, with the charms of this queenly maiden,' said he, hoping thus to draw forth the physician's hidden knowledge.

'God forbid!' answered Doctor Clarke, with a grave smile; 'and if you be wise you will put up the same prayer for yourself. What to those who shall be smitten by this beautiful Lady Eleanore! But yonder stands the Governor — and I have a word or two for his private ear. Good night!' He accordingly advanced to Governor Shute, and addressed him in so low a tone that none of the bystanders could catch a word of what he said; although the sudden change of his Excellency's hitherto cheerful visage betokened that the communication could be of no agreeable import. A very few moments afterwards, it was announced to the guests that an unforeseen circumstance rendered it necessary to put a premature close to the festival.

The ball at the Province House supplied a topic of conversation for the colonial metropolis, for some days after its occurrence, and might still longer have been the general theme, only that a subject of all-engrossing interest thrust it, for a time, from the public recollection. This was the appearance of a dreadful epidemic, which, in that age, and long before and afterwards, was wont to slay its hundreds and thousands, on both sides of the Atlantic. On the occasion of which we speak, it was distinguished by a peculiar virulence, insomuch that it has left its traces — its pitmarks, to use an appropriate figure — on the history of the country, the affairs of which were thrown into confusion by its ravages. At first, unlike its ordinary course, the disease seemed to confine itself to the higher circles of society, selecting its victims from among the proud, the well-born and the wealthy, entering unabashed into stately chambers, and lying down with the slumberers in silken beds. Some of the most distinguished guests of the Province House — even those whom the haughty Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe had deemed not unworthy of her favor — were stricken by this fatal scourge. It was noticed, with an ungenerous bitterness of feeling, that the four gentlemen — the Virginian, the British officer, the young clergyman, and the Governor's secretary — who had been her most devoted attendants on the evening of the ball, were the foremost on whom the plague-stroke fell. But the disease, pursuing its onward progress, soon ceased to be exclusively a prerogative of aristocracy. Its red brand was no
longer conferred like a noble's star, or an order of knighthood. It threaded its way through the narrow and crooked streets, and entered the low, mean, darksome dwellings, and laid its hand of death upon the artisans and laboring classes of the town. It compelled rich and poor to feel themselves brethren, then; and stalking to and fro across the Three Hills, with a fierceness which made it almost a new pestilence, there was that mighty conqueror — that scourge and horror of our forefathers — the Small Pox!

We cannot estimate the affright which this plague inspired of yore, by contemplating it as the fangless monster of the present day. We must remember, rather, with what awe we 'watched the gigantic footsteps of the Asiatic cholera, striding from shore to shore of the Atlantic, and marching like destiny upon cities far remote, which flight had already half depopulated. There is no other fear so horrible and humanizing, as that which makes man dread to breathe Heaven's vital air, lest it be poison, or to grasp the hand of a brother or friend, lest the gripe of the pestilence should clutch him. Such was the dismay that now followed in the track of the disease, or ran before it throughout the town. Graves were hastily dug, and the pestilential relics, as hastily covered, because the dead were enemies of the living, and strove to draw them headlong, as it were, into their own dismal pit. The public councils were suspended, as if mortal wisdom might relinquish its devices, now that an unearthly usurper had found his way into the ruler's mansion. Had an enemy's fleet been hovering on the coast, or his armies trampling on our soil, the people would probably have committed their defence to that same direful conqueror, who had wrought their own calamity, and would permit no interference with his sway. This conqueror had a symbol of his triumphs. It was a blood-red flag, that fluttered in the tainted air, over the door of every dwelling into which the Small Pox had entered.

Such a banner was long since waving over the portal of the Province House; for thence, as was proved by tracking its footsteps back, had all this dreadful mischief issued. It had been traced back to a lady's luxurious chamber — to the proudest of the proud — to her that was so delicate, and hardly owned herself of earthly mould — to the haughty one, who took her stand above human sympathies — to Lady Eleanore! There remained no room for doubt, that the contagion had lurked in that gorgeous mantle, which threw so strange a grace around her at the festival. Its fantastic splendor had been conceived in the delirious brain of a woman on her death-bed, and was the last toil of her stiffening fingers, which had interwoven fate and misery with its golden threads. This dark tale, whispered at first, was now bruited far and wide. The people raved against the Lady Eleanore, and cried out that her pride and scorn had evoked a fiend, and that, between them both, this monstrous evil had been born. At times, their rage and despair took the semblance of grinning mirth; and whenever the red flag of the pestilence was hoisted over another, and yet another door, they clapt their hands and shouted...
through the streets, in bitter mockery: 'Behold a new triumph for the Lady Eleanor!'  

One day in the midst of these dismal times, a wild figure approached the portal of the Province House, and folding his arms, stood contemplating the scarlet banner, which a passing breeze shook fitfully, as if to fling abroad the contagion that it typified. At length, climbing one of the pillars by means of the iron balustrade, he took down the flag, and entered the mansion, waving it above his head. At the foot of the staircase he met the Governor, booted and spurred, with his cloak drawn around him, evidently on the point of setting forth upon a journey.

'Wretched lunatic, what do you seek here?' exclaimed Shute, extending his cane to guard himself from contact. 'Here is nothing here but Death. Back — or you will meet him!'  

'Death will not touch me, the banner-bearer of the pestilence!' cried Jervase Helwyse, shaking the red flag aloft. 'Death, and the Pestilence, who wears the aspect of the Lady Eleanor, will walk through the streets to-night, and I must march before them with this banner!'  

'Why do I waste words on the fellow?' muttered the Governor, drawing his cloak across his mouth. 'What matters his miserable life, when none of us are sure of twelve hours' breath? On, fool, to your own destruction!'  

He made way for Jervase Helwyse, who immediately ascended the staircase, but, on the first landing-place, was arrested by the firm grasp of a hand upon his shoulder. Looking fiercely up, with a madman's impulse to struggle with, and rend asunder his opponent, he found himself powerless beneath a calm, stern eye, which possessed the mysterious property of quelling frenzy at its height. The person whom he had now encountered was the physician, Doctor Clarke, the duties of whose sad profession had led him to the Province House, where he was an infrequent guest in more prosperous times.

'Young man, what is your purpose?' demanded he.  

'I seek the Lady Eleanor,' answered Jervase Helwyse, submissively.  

'All have fled from her,' said the physician. 'Why do you seek her now? I tell you, youth, her nurse fell death-stricken on the threshold of that fatal chamber. Know ye not, that never came such a curse to our shores as this lovely Lady Eleanor? — that her breath has filled the air with poison? — that she has shaken pestilence and death upon the land, from the folds of her accursed mantle?'  

'Let me look upon her!' rejoined the mad youth, more wildly. 'Let me behold her, in her awful beauty, clad in the regal garments of the pestilence: She and Death sit on a throne togethger. Let me kneel down before them!'  

'Poor youth!' said Doctor Clarke; and, moved by a deep sense of human weakness, a smile of caustic humor curled his lip even then. 'Wilt thou still worship the destroyer, and surround her image with fantasies the more magnificent, the more evil
Lady Eleanore's Mantle.

She has wrought? Thus man doth ever to his tyrants! Approach, then! Madness, as I have noted, has that good efficacy, that it will guard you from contagion—and perchance its own cure may be found in yonder chamber.

Ascending another flight of stairs, he threw open a door, and signed to Jervase Helwyse that he should enter. The poor lunatic, it seems probable, had cherished a delusion that his haughty mistress sat in state, unharmed herself by the pestilential influence, which, as by enchantment, she scattered round about her. He dreamed, no doubt, that her beauty was not dimmed, but brightened into superhuman splendor. With such anticipations, he stole reverentially to the door at which the physician stood, but paused upon the threshold, gazing fearfully into the gloom of the darkened chamber.

"Where is the Lady Eleanore?" whispered he.
"Call her," replied the physician.
"Lady Eleanore!—Princess!—Queen of Death!" cried Jervase Helwyse, advancing three steps into the chamber. "She is not here! There, on yonder table, I behold the sparkle of a diamond which once she wore upon her bosom. There—and he shuddered—there hangs her mantle, on which a dead woman embroidered a spell of dreadful potency. But where is the Lady Eleanore?"

Something stirred within the silken curtains of a canopied bed; and a low moan was uttered, which, listening intently, Jervase Helwyse began to distinguish as a woman's voice, complaining dolefully of thirst. He fancied, even, that he recognized its tones.

"My throat!—my throat is scorched," murmured the voice. "A drop of water!"
"What thing art thou?" said the brain-stricken youth, drawing near the bed and tearing asunder its curtains. Whose voice hast thou stolen for thy murmurs and miserable petitions, as if Lady Eleanore could be conscious of mortal infirmity? Fie! Heap of diseased mortality, why lurkest thou in my lady's chamber?"

"Oh, Jervase Helwyse," said the voice—and as it spoke, the figure contorted itself, struggling to hide its blasted face—"look not now on the woman you once loved! The curse of Heaven hath stricken me, because I would not call man my brother, nor woman sister. I wrapt myself in pride as in a mantle, and scorned the sympathies of nature; and therefore has nature made this wretched body the medium of a dreadful sympathy. You are avenged—they are all avenged—Nature is avenged—for I am Eleanore Rochcliffe!"

The malice of his mental disease, the bitterness lurking at the bottom of his heart, mad as he was, for a blighted and ruined life, and love that had been paid with cruel scorn, awoke within the breast of Jervase Helwyse. He shook his finger at the wretched girl, and the chamber echoed, the curtains of the bed were shaken, with his outburst of insane merriment.

"Another triumph for the Lady Eleanore!" he
cried. 'All have been her victims! Who so worthy to be the final victim as herself?'

Impelled by some new fantasy of his crazed intellect, he snatched the fatal mantle, and rushed from the chamber and the house. That night, a procession passed, by torch light, through the streets, bearing in the midst, the figure of a woman, enveloped with a richly embroidered mantle; while in advance stalked Jervase Helwyse, waving the red flag of the pestilence. Arriving opposite the Province House, the mob burned the effigy, and a strong wind came and swept away the ashes. It was said, that, from that very hour, the pestilence abated, as if its sway had some mysterious connection, from the first plague-stroke to the last, with Lady Eleanore's mantle. A remarkable uncertainty broods over that unhappy lady's fate. There is a belief, however, that, in a certain chamber of this mansion, a female form may sometimes be dimly discerned, shrinking into the darkest corner, and muffling her face within an embroidered mantle. Supposing the legend true, can this be other than the once proud Lady Eleanore?

Mine host, and the old loyalist, and I, bestowed no little warmth of applause upon this narrative, in which we had all been deeply interested; for the reader can scarcely conceive how unspeakably the effect of such a tale is heightened, when, as in the present case, we may repose perfect confidence in the veracity of him who tells it. For my own part, knowing how scrupulous is Mr. Tiffany to settle the foundation of his facts, I could not have believed him one whit the more faithfully, had he professed himself an eye-witness of the doings and sufferings of poor Lady Eleanore. Some skeptics, it is true, might demand documentary evidence, or even require him to produce the embroidered mantle, forgetting that — Heaven be praised — it was consumed to ashes. But now the old loyalist, whose blood was warmed by the good cheer, began to talk, in his turn, about the traditions of the Province House, and hinted that he, if it were agreeable, might add a few reminiscences to our legendary stock. Mr. Tiffany, having no cause to dread a rival, immediately besought him to favor us with a specimen; my own entreaties, of course, were urged to the same effect; and our venerable guest, well pleased to find willing auditors, awaited only the return of Mr. Thomas Waite, who had been summoned forth to provide accommodations for several new arrivals. Perchance the public — but be this as its own caprice and ours shall settle the matter — may read the result in another Tale of the Province House.
OLD ESTHER DUDLEY.

Our host having resumed the chair, he, as well as Mr. Tiffany and myself, expressed much eagerness to be made acquainted with the story to which the loyalist had alluded. That venerable man first of all saw fit to moisten his throat with another glass of wine, and then, turning his face towards our coal fire, looked steadfastly for a few moments, into the depths of its cheerful glow. Finally, he poured forth a great fluency of speech. The generous liquid that he had imbibed, while it warmed his age-chilled blood, likewise took off the chill from his heart and mind, and gave him an energy to think and feel, which we could hardly have expected to find beneath the snows of fourscore winters. His feelings, indeed, appeared to me more excitable than those of a younger man; or, at least, the same degree of feeling manifested itself by more visible effects, than if his judgment and will had possessed the potency of meridian life.
At the pathetic passages of his narrative, he readily melted into tears. When a breath of indignation swept across his spirit, the blood flushed his withered visage even to the roots of his white hair; and he shook his clenched fist at the trio of peaceful auditors, seeming to fancy enemies in those who felt very kindly towards the desolate old soul. But ever and anon, sometimes in the midst of his most earnest talk, this ancient person's intellect would wander vaguely, losing its hold of the matter in hand, and groping for it amid misty shadows. Then would he cackle forth a feeble laugh, and express a doubt whether his wits — for by that phrase it pleased our ancient friend to signify his mental powers — were not getting a little the worse for wear.

Under these disadvantages, the old loyalist's story required more revision to render it fit for the public eye, than those of the series which have preceded it; nor should it be concealed, that the sentiment and tone of the affair may have undergone some slight, or perchance more than slight metamorphosis, in its transmission to the reader through the medium of a thorough-going democrat. The tale itself is a mere sketch, with no involution of plot, nor any great interest of events, yet possessing, if I have rehearsed it aright, that pensive influence over the mind, which the shadow of the old Province House flings upon the loiterer in its court-yard.

The hour had come — the hour of defeat and humiliation — when Sir William Howe was to pass over the threshold of the Province House, and embark, with no such triumphal ceremonies as he once promised himself, on board the British fleet. He bade his servants and military attendants go before him, and lingered a moment in the loneliness of the mansion, to quell the fierce emotions that struggled in his bosom as with a death-throb. Preferable, then, would he have deemed his fate, had a warrior's death left him a claim to the narrow territory of a grave, within the soil which the King had given him to defend. With an ominous perception that, as his departing footsteps echoed adown the staircase, the sway of Britain was passing forever from New England, he smote his clenched hand on his brow, and cursed the destiny that had flung the shame of a dismembered empire upon him.

'Would to God,' cried he, hardly repressing his tears of rage, 'that the rebels were even now at the door-step! A blood-stain upon the floor should then bear testimony that the last British ruler was faithful to his trust.'

The tremulous voice of a woman replied to his exclamation.

'Heaven's cause and the King's are one,' it said. 'Go forth, Sir William Howe, and trust in Heaven to bring back a Royal Governor in triumph.'

Subduing at once the passion to which he had yielded only in the faith that it was unwitnessed, Sir
William Howe became conscious that an aged woman, leaning on a gold-headed staff, was standing betwixt him and the door. It was old Esther Dudley, who had dwelt almost immemorial years in this mansion, until her presence seemed as inseparable from it as the recollections of its history. She was the daughter of an ancient and once eminent family, which had fallen into poverty and decay, and left its last descendant no resource save the bounty of the King, nor any shelter except within the walls of the Province House. An office in the household, with merely nominal duties, had been assigned to her as a pretext for the payment of a small pension, the greater part of which she expended in adorning herself with an antique magnificence of attire. The claims of Esther Dudley's gentle blood were acknowledged by all the successive Governors; and they treated her with the punctilious courtesy which it was her foible to demand, not always with success, from a neglectful world. The only actual share which she assumed in the business of the mansion, was to glide through its passages and public chambers, late at night, to see that the servants had dropped no fire from their flaring torches, nor left embers crackling and blazing on the hearths. Perhaps it was this invariable custom of walking her rounds in the hush of midnight, that caused the superstition of the times to invest the old woman with attributes of awe and mystery; fabling that she had entered the portal of the Province House, none knew whence, in the train of the first Royal Governor, and that it was her fate to dwell there till the last should have departed. But Sir William Howe, if he ever heard this legend, had forgotten it.

‘Mistress Dudley, why are you loitering here?’ asked he, with some severity of tone. ‘It is my pleasure to be the last in this mansion of the King.’

‘Not so, if it please your Excellency,’ answered the time-stricken woman. ‘This roof has sheltered me long. I will not pass from it until they bear me to the tomb of my forefathers. What other shelter is there for old Esther Dudley, save the Province House or the grave?’

‘Now Heaven forgive me!’ said Sir William Howe to himself. ‘I was about to leave this wretched old creature to starve or beg. Take this, good Mistress Dudley,’ he added, putting a purse into her hands. ‘King George’s head on these golden guineas is sterling yet, and will continue so, I warrant you, even should the rebels crown John Hancock their king. That purse will buy a better shelter than the Province House can now afford.’

‘While the burden of life remains upon me, I will have no other shelter than this roof,’ persisted Esther Dudley, striking her staff upon the floor with a gesture that expressed immovable resolve. ‘And when your Excellency returns in triumph, I will totter into the porch to welcome you.’

‘My poor old friend!’ answered the British General,—and all his manly and martial pride could no longer restrain a gush of bitter tears. ‘This is an evil hour for you and me. The province which the King...’
entrusted to my charge is lost. I go hence in misfortune — perchance in disgrace — to return no more. And you, whose present being is incorporated with the past — who have seen Governor after Governor, in stately pageantry, ascend these steps — whose whole life has been an observance of majestic ceremonies, and a worship of the King — how will you endure the change? Come with us! Bid farewell to a land that has shaken off its allegiance, and live still under a Royal government, at Halifax.

"Never, never!" said the pertinacious old dame. "Here will I abide; and King George shall still have one true subject in his disloyal province."

"Beshrew the old fool!" muttered Sir William Howe, growing impatient of her obstinacy, and ashamed of the emotion into which he had been betrayed. "She is the very moral of old-fashioned prejudice, and could exist nowhere but in this musty edifice. Well, then, Mistress Dudley, since you will needs tarry, I give the Province House in charge to you. Take this key, and keep it safe until myself, or some other Royal Governor, shall demand it of you."

Smiling bitterly at himself and her, he took the heavy key of the Province House, and delivering it into the old lady's hands, drew his cloak around him for departure. As the General glanced back at Esther Dudley's antique figure, he deemed her well-fitted for such a charge, as being so perfect a representative of the decayed past — of an age gone by, with its manners, opinions, faith, and feelings, all fallen into oblivion or scorn — of what had once been a reality, but was now merely a vision of faded magnificence. Then Sir William Howe strode forth, smiting his clenched hands together, in the fierce anguish of his spirit; and old Esther Dudley was left to keep watch in the lonely Province House, dwelling there with memory: — and if Hope ever seemed to flit around her, still it was Memory in disguise.

The total change of affairs that ensued on the departure of the British troops did not drive the venerable lady from her strong-hold. There was not, for many years afterwards, a Governor of Massachusetts; and the magistrates, who had charge of such matters, saw no objection to Esther Dudley's residence in the Province House, especially as they must otherwise have paid a hireling for taking care of the premises, which with her was a labor of love. And so they left her the undisturbed mistress of the old historic edifice. Many and strange were the fables which the gossips whispered about her, in all the chimney-corners of the town. Among the time-worn articles of furniture that had been left in the mansion, there was a tall, antique mirror, which was well worthy of a tale by itself, and perhaps may hereafter be the theme of one. The gold of its heavily-wrought frame was tarnished, and its surface so blurred, that the old woman's figure, whenever she paused before it, looked indistinct and ghostlike. But it was the general belief that Esther could cause the Governors of the overthrown dynasty, with the beautiful ladies who had once adorned their festivals, the Indian chiefs who had come up to the Province House to hold council or..."
OLD ESTHER DUDLEY.

swear allegiance, the grim Provincial warriors, the severe clergymen — in short, all the pageantry of gone days — all the figures that ever swept across the broad plate of glass in former times — she could cause the whole to reappear, and people the inner world of the mirror with shadows of old life. Such legends as these, together with the singularity of her isolated existence, her age, and the infirmity that each added winter flung upon her, made Mistress Dudley the object both of fear and pity; and it was partly the result of either sentiment, that, amid all the angry license of the times, neither wrong nor insult ever fell upon her unprotected head. Indeed, there was so much haughtiness in her demeanor towards intruders, among whom she reckoned all persons acting under the new authorities, that it was really an affair of no small nerve to look her in the face. And to do the people justice, stern republicans as they had now become, they were well content that the old gentlewoman, in her hoop-petticoat and faded embroidery, should still haunt the palace of ruined pride and overthrown power, the symbol of a departed system, embodying a history in her person. So Esther Dudley dwelt, year after year, in the Province House, still reverencing all that others had flung aside, still faithful to her King, who, so long as the venerable dame yet held her post, might be said to retain one true subject in New England, and one spot of the empire that had been wrested from him.

And did she dwell there in utter loneliness? Rumor said, not so. Whenever her chill and withered heart desired warmth, she was wont to summon a black slave of Governor Shirley’s from the blurred mirror, and send him in search of guests who had long ago been familiar in those deserted chambers. Forth went the sable messenger, with the starlight or the moonshine gleaming through him, and did his errand in the burial-grounds, knocking at the iron doors of tombs, or upon the marble slabs that covered them, and whispering to those within: ‘ My mistress, old Esther Dudley, bids you to the Province House at midnight.’ And punctually as the clock of the Old South told twelve, came the shadows of the Olivers, the Hutchinsons, the Dudleys, all the grandees of a bygone generation, gliding beneath the portal into the well-known mansion, where Esther mingled with them as if she likewise were a shade. Without vouching for the truth of such traditions, it is certain that Mistress Dudley sometimes assembled a few of the stanch, though crest-fallen old tories, who had lingered in the rebel town during those days of wrath and tribulation. Out of a cobwebbed bottle, containing liquor that a Royal Governor might have smacked his lips over, they quaffed healths to the King, and babbled treason to the Republic, feeling as if the protecting shadow of the throne were still flung around them. But, draining the last drops of their liquor, they stole timorously homeward, and answered not again, if the rude mob reviled them in the street.

Yet Esther Dudley’s most frequent and favored guests were the children of the town. Towards them...
she was never stern. A kindly and loving nature, hindered elsewhere from its free course by a thousand rocky prejudices, lavished itself upon these little ones. By bribes of gingerbread of her own making, stamped with a royal crown, she tempted their sunny sportiveness beneath the gloomy portal of the Province House, and would often beguile them to spend a whole play-day there, sitting in a circle round the verge of her hoop-petticoat, greedily attentive to her stories of a dead world. And when these little boys and girls stole forth again from the dark mysterious mansion, they went bewildered, full of old feelings that graver people had long ago forgotten, rubbing their eyes at the world around them as if they had gone astray into ancient times, and become children of the past. At home, when their parents asked where they had loitered such a weary while, and with whom they had been at play, the children would talk of all the departed worthies of the Province, as far back as Governor Belcher, and the haughty dame of Sir William Philips. It would seem as though they had been sitting on the knees of these famous personages, whom the grave had hidden for half a century, and had toyed with the embroidery of their rich waistcoats, or Rouguishly pulled the long curls of their flowing wig. "But Governor Belcher has been dead this many a year;" would the mother say to her little boy. "And did you really see him at the Province House?" "Oh, yes, dear mother! yes!" the half dreaming child would answer. "But when old Esther had done speaking about him he faded away out of his chair." Thus, without affrighting her little guests, she led them by the hand into the chambers of her own desolate heart, and made childhood's fancy discern the ghosts that haunted there.

Living so continually in her own circle of ideas, and never regulating her mind by a proper reference to present things, Esther Dudley appears to have grown partially crazed. It was found that she had no right sense of the progress and true state of the Revolutionary war, but held a constant faith that the armies of Britain were victorious on every field, and destined to be ultimately triumphant. Whenever the town rejoiced for a battle won by Washington, or Gates, or Morgan, or Greene, the news, in passing through the door of the Province House, as through the ivory gate of dreams, became metamorphosed into a strange tale of the prowess of Howe, Clinton, or Cornwallis. Sooner or later, it was her invincible belief, the colonies would be prostrate at the footstool of the King. Sometimes she seemed to take for granted that such was already the case. On one occasion, she startled the town's people by a brilliant illumination of the Province House, with candles at every pane of glass, and a transparency of the King's initials and a crown of light, in the great balcony window. The figure of the aged woman, in the most gorgeous of her mildewed velvets and brocades, was seen passing from casement to casement, until she paused before the balcony, and flourished a huge key above her head. Her wrinkled visage actually gleamed with triumph, as if the soul within her were a festal lamp.
What means this blaze of light? What does old Esther's joy portend? whispered a spectator. It is frightful to see her gliding about the chambers, and rejoicing there without a soul to bear her company.

It is as if she were making merry in a tomb,' said another.

Pshaw! It is no such mystery,' observed an old man, after some brief exercise of memory. Mistress Dudley is keeping jubilee for the King of England's birth-day.'

Then the people laughed aloud, and would have thrown mud against the blazing transparency of the King's crown and initials, only that they pitied the poor old dame, who was so dismally triumphant amid the wreck and ruin of the system to which she appertained.

Oftentimes it was her custom to climb the weary staircase that wound upward to the cupola, and thence strain her dimmed eyesight seaward and countryward, watching for a British fleet, or for the march of a grand procession, with the King's banner floating over it. The passengers in the street below would discern her anxious visage, and send up a shout—'When the golden Indian on the Province House shall shoot his arrow, and when the cock on the Old South spire shall crow, then look for a Royal Governor again!'—for this had grown a by-word through the town. And at last, after long, long years, old Esther Dudley knew, or perchance she only dreamed, that a Royal Governor was on the eve of returning to the Province House, to receive the heavy key which Sir William Howe had committed to her charge. Now it was the fact, that intelligence bearing some faint analogy to Esther's version of it, was current among the town's people. She set the mansion in the best order that her means allowed, and arraying herself in silks and tarnished gold, stood long before the blurred mirror to admire her own magnificence. As she gazed, the gray and withered lady moved her ashen lips, murmuring half aloud, talking to shapes that she saw within the mirror, to shadows of her own fantasies, to the household friends of memory, and bidding them rejoice with her, and come forth to meet the Governor. And while absorbed in this communion, Mistress Dudley heard the tramp of many footsteps in the street, and looking out at the window, beheld what she construed as the Royal Governor's arrival.

Oh, happy day! oh, blessed, blessed hour!' she exclaimed. Let me but bid him welcome within the portal, and my task in the Province House, and on earth, is done!' Then with tottering feet, which age and tremulous joy caused to tread amiss, she hurried down the grand staircase, her silks sweeping and rustling as she went, so that the sound was as of a train of spectral courtiers were thronging from the dim mirror. And Esther Dudley fancied, that as soon as the wide door should be flung open, all the pomp and splendor of by-gone times would pace majestically into the Province House, and the gilded tapestry of the past would be brightened by the sunshine of the present.
She turned the key — withdrew it from the lock — unclosed the door — and stepped across the threshold. Advancing up the court-yard, appeared a person of most dignified mien, with tokens, as Esther interpreted them, of gentle blood, high rank, and long accustomed authority, even in his walk and every gesture. He was richly dressed, but wore a gouty shoe, which, however, did not lessen the stateliness of his gait. Around and behind him were people in plain civic dresses, and two or three war-worn veterans, evidently officers of rank, arrayed in a uniform of blue and buff. But Esther Dudley, firm in the belief that had fastened its roots about her heart, beheld only the principal personage, and never doubted that this was the long-looked-for Governor, to whom she was to surrender up her charge. As he approached, she involuntarily sank down on her knees, and tremblingly held forth the heavy key.

"Receive my trust! take it quickly!" cried she; "for methinks Death is striving to snatch away my triumph. But he comes too late. Thank Heaven for this blessed hour! God save King George!"

"That, Madam, is a strange prayer to be offered up at such a moment," replied the unknown guest of the Province House, and courteously removing his hat, he offered his arm to raise the aged woman. "Yet, in reverence for your gray hairs and long-kept faith, Heaven forbid that any here should say you nay. Over the realms which still acknowledge his sceptre, God save King George!"

Esther Dudley started to her feet, and hastily clutching back the key, gazed with fearful earnestness at the stranger; and dimly and doubtfully, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, her bewildered eyes half recognized his face. Years ago, she had known him among the gentry of the province. But the ban of the King had fallen upon him! How, then, came the doomed victim here? Proscribed, excluded from mercy, the monarch's most dreaded and hated foe, this New England merchant had stood triumphantly against a kingdom's strength; and his foot now trode upon humbled Royalty, as he ascended the steps of the Province House, the people's chosen Governor of Massachusetts.

"Wretch, wretch that I am!" muttered the old woman, with such a heart-broken expression, that the tears gushed from the stranger's eyes. "Have I bidden a traitor welcome! Come, Death! come quickly!"

"Alas, venerable lady!" said Governor Hancock, lending her his support with all the reverence that a courtier would have shown to a queen. "Your life has been prolonged until the world has changed around you. You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless — the principles, feelings, manners, modes of being and acting, which another generation has flung aside — and you are a symbol of the past. And I, and these around me — we represent a new race of men — living no longer in the past, scarcely in the present — but projecting our lives forward into the future. Ceasing to model ourselves on ancestral superstitions, it is our faith and
principle to press onward, onward! Yet, continued
he, turning to his attendants, let us reverence, for
the last time, the stately and gorgeous prejudices of
the tottering Past!

While the Republican Governor spoke, he had con-
tinued to support the helpless form of Esther Dud-
ley; her weight grew heavier against his arm; but
at last, with a sudden effort to free herself, the an-
cient woman sank down beside one of the pillars of
the portal. The key of the Province House fell from
her grasp, and clanked against the stone.

' I have been faithful unto death,' murmured she.
' God save the King!' said Hancock, solemnly. ' We will follow her reverently to the tomb
of her ancestors; and then, my fellow-citizens, on-
ward — onward! We are no longer children of the
Past!'

As the old loyalist concluded his narrative, the en-
thusiasm which had been fitfully flashing within his
sunken eyes, and quivering across his wrinkled vis-
age, faded away, as if all the lingering fire of his
soul were extinguished. Just then, too, a lamp upon
the mantelpiece threw out a dying gleam, which van-
ished as speedily as it shot upward, compelling our
eyes to grope for one another's features by the dim
glow of the hearth. With such a lingering fire, me-
thought, with such a dying gleam, had the glory of
the ancient system vanished from the Province House,
when the spirit of old Esther Dudley took its flight.
And now, again, the clock of the Old South threw its
voice of ages on the breeze, knolling the hourly knell
of the Past, crying out far and wide through the mul-
titudinous city, and filling our ears, as we sat in the
dusky chamber, with its reverberating depth of tone.
In that same mansion — in that very chamber — what
a volume of history had been told off into hours, by
the same voice that was now trembling in the air.
Many a Governor had heard those midnight accents,
and longed to exchange his stately cares for slumber.
And as for mine host, and Mr. Bela Tiffany, and the
old loyalist, and me, we had babbled about dreams of
the past, until we almost fancied that the clock was
still striking in a by-gone century. Neither of us
would have wondered, had a hoop-petticoated phan-
tom of Esther Dudley tottered into the chamber,
walking her rounds in the hush of midnight, as of
yore, and motioned us to quench the fading embers
of the fire, and leave the historic precincts to herself
and her kindred shades. But as no such vision was
vouchsafed, I retired unbidden, and would advise Mr.
Tiffany to lay hold of another auditor, being resolved
not to show my face in the Province House for a good
while hence — if ever.
THE HAUNTED MIND.
THE HAUNTED MIND.

What a singular moment is the first one, when you have hardly begun to recollect yourself, after starting from midnight slumber! By unclosing your eyes so suddenly, you seem to have surprised the personages of your dream in full convocation round your bed, and catch one broad glance at them before they can flit into obscurity. Or, to vary the metaphor, you find yourself, for a single instant, wide awake in that realm of illusions, whither sleep has been the passport, and behold its ghostly inhabitants and wondrous scenery, with a perception of their strangeness, such as you never attain while the dream is undisturbed. The distant sound of a church clock is borne faintly on the wind. You question with yourself, half seriously, whether it has stolen to your waking ear from some gray tower, that stood within the precincts of your dream. While yet in suspense, another clock flings its heavy clang over the slumbering town, with so full and
distinct a sound, and such a long murmur in the neighboring air, that you are certain it must proceed from the steeple at the nearest corner. You count the strokes—one—two—and there they cease, with a booming sound, like the gathering of a third stroke within the bell.

If you could choose an hour of wakefulness out of the whole night, it would be this. Since your sober bedtime, at eleven, you have had rest enough to take off the pressure of yesterday's fatigue; while before you, till the sun comes from far Cathay to brighten your window, there is almost the space of a summer night; one hour to be spent in thought, with the mind's eye half shut, and two in pleasant dreams, and two in that strangest of enjoyments, the forgetfulness alike of joy and woe. The moment of rising belongs to another period of time, and appears so distant, that the plunge out of a warm bed into the frosty air cannot yet be anticipated with dismay. Yesterday has already vanished among the shadows of the past; to-morrow has not yet emerged from the future. You have found an intermediate space, where the business of life does not intrude; where the passing moment lingers, and becomes truly the present; a spot where Father Time, when he thinks nobody is watching him, sits down by the way side to take breath. Oh, that he would fall asleep, and let mortals live on without growing older!

Hitherto you have lain perfectly still, because the slightest motion would dissipate the fragments of your slumber. Now, being irrevocably awake, you peer through the half drawn window curtain, and observe that the glass is ornamented with fanciful devices in frost work, and that each pane presents something like a frozen dream. There will be time enough to trace out the analogy, while waiting the summons to breakfast. Seen through the clear portion of the glass, where the silvery mountain peaks of the frost scenery do not ascend, the most conspicuous object is the steeple; the white spire of which directs you to the wintry lustre of the firmament. You may almost distinguish the figures on the clock that has just told the hour. Such a frosty sky, and the snow-covered roofs, and the long vista of the frozen street, all white, and the distant water hardened into rock, might make you shiver, even under four blankets and a woolen comforter. Yet look at that one glorious star! Its beams are distinguishable from all the rest, and actually cast the shadow of the casement on the bed, with a radiance of deeper hue than moonlight, though not so accurate an outline.

You sink down and muffle your head in the clothes, shivering all the while, but less from bodily chill, than the bare idea of a polar atmosphere. It is too cold even for the thoughts to venture abroad. You speculate on the luxury of wearing out a whole existence in bed, like an oyster in its shell, content with the sluggish ecstasy of inaction, and drowsily conscious of nothing but delicious warmth, such as you now feel again. Ah! that idea has brought a hideous one in its train. You think how the dead are lying in their cold shrouds and narrow coffins, through the drear...
winter of the grave, and cannot persuade your fancy that they neither shrink nor shiver, when the snow is drifting over their little hillocks, and the bitter blast howls against the door of the tomb. That gloomy thought will collect a gloomy multitude, and throw its complexion over your wakeful hour.

In the depths of every heart, there is a tomb and a dungeon, though the lights, the music, and revelry above may cause us to forget their existence, and the buried ones, or prisoners whom they hide. But sometimes, and oftener at midnight, those dark receptacles are flung wide open. In an hour like this, when the mind has a passive sensibility, but no active strength; when the imagination is a mirror, imparting vividness to all ideas, without the power of selecting or controlling them; then pray that your griefs may slumber, and the brotherhood of remorse not break their chain.

It is too late! A funeral train comes gliding by your bed, in which Passion and Feeling assume bodily shape, and things of the mind become dim spectres to the eye. There is your earliest Sorrow, a pale young mourner, wearing a sister's likeness to first love, sadly beautiful, with a hallowed sweetness in her melancholy features, and grace in the flow of her sob; next appears a shade of ruined loveliness, with dust among her golden hair, and her bright garments all faded and defaced, stealing from your glance with drooping head, as fearful of reproach; she was your fondest Hope, but a delusive one; so call her Disappointment now. A sterner form succeeds, with a brow of wrinkles, a look and gesture of iron authority; there is no name for him unless it be Fatality, an emblem of the evil influence that rules your fortunes; a demon to whom you subjected yourself by some error at the outset of life, and were bound his slave forever, by once obeying him. See! those fiendish lineaments graven on the darkness, the withered lip of scorn, the mockery of that living eye, the pointed finger, touching the sore place in your heart! Do you remember any act of enormous folly, at which you would blush, even in the remotest cavern of the earth? Then acknowledge your Shame.

Pass, wretched band! Well for the wakeful one, if, riotously miserable, a fiercer tribe do not surround him, the devils of a guilty heart, that holds its hell within itself. What if Remorse should assume the features of an injured friend? What if the fiend should come in woman's garments, with a pale beauty amid sin and desolation, and lie down by your side? What if he should stand at your bed's foot, in the likeness of a corpse, with a bloody stain upon the shroud? Sufficient without such guilt, is this nightmare of the soul; this heavy, heavy sinking of the spirits; this wintry gloom about the heart; this indistinct horror of the mind, blending itself with the darkness of the chamber.

By a desperate effort, you start upright, breaking from a sort of conscious sleep, and gazing wildly round the bed, as if the fiends were any where but in your haunted mind. At the same moment, the slumbering embers on the hearth send forth a gleam which pately illuminates the whole outer room, and
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look upward at the brightest of all rainbows, over­arch ing the unbroken sheet of snow, on the Ameri­can side of Niagara. Your mind struggles pleasantly between the dancing radiance round the hearth of a young man and his recent bride, and the twittering flight of birds in spring, about their new made nest. You feel the merry bounding of a ship before the breeze; and watch the tuneful feet of rosy girls, as they twine their last and merriest dance, in a splen­did ball room; and find yourself in the brilliant cir­cle of a crowded theatre, as the curtain falls over a light and airy scene.

With an involuntary start, you seize hold on con­sciousness, and prove yourself but half awake, by running a doubtful parallel between human life and the hour which has now elapsed. In both you emerge from mystery, pass through a vicissitude that you can but imperfectly control, and are borne onward to an­other mystery. Now comes the peal of the distant clock, with fainter and fainter strokes as you plunge farther into the wilderness of sleep. It is the knell of a temporary death. Your spirit has departed, and strays like a free citizen, among the people of a shadowy world, beholding strange sights, yet without wonder or dismay. So calm, perhaps, will be the final change; so undisturbed, as if among familiar things, the entrance of the soul to its Eternal home!
THE VILLAGE UNCLE.
COME! another log upon the hearth. True, our little parlor is comfortable, especially here, where the old man sits in his old arm chair; but on Thanksgiving night, the blaze should dance higher up the chimney, and send a shower of sparks into the outer darkness. Toss on an armful of those dry oak chips, the last relics of the Mermaid's knee timbers, the bones of your namesake, Susan. Higher yet, and clearer be the blaze, till our cottage windows glow the ruddiest in the village, and the light of our household mirth flash far across the bay to Nahant. And now, come, Susan, come, my children, draw your chairs round me, all of you. There is a dimness over your figures! You sit quivering indistinctly with each motion of the blaze, which eddies about you like a flood, so that you all have the look of visions, or people that dwell only in the firelight, and will vanish from existence, as completely as your own shadows, when
the flame shall sink among the embers, hark! let me listen for the swell of the surf; it should be audible a mile inland, on a night like this. Yes; there I catch the sound, but only an uncertain murmur, as if a good way down over the beach; though, by the almanac, it is high tide at eight o'clock, and the billows must now be dashing within thirty yards of our door. Ah! the old man's ears are failing him; and so is his eye-sight, and perhaps his mind; else you would not all be so shadowy, in the blaze of his Thanksgiving fire.

How strangely the past is peeping over the shoulders of the present! To judge by my recollections, it is but a few moments since I sat in another room; yonder model of a vessel was not there, nor the old chest of drawers, nor Susan's profile and mine, in that gilt frame; nothing, in short, except this same fire, which glimmered on books, papers, and a picture, and half discovered my solitary figure in a looking-glass. But it was paler than my rugged old self, and younger, too, by almost half a century. Speak to me, Susan; speak, my beloved ones; for the scene is glimmering on my sight again, and as it brightens you fade away. Oh! I should be loth to lose my treasure of past happiness, and become once more what I was then; a hermit in the depths of my own mind; sometimes yawning over drowsy volumes, and anon a scribbler of wearier trash than what I read; a man who had wandered out of the real world and got into its shadow, where his troubles, joys and vicissitudes were of such slight stuff, that he hardly knew whether he lived, or only dreamed of living. Thank heaven, I am an old man now, and have done with all such vanities.

Still this dimness of mine eyes! Come nearer, Susan, and stand before the fullest blaze of the hearth. Now I behold you illuminated from head to foot, in your clean cap and decent gown, with the dear lock of grey hair across your forehead, and a quiet smile about your mouth, while the eyes alone are concealed, by the red gleam of the fire upon your spectacles. There, you made me tremble again! When the flame quivered, my sweet Susan, you quivered with it, and grew indistinct, as if melting into the warm light, that my last glimpse of you might be as visionary as the first was, full many a year since. Do you remember it? You stood on the little bridge, over the brook that runs across King's Beach into the sea. It was twilight; the waves rolling in, the wind sweeping by, the crimson clouds fading in the west, and the silver moon brightening above the hill; and on the bridge were you, fluttering in the breeze like a sea bird that might skim away at your pleasure. You seemed a daughter of the viewless wind, a creature of the ocean foam and the crimson light, whose merry life was spent in dancing on the crests of the billows, that threw up their spray to support your footsteps. As I drew nearer, I fancied you akin to the race of mermaids, and thought how pleasant it would be to dwell with you among the quiet coves, in the shadow of the cliffs, and to roam along secluded beaches of the purest sand, and when our northern
THE VILLAGE UNCLE.

shores grew bleak, to haunt the islands, green and lonely, far amid summer seas. And yet it gladdened me, after all this nonsense, to find you nothing but a pretty young girl, sadly perplexed with the rude behavior of the wind about your petticoats.

Thus I did with Susan as with most other things in my earlier days, dipping her image into my mind and coloring it of a thousand fantastic hues, before I could see her as she really was. Now, Susan, for a sober picture of our village! It was a small collection of dwellings that seemed to have been cast up by the sea, with the rock weed and marine plants that it vomits after a storm, or to have come ashore among the pipe staves and other lumber, which had been washed from the deck of an eastern schooner. There was just space for the narrow and sandy street between the beach in front, and a precipitous hill that lifted its rocky forehead in the rear, among a waste of juniper bushes and the wild growth of a broken pasture. The village was picturesque, in the variety of its edifices, though all were rude. Here stood a little old hovel, built, perhaps, of drift wood, there a row of boat houses, and beyond them a two story dwelling, of dark and weather-beaten aspect, the whole intermixed with one or two snug cottages, painted white, a sufficiency of pig-sties, and a shoemaker's shop. Two grocery stores stood opposite each other, in the centre of the village. These were the places of resort, at their idle hours, of a hardy throng of fishermen, in red baize shirts, oil cloth trousers, and boots of brown leather covering the whole leg; true seven league boots, but fitter to wade the ocean than walk the earth. The wearers seemed amphibious, as if they did but creep out of salt water to sun themselves; nor would it have been wonderful to see their lower limbs covered with clusters of little shell fish, such as cling to rocks and old ship timber over which the tide ebbs and flows. When their fleet of boats was weather bound, the butchers raised their price, and the spit was busier than the frying pan; for this was a place of fish, and known as such, to all the country round about; the very air was fishy, being perfumed with dead sculpins, hard heads and dog fish, strewn plentifully on the beach. You see, children, the village is but little changed, since your mother and I were young.

How like a dream it was, when I bent over a pool of water, one pleasant morning, and saw that the ocean had dashed its spray over me and made me a fisherman! There was the tarpaulin, the baize shirt, the oil cloth trousers and seven league boots, and there my own features, but so reddened with sunburn and sea breezes, that I thought I had another face, and on other shoulders too. The sea gulls and the loons, and I, had now all one trade; we skimmed the crested waves and sought our prey beneath them, the man with as keen enjoyment as the birds. Always when the east grew purple, I launched my dory, my little flat-bottomed skiff, and rowed cross-handed to Point Ledge, the Middle Ledge, or, perhaps, beyond Egg Rock; often, too, did I anchor off Dread Ledge, a spot of peril to ships unpiloted; and sometimes spread
an adventurous sail and tracked across the bay to South Shore, casting my lines in sight of Scituate. Ere night fall, I hauled my skiff high and dry on the beach, laden with red rock cod, or the white bellied ones of deep water; haddock, bearing the black marks of Saint Peter’s fingers near the gills; the long-bearded hake, whose liver holds oil enough for a midnight lamp; and now and then a mighty halibut, with a back broad as my boat. In the autumn, I toled and caught those lovely fish, the mackerel. When the wind was high; when the whale boats, anchored off the Point, nodded their slender masts at each other, and the dories pitched and tossed in the surf; when Nahant Beach was thundering three miles off, and the spray broke a hundred feet in air, round the distant base of Egg Rock; when the brimful and boisterous sea threatened to tumble over the street of our village; then I made a holiday on shore. Many such a day did I sit snugly in Mr. Bartlett’s store, attentive to the yarns of uncle Parker; uncle to the whole village, by right of seniority, but of southern blood, with no kindred in New England. His figure is before me now, enthroned upon a mackerel barrel; a lean old roan, of great height, but bent with years, and twisted into an uncouth shape by seven broken limbs; furrowed also, and weather-worn, as if every gale, for the better part of a century, had caught him somewhere on the sea. He looked like a harbinger of tempest; a shipmate of the Flying Dutchman. After innumerable voyages aboard men-of-war and merchantmen, fishing schoo-
lot of fish. They are a likely set of men. Some have voyaged to the East Indies or the Pacific, and most of them have sailed in Marblehead schooners to Newfoundland; a few have been no farther than the Middle Banks, and one or two have always fished along the shore; but as uncle Parker used to say, they have all been christened in salt water, and know more than men ever learn in the bushes. A curious figure, by way of contrast, is a fish-dealer from far up-country, listening with eyes wide open, to narratives that might startle Sinbad the sailor. Be it well with you, my brethren! Ye are all gone, some to your graves ashore, and others to the depths of ocean; but my faith is strong that ye are happy; for whenever I behold your forms, whether in dream or vision, each departed friend is puffing his long nine, and a mug of the right black strap goes round from lip to lip!

But where was the mermaid in those delightful times? At a certain window near the centre of the village, appeared a pretty display of gingerbread men and horses, picture books and ballads, small fish-hooks, pins, needles, sugar-plums and brass thimbles, articles on which the young fishermen used to expend their money from pure gallantry. What a picture was Susan behind the counter! A slender maiden, though the child of rugged parents, she had the slimmest of all waists, brown hair curling on her neck, and a complexion rather pale, except when the sea breeze flushed it. A few freckles became beauty spots beneath her eyelids. How was it, Susan, that you talked and acted so carelessly, yet always for the best, doing whatever was right in your own eyes, and never once doing wrong in mine, nor shocked a taste that had been morbidly sensitive till now? And whence had you that happiest gift, of brightening every topic with an unsought ray of quiet but irresistible, so that even gloomy spirits felt your sunshine, and did not shrink from it? Nature wrought the charm. She made you a frank, simple, kind-hearted, sensible and mirthful girl. Obeying nature, you did free things without indecency, displayed a maiden's thoughts to every eye, and proved yourself as innocent as naked Eve.

It was beautiful to observe, how her simple and happy nature mingled itself with mine. She kindled a domestic fire within my heart, and took up her dwelling there, even in that chill and lonesome cavern, hung round with glittering icicles of fancy. She gave me warmth of feeling, while the influence of my mind made her contemplative. I taught her to love the moonlight hour, when the expanse of the encircled bay was smooth as a great mirror and slept in a transparent shadow; while beyond Nahant, the wind rippled the dim ocean into a dreamy brightness, which grew faint afar off, without becoming gloomier. I held her hand and pointed to the long surf-wave, as it rolled calmly on the beach, in an unbroken line of silver; we were silent together, till its deep and peaceful murmur had swept by us. When the Sub-beth sun shot down into the recesses of the cliffs, I led the mermaid thither, and told her that those huge, gray, shattered rocks, and her native sea, that raged...
like a storm against them, and her own slender beauty, in so stern a scene, wore all combined into a strain of poetry. But on the Sabbath eve, when her mother had gone early to bed, and her gentle sister had smiled and left us, as we sat alone by the quiet hearth, with household things around, it was her turn to make me feel, that here was a deeper poetry, and that this was the dearest hour of all. Thus went on our wooing, till I had shot wild fowl enough to feather our bridal bed, and the Daughter of the Sea was mine.

I built a cottage for Susan and myself, and made a gateway in the form of a Gothic arch, by setting up a whale's jaw bones. We bought a heifer with her first calf, and had a little garden on the hill side, to supply us with potatoes and green sauce for our fish. Our parlor, small and neat, was ornamented with our two profiles in one gilt frame, and with shells and pretty pebbles on the mantelpiece, selected from the sea's treasury of such things, on Nahant Beach. On the desk, beneath the looking-glass, lay the Bible, which I had begun to read aloud at the book of Genesis, and the singing book that Susan used for her evening psalm. Except the almanac, we had no other literature. All that I heard of books, was when an Indian history, or tale of shipwreck, was sold by a pedlar or wandering subscription man, to someone in the village, and read through its owner's nose to a stumbrous auditory. Like my brother fishermen, I grew into the belief that all human erudition was collected in our pedagogue, whose green specta-
My life glided on, the past appearing to mingle with the present and absorb the future, till the whole lies before me at a glance. My manhood has long been waning with a stanch decay; my earlier contemporaries, after lives of unbroken health, are all at rest, without having known the weariness of later age; and now with a wrinkled forehead and thin white hair as badges of my dignity, have become the patriarch, the Uncle of the village. I love that name; it widens the circle of my sympathies; it joins all the youthful to my household, in the kindred of affection.

Like uncle Parker, whose rheumatic bones were dashed against Egg Rock, full forty years ago, I am a spinner of long yarns. Seated on the gunnel of a dory, or on the sunny side of a boat house, where the warmth is grateful to my limbs, or by my own hearth, when a friend or two are there, I overflow with talk, and yet am never tedious. With a broken voice I give utterance to much wisdom. Such, heaven be praised! is the vigor of my faculties, that many a forgotten usage, and traditions ancient in my youth, and early adventures of myself or others, hitherto effaced by things more recent, acquire new distinctness in my memory. I remember the happy day when the haddock were more numerous on all the fishing grounds than sculpins in the surf; when the deep water cod swam close in shore, and the dog-fish, with his poisonous horn, had not learnt to take the hook. I can number every equinoctial storm, in which the sea has overwhelmed the street, flooded the cellars of the village, and hissed upon our kitchen hearth. I give the history of the great whale that was landed on Whale Beach, and whose jaws, being now my gate way, will last for ages after my coffin shall have passed beneath them. Thence it is an easy digression to the halibut, scarcely smaller than the whale, which ran out six codlines, and hauled my dory to the mouth of Boston harbor, before I could touch him with the gaff.

If melancholy accidents be the theme of conversation, I tell how a friend of mine was taken out of his boat by an enormous shark; and the sad, true tale of a young man on the eve of marriage, who had been nine days missing, when his drowned body floated into the very pathway, on Marblehead neck, that had often led him to the dwelling of his bride; as if the dripping corpse would have come where the mourner was. With such awful fidelity did that lover return to fulfil his vows! Another favorite story is of a crazy maiden, who conversed with angels and had the gift of prophecy, and whom all the village loved and pitied, though she went from door to door accusing us of sin, exhorting to repentance, and foretelling our destruction by flood or earthquake. If the young men boast their knowledge of the ledges and sunken rocks, I speak of pilots who knew the wind by its scent and the wave by its taste, and could have steered blindfold to any port between Boston and Mount Desert, guided only by the roar of the shore; the peculiar sound of the surf on each island, beach, and line of rocks, along the coast. Thus do I talk, and all my auditors grow wise, while they deem it pastime.
I recollect no happier portion of my life, than this, my calm old age. It is like the sunny and sheltered slope of a valley, where, late in the autumn, the grass is greener than in August, and intermixed with golden dandelions, that had not been seen till now, since the first warmth of the year. But with me, the verdure and the flowers are not frost-bitten in the midst of winter. A playfulness has revisited my mind; a sympathy with the young and gay; an unpainful interest in the business of others; a light and wandering curiosity; arising, perhaps, from the sense that my toil on earth is ended, and the brief hour till bedtime may be spent in play. Still, I have fancied that there is a depth of feeling and reflection, under this superficial levity, peculiar to one who has lived long, and is soon to die.

Show me anything that would make an infant smile, and you shall behold a gleam of mirth over the hoary ruin of my visage. I can spend a pleasant hour in the sun, watching the sports of the village children, on the edge of the surf; now they chase the retreating wave far down over the wet sand; now it steals softly up to kiss their naked feet; now it comes onward with threatening front, and roars after the laughing crew, as they scamper beyond its reach. Why should not an old man be merry too, when the great sea is at play with those little children? I delight, also, to follow in the wake of a pleasure party of young men and girls, strolling along the beach after an early supper at the Point. Here, with handkerchiefs at nose, they bend over a heap of eel grass, entangled in which is a dead skate, so oddly accoutred with two legs and a long tail, that they mistake him for a drowned animal. A few steps further, the ladies scream, and the gentlemen make ready to protect them against a young shark of the dog-fish kind, rolling with a lifelike motion in the tide that has thrown him up. Next, they are smitten with wonder at the black shells of a wagon load of live lobsters, packed in rock weed for the country market. And when they reach the fleet of dories, just hauled ashore after the day's fishing, how do I laugh in my sleeve, and sometimes roar outright, at the simplicity of these young folks and the sly humor of the fishermen! In winter, when our village is thrown into a bustle by the arrival of perhaps a score of country dealers, bargaining for frozen fish, to be transported hundreds of miles, and eaten fresh in Vermont or Canada, I am a pleased but idle spectator in the throng. For I launch my boat no more.

When the shore was solitary, I have found a pleasure that seemed even to exalt my mind, in observing the sports or contentions of two gulls, as they wheeled and hovered about each other, with hoarse screams, one moment flapping on the foam of the wave, and then soaring aloft, till their white bosoms melted into the upper sunshine. In the calm of the summer sunset, I drag my aged limbs, with a little ostentation of activity, because I am so old, up to the rocky brow of the hill. There I see the white sails of many a vessel, outward bound or homeward from afar, and the black trail of a vapor behind the eastern steam-
boat; there, too, is the sun, going down, but not in gloom, and there the illimitable ocean mingling with the sky, to remind me of Eternity.

But sweetest of all is the hour of cheerful musing and pleasant talk, that comes between the dusk and the lighted candle, by my glowing fireside. And never, even on the first Thanksgiving night, when Susan and I sat alone with our hopes, nor the second, when a stranger had been sent to gladden us, and be the visible image of our affection, did I feel such joy as now. All that belong to me are here; Death has taken none, nor Disease kept them away, nor Strife divided them from their parents or each other; with neither poverty nor riches to disturb them, nor the misery of desires beyond their lot, they have kept New England's festival round the patriarch's board. For I am a patriarch! Here I sit among my descendants, in my old arm chair and immemorial corner, while the firelight throws an appropriate glory round my venerable frame. Susan! My children! Something whispers me, that this happiest hour must be the final one, and that nothing remains but to bless you all, and depart with a treasure of recollected joys to Heaven. Will you meet me there? Alas! your figures grow indistinct, fading into pictures on the air, and now to fainter outlines, while the fire is glimmering on the walls of a familiar room, and shows the book that I flung down, and the sheet that I left half written, some fifty years ago. I lift my eyes to the looking-glass, and perceive myself alone, unless those be the mermaid's features, retiring into the depths of the mirror, with a tender and melancholy smile.

Ah! One feels a chillness, not bodily, but about the heart, and, moreover, a foolish dread of looking behind him, after these pastimes. I can imagine precisely how a magician would sit down in gloom and terror, after dismissing the shadows that had personated dead or distant people, and stripping his cavern of the unreal splendor which had changed it to a palace. And now for a moral to my reverie. Shall it be, that, since fancy can create so bright a dream of happiness, it were better to dream on from youth to age, than to awake and strive doubtfully for something real! Oh! the slight tissue of a dream can no more preserve us from the stern reality of misfortune, than a robe of cobweb could repel the wintry blast. Be this the moral, then. In chaste and warm affection, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind, and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life, and the fairest hope of Heaven.
THE AMBITIOUS GUEST.
THE AMBITIOUS GUEST.

One September night, a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the drift wood of mountain-streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees, that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze. The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness; the children laughed; the eldest daughter was the image of happiness at seventeen; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of happiness grown old. They had found the "herb, heart's ease," in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter—giving their cottage all its fresh inelicency, before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one; for a
mountain towered above their heads, so steep, that the stones would often rumble down its sides, and startle them at midnight.

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest, that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage — rattling the door, with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment, it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again, when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveller, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast, which heralded his approach, and waited as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing, between Maine, on one side, and the Green Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence on the other. The stage-coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer, with no companion but his staff, paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him, ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain, or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster, on his way to Portland market, would put up for the night — and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bed-time, and steal a kiss from the mountain maid, at parting. It was one of those primitive taverns, where the traveller pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness, beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road, at night-fall and alone, but soon brightened up, when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman, who wiped a chair with her apron, to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

‘Ah, this fire is the right thing!’ cried he; ‘especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed; for the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows; it has blown a terrible blast in my face, all the way from Bartlett.’

‘Then you are going towards Vermont?’ said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man’s shoulders.

‘Yes; to Burlington, and far enough beyond,’ replied he. ‘I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford’s to-night; but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for, when I saw this good fire, and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you
had kindled it on purpose for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you, and make myself at home.'

'The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire, when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking such a leap, in passing the cottage, as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his, by instinct.

'The old Mountain has thrown a stone at us, for fear we should forget him,' said the landlord, recovering himself. 'He sometimes nods his head, and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbors, and agree together pretty well, upon the whole. Besides, we have a sure place of refuge, hard by, if he should be coming in good earnest.'

'Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished his supper of bear's meat; and, by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family — so that they talked as freely together, as if he belonged to their mountain brood. He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit — haughty and reserved among the rich and great; but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch, he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry of native growth, which they had gathered, when they little thought of it, from the mountain-peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had travelled far and alone; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path; for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves, and separation from the world at large, which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place, where no stranger may intrude. But, this evening, a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth?

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope; and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty, that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his path-way — though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But, when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess, that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb, with none to recognize him.

'As yet,' cried the stranger — his cheek glowing
and his eye flashing with enthusiasm—'as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth tomorrow, none would know so much of me as you; that a nameless youth came up, at night-fall, from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch, by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask—'Who was he?—Whither did the wanderer go?' But, I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then, let Death come! I shall have built my monument!'

There was a continual flow of natural emotion, gushing forth amid abstracted reverie, which enabled the family to understand this young man's sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed.

'You laugh at me,' said he, taking the eldest daughter's hand, and laughing himself. 'You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, only that people might spy at me from the country roundabout. And truly, that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue!'

'It is better to sit here by this fire,' answered the girl, blushing, 'and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us.'

'I suppose,' said her father, after a fit of musing, 'there is something natural in what the young man says; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife,' how his talk has set my head running on things, that are pretty certain never to come to pass.'

'Perhaps they may,' observed the wife. 'Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower?'

'No, no!' cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. 'When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm, in Bartlett, or Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township round the White Mountains; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors, and be called 'Squire, and sent to General Court, for a term or two; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate grave-stone would suit me as well as a marble one—with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn, and something to let people know, that I lived an honest man and died a Christian.'

'There now!' exclaimed the stranger; 'it is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate, or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man.'

'We're in a strange way, to-night,' said the wife, with tears in her eyes. 'They say it's a sign of something, when folks' minds go a wandering so. Hark to the children!'*

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with...
an open door between, so that they could be heard talking busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other, in wild wishes, and childish projects of what they would do, when they came to be men and women. At length, a little boy, instead of addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother.

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he. "I want you and father and grandmam, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take a drink out of the basin of the Flume!"

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the Flume—a brook, which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the Notch. The boy had hardly spoken, when a wagon rattled along the road, and slopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men, who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song, which resounded, in broken notes, between the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey, or put up here for the night.

"Father," said the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain, by inviting people to patronize his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door; and the lash being soon applied, the travellers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily from the heart of the mountain.

"There, mother!" cried the boy, again. "They'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night-ramble. But it happened, that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

"Nothing," answered she, with a downcast smile. "Only I felt lonesome just then."

"Oh, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts," said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think, when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth, and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?"

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer, if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth; for women worship such gentle dignity as his; and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But,
while they spoke softly, and he was watching the
happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the shy yearnings of a maiden’s nature, the wind, through the
Notch, took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed,
as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of
the spirits of the blast, who, in old Indian times, had
their dwelling among these mountains, and made
their heights and recesses a sacred region. There
was a wail, along the road, as if a funeral were pass­
ing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine
branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled
and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene
of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered
about them fondly, and caressed them all. There
were the little faces of the children, peeping from
their bed apart, and here the father’s frame of
strength, the mother’s subdued and careful mien, the
high-browed youth, the budding girl, and the good
old grandam, still knitting in the warmest place.
The aged woman looked up from her task, and, with
fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

‘Old folks have their notions,’ said she, ‘as well
as young ones. You’ve been wishing and planning;
and letting your heads run on one thing and another,
till you’ve set my mind a wandering too. Now what
should an old woman wish for, when she can go but
a step or two before she comes to her grave? Child­
ren, it will haunt me night and day, till I tell you.’

‘What is it, mother?’ cried the husband and wife,
at once.

Then the old woman, with an air of mystery,
fated group were conscious of it. The house, and all within it, trembled; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance, and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips.

'The Slide! The Slide!'

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot — where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain, in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house, the stream broke into two branches — shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated every thing in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of that great Slide had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been endured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning, the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney, up the mountain-side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to view the devastation of the Slide, and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens, by which those, who had known the family, were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story had been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances, which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Who for the high-souled youth, with his dream of Earthly Immortality! His name and person utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved; his death and his existence, equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that death-moment?
THE SISTER YEARS.
THE SISTER YEARS.

Last night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the Old Year was leaving her final foot-prints on the borders of Time's empire, she found herself in possession of a few spare moments, and sat down—of all places in the world — on the steps of our new City Hall. The wintry moonlight showed that she looked weary of body, and sad of heart, like many another wayfarer of earth. Her garments, having been exposed to much foul weather and rough usage, were in very ill condition; and as the hurry of her journey had never before allowed her to take an instant's rest, her shoes were so worn as to be scarcely worth the mending. But, after trudging only a little distance further, this poor Old Year was destined to enjoy a long, long sleep. I forgot to mention, that when she seated herself on the steps, she deposited by her side a very capacious band-box, in which, as is the custom among travellers of her sex,
she carried a great deal of valuable property. Besides this luggage, there was a folio book under her arm, very much resembling the annual volume of a newspaper. Placing this volume across her knees, and resting her elbows upon it, with her forehead in her hands, the weary, bedraggled, world-worn Old Year heaved a heavy sigh, and appeared to be taking no very pleasant retrospect of her past existence.

While she thus awaited the midnight knell, that was to summon her to the innumerable sisterhood of departed Years, there came a young maiden treading lightly on tip-toe along the street, from the direction of the Railroad Depot. She was evidently a stranger, and perhaps had come to town by the evening train of cars. There was a smiling cheerfulness in this fair maiden's face, which bespoke her fully confident of a kind reception from the multitude of people, with whom she was soon to form acquaintance. Her dress was rather too airy for the season, and was bedizened with fluttering ribbons and other vanities, which were likely soon to be rent away by the fierce storms, or to fade in the hot sunshine, amid which she was to pursue her changeful course. But still she was a wonderfully pleasant looking figure, and had so much promise and such an indescribable hopefulness in her aspect, that hardly any body could meet her without anticipating some very desirable thing—the consummation of some long sought good—from her kind offices. A few dismal characters there may be, here and there about the world, who have so often been trifled with by young maidens as promising as she, that they have now ceased to pin any faith upon the skirts of the New Year. But, for my own part, I have great faith in her; and should I live to see fifty more such, still, from each of those successive sisters, I shall reckon upon receiving something that will be worth living for.

The New Year—for this young maiden was no less a personage—carried all her goods and chattels in a basket of no great size or weight, which hung upon her arm. She greeted the disconsolate Old Year with great affection, and sat down beside her on the steps of the City Hall, waiting for the signal to begin her rambles through the world. The two were own sisters, being both granddaughters of Time; and though one looked so much older than the other, it was rather owing to hardships and trouble then to age, since there was but a twelvemonth's difference between them.

'Well, my dear sister,' said the New Year, after the first salutations, 'you look almost tired to death. What have you been about during your sojourn in this part of Infinite Space?'

'Oh, I have it all recorded here in my Book of Chronicles,' answered the Old Year, in a heavy tone.

'There is nothing that would amuse you; and you will soon get sufficient knowledge of such matters from your own personal experience. It is but tiresome reading.'

Nevertheless, she turned over the leaves of the folio, and glanced at them by the light of the moon, feeling an irresistible spell of interest in her own biography, although its incidents were remembered without pleas-
The volume, though she termed it her Book of Chronicles, seemed to be neither more nor less than the Salem Gazette for 1838; in the accuracy of which journal this sagacious Old Year had so much confidence, that she deemed it needless to record her history with her own pen.

*What have you been doing in the political way?* asked the New Year.

*Why, my course here in the United States,* said the Old Year—*though perhaps I ought to blush at the confession—my political course, I must acknowledge, has been rather vacillatory, sometimes inclining towards the Whigs—then causing the Administration party to shout for triumph—and now again uplifting what seemed the almost prostrate banner of the Opposition; so that historians will hardly know what to make of me, in this respect. But the Loco Focos—*

*I do not like these party nicknames,* interrupted her sister, who seemed remarkably touchy about some points. *Perhaps we shall part in better humor, if we avoid any political discussion.*

*With all my heart,* replied the Old Year, who had already been tormented half to death with squabbles of this kind. *I care not if the names of Whig and Tory, with their interminable brawls about Banks and the Sub-Treasury, Abolition, Texas, the Florida War, and a million of other topics—which you will learn soon enough for your own comfort—I care not, I say, if no whisper of these matters ever reaches my ears again. Yet they have occupied so large a share of my attention, that I scarcely know what else to tell you. There has indeed been a curious sort of war on the Canada border, where blood has streamed in the names of Liberty and Patriotism; but it must remain for some future, perhaps far distant Year, to tell whether or no those holy names have been rightfully invoked. Nothing so much depresses me, in my view of mortal affairs, as to see high energies wasted, and human life and happiness thrown away, for ends that appear oftentimes unwise; and still oftener remain unaccomplished. But the wisest people and the best keep a steadfast faith that the progress of Mankind is onward and upward, and that the toil and anguish of the path serve to wear away the imperfections of the Immortal Pilgrim, and will be felt no more, when they have done their office.*

*Perhaps,* cried the hopeful New Year*—*perhaps I shall see that happy day!*

*I doubt whether it be so close at hand,* answered the Old Year, gravely smiling. *You will soon grow weary of looking for that blessed consummation, and will turn for amusement (as has frequently been my own practice) to the affairs of some sober little city, like this of Salem. Here we sit, on the steps of the new City Hall, which has been completed under my administration; and it would make you laugh to see how the game of politics, of which the Capitol at Washington is the great chess-board, is here played in miniature. Burning Ambition finds its fuel here; here Patriotism speaks boldly in the people's behalf, and virtuous Economy demands retrenchment in the
THE SISTER YEARS.

Emoluments of a lamplighter; here the Aldermen range their senatorial dignity around the Mayor's chair of state, and the Common Council feel that they have liberty in charge. In short, human weakness and strength, passion and policy, Man's tendencies, his aims and modes of pursuing them, his individual character, and his character in the mass, may be studied almost as well here as on the theatre of nations; and with this great advantage, that, be the lesson ever so disastrous, its Lilliputian scope still makes the beholder smile.

'Have you done much for the improvement of the City?' asked the New Year. 'Judging from what little I have seen, it appears to be ancient and time-worn.'

'I have opened the Railroad,' said the elder Year, 'and half a dozen times a day, you will hear the bell (which once summoned the Monks of a Spanish Convent to their devotions,) announcing the arrival or departure of the cars. Old Salem now wears a much livelier expression than when I first beheld her. Strangers rumble down from Boston by hundreds at a time. New faces throng in Essex street. Railroad hacks and omnibuses rattle over the pavements. There is a perceptible increase of oyster-shops, and other establishments for the accommodation of a transitory diurnal multitude. But a more important change awaits the venerable town. An immense accumulation of musty prejudices will be carried off by the free circulation of society. A peculiarity of character, of which the inhabitants themselves are hardly sensible, will be rubbed down and worn away by the attrition of foreign substances. Much of the result will be good; there will likewise be a few things not so good. Whether for better or worse, there will be a probable diminution of the moral influence of wealth, and the sway of an aristocratic class, which, from an era far beyond my memory, has held firmer dominion here than in any other New England town.'

The Old Year, having talked away nearly all of her little remaining breath, now closed her Book of Chronicles, and was about to take her departure. But her sister detained her a while longer, by inquiring the contents of the huge hand-box, which she was so painfully lagging along with her.

'These are merely a few trifles,' replied the Old Year, 'which I have picked up in my rambles, and am going to deposit, in the receptacle of things past and forgotten. We sisterhood of Years never carry anything really valuable out of the world with us. Here are patterns of most of the fashions which I brought into vogue, and which have already lived out their allotted term. You will supply their place, with others equally ephemeral. Here, put up in little China boxes, is a considerable lot of beautiful women's bloom, which the disconsolate fair ones owe me a bitter grudge for stealing. I have likewise a quantity of men's dark hair, instead of which, I have left gray locks, or none at all. The tears of widows and other afflicted mortals, who have received comfort during the last twelve months, are preserved in vol. ii.'
some dozens of essence bottles, well corked and sealed. I have several bundles of love-letters, eloquently breathing an eternity of burning passion, which grew cold and perished, almost before the ink was dry. Moreover, here is an assortment of many thousand broken promises, and other broken ware, all very light and packed into little space. The heaviest articles in my possession are a large parcel of disappointed hopes, which, a little while ago, were buoyant enough to have inflated Mr. Lauriat's balloon.

'I have a fine lot of hopes here in my basket,' remarked the New Year. 'They are a sweet-smelling flower—a species of rose.'

'They soon lose their perfume,' replied the sombre Old Year, 'What else have you brought to insure a welcome from the discontented race of mortals?'

'Why, to say the truth, little or nothing else,' said her sister, with a smile—'save a few new Annuals and Almanacs, and some New Year's gifts for the children. But I heartily wish well to poor mortals, and mean to do all I can for their improvement and happiness.'

'It is a good resolution,' rejoined the Old Year; 'and, by the way, I have a plentiful assortment of good resolutions, which have now grown, so stale and musty, that I am ashamed to carry them any further. Only for fear that the City authorities would send constable Mansfield, with a warrant after me, I should toss them into the street at once. Many other matters go to make up the contents of my band-box; but

the whole lot would not fetch a single bid, even at an auction of worn-out furniture; and as they are worth nothing either to you or anybody else, I need not trouble you with a longer catalogue.'

'And must I also pick up such worthless luggage in my travels?' asked the New Year.

'Most certainly—and well, if you have no heavier load to bear,' replied the other. 'And now, my dear sister, I must bid you farewell, earnestly advising and exhorting you to expect no gratitude nor good will from this peevish, unreasonable, inconsiderate, ill-intending and worse-behaving world. However warmly its inhabitants may seem to welcome you, yet, do what you may, and lavish on them what means of happiness you please, they will still be complaining, still craving what it is not in your power to give; still looking forward to some other Year for the accomplishment of projects which ought never to have been formed, and which, if successful, would only provide new occasions of discontent. If these ridiculous people ever see anything tolerable in you, it will be after you are gone forever.'

'But I,' cried the fresh-hearted New Year, 'shall try to leave men wiser than I find them. I will offer them freely whatever good gifts Providence permits me to distribute, and will tell them to be thankful for what they have, and humbly hopeful for more; and surely, if they are not absolute fools, they will condescend to be happy, and will allow me to be a happy Year. For my happiness must depend on them.'
'Alas for you, then, my poor sister!' said the Old Year, sighing, as she uplifted her burden. 'We and children of Time are born to trouble. Happiness, they say, dwells in the mansions of Eternity; but we can only lead mortals thither, step by step, with reluctant murmurings, and ourselves must perish on the threshold. But hark! my task is done.'

The clock in the tall steeple of Dr. Emerson's church struck twelve; there was a response from Dr. Flint's, in the opposite quarter of the city; and while the strokes were yet dropping into the air, the Old Year either flitted or faded away—and not the wisdom and might of Angels, to say nothing of the remorseful yearnings of the millions who had used her ill, could have prevailed with that departed Year to return one step. But she, in the company of Time and all her kindred, must hereafter hold a reckoning with Mankind. So shall it be, likewise, with the maidenly New Year, who, as the clock ceased to strike, arose from the steps of the City Hall, and set out rather timorously on her earthly course.

'A happy New Year!' cried a watchman, eying her figure very questionably, but without the least suspicion that he was addressing the New Year in person.

'Thank you kindly!' said the New Year; and she gave the watchman one of the roses of hope from her basket. 'May this flower keep a sweet smell, long after I have bidden you good-by.'

Then she slept on more briskly through the silent streets; and such as were awake at the moment, heard her foot-fall, and said—'The New Year is come!' Wherever there was a knot of midnight roisterers, they quaffed her health. She sighed, however, to perceive that the air was tainted—as the atmosphere of this world must continually be—with the dying breaths of mortals who had lingered just long enough for her to bury them. But there were millions left alive, to rejoice at her coming; and so she pursued her way with confidence, strewing emblematic flowers on the door-step of almost every dwelling, which some persons will gather up and wear in their bosoms, and others will trample under foot. The Carrier Boy can only say further, that, early this morning, she filled his basket with New Year's Addresses, assuring him that the whole City, with our new Mayor, and the Aldermen and Common Council at its head, would make a general rush to secure copies. Kind Patrons, will not you redeem the pledge of the NEW YEAR?
SNOW FLAKES.
SNOW FLAKES.

There is snow in yonder cold gray sky of the morning!—and through the partially frosted window-panes, I love to watch the gradual beginning of the storm. A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward with uncertain flight, now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere. These are not the big flakes, heavy with moisture, which melt as they touch the ground, and are portentous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in good earnest, a wintry storm. The two or three people, visible on the side-walks, have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed, frosty fortitude, which is evidently assumed in anticipation of a comfortless and blustering day. By nightfall, or at least before the sun sheds another glimmering smile upon us, the street and our little garden will be heaped with mountain snow-drifts. The soil, already frozen for weeks past, is prepared
to sustain whatever burden may be laid upon it; and, to a northern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy bleakness and acquire a beauty of its own, when Mother Earth, like her children, shall have put on the fleecy garb of her winter's wear.

The cloud-spirits are slowly weaving her white mantle. As yet, indeed, there is barely a rime like hoarfrost over the brown surface of the street; the withered green of the grass-plat is still discernible; and the slated roofs of the houses do but begin to look gray, instead of black. All the snow that has yet fallen within the circumference of my view, were it heaped up together, would hardly equal the hillock of a grave. Thus gradually, by silent and stealthy influences, are great changes wrought. These little snow-particles, which the storm-spirit flings by handfuls through the air, will bury the great earth under their accumulated mass, nor permit her to behold her sister sky again for dreary months. We, likewise, shall lose sight of our mother's familiar visage, and must content ourselves with looking heavenward the o'er.

Now, leaving the storm to do his appointed office, let us sit down, pen in hand, by our fireside. Gloomy as it may seem, there is an influence productive of cheerfulness and favorable to imaginative thought, in the atmosphere of a snowy day. The native of a southern clime may woo the muse beneath the heavy shade of summer foliage, reclining on banks of turf, while the sound of singing birds and warbling rivulets chimes in with the music of his soul. In our brief summer, I do not think, but only exist in the vague enjoyment of a dream. My hour of inspiration— if that hour ever comes—is when the green log hisses upon the hearth, and the bright flame, brighter for the gloom of the chamber, rustles high up the chimney, and the coals drop tinkling down among the growing heaps of ashes. When the casement rattles in the gust, and the snow-flakes or the sleety rain-drops pelt hard against the window-panes, then I spread out my sheet of paper, with the certainty that thoughts and fancies will gleam forth upon it, like stars at twilight, or like violets in May—perhaps to fade as soon. However transitory their glow, they at least shine amid the darksome shadow which the clouds of the outward sky fling through the room. Blessed, therefore, and reverently welcomed by no, her true-born son, be New England's winter, which makes us, one and all, the nurslings of the storm, and sings a familiar lullaby even in the wildest shriek of the December blast. Now look we forth again, and see how much of his task the storm-spirit has done.

Slow and sure! He has the day, perchance the week, before him, and may take his own time to accomplish Nature's burial in snow. A smooth mantle is scarcely yet thrown over the withered grass-plat, and the dry stalks of annuals still thrust themselves through the white surface in all parts of the garden. The leafless rose bushes stand shivering in a shallow snow drift, looking, poor things! as desolate as if they possessed a human consciousness of the dreary scene. This is a sad time for the shrubs that do not
SNOW FLAKES.

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perish with the summer; they neither live nor die; what they retain of life seems but the chilling sense of death. Very sad are the flower-shrubs in mid-winter! The roofs of the houses are now all white, save where the eddying wind has kept them bare at the bleak corners. To discern the real intensity of the storm, we must fix upon some distant object,—as yonder spire,—and observe how the riotous gust fights with the descending snow throughout the intervening space. Sometimes the entire prospect is obscured; then, again, we have a distinct, but transient glimpse of the tall steeple, like a giant's ghost; and now the dense wreaths sweep between, as if demons were flinging snow-drifts at each other, in mid-air. Look next into the street, where we have an amusing parallel to the combat of those fancied demons in the upper regions. It is a snow-battle of school-boys. What a pretty satire on war and military glory might be written, in the form of a child's story, by describing the snow-ball fights of two rival schools, the alternate defeats and victories of each, and the final triumph of one party, or perhaps of neither! What pitched battles, worthy to be chanted in Homeric strains! What storming of fortresses, built all of massive snow-blocks! What feats of individual prowess, and embodied onsets of martial enthusiasm! And when some well-contested and decisive victory had put a period to the war, both armies should unite to build a lofty monument of snow upon the battle-field, and crown it with the victor's statue, hewn of the same frozen marble. In a few days or weeks thereafter, the passer-by would observe a shapeless mound upon the level common; and, unmindful of the famous victory, would ask—'How came it there? Who reared it? And what means it? ' The shattered pedestal of many a battle-monument has provoked these questions, when none could answer.

Turn we again to the fireside, and sit musing there, lending our ears to the wind, till perhaps it shall seem like an articulate voice, and dictate wild and airy matter for the pen. Would it might inspire me to sketch out the personification of a New England winter! And that idea, if I can seize the snow-wreathed figures that flit before my fancy, shall be the theme of the next page.

How does Winter herald his approach? By the shrieking blast of latter autumn, which is Nature's cry of lamentation, as the destroyer rushes among the shivering groves where she has lingered, and scatters the scar leaves upon the tempest. When that cry is heard the people wrap themselves in cloaks, and shake their heads disconsolately, saying—'Winter is at hand!' Then the axe of the wood-cutter echoes sharp and diligently in the forest,—then the coal-merchants rejoice, because each shriek of Nature in her agony adds something to the price of coal per ton,—then the peat-smoke spreads its aromatic fragrance through the atmosphere. A few days more; and at eventide, the children look out of the window, and dimly perceive the flaunting of a snowy mantle in the air. It is stern Winter's vesture. They crowd around the hearth, and cling to their mother's gown,
or press between their father's knees, affrighted by the hollow roaring voice, that bellows down the wide flue of the chimney. It is the voice of Winter; and when parents and children hear it, they shudder and exclaim— Winter is come! Cold Winter has begun his reign already! Now, throughout New England, each hearth becomes an altar, sending up the smoke of a continued sacrifice to the immittigable deity who tyrannizes over forest, country-side, and town. Wrapt in his white mantle, his staff a huge icicle, his beard and hair a wind-tossed snow-drift, he travels over the land, in the midst of the northern blast: and woe to the homeless wanderer whom he finds upon his path! There he lies stark and stiff, a human shape of ice, on the spot where Winter overtook him. On strides the tyrant over the rushing rivers and broad lakes, which turn to rock beneath his footsteps. His dreary empire is established; all around stretches the desolation of the Pole. Yet not ungrateful be his New England children—(for Winter is our sire, though a stern and rough one)—not ungrateful even for the severities, which have nourished our unyielding strength of character. And let us thank him, too, for the sleigh-rides, cheered by the music of merry bells— for the crackling and rustling heat; when the ruddy fire-light gleams on hardy Manhood and the blooming cheek of Woman—for all the home-enjoyments, and the kindred virtues, which flourish in a frozen soil. Not that we grieve, when, after some seven months of storm and bitter frost, Spring, in the guise of a flower-crowned virgin, is seen driving away the hoary despot, pelting him with violets by the hand, and strewing green grass on the path behind him. Often, ere he will give up his empire, old Winter rushes fiercely back, and buries a snow-drift at the shrinking form of Spring; yet, step by step, he is compelled to retreat northward, and spends the summer month within the Arctic circle.

Such fantasies, intermixed among graver toils of mind, have made the winter's day pass pleasantly. Meanwhile, the storm has raged without abatement, and now, as the brief afternoon declines, is tossing denser volumes to and fro about the atmosphere. On the window-sill, there is a layer of snow, reaching half way up the lowest pane of glass. The garden is one unbroken bed. Along the street are two or three spots of uncovered earth, where the gust has whirled away the snow, heaping it elsewhere to the fence-tops, or piling huge banks against the doors of houses. A solitary passenger is seen, now striding mid-leg deep across a drift, now scudding over the bare ground, while his cloak is swollen with the wind. And now the jingling of bells, a sluggish sound, responsive to the horse's toilsome progress through the unbroken drifts, announces the passage of a sleigh, with a boy clinging behind, and ducking his head to escape detection by the driver. Next comes a sledge, laden with wood for some unthrifty housekeeper, whom winter has surprised at a cold hearth. But what dismal equipage now struggles along the uneven street? A sable hearse, bestrewn with snow, is bearing a dead man through the storm to his frozen bed.
Oh, how dreary is a burial in winter, when the bosom of Mother Earth has no warmth for her poor child!

Evening—the early eve of December—begins to spread its deepening veil over the comfortless scene; the fire-light gradually brightens, and throws my flickering shadow upon the walls and ceiling of the chamber; but still the storm rages and rattles against the windows. Alas! I shiver, and think it time to be disconsolate. But, taking a farewell glance at dead nature in her shroud, I perceive a flock of snow-birds, skimming lightsomely through the tempest, and flitting from drift to drift, as sportively as swallows in the delightful prime of summer. Whence come they? Where do they build their nests, and seek their food? Why, having airy wings, do they not follow summer around the earth, instead of making themselves the playmates of the storm, and fluttering on the dreary verge of the winter's eve? I know not whence they come, nor why; yet my spirit has been cheered by that wandering flock of snow-birds.
Rambling on foot in the spring of my life and the summer of the year, I came one afternoon to a point which gave me the choice of three directions. Straight before me, the main road extended its dusty length to Boston; on the left a branch went towards the sea, and would have lengthened my journey a trifle, of twenty or thirty miles; while, by the right hand path, I might have gone over hills and lakes to Canada, visiting in my way, the celebrated town of Stamford. On a level spot of grass, at the foot of the guide post, appeared an object, which though locomotive on a different principle, reminded me of Gulliver's portable mansion among the Brobdingnags. It was a huge covered wagon, or, more properly, a small house on wheels, with a door on one side and a window shaded by green blinds on the other. Two horses, munching provender out of the baskets which muzzled them, were fastened near the vehicle; a delectable sound
of music proceeded from the interior; and I immediately conjectured that this was some itinerant show, halting at the confluence of the roads to intercept such idle travellers as myself. A shower had long been climbing up the western sky, and now hung so blackly over my onward path that it was a point of wisdom to seek shelter here.

"Halloo! Who stands guard here? Is the doorkeeper asleep?" cried I, approaching a ladder of two or three steps which was let down from the wagon.

The music ceased at my summons, and there appeared at the door, not the sort of figure that I had mentally assigned to the wandering show-man, but a most respectable old personage, whom I was sorry to have addressed in so free a style. He wore a snuff-colored coat and small clothes, with white top boots, and exhibited the mild dignity of aspect and manner which may often be noticed in aged schoolmasters, and sometimes in deacons, selectmen, or other potentates of that kind. A small piece of silver was my passport within his premises, where I found only one other person, hereafter to be described.

"This is a dull day for business," said the old gentleman, as he ushered me in; "but I merely tarry here to refresh the cattle, being bound for the camp-meeting at Stanford."

Perhaps the movable scene of this narrative is still peregrinating New England, and may enable the reader to test the accuracy of my description. The spectacle, for I will not use the unworthy term of puppet-show, consisted of a multitude of little people assembled on a miniature stage. Among them were artisans of every kind, in the attitudes of their toil, and a group of fair ladies and gay gentlemen standing ready for the dance; a company of foot soldiers formed a line across the stage, looking stern, grim, and terrible enough, to make it a pleasant consideration that they were but three inches high; and conspicuous above the whole was seen a Merry Andrew, in the pointed cap and motley coat of his profession. All the inhabitants of this mimic world were motionless, like the figures in a picture, or like that people who one moment were alive in the midst of their business and delights, and the next were transformed to statues, preserving an eternal semblance of labor that was ended, and pleasure that could be felt no more. Anon, however, the old gentleman turned the handle of a barrel organ, the first note of which produced a most enlivening effect upon the figures, and awoke them all to their proper occupations and amusements. By the self-same impulse the tailor plied his needle, the blacksmith's hammer descended upon the anvil, and the dancers whirled away on feathery tiptoes; the company of soldiers broke into platoons, retreated from the stage, and were succeeded by a troop of horse, who came prancing onward with such a sound of trumpets and trampling of hoofs, as might have startled Don Quixote himself; while an old toper, of inveterate ill-habits, uplifted his black bottle and took off a hearty swig. Meantime the Merry Andrew began to caper and turn somersets, shaking his sides, nodding his head, and winking his
eyes in as life-like a manner as if he were ridiculing the nonsense of all human affairs, and making fun of the whole multitude beneath him. At length the old magician (for I compared the show-man to Prospero, entertaining his guests with a masque of shadows,) paused that I might give utterance to my wonder.

"What an admirable piece of work is this!" exclaimed I, lifting up my hands in astonishment.

Indeed, I liked the spectacle, and was tickled with the old man's gravity as he presided at it, for I had none of that foolish wisdom which reproves every occupation that is not useful in this world of vanities. If there be a faculty which I possess more perfectly than most men, it is that of throwing myself mentally into situations foreign to my own, and detecting, with a cheerful eye, the desirable circumstances of each. I could have envied the life of this red-headed show-man, spent as it had been in a course of safe and pleasurable adventure, in driving his huge vehicle sometimes through the sands of Cape Cod, and sometimes over the rough forest roads of the north and east, and halting now on the green before a village meeting-house, and now in a paved square of the metropolis. How often must his heart have been gladdened by the delight of children, as they viewed these animated figures! or his pride indulged, by haranguing learnedly to grown men on the mechanical powers which produced such wonderful effects! or his gallantry brought into play (for this is an attribute which such grave men do not lack,) by the visits of pretty maidens! And then with how fresh a feel-

ing must he return, at intervals, to his own peculiar home!

"I would I were assured of as happy a life as this," thought I.

Though the show-man's wagon might have accommodated fifteen or twenty spectators, it now contained only himself and me, and a third person at whom I threw a glance on entering. He was a neat and trim young man of two or three and twenty; his drab hat, and green frock coat with velvet collar, were smart, though no longer new; while a pair of green spectacles, that seemed needless to his brisk little eyes, gave him something of a scholar-like and literary air. After allowing me a sufficient time to inspect the puppets, he advanced with a bow, and drew my attention to some books in a corner of the wagon. These he forthwith began to extol, with an amazing volubility of well-sounding words, and an ingenuity of praise that won him my heart, as being myself one of the most merciful of critics. Indeed his stock required some considerable powers of commendation in the salesman; there were several ancient friends of mine, the novels of those happy days when my affections wavered between the Scottish Chiefs and Thomas Thumb; besides a few of later date, whose merits had not been acknowledged by the public. I was glad to find that dear little venerable volume, the New England Primer, looking as antique as ever, though in its thousandth new edition; a bundle of superannuated gilt picture books made such a child of me, that, partly for the glittering covers, and
partly for the fairy tales within; I bought the whole; and an assortment of ballads and popular theatrical songs drew largely on my purse. To balance these expenditures, I meddled neither with sermons, nor science, nor morality, though volumes of each were there; nor with a Life of Franklin in the coarsest of paper, but so showily bound that it was emblematical of the Doctor himself, in the court dress which he refused to wear at Paris; nor with Webster's spelling book, nor some of Byron's minor poems, nor half a dozen little testaments at twenty-five cents each.

Thus far the collection might have been swept from some great book store, or picked up at an evening auction room; but there was one small blue covered pamphlet, which the pedler handed me with so peculiar an air, that I purchased it immediately at his own price; and then, for the first time, the thought struck me, that I had spoken face to face with the veritable author of a printed book. The literary man now evinced a great kindness for me, and I ventured to inquire which way he was travelling.

"Oh, said he, 'I keep company with this old gentleman here, and we are moving now towards the camp-meeting at Stamford.'

He then explained to me, that for the present season he had rented a corner of the wagon as a book store, which, as he wittily observed, was a true Circulating Library, since there were few parts of the country where it had not gone its rounds. I approved of the plan exceedingly, and began to sum up within my mind the many uncommon felicities in the life of a book pedler, especially when his character resembled that of the individual before me. At a high rate was to be reckoned the daily and hourly enjoyment of such interviews as the present, in which he seized upon the admiration of a passing stranger, and made him aware that a man of literary taste, and even of literary achievement, was travelling the country in a show-man's wagon. A more valuable, yet not infrequent triumph, might be won in his conversations with some elderly clergyman, long vegetating in a rocky, woody, watery back settlement of New England, who, as he recruited his library from the pedler's stock of sermons, would exhort him to seek a college education and become the first scholar in his class. Sweeter and prouder yet would be his sensations, when, talking poetry while he sold spelling books, he should charm the mind, and haply touch the heart of a fair country school mistress, herself an unhonored poetess, a wearer of blue stockings which none but himself took pains to look at. But the scene of his completest glory would be when the wagon had halted for the night, and his stock of books was transferred to some crowded bar room. Then would he recommend to the multifarious company, whether traveller from the city, or teamster from the hills, or neighboring squire, or the landlord himself, or his loutish hostler, works suited to each particular taste and capacity; proving, all the while, by acute criticism and profound remark, that the lore in his books was even exceeded by that in his brain.

Thus happily would he traverse the land; some-
times a herald before the march of Mind; sometimes walking arm in arm with awful Literature; and reaping everywhere a harvest of real and sensible popularity, which the secluded book worms, by whose toil he lived, could never hope for.

'If ever I meddle with literature,' thought I, fixing myself in adamantine resolution, 'it shall be as a travelling bookseller.'

Though it was still mid-afternoon, the air had now grown dark about us, and a few drops of rain came down upon the roof of our vehicle, pattering like the feet of birds that had flown thither to rest. A sound of pleasant voices made us listen, and there soon appeared halfway up the ladder the pretty person of a young damsel, whose rosy face was so cheerful, that even amid the gloomy light it seemed as if the sunbeams were peeping under her bonnet. We next saw the dark and handsome features of a young man, who with easier gallantry than might have been expected in the heart of Yankee-land, was assisting her into the wagon. It became immediately evident to us, when the two strangers stood within the door, that they were of a profession kindred to those of my companions; and I was delighted with the more than hospitable, the even paternal kindness, of the old show-man's manner, as he welcomed them; while the man of literature hastened to lead the merry-eyed girl to a seat on the long bench.

'You are housed but just in time, my young friends,' said the master of the wagon. 'The sky would have been down upon you within five minutes.'

The young man's reply marked him as a foreigner, not by any variation from the idiom and accent of good English, but because he spoke with more caution and accuracy, than if perfectly familiar with the language.

'We knew that a shower was hanging over us,' said he, 'and consulted whether it were best to enter the house on the top of yonder hill, but seeing your wagon in the road—'

'We agreed to come hither,' interrupted the girl, with a smile, 'because we should be more at home in a wandering house like this.'

I, meanwhile, with many a wild and undetermined fantasy, was narrowly inspecting these two doves that had flown into our ark. The young man, tall, agile, and athletic, wore a mass of black shining curls clustering round a dark and vivacious countenance, which, if it had not greater expression, was at least more active, and attracted readier notice, than the quiet faces of our countrymen. At his first appearance, he had been laden with a neat mahogany box, of about two feet square, but very light in proportion to its size, which he had immediately unstrapped from his shoulders and deposited on the floor of the wagon.

The girl had nearly as fair a complexion as our own beauties, and a brighter one than most of them; the lightness of her figure, which seemed calculated to traverse the whole world without weariness, suited well with the glowing cheerfulness of her face; and her gay attire combining the rainbow hues of crimson, green, and a deep orange, was as proper to
her lightsome aspect as if she had been born in it. This gay stranger was appropriately burdened with that mirth-inspiring instrument, the fiddle, which her companion took from her hands, and shortly began the process of tuning. Neither of us — the previous company of the wagon — needed to inquire their trade; for this could be no mystery to frequenters of brigade musters, ordinations, cattle shows, commencements, and other festal meetings in our sober land; and there is a dear friend of mine, who will smile when this page recalls to his memory a chivalrous deed performed by us, in rescuing the show box of such a couple from a mob of great double-fisted countrymen.

‘Come,’ said I to the damsel of gay attire, ‘shall we visit all the wonders of the world together?’

She understood the metaphor at once; though indeed it would not much have troubled me, if she had assented to the literal meaning of my words. The mahogany box was placed in a proper position, and I peeped in through its small round magnifying window, while the girl sat by my side, and gave short descriptive sketches, as one after another the pictures were unfolded to my view. We visited together, at least our imaginations did, full many a famous city, in the streets of which I had long yearned to tread; once, I remember, we were in the harbor of Barcelona, gazing townwards; next, she bore me through the air to Sicily, and bade me look up at blazing fife, then we took wing to Venice, and sat in a gondola beneath the arch of the Rialto; and anon she set me down among the thronged spectators at the coronation of Napoleon. But there was one scene, its locality she could not tell, which charmed my attention longer than all those gorgeous palaces and churches, because the fancy haunted me, that I myself, the preceding summer, had beheld just such an humble meeting-house, in just such a pine-surrounded nook, among our own green mountains. All these pictures were tolerably executed, though far inferior to the girl’s touches of description; nor was it easy to comprehend, how in so few sentences, and these, as I supposed, in a language foreign to her, she contrived to present an airy copy of each varied scene. When we had travelled through the vast extent of the mahogany box, I looked into my guide’s face.

‘Where are you going, my pretty maid?’ inquired I, in the words of an old song.

‘Ah,’ said the gay damsel, ‘you might as well ask where the summer wind is going. We are wanderers here, and there, and everywhere. Wherever there is mirth, our merry hearts are drawn to it. Today, indeed, the people have told us of a great frolic and festival in these parts; so perhaps we may be needed at what you call the camp meeting at Stamford.’

Then in my happy youth, and while her pleasant voice yet sounded in my ears, I sighed; for none but myself, I thought, should have been her companion in a life which seemed to realize my own wild fancies, cherished all through visionary boyhood to that hour. To these two strangers, the world was in its golden
age, not that indeed it was less dark and sad than ever, but because its weariness and sorrow had no community with their ethereal nature. Wherever they might appear in their pilgrimage of bliss, Youth would echo back their gladness, care-stricken Maturity would rest a moment from its toil, and Age, tottering among the graves, would smile in withered joy for their sakes. The lonely cot, the narrow and gloomy street, the sombre shade, would catch a passing gleam like that now shining on ourselves, as these bright spirits wandered by. Blessed pair, whose happy home was throughout all the earth! I looked at my shoulders, and thought them broad enough to sustain those pictured towns and mountains; mine, too, was an elastic foot, as tireless as the wing of the bird of Paradise; mine was then an untroubled heart, that would have gone singing on its delightful way.

'Oh, maiden!' said I aloud, 'why did you not come hither alone?'

While the merry girl and myself were busy with the show-box, the unceasing rain had driven another wayfarer into the wagon. He seemed pretty nearly of the old show-man's age, but much smaller, leaner, and more withered than he, and less respectably clad in a patched suit of gray; withal, he had a thin, shrewd countenance, and a pair of diminutive gray eyes, which peeped rather too keenly out of their puckered sockets. This old fellow had been joking with the show-man, in a manner which intimated previous acquaintance; but perceiving that the damsels and I had terminated our affairs, he drew forth a folded document and presented it to me. As I had anticipated, it proved to be a circular, written in a very fair and legible hand, and signed by several distinguished gentlemen whom I had never heard of, stating that the bearer had encountered every variety of misfortune, and recommending him to the notice of all charitable people. Previous disbursements had left me no more than a five dollar bill, out of which, however, I offered to make the beggar a donation, provided he would give me change for it. The object of my beneficence looked keenly in my face, and discerned that I had none of that abominable spirit, characteristic though it be, of a full-blooded Yankee, which takes pleasure in detecting every little harmless piece of knavery.

'Why, perhaps,' said the ragged old mendicant, 'if the bank is in good standing, I can't say but I may have enough about me to change your bill.'

'It is a bill of the Suffolk Bank,' said I, 'and better than the specie.'

As the beggar had nothing to object, he now produced a small buff leather bag, tied up carefully with a shoe-string. When this was opened, there appeared a very comfortable treasure of silver coins, of all sorts and sizes, and I even fancied that I saw, gleaming among them, the golden plumage of that rare bird in our currency, the American Eagle. In this precious heap was my bank note deposited, the rate of exchange being considerably against me. His wants being thus relieved, the destitute man pulled out of
his pocket an old pack of greasy cards, which had
probably contributed to fill the buff leather bag, in
more ways than one.

"Come," said he, "I spy a rare fortune in your face,
and for twenty-five cents more, I'll tell you what
it is."

I never refuse to take a glimpse into futurity; so
after shuffling the cards, and when the fair damsel
did cut them, I dealt a portion to the prophetic beg­
gar. Like others of his profession, before predicting
the shadowy events that were moving on to meet me,
he gave proof of his preternatural science, by describ­
ing scenes through which I had already passed. Here
let me have credit for a sober fact. When the old
man had read a page in his book of fate, he bent his
keen gray eyes on mine, and proceeded to relate, in
all its minute particulars, what was then the most sin­
gular event of my life. It
won one which I had no
purpose to disclose, till the general unfolding of all
secrets; nor would it be a much stranger instance of
inscrutable knowledge, or fortunate conjecture, if the
beggar were to meet me in the street to-day, and re­
peat, word for word, the page which I have here writ­
ten. The fortune-teller, after predicting a destiny
which time seems loth to make good, put up his cards,
secreted his treasure bag, and began to converse with
the other occupants of the wagon.

"Well, old friend," said the show-man, "you have
not yet told us which way your face is turned this af­
ternoon."

"I am taking a trip northward, this warm weather,"
the Devil in popular stories. Among them might be reckoned a love of deception for its own sake, a shrewd eye and keen relish for human weakness and ridiculous infirmity, and the talent of petty fraud. Thus to this old man there would be pleasure even in the consciousness so insupportable to some minds, that his whole life was a cheat upon the world, and that so far as he was concerned with the public, his little cunning had the upper hand of its united wisdom. Every day would furnish him with a succession of minute and pungent triumphs; as when, for instance, his importunity wrung a pittance out of the heart of a miser, or when my silly good nature transferred a part of my slender purse to his plump leather bag; or when some ostentatious gentleman should throw a coin to the ragged beggar who was richer than himself; or when, though he would not always be so decidedly diabolical, his pretended wants should make him a sharer in the scanty living of real indigence. And then what an inexhaustible field of enjoyment, both as enabling him to discern so much folly and achieve such quantities of minor mischief, was opened to his sneering spirit by his pretensions to prophetic knowledge.

All this was a sort of happiness which I could conceive of, though I had little sympathy with it. Perhaps had I been then inclined to admit it, I might have found that the roving life was more proper to him than to either of his companions; for Satan, to whom I had compared the poor man, has delighted, ever since the time of Job, in 'wandering up and down upon the earth,' and indeed a crafty disposition, which operates not in deep laid plans, but in disconnected tricks, could not have an adequate scope, unless naturally impelled to a continual change of scene and society. My reflections were here interrupted.

Another visitor!' exclaimed the old show-man.

The door of the wagon had been closed against the tempest, which was roaring and blustering with prodigious fury and commotion, and beating violently against our shelter, as if it claimed all those homeless people for its lawful prey, while we, caring little for the displeasure of the elements, sat comfortably talking. There was now an attempt to open the door, succeeded by a voice, uttering some strange, unintelligible gibberish, which my companions mistook for Greek, and I suspected to be thieves' Latin. However, the show-man stepped forward, and gave admittance to a figure which made me imagine, either that our wagon had rolled back two hundred years into past ages, or that the forest and its old inhabitants had sprung up around us by enchantment.

It was a red Indian, armed with his bow and arrow. His dress was a sort of cap, adorned with a single feather of some wild bird, and a frock of blue cotton, girded tight about him; on his breast, like orders of knighthood, hung a crescent and a circle, and other ornaments of silver; while a small crucifix betokened that our Father the Pope had interposed between the Indian and the Great Spirit, whom he had worshipped in his simplicity. This son of the wilderness, and pilgrim of the storm, took his place silently in the
midst of us. When the first surprise was over, I rightly conjectured him to be one of the Penobscot tribe, parties of which I had often seen, in their summer excursions down our Eastern rivers. There they paddle their birch canoes among the coasting schooners, and build their wigwam beside some roaring mill-dam, and drive a little trade in basket work where their fathers hunted deer. Our new visitor was probably wandering through the country towards Boston, subsisting on the careless charity of the people, while he turned his archery to profitable account by shooting at cents, which were to be the prize of his successful aim.

The Indian had not long been seated, ere our merry damsel sought to draw him into conversation. She, indeed, seemed all made up of sunshine in the month of May; for there was nothing so dark and dismal that her pleasant mind could not cast a glow over it; and the wild man, like a fir-tree in his native forest, soon began to brighten into a sort of sombre cheerfulness. At length, she inquired whether his journey had any particular end or purpose.

"I go shoot at the camp-meeting at Stamford," replied the Indian.

"And here are five more," said the girl, "all aiming at the camp-meeting too. You shall be one of us, for we travel with light hearts; and as for me, I sing merry songs, and tell merry tales, and am full of merry thoughts, and I dance merrily along the road, so that there is never any sadness among them that keep me company. But, oh, you would find it very dull indeed, to go all the way to Stamford alone!"

My ideas of the aboriginal character led me to fear that the Indian would prefer his own solitary musings, to the gay society thus offered him; on the contrary, the girl's proposal met with immediate acceptance, and seemed to animate him with a misty expectation of enjoyment. I now gave myself up to a course of thought, which, whether it flowed naturally from this combination of events, or was drawn forth by a wayward fancy, caused my mind to thrill as if I were listening to deep music. I saw mankind, in this weary old age of the world, either enduring a sluggish existence amid the smoke and dust of cities, or, if they breathed a purer air, still lying down at night with no hope but to wear out to-morrow and all the to-morrows, which make up life, among the same dull scenes and in the same wretched toil, that had darkened the sunshine of to-day. But there were some, full of the primeval instinct, who preserved the freshness of youth to their latest years by the continual excitement of new objects, new pursuits, and new associates; and cared little, though their birth-place might have been here in New England, if the grave should close over them in Central Asia. Fate was summoning a parliament of these free spirits; unconscious of the impulse which directed them to a common centre, they had come hither from far and near; and last of all, appeared the representative of those mighty vagrants, who had chased the deer during thousands of years, and were chasing it now in the Spirit Land. Wan-
dering down through the waste of ages, the woods had vanished around his path; his arm had lost somewhat of its strength, his foot of its fleetness, his mien of its wild regality, his heart and mind of their savage virtue and uncultured force; but here, untamable to the routine of artificial life, roving now along the dusty road, as of old over the forest leaves, here was the Indian still.

'Well,' said the old show-man, in the midst of my meditations, 'here is an honest company of us—one, two, three, four, five, six—all going to the camp-meeting at Stamford. Now, hoping no offence, I should like to know where this young gentleman may be going?'

I started. How came I among these wanderers? The free mind, that preferred its own folly to another's wisdom; the open spirit, that found companions everywhere; above all, the restless impulse, that so often made me wretched in the midst of enjoyments; these were my claims to be of their society.

'My friends!' cried I, stepping into the centre of the wagon, 'I am going with you to the camp-meeting at Stamford.'

'But in what capacity?' asked the old show-man, after a moment's silence. 'All of us here can get our bread in some creditable way. Every honest man should have his livelihood. You, sir, as I take it, are a more strolling gentleman.'

I proceeded to inform the company, that, when Nature gave me a propensity to their way of life,

she had not left me altogether destitute of qualifications for it; though I could not deny that my talent was less respectable, and might be less profitable, than the meanest of theirs. My design, in short, was to imitate the story-tellers of whom Oriental travellers have told us, and become an itinerant novelist, reciting my own extemporaneous fictions to such audiences as I could collect.

'Either this,' said I, 'is my vocation, or I have been born in vain.'

The fortune-teller, with a sly wink to the company, proposed to take me as an apprentice to one or other of his professions, either of which, undoubtedly, would have given full scope to whatever inventive talent I might possess. The buskins fell a few words in opposition to my plan, influenced partly, I suspect, by the jealousy of authorship, and partly by an apprehension that the tried practice would become general among novelists, to the infinite detriment of the book trade. Dreading a rejection, I solicited the interest of the merry damsel.

'Mirth,' cried I, most aptly appropriating the words of L'Allegro, 'to thee I sue! Mirth, admit me of thy crew!'

'Let us indulge thee, young one,' said Mirth, with a kindness which made me love her dearly, though I was no such coxcomb as to misinterpret her motives. 'I have espied much promise in him. True, a shadow sometimes flits across his brow, but the sunshine is sure to follow in a moment. He is never guilty of a sad thought, but a merry one is twin born
with it. We will take him with us; and you shall see that he will set us all a laughing before we reach the camp-meeting at Stamford.'

Her voice silenced the scruples of the rest, and gained me admittance into the league; according to the terms of which, without a community of goods or profits, we were to lend each other all the aid, and avert all the harm, that might be in our power. This affair settled, a marvelous jollity entered into the whole tribe of us, manifesting itself characteristically in each individual. The old show-man, sitting down to his barrel organ, stirred up the souls of the pigmy people with one of the quickest tunes in the music book; tailors, blacksmiths, gentlemen, and ladies, all seemed to share in the spirit of the occasion; and the Merry Andrew played his part more facetiously than ever, nodding and winking particularly at me. The young foreigner flourished his fiddle bow with a master's hand, and gave an inspiring echo to the show-man's melody. The bookish man and the merry damsel started up simultaneously to dance; the former enacting the double shuttle in a style which everybody must have witnessed, ere Election week was blotted out of time; while the girl, setting her arms akimbo with both hands at her slim waist, displayed such light rapidity of foot, and harmony of varying attitude and motion, that I could not conceive how she ever was to stop; imagining, at the moment, that Nature had made her, as the old show-man had made his puppets, for no earthly purpose but to dance jigs. The Indian bellowed forth a succession of most hideous outcries, somewhat affrighting us, till we interpreted them as the war song, with which, in imitation of his ancestors, he was prefacing the assault on Stamford. The conjurer, meanwhile, sat demurely in a corner, extracting a sly enjoyment from the whole scene, and, like the facetious Merry Andrew, directing his queer glance particularly at me.

As for myself, with great exhilaration of fancy, I began to arrange and color the incidents of a tale, wherewith I proposed to amuse an audience that very evening; for I saw that my associates were a little ashamed of me, and that no time was to be lost in obtaining a public acknowledgment of my abilities.

'Come, fellow-laborers,' at last said the old show-man, whom we had elected President; 'the shower is over, and we must be doing our duty by these poor souls at Stamford.'

'Ver'll come among them in procession, with music and dancing,' cried the merry damsel.

Accordingly, for it must be understood that our pilgrimage was to be performed on foot, we sallied joyously out of the wagon, each of us, even the old gentleman in his white top boots, giving a great skip as we came down the ladder. Above our heads there was such a glory of sunshine and splendor of clouds, and such brightness of verdure below, that, as I modestly remarked at the time, Nature seemed to have washed her face, and put on the best of her jewelry and a fresh green gown, in honor of our confederation. Casting our eyes northward, we beheld a horse-
man approaching leisurely, and splashing through the little puddles on the Stamford road. Onward he came, sticking up in his saddle with rigid perpendicularity, a tall, thin figure in rusty black, whom the show-man and the conjurer shortly recognised to be, what his aspect sufficiently indicated, a travelling preacher of great fame among the Methodists. What puzzled us was the fact, that his face appeared turned from, instead of to, the camp-meeting at Stamford. However, as this new votary of the wandering life drew near the little green space, where the guide post and our wagon were situated, my six fellow vagabonds and myself rushed forward and surrounded him, crying out with united voices—

"What news, what news, from the camp-meeting at Stamford?"

The missionary looked down, in surprise, at as singular a knot of people as could have been selected from all his heterogeneous auditors. Indeed, considering that we might all be classified under the general head of Vagabond, there was great diversity of character among the grave old show-man, the sly, prophetic beggar, the fiddling foreigner and his merry damsel, the smart bibliopolist, the sombre Indian, and myself, the itinerant novelist, a slender youth of eighteen. I even fancied, that a smile was endeavoring to disturb the iron gravity of the preacher's mouth.

"Good people," answered he, "the camp-meeting is broke up."

So saying, the Methodist minister switched his steed, and rode westward. Our union being thus nullified, by the removal of its object, we were sundered at once to the four winds of Heaven. The fortune-teller, giving a nod to all, and a peculiar wink to me, departed on his northern tour, chuckling within himself as he took the Stamford road. The old show-man and his literary coadjutor were already tackling their horses to the wagon, with a design to peregrinate southwest along the sea coast. The foreigner and the merry damsel took their laughing leave, and pursued the eastern road, which I had that day trodden; as they passed away, the young man played a lively strain, and the girl's happy spirit broke into a dance; and thus, dissolving, as it were, into sunbeams and gay music, that pleasant pair departed from my view. Finally, with a pensive shadow thrown across my mind, yet envious of the light philosophy of my late companions, I joined myself to the Penobscot Indian, and set forth towards the distant city.
THE WHITE OLD MAID.
THE WHITE OLD MAID.

The moonbeams came through two deep and narrow windows, and showed a spacious chamber, richly furnished in an antique fashion. From one lattice, the shadow of the diamond panes was thrown upon the floor; the ghostly light, through the other, slept upon a bed, falling between the heavy silken curtains, and illuminating the face of a young man. But, how quietly the slumberer lay! how pale his features! and how like a shroud the sheet was wound about his frame! Yes; it was a corpse, in its burial clothes.

Suddenly, the fixed features seemed to move, with dark emotion. Strange fantasy! It was but the shadow of the fringed curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as the door of the chamber opened, and a girl stole softly to the bedside. Was there delusion in the moonbeams, or did her gesture and her eye betray a gleam of triumph, as she bent over the pale corpse—pale as itself—and pressed
her living lips to the cold ones of the dead? As she drew back from that long kiss, her features writhed, as if a proud heart were fighting with its anguish. Again it seemed that the features of the corpse had moved, responsive to her own. Still an illusion! The silken curtain had waved, a second time, betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as another fair young girl unclosed the door, and glided, ghost-like, to the bedside. There the two maidens stood, both beautiful, with the pale beauty of the dead between them. But she, who had first entered, was proud and stately; and the other, a soft and fragile thing.

"Away!" cried the lofty one. "Thou hast him living! The dead is mine!"

"Thine!" returned the other, shuddering. "Well hast thou spoken! The dead is thine!"

The proud girl started, and stared into her face, with a ghastly look. But a wild and mournful expression passed across the features of the gentle one; and, weak and helpless, she sank down on the bed, her head pillowed beside that of the corpse, and her hair mingling with his dark locks. A creature of hope and joy, the first draught of sorrow had bewildered her.

"Edith!" cried her rival.

Edith groaned, as with a sudden compression of the heart; and removing her cheek from the dead youth's pillow, she stood upright, fearfully encountering the eyes of the lofty girl.

"Wilt thou betray me?" said the latter, calmly.

"Till the dead bid me speak, I will be silent," an-

swered Edith. "Leave us alone together! Go, and live many years, and then return, and tell me of thy life. He, too, will be here! Then, if thou tell'st of sufferings more than death, we will both forgive thee."

"And what shall be the token?" asked the proud girl, as if her heart acknowledged a meaning in these wild words.

"This lock of hair," said Edith, lifting one of the dark, clustering curls, that lay heavily on the dead man's brow.

The two maidens joined their hands over the bosom of the corpse, and appointed a day and hour, far, far in time to come, for their next meeting in that chamber. The statelier girl gave one deep look at the motionless countenance, and departed — yet turned again and trembled, ere she closed the door, almost believing that her dead lover frowned upon her. And Edith, too! Was not her white form fading into the moonlight? Scorning her own weakness, she went forth, and perceived that a negro slave was waiting in the passageway, with a wax-light, which he held between her face and his own, and regarded her, as she thought, with an ugly expression of merriment. Lifting his torch on high, the slave lighted her down the staircase, and undid the portal of the mansion. The young clergyman of the town had just ascended the steps, and bowing to the lady, passed in without a word.

Years, many years rolled on; the world seemed new again, so much older was it grown, since the night when those pale girls had clasped their hands

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across the bosom of the corpse. In the interval, a lonely woman had passed from youth to extreme age, and was known by all the town, as the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.' A taint of insanity had affected her whole life, but so quiet, sad, and gentle, so utterly free from violence, that she was suffered to pursue her harmless fantasies, unmolested by the world, with whose business or pleasures she had nought to do. She dwelt alone, and never came into the daylight, except to follow funerals. Whenever a corpse was borne along the street, in sunshine, rain, or snow, whether a pompous train, of the rich and proud, thronged after it, or few and humble were the mourners, behind them came the lonely woman, in a long, white garment, which the people called her shroud. She took no place among the kindred or the friends, but stood at the door to hear the funeral prayer, and walked in the rear of the procession, as one whose earthly charge it was to haunt the house of mourning, and be the shadow of affliction, and see that the dead were duly buried. So long had this been her custom, that the inhabitants of the town deemed her a part of every funeral, as much as the coffin-pall, or the very corpse itself, and augured ill of the sinner's destiny, unless the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet' came gliding, like a ghost, behind. Once, it is said, she affrighted a bridal party, with her pale presence, appearing suddenly in the illuminated hall, just as the priest was uniting a false maid to a wealthy man, before her lover had been dead a year. Evil was the omen to that marriage! Sometimes she stole forth by moonlight, and visited the graves of venerable Integrity, and wedded Love, and virgin Innocence, and every spot where the ashes of a kind and faithful heart were mouldering. Over the hillocks of those favored dead, would she stretch out her arms, with a gesture, as if she were scattering seeds; and many believed that she brought them from the garden of Paradise; for the graves, which she had visited, were green beneath the snow, and covered with sweet flowers from April to November. Her blessing was better than a holy verse upon the tomb-stone. Thus wore away her long, sad, peaceful, and fantastic life, till few were so old as she, and the people of later generations wondered how the dead had ever been buried, or mourners had endured their grief, without the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.'

Still, years went on, and still she followed funerals, and was not yet summoned to her own festival of death. One afternoon, the great street of the town was all alive with business and bustle, though the sun now gilded only the upper half of the church-spire, having left the house-tops and loftiest trees in shadow. The scene was cheerful and animated, in spite of the sombre shade between the high brick buildings. Here were pompous merchants, in white wigs and laced velvet; the bronzed faces of sea-captains; the foreign garb and air of Spanish creoles; and the disdainful port of natives of Old England; all contrasted with the rough aspect of one or two back-settlers, negotiating sales of timber, from forests where axe had never sounded. Sometimes a lady passed, swelling roundly
forth in an embroidered petticoat, balancing her steps in high-heeled shoes, and courtesying, with lofty grace, to the punctilious obeisances of the gentlemen. The life of the town seemed to have its very centre not far from an old mansion, that stood somewhat back from the pavement, surrounded by neglected grass, with a strange air of loneliness, rather deepened than dispelled by the throng so near it. Its site would have been suitably occupied by a magnificent Exchange, or a brick-block, lettered all over with various signs; or the large house itself might have made a noble tavern, with the 'King's Arms' swinging before it, and guests in every chamber, instead of the present solitude. But, owing to some dispute about the right of inheritance, the mansion had been long without a tenant, decaying from year to year, and throwing the stately gloom of its shadow over the busiest part of the town. Such was the scene, and such the time, when a figure, unlike any that have been described, was observed at a distance down the street.

'I espy a strange sail, yonder,' remarked a Liverpool captain; 'that woman, in the long, white garment!' The sailor seemed much struck by the object, as were several others, who, at the same moment, caught a glimpse of the figure, that had attracted his notice. Almost immediately, the various topics of conversation gave place to speculations, in an under tone, on this unwonted occurrence.

'Can there be a funeral, so late this afternoon?' inquired some.

They looked for the signs of death at every door—the sexton, the hearse, the assemblage of black-clad relatives—all that makes up the woeful pomp of funerals. They raised their eyes, also, to the sun-gilt spire of the church, and wondered that no clang proceeded from its bell, which had always tolled till now, when this figure appeared in the light of day. But none had heard, that a corpse was to be borne to its home that afternoon, nor was there any token of a funeral, except the apparition of the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.'

'What may this portend?' asked each man of his neighbor.

All smiled as they put the question, yet with a certain trouble in their eyes, as if pestilence, or some other wide calamity, were prefigurated by the untimely intrusion, among the living, of one whose presence had always been associated with death and woe. What a comet is to the earth, was that sad woman to the town. Still she moved on, while the hum of surprise was hushed at her approach, and the proud and the humble stood aside, that her white garment might not wave against them. It was a long, loose robe, of spotless purity. Its wearer appeared very old, pale, emaciated, and feeble, yet glided onward, without the unsteady pace of extreme age. At one point of her course, a little rosy boy burst forth from a door, and ran, with open arms, towards the ghostly woman, seeming to expect a kiss from her bloodless lips. She made a slight pause, fixing her eye upon him with an expression of no earthly sweet-
ness, so that the child shivered and stood awe-struck, rather than affrighted, while the Old Maid passed on. Perhaps her garment might have been polluted, even by an infant's touch; perhaps her kiss would have been death to the sweet boy, within the year.

'She is but a shadow!' whispered the superstitious. 'The child put forth his arms, and could not grasp her robe!'

The wonder was increased, when the Old Maid passed beneath the porch of the deserted mansion, ascended the moss-covered steps, lifted the iron knocker, and gave three raps. The people could only conjecture, that some old remembrance, troubling her bewildered brain, had impelled the poor woman hither to visit the friends of her youth; all gone from their home, long since and forever, unless their ghosts still haunted it — fit company for the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.' An elderly man approached the steps, and reverently uncovering his gray locks, essayed to explain the matter.

'None, Madam,' said he, 'have dwelt in this house these fifteen years agone — no, not since the death of old Colonel Fenwicke, whose funeral you may remember to have followed. His heirs, being ill-agreed among themselves, have let the mansion-house go to ruin.'

The Old Maid looked slowly round, with a slight gesture of one hand, and a finger of the other upon her lip, appearing more shadow-like than ever, in the obscurity of the porch. But, again she lifted the hammer, and gave, this time, a single rap. Could it be, that a footstep was now heard, coming down the staircase of the old mansion, which all conceived to have been so long untenanted? Slowly, feebly, yet heavily, like the pace of an aged and infirm person, the step approached, more distinct on every downward stair, till it reached the portal. The bar fell on the inside; the door was opened. One upward glance, towards the church-spire, whence the sunshine had just faded, was the last that the people saw of the 'Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.'

'Who undid the door?' asked many.

This question, owing to the depth of shadow beneath the porch, no one could satisfactorily answer. Two or three aged men, while protesting against an inference, which might be drawn, affirmed that the person within was a negro, and bore a singular resemblance to old Caesar, formerly a slave in the house, but freed by death some thirty years before.

'Her summons has waked up a servant of the old family,' said one, half seriously.

'Let us wait here,' replied another. 'More guests will knock at the door, anon. But, the gate of the grave-yard should be thrown open!'

Twilight had overspread the town, before the crowd began to separate, or the comments on this incident were exhausted. One after another was wending his way homeward, when a coach — no common spectacle in those days — drove slowly into the street. It was an old-fashioned equipage, hanging close to the ground, with arms on the panels, a footman behind, and a grave, corpulent coachman seated high in front.
— the whole giving an idea of solemn state and digni
ty. There was something awful, in the heavy rum-
bbling of the wheels. The coach rolled down the
street, till, coming to the gateway of the deserted
mansion, it drew up, and the footman sprang to the
ground.

Whose grand coach is this? asked a very in-
quissitive body.

The footman made no reply, but ascended the
steps of the old house, gave three raps, with the iron
hammer, and returned to open the coach-door. An
old man, possessed of the heraldic lore so com-
mon in that day, examined the shield of arms on tho
panel.

Azure, a lion's head erased, between three flower
de luces, said he; then whispered the name of tho
family to whom these bearings belonged. The last
inheritor of its honors was recently dead, after a long
residence amid the splendor of the British court,
where his birth and wealth had given him no mean
station. He left no child, continued the herald,
and these arms, being in a lozenge, betoken that the
coach appertains to his widow.

Further disclosures, perhaps, might have been
made, had not the speaker suddenly been struck
dumb, by the stern eye of an ancient lady, who thrust
forth her head from the coach, preparing to descend.
As she emerged, the people saw that her dress was
magnificent, and her figure dignified, in spite of age
and infirmity — a stately ruin, but with a look, at
once, of pride and wretchedness. Her strong and
rigid features had an awe about them, unlike that of
the white Old Maid, but as of something evil. She
passed up the steps, leaning on a gold-headed cane;
the door swung open, as she ascended — and the light
of a torch glittered on the embroidery of her dress,
and gleamed on the pillars of the porch. After a
momentary pause — a glance backwards — and then
a desperate effort — she went in. The decipherer of
the coat of arms had ventured up the lowest step,
and shrinking back immediately, pale and tremulous,
affirmed that the torch was held by the very image of
old Caron.

But, such a hideous grin, added he, was never
seen on the face of mortal man, black or white! It
will haunt me till my dying day.

Meantime, the coach had wheeled round, with a
prodigious clatter on the pavement, and rumbled up
the street, disappearing in the twilight, while the car
still tracked its course. Scarcely was it gone, when
the people began to question, whether the coach and
attendants, the ancient lady, the spectre of old Caron,
and the Old Maid herself, were not all a strangely
combined delusion, with some dark purport in its mys-
tory. The whole town was astir, so that, instead of
dispersing, the crowd continually increased, and stood
gazing up at the windows of the mansion, now silvered
by the brightening moon. The elders, glad to indulge
the narrative propensity of age, told of the long faded
splendor of the family, the entertainments they had
given, and the guests, the greatest of the land, and
even titled and noble ones from abroad, who had
passed beneath that portal. These graphic reminiscences seemed to call up the ghosts of those to whom they referred. So strong was the impression, on some of the more imaginative hearers, that two or three were seized with trembling fits, at one and the same moment, protesting that they had distinctly heard three other raps of the iron knocker.

"Impossible!" exclaimed others. "See! The moon shines beneath the porch, and shows every part of it, except in the narrow shade of that pillar. There is no one there!"

"Did not the door open?" whispered one of these fanciful persons.

"Didst thou see it, too?" said his companion, in a startled tone.

But the general sentiment was opposed to the idea, that a third visitant had made application at the door of the deserted house. A few, however, adhered to this new marvel, and even declared that a red gleam, like that of a torch, had shone through the great front window, as if the negro were lighting a guest up the staircase. This, too, was pronounced a mere fantasy. But, at once, the whole multitude started, and each man beheld his own terror painted in the faces of all the rest.

"What an awful thing is this!" cried they.

A shriek, too fearfully distinct for doubt, had been heard within the mansion, breaking forth suddenly, and succeeded by a deep stillness, as if a heart had burst in giving it utterance. The people knew not whether to fly from the very sight of the house, or to rush trembling in, and search out the strange mystery. Amid their confusion and affright, they were somewhat reassured by the appearance of their clergyman, a venerable patriarch, and equally a saint, who had taught them and their fathers the way to Heaven, for more than the space of an ordinary lifetime. He was a reverend figure, with long, white hair upon his shoulders, a white beard upon his breast, and a back so bent over his staff, that he seemed to be looking downward, continually, as if to choose a proper grave for his weary frame. It was some time before the good old man, being deaf, and of impaired intellect, could be made to comprehend such portions of the affair, as were comprehensible at all. But, when possessed of the facts, his energies assumed unexpected vigor.

"Verily," said the old gentleman, "it will be fitting that I enter the mansion-house of the worthy Colonel Fenwicke, lest any harm should have befallen that true Christian woman, whom ye call the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet.""

Behold, then, the venerable clergyman ascending the steps of the mansion, with a torch-bearer behind him. It was the elderly man, who had spoken to the Old Maid, and the same who had afterwards explained the shield of arms, and recognised the features of the negro. Like their predecessors, they gave three raps, with the iron hammer.

"Old Caesar cometh not," observed the priest. "Well, I wot, he no longer doth service in this mansion."
Assuredly, then, it was something worse, in old likeness! said the other adventurer.

"Be it as God wills," answered the clergyman. "See! my strength, though it be much decayed, hath sufficed to open this heavy door. Let us enter, and pass up the staircase."

Here occurred a singular exemplification of the dreamy state of a very old man's mind. As they ascended the wide flight of stairs, the aged clergyman appeared to move with caution, occasionally standing aside, and oftener bending his head, as it were in salutation, thus practising all the gestures of one who makes his way through a throng. Reaching the head of the staircase, he looked around, with sad and solemn benignity, laid aside his staff, bared his hoary locks, and was evidently on the point of commencing a prayer.

"Reverend Sir," said his attendant, who conceived this a very suitable prelude to their further search, "would it not be well, that the people join with us in prayer?"

"Well-a-day!" cried the old clergyman, staring strangely around him. "Art thou here with me, and none other? Verily, past times were present to me, and I deemed that I was to make a funeral prayer, as many a time hitherto, from the head of this staircase. Of a truth, I saw the shades of many that are gone. Yea, I have prayed at their burials, one after another, and the "Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet" hath seen them to their graves!"
layman advanced into the chamber, the Old Maid’s features assumed such a semblance of shifting expression, that they trusted to hear the whole mystery explained, by a single word. But it was only the shadow of a tattered curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight.

‘Both dead!’ said the venerable man. ‘Then who shall divulge the secret? Methinks it glimmers to-and-fro in my mind, like the light and shadow across the Old Maid’s face. And now it is gone!’
'And so, Peter, you won't even consider of the business?' said Mr. John Brown, buttoning his surtout over the snug rotundity of his person, and drawing on his gloves. 'You positively refuse to let me have this crazy old house, and the land under and adjoining, at the price named?'

'Neither at that, nor treble the sum,' responded the gaunt, grizzled, and threadbare Peter Goldthwaite. 'The fact is, Mr. Brown, you must find another site for your brick block, and be content to leave my estate with the present owner. Next summer, I intend to put a splendid new mansion over the cellar of the old house.'

'Pshaw, Peter!' cried Mr. Brown, as he opened the kitchen door; 'content yourself with building castles in the air, where house-lots are cheaper than on earth, to say nothing of the cost of bricks and mortar. Such foundations are solid enough for your edifices;
while this underneath us is just the thing for mine; and so we may both be suited. What say you, again?'

'Precisely what I said before, Mr. Brown,' answered Peter Goldthwaitc. 'And, as for castles in the air, mine may not be as magnificent as that sort of architecture, but perhaps as substantial, Mr. Brown, as the very respectable brick block with dry-goods stores, tailors' shops, and banking-rooms on the lower floor, and lawyers' offices in the second story, which you are so anxious to substitute.'

'And the cost, Peter, eh?' said Mr. Brown, as he withdrew, in something of a pet. 'That, I suppose, will be provided for, off-hand, by drawing a check on Bubble Bank!'

John Brown and Peter Goldthwaitc had been jointly known to the commercial world between twenty and thirty years before, under the firm of Goldthwaitc and Brown; which copartnership, however, was speedily dissolved, by the natural incongruity of its constituent parts. Since that event, John Brown, with exactly the qualities of a thousand other John Browns, and by just such plodding methods as they used, had prospered wonderfully, and become one of the wealthiest John Browns on earth. Peter Goldthwaitc, on the contrary, after innumerable schemes, which ought to have collected all the coin and paper currency of the country into his coffers, was as needy a gentleman as ever wore a patch upon his elbow. The contrast between him and his former partner may be briefly marked: for Brown never reckoned upon luck, yet always had it; while Peter made luck the main condition of his projects, and always missed it. While the means held out, his speculations had been magnificent, but were chiefly confined, of late years, to such small business as adventures in the lottery. Once, he had gone on a gold-gathering expedition, somewhere to the South, and ingeniously contrived to empty his pockets more thoroughly than ever; while others, doubtless, were filling theirs with native bullion by the handful. More recently, he had expended a legacy of a thousand or two of dollars in purchasing Mexican scrip, and thereby became the proprietor of a province; which, however, so far as Peter could find out, was situated where he might have had an empire for the same money,—in the clouds. From a search after this valuable real estate, Peter returned so gaunt and threadbare, that, on reaching New England, the scarecrows in the corn-fields beckoned to him, as he passed by. 'They did but flutter in the wind,' quoth Peter Goldthwaitc. No, Peter, they beckoned, for the scarecrows knew their brother!

At the period of our story, his whole visible income would not have paid the tax of the old mansion in which we find him. It was one of those rusty, moss-grown, many-peaked, wooden houses, which are scattered about the streets of our elder towns, with a beetle-browed second story projecting over the foundation, as if it frowned at the novelty around it. This old paternal edifice, needy as he was, and though, being centrally situated on the principal street of the town, it would have brought him a handsome sum, the sagacious Peter had his own reasons for never
parting with, either by auction or private sale. There seemed, indeed, to be a fatality that connected him with his birth-place; for, often as he had stood on the verge of ruin, and standing there even now, he had not yet taken the step beyond it, which would have compelled him to surrender the house to his creditors. So here he dwelt with bad luck till good should come.

Here, then, in his kitchen, the only room where a spark of fire took off the chill of a November evening, poor Peter Goldthwait had just been visited by his rich old partner. At the close of their interview, Peter, with rather a mortified look, glanced downwards at his dress, parts of which appeared as ancient as the days of Goldthwait and Brown. His upper garment was a mixed surtout, wofully faded, and patched with newer stuff on each elbow; beneath this, he wore a threadbare black coat, some of the silk buttons of which had been replaced with others of a different pattern; and, lastly, though he lacked not a pair of gray pantaloons, they were very shabby ones, and had been partially turned brown, by the frequent toasting of Peter's shins before a scanty fire. Peter's person was in keeping with his dandy apparel. Gray-headed, hollow-eyed, pale-cheeked, and lean-bodied, he was the perfect picture of a man who had fed on windy schemes and empty hopes, till he could neither live on such unwholesome trash, nor stomach more substantial food. But, withal, this Peter Goldthwait, crack-brained simpleton as, perhaps, he was, might have cut a very brilliant figure in the world, had he employed his imagination in the airy business of poetry, instead of making it a demon of mischief in mercantile pursuits. After all, he was no bad fellow, but as harmless as a child, and as honest and honorable, and as much of the gentleman which nature meant him for, as an irregular life and depressed circumstances will permit any man to be.

As Peter stood on the uneven bricks of his hearth, looking round at the disconsolate old kitchen, his eyes began to kindle with the illumination of an enthusiasm that never long deserted him. He raised his hand, clenched it, and smote it energetically against the smoky pane over the fireplace.

"The time is come!" said he. "With such a treasure at command, it were folly to be a poor man any longer. To-morrow morning I will begin with the garret, nor desist till I have torn the house down!"

Deep in the chimney-corner, like a witch in a dark cavern, sat a little old woman, mending one of the two pairs of stockings wherewith Peter Goldthwait kept his toes from being frost-bitten. As the feet were ragged past all mending, she had cut pieces out of a cast-off flannel petticoat, to make new soles. Tabitha Porter was an old maid, upwards of sixty years of age, fifty-five of which she had sat in that same chimney-corner, such being the length of time since Peter's grandfather had taken her from the almshouse. She had no friend but Peter, nor Peter any friend but Tabitha; so long as Peter might have a shelter for his own head, Tabitha would know...
where to shelter her; or, being homeless elsewhere, she would take her master by the hand, and bring him to her native home, the almshouse. Should it ever be necessary, she loved him well enough to feed him with her last morsel, and clothe him with her under-petticoat. But Tabitha was a queer old woman, and, though never infected with Peter's flightiness, had become so accustomed to his freaks and follies, that she viewed them all as matters of course. Hearing him threaten to tear the house down, she looked quietly up from her work.

"Best leave the kitchen till the last, Mr. Peter," said she.

"The sooner we have it all down the better," said Peter Goldthwait. "I am tired to death of living in this cold, dark, windy, smoky, creaking, groaning, dismal old house. I shall feel like a younger man, when we get into my splendid brick mansion, as, please Heaven, we shall, by this time next autumn. You shall have a room on the sunny side, old Tabby, finished and furnished as best may suit your own notions."

"I should like it pretty much such a room as this kitchen," answered Tabitha. "It will never be like home to me, till the chimney-corner gets as black with smoke as this; and that won't be these hundred years. How much do you mean to lay out on the house, Mr. Peter?"

"What is that to the purpose?" exclaimed Peter, loftily. "Did not my great-grand-uncle, Peter Goldthwait, who died seventy years ago, and whose name-
story to cause the cellar to be dug over. Peter himself chose to consider the legend as an indisputable truth, and, amid his many troubles, had this one consolation, that, should all other resources fail, he might build up his fortunes by tearing his house down. Yet, unless he felt a lurking distrust of the golden tale, it is difficult to account for his permitting the paternal roof to stand so long, since he had never yet seen the moment, when his predecessor's treasure would not have found plenty of room in his own strong box. But, now was the crisis. Should he delay the search a little longer, the house would pass from the lineal heir, and with it the vast heap of gold, to remain in its burial-place, till the ruin of the aged walls should discover it to strangers of a future generation.

'Yes!' cried Peter Goldthwaite, again; 'to-morrow I will set about it.'

The deeper he looked at the matter, the more certain of success grew Peter. His spirits were naturally so elastic, that, even now, in the blasted autumn of his age, he could often compete with the spring-time gaiety of other people. Enlivened by his brightening prospects, he began to caper about the kitchen like a hobgoblin, with the queerest antics of his lean limbs, and gesticulations of his starved features. Nay, in the exuberance of his feelings, he seized both of Tabitha's hands, and danced the old lady across the floor, till the oddity of her rheumatic motions set him into a roar of laughter, which was echoed back from the rooms and chambers, as if Peter Goldthwaite were laughing in every one. Finally, he bounded upward, almost out of sight, into the smoke that clouded the roof of the kitchen, and, alighting safely on the floor again, endeavored to resume his customary gravity.

'To-morrow,' he repeated, taking his lamp, to retire to bed, 'I'll see whether this treasure be hid in the wall of the garret.'

'And, as we're out of wood, Mr. Peter,' said Tabitha, puffing and panting with her late gymnastics, 'as fast as you tear the house down, I'll make a fire with the pieces.'

Gorgeous, that night, were the dreams of Peter Goldthwaite! At one time, he was turning a ponderous key in an iron door, not unlike the door of a sepulchre, but which, being opened, disclosed a vault, heaped up with gold coin, as plentifully as golden corn in a granary. There were chased goblets, also, and tureens, salvers, dinner-dishes, and dish-covers, of gold, or silver-gilt, besides chains and other jewels, incalculably rich, though tarnished with the damps of the vault; and, of all the wealth that was irrevocably lost to man, whether buried in the earth, or sunk in the sea, Peter Goldthwaite had found it in this one treasure-place. Anon, he had returned to the old house, as poor as ever, and was received at the door, by the gaunt and grizzled figure of a man, whom he might have mistaken for himself, only that his garments were of a much elder fashion. But the house, without losing its former aspect, had been changed into a palace of the precious metals. The floors,
walls, and ceilings, were of burnished silver; the
doors, the window-frames, the cornices, the balus-
trades, and the steps of the stair-case, of pure gold;
and silver, with gold bottoms, were the chairs, and
gold, standing on silver legs, the high chests of
drawers, and silver the bedsteads, with blankets of
woven gold, and sheets of silver tissue. The house
had evidently been transmuted by a single touch;
for it retained all the marks that Peter remembered,
but in gold or silver, instead of wood; and the initials
of his name, which, when a boy, he had cut in the
wooden door-post, remained as deep in the pillar of
gold. A happy man would have been Peter Gold-
thwaite, except for a certain ocular deception, which,
whenever he glanced backward, caused the house to
darken from its glittering magnificence into the sordid
gloom of yesterday.

Up, betimes, rose Peter, seized an axe, hammer,
and saw, which he had placed by his bedside, and
hied him to the garret. It was but scantily lighted
up, as yet, by the frosty fragments of a sunbeam,
which began to glimmer through the almost opaque
eyes of the window. A moralizer might find
abundant themes for his speculative and impracti-

cable wisdom, in a garret. There is the limbo of
departed fashions, aged trifles of a day, and whatever
was valuable only to one generation of men, and
which passed to the garret when that generation
passed to the grave, not for safe keeping, but to be
out of the way. Peter saw piles of yellow and musty
account-books, in parchment covers, wherein credit-
ors, long dead and buried, had written the names of
dead and buried debtors, in ink now so faded, that
their moss-grown tombstones were more legible. He
found old, moth-eaten garments, all in rags and tatt-
ters, or Peter would have put them on. Here was a
naked and rusty sword, not a sword of service, but a
gentleman's small French rapier, which had never left
its scabbard till it lost it. Here were canes of twenty
different sorts, but no gold-headed ones, and shoe-
buckles of various pattern and material, but not
silver, nor set with precious stones. Here was a
large box full of shoes, with high heels and peaked
toes. Here, on a shelf, were a multitude of phials,
half filled with old apothecaries' stuff, which, when
the other half had done its business on Peter's ances-
tors, had been brought hither from the death-cham-
ber. Here,—not to give a longer inventory of arti-
cles that will never be put up at auction,—was the
fragment of a full-length looking-glass, which, by the
dust and dimness of its surface, made the picture of
these old things look older than the reality. When
Peter, not knowing that there was a mirror there,
cought the faint traces of his own figure, he partly
imagined that the former Peter Goldthwaite had come
back, either to assist or impede his search for the
hidden wealth. And at that moment a strange no-
tion glimmered through his brain, that he was the
identical Peter who had concealed the gold, and
ought to know whereabout it lay. This, however,
he had unaccountably forgotten.

"Well, Mr. Peter!" cried Tabitha, on the garret
stairs. 'Have you torn the house down enough to beat the tea-kettle?'

'Not yet, old Tabby,' answered Peter; 'but that's soon done,—as you shall see.'

With the word in his mouth, he uplifted the axe, and laid about him so vigorously, that the dust flew, the boards crashed, and, in a twinkling, the old woman had an apron full of broken rubbish.

'We shall get our winter's wood cheap,' quoth Tabitha.

The good work being thus commenced, Peter beat down all before him, smiting and hewing at the joists and timbers, unclenching spike-nails, ripping and tearing away boards, with a tremendous racket, from morning till night. He took care, however, to leave the outside shell of the house untouched, so that the neighbors might not suspect what was going on.

Never, in any of his vagaries, though each had made him happy while it lasted, had Peter been happier than now. Perhaps, after all, there was something in Peter Goldthwaite's turn of mind, which brought him an inward recompense for all the external evil that it caused. If he were poor, ill clad, even hungry, and exposed, as it were, to be utterly annihilated by a precipice of impending ruin, yet only his body remained in these miserable circumstances, while his aspiring soul enjoyed the sunshine of a bright futurity. It was his nature to be always young, and the tendency of his mode of life to keep him so. Gray hairs were nothing, no, nor wrinkles, nor infirmity; he might look old, indeed, and be somewhat disagreeably connected with a gaunt old figure, much the worse for wear; but the true, the essential Peter, was a young man of high hopes, just entering on the world. At the kindling of each new fire, his burnt-out youth rose afresh from the old embers and ashes. It rose exulting now. Having lived thus long,—not too long, but just to the right age,—a susceptible bachelor, with warm and tender dreams, he resolved, so soon as the hidden gold should flash to light, to go a wooing, and win the love of the fairest maid in town. What heart could resist him? Happy Peter Goldthwaite!

Every evening,—as Peter had long absented himself from his former lounging-places, at insurance offices, news-rooms, and bookstores, and as the honor of his company was seldom requested in private circles,—he and Tabitha used to sit down sociably by the kitchen hearth. This was always heaped plentifully with the rubbish of his day's labor. As the foundation of the fire, there would be a goodly sized backlog of red oak, which, after being sheltered from rain or damp above a century, still hissed with the heat, and distilled streams of water from each end, as if the tree had been cut down within a week or two. Next, there were large sticks, sound, black and heavy, which had lost the principle of decay, and were indestructible except by fire, wherein they glowed like red-hot bars of iron. On this solid basis, Tabitha would rear a lighter structure, composed of the splinters of door-panels, ornamented mouldings,
and such quick combustibles, which caught like straw, and threw a brilliant blaze high up the spacious flue, making its sooty sides visible almost to the chimney-top. Meantime, the gloom of the old kitchen would be chased out of the cob-webbed corners, and away from the dusty cross-beams overhead, and driven nobody could tell whither, while Peter smiled like a gladsome man, and Tabitha seemed a picture of comfortable age. All this, of course, was but an emblem of the bright fortune, which the destruction of the house would shed upon its occupants.

While the dry pine was flaming and crackling, like an irregular discharge of fairy musketry, Peter sat looking and listening, in a pleasant state of excitement. But, when the brief blaze and uproar were succeeded by the dark red glow, the substantial heat, and the deep singing sound, which were to last throughout the evening, his humor became talkative. One night, the hundredth time, he teased Tabitha to tell him something new about his great-grand-uncle.

'You have been sitting in that chimney-corner fifty-five years, old Tabby, and must have heard many a tradition about him,' said Peter. 'Did not you tell me, that, when you first came to the house, there was an old woman sitting where you sit now, who had been housekeeper to the famous Peter Goldthwaite?'

'So there was, Mr. Peter,' answered Tabitha; 'and she was near about a hundred years old. She used to say, that she and old Peter Goldthwaite had often spent a sociable evening by the kitchen fire,—pretty much as you and I are doing now, Mr. Peter.'

'The old fellow must have resembled me in more points than one,' said Peter, complacently, 'or he never would have grown so rich. But, methinks, he might have invested the money better than he did,—no interest!—nothing but good security!—and the house to be torn down to come at it! What made him hide it so snug, Tabby?'

'Because he could not spend it,' said Tabitha; 'for, as often as he went to unlock the chest, the Old Scratch came behind and caught his arm. The money, they say, was paid Peter out of his purse; and he wanted Peter to give him a deed of this house and land, which Peter swore he would not do.'

Just as I swore to John Brown, my old partner, exclaimed Peter. 'But this is all nonsense, Tabby! I can't believe the story.'

'Well, it may not be just the truth,' said Tabitha; 'for some folks say, that Peter did make over the house to the Old Scratch; and that's the reason it has always been so unlucky to them that lived in it. And as soon as Peter had given him the deed, the chest flew open, and Peter caught up a handful of the gold. But, lo and behold!—there was nothing in his fist but a parcel of old rags.'

'Pff! your tongue, you silly old Tabby!' cried Peter, in great wrath. 'They were as good golden guineas as ever bore the effigies of the king of England. It seems as if I could recollect the whole circumstance, and how I, or old Peter, or whoever it was, thrust in my hand, or his hand, and drew it out, all of a blaze with gold. Old rags, indeed!'
But it was not an old woman's legend that would discourage Peter Goldthwaite. All night long, he slept among pleasant dreams, and awoke at daylight with a joyous throb of the heart, which few are fortunate enough to feel, beyond their boyhood. Day after day, he labored hard, without wasting a moment, except at meal times, when Tabitha summoned him to the pork and cabbage, or such other sustenance as she had picked up, or Providence had sent them. Being a truly pious man, Peter never failed to ask a blessing; if the food were none of the best, then so much the more earnestly, as it was more needed; nor to return thanks, if the dinner had been scanty, yet for the good appetite, which was better than a sick stomach at a feast. Then did he hurry back to his toil, and, in a moment, was lost to sight in a cloud of dust from the old walls, though sufficiently perceptible to the ear, by the clatter which he raised in the midst of it. How enviable is the consciousness of being usefully employed! Nothing troubled Peter; or nothing but those 'phantoms of the mind, which seem like vague recollections, yet have also the aspect of presentiments.' He often paused, with his axe uplifted in the air, and said to himself, — 'Peter Goldthwaite, did you never strike this blow before?' — or — 'Peter, what need of tearing the whole house down? Think, a little while, and you will remember where the gold is hidden.' Days and weeks passed on; however, without any remarkable discovery. Sometimes, indeed, a lean, gray rat peeped forth at the lean, gray man, wondering what devil had got into the old house, which had always been so peaceable till now. And, occasionally, Peter sympathized with the sorrows of a female mouse, who had brought five or six pretty, little, soft, and delicate young ones into the world, just in time to see them crushed by its ruin. But, as yet, no treasure!

By this time, Peter, being as determined as Fate, and as diligent as Time, had made an end with the uppermost regions, and got down to the second story, where he was busy in one of the front chambers. It had formerly been the state bedchamber, and was honored by tradition as the sleeping apartment of Governor Dudley, and many other eminent guests. The treasure was gone. There were remnants of faded and tattered paper-hangings, but larger spaces of bare wall, ornamented with charcoal sketches, chiefly of people's heads in profile. These being specimens of Peter's youthful genius, it went more to his heart to obliterate them, than if they had been pictures on a church wall by Michael Angelo. One sketch, however, and that the best one, affected him differently. It represented a ragged man, partly supporting himself on a spade, and bending his lean body over a hole in the earth, with one hand extended to grasp something that he had found. But, close behind him, with a fiendish laugh on his features, appeared a figure with horns, a tufted tail, and a cloven hoof.

'Avast, Satan!' cried Peter. 'The man shall have his gold!'
Uplifting his axe, he hit the horned gentleman such a blow on the head, as not only demolished him, but the treasure-seeker also, and caused the whole scene to vanish like magic. Moreover, his axe broke quite through the plaster and laths, and discovered a cavity.

"Mercy on us, Mr. Peter, are you quarreling with the Old Scratch?" said Tabitha, who was seeking some fuel to put under the dinner pot.

Without answering the old woman, Peter broke down a further space of the wall, and laid open a small closet or cupboard, on one side of the fireplace, about breast-high from the ground. It contained nothing but a brass lamp, covered with verdigris, and a dusty piece of parchment. White Peter inspected the latter, Tabitha seized the lamp, and began to rub it with her apron.

"There is no use in rubbing it, Tabitha," said Peter. "It is not Aladdin's lamp, though I take it to be a token of as much luck. Look here, Tabby!"

Tabitha took the parchment, and held it close to her nose, which was saddled with a pair of iron-bound spectacles. But no sooner had she begun to puzzle over it, than she burst into a chuckling laugh, holding both her hands against her sides.

"You can’t make a fool of the old woman!" cried she. "This is your own handwriting, Mr. Peter! the same as in the letter you sent me from Mexico."

"There is certainly a considerable resemblance," said Peter, again examining the parchment. "But you know yourself, Tabby, that this closet must have been plastered up before you came to the house, or I came into the world. No; this is old Peter Goldthwaite’s writing; these columns of pounds, shillings, and pence, are his figures, denoting the amount of the treasure; and this, at the bottom, is, doubtless, a reference to the place of concealment. But the ink has either faded or peeled off, so that it is absolutely illegible. What a pity!"

"Well; this lamp is as good as new. That’s some comfort," said Tabitha.

"A lamp!" thought Peter. "That indicates light on my researches."

For the present, Peter felt more inclined to ponder on this discovery, than to resume his labors. After Tabitha had gone downstairs, he stood poring over the parchment, at one of the front windows, which was so obscured with dust, that the sun could barely throw an uncertain shadow of the casement across the floor. Peter forced it open, and looked out upon the great street of the town, while the sun looked in at his old house. The air, though mild, and even warm, thrilled Peter, as with a dash of water.

It was the first day of the January thaw. The snow lay deep upon the house-tops, but was rapidly dissolving into millions of water-drops, which sparkled downwards through the sunshine, with the noise of a summer shower beneath the caves. Along the street, the trodden snow was as hard and solid as a pavement of white marble, and had not yet grown moist, in the spring-like temperature. But, when Peter thrust forth his head, he saw that the inhabitants, if not the town, were already thawed out by this warm
day, after two or three weeks of winter weather. It gladdened him,—a gladness with a sigh breathing through it,—to see the stream of ladies, gliding along the slippery side-walks, with their red cheeks set off by quilted hoods, boas, and sable capes, like roses amidst a new kind of foliage. The sleigh-bells jingled to and fro continually, sometimes announcing the arrival of a sleigh from Vermont, laden with the frozen bodies of porkers, or sheep, and perhaps a deer or two; sometimes, of a regular market-man, with chickens, geese, and turkeys, comprising the whole colony of a barn-yard; and sometimes, of a farmer and his dame, who had come to town partly for the ride, partly to go a shopping, and partly for the sale of some eggs and butter. This couple rode in an old-fashioned square sleigh, which had served them twenty winters, and stood twenty summers in the sun, beside their door. Now, a gentleman and lady skinned the snow, in an elegant car, shaped somewhat like a cockle-shell. Now, a stage-sleigh, with its cloth curtains thrust aside to admit the sun, dashed rapidly down the street, whirling in and out among the vehicles that obstructed its passage. Now came, round a corner, the similitude of Noah’s ark, on runners, being an immense open sleigh, with seats for fifty people, and drawn by a dozen horses. This spacious receptacle was populous with merry maids and merry bachelors, merry girls and boys, and merry old folks, all alive with fun, and grinning to the full width of their mouths. They kept up a buzz of babbling voices and low laughter, and sometimes burst into a deep, joyous shout, which the spectators answered with three cheers, while a gang of roguish boys let drive their snowballs right among the pleasure-party. The sleigh passed on, and, when concealed by a bend of the street, was still audible by a distant cry of merriment.

Never had Peter beheld a livelier scene than was constituted by all these accessories: the bright sun; the flashing water-drops; the gleaming snow; the cheerful multitude; the variety of rapid vehicles; and the jingle-jangle of merry bells, which made the heart dance to their music. Nothing dismal was to be seen, except that peaked piece of antiquity, Peter Goldthwait’s house, which might well look sad externally, since such a terrible consumption was preying on its insides. And Peter’s gaunt figure, half visible in the projecting second story, was worthy of his house.

‘Peter! How goes it, friend Peter?’ cried a voice across the street, as Peter was drawing in his head. ‘Look out here, Peter!’

Peter looked, and saw his old partner, Mr. John Brown, on the opposite side-walk, portly and comfortable, with his furred cloak thrown open, disclosing a handsome surcoat beneath. His voice had directed the attention of the whole town to Peter Goldthwait’s window, and to the dusty scarecrow which appeared at it.

‘I say, Peter,’ cried Mr. Brown again, ‘what the devil are you about there, that I hear such a racket, whenever I pass by? You are repairing the old
house, I suppose,—making a new one of it,—eh?'

'Too late for that, I am afraid, Mr. Brown,' replied Peter. 'If I make it new, it will be new inside and out, from the cellar upwards.'

'Had not you better let me take the job?' said Mr. Brown, significantly.

'Not yet!' answered Peter, hastily shutting the window; for, ever since he had been in search of the treasure, he hated to have people stare at him.

As he drew back, ashamed of his outward poverty, yet proud of the secret wealth within his grasp, a haughty smile shone out on Peter's visage, with precisely the effect of the dim sunbeams in the squalid chamber. He endeavored to assume such a mien as his ancestor had probably worn, when he gloried in the building of a strong house for a home to many generations of his posterity. But the chamber was very dark to his snow-dazzled eyes, and very dismal too, in contrast with the living scene that he had just looked upon. His brief glimpse into the street had given him a forcible impression of the manner in which the world kept itself cheerful and prosperous, by social pleasures and an intercourse of business, while he, in seclusion, was pursuing an object that might possibly be a phantasm, by a method which most people would call madness. It is one great advantage of a gregarious mode of life, that each person rectifies his mind by other minds, and squares his conduct to that of his neighbors, so as seldom to be lost in eccentricity. Peter Goldthwaite had exposed himself to this influence, by merely looking out of the window. For a while, he doubted whether there were any hidden chest of gold, and, in that case, whether it was so exceedingly wise to tear the house down, only to be convinced of its non-existence.

But this was momentary. Peter, the Destroyer, resumed the task which fate had assigned him, nor faltered again, till it was accomplished. In the course of his search, he met with many things that are usually found in the ruins of an old house, and also with some that are not. What seemed most to the purpose, was a rusty key, which had been thrust into a chink of the wall, with a wooden label appended to the handle, bearing the initials, P. G. Another singular discovery was that of a bottle of wine, baked up in an old oven. A tradition ran in the family, that Peter's grandfather, a jovial officer in the old French war, had set aside many dozens of the precious liquor, for the benefit of tipplers then unborn. Peter needed no cordial to sustain his hopes, and therefore kept the wine to gladden his success. Many halfpence did he pick up, that had been lost through the cracks of the floor, and some few Spanish coins, and the half of a broken sixpence, which had doubtless been a love-token. There was likewise a silver coronation medal of George the Third. That old Peter Goldthwaite's strong box fled from one dark corner to another, or otherwise eluded the second Peter's clutches, till, should he seek much further, he must burrow into the earth.

We will not follow him in his triumphant progress,
step by step. Suffice it, that Peter worked like a steam engine, and finished, in that one winter, the job, which all the former inhabitants of the house, with time and the elements to aid them, had only half done in a century. Except the kitchen, every room and chamber was now gutted. The house was nothing but a shell,—the apparition of a house,—as unreal as the painted edifices of a theatre. It was like the perfect rind of a great cheese, in which a mouse had dwelt and nibbled, till it was a cheese no more. And Peter was the mouse.

What Peter had torn down, Tabitha had burnt up: for she wisely considered, that, without a house, they should need no wood to warm it; and therefore economy was nonsense. Thus the whole house might be said to have dissolved in smoke, and flown up among the clouds, through the great black flue of the kitchen chimney. It was an admirable parallel to the feat of the man who jumped down his own throat.

On the night between the last day of winter and the first of spring, every chink and cranny had been ransacked, except within the precincts of the kitchen. This fated evening was an ugly one. A snow-storm had set in some hours before, and was still driven and tossed about the atmosphere by a real hurricane, which fought against the house, as if the prince of the air, in person, were putting the final stroke to Peter's labors. The framework being so much weakened, and the inward props removed, it would have been no marvel, if, in some stronger wrestle of the blast, the rotten walls of the edifice, and all the peaked roofs,

had come crashing down upon the owner's head. He, however, was careless of the peril, but as wild and restless as the night itself, or as the flame that quivered up the chimney, at each roar of the tempestuous wind.

'The wine, Tabitha!' he cried. 'My grandfather's rich old wine! We will drink it now!'

Tabitha arose from her smoke-blackened bench in the chimney-corner, and placed the bottle before Peter, close beside the old brass lamp, which had likewise been the prize of his researches. Peter held it before his eyes, and looking through the liquid medium, beheld the kitchen illuminated with a golden glory, which also enveloped Tabitha, and gilded her silver hair, and converted her mean garments into robes of queenly splendor. It reminded him of his golden dream.

'Mr. Peter,' remarked Tabitha 'must the wine be drunk before the money is found?'

'The money is found!' exclaimed Peter, with a sort of fierceness. 'The chest is within my reach. I will not sleep, till I have turned this key in the rusty lock. But, first of all, let us drink!'

There being no corkscrew in the house, he smote the neck of the bottle with old Peter Goldthwaite's rusty key, and decapitated the sealed cork at a single blow. He then filled two little china teacups, which Tabitha had brought from the cupboard. So clear and brilliant was this aged wine, that it shone within the cups, and rendered the sprig of scarlet flowers, at the bottom of each, more distinctly visible, than
when there had been no wine there. Its rich and delicate perfume wasted itself round the kitchen.

"Drink, Tabitha!" cried Peter. "Blessings on the honest old fellow, who set aside this good liquor for you and me! And here's to Peter Goldthwaite's memory!"

"And good cause have we to remember him," quoth Tabitha, as she drank.

How many years, and through what changes of fortune, and various calamity, had that bottle hoarded up its effervescent joy, to be quaffed at last by two such boon companions! A portion of the happiness of a former age had been kept for them, and was now set free, in a crowd of rejoicing visions, to sport amid the storm and desolation of the present time. Until they have finished the bottle, we must turn our eyes elsewhere.

It so chanced, that, on this stormy night, Mr. John Brown found himself ill at ease, in his wire-cushioned arm-chair, by the glowing grate of anthracite, which heated his handsome parlor. He was naturally a good sort of a man, and kind and pitiful, whenever the misfortunes of others happened to reach his heart through the padded vest of his own prosperity. This evening, he had thought much about his old partner, Peter Goldthwaite, his strange vagaries, and continual ill luck, the poverty of his dwelling, at Mr. Brown's last visit, and Peter's crazed and haggard aspect, when he had talked with him at the window.

"Poor fellow!" thought Mr. John Brown. "Poor, crackbrained Peter Goldthwaite! For old acquaintance's sake, I ought to have taken care that he was comfortable, this rough winter."

These feelings grew so powerful, that, in spite of the inclement weather, he resolved to visit Peter Goldthwaite immediately. The strength of the impulse was really singular. Every shriek of the blast seemed a summons, or would have seemed so, had Mr. Brown been accustomed to hear the echoes of his own fancy in the wind. Much amazed at such active benevolence, he huddled himself in his cloak, muffled his throat and ears in comforters and handkerchiefs, and thus fortified, bade defiance to the tempest. But, the powers of the air had rather the best of the battle. Mr. Brown was just weathering the corner, by Peter Goldthwaite's house, when the hurricane caught him off his feet, tossed him face downward into a snow-bank, and proceeded to bury his protuberant part beneath fresh drifts. There seemed little hope of his reappearance, earlier than the next thaw. At the same moment, his hat was snatched away, and whirled aloft into some far distant region, whence no tidings have as yet returned.

Nevertheless Mr. Brown contrived to burrow a passage through the snow-drift, and, with his bare head bent against the storm, floundered onward to Peter's door. There was such a creaking, groaning, and rattling, and such an ominous shaking throughout the crazy edifice, that the loudest rap would have been inaudible to those within. He therefore entered, without ceremony, and groped his way to the kitchen.

His intrusion, even there, was unnoticed. Peter
and Tabitha stood with their backs to the door, stooping over a large chest, which, apparently, they had just dragged from a cavity, or concealed closet, on the left side of the chimney. By the lamp in the old woman's hand, Mr. Brown saw that the chest was barred and clamped with iron, strengthened with iron plates, and studded with iron nails, so as to be a fit receptacle in which the wealth of one century might be hoarded up for the wants of another. Peter Goldthwaite was inserting a key into the lock.

'Oh, Tabitha!' cried he, with tremulous rapture, 'how shall I endure the effulgence? The gold!—the bright, bright gold! Methinks I can remember my last glance at it, just as the iron-plated lid fell down. And ever since, being seventy years, it has been blazing in secret, and gathering its splendor against this glorious moment! It will flash upon us like the noon-day sun!'

'Oh, Tabby!' said Tabitha, with somewhat less patience than usual. 'But, for mercy's sake, do turn the key!'

And, with a strong effort of both hands, Peter did force the rusty key through the intricacies of the rusty lock. Mr. Brown, in the mean time, had drawn near, and thrust his eager visage between those of the other two, at the instant that Peter threw up the lid. No sudden blaze illuminated the kitchen.

'What's here?' exclaimed Tabitha, adjusting her spectacles, and holding the lamp over the open chest. 'Old Peter Goldthwaite's hoard of old rags."

'Pretty much so, Tabby,' said Mr. Brown, lifting a handful of the treasure.

Oh, what a ghost of dead and buried wealth had Peter Goldthwaite raised, to scare himself out of his scanty wits withal! Here was the semblance of an incalculable sum, enough to purchase the whole town, and build every street anew, but which, vast as it was, no sane man would have given a solid sixpence for. What then, in sober earnest, were the delusive treasures of the chest? Why, here were old provincial bills of credit, and treasury notes, and bills of land-banks, and all other bubbles of the sort, from the first issue, above a century and a half ago, down nearly to the Revolution. Bills of a thousand pounds were intermixed with parchment pennies, and worth no more than they.

'And this, then, is old Peter Goldthwaite's treasure!' said John Brown. 'Your namesake, Peter, was something like yourself; and, when the provincial currency had depreciated fifty or seventy-five per cent, he bought it up, in expectation of a rise. I have heard my grandfather say, that old Peter gave his father a mortgage of this very house and land, to raise cash for his silly project. But the currency kept sinking, till nobody would take it as a gift; and there was old Peter Goldthwaite, like Peter the second, with thousands in his strong-box, and hardly a coat to his back. He went mad upon the strength of it. But, never mind, Peter! It is just the sort of capital for building castles in the air.'

'The house will be down about our ears!' cried Tabitha, as the wind shook it with increasing violence.
"Let it fall!" said Peter, folding his arms, as he seated himself upon the chest.

"No, no, my old friend Peter," said John Brown. "I have house-room for you and Tabby, and a safe vault for the chest of treasure. To-morrow we will try to come to an agreement about the sale of this old house. Real estate is well up, and I could afford you a pretty handsome price."

"And I," observed Peter Goldthwaite, with reviving spirits, "have a plan for laying out the cash to great advantage."

"Why, as to that," muttered John Brown to himself, "we must apply to the next court for a guardian to take care of the solid cash; and if Peter insists upon speculating, he may do it, to his heart's content, with old Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure."
CHIPPINGS WITH A CHISEL.

Passing a summer, several years since, at Edgartown, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, I became acquainted with a certain carver of tomb-stones, who had travelled and voyaged thither from the interior of Massachusetts, in search of professional employment. The speculation had turned out so successful, that my friend expected to transmute slate and marble into silver and gold to the amount of at least a thousand dollars, during the few months of his sojourn at Nantucket and the Vineyard. The secluded life, and the simple and primitive spirit which still characterize the inhabitants of those islands, especially of Martha's Vineyard, insure their dead friends a longer and dearer remembrance than the daily novelty, and revolving bustle of the world, can elsewhere afford to beings of the past. Yet while every family is anxious to erect a memorial to its departed members, the untainted breath of ocean bestows such health and length of days upon...
the people of the isles, as would cause a melancholy
dearth of business to a resident artist in that line.
His own monument, recording his decease by starva­
tion, would probably be an early specimen of his skill.
Grave-stones, therefore, have generally been an article
of imported merchandise.
In my walks through the burial-ground of Edgar­
town — where the dead have lain so long that the
soil, once enriched by their decay, has returned to its
original barrenness — in that ancient burial-ground I
noticed much variety of monumental sculpture. The
elder stones, dated a century back, or more, have bor­
ders elaborately carved with flowers, and are adorned
with a multiplicity of death's-heads, cross-bones,
scythes, hour-glasses, and other lugubrious emblems
of mortality, with here and there a winged cherub to
direct the mourner's spirit upward. These productions
of Gothic taste must have been quite beyond the co­
lonial skill of the day, and were probably carved in
London, and brought across the ocean to commemo­
rate the defunct worthies of this lonely isle. The
more recent monuments are mere slabs of slate, in
the ordinary style, without any superfluous flourishes
to set off the bald inscriptions. But others — and
those far the most impressive, both to my taste and
feelings — were roughly hewn from the gray rocks of
the island, evidently by the unskilled hands of survi­
viving friends and relatives. On some there were
merely the initials of a name; some were inscribed
with misspelt prose or rhyme, in deep letters, which
the moss and wintry rain of many years had not been

able to obliterate. These, these were graves where
loved ones slept! It is an old theme of satire, the
falsehood and vanity of monumental eulogies; but
when affection and sorrow grave the letters with their
own painful labor, then we may be sure that they
copy from the record on their hearts.
My acquaintance, the sculptor — he may share
that title with Greenough, since the dauber of signs is
a painter as well as Raphael — had found a ready
market for all his blank slabs of marble, and full oc­
cupation in lettering and ornamenting them. He
was an elderly man, a descendant of the old Puritan
family of Wigglesworth, with a certain simplicity and
singleness, both of heart and mind, which, methinks,
is more rarely found among us Yankees than in any
other community of people. In spite of his gray head
and wrinkled brow, he was quite like a child in all mat­
ters save what had some reference to his own busi­
ness; he seemed, unless my fancy misled me, to view
mankind in no other relation than as people in want
of tomb-stones; and his literary attainments evidently
comprehended very little, either of prose or poetry,
which had not, at one time or other, been inscribed
on slate or marble. His sole task and office among
the immortal pilgrims of the tomb — the duty for
which Providence had sent the old man into the world,
as it were with a chisel in his hand — was to label the
dead bodies, lest their names should be forgotten at
the resurrection. Yet he had not failed, within a nar­
row scope, to gather a few sprigs of earthly, and more
than earthly, wisdom, — the harvest of many a grave.
And lugubrious as his calling might appear, he was as cheerful an old sotil as health, and integrity, and lack of care, could make him, and used to set to work upon one sorrowful inscription or another with that sort of spirit which impels a man to sing at his labor. On the whole, I found Mr. Wigglesworth an entertaining, and often instructive, if not an interesting character; and partly for the charm of his society, and still more because his work has an invariable attraction for "man that is born of woman," I was accustomed to spend some hours a day at his workshop.

The quaintness of his remarks, and their not infrequent truth—a truth condensed and pointed by the limited sphere of his view—gave a raciness to his talk, which mere worldliness and general cultivation would at once have destroyed. Sometimes we would discuss the respective merits of the various qualities of marble, numerous slabs of which were resting against the walls of the shop; or sometimes an hour or two would pass quietly, without a word on either side, while I watched how neatly his chisel struck out letter after letter of the names of the Nortons, the Mayhews, the Luceys, the Daggets, and other immemorial families of the Vineyard. Often, with an artist's pride, the good old sculptor would speak of favorite productions of his skill, which were scattered throughout the village grave-yards of New England. But my chief and most instructive amusement was to witness his interviews with his customers, who held interminable consultations about the form and fashion of the desired monuments, the buried excellence to be commemorated, the anguish to be expressed, and finally, the lowest price in dollars and cents for which a marble transcript of their feelings might be obtained. Really, my mind received many fresh ideas, which, perhaps, may remain in it even longer than Mr. Wigglesworth's hardest marble will retain the deepest strokes of his chisel.

An elderly lady came to bespeak a monument for her first-love, who had been killed by a whale in the Pacific Ocean no less than forty years before. It was singular that so strong an impression of early feeling should have survived through the changes of her subsequent life, in the course of which she had been a wife and a mother, and, so far as I could judge, a comfortable and happy woman. Reflecting within myself, it appeared to me that this life-long sorrow—as, in all good faith, she deemed it—was one of the most fortunate circumstances of her history. It had given an ideality to her mind; it had kept her purer and less earthly than she would otherwise have been, by drawing a portion of her sympathies apart from earth. Amid the throng of enjoyments, and the pressure of worldly care, and all the warm materialism of this life, she had communed with a vision, and had been the better for such intercourse. Faithful to the husband of her maturity, and loving him with a far more real affection than she ever could have felt for this dream of her girlhood, there had still been an imaginative faith to the ocean-buried, so that an ordinary character had thus been elevated and refined. Her sighs had been the breath of Heaven to her soul. The
good lady earnestly desired that the proposed monument should be ornamented with a carved border of marine plants, intertwined with twisted sea-shells, such as were probably waving over her lover's skeleton, or strewn around it, in the far depths of the Pacific. But Mr. Wigglesworth's chisel being inadequate to the task, she was forced to content herself with a rose, hanging its head from a broken stem. After her departure I remarked that the symbol was none of the most apt.

'And yet,' said my friend the sculptor, embodying in this image the thoughts that had been passing through my own mind, 'that broken rose has shed its sweet smell through forty years of the good woman's life.'

It was seldom that I could find such pleasant food for contemplation as in the above instance. None of the applicants, I think, affected me more disagreeably than an old man who came, with his fourth wife hanging on his arm, to bespeak grave-stones for the three former occupants of his marriage-bed. I watched with some anxiety to see whether his remembrance of either were more affectionate than of the other two, but could discover no symptom of the kind. The three monuments were all to be of the same material and form, and each decorated, in bas-relief, with two weeping willows, one of these sympathetic trees bending over its fellow, which was to be broken in the midst and rest upon a sepulchral urn. This, indeed, was Mr. Wigglesworth's standing emblem of conjugal bereavement. I shuddered at the gray polygamist, who had so utterly lost the holy sense of individuality in wedlock,
a sympathy with the dust of the grave; and, by the very strength of that sympathy, the wife of the dead shrinks the more sensitively from reminding the world of its existence. The link is already strong enough; it needs no visible symbol. And, though a shadow walks ever by her side, and the touch of a chill hand is on her bosom, yet life, and perchance its natural yearnings, may still be warm within her, and inspire her with new hopes of happiness. Then would she mark out the grave, the scent of which would be perceptible on the pillow of the second bridal? No—but rather level its green mound with the surrounding earth, as if, when she dug up again her buried heart, the spot had ceased to be a grave. Yet, in spite of these sentimentalities, I was prodigiously amused by an incident of which I had not the good fortune to be a witness, but which Mr. Wigglesworth related with considerable humor. A gentlewoman of the town, receiving news of her husband's loss at sea, had spoken a handsome slab of marble, and came daily to watch the progress of my friend's chisel. One afternoon, when the good lady and the sculptor were in the very midst of the epitaph, which the departed spirit might have been greatly comforted to read, who should walk into the work-shop but the deceased himself, in substance as well as spirit! He had been picked up at sea, and stood in no present need of tomb-stone or epitaph.

"And how," inquired I, "did his wife bear the shock of joyful surprise?"

"Why," said the old man, deepening the grin of
seems so vague and inexpressive, unless interpreted by her. She makes the epitaph anew, though the selfsame words may have served for a thousand graves.

And yet, said I afterwards to Mr. Wigglesworth, 'they might have made a better choice than this. While you were discussing the subject, I was struck by at least a dozen simple and natural expressions from the lips of both mother and daughter. One of these would have formed an inscription equally original and appropriate.'

No, no,' replied the sculptor, shaking his head, 'there is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry; and so I always recommend them in preference to any new-fangled ones. And somehow, they seem to stretch to suit a great grief, and shrink to fit a small one.'

It was not seldom that ludicrous images were excited by what took place between Mr. Wigglesworth and his customers. A shrewd gentlewoman, who kept a tavern in the town, was anxious to obtain two or three grave-stones for the deceased members of her family, and to pay for these solemn commodities by taking the sculptor to board. Hereupon a fantasy arose in my mind, of good Mr. Wigglesworth sitting down to dinner at a broad, flat tomb-stone, carving one of his own plump little marble cherubs, gnawing a pair of crossbones, and drinking out of a hollow death's-head, or perhaps a lacrymatory vase, or sepulchral urn; while his hostess's dead children waited on him at the ghastly banquet. On communicating this nonsensical picture to the old man, he laughed heartily, and pronounced my humor to be of the right sort.

'I have lived at such a table all my days,' said he, 'and eaten no small quantity of slate and marble.'

'Hard fare!' rejoined I, smiling; 'but you seemed to have found it excellent of digestion, too.'

A man of fifty, or thereabouts, with a harsh, unpleasant countenance, ordered a stone for the grave of his bitter enemy, with whom he had waged warfare half a lifetime, to their mutual misery and ruin. The secret of this phenomenon was, that hatred had become the sustenance and enjoyment of the poor wretch's soul; it had supplied the place of all kindly affections; it had been really a bond of sympathy between himself and the man who shared the passion; and when its object died, the unappeasable foe was the only mourner for the dead. He expressed a purpose of being buried side by side with his enemy.

'I doubt whether their dust will mingle,' remarked the old sculptor to me; 'for often there was an earthliness in his conceptions.

'Oh yes,' replied I, who had mused long upon the incident; 'and when they rise again, these bitter foes may find themselves dear friends. Methinks what they mistook for hatred was but love under a mask.'

A gentleman of antiquarian propensities provided a memorial for an Indian of Chabbiquidick, one of the few of untainted blood remaining in that region, and said to be an hereditary chieftain, descended from the sachem who welcomed Mayhew to the Vineyard. Mr. Wigglesworth exerted his best skill to carve a broken bow and scattered sheaf of arrows, in memory of the hunters and warriors whose race...
CHIPPINGS WITH A CHISEL.

was ended here; but he likewise sculptured a cherub, to denote that the poor Indian had shared the Christian's hope of immortality.

'Why,' observed I, taking a perverse view of the winged boy and the bow and arrows, 'it looks more like Cupid's tomb than an Indian chief's!'

'You talk nonsense,' said the sculptor, with the offended pride of art; he then added with his usual good-nature, 'how can Cupid die when there are such pretty maidens in the Vineyard?'

'Very true,' answered I,— and for the rest of the day I thought of other matters than tomb-stones.

At our next meeting I found him chiseling an open book upon a marble head-stone, and concluded that it was meant to express the erudition of some black-letter clergyman of the Cotton Mather school. It turned out, however, to be emblematical of the scriptural knowledge of an old woman who had never read anything but her Bible; and the monument was a tribute to her piety and good works, from the Orthodox Church, of which she had been a member. In strange contrast with this Christian woman's memorial, was that of an infidel, whose grave-stone, by his own direction, bore an avowal of his belief that the spirit within him would be extinguished like a flame, and that the nothingness whence he sprang would receive him again. Mr. Wigglesworth consulted me as to the propriety of enabling a dead man's dust to utter this dreadful creed.

'If I thought,' said he, 'that a single mortal would read the inscription without a shudder, my chisel should never cut a letter of it. But when the grave speaks such falsehoods, the soul of man will know the truth by its own horror.'

'So it will,' said I, struck by the idea of the poor infidel may strive to preach blasphemies from his grave; but it will be only another method of impressing the soul with a consciousness of immortality.

There was an old man by the name of Norton, noted throughout the island for his great wealth, which he had accumulated by the exercise of strong and shrewd faculties, combined with a most penurious disposition. This wretched miser, conscious that he had not a friend to be mindful of him in his grave, had himself taken the needful precautions for posthumous remembrance, by bespeaking an immense slab of white marble, with a long epitaph in raised letters, the whole to be as magnificent as Mr. Wigglesworth's skill could make it. There was something very characteristic in this contrivance to have his money's worth even from his own tomb-stone, which, indeed, afforded him more enjoyment in the few months that he lived thereafter, than it probably will in a whole century, now that it is laid over his bones. This incident reminds me of a young girl, a pale, slender, feeble creature, most unlike the other rosy and healthful damsels of the Vineyard, amid whose brightness she was fading away. Day after day did the poor maid come to the sculptor's shop, and pass from one piece of marble to another, till at last she penciled her name upon a slender slab, which, I think, was of a more spotless white than all the rest. I saw her no more, but soon after.
wards found Mr. Wigglesworth cutting her virgin name into the stone which she had chosen.

'She is dead—poor girl,' said he, interrupting the tune which he was whistling, and she chose a good piece of stuff for her head-stone. Now which of these slabs would you like best to see your own name upon?'

'Why, to tell you the truth, my good Mr. Wigglesworth,' replied I, after a moment's pause,—for the abruptness of the question had somewhat startled me,—'to be quite sincere with you, I care little or no-thing about a stone for my own grave, and am somewhat inclined to skepticism as to the propriety of erecting monuments at all, over the dust that once was human. The weight of these heavy marb-l-s, though unfelt by the dead corpse or the enfran-chised soul, presses drearily upon the spirit of the survivor, and causes him to connect the idea of death with the dungeon-like imprisonment of the tomb, instead of with the freedom of the skies. Every grave-stone that you ever made is the visible symbol of a mis-taken system. Our thoughts should soar upward with the butterfly—not linger with the c-cumber that con-fined him. In truth and reason, neither those whom we call the living, and still less the departed, have anything to do with the grave.'

'I never heard anything so heathenish!' said Mr. Wigglesworth, perplexed and displeased at sentiments which controverted all his notions and feelings, and implied the utter waste, and worse, of his whole life's labor,—'would you forget your dead friends, the moment they are under the sod!'
THE SHAKER BRIDAL.
THE SHAKER BRIDAL.

One day, in the sick chamber of Father Ephraim, who had been forty years the presiding elder over the Shaker settlement at Goshen, there was an assembly of several of the chief men of the sect. Individuals had come from the rich establishment at Lebanon, from Canterbury, Harvard, and Alfred, and from all the other localities, where this strange people have fertilized the rugged hills of New England by their systematic industry. An elder was likewise there, who had made a pilgrimage of a thousand miles from a village of the faithful in Kentucky, to visit his spiritual kindred, the children of the sainted Mother Ann. He had partaken of the homely abundance of their tables, had quaffed the far-famed Shaker cider, and had joined in the sacred dance, every step of which is believed to alienate the enthusiast from earth, and bear him onward to heavenly purity and bliss. His brethren of the north had now
courteously invited him to be present on an occasion, when the concurrence of every eminent member of their community was peculiarly desirable.

The venerable Father Ephraim sat in his easy-chair, not only hoary-headed and infirm with age, but worn down by a lingering disease, which, it was evident, would very soon transfer his patriarchal staff to other hands. At his footstool stood a man and woman, both clad in the Shaker garb.

"My brethren," said Father Ephraim to the surrounding elders, feebly exerting himself to utter these few words, "here are the son and daughter to whom I would commit the trust, of which Providence is about to lighten my weary shoulders. Read their faces, I pray you, and say whether the inward movement of the spirit hath guided my choice aright."

Accordingly, each elder looked at the two candidates with a most scrutinizing gaze. The man, whose name was Adam Colburn, had a face sunburnt with labor in the fields, yet intelligent, thoughtful, and traced with cares enough for a whole lifetime, though he had barely reached middle age. There was something severe in his aspect, and a rigidity throughout his person, characteristics that caused him generally to be taken for a schoolmaster; which vocation, in fact, he had formerly exercised for several years. The woman, Martha Pierson, was somewhat above thirty, thin and pale, as a Shaker sister almost invariably is, and not entirely free from that corpse-like appearance, which the garb of the sisterhood is so well calculated to impart.

"This pair are still in the summer of their years," observed the elder from Harvard, a shrewd old man. "I would like better to see the hoar frost of autumn on their heads. Methinks, also, they will be exposed to peculiar temptations, on account of the carnal desires which have heretofore subsisted between them."

"Nay, brother," said the elder from Canterbury, "the hoar frost, and the black frost, hath done its work on Brother Adam and Sister Martha, even as we sometimes discern its traces in our cornfields, while they are yet green. And why should we question the wisdom of our venerable Father's purpose, although this pair, in their early youth, have loved one another as the world's people love? Are there not many brethren and sisters among us, who have lived long together in wedlock, yet, adopting our faith, find their hearts purified from all but spiritual affection?"

Whether or no the early loves of Adam and Martha had rendered it inexpedient that they should now preside together over a Shaker village, it was certainly most singular that such should be the final result of many warm and tender hopes. Children of neighboring families, their affection was older even than their school-days; it seemed an innate principle, interfused among all their sentiments and feelings, and not so much a distinct remembrance, as connected with their whole volume of remembrances. But, just as they reached a proper age for their union, misfortunes had fallen heavily on both, and made it necessary that they should resort to personal labor for
a bare subsistence. Even under these circumstances, Martha Pierson would probably have consented to unite her fate with Adam Colburn's, and, secure of the bliss of mutual love, would patiently have awaited the less important gifts of fortune. But Adam, being of a calm and cautious character, was loath to relinquish the advantages which a single man possesses for raising himself in the world. Year after year, therefore, their marriage had been deferred. Adam Colburn had followed many vocations, had traveled far, and seen much of the world and of life. Martha had earned her bread sometimes as a sempstress, sometimes as help to a farmer's wife, sometimes as schoolmistress of the village children, sometimes as a nurse or watcher of the sick, thus acquiring a varied experience, the ultimate use of which she little anticipated. But nothing had gone prosperously with either of the lovers; at no subsequent moment would matrimony have been so prudent a measure, as when they had first parted, in the opening bloom of life, to seek a better fortune. Still they had fasted their mutual faith. Martha might have been the wife of a man, who sat among the senators of his native state, and Adam could have won the hand, as he had unintentionally won the heart, of a rich and comely widow. But neither of them desired good fortune, save to share it with the other.

At length that calm despair, which occurs only in a strong and somewhat stubborn character, and yields to no second spring of hope, settled down on the spirit of Adam Colburn. He sought an interview with Martha, and proposed that they should join the Society of Shakers. The converts of this sect are oftener driven within its hospitable gates by worldly misfortune, than drawn thither by fanaticism, and are received without inquisition as to their motives. Martha, faithful still, had placed her hand in that of her lover, and accompanied him to the Shaker village. Here the natural capacity of each, cultivated and strengthened by the difficulties of their previous lives, had soon gained them an important rank in the Society, whose members are generally below the ordinary standard of intelligence. Their faith and feelings had, in some degree, become assimilated to those of their fellow-worshippers. Adam Colburn gradually acquired reputation, not only in the management of the temporal affairs of the Society, but as a clear and efficient preacher of their doctrines. Martha was not less distinguished in the duties proper to her sex. Finally, when the infirmities of Father Ephraim had admonished him to seek a successor in his patriarchal office, he thought of Adam and Martha, and proposed to renew, in their persons, the primitive form of Shaker government, as established by Mother Ann. They were to be the Father and Mother of the village. The simple ceremony, which would constitute them such, was now to be performed.

'Son Adam, and daughter Martha,' said the venerable Father Ephraim, fixing his aged eyes piercingly upon them, 'if ye can conscientiously undertake this charge, speak, that the brethren may not doubt of your fitness.'

'Father,' replied Adam, speaking with the calm-
ness of his character, "I came to your village a disappointed man, weary of the world, worn out with continual trouble, seeking only a security against evil fortune, as I had no hope of good. Even my wishes of worldly success were almost dead within me. I came hither as a man might come to a tomb, willing to lie down in its gloom and coldness, for the sake of its peace and quiet. There was but one earthly affection in my breast, and it had grown calmer since my youth; so that I was satisfied to bring Martha to be my sister, in our new abode. We are brother and sister; nor would I have it otherwise. And in this peaceful village I have found all that I hope for,—all that I desire. I will strive, with my best strength, for the spiritual and temporal good of our community. My conscience is not doubtful in this matter. I am ready to receive the trust."

"Thou hast spoken well, son Adam," said the Father. "God will bless thee in the office which I am about to resign."

"But our sister!" observed the elder from Harvard; "hath she not likewise a gift to declare her sentiments?"

Martha started, and moved her lips, as if she would have made a formal reply to this appeal. But, had she attempted it, perhaps the old recollections, the long-repressed feelings of childhood, youth, and womanhood, might have gushed from her heart, in words that it would have been profanation to utter there.

"Adam has spoken," said she, hurriedly; "his sentiments are likewise mine."
her as she looked round at those strange old men, and from them to the calm features of Adam Colburn.

But perceiving that the elders eyed her doubtfully, she gasped for breath, and again spoke.

"With what strength is left me by my many troubles," said she, "I am ready to undertake this charge, and to do my best in it."

"My children, join your hands," said Father Ephraim.

They did so. The elders stood up around, and the Father feebly raised himself to a more erect position, but continued sitting in his great chair.

"I have bidden you to join your hands," said he, "not in earthly affection, for ye have cast off its chains or curse, but as brother and sister in spiritual love, and helpers of one another in your allotted task. Teach unto others the faith which ye have received. Open wide your gates,—I deliver you the keys thereof,—open them wide to all who will give up the iniquities of the world, and come hither to lead lives of purity and peace. Receive the weary ones, who have known the vanity of earth,—receive the little children, that they may never learn that miserable lesson. And a blessing be upon your labors; so that the time may hasten on, when the mission of Mother Ann shall have wrought its full effect,—when children shall no more be born and die, and the last survivor of mortal race, some old and weary man like me, shall see the sun go down, never more to rise on a world of sin and sorrow."

The aged Father sank back exhausted and the surrounding elders deemed, with good reason, that the hour was come, when the new heads of the village must enter on their patriarchal duties. In their attention to Father Ephraim, their eyes were turned from Martha Pierson, who grew paler and paler, unnoticed even by Adam Colburn. He, indeed, had withdrawn his hand from hers, and folded his arms with a sense of satisfied ambition. But paler and paler grew Martha by his side, till, like a corpse in its burial clothes, she sank down at the feet of her early lover; for, after many trials firmly borne, her heart could endure the weight of its desolate agony no longer.
NIGHT SKETCHES.
Pleasant is a rainy winter’s day, within doors! The best study for such a day, or the best amusement, — call it which you will, — is a book of travels, describing scenes the most unlike that sombre one, which is mistily presented through the windows, I have experienced, that fancy is then most successful in imparting distinct shapes and vivid colors to the objects which the author has spread upon his page, and that his words become magic spells to summon up a thousand varied pictures. Strange landscapes glimmer through the familiar walls of the room, and outlandish figures thrust themselves almost within the sacred precincts of the hearth. Small as my chamber is, it has space enough to contain the ocean-like circumference of an Arabian desert, its parched sands tracked by the long line of a caravan, with the camels patiently journeying through the heavy sunshine. Though my ceiling be not lofty, yet I can
pile up the mountains of Central Asia beneath it, till their summits shine far above the clouds of the middle atmosphere. And, with my humble means, a wealth that is not taxable, I can transport hither the magnificent merchandise of an Oriental bazaar, and call a crowd of purchasers from distant countries, to pay a fair profit for the precious articles which are displayed on all sides. True it is, however, that amid the bustle of traffic, or whatever else may scent to be going on around me, the rain-drops will occasionally be heard to patter against my window-panes, which look forth upon one of the quietest streets in a New England town. After a time, too, the visions vanish, and will not appear again at my bidding. Then, it being nightfall, a gloomy sense of unreality depresses my spirits, and impels me to venture out, before the clock shall strike bedtime, to satisfy myself that the world is not entirely made up of such shadowy materials, as have busied me throughout the day. A dreamer may dwell so long among fantasies, that the things without him will seem as unreal as those within.

When eve has fairly set in, therefore, I sally forth, tightly buttoning my shaggy over-coat, and hoisting my umbrella, the silken dome of which immediately resounds with the heavy drumming of the invisible rain-drops. Pausing on the lowest door-step, I contrast the warmth and cheerfulness of my deserted fireside, with the drear obscurity and chill discomfort, into which I am about to plunge. Now come fearful auguries, innumerable as the drops of rain. Did not my manhood cry shame upon me, I should turn back within doors, resume my elbow-chair, my slippers, and my book, pass such an evening of sluggish enjoyment as the day has been, and go to bed inglorious. The same shivering reluctance, no doubt, has quelled, for a moment, the adventurous spirit of many a traveller, whose feet, which were destined to measure the earth around, were leaving their last tracks in the home-paths.

In my own case, poor human nature may be allowed a few misgivings. I look upward, and discern no sky, not even an unfathomable void, but only a black, impenetrable nothingness, as though heaven and all its lights were blotted from the system of the universe. It is as if nature were dead, and the world had put on black, and the clouds were weeping for her. With their tears upon my cheek, I turn my eyes earthward, but find little consolation here below. A lamp is burning dimly at the distant corner, and throws just enough of light along the street, to show, and exaggerate by so faintly showing, the perils and difficulties which beset my path. Yonder dingily white remnant of a huge snowbank, — which will yetumber the sidewalk till the latter days of March, — over or through that wintry waste must I stride onward. Beyond, lies a certain Slough of Despond, a concoction of mud and liquid filth, ankle-deep, leg-deep, neck-deep, — in a word, of unknown bottom, — on which the lamp-light does not even glimmer, but which I have occasionally watched, in the gradual growth of its horrors, from morn till nightfall. Should I floun-
der into its depths, farewell to upper earth! And
bark! how roughly resounds the roaring of a stream,
the turbulent current of which is partially reddened
by the gleam of the lamp, but elsewhere brawls
noisily through the densest gloom. Oh, should I be
swept away in fording that impetuous and unclean
torrent, the coroner will have a job with an unfortu-
nate gentleman, who would fain end his troubles any-
where but in a mud-puddle!

Pshaw! I will linger not another instant at arm's
length from these dim terrors, which grow more ob-
scurely formidable, the longer I delay to grapple with
them. Now for the onset! And lo! with little dam-
age, save a dash of rain in the face and breast, a
splash of mud high up the pantaloons, and the left
boot full of ice-cold water, behold me at the corner
of the street. The lamp throws down a circle of
red light around me; and, twinkling onward from
corner to corner, I discern other beacons, marshalling
my way to a brighter scene. But this is a lonesome
and dreary spot. The tall edifices bid gloomy defi-
ance to the storm, with their blinds all closed, even
as a man winks when he faces a spattering gust.
How loudly tinkles the collected rain down the tin
spouts! The puffs of wind are boisterous, and seem
to assail me from various quarters at once. I have
often observed that this corner is a haunt and loiter-
ing-place for those winds which have no work to
do upon the deep, dashing ships against our iron-
bound shores; nor in the forest, tearing up the sylvan
giants with half a rood of soil at their vast roots.

Here they amuse themselves with lesser freaks of
mischief. See, at this moment, how they assail you-
der poor woman, who is passing just within the verge
of the lamp-light! One blast struggles for her um-
brella, and turns it wrong side outward; another
whisks the cape of her cloak across her eyes; while
a third takes most unwarrantable liberties with the
lower part of her attire. Happily, the good dame is
no gossamer, but a figure of rotundity and fleshly
substance; else would these aerial tormentors whirl
her aloft, like a witch upon a broomstick, and set her
down, doubtless, in the filthiest kennel hereabout.

From hence I tread upon firm pavements into the
centre of the town. Here there is almost as brilliant
an illumination as when some great victory has been
won, either on the battle-field or at the polls. Two
rows of shops, with windows down nearly to the
ground, cast a glow from side to side, while the black
night hangs overhead like a canopy, and thus keeps
the splendor from diffusing itself away. The wet
sidewalks gleam with a broad sheet of red light.
The rain-drops glitter, as if the sky were pouring
down rubies. The spouts gush with fire. Methinks
the scene is an emblem of the deceptive glare, which
mortals throw around their footsteps in the moral
world, thus bedazzling themselves, till they forget the
impenetrable obscurity that hems them in, and that can
be dispelled only by radiance from above. And, after
all, it is a cheerless scene, and cheerless are the wan-
derers in it. Here comes one who has so long been
familiar with tempestuous weather that he takes the
bluster of the storm for a friendly greeting, as if it should say, 'How fare ye, brother?' He is a retired sea-captain, wrapped in some nameless garment of the pea-jacket order, and is now laying his course towards the Marine Insurance Office, there to spin yarns of gale and ship-wreck, with a crew of old sea-dogs like himself. The blast will put in its word among their hoarse voices, and be understood by all of them. Next I meet an unhappy slip-shod gentleman, with a cloak flung hastily over his shoulders, running a race with boisterous winds, and striving to glide between the drops of rain. Some domestic emergency or other has blown this miserable man from his warm fireside, in quest of a doctor! See that little vagabond,—how carelessly he has taken his stand right underneath a spout, while staring at some object of curiosity in a shop-window! Surely the rain is his native element; he must have fallen with it from the clouds, as frogs are supposed to do. Here is a picture, and a pretty one. A young man and a girl, both enveloped in cloaks, and huddled beneath the scanty protection of a cotton umbrella. She wears rubber overshoes; but he is in his dancing-pumps; and they are on their way, no doubt, to some cotillon-party, or subscription-ball at a dollar a head, refreshments included. Thus they struggle against the gloomy tempest, lured onward by a vision of festal splendor. But, ah! a most lamentable disaster. Bewildered by the red, blue, and yellow meteors, in an apothecary's window, they have stepped upon a slippery remnant of ice, and are precipitated into a confluence of swollen floods, at the corner of two streets. Luckless lovers! Were it my nature to be other than a looker-on in life, I would attempt your rescue. Since that may not be, I vow, should you be drowned, to weave such a pathetic story of your fate, as shall call forth tears enough to drown you both anew. Do ye touch bottom, my young friends? Yes; they emerge like a water-nymph and a river-deity, and paddle hand-in-hand out of the depths of the dark pool. They hurry homeward, dripping, disconsolate, abashed, but with love too warm to be chilled by the cold water. They have stood a test which proves too strong for many. Faithful, though over head and ears in trouble!

Onward I go, deriving a sympathetic joy or sorrow from the varied aspect of mortal affairs, even as my figure catches a gleam from the lighted windows, or is blackened by an interval of darkness. Not that mine is altogether a chameleon spirit, with no hue of its own. Now I pass into a more retired street, where the dwellings of wealth and poverty are intermingled, presenting a range of strongly contrasted pictures. Here, too, may be found the golden mean. Through yonder casement I discern a family circle,— the grandmother, the parents, and the children,—all flickering, shadow-like, in the glow of a wood-fire. Bluster, fierce blast, and beat, thou wintry rain, against the window-panes! Ye cannot damp the enjoyment of that fireside. Surely my fate is hard, that I should be wandering homeless here, taking to my bosom night, and storm, and solitude, instead of wife and
children. Peace, murmurer! Doubt not that darker guests are sitting round the hearth, though the warm blaze hides all but blissful images. Well; here is still a brighter scene. A stately mansion, illuminated for a ball, with cut-glass chandeliers and alabaster lamps in every room, and sunny landscapes hanging round the walls. See! a coach has stopped, whence emerges a slender beauty, who, canopied by two umbrellas, glides within the portal, and vanishes amid lightsome thrills of music. Will she ever feel the night-wind and the rain? Perhaps,—perhaps! And will Death and Sorrow ever enter that proud mansion! As surely as the dancers will be gay within its halls to-night. Such thoughts sadden, yet satisfy my heart; for they teach me that the poor man, in this mean, weather-beaten hovel, without a fire to cheer him, may call the rich his brother,—brethren by Sorrow, who must be an inmate of both their households,—brethren by Death, who will lend them both to other homes.

Onward, still onward, I plunge into the night. Now have I reached the utmost limits of the town, where the last lamp struggles feebly with the darkness, like the furthest star that stands sentinel on the borders of uncreated space. It is strange what sensations of sublimity may spring from a very humble source. Such are suggested by this hollow roar of a subterranean cataract, where the mighty stream of a kennel precipitates itself beneath an iron grate, and is seen no more on earth. Listen awhile to its voice of mystery; and fancy will magnify it, till you start, and smile at the illusion. And now another sound,—the rumbling of wheels,—as the mail-coach, outward bound, rolls heavily off the pavements, and splashes through the mud and water of the road. All night long, the poor passengers will be tossed to and fro between drowsy watch and troubled sleep, and will dream of their own quiet beds, and awake to find themselves still jolting onward. Happier my lot, who will straightway here to my familiar room, and toast myself comfortably before the fire, musing, and fitfully dozing, and fancying a strangeness in such sights as all may see. But first let me gaze at this solitary figure, who comes hitherward with a tin lantern, which throws the circular pattern of its punched holes on the ground about him. He passes fearlessly into the unknown gloom, whither I will not follow him.

This figure shall supply me with a moral, where- with, for lack of a more appropriate one, I may wind up my sketch. He fears not to tread the dreary path before him, because his lantern, which was kindled at the fireside of his home, will light him back to that same fireside again. And thus we night-wanderers through a stormy and dismal world, if we bear the lamp of Faith, enkindled at a celestial fire, it will surely lead us home to that Heaven whence its radiance was borrowed.
ENDICOTT AND THE RED CROSS.
At noon of an autumnal day, more than two centuries ago, the English colors were displayed by the standard-bearer of the Salem trainband, which had mustered for martial exercise under the orders of John Endicott. It was a period, when the religious exiles were accustomed often to buckle on their armor, and practise the handling of their weapons of war. Since the first settlement of New England, its prospects had never been so dismal. The dissensions between Charles the First and his subjects were then, and for several years afterwards, confined to the floor of Parliament. The measures of the King and ministry were rendered more tyrannically violent by an opposition, which had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in its own strength, to resist royal injustice with the sword. The bigoted and haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently in-
vested with powers which might have wrought the utter ruin of the two Puritan colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts. There is evidence on record, that our forefathers perceived their danger, but were resolved that their infant country should not fall without a struggle, even beneath the giant strength of the King's right arm.

Such was the aspect of the times, when the folds of the English banner, with the Red Cross in its field, were flung out over a company of Puritans. Their leader, the famous Endicott, was a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breastplate. This piece of armor was so highly polished, that the whole surrounding scene had its image in the glittering steel. The central object in the mirrored picture, was an edifice of humble architecture, with neither steeple nor bell to proclaim it,—what nevertheless it was,—the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and, according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty, was nailed on the porch of the meetinghouse. The blood was still plashing on the doorstep. There happened to lie visible, at the same noontide hour, so many other characteristics of the times and manners of the Puritans, that we must endeavor to represent them in a sketch, though far less vividly than they were reflected in the polished breastplate of John Endicott.

In close vicinity to the sacred edifice appeared that important engine of Puritanic authority, the whipping-post,—with the soil around it well trodden by the feet of evil-doers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meetinghouse was the pillory, and at the other the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely encased in the former machine; while a fellow-criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the King, was confined by the legs in the latter. Side by side, on the meetinghouse steps, stood a male and a female figure. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label,—A WANTON GOSPELIER,—which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ, unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His aspect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue, in appropriate retribution for having wagged that unruly member against the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to apprehend, that, the moment the stick should be removed, a repetition of the offence would demand new ingenuity in chastising it.

The above-mentioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy, for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several, whose punishment would be life-long; some, whose ears had been cropt, like
those of puppy-dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanors; one, with his nostrils slit and seared; and another, with a halter about his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. Methinks he must have been grievously tempted to affix the other end of the rope to some convenient beam or bough. There was likewise a young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children. And even her own children knew what that initial signified. Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread and the nicest art of needle-work; so that the capital A might have been thought to incan any thing rather than Adulteress.

Let not the reader argue, from any of these evidences of iniquity, that the times of the Puritans were more vicious than our own, when, as we pass along the very street of this sketch, we discern no badge of infamy on man or woman. It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins, and expose them to shame, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noonday sun. Were such the custom now, perchance we might find materials for a no less piquant sketch than the above.

Except the malefactors whom we have described, and the diseased or infirm persons, the whole male population of the town, between sixteen years and sixty, were seen in the ranks of the trainband. A few stately savages, in all the pomp and dignity of the primeval Indian, stood gazing at the spectacle. Their flint-headed arrows were but childish weapons, compared with the matchlocks of the Puritans, and would have rattled harmlessly against the steel caps and hammered iron breastplates, which enclosed each soldier in an individual fortress. The valiant John Endicott gazed with an eye of pride at his sturdy followers, and prepared to renew the martial toils of the day.

'Come, my stout hearts!' quoth he, drawing his sword. 'Let us show these poor heathen that we can handle our weapons like men of might. Well for them, if they put us not to prove it in earnest!'

The iron-breasted company straightened their line, and each man drew the heavy butt of his matchlock close to his left foot, thus awaiting the orders of the captain. But, as Endicott glanced right and left along the front, he discovered a personage at some little distance, with whom it behoved him to hold a parley. It was an elderly gentleman, wearing a black cloak and band, and a high-crowned hat, beneath which was a velvet skull-cap, the whole being the garb of a Puritan minister. This reverend person bore a staff, which seemed to have been recently cut in the forest, and his shoes were bemired, as if he had been traveling on foot through the swamps of the wilderness. His aspect was perfectly that of a pilgrim, heightened also by an apostolic dignity. Just as Endicott perceived him, he laid aside his staff, and stooped to drink at a bubbling fountain, which gushed into the
sunshine about a score of yards from the corner of
the meetinghouse. But, ere the good man drank, he
turned his face heavenward in thankfulness, and then,
holding back his gray beard with one hand, he scooped
up his simple draught in the hollow of the other.

"What, ho! good Mr. Williams," shouted Endicott.
"You are welcome back again to our town of peace.
How does our worthy Governor Winthrop? And
what news from Boston?"

"The Governor hath his health, worshipful Sir," answered Roger
Williams, now resuming his staff, and drawing near. "And, for the news, here is a
letter, which, knowing I was to travel hitherward to­
day, his Excellency committed to my charge. Be­
like it contains tidings of much import; for a ship
arrived yesterday from England."

"Mr. Williams, the minister of Salem, and of course
known to all the spectators, had now reached the spot
where Endicott was standing under the banner of his
company, and put the Governor's epistle into his
hand. The broad seal was impressed with Win­
throp's coat of arms. Endicott hastily un­closed the
letter, and began to read; while, as his eye passed
down the page, a wrathful change came over his
manly countenance. The blood glowed through it,
till it seemed to be kindling with an internal heat;
or was it unnatural to suppose that his breastplate
would likewise become red hot, with the angry fire of
the bosom which it covered. Arriving at the conclu­
sion, he shook the letter fiercely in his hand, so that it
rustled as loud as the flag above his head.

"Black tidings these, Mr. Williams," said he;
"blacker never came to New England. Doubtless
you know their purport?"

"Yea, truly," replied Roger Williams; "for the
Governor consulted, respecting this matter, with my
brethren in the ministry at Boston; and my opinion
was likewise asked. And his Excellency entreats you
by me, that the news be not suddenly noised abroad,
lest the people be stirred up unto some outbreak, and
thereby give the King and the Archbishop a handle
against us."

"The Governor is a wise man,—a wise man, and
a meek and moderate," said Endicott, setting his teeth
grimly. "Nevertheless, I must do according to my
own best judgment. There is neither man, woman,
nor child in New England, but has a concern as dear
as life in these tidings; and, if John Endicott's voice
be loud enough, man, woman, and child shall hear
them. Soldiers, wheel into a hollow square! Ho,
good people! Here's news for one and all of you."

The soldiers closed in around their captain; and
he and Roger Williams stood together under the
banner of the Red Cross; while the women and the
aged men pressed forward, and the mothers held up
their children to look Endicott in the face. A few
taps of the drum gave signal for silence and attention.

"Fellow-soldiers,—fellow-exiles," began Endicott,
speaking under strong excitement, yet powerfully
restraining it, "wherefore did ye leave your native
country? Wherefore, I say, have we left the green
and fertile fields, the cottages, or, perchance, the old
gray halls, where we were born and bred, the churchyards where our forefathers lie buried? Wherefore have we come hither to set up our own tombstones in a wilderness? A howling wilderness it is! The wolf and the bear meet us within hallow of our dwellings. The savage lieth in wait for us in the dismal shadow of the woods. The stubborn roots of the trees break our ploughshares, when we would till the earth. Our children cry for bread, and we must dig in the sands of the sea-shore to satisfy them. Wherefore, I say again, have we sought this country of a rugged soil and wintry sky? Was it not for the enjoyment of our civil rights? Was it not for liberty to worship God according to our conscience?

'Call you this liberty of conscience?' interrupted a voice on the steps of the meetinghouse. It was the Wanton Gospeller. A sad and quiet smile flitted across the mild visage of Roger Williams. But Endicott, in the excitement of the moment, shook his sword wrathfully at the culprit,—an ominous gesture from a man like him.

'What hast thou to do with conscience, thou knave?' cried he. 'I said, liberty to worship God, not license to profane and ridicule him. Break not in upon my speech; or I will lay thee neck and heels till this time to-morrow! Hearken to me, friends, nor heed that accursed rhapsodist. As I was saying, we have sacrificed all things, and have come to a land whereof the old world hath scarcely heard, that we might make a new world unto ourselves, and painfully seek a path from hence to Heaven. But what think ye now? This son of a Scotch tyrant,—this grandson of a papistical and adulterous Scotch woman, whose death proved that a golden crown doth not always save an anointed head from the block—'

'Nay, brother, nay,' interposed Mr. Williams; 'thy words are not meet for a secret chamber, far less for a public street.'

'Hold thy peace, Roger Williams!' answered Endicott, imperiously. 'My spirit is wiser than thine, for the business now in hand. I tell ye, fellow-exiles, that Charles of England, and Laud, our bitterest persecutor, arch-priest of Canterbury, are resolute to pursue us even hither. They are taking counsel, saith this letter, to send over a governor-general in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land. They are minded, also, to establish the idolatrous forms of English Episcopacy; so that, when Laud shall kiss the Pope's toe, as cardinal of Rome, he may deliver New England, bound hand and foot, into the power of his master!'

A deep groan from the auditors,—a sound of wrath, as well as fear and sorrow,—responded to this intelligence.

'Look ye to it, brethren,' resumed Endicott, with increasing energy. 'If this king and this arch-prelate have their will, we shall briefly behold a cross on the spire of this tabernacle which we have builted, and a high altar within its walls, with wax-tapers burning round it at noonday. We shall hear the sacring-bell, and the voices of the Romish priests saying the mass.
But think ye, Christian men, that these abominations may be suffered without a sword drawn? without a shot fired? without blood spilt, yea, on the very stairs of the pulpit? No,— be ye strong of hand, and stout of heart! Here we stand on our own soil, which we have bought with our goods, which we have won with our swords, which we have cleared with our axes, which we have tilled with the sweat of our brows, which we have sanctified with our prayers to the God that brought us hither! Who shall enslave us here? What have we to do with this mitred prelate,— with this crowned king? What have we to do with England?'

Endicott gazed round at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer, who stood close behind him.

'Officer, lower your banner!' said he.

The officer obeyed; and, brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth, and, with his left hand, rent the Red Cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head.

'Sacrilegious wretch!' cried the high-churchman in the pillory, unable longer to restrain himself; 'thou hast rejected the symbol of our holy religion!'

'Treason, treason!' roared the royalist in the stocks. 'He hath defaced the King's banner!'

'Before God and man, I will avouch the deed,' answered Endicott. 'Beat a flourish, drummer! — shout, soldiers and people! — in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither Pope nor Tyrant hath part in it now!'

With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history records. And, for ever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize, in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner, the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated, after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust.
THE LILY'S QUEST.
Two lovers, once upon a time, had planned a little summer house, in the form of an antique temple, which it was their purpose to consecrate to all manner of refined and innocent enjoyments. There they would hold pleasant intercourse with one another, and the circle of their familiar friends; there they would give festivals of delicious fruit; there they would hear lightsome music, intermingled with the strains of pathos which make joy more sweet; there they would read poetry and fiction, and permit their own minds to flit away in day-dreams and romance; there, in short—for why should we shape out the vague sunshine of their hopes?—there all pure delights were to cluster like roses among the pillars of the edifice, and blossom ever new and spontaneously. So, one breezy and cloudless afternoon, Adam Forrester and Lilias Fay set out upon a ramble over the wide estate which they were to possess together,
seeking a proper site for their Temple of Happiness. They were themselves a fair and happy spectacle, fit priest and priestess for such a shrine; although, making poetry of the pretty name of Lilias, Adam Forrester was wont to call her Lily, because her form was as fragile, and her cheek almost as pale.

As they passed, hand in hand, down the avenue of drooping elms, that led from the portal of Lilias Fay’s paternal mansion, they seemed to glance like winged creatures through the strips of sunshine, and to scatter brightness where the deep shadows fell. But, setting forth at the same time with this youthful pair, there was a dismal figure, wrapt in a black velvet cloak that might have been made of a coffin-pall, and with a sombre hat, such as mourners wear, drooping its broad brim over his heavy brows. Glancing behind them, the lovers well knew who it was that followed, but wished from their hearts that he had been elsewhere, as being a companion so strangely unsuited to their joyous errand. It was a near relative of Lilias Fay, an old man by the name of Walter Gascoigne, who had long labored under the burden of a melancholy spirit, which was sometimes maddened into absolute insanity, and always had a tinge of it. What a contrast between the young pilgrims of bliss, and their unbidden associate! They looked as if moulded of Heaven’s sunshine, and he of earth’s gloomiest shade; they flitted along like Hope and Joy, roaming hand in hand through life; while his darksome figure stalked behind, a type of all the woful influences which life could fling upon them.

But the three had not gone far, when they reached a spot that pleased the gentle Lily, and she paused.

‘What sweeter place shall we find than this?’ said she. ‘Why should we seek further for the site of our Temple?’

It was indeed a delightful spot of earth, though undistinguished by any very prominent beauties, being merely a nook in the shelter of a hill, with the prospect of a distant lake in one direction, and of a church spire in another. There were vistas and pathways, leading onward and onward into the green wood-lands, and vanishing away in the glimmering shade. The Temple, if erected here, would look towards the west; so that the lovers could shape all sorts of magnificent dreams out of the purple, violet, and gold of the sunset sky; and few of their anticipated pleasures were dearer than this sport of fantasy.

‘Yes,’ said Adam Forrester, ‘we might seek all day, and find no lovelier spot. We will build our Temple here.’

But their sad old companion, who had taken his stand on the very site which they proposed to cover with a marble floor, shook his head and frowned; and the young man and the Lily deemed it almost enough to blight the spot, and desecrate it for their airy Temple, that his dismal figure had thrown its shadow there. He pointed to some scattered stones, the remnants of a former structure, and to flowers such as young girls delight to nurse in their gardens, but which had now relapsed into the wild simplicity of nature.
Not here!' cried old Walter Gascoigne. 'Here, long ago, other mortals built their Temple of Happiness. Seek another site for yours!' "What!" exclaimed Lilias Fay. 'Have any ever planned such a Temple, save ourselves?' "Poor child!" said her gloomy kinsman. 'In one shape or other, every mortal has dreamed your dream.'

Then he told the lovers, how — not, indeed, an antique Temple — but a dwelling had once stood there, and that a dark-clad guest had dwelt among its inmates, sitting ever at the fireside, and poisoning all their household mirth. Under this type, Adam Forrester and Lilias saw that the old man spake of Sorrow. He told of nothing that might not be recorded in the history of almost every household; and yet his hearers felt as if no sunshine ought to fall upon a spot, where human grief had left so deep a stain; or, at least, that no joyous Temple should be built there.

"This is very sad," said the Lily, sighing.

"Well, there are lovelier spots than this," said Adam Forrester, soothingly — 'spots which sorrow has not blighted.'

So they hastened away, and the melancholy Gascoigne followed them, looking as if he had gathered up all the gloom of the deserted spot, and was bearing it as a burden of inestimable treasure. But still they rambled on, and soon found themselves in a rocky dell, through the midst of which ran a streamlet, with ripple, and foam, and a continual voice of inarticulate joy. It was a wild retreat, walled on either side with gray precipices, which would have frowned somewhat too sternly, had not a profusion of green shrubbery rooted itself into their crevices, and wreathed gladsome foliage around their solemn brows. But the chief joy of the dell was in the little stream, which seemed like the presence of a blissful child, with nothing earthly to do, save to babble merrily and disport itself, and make every living soul its playfellow, and throw the sunny gleams of its spirit upon all.

"Here, here is the spot!" cried the two lovers with one voice, as they reached a level space on the brink of a small cascade. 'This glen was made on purpose for our Temple!' "And the glad song of the brook will be always in our ears," said Lilias Fay. "And its long melody shall sing the bliss of our life-time," said Adam Forrester.

"Ye must build no Temple here!" murmured their dismal companion.

And there again was the old lunatic, standing just on the spot where they meant to rear their lightsome dome, and looking like the embodied symbol of some great woe, that, in forgotten days, had happened there. And, alas! there had been woe, nor that alone. A young man, more than a hundred years before, had lured hither a girl that loved him, and on this spot had murdered her, and washed his bloody hands in the stream which sang so merrily. And ever since, the victim's death-shrieks were often heard to echo between the cliffs.
'And see!' cried old Gascoigne, 'is the stream yet pure from the stain of the murderer's hands?'

'Methinks it has a tinge of blood,' faintly answered the Lily; and being as slight as the gossamer, she trembled and clung to her lover's arm, whispering, 'let us flee from this dreadful vale!'

'Come, then,' said Adam Forrester, as cheerily as he could; 'we shall soon find a happier spot.'

They set forth again, young Pilgrims on that quest which millions — which every child of Earth — has tried in turn. And were the Lily and her lover to be more fortunate than all those millions? For a long time, it seemed not so. The dismal shape of the old lunatic still glided behind them; and for every spot that looked lovely in their eyes, he had some legend of human wrong or suffering, so miserably sad, that his auditors could never afterwards connect the idea of joy with the place where it had happened. Here, a heart-broken woman, kneeling to her child, had been spurned from his feet; here, a desolate old creature had prayed to the evil one, and had received a fiendish malignity of soul, in answer to her prayer; here, a new-born infant, sweet blossom of life, had been found dead, with the impress of its mother's fingers round its throat; and here, under a shattered oak, two lovers had been stricken by lightning, and fell blackened corpses in each other's arms. The dreary Gascoigne had a gift to know whatever evil and lamentable thing had stained the bosom of mother Earth; and when his funereal voice had told the tale, it appeared like a prophecy of future woe, as well as a tradition of the past. And now, by their sad demeanor, you would have fancied that the pilgrim lovers were seeking, not a temple of earthly joy, but a tomb for themselves and their posterity.

'Where in this world,' exclaimed Adam Forrester, despondingly, 'shall we build our Temple of Happiness?'

'Where in this world, indeed!' repeated Lilias Fay; and being faint and weary, the more so by the heaviness of her heart, the Lily drooped her head and sat down on the summit of a knoll, repeating, 'where in this world shall we build our Temple?'

'Ah! have you already asked yourselves that question?' said their companion, his shaded features growing even gloomier with the smile that dwelt on them; 'yet there is a place, even in this world, where ye may build it.'

While the old man spoke, Adam Forrester and Lilias had carelessly thrown their eyes around, and perceived that the spot, where they had chanced to pause, possessed a quiet charm, which was well enough adapted to their present mood of mind. It was a small rise of ground, with a certain regularity of shape, that had perhaps been bestowed by art; and a group of trees, which almost surrounded it, threw their pensive shadows across and far beyond, although some softened glory of the sunshine found its way there. The ancestral mansion, wherein the lovers would dwell together, appeared on one side, and the ivied church, where they were to worship, on another. Happening to cast their eyes on the
ground, they smiled, yet with a sense of wonder, to see that a pale lily was growing at their feet.

"We will build our Temple here," said they, simultaneously, and with an indescribable conviction that they had at last found the very spot.

Yet, while they uttered this exclamation, the young man and the Lily turned an apprehensive glance at their dreary associate, deeming it hardly possible that some taint of earthly affliction should not make those precincts loathsome, as in every former case. The old man stood just behind them, so as to form the chief figure in the group, with his sable cloak muffling the lower part of his visage, and his sombre hat overshadowing his brows. But he gave no word of dissent from their purpose; and an inscrutable smile was accepted by the lovers as a token that here had been no footprint of guilt or sorrow, to desecrate the site of their Temple of Happiness.

In a little time longer, while summer was still in its prime, the fairy structure of the Temple arose on the summit of the knoll, amid the solemn shadows of the trees, yet often gladdened with bright sunshine. It was built of white marble, with slender and graceful pillars, supporting a vaulted dome; and beneath the centre of this dome, upon a pedestal, was a slab of dark-veined marble, on which books and music might be strewn. But there was a fantasy among the people of the neighborhood, that the edifice was planned after an ancient mausoleum, and was intended for a tomb, and that the central slab of dark-veined marble was to be inscribed with the names of buried ones. They doubted, too, whether the form of Lilias Fay could appertain to a creature of this earth, being so very delicate, and growing every day more fragile, so that she looked as if the summer breeze should snatch her up, and waft her heavenward. But still she watched the daily growth of the Temple; and so did old Walter Gascoigne, who now made that spot his continual haunt, leaning whole hours together on his staff, and giving to deep attention to the work as though it had been indeed a tomb. In due time it was finished, and a day appointed for a simple rite of dedication.

On the preceding evening, after Adam Forrester had taken leave of his mistress, he looked back towards the portal of her dwelling, and felt a strange thrill of fear; for he imagined that, as the setting sunbeams faded from her figure, she was exhaling away, and that something of her ethereal substance was withdrawn, with each lessening gleam of light. With his farewell glance, a shadow had fallen over the portal, and Lilias was invisible. His foreboding spirit deemed it an omen at the time; and so it proved; for the sweet earthly form, by which the Lily had been manifested to the world, was found lifeless, the next morning, in the emplce, with her head resting on her arms, which were folded upon the slab of dark-veined marble. The chill winds of the earth had long since breathed a blight into this beautiful flower, so that a loving hand had now transplanted it, to blossom brightly in the garden of Paradise.

But alas, for the Temple of Happiness! In his
unutterable grief, Adam Forrester had no purpose more at heart than to convert this Temple of many delightful hopes into a tomb, and bury his dead mistress there. And lo! a wonder! Digging a grave beneath the Temple's marble floor, the sexton found no virgin earth, such as was meet to receive the maiden's dust, but an ancient sepulchre, in which were treasured up the bones of generations that had died long ago. Among those forgotten ancestors was the Lily to be laid. And when the funeral procession brought Lilias thither in her coffin, they beheld old Walter Gascoigne standing beneath the dome of the Temple, with his cloak of pall, and face of darkest gloom; and wherever that figure might take its stand, the spot would seem a sepulchre. He watched the mourners as they lowered the coffin down.

'And so,' said he to Adam Forrester, with the strange smile in which his insanity was wont to gleam forth, 'you have found no better foundation for your happiness than on a grave!'

But, as the Shadow of Affliction spoke, a vision of Hope and Joy had its birth in Adam's mind, even from the old man's taunting words; for then he knew what was betokened by the parable in which the Lily and himself had acted; and the mystery of Life and Death was opened to him.

'Joy! joy!' he cried, throwing his arms towards Heaven, 'on a grave be the site of our Temple; and now our happiness is for Eternity!'

With those words, a ray of sunshine broke through the dismal sky, and glimmered down into the sepul-
FOOT-PRINTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.
FOOT-PRINTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

It must be a spirit much unlike my own, which can keep itself in health and vigor without sometimes stealing from the saltry sunshine of the world, to plunge into the cool bath of solitude. At intervals, and not infrequent ones, the forest and the ocean summon me—one with the roar of its waves, the other with the murmur of its boughs—forth from the haunts of men. But I must wander many a mile, ere I could stand beneath the shadow of even one prmeval tree, much less be lost among the multitude of heavy trunks, and hidden from earth and sky by the mystery of darksome foliage. Nothing is within my daily reach more like a forest than the acre or two of woodland near some suburban farm-house. When, therefore, the yearning for seclusion becomes a necessity within me, I am drawn to the sea-shore, which extends its line of rude rocks and seldom-trodden sands, for leagues around our bay. Setting
forth, at my last ramble, on a September morning, I bound myself with a hermit's vow, to interchange no thoughts with man or woman, to share no social pleasure, but to derive all that day's enjoyment from shore, and sea, and sky,—from my soul's communion with these, and from fantasies, and recollections, or anticipated realities. Surely here is enough to feed a human spirit for a single day. Farewell, then, busy world! Till your evening lights shall shine along the street—till they gleam upon my seashadowed face, as I tread homeward—free me from your ties, and let me be a peaceful outlaw.

Highways and cross-paths are hastily traversed; and, clambering down a crag, I find myself at the extremity of a long beach. How gladly does the spirit leap forth, and suddenly enlarge its sense of being to the full extent of the broad, blue, sunny deep! A greeting and a homage to the Sea! Descend over its margin, and dip my hand into the wave that meets me, and bathe my brow. That far-resounding roar is Ocean's voice of welcome. His salt breath brings a blessing along with it. Now let us pace together, reader's fancy arm in arm with mine,—this noble beach, which extends a mile or more from that craggy promontory to yonder rampart of broken rocks. In front, the sea; in the rear, a precipitous bank, the grassy verge of which is breaking away, year after year, and flings down its tufts of verdure upon the barrenness below. The beach itself is a broad space of sand, brown and sparkling, with hardly any pebbles intermixed. Near the water's edge there is a wet margin, which glistens brightly in the sunshine, and reflects objects like a mirror; and as we tread along the glistening border, a dry spot flashes around each footstep, but grows moist again, as we lift our feet. In some spots, the sand receives a complete impression of the sole—square too and all; elsewhere, it is of such marble firmness, that we must stamp heavily to leave a print even of the iron-shod heel. Along the whole of this extensive beach gambols the surf-wave; now it makes a feint of dashing onward in a fury, yet dies away with a meek murmur, and does but kiss the strand; now, after many such abortive efforts, it rears itself up in an unbroken line, heightening as it advances, without a speck of foam on its green crest. With how fierce a roar it flings itself forward, and rushes far up the beach!

As I threw my eyes along the edge of the surf, I remember that I was startled, as Robinson Crusoe might have been, by the sense that human life was within the magic circle of my solitude. Afar off in the remote distance of the beach, appearing like sea-nymphs, or some airier things, such as might tread upon the feathery spray, was a group of girls. Hardly had I beheld them, when they passed into the shadow of the rocks and vanished. To comfort myself—for truly I would fain have gazed a while longer—I made acquaintance with a flock of beach-birds. These little citizens of the sea and air preceded me by about a stone's-throw along the strand, seeking, I suppose, for food upon its margin. Yet,
FOOT-PRINTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

with a philosophy which mankind would do well to imitate, they drew a continual pleasure from their toil for a subsistence. The sea was each little bird's great playmate. They chased it downward as it swept back, and again ran up swiftly before the impeding wave, which sometimes overtook them and bore them off their feet. But they floated as lightly as one of their own feathers on the breaking crest. In their airy flutterings, they seemed to rest on the evanescent spray. Their images,—long-legged little figures, with grey backs and snowy bosoms,—were seen as distinctly as the realities in the mirror of the glistening strand. As I advanced, they flew a score or two of yards, and, again alighting, recommenced their dalliance with the surf-wave; and thus they bore me company along the beach, the types of pleasant fantasies, till, at its extremity, they took wing over the ocean, and were gone. After forming a friendship with these small surf-spirits, it is really worth a sigh, to find no memorial of them save their multitudinous little tracks in the sand.

When we have paced the length of the beach, it is pleasant, and not unprofitable, to retrace our steps, and recall the whole mood and occupation of the mind during the former passage. Our tracks, being all discernible, will guide us with an observing consciousness through every unconscious wandering of thought and fancy. Here we followed the surf in its reflux, to pick up a shell which the sea seemed loth to relinquish. Here we found a sea-weed, with an immense brown leaf, and trailed it behind us by its long snake-like stalk. Here we seized a live horse-shoe by the tail, and counted the many claws of that queer monster. Here we dug into the sand for pebbles, and skipped them upon the surface of the water. Here we wet our feet while examining a jelly-fish, which the waves, having just tossed it up, now sought to snatch away again. Here we trod along the brink of a fresh-water brooklet, which flows across the beach, becoming shallower and more shallow, till at last it sinks into the sand, and perishes in the effort to bear its little tribute to the main. Here some vagary appears to have bewildered us; for our tracks go round and round, and are confusely intermingled, as if we had found a labyrinth upon the level beach. And here, amid our idle pastime, we sat down upon almost the only stone that breaks the surface of the sand, and were lost in an unlooked-for and overpowering conception of the majesty and awfulness of the great deep. Thus, by tracking our foot-prints in the sand, we track our own nature in its wayward course, and steal a glance upon it, when it never dreams of being so observed. Such glances always make us wiser.

This extensive beach affords room for another pleasant pastime. With your staff, you may write verses—love-verses, if they please you best—and consecrate them with a woman's name. Here, too, may be inscribed thoughts, feelings, desires, warm outgushings from the heart's secret places, which you would not pour upon the sand without the certainty that, almost ere the sky has looked upon them, the
sea will wash them out. Stir not hence, till the record be effaced. Now—for there is room enough on your canvas—draw huge faces—huge as that of the Sphynx on Egyptian sands—and fit them with bodies of corresponding immensity, and legs which might stride half-way to yonder island. Child's play becomes magnificent on so grand a scale. But, after all, the most fascinating employment is simply to write your name in the sand. Draw the letters gigantic, so that two strides may barely measure them, and three for the long strokes! Cut deep, that the record may be permanent! Statesmen and warriors, and poets, have spent their strength in no better cause than this. Is it accomplished? Return, then, in an hour or two, and seek for this mighty record of a name. The sea will have swept over it, even as lime rolls its effacing waves over the names of statesmen, and warriors, and poets. Hark, the surf-wave laughs at you!

Passing from the beach, I begin to clamber over the crags, making my difficult way among the ruins of a rampart, shattered and broken by the assaults of a fierce enemy. The rocks rise in every variety of attitude; some of them have their feet in the foam, and are shagged half-way upward with sea-weed; some have been hollowed almost into caverns by the unwearied toil of the sea, which can afford to spend centuries in wearing away a rock, or even polishing a pebble. One huge rock ascends in monumental shape, with a face like a giant's tombstone, on which the veins resemble inscriptions, but in an unknown tongue. We will fancy them the forgotten characters of an antediluvian race; or else that nature's own hand has here recorded a mystery, which, could I read her language, would make mankind the wiser and the happier. How many a thing has troubled me with that same idea! Pass on, and leave it unexplained. Here is a narrow avenue, which might seem to have been hewn through the very heart of an enormous crag, affording passage for the rising sea to thunder back and forth, filling it with tumultuous foam, and then leaving its floor of black pebbles bare and glistening. In this chasm there was once an interesting vein of softer stone, which the waves have gnawed away piecemeal, while the granite walls remain entire on either side. How sharply, and with what haughty disdain, does the sea rake back the pebbles, as it momentarily withdraws into its own depths! At intervals, the floor of the chasm is left nearly dry; but anon, at the outlet, two or three great waves are seen struggling to get in at once; two hit the walls athwart, while one rushes straight through, and all three thunder, as if with rage and triumph. They heap the chasm with a snow-drift of foam and spray. While watching this scene, I can never rid myself of the idea, that a monster, endowed with life and fierce energy, is striving to burst his way through the narrow pass. And what a contrast, to look through the stormy chasm, and catch a glimpse of the calm bright sea beyond!

Many interesting discoveries may lie made among those broken cliffs. Once, for example, I found a
dead seal, which a recent tempest had tossed into the
nook of the rocks, where his shaggy carcass lay
rolled in a heap of edd-grass, as if the sea-monster
sought to hide himself from my eye. Another time,
a shark seemed on the point of leaping from the surf
to swallow me; nor did I, wholly without dread,
approach near enough to ascertain that the man-eater
had already met his own death from some fisherman
in the bay. In the same ramble, I encountered a
bird—a large grey bird—but whether a loon, or a
wild goose, or the identical albatross of the Ancient
Mariner, was beyond my ornithology to decide. It
reposed so naturally on a bed of dry sea-weed, with
its head beside its wing, that I almost fancied it alive,
and trod softly lest it should suddenly spread its
wings skyward. But the sea-bird would soar among
the clouds no more, nor ride upon its native waves;
so I drew near, and pulled out one of its mottled tail-
feathers for a remembrance. Another day, I dis-
covered an immense bone, wedged into a chasm of
the rocks; it was at least ten feet long, curved like a
scimitar, covered with barnacles and small shell-
fish, and partly covered with a growth of sea-weed.
Some leviathan of former ages had used this ponder-
ous mass as a jaw-bone. Curiosities of a minuter
order may be observed in a deep reservoir, which is
replenished with water at every tide, but becomes a
lake among the crags, save when the sea is at its
height. At the bottom of this rocky basin grow ma-
rine plants, some of which tower high beneath the
water, and cast a shadow in the sunshine. Small
fishes dart to and fro, and hide themselves among the
sea-weed; there is also a solitary crab, who appears
to lead the life of a hermit, communing with none of
the other denizens of the place; and likewise several
five-fingers—for I know no other name than that
which children give them. If your imagination be
at all accustomed to such freaks, you may look down
into the depths of this pool, and fancy it the mysteri-
ous depth of ocean. But where are the hulks and
scattered timbers of sunken ships?—where the
treasures that old ocean hoards?—where the cor-
roded cannon?—where the corpses and skeletons of
seamen, who went down in storm and battle?

On the day of my last ramble, (it was a Septem-
ber day, yet as warm as summer,) what should I be-
hold as I approached the above described basin but
three girls sitting on its margin, and—yes, it is veri-
tably so—laving their snowy feet in the sunny wa-
ter! These, these are the warm realities of those
three visionary shapes that flitted from me on the
beach. Hark! their merry voices, as they toss up
the water with their feet! They have not seen me.
I must shrink behind this rock, and steal away again.

In honest truth, vowed to solitude as I am, there is
something in this encounter that makes the heart
flutter with a strangely pleasant sensation. I know
these girls to be realities of flesh and blood, yet,
glancing at them so briefly, they mingle like kindred
to the ideal beings of my mind. It is
pleasant, likewise, to gaze down from some high
crag, and watch a group of children, gathering peb-
bles and pearly shells, and playing with the surf, as with old Ocean's hoary beard. Nor does it infringe upon my seclusion, to see yonder boat at anchor off the shore, swinging dreamily to and fro, and rising and sinking with the alternate swell; while the crew—four gentlemen, in round-about jackets—are busy with their fishing-lines. But, with an inward antipathy and a headlong flight, do I eschew the presence of any meditative stroller like myself, known by his pilgrim staff, his sauntering step, his shy demeanor, his observant yet abstracted eye. From such a man, as if another self had scared me, I scramble hastily over the rocks, and take refuge in a nun!; which man's secret hour has given me a right to cull my own. I would do battle for it even with the churl that should produce the title-deeds. Have not my nursings melted into its rocky walls and sandy floor, and made them a portion of myself?

It is a recess in the line of cliffs, walled round by a rough, high precipice, which almost encircles and shuts in a little space of sand. In front, the sea appears as between the pillars of a portal. In the rear, the precipice is broken and intermixed with earth, which gives nourishment not only to clinging and twining shrubs, but to trees, that grip the rock with their naked roots, and seem to struggle hard for footing and for soil enough to live upon. These are fir-trees; but oaks hang their heavy branches from above, and throw down acorns on the beach, and shed their withering foliage upon the waves. At this autumnal season, the precipice is decked with varie-

gated splendor; trailing wreaths of scarlet shunt from the summit downward; tufts of yellow-flowering shrubs, and rose bushes, with their reddened leaves and glossy seed-berries, sprout from each crevice; at every glance, I detect some new light or shade of beauty, all contrasting with the stern, grey rock. A rill of water trickles down the cliff and fills a little cistern near the base. I drain it at a draught, and find it fresh and pure. This recess shall be my dining-hall. And what the feast? A few biscuits, made savory by soaking them in sea-water, a tuft of samphire gathered from the beach, and an apple for the dinner. By this time, the little rill has filled its reservoir again; and, as I quaff it, I thank God more heartily than for a civic banquet, that He gives me the healthful appetite to make a feast of bread and water.

Dinner being over, I throw myself at length upon the sand, and, basking in the sunshine, let my mind disport itself at will. The walls of this my hermitage have no tongue to tell my follies, though I sometimes fancy that they have ears to hear them, and a soul to sympathize. There is a magic in this spot. Dreams haunt its precincts, and flit around me in hronndmii-lybS nor require that sleep shall blindfold me to real objects, ere these be visible. Here can I frame a story of two love is, and make their shadows live before me, and be mirrored in the tranquil water, as they tread along the sand, leaving no foot-prints. Here, should I will it, I can summon up a single shade, and be myself her lover. Yes, dreamer,—
but your lonely heart will be the colder for such
fancies. Sometimes, too, the Past comes back, and
finds me here, and in her train come faces which
were gladsome, when I knew them, yet seem not
gladsome now. Would that my hiding-place were
lonelier, so that the Past might not find me! Get ye
all gone, old friends, and let me listen to the murmur
of the sea,—a melancholy voice, but less sad than
yours. Of what mysteries is it telling? Of sunken
ships, and whereabouts they lie? Of islands afar
and undiscovered, whose tawny children are uncon­
scious of other islands and of continents, and deem
the stars of heaven their nearest neighbors? Nothing
of all this. What then? Has it talked for so many
ages, and meant nothing all the while? No; for
those ages find utterance in the sea's unchanging
voice, and warn the listener to withdraw his interest
from mortal vicissitudes, and let the infinite idea of
eternity pervade his soul. This is wisdom; and,
therefore, will I spend the next half-hour in shaping
little boats of drift-wood, and launching them on
voyages across the cove, with the feather of a sea­
gull for a sail. If the voice of ages tell me true, this
is as wise an occupation as to build ships of five hun­
dred tons, and launch them forth upon the main,
bound to 'far Cathay.' Yet, how would the mer­
chant sneer at me!

And, after all, can such philosophy be true? Me­
thinks I could find a thousand arguments against it.
Well, then, let yonder shaggy rock, mid-deep in the
surf—see! he is somewhat wrathful,—he rages and
roars and foams—let that tall rock be my antagonist,
and let me exercise my oratory like him of Athens,
who bantered words with an angry sea, and got the
victory. My maiden speech is a triumphant one;
for the gentleman in sea-weed has nothing to offer in
reply, save an inimitable roaring. His voice, in­
deed, will be heard a long while after mine is hushed.
Once more I shout, and the cliffs reverberate the
sound. Oh, what joy for a shy man to feel himself
so solitary, that he may lift his voice to its highest
pitch without hazard of a listener! But, hush!—
be silent, my good friend!—whence comes that
stifled laughter? It was musical,—but how should
there be such music, in my solitude? Looking up­
wards, I catch a glimpse of three faces, peeping from
the summit of the cliff, like angels between me and
their native sky. Ah, fair girls, you may make your­
selves merry at my eloquence,—but it was my turn
to smile when I saw your white feet in the pool! Let
us keep each other's secrets.

The sunshine has now passed from my hermitage,
except a gleam upon the sand just where it meets the
sea. A crowd of gloomy fancies will come and
haunt me, if I tarry longer here, in the darkening
twilight of these rocks. This is a dismal place
in some moods of the mind. Climb we, therefore,
the precipice, and pause a moment on the brink, gaz­
ing down into that hollow chamber by the deep,
where we have been, what few can be, sufficient to
our own pastime,—yes, say the word outright!—
sufficient to our own happiness. How lonesome
looks the recess now, and dreary too, — like all other spots where happiness has been! There lies my shadow in the departing sunshine with its head upon the sea. I will pel t it with pebbles. A hit! a hit! I clap my hands in triumph, and see my shadow clapping its unreal hands, and claiming the triumph for itself. What a simpleton must I have been all day, since my own shadow makes a mock of my fooleries!

Homeward! homeward! It is time to hasten home. It is time; it is time; for as the sun sinks over the western wave, the sea grows melancholy, and the surf has a saddened tone. The distant sails appear astray, and not of earth, in their remoteness amid the desolate waste. My spirit waudcia forth afar, but finds no resting place, and comes shivering back. It is time that I were henee. lint grudge me not the day that has been spent in seclusion, which yet was not solit,-
tude, since the great sea has been my companion, and the little sea-birds my friends, and the wind has told me his secrets, and airy shapes have flitted around me in my hermitage. Such companionship works an effect upon a man's character, as if he had been admitted to the society of creatures that are not mortal. And when, at noontide, I tread the crowded streets, the influence of this day will still be felt; so that I shall walk among men kindly and as a brother, with affection and sympathy, but yet shall not melt into the indistinguishable mass of human kind. I shall think my own thoughts, and feel my own emotions, and possess my individuality unviolated.

But it is good, at the eve of such a day, to feel and know that there are men and women in the world. That feeling and that knowledge are mine, at this moment; for, on the shore, far below me, the fishing-party have landed from their skiff, and are cooking their scaly prey by a fire of drift-wood, kindled in the angle of two rude rocks. The three visionary girls are likewise there. In the deepening twilight, while the surf is dashing near their hearth, the ruddy gleam of the fire throws a strange air of comfort over the wild cove, bestrewn as it is with pebbles and sea-weed, and exposed to the melancholy main. Moreover, as the smoke climbs up the precipice, it brings with it a savory smell from a pan of fried fish, and a black heale of chowder, and reminds me that my dinner was nothing but bread and water, and a tuft of samphire, and an apple. Methinks the party might find room for another guest, at that flat rock which serves them for a table; and if spoons be scarce, I could pick up a clam-shell on the beach. They see me now; and — the blessing of a hungry man upon him! — one of them sends up a hospitable shout — halloo, Sir Solitary! come down and sup with us! The ladies wave their handkerchiefs. Can I decline? No; and be it owned, after all my solitary joys, that this is the sweetest moment of a Day by the Sea-Shore.
EDWARD FANE'S ROSEBUD.
There is hardly a more difficult exercise of fancy, than, while gazing at a figure of melancholy age, to re-create its youth, and, without entirely obliterating the identity of form and features, "to restore those graces which time has snatched away. Some old people, especially women, so age-worn and woful are—they, seem never to have been young and gay. It is easier to conceive that such gloomy phantoms were sent into the world as withered and decrepit as we behold them now, with sympathies only for pain and grief, to watch at death-beds, and weep at funerals. Even the sable garments of their widowhood appear essential to their existence; all their attributes combine to render them darksome shadows, creeping strangely amid the sunshine of human life. Yet it is no unprofitable task, to take one of these doleful creatures, and set fancy resolutely at work to brighten the dim eye, and darken the silvery locks, and paint the
ashen-cheek with rose-color, and repair the shrunken
and crazy form, till a dewy maiden shall be seen in
the old matron's elbow-chair. The miracle being
wrought, then let the years roll back again, each sad­
der than the last, and the whole weight of age and
sorrow settle down upon the youthful figure. Wrinkles
and furrows, the hand-writing of Time, may thus be
deciphered, and found to contain deep lessons of
thought and feeling. Such profit might be derived,
by a skilful observer, from my much-respected friend,
the Widow Toothaker, a nurse of great repute, who
has breathed the atmosphere of sick-chambers and
dying-breaths, these forty years.

See! she sits cowering over her lonesome hearth,
with her gown and upper petticoat drawn upward,
gathering thriftily into her person the warmth
of the fire, which, now at nightfall, begins to dissi­
pate the autumnal chill of her chamber. The blaze
quivers capriciously in front, alternately glimmering
into the deepest chasms of her wrinkled visage, and
then permitting a ghostly dimness to mar the outlines
of her venerable figure. And Nurse Toothaker holds
a tea-spoon in her right hand, with which to stir up
the contents of a tumbler in her left, whence steams
a vapory fragrance, abhorred of temperance societies.
Now she sips— now stirs— now sips again. Her sad
old heart has need to be revived by the rich infusion
of Geneva, which is mixed half-and-half with hot wa­
ter, in the tumbler. All day long she has been sitting
by a death-pillow, and quitted it for her home, only
when the spirit of her patient left the clay, and went
homeward too. But now are her melancholy medita­
tions cheered, and her torpid blood warmed, and her
shoulders lightened of at least twenty ponderous years,
by a draught from the true Fountain of Youth, in a
case-bottle. It is strange that men should deem that
fount a fable, when its liquor fills more bottles than
the congress-water! Sip it again, good nurse, and see
whether a second draught will not take off another
score of years, and perhaps ten more, and show us,
in your high-backed chair, the blooming damsel
who plighted troths with Edward Fane. Get you gone,
Age and Widowhood! Come back, unwedded Youth!
But, alas! the charm will not work. In spite of fancy's
most potent spell, I can see only an old dame cower­
ing over the fire, a picture of decay and desolation,
while the November blast roars at her in the chimney,
and fitful showers rush suddenly against the window.

Yet there was a time when Rose Grafton—such
was the pretty maiden-name of Nurse Toothaker—
possessed beauty that would have gladdened this dim
dismal chamber, as with sunshine. It won for her
the heart of Edward Fane, who has since made so
great a figure in the world, and is now a grand old
gentleman, with powdered hair, and as gouty as a lord.
These early lovers thought to have walked hand in
hand through life. They had wept together for Ed­
ward's little sister Mary, whom Rose tended in her
sickness, partly because she was the sweetest child
that ever lived or died, but more for love of him. She
was but three years old. Being such an infant, Death
could not embody his terrors in her little corpse; nor
did Rose fear to touch the dead child’s brow, though chill; as she curled the silken hair around it, nor to take her tiny hand, and clasp a flower within its fingers. Afterward, when she looked through the pane of glass in the coffin-lid, and beheld Mary’s face, it seemed not so much like death, or life, as like a wax-work, wrought into the perfect image of a child asleep, and dreaming of its mother’s smile. Rose thought her too fair a thing to be hidden in the grave, and wondered that an angel did not snatch up little Mary’s coffin, and bear the slumbering babe to heaven, and bid her wake immortal. But when the sods were laid on little Mary, the heart of Rose was troubled. She shuddered at the fantasy, that, in grasping the child’s cold fingers, her virgin hand had exchanged a first greeting with mortality, and could never lose the earthy stain. How many a greeting since! But as yet, she was a fair young girl, with the dew-drops of fresh feeling in her bosom; and instead of Rose, which seemed too mature a name for her half-opened beauty, her lover called her Rosebud.

The rosebud was destined never to bloom for Edward Fane. His mother was a rich and haughty dame, with all the aristocratic prejudices of colonial times. She scorned Rose Grafton’s humble parentage, and caused her son to break his faith, though, had she let him choose, he would have prized his Rosebud above the richest diamond. The lovers parted, and have seldom met again. Both may have visited the same mansions, but not at the same time; for one was hidden to the festal hall, and the other to the sick-cham-ber; he was the guest of Pleasure and Prosperity, and she of Anguish. Rose, after their separation, was long secluded within the dwelling of Mr. Toothaker, whom she married with the revengeful hope of breaking her false lover’s heart. She went to her bridegroom’s arms with bitterer tears, they say, than young girls ought to shed, at the threshold of the bridal chamber. Yet, though her husband’s head was getting gray, and his heart had been chilled with an autumnal frost, Rose soon began to love him, and wondered at her own conjugal affection. He was all she had to love; there were no children.

In a year or two, poor Mr. Toothaker was visited with a wearisome infirmity, which settled in his joints, and made him weaker than a child. He crept forth about his business, and came home at dinner time and eventide, not with the manly tread that gladdens a wife’s heart, but slowly — feebly — jolting down each dull footstep with a melancholy dub of his staff. We must pardon his pretty wife, if she sometimes blushed to own him. Her visitors, when they heard him coming, looked for the appearance of some old, old man; but he dragged his nerveless limbs into the parlor — and there was Mr. Toothaker! The disease increasing, he never went into the sunshine, save with a staff in his right hand, and his left on his wife’s shoulder, bearing heavily downward, like a dead man’s hand. Thus, a slender woman, still looking maiden-like, she supported his tall, broad-chested frame along the pathway of their little garden, and plucked the roses for her gray-haired husband, and spoke soothingly, as to
an infant. His mind was palsied with his body; its utmost energy was peevishness. In a few months more, she helped him up the staircase, with a pause at every step, and a longer one upon the landing-place, and a heavy glance behind, as he crossed the threshold of his chamber. He knew, poor man, that the precincts of those four walls would thenceforth be his world—his world, his home, his tomb—at once a dwelling and a burial-place, till he were born to a darker and a narrower one. But Rose was with him in the tomb. He leaned upon her, in his daily passage from the bed to the chair by the fireside, and back again from the weary chair to the joyless bed—his bed and hers—their marriage-bed; till even this short journey ceased, and his head lay all day upon the pillow, and hers all night beside it. How long poor Mr. Toothaker was kept in misery! Death seemed to draw near the door, and often to lilt the latch, and sometimes to thrust his ugly skull into the chamber, nodding to Rose, and pointing at her husband, but still delayed to enter. "This bedridden wretch cannot escape me!" quoth Death. "I will go forth, and run a race with the swift, and fight a battle with the strong, and come back for Toothaker at my leisure!" Oh, when the deliverer came so near, in the dull anguish of her worn-out sympathies, did she never long to cry, "Death, come in!"

But, no! We have no right to ascribe such a wish to our friend Rose. She never failed in a wife's duty to her poor sick husband. She murmured not, though a glimpse of the sunny sky was as strange to her as him, nor answered peevishly, though his complaining accents roused her from her sweetest dream, only to share his wretchedness. He knew her faith, yet nourished a cankered jealousy; and when the slow disease had chilled all his heart, save one lukewarm spot, which Death's frozen fingers were searching for, his last words were: "What would my Rose have done for her first love, if she has been so true and kind to a sick old man like me!" And then his poor soul crept away, and left the body lifeless, though hardly more than for years before, and Rose a widow, though in truth it was the wedding night that widowed her. She felt glad, it must be owned, when Mr. Toothaker was buried, because his corpse had retained such a likeness to the man half alive, that she hearkened for the sad murmur of his voice, bidding her shift his pillow. But all through the next winter, though the grave had held him many a month, she fancied him calling from that cold bed, "Rose! Rose! come put a blanket on my feet!"

So now the Rosebud was the Widow Toothaker. Her troubles had come early, and, tedious as they seemed, had passed before all her bloom was fled. She was still fair enough to captivate a bachelor, or, with a widow's cheerful gravity, she might have won a widower, stealing into his heart in the very guise of his dead wife. But the Widow Toothaker had no such projects. By her watchings and continual cares, her heart had become knit to her first husband with a constancy which changed its very nature, and made her love him for his infirmities, and infirmity for his sake.
When the palsied old man was gone, even her early lover could not have supplied his place. She had dwelt in a sick-chamber, and been the companion of a half-dead wretch, till she should scarcely breathe in a free air, and felt ill at ease with the healthy and the happy. She missed the fragrance of the doctor's stuff. She walked the chamber with a noiseless foot-fall. If visitors came in, she spoke in soft and soothing accents, and was startled and shocked by their loud voices. Often, in the lonesome evening, she looked timorously from the fireside to the bed, with almost a hope of recognizing a ghastly face upon the pillow. Then went her thoughts sadly to her husband's grave.

If one impatient throb had wronged him in his lifetime — if she had secretly repined, because her buoyant youth was imprisoned with his torpid age — if ever, while slumbering beside him, a treacherous dream had admitted another into her heart — yet the sick man had been preparing a revenge, which the dead now claimed. On his painful pillow, he had cast a spell around her; his groans and misery had proved more captivating charms than gayety and youthful grace; in his semblance, Disease itself had won the Rosebud for a bride; nor could his death dissolve the nuptials. By that indissoluble bond she had gained a home in every sick-chamber, and nowhere else; there were her brethren and sisters; thither her husband summoned her, with that voice which had seemed to issue from the grave of Toothaker. At length she recognized her destiny.

We have beheld her as the maid, the wife, the widow; now we see her in a separate and insulated character: she was, in all her attributes, Nurse Toothaker. And Nurse Toothaker alone, with her own shrivelled lips, could make known her experience in that capacity. What a history might she record of the great sicknesses, in which she has gone hand in hand with the exterminating angel! She remembers when the small-pox hoisted a red-banner on almost every house along the street. She has witnessed when the typhus fever swept off a whole household, young and old, all but a lonely mother, who vainly shrieked to follow her last loved one. Where would be Death's triumph, if none lived to weep! She can speak of strange maladies that have broken out, as if spontaneously, but were found to have been imported from foreign lands, with rich silks and other merchandise, the costliest portion of the cargo. And once, she recollects, the people died of what was considered a new pestilence, till the doctors traced it to the ancient grave of a young girl, who thus caused many deaths a hundred years after her own burial. Strange that such black mischief should lurk in a maiden's grave! She loves to tell how strong men fight with fiery fevers, utterly refusing to give up their breath; and how consumptive virgins fade out of the world, scarcely reluctant, as if their lovers were wooing them to a far country. Tell us, thou fearful woman! Tell us the death-secrets! Pain would I search out the meaning of words, faintly gasped with intermingled sobs, and broken sentences, half audibly spoken between earth and the judgment-seat!
An awful woman! She is the patron-saint of young physicians, and the bosom friend of old ones. In the mansions where she enters, the inmates provide themselves black garments; the coffin-maker follows her; and the bell tolls as she comes away from the threshold. Death himself has met her at so many a bedside, that he puts forth his bony hand to greet Nurse Toothaker. She is an awful woman! And, oh! is it conceivable, that this handmaid of human infirmity and affliction — so darkly stained, so thoroughly imbued with all that is saddest in the doom of mortals — can ever again be bright and gladsome, even though bathed in the sunshine of eternity? By her long communion with woe, has she not forfeited her inheritance of immortal joy? Does any germ of bliss survive within her?

Hark! an eager knocking at Nurse Toothaker's door. She starts from her drowsy reverie, sets aside the empty tumbler and tea-spoon, and lights a lamp at the dim embers of the fire. Rap, rap, rap! again; and she hurries adown the staircase, wondering which of her friends can be at death's door now, since there is such an earnest messenger at Nurse Toothaker's. Again the peal resounds, just as her hand is on the lock. 'Be quick, Nurse Toothaker!' cries a man on the doorstep; 'old General Fane is taken with the gout in his stomach, and has sent for you to watch by his death-bed. Make haste, for there is no time to lose!' 'Fane! Edward Fane! And has he sent for me at last? I am ready! I will get on my cloak and begone.' So, adds the sable-gowned, ashen-vis-
THE THREEFOLD DESTINY.
I have sometimes produced a singular and not unpleasing effect, so far as my own mind was concerned, by imagining a train of incidents, in which the spirit and mechanism of the fairy legend should be combined with the characters and manners of familiar life. In the little tale which follows, a subdued tinge of the wild and wonderful is thrown over a sketch of New England personages and scenery, yet, it is hoped, without entirely obliterating the sober hues of nature. Rather than a story of events claiming to be real, it may be considered as an allegory, such as the writers of the last century would have expressed in the shape of an eastern tale, but to which I have endeavored to give a more life-like warmth than could be infused into those fanciful productions.

In the twilight of a summer eve, a tall, dark figure, over which long and remote travel had thrown an outlandish aspect, was entering a village, not in
Faery Londe, but within our own familiar boundaries. The staff, on which this traveller leaned, had been his companion from the spot where it grew, in the jungles of Hindostan; the bat, that overshadowed his sombre brow, had shielded him from the suns of Spain; but his cheek had been blackened by the red-hot wind of an Arabian desert, and had felt the frozen breath of an Arctic region. Long sojourning amid wild and dangerous men, he still wore beneath his vest the ataghan which he had once struck into the throat of a Turkish robber. In every foreign clime he had lost something of his New England characteristics; and, perhaps, from everyone he had unconsciously borrowed a new peculiarity; so that when the world-wanderer again trod the street of his native village, it is no wonder that he passed unnoticed, though exciting the gaze and curiosity of all. Yet, as his arm casually touched that of a young woman, who was wending her way to an evening lecture, she started, and almost uttered a cry.

Ralph Cranfield! was the name that she half articulated.

'Cana that be my old playmate, Faith Egerton?' thought the traveller, looking round at her figure, but without pausing.

Ralph Cranfield, from his youth upward, had felt himself marked out for a high destiny. He had imbibed the idea— we say not whether it were revealed to him by witchcraft, or in a dream of prophecy, or that his brooding fancy had palmed its own dictates upon him as the oracles of a Sybil— but he had im-

liked the idea, and held it firmest among his articles of faith, that three marvellous events of his life were to be confirmed to him by three signs.

The first of these three fatalities, and perhaps the one on which his youthful imagination had dwelt most fondly, was the discovery of the maid, who alone, of all the maids on earth, could make him happy by her love. He was to roam around the world till he should meet a beautiful woman, wearing on her bosom a jewel in the shape of a heart; whether of pearl, or ruby, or emerald, or carbuncle, or a changeful opal, or perhaps a priceless diamond, Ralph Cranfield little cared, so long as it were a heart of one peculiar shape. On encountering this lovely stranger, he was bound to address her thus: — 'Maiden, I have brought you a heavy heart. May I rest its weight on you?' And if she were his fated bride— if their kindred souls were destined to form a union here below, which all eternity should only bind more closely— she would reply, with her finger on the heart-shaped jewel: — 'This token, which I have worn so long, is the assurance that you may!'

And secondly, Ralph Cranfield had a firm belief that there was a mighty treasure hidden somewhere in the earth, of which the burial-place would be revealed to none but him. When his feet should press upon the mysterious spot, there would be a hand before him, pointing downward— whether carved of marble, or heaped in gigantic dimensions on the side of a rocky precipice, or perchance a hand of flame in empty air, he could not tell; but, at least, he would
discern a hand, the fore-finger pointing downward, and beneath it the Latin word *Errone — Dig! And
digging thereabouts, the gold in coin or ingots, the precious stones, or of whatever else the treasure might consist, would be certain to reward his toil.

The third and last of the miraculous events in the life of this high-destined man, was to be the attainment of extensive influence and sway over his fellow-creatures. Whether he were to be a king, and founder of an hereditary throne, or the victorious leader of a people contending for their freedom, or the apostle of a purified and regenerated faith, was left for futurity to show. As messengers of the sign, by which Ralph Cranfield might receive the summons, three venerable men were to claim audience of him. The chief among them, a dignified and majestic person, arrayed, it may be supposed, in the flowing garments of an ancient sage, would be the bearer of a wand, or prophet's rod. With this wand, or rod, or staff, the venerable sage would trace a certain figure in the air, and then proceed to make known his heaven-instructed message; which, if obeyed, must lead to glorious results.

With this proud fate before him, in the flush of his imaginative youth, Ralph Cranfield had set forth to seek the maid, the treasure, and the venerable sage, with his gift of extended empire. And had he found them? Alas! it was not with the aspect of a triumphant man, who had achieved a nobler destiny than all his fellows, but rather with the gloom of one struggling against peculiar and continual adversity, that he now passed homeward to his mother's cottage. He had come back, but only for a time, to lay aside the pilgrim's staff, trusting that his weary manhood would regain somewhat of the elasticity of youth, in the spot where his threefold fate had been foreshown him. There had been few changes in the village; for it was not one of those thriving places where a year's prosperity makes more than the havoc of a century's decay; but like a gray hair in a young man's head, an antiqued little town, full of old maids, and aged elms, and moss-grown dwellings. Few seemed to be the changes here. The drooping elms, indeed, had a more majestic spread; the weather-beaten houses were adorned with a denser thatch of verdant moss; and doubtless there were a few more grave-stones in the burial-ground, inscribed with names that had once been familiar in the village street. Yet, summing up all the mischief that ten years had wrought, it seemed scarcely more than if Ralph Cranfield had gone forth that very morning, and dreamed a day-dream till the twilight, and then turned back again. But his heart grew cold, because the village did not remember him; he remembered the village.

'Here is the change!' sighed he, striking his hand upon his breast. 'Who is this man of thought and care, weary with world-wandering, and heavy with disappointed hopes? The youth returns not, who went forth so joyously!'

And now Ralph Cranfield was at his mother's gate, in front of the small house where the old lady, with slender but sufficient means, had kept herself com-
fortable during her son's long absence. Admitting himself within the enclosure, he leaned against a great, old tree, trifling with his own impatience, as people often do in those intervals when years are summed into a moment. He took a minute survey of the dwelling—its windows, brightened with the sky gleam, its door-way, with the half of a mill-stone for a step, and the faintly-traced path waving thence to the gate. He made friends again with his childhood's friend, the old tree against which he leaned; and glancing his eye adown its trunk, beheld something that excited a melancholy smile. It was a half-obiterated inscription—the Latin word EFFODE—which he remembered to have carved in the bark of the tree, with a whole day's toil, when he had first begun to muse about his exalted destiny. It might be accounted a rather singular coincidence, that the bark, just above the inscription, had put forth an excrescence, shaped not unlike a hand, with the fore-finger pointing obliquely at the word of fate. Such, at least, was its appearance in the dusky light.

"Now a credulous man," said Ralph Cranfield carelessly to himself, "might suppose that the treasure which I have sought round the world, lies buried, after all, at the very door of my mother's dwelling. That would be a jest indeed!"

More be thought not about the matter; for now the door was opened, and an elderly woman appeared on the threshold, peering into the dusk to discover who it might be that had intruded on her premises, and was standing in the shadow of her tree. It was Ralph Cranfield's mother. Pass we over their greeting, and leave the one to her joy and the other to his rest—if quiet rest he found.

But when morning broke, he arose with a troubled brow; for his sleep and his wakefulness had alike been full of dreams. All the fervor was rekindled with which he had burned of yore to unravel the threefold mystery of his fate. The crowd of his early visions seemed to have awaited him beneath his mother's roof, and thronged riotously around to welcome his return. In the well-remembered chamber—on the pillow where his infancy had slumbered—he had passed a wilder night than ever in an Arab tent, or when he had reposed his head in the ghostly shades of a haunted forest. A shadowy maid had stolen to his bedside, and laid her finger on the scintillating heart; a hand of flame had glowed amid the darkness, pointing downward to a mystery within the earth; a hoary sage had waved his prophetic wand, and beckoned the dreamer onward to a chair of state. The same phantoms, though fainter in the daylight, still flitted about the cottage, and mingled among the crowd of familiar faces that were drawn thither by the news of Ralph Cranfield's return, to bid him welcome for his mother's sake. There they found him, a tall, dark, stately man, of foreign aspect, courteous in demeanor and mild of speech, yet with an abstracted eye, which seemed often to snatch a glance at the invisible.

Meantime the widow Cranfield went bustling about the house, full of joy that she again had somebody to
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love, and be careful of, and for whom she might vex and tease herself with the petty troubles of daily life. It was nearly noon, when she looked forth from the door, and descried three personages of note coming along the street, through the hot sunshine and the masses of elm-tree shade. At length they reached her gate, and undid the latch.

'See, Ralph!' exclaimed she, with maternal pride, 'here is Squire Hawkwood and the two other selectmen, coming on purpose to see you! Now do tell them a good long story about what you have seen in foreign parts.'

The foremost of the three visitors, Squire Hawkwood, was a very pompous, but excellent old gentleman, the head and prime mover in all the affairs of the village, and universally acknowledged to be one of the sagest men on earth. He wore, according to a fashion even then becoming antiquated, a three-cornered hat, and carried a silver-headed cane, the use of which seemed to be rather for flourishing in the air than for assisting the progress of his legs. His two companions were elderly and respectable yeomen, who, retaining an ante-revolutionary reverence for rank and hereditary wealth, kept a little in the Squire's rear. As they approached along the pathway, Ralph Cranfield sat in an oaken elbow-chair, half unconsciously gazing at the three visitors, and enveloping their homely figures in the misty romance that pervaded his mental world.

'Here,' thought he, smiling at the conceit, 'here come three elderly personages, and the first of the

three is a venerable sage with a staff. What if this embassy should bring me the message of my fate!' 

While Squire Hawkwood and his colleagues entered, Ralph rose from his seat, and advanced a few steps to receive them; and his stately figure and dark countenance, as he bent courteously towards his guests, had a natural dignity; contrasting well with the bustling importance of the Squire. The old gentleman, according to invariable custom, gave an elaborate preliminary flourish with his cane in the air, then removed his three-cornered hat in order to wipe his brow, and finally proceeded to make known his errand.

'My colleagues and myself,' began the Squire, 'are burdened with momentous duties, being jointly selectmen of this village. Our minds, for the space of three days past, have been laboriously bent on the selection of a suitable person to fill a most important office, and take upon himself a charge and rule, which, wisely considered, may be ranked no lower than those of kings and potentates. And whereas you, our native townsman, are of good natural intellect, and well cultivated by foreign travel, and that certain vagaries and fantasies of your youth are doubtless long ago corrected; taking all these matters, I say, into due consideration, we are of opinion that Providence hath sent you hither, at this juncture, for our very purpose.'

During this harangue, Cranfield gazed fixedly at the speaker, as if he beheld something mysterious and unearthly in his pompous little figure, and as if the Squire had worn the flowing robes of an ancient
sage, instead of a square-skirted coat, flapped waistcoat, velvet breeches and silk stockings. Nor was his wonder without sufficient cause; for the flourish of the Squire's staff, marvellous to relate, had described precisely the signal in the air which was to ratify the message of the prophetic Sage, whom Cranfield had sought around the world.

'And what,' inquired Ralph Cranfield, with a tremor in his voice, 'what may this office be, which is to equal me with kings and potentates?'

'No less than instructor of our village school,' answered Squire Hawkwood; 'the office being now vacant by the death of the venerable Master Whitaker, after a fifty years' incumbency.'

'I will consider of your proposal,' replied Ralph Cranfield, hurriedly, 'and will make known my decision within three days.'

A few more words, the village dignitary and his companions took their leave. But to Cranfield's fancy their images were still present, and became more and more invested with the dim awfulness of figures which had first appeared to him in a dream, and afterwards had shown themselves in his waking moments, assuming homely aspects among familiar things. His mind dwelt upon the features of the Squire, till they grew confused with those of the visionary Sage, and one appeared but the shadow of the other. The same visage, he now thought, had looked forth upon him from the Pyramid of Cheops; the same form had beckoned to him among the colonnades of the Alhambra; the same figure had mistily revealed itself through the ascending steam of the Great Geyser. At every effort of his memory he recognised some trait of the dreamy Messenger of Destiny, in this pompous, bustling, self-important, little great man of the village. Amid such musings, Ralph Cranfield sat all day in the cottage, scarcely hearing and vaguely answering his mother's thousand questions about his travels and adventures. At sunset, he roused himself to take a stroll, and, passing the aged elm tree, his eye was again caught by the semblance of a hand, pointing downward at the half-obiterated inscription.

As Cranfield walked down the street of the village, the level sunbeams threw his shadow far before him; and he fancied that, as his shadow walked among distant objects, so had there been a presentiment stalking in advance of him throughout his life. And when he drew near each object, over which his tall shadow had preceded him, still it proved to be one of the familiar recollections of his infancy and youth. Every crook in the pathway was remembered. Even the more transitory characteristics of the scene were the same as in by-gone days. A company of cows were grazing on the grassy road-side, and refreshed him with their fragrant breath. 'It is sweeter,' thought he, 'than the perfume which was wafted to our ship from the Spice Islands.' The round little figure of a child rolled from a door-way, and lay laughing, almost beneath Cranfield's feet. The dark and stately man stooped down, and lifting the infant,
restored him to his mother's arms. 'The children,' said he to himself — and sighed, and smiled — 'the children are to be my charge!' And while a flow of natural feeling gushed like a well-spring in his heart, he came to a dwelling which he could nowise forbear to enter. A sweet voice, which seemed to come from a deep and tender soul, was warbling a plaintive little air, within.

He bent his head, and passed through the lowly door. As his foot sounded upon the threshold, a young woman advanced from the dusky interior of the house, at first hastily, and then with a more uncertain step, till they met face to face. There was a singular contrast in their two figures; he dark and picturesque — one who had battled with the world — whom all suns had shone upon, and whom all winds had blown on a varied course; she neat, comely, and quiet — quiet even in her agitation — as if all her emotions had been subdued to the peaceful tenor of her life. Yet their faces, all unlike as they were, had an expression that seemed not so alien — a glow of kindred feeling, flashing upward anew from half-extinguished embers.

'You are welcome home!' said Faith Egerton.

But Cranfield did not immediately answer; for his eye had been caught by an ornament in the shape of a Heart, which Faith wore as a brooch upon her bosom. The material was the ordinary white quartz; and he recollected having himself shaped it out of one of those Indian arrow-heads, which are so often found in the ancient haunts of the red men. It was precisely on the pattern of that worn by the visionary Maid. When Cranfield departed on his shadowy search he had bestowed this brooch, in a gold setting, as a parting gift to Faith Egerton.

'So, Faith, you have kept the Heart!' said he, at length.

'Yes,' said she, blushing deeply — then more gaily, 'and what else have you brought me from beyond the sea?'

'Faith!' replied Ralph Cranfield, uttering the fated words by an uncontrollable impulse. 'I have brought you nothing but a heavy heart! May I rest its weight on you?'

'This token, which I have worn so long,' said Faith, laying her tremulous finger on the Heart, 'is the assurance that you may!'

'Faith! Faith!' cried Cranfield, clasping her in his arms, 'you have interpreted my wild and weary dream!'

Yes; the wild dreamer was awake at last. To find the mysterious treasure, he was to till the earth around his mother's dwelling, and reap its products! Instead of warlike commnn't or regal or religious sway, he was to rule over the village children! And now the visionary Maid had faded from his fancy, and in her place he saw the playmate of his childhood! Would all, who cherish such wild wishes, but look around them, they would oftenest find their sphere of duty, of prosperity, and happiness, within those precincts,
and in that station, where Providence itself has cast their lot. Happy they who read the riddle, without a weary world-search, or a lifetime spent in vain!

THE END.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES:
A TEXTUAL STUDY BASED ON AN ANALYSIS OF THE
TALES IN THE THREE MAJOR COLLECTIONS

Volume III

DISSERTATION
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the
Graduate School of The Ohio State
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By

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The Ohio State University
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Approved by:

[Signature]

[Advisor]
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PART I:  TWICE-TOLD TALES APPENDIXES
EDITORIAL EMENDATIONS IN THE COPY-TEXT
(Note: Except for such alterations as have been made necessary because of imperfect Xerox reproduction, all changes made in the copy-text are listed here. Only the immediate source of the emendation is noticed; the Historical Collation may be consulted for the complete history, within the separate printings and editions collated, of all substantive readings. An alteration assigned to this text, ESTABLISHED, is made for the first time in the present edition if by "the first time" is understood "the first time in respect to the editions included in the collation." Asterisked readings are discussed in the Textual Notes. The following editions are referred to: 1837 (first edition of "SERIES I," 1837), 1842 (first edition of "SERIES II" and second edition of "SERIES I," 1842), 1851 (commonly known as the first Ticknor, Reed, and Fields edition, 1851), 185253 (the second impression of the 1852 plates, the first edition of the Twice-Told Tales set from stereotype plates; this second impression was issued in 1853), 185266 and 185279 (later impressions of the 1852 plates, issued in 1866 and 1879 respectively), 1865 (the Blue and Gold Edition, 1864-65), 1875 (the Little Classics Edition, 1875), 187599 (the last impression of the 1875 plates, 1899), and 1883 (the Riverside "Large Paper" Edition, 1883). The wavy dash ~ represents the same word as before the bracket and is used mainly in recording punctuation variants. A caret ^ indicates the absence of a punctuation mark or battered type. The vertical line | signifies the beginning or the end of a line of type. The following sigla represent the indicated separate printings of the tales and sketches; they may appear only silently in these lists.)

The Gray Champion: NE New-England Magazine (January, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.8

Sunday at Home: T The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

The Wedding-Knell: T The Token 1836
AY11.T64.1836

The Minister's Black Veil: T The Token 1836
AY11.T64.1836

The May-Pole of Merry Mount: T The Token 1836
AY11.T64.1836
The Gentle Boy: T The Token 1832
(Xerox, uncatalogued)
1839s The Gentle Boy. A Thrice Told Tale.

Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe: NE New-England Magazine
(December, 1834)
AP2.N48 v.7

Little Annie's Ramble: YK Youth's Keepsake 1835
AY11.Y72.1835
(cylop 1)

Wakefield: NE New-England Magazine
(May, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.8

A Rill from the Town-Pump: NE New-England Magazine
(June, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.8

TH Tales of Humor 1840
*PS646.F5.T3548.1840

PW The Prose Writers of America 1847
*PS362.G4.1847

The Great Carbuncle: T The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

The Prophetic Pictures: T The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

David Swan: T The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

SG Salem Gazette
(August 18, 1837)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

PW The Prose Writers of America 1847
*PS362.G4.1847

Sights from a Steeple: T The Token 1831
AY11.T64.1831

FB The Flower Basket 1840
E.H399.18403 v.2

The Hollow of the Three Hills: SG Salem Gazette
(November 12, 1830)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)
The Toll-Gatherer's Day: **DR United States Magazine & Democratic Review**
(October, 1837)
AP2.U56 v.1

**SG Salem Gazette**
(April 30, 1839)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

The Vision of the Fountain: **NE New-England Magazine**
(August, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.9

**SG Salem Gazette**
(March 21, 1837)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

Fancy's Show Box: **T The Token 1837**
AY11.T64.1837

**SG Salem Gazette**
(March 14, 1837)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

Dr. Heidegger's Experiment: **K Knickerbocker Magazine**
(January, 1837)
AP2.K69 v.9

**LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE**

Howe's Masquerade: **DR Democratic Review**
(May, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.2

**H Hesperian**
(July, 1838)
AP2.H57 v.1

**BB Boston Book 1841**
PS549.B6B6.1841

Edward Randolph's Portrait: **DR Democratic Review**
(December, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.3

**SG Salem Gazette**
(July 28, 1838)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)
Lady Eleanore's Mantle:  DR Democratic Review  
(December, 1838)  
AP2.U56 v.3

SG Salem Gazette  
(December 18, 1838)  
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

Old Esther Dudley:  DR Democratic Review  
(January, 1839)  
AP2.U56 v.5

The Haunted Mind:  T The Token 1835  
AY11.T64.1835

FB The Flower Basket 1840  
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

The Village Uncle:  T The Token 1835  
AY11.T64.1835

The Ambitious Guest:  NE New-England Magazine  
(June, 1835)  
AP2.N48 v.8

The Sister Years:  SG Carrier's Address to the Patrons of  
the Salem Gazette (January 1, 1839)  
NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio Editions)  
(January 12, 1839)  
AP2*.N52 v.7-8

Snow-Flakes:  DR Democratic Review  
(February, 1838)  
AP2.U56 v.1

NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio Editions)  
(February 17, 1838)  
AP2*.N52 v.7-8

The Seven Vagabonds:  T The Token 1833  
AY11.T64.1833  
(copy 1)

NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio Editions) (March 23, 1839) AP2*.N52 v.7-8

A Arcturus (January, 1842) (Xerox, uncatalogued)

Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure: T The Token 1838 AY11.T64.1838 (copy 1)

Chippings with a Chisel: DR Democratic Review (September, 1838) AP2.U56 v.3

SG Salem Gazette (April 30, 1839) (Xerox, uncatalogued)

The Shaker Bridal: T The Token 1838 AY11.T64.1838 (copy 1)

Night Sketches: T The Token 1838 AY11.T64.1838 (copy 1)

SG Salem Gazette (January 22, 1839) (Xerox, uncatalogued)

FB The Flower Basket 1840 (Xerox, uncatalogued)

Endicott and the Red Cross: T The Token 1838 AY11.T64.1838 (copy 1)

SG Salem Gazette (November 14, 1837) (Xerox, uncatalogued)
The Lily's Quest: SR The Southern Rose (Charleston, S.C.) (January 19, 1839) (Xerox, v.7 no.11)

MA Picturesque Pocket Companion, and Visitor's Guide, through Mount Auburn (Boston, 1839) (Xerox, uncatalogued)

NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio Editions) (February 16, 1839) AP2*.N52 v.5-6

SG Salem Gazette (March 12, 1839) (Xerox, uncatalogued)

Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore: DR Democratic Review (January, 1838) AP2.U56 v.1

NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio Editions) (January 27, 1838) AP2*.N52 v.3-4

Edward Fane's Rosebud: K Knickerbocker Magazine (September, 1837) AP2.K69 v.10

SG Salem Gazette (January 9, 1838) (Xerox, uncatalogued)

The Threefold Destiny: AM American Monthly Magazine (March, 1838) AP2.A486.v.11

NW The New World (December 25, 1841) AP2*.N5142 v.3
Preface

[5].12 them--] MS; -- 1851
[5].13 Town-[Pump-] MS; ---, 1851
[5].13 other--] MS; -,-- 1851
[5].14 newspaper-circulation] MS; -- 1851
[5].17 anybody] MS; any body 1851
6.16 trouble)] MS; -,) 1851
6.18 morocco-covers] MS; -- 1851
6.24 remorse, (and] MS; -, - 1851
6.25 regret,)] MS; -, 1851
7.11 'got rid of'] 1852; "--" MS. 1851
7.21 New-Eng-[land] MS; -- 1851
8.1 long-forgotten] MS; -- 1851
8.5 criticize] MS; criticise 1851
8.6 and--] MS; -, 1851
8.7 interest--] MS; -, 1851
9.4 anything] MS; any thing 1851
9.11 category,) MS; -- 1851
9.22 anybody] MS; any body 1851
10.10 preface] MS; Preface 1851
10.19 praise;) MS; -, 1851
11.18 however;) MS; -, 1851
12.5 January] MS; January 1851
The Gray Champion

[11].1 time, NE; ~ 1837
[11].1 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
[11].18 years, NE; ~ 1837
12.12 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
13.12 was, stet NE-1851
13.19 worshipped, 1851; worshiped NE
*13.25 Philip's, 1842; Phillip's NE
14.18 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
15.4 charter, stet NE-1865
15.15 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
15.26 everything, 1865; every thing NE
16.3 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
16.25 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
19.20 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
20.28 night, NE; ~ 1837
20.29 foretell, NE; foretel 1837
21.22 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
21.28 marvelled, 1851; marveled NE
22.18 meeting-house, NE, 1865; ~ 1837
22.22 night, NE; ~ 1837
22.28 New-England, NE; ~ 1837
22.28 spirit, NE; ~ 1837
22.30 New-England's, NE; ~ 1837
Sunday at Home

26.2  massy] 1842; massive  T
26.18 roundabout] ESTABLISHED; round about  T
27.17 recognize] T; recognise 1837
27.18 recognize] T; recognise 1837
29.25 worshippers] T; worshipers 1837
30.8  upward] T; upwards 1837
30.8  downward] T; downwards 1837
34.25 forever] T; for ever 1837
The Wedding-Knell

title The Wedding-Knell] MS; -- T
[37].1 New-York] MS; -- T
[37].7 edifice,] MS; -- T
[37].8 site,] MS; -- T
[37].13 loveliest] MS; lovelies 1837
38.28 everything] MS; every thing T
39.4 Southern] MS; southern T
39.4 gentleman,] MS; -- T
39.13 Southern] MS; southern T
40.16 wedding-day] MS; -- T
40.21 broad-aisle] -- T
40.26 tedious,] MS; -- 1837
40.29 old-fashioned] MS; -- T
41.2 church-door] MS; -- T
41.6 broad-aisle] MS; -- T
42.6 bright-colored] MS; -- T
42.7 anything] MS; any thing T
42.18 time,] MS; -- T
42.28 started,] MS; -- T
43.1 then,] MS; -- 1837
43.7 widow,] MS; -- 1837
43.17 bridal-chamber] MS; -- T
43.18 coffin-pall] MS; -- T
43.25 dispatch] MS; despatch T
44.24 churchyard] MS; church-yard T
45.3 then,] MS; -- T
45.6 two first] stet MS-1851
45.18 recognized] MS; recognised 1837
45.26 unite,] MS; -- 1837
46.7 separated,] MS; -- 1837
47.10 funeral,] MS; -- 1837
46.13 deathlike] MS; death-like 1837
46.19 lips. 'The] MS; -- ' T
Mr.] MS; ~ 1837
intreat] MS; entreat T
garment,—] MS; ~, T
forward,] MS; ~ T
deathlike] MS; death-like T
summons,] MS; ~ T
sepulchre—] MS; ~ T
gone,] MS; ~ T
more,] MS; ~ T
and,] MS; ~ T
Wedding-Knell] MS; ~ T
The Minister's Black Veil

[53.6] Sunday' 1842; sunday T
[53.7] Sabbath' 1842; sabbath T
54.2 figure,' 1842; " T
54.20 person,' 1842; " T
59.29 eyelids' 1851; eye-lids T
60.1 forever' 1842; for ever T
61.10 impatience,' T; ~ 1837
64.20 'No' T; " 1837
65.13 forever' 185253; for ever T
66.23 earth.' T; ~ 1837
66.28 forever' 185253; for ever T
69.13 Death' 1842; death T
70.3 New-England' T; ~ 1837
70.20 bedside' 1851; bed-side T
The May-Pole of Merry Mount

[77].7 note points, ESTABLISHED; — T
[77].4 sunshine] 1851; sun-shine T
78.9 pine-tree] 1865; —— T
78.20 pine-tree] 1865; —— T
79.15 forepaws' ESTABLISHED; fore paws T
80.28 May-Pole,] 1842; —— T
81.13 green-men] T; —— 1837
85.24 worshippers] T; worshipers 1837
87.15 anything] 1865; any thing T
87.22 forever] T; for ever 1837
88.1 sunbeam] 1851; sun-beam T
89.13 rosebuds] 1851; rose-buds T
90.14 pine-trees] 1851; —— T
91.29 were] T; where 1837
94.4 tread,] T; — 1837
The Gentle Boy

100.6 gray] 1851; grey T
102.15 touch,] stet T-1883
104.25 to-day] 1839s, 1852 T
106.13 Christian] 1842; christian T
106.17 Christian] 1842; christian T
108.6 persuasion,] T; -- 1837
109.20 yet,] T; -- 1837
110.21 hill,] T; -- 1837
112.6 recognize] 1852; recognise T
112.12 took a place] 1851; took place T
112.18 well-stricken] T; -- 1837
112.19 gray] 1851; grey T
113.4 Christian] 1851; christian T
115.13 apparelled] 1839s, 1851; appareled T
116.14 stupified] T; stupefied 1837
116.26 work] 1875; T; -? 1837
117.8 recognized] 1851; recognised T
120.25 trodden?] T; -? 1837
125.9 Ilbrahim] T; - 1837
130.24 night,] 1839s, 1865; T
131.10 than] T; then 1837
132.9 Christian] 1839s, 1851; christian T
132.20 rosebud] 1851; rose-bud T
133.22 gray] 1851; grey T
134.16 Scripture] 1842; scripture T
137.9 Christian] T; christian 1837
137.13 gray] 1851; grey T
137.13 Thou] 1852; thou T
138.11 heavily; 'yet] T; -- 1837
139.29 started;] T; -- 1837
142.15 then,] stet T-1851
144.18 Christian] 1842; christian T
144.19 approbation--] 1875; -- T
Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe

[149-.15 New-England] NE; ~ 1837
150.4 news,] NE; ~ 1837
150.9 anybody] 1865; any body NE
150.13 when,] NE; ~ 1837
151.9 last,] NE; ~ 1837
151.14 Mr.] NE; ~ 1837
151.17 Michael's] ESTABLISHED; Michael's NE
151.29 rapidity,] NE; ~ 1837
152.6 Michael's] ESTABLISHED; Michael's NE
152.20 questions,] NE; ~ 1837
152.24 his,] NE; ~ 1837
153.3 niece,] NE; ~ 1837
154.1 'that,' NE; ~ 1837
154.5 didn't] TH, 1851; didn't NE; didn't 1837
154.18 Michael's] ESTABLISHED; Michael's NE
154.19 farmer,] NE; ~ 1837
154.21 Higginbotham's,) NE; ~), 1837
154.27 anybody] 1865; any body NE
155.1 bridge,] NE; ~ 1837
155.5 may be] stet NE-1833
155.7 murdered,] NE; ~ 1837
155.28 miles distance] stet NE-1837
156.2 all?] 185253; ~. NE
156.9 wouldn't] TH, 1842; wouldn't NE; wouldn't 1837
156.14 everybody] 1865; every body NE
156.15 as thriving a village as] NE; as thriving as 1837
156.20 course,] NE; ~ 1837
157.10 paper,] NE; ~ 1837
157.10 pica,] NE; ~ 1837
157.16 pathos, also,] NE; ~ ~ 1837
157.18 Michael's] ESTABLISHED; Michael's NE
157.19 pear-tree,] NE; ~ ~ 1837
157.20 grief,] NE; ~ 1837
158.1 street,] NE; ~ 1837
158.8 town-pump, NE; ~ 1837
158.9 intelligence, NE; ~ 1837
158.15 Kimballton, 1842; NE
159.9 him, NE; ~ 1837
159.17 lief, TH, 1842; lies NE
159.18 it, NE; ~ 1837
160.21 doubted, NE; ~ 1837
160.21 along, NE; ~ 1837
160.26 so, NE; ~ 1837
160.29 morning, NE; ~ 1837
161.6 pocket-book, NE; ~ 1837
161.7 biscuits, NE; biscuit 1837
161.23 town-pump, NE; ~ 1837
162.12 town-pump, NE; ~ 1837
163.14 look, NE; ~ 1837
163.18 Michael's, ESTABLISHED; Michael's NE
164.13 suppose, NE; ~ 1837
164.18 up, NE ~, 1837
164.23 "charge my toll," NE; ' ~ ~,' 1837
165.2 horseman, NE; ~ 1837
165.3 recognize, NE; recognise 1837
165.14 point, NE; ~ 1837
165.18 was, stet NE-1851
165.23 back-ground, NE; ~ 1837
166.2 Michael's, ESTABLISHED; Michael's NE
166.17 butt-end, NE; but-end 1837
166.18 found------, stet 1837-185253
166.18 not, indeed, NE; ~ ~ 1837
166.19 Michael's, ESTABLISHED; Michael's NE
166.22 Dominicus, NE; ~ 1837
167.12 bed, NE; ~, 1837
Little Annie's Ramble

contents Annie's 1842; Anne's 1837
176.7 trumpets, 1842; -- YK
177.24 everybody's 1865; every body's YK
178.9 Aesop] ESTABLISHED; AEsp YK
180.2 Cries] 1851; cries YK
180.3 City] 1851; city YK
181.17 hand?] stet 1837-1865
Wakefield

[185].4 abstractedly' stet NE-1883
186.10 general] stet NE-1851
187.15 to-day' NE; today 1837
190.2 forever] NE; for ever 1837
193.13 bedside] NE; bed-side 1837
195.24 glance;] NE; ~: 1837
198.2 recognize] NE; recognise 1837
198.5 Well;] NE; ~; 1837
198.16 forever] NE; for ever 1837
A Rill from the Town-Pump

[201].6 town-officers] NE; ~~ 1837
[201].11 treasure,] NE; ~~ 1837
203.6 to-day] NE; today 1837
203.26 Good b'ye] NE; Good-by 1837
204.16 Town-Pump.] NE; ~~ 1837
206.14 recognized] NE; recognised 1837
208.4 finally,] 1883; ~~ NE
208.11 frenzy] 185253; phrensy NE
The Great Carbuncle

216.27 jewelled] T; jeweled 1837
217.22 marvellous] T; marvelous 1837
219.13 has past] stet T-1865
219.13 past,] T; ~ 1837
219.25 forever] T; for ever 1837
220.8 other] T; oth e| 1837
221.28 attic] T; attick 1837
222.28 Yet,] T; ~ 1837
225.2 festoons,] 1842; ~ T
225.27 stopt] T; stopped 1837
227.14 soon,] T; ~ 1837
229.23 for,] T; ~ 1837
231.19 forever] T; for|ever 1837
231.25 thrillingly cold] T; ~ 1837
The Prophetic Pictures

238.3 and all women 1842; and women T
238.15 canvass 1 ESTABLISHED; canvas T
239.11 fancy. T; ~, - 1837
240.7 canvass 1 ESTABLISHED; canvas T
240.14 beheld only a 1842; beheld a T
240.20 sometimes, T; ~ 1837
242.15 recognized 1 1852^53; recognised T
242.17 concentrated 1 ESTABLISHED; concentrated T
242.23 worshipped T; worshiped 1837
243.1 earth 1 1842; Earth T
243.10 recognize T; recognise 1837
244.2 canvass 1 ESTABLISHED; canvas T
244.13 Chief Justice 1 1842; chief Justice T
244.20 canvass 1 ESTABLISHED; canvas T
245.11 canvass 1 ESTABLISHED; canvas T
245.23 that, T; ~ 1837
246.25 recognized 1 1852^53; recognised T
246.29 forever 1 1852^53; for ever T
247.25 perfect Elinor 1 stet T-1851
249.14 canvass 1 ESTABLISHED; canvas T
252.1 canvass 1 ESTABLISHED; canvas T
252.14 New-England's T; ~, - 1837
255.1 forever 1 1852^53; for ever T
255.7 it! 1 stet T-1851
255.28 within? T; ~, - 1837
257.25 canvass 1 ESTABLISHED; canvas T
David Swan

263.22 maple-trees 1875; ~~ T
265.13 anything 1865; any thing T
265.25 maple-trees 1875; ~~ T
269.21 he. T; ~| 1837
269.26 Wealth 1842; wealth T
269.27 Love 1842; love T
269.28 Death 1842; death T
Sights from a Steeple

[273].4 Oh, ESTABLISHED; O T
274.28 Oh, ESTABLISHED; O T
275.1 betray, T; ~ 1837
275.3 Oh, ESTABLISHED; O T
276.14 left-hand] FB, 1842; ~ T
277.11 responsible,] T; ~ 1837
277.15 personage,] FB, 1842; ~ T
278.17 manoeuvres] ESTABLISHED; manœuvres T
279.8 Immediately,] T; ~ 1837
280.20 lane,] 1842; ~ T
281.13 Finally,] 1842; ~ T
282.16 dead;] FB, 1851; ~: T
The Hollow of the Three Hills

286.29 am a stranger, 1851; am stranger  SG
287.3 forever,  SG; for ever  1837
287.3 forever! ESTABLISHED; forever. T; for ever. 1837; for ever.' 1842
288.5 fortune,—] ESTABLISHED; ~, SG; --- 1837
290.18 pine-trees] 1851; ~-- SG
290.28 lady,] 1842; ~-- SG
290.29 'Then] SG; ~  1837
The Toll-Gatherer's Day

285.9 canvass· DR; canvas 1842
285.9 has blest· DR; has blessed SG-1842
287.4 re-enters· DR; re-enters 1842
288.1 for'c'stle] DR; fore-'castle 1842
288.9 side,
289.16 tomorrow's] ESTABLISHED; to-morrow's DR
289.20 light-house] DR; light house SG-1842
The Vision of the Fountain

[295.5 walnut-trees] 1865; ~~ NE
296.20 were] stet NE-1875
299.4 but,] NE; ~ SG-1837
299.7 sunk] stet NE-1883
300.18 snow,] NE; ~ SG-1837
301.20 village,] NE; ~ SG-1837
301.25 some time] NE; sometime SG-1837
302.10 someone] ESTABLISHED; some one NE
302.20 recognized] 185253; recognised NE
303.9 Daughter of the Light] 1842; daughter of the light NE
Fancy's Show Box

308.7 a glass or two of generous wine) stet T-1883
308.14-16 Mr. Smith . . he) stet T-1875
309.22 which,) T; ~ 1837
309.25 back-ground) T; ~ 1837
310.1 downward) T; down-ward 1837
310.12 canvass) ESTABLISHED; canvas T
310.13 recognize) T; recognise 1837
312.16 pale,) T; ~ 1837
312.19 canvass) ESTABLISHED; canvas T
314.1 canvass) ESTABLISHED; canvas T
314.28 dramatist) T; damatist 1837
315.7 thousandfold) 1842; thousand fold T
Dr. Heidegger's Experiment

title Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.*] ESTABLISHED; The Fountain of Youth. K; Dr. Heidegger's Experiment. 1837

[319].fn [Note on plagiarism at the bottom of first page], [Lacks note] K; [Note at the bottom of last page of tale] 1865

321.1 parchment-covered] 1852 53; parchment K; ~, 1837
322.15 Heidegger, 'may] K; , ' 1837
323.1 But,] K; 1837
324.13 "Fountain of Youth"?'] 1865; ' ~ ?'] K; " ~ ?" 1837
326.8 experiment.] K; 1837
325.23 a glas of generous wine] stet K-1883
327.25 beyond'] beyond 1837
329.6 crows-foot] K; crows foot 1837
329.16 brim full] K; 1837
330.25 black-letter'] K; blackletter 1837
331.14 'She] K; 1837
332.2 grand-dam] K; granddam 1837
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER I.

Howe's Masquerade

title PROVINCE-HOUSE^1 DR; -- BB
[3],6 'OLD PROVINCE-HOUSE] DR; "Old Province-House H;
"OLD PROVINCE HOUSE BB, 1842
[3',14 Province-House] DR; -- BB
4.5 Province-House] DR; -- BB
4.13 iron-work] DR; -- BB
4.24 panelled] BB; paneled DR; pannedel H
4.26 Province-House] DR; -- BB
5.4 Bernard,^1 DR; -- H, BB
5.11 Province-House] DR; -- BB
6.16 intervened,)^1 DR; --, 1842
7.9 Province-House] DR; -- BB
8.1 Province-House] DR; -- BB
8.4 it,) DR; -- BB
8.4 removes,) DR; -- BB
8.11 Province-House] DR; -- BB
8.16 beleaguered] 1865; beleagured DR; beleagued H
8.21 court-circle] DR; -- BB; -- 1842
8.27 at] DR; a 1842
9.2 high-ruffed] DR; high-ruffled BB
9.23 mock-heroic] DR; -- 1842
10.21 company,) DR; -- 1842
11.12 Bunker Hill--] 1851; --. DR, H; --. BB
11.23 slow,) DR; -- BB
11.30 Province-House] DR; -- BB
13.9 half-way] DR; -- BB
13.28 Province-House] DR; -- BB
15.17 seemed,) DR; --, 1842
*16.5 Phipps] 1851; Phips DR
16.6 sea-captain,) DR; --, 1842
18.1 lamp,) DR; -- BB
18.3 duskily;) DR; -- H, BB
18.9 half-acknowledged] DR; ~ BB
18.12 recognized] DR; recognised 1842
*18.19 Pownall] DR; Pownal 1842
18.26 woel] 1852 53; wo DR
19.2 Province-House] DR; ~ BB
19.3 looking-glass,] DR; ~ BB
19.27 although,] DR; ~ H, BB
20.6 recognized] DR; recognised 1842
21.7 Province-House] DR; ~ BB
21.25 for,] DR; ~ BB
21.29 speak,] DR; ~ 1842
21.30 and,] DR; ~ BB
22.17 Province-House] DR; ~ BB
23.6 panelled] 1852 53; pannelled DR, BB; paneled H, 1842
23.17 PROVINCE-HOUSE] DR; Province House H; PROVINCE HOUSE BB, 1842
23.27 arch-way] DR; archway BB
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER II.
Edward Randolph's Portrait

title PROVINCE-HOUSE
[27].1 Province-House DR; ~~~ SG, 1842
[27].7 unheard-of DR; ~~~ 1842
28.19 Old South Church] 185253; ~ ~ church DR
29.2 recognized] DR; recognised 1842
29.5 ladies,] DR; ~ 1842
29.23 Province-House] DR; ~~~ 1842
29.27 source;] DR; ~, 1842
29.27 although,] DR; ~, 1842
29.29 Province-House] DR; ~~~ SG, 1842
30.1 canvass] DR; canvas 1842
31.26 canvass] DR; canvas 1842
31.27 Province-House] DR; ~~~ SG, 1842
32.19 Province-House] DR; ~~~ SG, 1842
33.7 Province-House] DR; ~~~ SG, 1842
33.9 well] DR; well 1842
33.12 canvass] DR; canvas 1842
34.13 wherever] DR; where 1842
35.4 Province-House] DR; Province house SG; Province House 1842
36.9 Captain] DR; captain 1842
36.13 mythology,] DR; ~,-- 1842
38.12 Province-House] DR; ~~~ SG, 1842
40.15 canvass] DR; canvas 1842
42.23 canvass] DR; canvas 1842
43.18 picture-cleaner] DR; ~~~ 1842
43.23 Province-House] DR; ~~~ 1842
44.6 Province-House] DR; ~~~ 1842
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER III.

Lady Eleanore's Mantle

title PROVINCE-HOUSE] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
[47].1 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
[47].10 vitae] ESTABLISHED; vitæ DR-1883
[47].15 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
48.2 dry-goods] 185253; dry-good DR, 1842; ~~ SG
48.12 panelled] DR; paneled 1842
48.17 banquetted] DR; banqueted 1842
48.21 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
50.9 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
50.29 marvellous] SG, 1851; marvelous DR
50.30 legends,] DR; ~ 1842
51.26 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
51.29 the] DR; a 1842
52.5 dispatches] 1851; despatches DR
52.16 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
54.22 dispatches] 1851; despatches DR
54.25 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
57.14 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
57.28 someone] ESTABLISHED; some one DR
57.30 dishevelled] DR; disheveled 1842
58.16 recognized] DR; recognised 1842
59.13 so as almost] DR; so almost 1842
60.4 Province-House] DR; ~~ 1842
60.19 Woe] 185253; Wo DR
61.1 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
61.20 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
63.10 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
64.4 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
65.8 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
66.11 roundabout] ESTABLISHED; round about DR
67.1 recognized] DR; recognised 1842
68.10 Province-House] DR; ~~ SG, 1842
69.12 Province-House] DR; ~~~ SG, 1842
69.24 Province-House] DR; ~~~ SG, 1842
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER IV.

Old Esther Dudley

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<td>DR</td>
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89.24 Province-House] DR; ~~~ 1842
The Haunted Mind

94.4 two—] T; -, 1842
94.21 tomorrow] ESTABLISHED; to-morrow T
95.15 woollen] FB, 1851; woolen T
97.11 recognize] T; recognise FB, 1842
97.28 anywhere] 1865; any where T
The Village Uncle

[103].7 relics 1851; relics T
107.11 roundabout) ESTABLISHED; round about T
107.19 was] stet T-1851
108.28 somewhere] 1851; some where T
110.18 mermaid,) T; ~ 1842
111.5 gaiety] ESTABLISHED; gayety T
112.1 forever] 185253; for ever T
112.28 someone) ESTABLISHED; some one T
112.29 slumberous] 185253; slumberous T
113.23 everywhere] 1865; every where T
113.26 forever] 1851; for ever T
116.17 anything] 1865; any thing T
117.18 pleased,) T; ~ 1842
119.4 moreover,) 1851; ~ T
The Ambitious Guest

[123].13 New-England] NE; ~ 1842
125.7 someone] ESTABLISHED; some one NE
125.29 Crawford's,] NE; ~ 1842
126.30 New-England] NE; ~ 1842
127.18 was,) stet NE-1852
127.30 recognize] NE; recognise 1842
128.25 here,) NE; ~ 1842
130.24 night,) NE; ~' 1842
133.4 everything] NE; every thing 1842
133.7 anything] NE; any thing 1842
134.21 everything] 1865; every thing NE
135.4 has] NE; had 1842
135.5 forever] NE; for ever 1842
135.11 Woe] 1851; Wo NE
The Sister Years

140.13 Depot] SG; Dépôt 1842
140.26 anybody] SG; any body 1842
141.14 grand-daughters] NY, 1851; -- SG
142.26 and] ESTABLISHED; or SG
142.27 Sub-Treasury] 1851; -- SG
144.17 bell,] ESTABLISHED; -- SG
144.21 her.] SG; -- 1842
145.20 anything] SG; any thing 1842
145.29 gray] 1851; grey SG
147.3 anybody] 1865; any body SG
147.15 complaining,—] SG; --, 1842
147.16 give,—] SG; --, 1842
147.21 anything] SG; any thing 1842
148.3 grandchildren] NY, 1865; grand children SG
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<td>158.19</td>
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<td>159.5</td>
<td>step, by] stet 1842</td>
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The Seven Vagabonds

[163].1 foot,] T; ∼ 1842
[163].7 right-hand] 1852; ∼∼ T
[163].13 Brobdingnags] ESTABLISHED; Brobdignags T
164.16 small-clothes] 1851; ∼∼ T
166.4 magician, (for] ESTABLISHED; ∼, ∼ T; ∼ (∼ 1842
166.17 gray-headed] 1851; ∼∼ T; grey headed 1842
166.29 play, (for] ESTABLISHED; ∼, ∼ T; ∼ (∼ 1842
169.12 who,] T; ∼ 1842
170.3 everywhere,] T; ∼ 1842
170.8 book seller] T; bookseller 1842
171.15 man,] 1851; ∼∼ T
172.2 burthened] ESTABLISHED; burdened T
172.30 Aetna] ESTABLISHED; AEtna T
173.20 everywhere] 1865; every where T
173.24 camp-meeting] 1865; ∼∼ T
176.29 turned,] T; ∼ 1842
177.2 may be] stet T-1842
179.29 worshipped] T; worshiped 1842
180.19 fir-tree] 1851; ∼∼ T
181.9 thought,] T; ∼ 1842
181.16 tomorrow] ESTABLISHED; to-morrow T
181.16 tomorrows] ESTABLISHED; to-morrows T
182.18 everywhere] 1865; every where T
183.13 undoubtedly,] T; ∼ 1842
184.9 marvellous] T; marvelous 1842
184.23 everybody] 1865; every body T
186.5 recognized] 1852; recognised T
186.27 mouth.] T; ∼ 1842
The White Old Maid

196.29 undertone ≤ 1852; undertone NE
199.17 Caesar ESTABLISHED; Caesar NE
201.12 Caesar ESTABLISHED; Caesar NE
201.21 Caesar ESTABLISHED; Caesar NE
203.11 time,] NE; ~ 1842
203.26 recognized] NE; recognised 1842
203.29 Caesar ESTABLISHED; Caesar NE
204.2 Caesar's ESTABLISHED; Caesar's NE
205.14 gasp--'] 1852; -- NE
206.10 now,] NE; ~ 1842
[209].14 opened the] T; openedithe 1842
212.7 luck,] T; ~ 1842
213.17 Tomorrow] ESTABLISHED; To-morrow T
215.10 accumulated] T; accumulated 1842
216.17 tomorrow] ESTABLISHED; to-morrow T
216.23 gaiety] ESTABLISHED; gayety T
217.6 Tomorrow] ESTABLISHED; To-morrow T
217.23 sunken] stet T-1883
218.22 opaque] T; opaque 1842
219.29 however,] T; ~| 1842
222.19 night, for the] T; night, the 1842
223.14 partner,'] T; ~,~ 1842
223.24 fist,] T; ~ 1842
226.6 quarrelling] T; quarreling 1842
236.24 meantime] ESTABLISHED; mean time T
238.5 Tomorrow] ESTABLISHED; To-morrow T
Chippings with a Chisel

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<td>death's-heads, DR; SG, 1842</td>
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<td>rosebud, 1851; rose-bud, DR</td>
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<td>Governor, DR; Governor, 1842</td>
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The Shaker Bridal

261.6 them,'] T; ~. 1842
262.6 loth] ESTABLISHED; loath T
262.28 despair,] T; ~ 1842
263.6 lover,] T; ~. 1842
263.13 fellow-worshippers] T; --worshipers 1842
264.23 sentiments?] T; ~l 1842
265.1 But,] T; ~. 1842
265.2 pale,] T; ~. 1842
266.3 But,] T; ~. 1842
266.15 forever] 1852\(^{53}\); for ever T
266.31 exhausted,] T; ~. 1842
Night Sketches

276.20  one. A] stet  T, 1842-1883
278.4  scene. A] stet  T, 1842-1883
Endicott and the Red Cross

286.17 anything] 185253; any thing T
287.19 discovered] T; discoverd 1842
289.20 Here are news] stet T-1883
290.26 tomorrow] ESTABLISHED; to-morrow T
291.5 block--'] T; ---" 1842
293.5 forever] 185253; for ever T
293.7 recognize] 185253; recognise T
The Lily's Quest

300.12  forever] SR, MA; for ever  1842
301.17  Fay.] SR, MA; -.'  1842
303.4   posterity.] SR, MA; -."  1842
Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore

| 312.11 | homeward--- | DR; ~,— 1842 |
| 314.11 | gray | NY, 1851; grey DR |
| 316.3  | canvass | NY, ESTABLISHED; canvas DR |
| 316.12 | Statesmen, | DR; ~ 1842 |
| 318.1  | a nook | DR; the nook 1842 |
| 318.10 | gray | NY, 1851; grey DR |
| 318.22 | bejewelled | DR; bejeweled 1842 |
| 320.28 | fir-trees | 1851; ~— DR |
| 321.6  | gray | DR; grey 1842 |
| 321.13 | dessert | NY, 1851; desert DR |
| 321.25 | sunlight | 1851; sun-light DR |
| 323.25 | gray | NY, 1851; grey DR |
Edward Fane's Rosebud

332.16 earthy] stet K, 1842
336.12 recognizing] SG, 185253; recognising K
336.22 gaiety] SG, ESTABLISHED; gayety K
336.30 recognized] SG, 185253; recognised K
337.4 shrivelled] K; shriveled 1842
339.8 again,] K; -- 1842
The Threefold Destiny

[343].8 New-England] AM; ~~ NW, 1842
344.12 New-England] AM; ~~ NW, 1842
344.17 unrecognized] AM; unrecognised 1842
344.31 Sibyl] 1852; Sybil AM
346.14 recognize] AM; recognise 1842
347.9 but,] AM; ~ 1842
348.13 EFFODE] 1851; INDFODI AM; EFFODE 1842
351.11 three-cornered] AM; three-corned 1842
353.3 recognized] AM; recognised 1842
353.10 elm-tree] AM; ~~ 1842
354.13-14 a|singular] AM; a|a singular 1842
13.25 King Philip's war] Although the spelling Phillip's of the copy-text is almost unquestionably Hawthorne's, the Established Text emends to the primary spelling as it is given in the Dictionary of National Biography. Hawthorne's spelling here is illustrative of his consistent doubling of consonants.

98.25 abstractedly] This adverb, along with the adjective abstracted, occurs numerous times in the tales and romances. The distinction he made between these two words and the less idiosyncratic forms, abstract and abstractly, is difficult to define. According to his family dictionary, abstractedly denotes the "abstraction, simply, separately from all contingent circumstances," a meaning wholly appropriate to the context here. Since it also has, like abstracted, the connotation of being "abstruse, absent of mind," it seems even more suitable for Hawthorne's purposes in "The Gentle Boy" than does abstractly, which means merely "separated from something else." A parallel use of the term abstractedly occurs in "Wakefield": "The fact, thus abstractedly stated, is not very uncommon . . . ."

175.4 Peter Parley's] The Established reading here refers, of course, to Samuel G. Goodrich's eponym. The first-appearance reading, Robin Carver's, refers to another contemporary writer whose History of Boston was published in 1834.

243.11 Dr. Colman] The Established Text accepts this copy-text change as authorial. According to the Oxford Companion to American Literature, the primary spelling lacks the e. Hawthorne's reference is to Benjamin Colman (1673-1747), minister of the Brattle Street Church in Boston, a liberal Congregationalist and something of a leader in the Great Awakening.

16.5, 82.21 Sir William Phipps] The double consonant here almost certainly represents Hawthorne's own spelling. Phipps was named Governor of Massachusetts under a new charter in 1692. The variant spelling, Phips, is common.

18.19 Pownall] Again, the final doubling of the consonant undoubtedly represents Hawthorne's habit as well as the normal spelling. Thomas Pownall was Governor of Massachusetts from 1757-59.
VARIANTS BETWEEN THE FIRST COLLECTED APPEARANCE
AND THE FIRST APPEARANCE IN PRINT
The Gray Champion

Boston 1837
(copv 1)

New-England Magazine
(January, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.8

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GENTLE BOY.

[11],1 time.
[11],1 New England
[11],4 James II.,
[11],16 and.
[11],18 years.
12.6 colonists
12.24 Edmund Andros
13.4 King-street
13.10 character
13.25 burnt
14.29 Edmund Andros
16.14 Crown
17.1 churchman
17.6 showed
18.8 fourscore
18.17 long-departed
18.20 is
20.1 Crown
20.8 Nay, nay
20.12 of times
20.25 tomorrow
20.28 tomorrow
20.29 foretell
21.24 King-street
22.18 meeting house
22.22 breastwork
22.22 night
22.28 New England's
22.28 spirit;
Sunday at Home

Boston 1837
(copy 1)

The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GENTLE BOY.

26.17 connexion
27.17 recognise
27.17 sunshine, And
29.25 worshippers
30.8 upwards
30.8 downwards
32.22 hour-hand
34.9 earth. On
34.25 for ever

connection
recognize
And
worshippers
upward
downward
~~~

~.~
~.~

forever
The Wedding-Knell

Boston 1837  The Token 1836
(copy 1)  AYll.T64.1836

BY THE AUTHOR OF
SIGHTS FROM A STEEPEL.

[37].1 lovelies loveliest
39.25 Time time
43.19 divers diverse
44.2 ill-natured ~
45.18 recognised recognized
45.20 shroud; ~
45.26 unite, ~
46.10 funeral ~
47.1 Mr. Ellenwood ~.
49.10 Time time
49.10 Eternity eternity
The Minister's Black Veil

Boston 1837
(copy 1)

BY THE AUTHOR OF
SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

The Token 1836
AY11.T64.1836

threshold threshhold
impatience.
earth. Be
Oh!
am,
frightened,
veil. Do
New England
connexions
Black Veil
Black Veil

black veil
The May-Pole of Merry Mount

The Token 1836
AY11.T64.1836

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GENTLE BOY.

Wollaston
sun-shine
mid-summer
His
tipsey
revellous
high-priest
green men
yon
mummers
worshippers
bond-slaves
for ever
sunshine
 glance
rainbow
morrice-dancers
Blackstone
first, Blackstone
Palfrey
Palfrey
misdoers
where
cried
thou,
pumpkin-shell
tread.
That those who were active in, or consenting to, this measure, made themselves responsible for innocent blood, is not to be denied: yet the extenuating circumstances of their conduct are more numerous than can generally be pleaded by persecutors. The inhabitants of New England were a people, whose original bond of union was their peculiar religious principles. For the peaceful exercise of their own mode of worship, an object, the very reverse of universal liberty of conscience, they had hewn themselves a home in the wilderness; they had made vast sacrifices of whatever is dear to man; they had exposed themselves to the peril of death, and to a life which rendered the accomplishment of that peril almost a blessing. They had found no city of refuge prepared for them, but, with Heaven's assistance, they had created one; and it would be hard to say whether justice did not authorize their determination, to guard its gate against all who were destitute of the prescribed title to admittance. The principle of their foundation was such, that to destroy the unity of religion, might have been to subvert the government, and break up the colony, especially at a period when the state of affairs in England had stopped the tide of emigration, and drawn back many of the pilgrims to their native homes. The magistrates of Massachusetts Bay were, moreover, most imperfectly informed respecting the real tenets and character of the Quaker sect. They had heard of them, from various parts of the earth, as opposers of every known opinion, and enemies of all established governments; they had beheld extravagances which seemed to justify these accusations; and the idea suggested by their own wisdom may be gathered from the fact, that the
persons of many individuals were searched, in the expectation of discovering witch-marks. But after all allowances, it is to be feared that the death of the Quakers was principally owing to the polemic fierceness, that distinct passion of human nature, which has so often produced frightful guilt in the most sincere and zealous advocates of virtue and religion. An

The wife's eyes filled with tears; she inquired neither who little Ilbrahim was, nor whence he came, but kissed his cheek and led the way into the dwelling. The sitting-room, which was also the kitchen, was lighted by a cheerful fire upon the large stone-laid hearth, and a confused variety of objects shone out and disappeared in the unsteady blaze. There were the household articles, the many wooden trenchers, the one large pewter dish, and the copper kettle whose inner surface was glittering like gold. There were the lighter implements of husbandry, the spade, the sickle, and the scythe, all hanging by the door, and the axe before which a thousand trees had bowed themselves. On another part of the wall were the steel cap and iron breast-plate, the sword and the matchlock gun. There, in a corner, was a little chair, the memorial of a brood of children whose place by the fire-side was vacant forever. And there, on a table near the window, among all those tokens of labor, war, and mourning, was the Holy Bible, the book of life, an emblem of the blessed comforts which it offers, to those who can receive them, amidst the toil, the strife, and sorrow of this world. Dorothy hastened to bring the little chair from its corner; she placed it on the hearth, and, seating the poor orphan there, addressed him in words of tenderness, such as only a mother's experience could have taught her. At length, when he had timidly begun to taste
his warm bread and milk, she drew her husband apart. [¶]'What
intentions. [¶]'Have

had near
to Ilbrahim, who, having finished his repast, sat with the tears hanging upon his long eye-
lashes, but with a singular and unchildlike composure on his little face. [¶]'Have

Cornet
holy,
persuasion.
them. [¶] Their
yet.
drum. At

which peculiarity it may be mentioned, that an apartment of the meetinghouse served the pur-
poses of a powder-magazine and armory. At

hills.
faultered

age. [¶] Pearson

house sat the women, generally in sad-colored and most unfanciful apparel, although there were a few high head-dresses, on which the 'Cobler of Agawam' would have lavished his empty wit of words. There was no veil to be seen among them all, and it must be allowed that the November sun, shining brightly through the windows, fell upon many a demure but pretty set of features, which no barbarity of art could spoil. The masculine department of the house presented somewhat more variety than that of the women. Most of the men, it is true, were clad in black or dark-grey broadcloth, and all coincided in the short, ungraceful, and ear-displaying cut of their hair. But those who were in martial authority, having arrayed themselves in their embroidered buff-
coats, contrasted strikingly with the remainder of the congregation, and attracted many youth-
ful thoughts which should have been otherwise employed. Pearson

well-stricken
thin countenance
The discourse was worked much learning, both sacred and profane, which, however, came forth not digested into its original elements, but in short quotations, as if the preacher were unable to amalgamate his own mind with that of the author. His own language was generally plain, even to affectation, but there were frequent specimens of a dull man’s efforts to be witty—little ripples fretting the surface of a stagnant pool.

She then thundered. Having thus usurped a station to which her sex can plead no title, she divested

stupified

~

~?

~

thousandfold

committed

lash, and lay in the dungeons of

immovable

precious views of happiness

rich treasures of happiness

witch-hazel

gold

cottage.

Ilbrahim,

unappropriated

manhood

him. After watching the

once. His

then
gibe. Such 

the change in his belief was fully accom- 
plished, of the world, in its thousand shapes, 
and the power which moved him to sacrifice all 
for the one pure faith; to quote his own 
words, subsequently uttered at a meeting of 
Friends, it was as if 'Earth and Hell had 
garrisoned the fortress of his miserable soul, 
and Heaven came battering against it to storm 
the walls.' Such 

mind 

event completed the 
change, of which the 
child had been the 
original instrument. 

In 

open 

to encounter ignominy 

to exult in the midst of ignominy 

forever 

pages.[?]He 

~. ~ 

In 

life. In 

[229.17-229.21] 

life. His features were 

strong and well connected, and seemed to 

express firmness of purpose and sober under- 
standing, although his actions had frequently 

been at variance with this last attribute. In 

conscience' 

conscience 

mightst 

might 

woeful 

woful 

christian 

Christian 

imagining 

imaging 

heavily;' yet 

~; ' ~ 

started, 

~; 

Sister 

Favorite sister
But enter. As home. grave. My heart is glad of this triumph of our better nature; it gives me a kindlier feeling for the fathers of my native land; and with it I will close the tale.
Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe

Boston 1837
PS1870.A1
(copy 2)

New-England Magazine
(December, 1834)
AP2.N48 v.7

THE STORY TELLER. NO. II.
THE VILLAGE THEATRE.

[149] [Lacks introduction] [449.1-450.30]

About the first of September, my fellow-traveler and myself arrived at a country town, where a small company of actors, on their return from a summer's campaign in the British Provinces, were giving a series of dramatic exhibitions. A moderately sized hall of the tavern had been converted into a theatre. The performances that evening were The Heir at Law, and No Song No Supper, with the recitation of Alexander's Feast between the play and farce. The house was thin and dull. But the next day, there appeared to be brighter prospects, the play-bills announcing, at every corner, on the town-pump, and, awful sacrilege! on the very door of the meeting-house, an Unprecedented Attraction!! After setting forth the ordinary entertainments of a theatre, the public were informed, in the hugest type that the printing-office could supply, that the manager had been fortunate enough to accomplish an engagement with the celebrated Story Teller. He would make his first appearance that evening, and recite his famous tale of "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe!" which had been received with rapturous applause, by audiences in all the principal cities. This outrageous flourish of trumpets, be it known, was wholly unauthorized by me, who had merely made an engagement for a single evening, without assuming any more celebrity than the little I possessed. As for the tale, it could hardly have been applauded by rapturous audiences, being as yet an unfilled plot; nor, even when I stepped upon the stage, was it decided whether Mr. Higginbotham should live or die.

In two or three places, underneath the flaming bills which announced the Story Teller, was pasted a small slip of paper, giving notice, in tremulous characters, of a religious meeting, to be held at the school-house, where, with Divine permission, Eliakim Abbott
would address sinners on the welfare of their immortal souls.

In the evening, after the commencement of the tragedy of Douglas, I took a ramble through the town, to quicken my ideas by active motion. My spirits were good, with a certain glow of mind, which I had already learned to depend upon as the sure prognostic of success. Passing a small and solitary school-house, where a light was burning dimly, and a few people were entering the door, I went in with them, and saw my friend Eliakim at the desk. He had collected about fifteen hearers, mostly females. Just as I entered, he was beginning to pray, in accents so low and interrupted, that he seemed to doubt the reception of his efforts, both with God and man. There was room for distrust, in regard to the latter. At the conclusion of the prayer, several of the little audience went out, leaving him to begin his discourse under such discouraging circumstances, added to his natural and agonizing diffidence. Knowing that my presence on these occasions increased his embarrassment, I had stationed myself in a dusky place near the door, and now stole softly out.

On my return to the tavern, the tragedy was already concluded, and being a feeble one in itself, and indifferently performed, it left so much the better chance for the Story Teller. The bar was thronged with customers, the toddy-stick keeping a continual tattoo, while in the hall there was a broad, deep buzzing sound, with an occasional peal of impatient thunder, all symptoms of an overflowing house and an eager audience. I drank a glass of wine and water, and stood at the side-scene, conversing with a young person of doubtful sex. If a gentleman, how could he have performed the singing-girl, the night before, in No Song No Supper? Or if a lady, why did she enact Young Norval, and now wear a green coat and white pantaloons, in the character of Little Fickle? In either case, the dress was pretty, and the wearer bewitching; so that, at the proper moment, I stepped forward, with a gay heart and a bold one; while the orchestra played a tune that had resounded at many a country ball, and the curtain, as it rose, discovered something like a country bar-room. Such a scene was well enough adapted to such a tale.
The orchestra of our little theatre consisted of two fiddles and a clarionet; but if the whole harmony of the Tremont had been there, it might have swelled in vain, beneath the tumult of applause that greeted me. The good people of the town, knowing that the world contained innumerable persons of celebrity, undreamt of by them, took it for granted that I was one, and that their roar of welcome was but a feeble echo of those which had thundered around me, in lofty theatres. Such an enthusiastic uproar was never heard; each person seemed a Briareus, clapping a hundreds hands, besides keeping his feet and several cudgels in play, with stamping and thumping on the floor; while the ladies flourished their white cambric handkerchiefs, intermixed with yellow, and red bandanna, like the flags of different nations. After such a salutation, the celebrated Story Teller felt almost ashamed to produce so humble an affair as

MR. HIGGINbotham's CATASTROPHE.
orchard.

that

didn't

farmer (whom

Higginbotham's),

foot-travel-ler

S

till.

Salmon River

bridge.

murdered.

and.

don't

wouldn't

thriving as

cotton factories

slitting mill

not yet in

but a few

shop doors

stable yard

order

course.

d
d

d

d

d

d

d

d

d

d

d

d

d

in seventeen stanzas

and.

and the recovery

boarding houses

factory girls

millmen
schoolboys
street.
cotton|machines
in his vanity of heart
and.
town pump
intelligence|
field preacher
horses,
at Kimballton
race, discovered
had been startled
him.
love tale
it.
shopkeepers, the
millmen, and the
factory girls
tavern door
niece,
doubted.
along.
so.
morning.
commencement week
stage fare
laid his
pocket book
biscuit
sensible,
Preceptress
State
mud holes
reprinted
This story was originally more dramatic, than as here presented to the reader, and afforded good scope for mimicry and buffoonry; neither of which, to my shame, did I spare. I never knew the "magic of a name," until I used that of Mr. Higginbotham; often as I repeated it, there were louder bursts of merriment,
than those which responded to what, in my opinion, were more legitimate strokes of humor. The success of the piece was incalculably heightened by a stiff queue of horse-hair, which Little Pickle, in the spirit of that mischief-loving character, had fastened to my collar, where, unknown to me, it kept making the queerest gestures of its own, in correspondence with all mine. The audience, supposing that some enormous joke was appended to this long tail behind, were ineffably delighted, and gave way to such a tumult of approbation, that, just as the story closed, the benches broke beneath them, and left one whole row of my admirers on the floor. Even in that predicament, they continued their applause. In after times, when I had grown a bitter moralizer, I took this scene for an example, how much of fame is humbug; how much the meed of what our better nature blushes at; how much an accident; how much bestowed on mistaken principles; and how small and poor the remnant. From pit and boxes there was now a universal call for the Story Teller.

That celebrated personage came not, when they did call to him. As I left the stage, the landlord, being also the postmaster, had given me a letter, with the postmark of my native village, and directed to my assumed name, in the stiff old hand-writing of Parson Thumpcushion. Doubtless, he had heard of the rising renown of the Story Teller, and conjectured at once, that such a nondescript luminary could be no other than his lost ward. His epistle, though I never read it, affected me most painfully. I seemed to see the puritanic figure of my guardian, standing among the fripperies of the theatre, and pointing to the players,—the fantastic and effeminate men, the painted women, the giddy girl in boy's clothes, merrier than modest,—pointing to these with solemn ridicule, and eyeing me with stern rebuke. His image was a type of the austere duty, and they of the vanities of life.

I hastened with the letter to my chamber, and held it unopened in my hand, while the applause of my buffoonry yet sounded through the theatre. Another train of thought came over me. The stern old man appeared again, but now with the gentleness of sorrow, soften-
ing his authority with love, as a father
might, and even bending his venerable head,
as if to say, that my errors had an apology
in his own mistaken discipline. I strode
twice across the chamber, then held the let­
ter in the flame of the candle, and beheld
it consume, unread. It is fixed in my mind,
and was so at the time, that he had addressed
me in a style of paternal wisdom, and love,
and reconciliation, which I could not have
resisted, had I but risked the trial. The
thought still haunts me, that then I made my
irrevocable choice between good and evil
fate.

Meanwhile, as this occurrence had dis­
turbed my mind, and indisposed me to the
present exercise of my profession, I left the
town, in spite of a laudatory critique in the
newspaper, and untempted by the liberal
offers of the manager. As we walked onward,
following the same road, on two such differ­
ten errands, Eliakim groaned in spirit, and
labored, with tears, to convince me of the
guilt and madness of my life.
Little Annie's Ramble

Boston 1837
PS1870,A1
(copy 2)

Youth's Keepsake 1835
AY11,Y72,1835
(copy 1)

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GENTLE BOY.

[171].9 visiters
visitors
172.4 pantalets
pantalettes
172.8 go on their
go their
173.13 organ-grinder

174.1 shop-windows

174.7 glimpse

glimse
174.22 sugarplums
sugar plums
174.26 mottos
mottoes
175.4 Peter Parley's
Robin Carver's
175.9 shop-window

175.13 self

*Does not our Frontis-
piece resemble your "Little Annie"? -- EDITOR.

175.20 toyshop
toy shop
176.11 Catharine
Catherine
176.15 ethereal
etherial
176.22 good-by
-.bye
177.6 canary bird
--
177.21 treadmill
tread-mill
178.16 elephantine
elefantastic
178.22 untamable
untameable
178.28 self-same
-.-
180.15 sympathizes
sympathises
180.16 woe
wo
180.17 town-crier
-.~
180.19 pocketbook
pocket-book
181.5 address
addresses
181.17 hand?
.~
182.9 as
of
BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GRAY CHAMPION,

~,

untill

to-day

great-coat

oil-cloth

look

foot-steps

busy-bodies

trace

woe-fully

forever

foot-boy

critical

incident

conceived

bedside

to-morrow

of a brief article in the

New-England!
A Rill from the Town-Pump

Boston 1837
PS1870.A1
(copv 2)

New-England Magazine
AP2.N48 v.8
(June, 1835)

[201].note streets.*

*Essex and Washington Streets, Salem.

[201].6 town officers

[201].11 treasure.

202.1 fire|department

202.5 town-clerk

202.17 cupbearer
cup-bearer
tip-top

202.26 strong beer

203.6 today
to-day

203.8 running brooks

203.15 sir

203.26 Good-by

204.3 schoolboy

204.3 troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump.
take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and

204.10 What! he

204.14 great toe

204.16 Town-Pump-

204.18 hind legs

205.7 birch bark

205.12 washbowl

205.15 Sabbath days

205.26 mudpuddle

206.14 recognised

206.21 watermark

207.6 household god

208.2 brewhouses

208.6 Poverty

poverty
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>208.8</td>
<td>Disease</td>
<td>disease</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>208.9</td>
<td>Sin</td>
<td>sin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>209.2</td>
<td>sir</td>
<td>nv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>209.5</td>
<td>liquor casks</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>209.22</td>
<td>toper,</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>209.25</td>
<td>slapdash</td>
<td>slap-dash</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>209.25</td>
<td>hot water</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>210.5</td>
<td>cleanse</td>
<td>wash</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>210.10</td>
<td>stone pitcher</td>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Great Carbuncle

Boston 1837
PS1870.A1
(copy 2)

The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE WEDDING-KNELL.

[213].1 night-fall
214.24 woman
215.9 whom,
215.18 this
216.5 prayer-time
216.27 jeweled
217.1 burial-vault
217.3 vain-glory
217.22 marvelous
218.13 favored
219.2 gray-beard
219.8 sir
219.13 past.
219.19 Notch
219.21 life-time
219.25 for ever.'
219.26 wretch,
220.8 other
220.14 labors
220.24 sirs
220.29 heathen
221.8 spectacles. 'I
221.16 shipboard
221.28 attick
222.9 jack-o'lantern
222.10 think!' ejaculated
222.14 a garret
222.19 armor
222.25 honored

nightfall
female
the
jewelled
\~\~
marvellous
favoured
\~\~
Sir
\~
notch
\~\~
forever.
\~
other
labours
Sirs
Heathen
\~\~'~
ship board
attic
Jack o'lantern
\~!\---
an attic
armour
honoured
Yet
realize
stopped
mountain-side
footprints
soon
mountain-peak
foot-hold
oh
Notch
mountain-\lake
long-sought
for
violently. 'Or
thrillingly-cold
us.'
an
vapors
sixpence-worth
heaviest
heaven.[?]Matthew
noontide

realise
stopt
mountain-side
footprints
~
mountain-peak
foot-hold
Oh
nv
\~\~
\~\~
\~
\~,--'~
\~
\~'
any
vapours
\~\~
biggest
\~\~
noon-tide
The Prophetic Pictures

Boston 1837
PS1870.A1
(copy 2)

239.8 look!
239.11 fancy,
240.17 any-thing
240.20 sometimes.
240.28 judgment
241.23 conversation
242.23 worshiped
243.10 recognise
243.11 Colman
243.29 visitors
244.22 half-length
245.18 moments,
245.23 that-
247.6 judgment
249.21 thunder-stricken
249.25 failed,'
252.8 visitors
252.14 New|Engl|and's
252.25 frame-work
253.4 partisan
253.29 pried
254.21 Art
255.4 Art
255.7 thy
255.28 within-
255.28 inquired
256.1 sir
256.23 time,

The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

~!~
~.
~.
~.
judgement
conversations
worshipped
recognize
visitors
~.
~.

nv
~|
~,~

~

~

nv

---

~

partizan

pryed

art

nv

thy

~?

enquired

Sir

~.
David Swan

Boston 1837
(cop 1)

The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

262.22 depths
262.26 horseback
262.27 bedchamber
262.28 nor the left
263.4 middle-aged
263.10 road-side
263.11 and
263.16 linch-pin
264.10 way-side
264.29 interest. | Yet
265.10 sir
265.28 bedchamber
266.7 free-hearted
267.4 neighborhood
267.6 way-side
267.26 pocketbook
268.1 wakes?
268.28 block-tin
269.21 he.
269.22 top!
270.7 available?

depth
horseback
bed-chamber
nor to the left
--
--
or
--
--
--
--
Sir
--
freehearted
neighbourhood
--
pocket book
--
-.
--
-.
-?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Boston 1837 (copy 1)</th>
<th>The Token 1831 AY11.T64.1831</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[273].11 air-ships</td>
<td>~~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>274.3 light,</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>274.16 obscurity.</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>274.27 harbor</td>
<td>harbour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>275.1 betray.</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>275.11 no</td>
<td>an</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>275.28 spyglass</td>
<td>spy-glass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>277.11 responsible.</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>277.21 Indies.</td>
<td>~,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[?]But</td>
<td>~,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>277.25 man. After</td>
<td>man and, after</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>278.4 watchtower</td>
<td>watch-tower</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>278.8 toyshop</td>
<td>toy-shop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>278.12 voluntary</td>
<td>volunteer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>278.14 schoolboys</td>
<td>school boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>278.17 ridiculously</td>
<td>unfortunately</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>278.28 every-day</td>
<td>~~~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>279.1 no doleful clang of the bell</td>
<td>no clang of passing bell bell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>279.8 Immediately.</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>281.19 habiliments</td>
<td>habiliment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>282.3 Thus did Arethusa sink</td>
<td>Thus it was that Arethusa sunk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>282.11 mountain-tops</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>282.24 Rainbow</td>
<td>rainbow</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Hollow of the Three Hills

Boston 1837
(cop 1)

Salem Gazette
November 12, 1830 (Friday)

286.1 sides--Dwarf
286.5 tree-trunk
287.3 for ever
287.11 daylight
288.3 familiar
288.4 through
288.5 fortune--were
288.13 woman
288.19 vibration
289.6 it,' face..
289.7 face..
289.12 woman. 'Wherefore
289.18 through
289.26 deepened
290.29 'Then
291.1 mayst
291.24 was
292.3 vapor

~.--|~
tree and trunk
forever
daylight
fa--milliar
thro'
~, ~
female
vibrations
~;~
~.
~, 'Wherefore
thro'
deep--ended
'
may'st
were
vapour
The Toll-Gatherer's Day

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.1
(copy 1)

Democratic Review
(October, 1837)
AP2.U56 v.1

BY THE AUTHOR OF
TWICE-TOLD TALES.

[281].8 and,
282.4 edifice,
282.22 and,
283.15 itself,
283.20 board,
284.21 sulky
285.5 chaise,
285.9 canvas
285.19 broadened
285.21 Within,
285.29 blessed, this
286.3-8 hearts! My your whole
life's pilgrimage be as
blissful as this first
day's journey, and its
close be gladdened with
even brighter anticipa-
tions than those which
hallow your bridal
night![q]They

286.26 choked
287.4 re-enters
287.28 immovably
287.29 chasm
288.1 fore-'castle
288.9 side.
288.25 seem

choaked
re-enters
immoveably
same
for'c'stle
~,
seems
again? - I
shall will
light house ---
Earth earth
Dear ladies, could I but look into your eyes, like a star-gazer, I might read secret intelligences. Will you read what I have written? You love music and the dance, and are passionate for flowers; you sometimes cherish singing-birds, and sometimes young kittens. You sigh by moonlight. Once or twice you have wept over a love-story in the annuals. Sleep falls upon you, like a lace veil, rich with gold-embroidered dreams, and is withdrawn as lightly, that you may see brighter dreams than them. Maiden pursuits, and gentle meditations, the sunshine of maiden glee, and the summer-cloud of maiden sadness--these make up the tale of your happy years. You are in your spring, fair reader--are you not? I am scarce in my summer-time. Yet, I have wandered through the world, till its weary dust has settled on me; and when I meet a bright, young girl, a girl of sixteen, with her untouched heart, so sweetly proud, so softly glorious, so fresh among faded things, I fancy that the gate of Paradise has been left ajar, and she has stolen out. Then I give a sigh to the memory of Rachel.

Oh, Rachel! How pleasant is the sound to me! thy sweet, old scriptural name. As I repeat it, thoughts and feelings grow vivid again, which I deemed long ago forgotten. There they are, yet in my heart, like the initials and devices engraved by virgin fingers in the wood of a young tree, remaining deep and permanent, though concealed by the furrowed bark of after years. The boy of fifteen was handsome; though you would shake your heads, could you glance at the altered features of the man. And the boy had lofty, sweet, and tender thoughts, and dim, but glorious visions; he was a child of poetry.
from my home
our heads
gold-fish
lovely
etherial
~
~~
~~
day
evening
~, ~, ~, clergyman's stipend
was a
~, some time
That is all, fair ladies. There is nothing more to
tell. For, why must
revealed, that
Fancy's Show Box

Boston 1837
PS1870.A1
(copy 2)

The Token 1837
AIt1.164.1837

309.22 which
309.25 picture; in
309.25 back-ground
310.1 downward
downward
310.13 recognise
310.13 recognize
310.13 farm-house
311.15 boon companions
312.16 pale
313.10 lawsuit
law-suit
313.23 never-perpetrated
314.28 dramatist
Dr. Heidegger's Experiment

Boston 1837
PS1870.A1
(copy 2)

Knickerbocker Magazine
(January, 1837)
AP2.K69 v.9

The Fountain of Youth
[On page 27 of the magazine the heading is "The Fountain of Nature." On pages 28-33, the running-titles are "The Fountain of Youth."]

book-cases
black leather
parchment duodecimos
could
~:~
~:|~
opon
wild
visage
~, '~
~, ~
meant|been treasured
between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would|you
[two lines of type are transposed]
experiment.~
nature's
grand-children
~
beyond
day-break
crow's-foot
brim-full
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Word 1</th>
<th>Word 2</th>
<th>Word 3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>330.17</td>
<td>frolicksomeness</td>
<td>foolishness</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>330.18</td>
<td>gaiety</td>
<td>gayety</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>330.21</td>
<td>waistcoats</td>
<td>waistcoasts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>330.24</td>
<td>grandfather</td>
<td>grand-father</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>330.25</td>
<td>blackletter</td>
<td>black-letter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>331.12</td>
<td>Killigrew.</td>
<td>No</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>331.14</td>
<td>Gascoigne.</td>
<td>She</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>331.29</td>
<td>grandsires</td>
<td>grandsires</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>332.2</td>
<td>granddam</td>
<td>grand-dam</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>333.24</td>
<td>more transient than</td>
<td>as transient as</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TALES OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NO. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWICE-TOLD TALES.
although.

company.

slyly

England—

slow|

called,

voice,

I.

composure--'it

skull-cap

half way

hand,

Bible

threshold

Charles.

'These,'

Tush! we

white-bearded

sword,

wrathful,

his

seemed,

sea-captain.

form

England.'[¶]Several

figures

wine cup

good fellowship

lamp.

duskily: so

various

half acknowledged

recognised

Pownal
well remembered

Governors
great

looking glass

immovable

although,

fancied

cloak,

bearing,

them.[?]With

brow,

he. 'You

hair's breadth

figure,

threshold

governor

form,

Colonel;

for.

speak.

corpse;-

and.

tale,

that.

steps,

cigar-smoke

whisky punch

paneled

Brookline

stage-driver

day--

Times--

archway

Washington street
[27].1 Province House
[27].7 unheard of
28.14 glass. [q]But
28.29 lantern
29.2 recognised
29.5 ladies.
29.7 whisky
29.27 source.
29.27 although.
30.1 canvas
30.8 mantelpiece
30.9 Lieutenant Governor
30.25 demeanor
31.24 Captain
33.9 well
34.13 wherever
35.6 people's
35.28 convert
35.31 province
36.9 captain
36.12 fable—fairies
36.13 mythology,—who
36.15 woe
36.18 Shape
36.23 There
36.29 of Council

---
--|~
~. ~
lantern
recognized
~, 
whiskey
~, 
canvass 
mantel-piece
~
demeanour 
captain 
well 
wherever 
People's 
turn 
Province 
Captain 
--|~ 
~, ~ 
wo 
shape 
These 
of the Council
abroad in
child-like

Heaven

exerting all his
despotism

and had spoken

massacre

of a picture-cleaner,

may
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER III.

Lady Eleanore's Mantle

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

Democratic Review
(December, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.3

TALES OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NO. III.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Province House

lucubrations had

had

me, would

the

pan-|eled

banqueted

democratic

democrat

matters. |With

government

her,

harsh,

legends.

Newport,

equipage,

gone

a gladsome

disrespect!

welcome.'

Excellency

senses,

Langford,

sanity

mentioned;

his

panelled

banquetted

Democratic

Democrat

~.with

Government

~.

~.

~.

~|.

got

the ~

~,'

~.

excellency

~|

~.

vanity

~-
dishevelled
recognized
villain's own throat

so as almost
fair aristocrat

so almost

footstep

lady

death

pestilence

fallen

possesses

Eleanore?

all avenged--for

mantle

proud

sceptics

that--it
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER IV.

Old Esther Dudley

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

Democratic Review
(January, 1839)
AP2.U56 v.5

TALES OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NO. IV.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[73].4 loyalist
74.13 ancient
74.16 loyalist's
74.27 Province House
75.30 unwitnessed
76.18 with the
79.6 memory:
79.6 Hope
79.7 Memory
80.5 reappear
80.14 demeanor
80.22 system,
81.11 And.
81.13 the Olivers, the Hutchinsons, the Dudleys
81.19 staunch
82.26 wigs.
82.27 her
84.16 the
town's people
85.4 town's people
85.9 ashen
85.29 by-gone
86.20 Death
87.4 recognised
87.5 province
87.11 trode
87.11 Royalty

Loyalist
aged
Loyalist's

witnessed
with all the

~;

memory
re-appear
demeanour
~
~

the Oliver's, the Hutchinson's, the Dudley's

staunch
~.

the

~

~

~

~

~

decay
recognized
Province
strod
royalty
Come, death
Past past
Hancock, past
Past Loyalist
mantelpiece mantle-piece
speedily., nv
Past Loyalist
loyalist nv
by-gone thence
The Haunted Mind

BY THE AUTHOR OF
SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

[93].3 from midnight slumber
94.4 two, and
94.15 enjoyments
95.7 peaks of the frost
   scenery do
95.12 snow-covered
95.27 ecstasy
96.6 hour
96.19 Passion
96.19 Feeling
96.21 Sorrow
96.29 Hope
96.30 Disappointment
97.2 Fatality
97.11 recognise
97.11 Shame
97.15 Remorse
99.27 Eternal

from slumber
----
employments
peaks do
~ ~
cestacy
hours
passion
feeling
sorrow
hope
disappointment
fatality
recognize
shame
remorse
eternal
The Village Uncle

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(cop y 2)

The Token 1835
AY11.T64.1835

[103].3 Thanksgiving
104.9 eye-sight
104.20 looking-glass
105.28 mermaids, and
106.5 behavior
106.24 weather-beaten
106.26 pig-styes
107.21 sun-burn
107.28 flat-bottomed
108.4 with red
108.7 long-bearded
109.2 hand-cart
109.25 Cape
110.6 used to say
110.9 fish-dealer
110.14 whenever
110.18 mermaid.
111.8 kind-hearted
111.12 Eve.[9]It

THE MERMAID; A REVERIE

thanksgiving
~.~
~.~
mermaids, (but without the fish's fins, Susan,) and
behaviour
~.~
~.~
~.~
with the red
~.~
~.~
~.~
cape

Eve. Oh, Susan the sugar heart you gave me, and the old rhyme--'When this you see, remember me'--scratched on it with the point of your scissors! Inscriptions on marble have been sooner forgotten, than those words shall be on that frail heart.[9]It

111.22 shadow;
111.22 while
111.23 dreamy

~, though
dreary
silent
sister had
daughter of the sea
mantelpiece
beach
treasure. [q]But
sisters, Then did I discourse
coextensive
Heaven
yours
stanch
Uncle
Boston
scent
frost-bitten
Point
pleased.
Eternity
Death
Disease
Strife
depart.
Heaven
strive.
Heaven
sister Hannah had
daughter of the sea
mantle piece
beach
-
shells, discoursing
co-extensive
heaven
your's
staunch
uncle
Chatham
smells
~
point
~
eternity
death
disease
strife
~
heaven
~
heaven
The Ambitious Guest

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

[123].9 Happiness
[123].11 Happiness
[123].13 New England
124.12 traveller
125.29 Crawford's,
126.12 Mountain
126.30 poetry,
127.3 travelled
127.17 birth
127.30 recognise
128.8 the wanderer
128.25 here,
129.24 granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man.'[9]'We're
131.19 yours
131.25 mountain-nymph
131.31 hers
132.6 Indian
133.3 linen
133.4 every thing
133.12 nervous
133.23 stranger youth
134.27 cottage chimney
135.5 for ever
135.9 cottage on this
135.12 Earthly|Immortality

New-England Magazine
AP2.N48 v.8
(June, 1835)

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GRAY CHAMPION.
The Sister Years

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2

Carrier's Address to the Patrons of the Salem Gazette (January 1, 1839)

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWICE-TOLD TALES.

[139].8 garments, ~
140.13 Depot
140.26 any body anybody
142.3 Salem Gazette SALEM GAZETTE
142.5 history doings
142.6 pen.[?] 'My whole history,' continued she, 'is here set down by a very able and faithful secretary of mine; and, now that I have no further use for his services, I would recommend you to employ him on the same footing!'

'What are his politics?' inquired the New Year, with an air of grave deliberation, and a dubious expression of countenance.— 'Not Whig, I trust,'

'Whig—to the back bone,' answered her elder sister; 'and whatever your opinions may be, his are not very likely to change. But, at any rate, his narratives of fact may pretty safely be depended on, and you may gain from this volume a compendious summary of my efforts and achievements, my good and evil fortune; and, in some degree, of my thoughts and feelings throughout my early career. Men will not look back to me as a very distinguished Year, in any part of the world.'

142.9 Why, ~
142.18 Focos—~
142.21 points. ~
142.26 Tory tory
143.5 distant. ~
143.5 Year year
143.7 invoked. Nothing ——|~
143.20 Year, ~
143.26 administration; ~|
of.
Railroad
Year
Spanish-Convent
time. New
omnibuses
Year
'which
deposit
anything
basket,'
New Year
Old Year
Almanacs,
New Year's
well,
unreasonable,
complaining, | still
give, | still
which,
city
good-by
them. But
dwelling,
By the Author of Twice-Told Tales.

Snow-Flakes

Boston 1842
Democratic Review
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(February, 1838)
(copy 1) AP2.U56 v.1

BY THE AUTHOR OF
TWICE-TOLD TALES.

Snow Flakes

[153].11 people,
154.4 Mother Earth
154.17 hand-fulls
155.17 New England's
155.29 looking,
156.27 well-contested
157.14 page.]*[p]How
157.15 Winter
157.18 scatters
157.30 Winter's
158.6 New England
158.12 woe
158.26 Manhood
158.26 Woman
158.30 Spring
159.4 snow-drift
159.5 spring
159.9 winter's
159.21 wind. *And
159.22 jingling
159.22 bells, a
159.30 street?
160.1 winter
160.2 Mother Earth
160.6 upon
160.18 winter's

mother earth
handfulls
winter
scattered
winter's
wo
manhood
woman
spring
nv
-and
jingling
----
. }

mother earth
against
The Seven Vagabonds

The Token 1833
AY11.T64.1833
(copy 1)

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GENTLE BOY.

[163],1 foot.
[163],5 went towards
[163],16 horses,
164.8 Halloo
164.8 door-keeper
164.13 show-man
164.15 snuff-colored
164.18 schoolmasters
164.25 camp-meeting
165.14 labor
166.4 magician (for
166.5 shadows)
166.15 detecting,
166.17 grey
166.23 meeting-house
166.29 play (for
166.30 lack,)
167.9 hat,
168.11 each.[?]Thus
168.15 pedler
168.24 camp-meeting
168.27 which,
169.12 who.
169.15 sensations,
169.16 when,
169.18 unhonored
169.23 room. Then
169.25 neighboring
169.28 while,
"Thus Literature; everywhere. bookseller merry-eyed wagon. The face; it. This

mirth-inspiring us—the wagon—needed double-fisted pine-surrounded were tolerably going, indeed, camp meeting ethereal Youth care-stricken Maturity Age show-box wayfarer be, full-blooded Suffolk object, he

it. I hardly know how to hint, that, as the brevity of her gown displayed rather more than her ankles, I could not help wishing that I had stood at a little distance without, when she stept up the ladder into the wagon. This were in crayons, and tolerably going, indeed, camp meeting ethereal Youth care-stricken Maturity Age show-box wayfarer be, full-blooded Suffolk object, he United States object to the national credit, he
shoe-string
life. It
inscrutable
repeat,
fortune-teller,
turned.

Devil
ones,
Devil
wrung
knowledge. [q] All

visitor
enchantment. [q] It
worshiped
rivers. There
mill-dam
aim. [q] The
thought.
birth-place
chased the deer
Spirit Land
untame-| ble
Oriental

undoubtedly.

sue!
Mirth,
crew!
marvelous
me. [q] As

color
acknowledgment
fellow-laborers
splendor
Vagabond
their

birth-place chased the deer Spirit Land untame-| ble Oriental undoubtedly.
sue!
Mirth,
crew!
marvelous me. [q] As
color
acknowledgment fellow-laborers splendor Vagabond their

birth-place chased the deer Spirit Land untame-| ble Oriental undoubtedly.
sue!
Mirth,
crew!
marvelous me. [q] As
color
acknowledgment fellow-laborers splendor Vagabond their

birth-place chased the deer Spirit Land untame-| ble Oriental undoubtedly.
sue!
Mirth,
crew!
marvelous me. [q] As
color
acknowledgment fellow-laborers splendor Vagabond their

The White Old Maid

Boston 1842
New-England Magazine
(1842 v.2)

(by the Author of
The Gray Champion.)

[191.10 burial clothes
192.25 Edith
195.2 Integrity
195.2 Love
195.2 Innocence
195.28 negotiating
196.2 courtseying
196.23 long,
198.28 appearing
199.30 panels
200.14 panel
201.8 decipherer
203.11 time |
203.26 recognised
203.29 Well,
204.5 sufficed
204.12 practising
206.10 now.

Patience
integrity
love
innocence
negociating
courtesying
appeared
pannels
pannel
decypherer
recognized
sufficient
practicing
Peter Goldthwait's Treasure

Boston 1842
PS1670.A1.1842 v.2
(copv 1)

The Token 1838
AY11.764.1838
(copv 1)

Peter Goldthwait's Treasure
BY THE AUTHOR OF TWICE-TOLD TALES.

Goldthwait opened the accumulated success Peter grew endeavoured opaque neighbours bookstores, the having night, for the handful quarrelling parlour re-appearance
Chippings with a Chisel

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWICE-TOLD TALES.

[241].6 successful,
242.1 isles,
243.5 painful
243.31 grave.[q]And
244.19 shop; or|sometimes
246.5 it,
247.2 women,
247.2 side,
247.29 hand,
249.1 death's head
249.30 Sorrow
250.6 subject,
250.28 sepulchral
251.28 sachem
251.28 Govenor
252.13 chiseling
253.4 idea: 'the
253.29 penciled
253.31 after|wards
254.8 Why,
254.13 skepticism
255.11 companionship
255.12 came

Democratic Review
AP2.U56 v.3
(September, 1838)

Boston 1842
Ps1870.Al.1842 v.2
(copy 1)
The Shaker Bridal

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

261.6 them. |
261.24 neighboring
262.28 despair *
263.6 lover *
263.13 fellow-worshipers
264.23 sentiments !
265.1 But *
265.2 pale *
266.3 But *
266.31 exhausted *

The Token 1838
AY11.T64.1838

BY THE AUTHOR OF
TWICE-TOLD TALES.

~'
neighbouring
~, 
~,
—--worshippers
~?
~, .
~
~,
~,
Night Sketches, Beneath an Umbrella

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

The Token 1838
AY11.T64.1838
(copy 1)

276.29 meteors,
278.12 Death
278.29 Sorrow
278.13 mansion
278.18 Sorrow
278.19 Death
278.24 furthest
279.25 Faith

~
death
sorrow
~?
sorrow
death
farthest
faith
Endicott and the Red Cross

Boston 1842
PS1870.Al.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

The Token 1838
AY11.T64.1838
(copy 1)

[283].7 armor
284.29 endeavor
285.27 above-mentioned
287.19 discoverd
287.31 a bubbling fountain
288.28 red hot
290.16 on
291.13 persecutor, arch-priest
291.7,8 far|less
293.1 Pope
293.1 Tyrant

armour
endeavour
~.~
discovered
a bright bubbling fountain
--|~
from
persecutor, the arch-priest
lar fess
pope
tyrant
The Lily's Quest

Boston 1842
Ps1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

The Southern Rose
(January 19, 1839)
Xerox (v.7 no. 11)

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
(AUTHOR OF TWICE-TOLD TALES.)

300.12 for ever
300.15 Sorrow
300.23 sorrow
301.17 Fay.'
303.4 posterity."
303.7 Happiness?
303.12 Temple?
304.18 the
306.29 Eternity

300.12 forever
300.15 sorrow
300.23 sorrow
301.17 ~
303.4 ~
303.7 ~
303.12 ~
304.18 this
306.29 eternity
Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWICE-TOLD TALES.

Democratic Review
(January, 1838)

AP2.U56 v.1

homeward,--
small
Statesmen.
glistening. In this
chasm there was
the nook
bejeweled
it is veritably
Ocean's
decked
gray
can I
Past
Place
neighbors
wrathful,--
grey
sunshine
see!
unviolated.[q]But

---
little
~,
glistening. Here was
a nook
bejewelled
it|veritably
ocean's
decorated
gray
I can
past
place
neighbours
---,

nv
sun-shine
~.
~.
Edward Fane's Rosebud

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Boston 1842</th>
<th>Knickerbocker Magazine</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PS1870.Al.1842 v.2</td>
<td>(September, 1837)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(copy 1)</td>
<td>AP2.K69 v.10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 329.10 | behold | beheld |
| 330.11 | Toothaker | Ingersoll |
| 330.26 | again. | ~ |
| 333.16 | dinner time | ~ | ~ |
| 337.4 | shriveled | shrivelled |
| 337.23 | fiery | fiery |
| 337.30 | half audibly | ~ | ~ |
| 338.14 | woe | wo |
| 338.26 | General Fane | Colonel Fane |
| 339.8 | again | ~ |
The Threefold Destiny

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copv 1)

American Monthly Magazine
(March, 1838)
AP2.A486 v.11

BY ASHLEY ALLEN ROYCE.

<table>
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<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Corrected Text</th>
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<td>New England</td>
<td>New England</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>344.17</td>
<td>recognised</td>
<td>recognized</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>346.2</td>
<td>Effode</td>
<td>INFODI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>346.14</td>
<td>recognise</td>
<td>recognize</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>346.14</td>
<td>the summons</td>
<td>the fated summons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>347.4</td>
<td>youth,</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>347.5</td>
<td>threefold</td>
<td>three-fold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>347.9</td>
<td>but</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>348.2</td>
<td>enclosure</td>
<td>inclosure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>349.8</td>
<td>threefold</td>
<td>NV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>350.2</td>
<td>tease</td>
<td>teaze</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>350.31</td>
<td>come</td>
<td>comes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>351.11</td>
<td>three-corned</td>
<td>three-cornered</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>351.15</td>
<td>selectmen</td>
<td>select-men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>352.11</td>
<td>instructor</td>
<td>instructor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>353.10</td>
<td>elm tree</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>354.8</td>
<td>within.[q]He</td>
<td>within.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Oh, Man can seek the downward glance,
And each kind word—affection's spell—
Eye, voice, its value can enhance;
For eye may speak, and tongue can tell.

But Woman's love, it waits the while
To echo to another's tone,
To linger on another's smile
Ere dare to answer with its own.

[q]He

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Corrected Text</th>
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<tr>
<td>354.13-14</td>
<td>a</td>
<td>a singular</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>356.2</td>
<td>riddle,</td>
<td>~</td>
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</tbody>
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HISTORICAL COLLATION
(Note: The following editions are referred to in all of the collations here: 1837 (first edition of "SERIES I," 1837), 1842 (first edition of "SERIES II" and second edition of "SERIES I," 1842), 1851 (the first edition published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, 1851), 1852 (the second impression of the 1852 plates, 1853), 1852^6 and 1852^9 (later impressions of the 1852 plates, issued in 1866 and 1879 respectively), 1865 (the Blue and Gold Edition, 1864-64), 1875 (the Little Classics Edition, 1875), 1875^99 (the last impression of the 1875 plates, 1899), and 1883 (the Riverside "Large Paper" Edition, 1883). The sigla representing the various separate printings of the tales and sketches are explained below.)

The Gray Champion: NE New-England Magazine
(January, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.8

Sunday at Home: T The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

The Wedding-Knell: T The Token 1836
AY11.T64.1836

The Minister's Black Veil: T The Token 1836
AY11.T64.1836

The May-Pole of Merry Mount: T The Token 1836
AY11.T64.1836

The Gentle Boy: T The Token 1832
(Xerox, uncatalogued)


Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe: NE New-England Magazine (December, 1834)
AP2.N48 v.7

Little Annie's Ramble: YK Youth's Keepsake 1835
AY11.Y72.1835
(copy 1)

Wakefield: NE New-England Magazine
(May, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.8
A Rill from the Town-Pump: New-England Magazine
(June, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.8

Tales of Humor 1840
#PS646.F5.T3548.1840

The Prose Writers of America 1847
#PS362.G4.1847

The Great Carbuncle: The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

The Prophetic Pictures: The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

David Swan: The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

Salem Gazette
(August 18, 1837)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

The Prose Writers of America 1847
#PS362.G4.1847

Sights from a Steeple: The Token 1831
AY11.T64.1831

The Hollow of the Three Hills: Salem Gazette
(November 12, 1830)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

United States Magazine & Democratic Review
(October, 1837)
AP2.U56 v.1

The Toll-Gatherer's Day: Salem Gazette
(April 30, 1839)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

The Vision of the Fountain: New-England Magazine
(August, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.9

Salem Gazette
(March 21, 1837)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

Fancy's Show Box: The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

Salem Gazette (March 14, 1837)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)
Dr. Heidegger's Experiment: Knickerbocker Magazine
(January, 1837)
AP2.K69 v.9

LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE

Howe's Masquerade: Democratic Review
(May, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.2

Hesperian
(July, 1838)
AP2.H57 v.1

BB Boston Book 1841
PS549.B6B6.1841

Edward Randolph's Portrait: Democratic Review
(December, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.3

Salem Gazette
(July 28, 1838)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

Lady Eleanore's Mantle: Democratic Review
(December, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.3

Salem Gazette
(December 18, 1838)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

Old Esther Dudley: Democratic Review
(January, 1839)
AP2.U56 v.5

The Haunted Mind: The Token 1835
AY11.T64.1835

The Village Uncle: The Token 1835
AY11.T64.1835

The Ambitious Guest: New-England Magazine
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AP2.N48 v.8

The Sister Years: Carrier's Address to the Patrons of
The Salem Gazette (January 1, 1839)

NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio Editions)
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AP2*.N52 v.7-8
Snow-Flakes: DR Democratic Review
(February, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.1

NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio Editions)
(February 17, 1838)
AP2*.N52 v. 7-8

The Seven Vagabonds: T The Token 1833
AY11.T64.1833
(copy 1)

The White Old Maid: NE New-England Magazine
(July, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.9

NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio Editions)
(March 23, 1839)
AP2*.N52 v.7-8

A Arcturus
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Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure: T The Token 1838
AY11.T64.1838

Chippings with a Chisel: DR Democratic Review
(September, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.3

SG Salem Gazette (April 30, 1839)
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The Shaker Bridal: T The Token 1838
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Night Sketches: T The Token 1838
AY11.T64.1838

SG Salem Gazette (January 22, 1839)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

FB The Flower Basket 1840
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

Endicott and the Red Cross: T The Token 1838
AY11.T64.1838

SG Salem Gazette
(November 14, 1837)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)
The Lily's Quest: SR The Southern Rose (Charleston, S.C.)
(January 19, 1839)
(Xerox, v.7 no.11)

MA Picturesque Pocket Companion, and
Visitor's Guide, through Mount
Auburn (Boston, 1839)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

NY The New Yorker (Magazine and Folio
Editions)
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AP2*.N52 v.5-6

SG Salem Gazette
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(Xerox, uncatalogued)

Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore: DR Democratic Review
(January, 1838)
AP2.U56 v.1

NY The New Yorker (Magazine
and Folio Editions)
(January 27, 1838)
AP2*.N52 v.3-4

Edward Fane's Rosebud: K Knickerbocker Magazine
(September, 1837)
AP2.K69 v.10

SG Salem Gazette
(January 9, 1838)
(Xerox, uncatalogued)

The Threefold Destiny: AM American Monthly Magazine
(March, 1838)
AP2.A496.v.11

NW The New World
(December 25, 1841)
AP2*.N5142 v.3
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warily, 1865
there--, 1865-1875
pictured--, 1865-1875
summons, T-1883
sepulchre! --, T-1883
is] has 1875
gone, T-1883
But, 1875
close, 1883
of you] or you 1875
more, ] T-1883
eternity] Eternity MS, 1883
tear, 1865-1875; tears. 1883
lovers, 1875-1883
Time] time T
Eternity] eternity T
death-bell] -- 1852-1865
and, ] T-1865, 1883
Wedding-Knell] T-1883
The Minister's Black Veil

title Veil*] ~1 185253, 1883
[53].2 lustily] busily 185253-1883
[53].2 bell-rope] ~-- 185253
[53].4 Children,] ~ 1851-1875
[53].4 faces,] ~ 1865-1875
[53].4 tript] tripped 185253-1883
[53].6 Sunday] sunday T-1837
[53].7 Sabbath] sabbath T-1837
[53].8 week-days] ~-- 185253-1865, 1883
[53].17fn death,] ~-- 1865
54.2 figure,] ~-- T-1837, 1865-1883
54.5 sexton] ~, 1875
54.8 meeting-house] ~-- 185253
54.16 Shute] ~, 1842-1883
54.20 person,] ~-- T-1837
54.23 band,] ~-- 1875
55.2 farther] further 185253-1883
55.5 somewhat] ~, 185253-1883
55.8 meeting-house] ~-- 185253
55.9 they,] ~-- 1883
55.13 meeting-house] ~-- 185253
55.16 threshold] threshold T
55.18 meeting-house] ~-- 185253
56.2 arm-chair] ~-- 185253
56.3 observe,] ~-- 1865-1883
56.11 breath] ~, 1883
56.19 meeting-house] ~-- 185253
56.21 minister,] ~-- 1865
56.24 heavenward,] ~-- 1865-1883
56.24 mild] ~, 1842-1883
56.25 thither,] ~-- 1851-1883
56.26 delivered,] ~-- 1865-1883
56.27 manner,] ~-- 1865-1883
tinged,] ~ 1865
usual,] ~ 1865
girl,] ~ 1873
said;] ~, 1883
yet,] ~ 1865
voice,] ~ 1865
spirits,] ~ 1865
Sabbath-day] ~ 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
lamp,] ~ 1865
middle-aged] ~ 1842; ~ 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
dignity,] ~ 1883
Sabbath-day] ~ 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
food,] ~ 1865
ghost-like] ghostlike 1851-1865, 1883
eyelids] eye-lids T-1842
forever] for ever T-1837, 1851
person,] ~ 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
living,] ~ 1875
coffin,] ~ 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
him,] ~ 1851-1883
behind] behind 1883
smile,] ~ 1883
impatience,] ~ 1837
awe,] ~ 1865
day,] ~ 1865
guests,] ~ 1883
death-like] deathlike 1851-1865, 1883
whisper,] ~ 1875-1883
before,] ~ 1865-1883
one,] ~ 1865-1883
wedding-knell] ~ 1851-1883
new-married] ~ 1851
glimpse] glimpse 1851
looking-[glass] ~ 1852\textsuperscript{53}
shuddered— 1865-1875; ~, 1883
white— 1865-1875; ~, 1883
carpet— 1865-1875; ~, 1883
street,] ~ 1875
tavern— keeper] ~ 1852~
playmates,] ~ 1852~-1883
well nigh] wellnigh 1865-1883
remarkable,] ~ 1842-1883
that,] ~ 1883
busy-bodies] busybodies 1851-1883
visitors] visitors 1851-1883
burthen] burden 1852~-1883
veil,] ~ 1883
village,] ~ 1883
subject,] ~ 1883
simplicity,] ~ 1875
multitude:] ~; 1875
'No] ~ 1837
forever] for ever 1851
be] he 1865
whispers,] ~ 1883
cheeks,] ~ 1852~-1883
again—] ~, 1865-1875
obstinacy,] ~ 1851; ~ 1852~; ~ 1865-1883
tried,] ~ 1875
he—] ~, 1865-1883
he—] ~, 1865-1883
earth,] ~ 1837
veil—] ~, 1865-1875
Oh! ] ~, T; O 1852~; 1883; O, 1865-1875
am,] ~ T
frightened,] ~ T
alone—] ~, 1865
veil,] ~ T; ~ 1865
forever] for ever T-1851
Then,] 1883
long,] 1883
horros,] 1842-1852, 1883
forth,] 1865-1875
walk,] 1883
sunset,] 1883
burial ground] 1851, 1865-1875
grave-stones] gravestones 1852-1865, 1883; 1875
crime,] 1842-1883
smiled,] 1851-1883
Death] death T-1837
year,] 1851-1883
New-England] 1837-1883
church-yard] churchyard 1852-1883
candle-light,] 1865
death-chamber] 1852, 1883
connexions] connections T, 1851-1883
bedside] bed-side T-1842
long,] 1842-1883
death-pillow] 1852-1865, 1883
brow] 1852-1883
veil,] 1883
pronounce;] 1875
church] Church 1865
aspect,] 1883
bed-clothes] 1852-1883; bedclothes 1875-1883
best-beloved] 1852-1883
Black Veil] black veil T
burial-stone] 1852-1883
thought,] 1883
Black Veil] black veil T
The May-Pole of Merry Mount

contents May-Pole] Maypole 1865-1883
title May-Pole] Maypole 185253-1883
[77].1note romance,]  1883
[77].2note Wollaston] Wallaston T
[77].6note customs,]  1865
[77].6note text,]  1865
[77].7note Authority,]  1851-1883
[77].7note points,]  T-1883
[77].2 May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
[77].2 banner-staff]  185253-1883
[77].4 sunshine] sun-shine T-1842
[77].5 flower-seeds]  185253
78.2 Summer] summer 1865
78.2 revel-ling] revel-ling 1842
78.4 care,]  1851-1883
78.5 dreamlike] dream-like 1875
78.7 May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
78.7 gaily] gayly 185253-1883
78.8 midsummer] mid-summer T
78.9 pine-tree]  T-185253
78.13 ground,]  1865, 1883
78.15 ribbons] ribands 1851-185253
78.17 flowers,]  1875
78.17 wilderness,]  1875
78.20 pine-tree]  T-185253
78.27 Oh,] O, 185253, 1883; O 1865-1875
78.28 husbandry,]  185253-1883
79.1 be,]  1883
79.2 Fauns] fauns 1851-1883
79.2 Nymphs] nymphs 1851-1883
79.7 youth,]  1865-1883
79.15 forepaws] fore paws T-1837, 185253-1865, 1883;
  1851, 1875
His] This] T
half-way] ~~~ 185253-1865, 1883
fools-caps] foolscaps 185253-1875
throng,] ~ 1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
half-affrighted] ~~~ 1851
tipsy] tipsey T
jollity] jolity 185253
masques] masks 1865
souls,] ~ 185253-1883
monsters,] ~ 1865-1883
forms,] ~ 1865-1883
youth,] ~ 185253-1883
revellers] revelloous T; revelers 1842
maiden,] ~ 1865
gaily] gayly 185253-1883
May-Pole,] T—1837; May-pole, 1851; Maypole, 185253-1883
Heathen] heathen 1851-1883
vine leaves] —— 1865-1875
May-Pole] Maypole 185253-1883
high-priest] ~ T, 1851-185253
morrice-dancers] ~ 1851; morris dancers 185253-1875; morris-dancers 1883
green-men] ~— 1837-1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
roses,] ~ 1865
May-Pole,] May-pole, 1851; Maypole, 185253, 1875-1883; Maypole 1865
all;] ~| 185253; ~, 1865
peal,] ~| 185253; ~ 1865, 1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
cittern] cithern 185253-1883
cadence,] ~ 1865-1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
Lady's] lady's 1842
wonderstruck] wonder-|struck 1842-1852\textsuperscript{53}; wonderstruck 1865-1883
yon] your T
Oh,] O, 1852\textsuperscript{53}, 1883; O 1865-1875
be,] \textasciitilde 1865-1883
mind.] \textasciitilde, 1865
rose leaves] \textemdash 1865-1875
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
Alas,] \textasciitilde 1865
passion,] \textasciitilde 1865, 1883
care,] \textasciitilde 1851-1883
sorrow,] \textasciitilde 1865
masquers] maskers 1865
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
old world] Old World 1865-1875
life,] \textasciitilde 1865
that.] \textasciitilde, 1865
astray,] \textasciitilde 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1875
masques,] masks\textasciitilde 1865
gaiety] gayety 1851-1883
tribe,] \textasciitilde 1883
mummers] mummeries T
rope-dancers] \textasciitilde 1852\textsuperscript{53}
church-ales] \textasciitilde 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
life-time] lifetime 1851-1852\textsuperscript{53}, 1875-1883; \textasciitilde|\textasciitilde 1865
John,] \textasciitilde 1865
harvest time] \textemdash 1875
Mount,] \textasciitilde 1865-1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
gorgeousness,] \textasciitilde 1865, 1883
wild-wood] wildwood 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
sleet,] \textasciitilde 1865
icicles,] \textasciitilde 1865
May-Pole May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852-1883
always, ] ~ 1865
banner-staff] ~ 1852-1875, 1875-1883
new world,] New World 1865; new world 1875-1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852-1883
worshippers] worshipers 1837-1842
corn-field,] ~ 1865-1883
prayer time] ~ 1875
fast-days] ~ 1852-1865, 1883
maiden,] ~ 1865-1883
whipping-post] ~ 1852
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852-1883
horse-load] horseload 1852-1865, 1883
burthen] burden 1852-1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852-1883
blindman's buff] blind-man's-buff 1875
all, ] ~, 1883
scape-goat] scapegoat 1883
visitors] visitors 1851-1883
horse-collars] ~ 1852
darkly,] ~ 1883
revelers] revelers 1842
affirmed,] ~ 1883
echo,] ~ 1852-1883
back,] ~ 1865-1883
bond-slaves] fond slaves T; bond slaves 1852-1883
them! ] ~? 1851-1883
anything] any thing T-1842
be,] ~ 1851-1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852-1883
grisly] grizzly 1852-1883
psalm,] ~ 1842-1883
forever] for ever 1837-1851
87.22 banner-staff] =~ 185253-1883
87.25 May-Pole] May-pole. 1851; Maypole. 185253-1883
87.29 glance] glanced T
88.1 May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
88.1 sunbeam] sun-beam T-1842
88.2 faint.] =~ 185253-1883
88.2 tinge,] =~ 1883
88.3 rainbow] rain bow T
88.9 Yes:] =~ 1851-1883
88.10 masquers] maskers 1865
88.13 morrice-dancers] =~ T, 1851; morris dancers 185253-1875; morris-dancers 1883
88.15 May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
88.20 rout] route 185253, 1883
88.26 head-piece] headpiece 1851-1883
88.27 breast-plate] breastplate 1851-185253, 1875
89.2 Blackstone[*] Claxton!* T; Blackstone!* 1842-185253, 1883
89.2 man,] =~ 1865
89.8 first,] =~ T
89.10 sword,] =~ 1875
89.11 May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
89.13 rosebuds] rose-buds T-1842
89.14 boughs,] =~ 1883
89.14 ribbons,] ribands, 1851-185253; ribbons. 1883
89.16 banner-staff] =~ 185253-1883
89.20 work,] =~ 1875
89.20 May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 185253-1883
89.20 New-|England] =~ 1842-1883
89.21 me,] =~ 1883
89.21 that,] =~ 1865
89.22 fall,] =~ 1883
89.23 mirth-makers] =~ 1851-185253, 1883
89.24 Endicott!] =~ 1851-1883
89.27fn Blackstone] Claxton
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852^53-1883
whipping-post] ~~~ 1852^53
pine-trees] ~~~ T-1842, 1852^53
apiece] a-piece 1851
well-ordered] ~~~ 1851
Palfrey] Palfry T
determine,] ~~~ 1875
misdoers] mis-doers T
burthen] burden 1852^53-1883
were] where 1837-1842
wedding-day] ~~~ 1851-1852^53
cried] exclaimed T
wilt;] ~, 1852^53-1883
thou,] ~ T
penalty,] ~~~ 1865
woeful] woeful 1851-1883
conceal,] ~~~ 1851-1883
smiled,] ~~~ 1851-1883
sighed,] ~~~ 1851-1883
burthen] burden 1852^53-1883
pumpkin-[shell] ~|~ T; ~|~ 1852^53
youth,] ~~~ 1865
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852^53-1883
rock-foundation] ~~~ 1852^53-1883
May-Pole] May-pole 1851; Maypole 1852^53-1883
gaiety] gayety 1851-1883
But,] ~~~ 1865, 1883
so,] ~~~ 1865
them,] ~~~ 1865
tread,] ~~~ 1837-1883
Mount.] ~~~ 1851
The Gentle Boy

[Lacks "Dedication" and "Preface"] (See individual 1837-1839s collation for "Dedication" and "Preface.")

98.1 therefore, ] ~, 1842-1883
98.3 Bay, [97] The ~, ~ T
98.5 forefathers; ] ~, 1875
98.8 Quakers, ] ~ 1875
98.8 reward, ] ~ 1865-1875
98.9 worldly-minded ] ~ 185253, 1883
98.10 cargoes] cargos 1875
98.12 and, ] ~ 1883
98.12 ship-masters] shipmasters 1851-1883
98.14 journeys] journies T
98.21 sectarian] sectual T
*98.25 abstractedly] abstractly T
98.29 government] governor 1839s
(See individual 1837-T collation.)
99.14 associates, ] ~ 1865, 1883
99.15 after times] ~ 1851
99.22 suddenly, ] ~ 1883
99.22 violently, ] ~ 1883
99.26 day, ] ~ 1865, 1883
100.6 gray] grey T-1842
100.9 home] house T
100.15 pine-trees] ~ 1842, 185253-1865
100.23 fir-tree] ~ 1842, 185253
100.23 cleared,] ~ 1883
100.24 unenclosed] uninclosed 1851
100.25 spot, ] ~ 1875-1883
100.26 before, ] ~ 1875-1883
101.8 conscience, ] ~ 1883
101.10 walked] continued T
101.16 fir-tree] ~ 1842, 1865
101.20 after times] ~ 1851
light-clad 1851-1865, 1883
fresh-turned 1851
half-frozen 1851
you, 1852-1875
want, 1865-1883
Puritan, 1883
name, 1883
home? 1875
sweet, 1883
faltering, 1875
spiritual, 1875
sweet, 1875
name, 1875
believe, 1865-1883
life-like 1851-1865, 1883
fearful, 1883
humor, humour 1883
ill provided 1883
me, 1883
hungry 1852-1883
off, 1883
people, 1875
gone, 1865, 1883
this, his 1883
said, this said, This 1865-1875; said this 1883
head, 1865
earth, 1883
and, 1865
But, but 1839s
to-day, - T-1837, 1842-1851
feelings, 1865, 1883
determination, 1865, 1883
field, 1865
burthen, burden 1852-1883
fire-rays] ~1851-1883
western] Western 1865-1875
shoulder;] ~, 1852-1875
home,] ~1865
cottage-door] ~1851-1865, 1883
everywhere] everywhere 1839s, 1852-53
who,] ~1839s
entered,] ~1865
outcast,] ~, 1851-1852-53
us,’[q]’What] ~'[q]’The... . . ;apart.[q]’~ (See individual 1837-T collation.)
Christian] christian T-1839s
Christian] christian T-1839s
him,] ~1865
intentions.[q]’Have] ~. She... face.[q]’~ (See individual 1837-T collation.)
heart,] ~1865
boast,] ~1865, 1883
bed,] ~1865
resting place] ~1851-1883
marvelled] marveled 1842
cornet] coronet T
develop] develope 1839s
parliament] Parliament 1852-53-1883
holy,] ~ T
persuasion,] ~1837-1883
had,] ~, 1865
perhaps,] ~, 1865
fortunes,] ~ 1865
motive,] ~ 1865, 1883
hearts,] ~ 1865-1883
little,] ~, 1852-53-1883
them.[q]’Their] ~, ~ T
Representative] representative 1852-53-1883
Lieutenant] lieutenant 1852-53-1883
109.20 train-bands] trainbands 1852^3; \ud83d\udc45 1883
109.20 yet,] \ud83d\udd25 1837-1883
109.21 Ilbrahim,] \ud83d\udd25 1883
110.1 and,] \ud83d\udd25 1875-1883
110.13 drum, At] drum; in . . . armory. At (See individual 1837-T collation.)
110.17 woods,] \ud83d\udd25 1883
110.21 hill,] \ud83d\udd25 1837-1842
110.26 middle-aged] \ud83d\udd25 1852^3-1883
110.28 gaze,] \ud83d\udd25 1875
111.2 faltered] faultered T
111.7 meetinghouse] meeting-house 1839s, 1851-1883
111.9 wood-work] \ud83d\udd25 1851-1852^3, 1883
111.9 pulpit,] \ud83d\udd25 1875
111.13 broad-aisle] \ud83d\udd25 1851-1883
111.15 age,[\ud83d\udc39 Pearson \ud83d\udc45 On . . . employed. \ud83d\udd25 (See individual 1837-T collation.)
111.17 meetinghouse] meeting-house 1839s, 1851-1883
111.25 skies,] \ud83d\udd25 1883
112.6 recognize] recognise T-1851
112.11 borad-aisle,] \ud83d\udd25 1851, 1883; \ud83d\udd25, 1852^3-1875
112.12 took a place] took place T-1842
112.17 bible] Bible 1851-1883
112.18 well-stricken] \ud83d\udd25 1837-1852^3, 1875-1883
112.19 thin countenance] thin, yet not intellectual countenance T
112.19 gray] grey T-1842
112.20 black velvet\ud83d\udc45 1865
112.20 scull-cap] skullcap 1851-1883
112.22 persecution,] \ud83d\udd25 1852^3-1883
112.24 then\ud83d\udc45 them T
112.24 often discussed] \ud83d\udc45 1875
112.28 true.] \ud83d\udd25 1839s
113.1 severity,] \ud83d\udd25 1883
113.4 Christian] christian T-1842
lent] bent  T
depths.] The] -.. Into . . . . pool.[q]~ (See
individual 1837-T collation.)
glass,] ~ 1883
clergyman,] ~ 1839s
step,] ~ 1875
quaverings] quiverings 1851-1883
thundered. She then divested] -. Having thus
usurped a station to which her sex can plead no
title, she divested  T
strewn] strown 185253-1865, 1883
countenance.] ~, 1851-1883
which,] ~ 185253
singularly shaped] --- 185253-1865, 1883
leapt] leaped 185253-1883
Governor] governor 1875
people--] ~,-- 1865-1875
to the blush] to blush
devil] Devil 1865-1875
council-chamber] ~ 1883
apparelled] appareled  T-1837, 1842
is "slay] is, 'Slay 1875; is 'Slay 1883
homeless,] ~ 1865, 1883
hungry,] ~ 1865, 1883
device] lifetime, 1851-1875; lifetime! 1883
death-hour] ~ 185253-1865, 1883
child,] ~ 1875
ones,] ~; 1883
stupified] stupefied 1837, 1842-1883
heart,] ~ 1883
devil] Devil 1865-1875
you:] ~, 1875
work!] -.  T; 1865; ~? 1837-185253
meanwhile] mean while 1865-1883
recognized] recognised  T-1842
Governor] governor 1852-1875
approach. Scarcely] ~, [q]~ 1883
mother,] ~; 1883
visions,] ~. 1883
desert,] ~ 1875-1883
down,] ~ 1852, 1875-1883
words,] ~ 1875-1883
duty,] ~ 1883
thee,] ~ 1883
long,] ~ 1875
father,] ~ 1865-1883
hand. 'Providence] ~, ' 1839s
roof,] ~ 1883
mild,] ~ 1883
neat,] ~ 1852, 1875-1883
attire,] ~ 1875
fanaticism,] ~ 1875-1883
heart] yeart 1851
Heaven] heaven 1883
added,] ~ 1839s
faltering] faultering T
trodden?] ~? 1837
has] hath 1839s
which,] ~, 1839s
blood;] ~; 1839s
your's] yours 1851-1883
heaven] Heaven 1839s, 1851-1852, 1875
world;] ~, 1883
forth,] ~ T
resting place] --- 1851-1883
gazed,] ~ 1865
friends,] ~; 1883
friends,] ~ 1839s, 1851-1883
heaven] Heaven 1851-1875
thousandfold] thousand|fold T; —— 1865-1883
coming,] —. 1865-1883
uncommitted] committed T
men,] —. 1839s
love,] —. 1851-1883
Inquisition,] —. 1875-1883
lash, and lay in the dungeons of] —, and ate the bread of T; —— and lay in the dungeons of 1883
class,] —. 1865-1883
oriente] Oriental 1865-1875
became,] —. 1883
immovable] immovable T
protectors,] —. 1865, 1883
of kind] of a kind 1839s
and in the] and the 1839s
manliness,] —. 1875
rich treasures] precious views T
witchhazel] witch-hazle T; witch-hazel 1851, 1875; witch hazel 185253-1865, 1883
gold] treasure T
gaiety] gayety 1851-1883
cottage.[q]On] —. — T
Ilbrahim.] —, 1837, 1842-1851
destitute;] —, 1839s; —: 1883
repulsed,] —. 1865
bitterness,] —. 1865
everything] every thing 1839s, 1851-185253
unappropriated] unappropriate T
roof,] —. 1865
bed-side] bedside 1851-1883
birth-|place.] ——. 1839s
tenderness,] —. 1883
reappear] re-appear 1851
meetinghouse] meeting-house 1851-1883
marvelled] marveled 1842
After watching the approach, he was stricken in a tender part. His persecutors' for he was stricken in

the lash] a lash 1875
Christian] christian T-1837, 1842
imbitter] imbitter 1875
hands,] ~ 1851-1883
open] opened T
dominions;'] ~'; 1865-1875
to encounter ignominy] to exult in the midst of ignominy T
rosebud] rose-bud T-1842
half-melted] ~ 1851
forever] for ever 1837-1851
pages.[q]Like] ~. ~ T
man,] ~ 1839s, 1883
him,] ~ 1883
life. In] ~. His . . . attributes. ~ (See individual 1837-T collation.)
gray] grey T-1842
page,] ~ 1883
conceived; it came as if the Past were speaking, as if the Dead] ~; it came as if the Dead 1839s
Scripture] scripture T-1839s
Pearson.] ~, 1865-1875
harkened] hearkened 1851-1875
carefully,] ~ 1883
Quaker,] ~ 1883
conscience'] conscience T
purified,] ~ 1883
heaven] Heaven 1851-185253
burthen] burden 185253-1883
sorrows.] ~, 1851-1875
life-time] lifetime 1851-1865, 1883; ~ 1875
losses,] ~ 1865, 1883
die,] ~ 1842-1865, 1883
dust,] ~ 1883
village,] ~ 1883
136.3  mightst] might  T; mightest 1839s
136.5  on'--] --' 1865-1875
136.7  Pearson,] -- 1883
136.10  persecutors,] -- 1883
136.11  though] ~, 1842-1852
136.14  gathered,] -- 1852-1883
136.17  light,] -- 1865
136.18  straw-thatched] -- 1839s.
136.26  wanderer,] -- 1883
136.27  and'--] --' 1865-1875
137.1  man,] -- 1883
137.2  bed-side] bedside 1842-1883
137.4  Oh! ] O 1852; O, 1865-1875
137.5  woeful] woful T, 1839s
137.5  look,] -- 1865, 1883
137.9  Christian,]christian, 1837-1842; Christian] 1883
137.13  gray] grey T-1842
137.13  Oh! ] O 1852-1875
137.13  Thou] thou T-1851
137.14  looked] looked 1851
137.15  heaven] Heaven 1852-1875
137.18  Thee] thee 1875
137.28  imagining,] imaging,  T; imagining] 1852-1875
138.10  well nigh] wellnigh 1865-1875; -- 1883
138.11  heavily; 'yet] ~; ~ 1837; ~; ~ 1839s
138.15  Quaker,] ~, 1875-1883
138.23  they,] -- 1875-1883
139.2  soldier,] --, 1839s, 1865
139.17  applicant,] --, 1875
139.21  snow,] -- 1883
139.22  shape,] --, 1883
139.29  started,] --, 1837-1883
140.1  fire,] -- 1883
140.5  woman,] -- 1883
873

140.6 again! art] -1 Art 1839s; -? art 1851-1883
140.30 self-same] selfsame 1852 53-1865, 1883
141.5 eyes,] -~ 1865-1883
141.5 affections,] -~ 1865-1883
141.6 Sister] Favorite sister T
141.12 her's] hers 1842-1883
141.14 Catherine,] -~ 1875-1883
141.15 sore;] -~ 1883
141.16 body,] -; 1883
141.20 violence.] -, 1875
141.22 He] he 1875
141.22 down.] -~, 1851-1883
141.23 He] he 1839s, 1875
141.26 heaven] Heaven 1851-1852 53, 1875-1883
142.2 Dorothy,] -~ 1875
142.8 he] it 1851-1883
142.13 heaven's] Heaven's 1851-1865
142.15 and,] -~ 1839s
142.15 then,] -~ 1852 53-1883
142.17 night-fall] nightfall 1851-1883
142.25 scriptures] Scriptures 1851-1883
142.29 enter.[q] But?] -~, - T
143.2 and,] -~ 1883
143.12 hand,] -~ 1865
143.15 dim.]-~, 1883
143.15 delightfulness,] -~ 1883
143.19 Paradise,] -~ 1883
143.24 wrapt] wrapped 1842, 1852 53-1883
144.2 contentedly,] -~, 1875-1883
144.5 earnestness;[q]'Mourn] -~, - 1851-1883
144.6 mother] Mother 1865
144.7 words,] -~ 1883
144.15 lifted,] -~ 1883
144.17 unbarred,] -~ 1883
came,] -- 1865
144.18 time,] -- 1883
144.18 Christian]\ christian T-1839s
144.18 spirit--] -- 1865
144.19 approbation--] --, T-1865
144.25 school-boys] schoolboys 1851-1852, 1883
144.26 enthusiast;] --, -- 1875
144.27 dwelling,] -- 1883
144.27 home.[q]An] -- . -- T
145.1 ashes;] -- 1875
145.1 heaven] Heaven 1851-1865
145.7 general.\] --, 1883
145.11 kindness,\] -- 1883
145.12 good will\] ---- 1883
145.16 grave.\] --. My heart is glad of this triumph of our better nature; it gives me a kindlier feeling for the fathers of my native land; and with it I will close the tale. T
Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe

Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe, The Storyteller.

No. II. The Village Theatre. NE

[149] [Lacks introduction] About . . . . CATASTROPHE. NE [449.1-450.30] (See individual 1837-NE collation.)

[149].1 tobacco-pedler] -~ 1851-1865; tobacco pedlar 1883

[149].6 side-panel] side-pannel NE; side pannel 185253-1865; side panel 1875-1883

[149].15 stock;] -~ NE


150.4 news,] -~ 1837-1842, 1883

150.8 travelled] traveled NE

150.9 anybody] any body NE-185253

150.10 gray] grey 1842

150.13 when,] -~ 1837-1842, 1875

150.27 sullenly] suddenly 1883

151.5 traveller] traveler NE

151.8 was] were NE

151.9 last,] -~ 1837-1883

151.12 him.] 

151.14 Mr.] -~ 1837

151.17 Michael's] Michael's NE-1883

151.29 rapidity,] -~ 1837-1883

152.6 Michael's] Michael's NE-1883

152.20 questions,] -~ 1837-1883

152.24 his,] -~ 1837-1842

152.25 facts] fact NE

153.3 vise] vice NE, 185253-1883

154.1 'that'] -~ 1837

154.6 didn't] did n't NE; did'nt 1837, 1842

154.18 dreamt] dreamed 185253-1883

154.18 Michael's] Michael's NE-1883

154.19 farmer,] -~ 1837-1842, 1875-1883
Higginbotham's) ~, 1837-1842, 1875-1883
anybody] any body NE-1852
wagon,] ~ 1883
Salmon River] Salmon river NE
bridge,] ~ 1837-1883
murdered,] ~ 1837-1883
miles] miles' TH, 1852-1883
all?] ~. NE-1851
don't] do n't NE
wouldn't] would n't NE; wouldn't 1837
everybody] every body NE-1851
thriving a village as] thriving as 1837-TH
not in] not yet in NE
but a few] but few NE
course,] ~ 1837
ostler] hostler 1883
paper,] ~ 1837-1883
pica,] ~ 1837-1883
pathos, also,] ~ ~ 1837-1883
Michael's] Michael's NE-1883
pear-tree,] ~~~ 1837-1883
grief,] ~ 1837-1883
and the recovery] and recovery NE
street,] ~ 1837-1883
in his vanity of heart] in the vanity of his heart NE
town-pump] ~~~ 1837-1852, 1883
intelligence,] ~ 1837-1883
at Kimballton,] in Kimballton. NE; ~ 1837-TH, 1875-1883; at Kimballtown 1851-1852
race, discovered] race, undid the door and discovered NE
had been startled] had started NE
him,] ~ 1837-1865, 1883
lief] liesves NE-1837
159.18 it,] ~ 1837-1883
159.20 the shopkeepers, the millmen, and the factory girls] the shop-keepers, mill-men, and factory-girls NE
160.21 doubted,] ~ 1837-TH
160.21 along,] ~ 1837-TH
160.26 so,] ~ 1837-TH, 1865, 1883
160.29 morning,] NE; ~ 1837-1883
161.6 his] the NE
161.6 pocket-book] ~ 1837-TH, 185253; pocketbook 1851; ~|~ 1865-1875
161.7 biscuits] biscuit 1837-1883
161.11 courtesied, courtsied 1842-1851
161.14 Preceptress] preceptress NE, 1851-1883
161.14 Academy] academy 1851-1883
161.15 State] state NE
161.23 town-pump] ~ 1837-185253, 1883
161.27 commonwealth] Commonwealth 1875-1883
162.6 with] at 1865
162.12 town-pump] ~ 1837-185253, 1875-1883
162.22 State] state NE
163.2 at] of NE
163.4 determined] designed NE
163.14 look,] ~ 1837-1883
163.16 rumor] rumour NE
163.18 Michael's] Michael's NE-1883
164.3 endorser] indorser 1851-1883
164.6 this] that NE
164.9 toll-gatherer] tollgatherer 1851; ~|~ 185253; ~|~|~ 1875
164.13 suppose,'] ~,~ 1837, 1842
164.15 anything] any|thing NE; any thing 1851-185253
164.18 up;] ~, 1837-1883
164.22 he nodded] he just nodded NE
164.22 as if to] as much as to NE
"charge my toll," 1837, 1842; "Charge my toll," 1865-1883
he's] He's 1875
horseman,] -- 1837-1883
recognize] recognise 1837-1851
of the Kimballton] of Kimballton NE
point,] -- 1837-1842
was' were 1852-1883
further] farther 1852-1883
back-ground] -- 1837-1842; background 1852-1865, 1883; --] 1875
Michael's] Michael's NE-1883
told] told NE
occupation] occupations NE
butt-end] but-end 1837-1842, 1875; but end 1852; butt end 1865, 1883
found------] --- NE, 1865-1883
not, indeed,] -- -- 1837-1883
Michael's] Michael's NE-1883
Dominicus,] -- 1837-1852, 1875-1883
bed;] -- 1837-1883
Little Annie's Ramble

contents Little Annie's Ramble] Little Anne's Ramble 1837
[171].5 Oh!) Ol 185253; O, 1865-1875; Oh, 1883
[171].9 visitors] visitors YK, 1851-1883
[171].9 them.] ~! 1875
172.4 pantalets] pantalettes YK
172.8 go on their] go their YK
173.15 loth] loath 1851-1883
174.3 dry-goods] dry goods' 1851-1865, 1883; dry-goods'
1875
174.7 glimpse] glimpse YK
174.26 motto] mottoes YK, 1851-1883
174.26 enclose] inclose 1851, 1883
174.27 Oh!) Ol 185253; O, 1865-1875; Oh, 1883
*175.4 Peter Parley's] Robin Carver's YK
175.11 New Year's day] --- ~ 1865; --- Day 1883
175.13 self, ~] ~* YK
* Does not our Frontispiece resemble your "Little
Annie"?--EDITOR. YK
175.16 childhood!] ~. 1865
176.2 Turk] turk 1865, 1883
176.4 mandarine] mandarin 1851-1883
176.7 trumpets,) ~. YK-1837
176.9 Lilliput) Liliput 185253-1883
176.11 Catharine] Catherine YK
176.15 ethereal] ethereal YK
176.21 will] wilt 185253, 1883
176.22 good-by] good bye YK; good by 185253-1875
177.18 'pretty] 'Pretty 1851-1883
177.24 everybody's] every body's YK-185253
178.9 Aesop] AESop YK-1883
178.10 President] president 1851-1883
178.16 elephantine] elephantic YK
178.22 untamable] untameable
Cries] cries YK-1842
London City] London city YK-1842
'fresh] 'Fresh 1851-1883
well-a-day,) -----! 1865
sympathizes] sympathises YK
woe] wo YK
address] addresses YK
town-crier!] ~~~! YK; ~~~? 1852, 1875-1883; ~~~? 1865
saith] said 1883
mother--'] --'-- 1883
hand?] ~! YK, 1875
heaven] Heaven 1851-1883
back!] ~. 1852, 1875-1883
reverie] revery 1875
as] of YK
dear] my YK
Wakefield

186.6 till] until NE
186.10 general] generous 1852-1883
186.24 its moral] ts - 1851
186.24 moral.] -? 1865
187.5 tended] ended 1883
187.15 to-day] today 1837-1842, 1865-1883
188.8 be] look NE
188.29 Heaven] heaven 1852-1883
189.23 traced] trace NE
190.1 woefully] woefully NE
190.2 forever] for ever 1837-1851
192.15 initial] critical NE
192.21 old-clothes] old-clothes' 1851-1852
192.27 incident] incident NE
192.28 conceives] conceived NE
193.9 burthen] burden 1852-1883
193.13 bedside] bed-side 1837-1842
194.1-2 of an article of a dozen pages] of a brief article in the New-England NE
194.5 Wakefield] Wakefield 1842
194.11 has] had 1883
195.18 man? With] with 1851-1883
195.24 glance;] -; 1837-1883
195.27 itself] himself 1852-1883
197.3 Doomsday] Doom's Day NE
198.2 recognize] recognise 1837-1851
198.5 Well;] -; 1837; -; 1842-1883
198.16 forever] for ever 1837-1851
A Rill from the Town-Pump

title Town-Pump

[201.1] streets.*] ~ NE; ~, 1842, 1851-1852, 1875-1883
[201.2] Town-Pump] ~ 1842, 1851-1852, 1875-1883
[201.3] north] North 1851-1883
[201.8] Town-Pump] ~ 1837-1883
[201.10] burthen] burden 1852-1883
[201.11] Town-Pump] ~ 1842, 1851-1852, 1875-1883
[201.13] treasure,] ~ 1837-1883


202.21 voice.] ~: 1883
203.4 cup-full] cupful 1852-1883
203.6 to-day] today 1837-PW
203.10 burnt] burned 1852-1883
203.15 sir] Sir NE
203.19 man! [The] ~ I the 1842-1883
203.26 Good b'ye] Good-by 1837-1851, 1883; Good by 1852-1875
203.29 Oh] O 1852-1883
204.3 troubles in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and NE
204.10 What! he] ~ I He NE
204.16 Town-Pump.] ~~~ 1837; ~~~. 1842, 1851-1852, 1875-1883
206.7 Sagamore] sagamore TH-1883
206.14 fathers'] father's 1851-1852, 1875
206.14 recognized] recognised 1837-1851
208.4 and, finally,] NE-1852; ~ ~ 1865-1875; ~, ~, 1883
208.6 Poverty] poverty NE
208.7 no hovel so] so hovel so 1875
208.8 Disease] disease NE
208.9 Sin] sin NE
883

208.11 frenzy] phrensy NE-1851
208.22 follow] follows 1865
209.10 everywhere] every where 1851-1852
209.17 even of a] even a 1842, 1851-1883
209.24 no] not 1851-1883
210.5 cleanse] wash NE
The Great Carbuncle

title. Carbuncle.*] ~ .  1842-1852 53, 1883
[213'.fn history] History 1851-1883
214.8 bleak] black 1851-1883
214.24 woman] female T
215.18 this] the T
215.21 Doctor] Dr. 1875
215.25 alchymy] alchemy 1851-1883
216.27 jewelled] jeweled 1837-1842
217.22 marvellous] marvelous 1837-1842
218.13 favored] favoured T
219.8 sir] Sir T
219.13 has past,] has past. 1837-1865; has passed. 1875-1883
219.19 Notch] notch T
219.21 life-time] ~ T; lifetime 1851-1883
219.25 forever.'] ~ T; for ever. 1837-1851
219.26 Oh,] O, 1852 53; O. 1865-1883
220.8 other] oth e| T
220.14 labors] labours T
220.29 heathen] Heathen T
221.4 the evil one] the Evil One 1851-1883
221.8 spectacles.'] ~ T
221.18 into] unto 1865
221.28 attic] attick 1837-1842
222.7 say' st] sayest 1842-1883
222.9 jack-o'lantern] Jack-o'lantern T; jack-o'-lantern 1875-1883
222.10 think!] ~ T
222.14 a garret] an attic T
222.14 Grub street] Grubb street 1842; Grub Street 185253-1883
222.19 armor] armour T
222.25 honored] honoured T
222.26 de Veres'] De Veres 1851-1883
222.28 Yet,] ~. 1837
224.3 rerum naturâ] rerum naturâ 1851; rerum natura 1852-1883
224.14 Heavenward] heavenward 1865-1883
224.15 extinguish] distinguish 1883
224.20 rock-bestrewn] rock-bestrown 1851
224.25 Heaven] heaven 1865-1883
224.29 furthest] farthest 1865-1883
225.2 festoons,] ~. 1837-1842
225.17 lose] loose 1851-1852, 1883
225.24 realize] realise T
225.27 stopt] stopped 1837-1883
227.9 concentred] concentrated 1851-1883
227.14 foot-prints] footprints T, 1852-1883; --|~ 1842
227.14 soon,] ~. 1837-1883
227.27 Heaven] heaven 1865-1883
228.9 burthen] burden 1852-1883
228.16 oh,] Oh, T; O, 1852-1875; oh~ 1883
229.23 for,] ~. 1837-1875
230.12 dead] ~. 1842-1883
230.14 violently.] ~.--- T
231.12 dropt] dropped 1852-1883
231.15 Heaven] heaven 1865, 1883
231.19 forever] for ever 1837-1851
231.25 thrillingly cold] --- 1837-1842
232.6 us.'] ~' T
232.9 Carbuncle] ~? 1875
232.12 an] any T
232.17 Spirit's] spirit's 1851-1883
232.18 vapors] vapours
233.9 burnt] burned 1852-1883
233.10 heaviest] biggest T
233.24 shew] show 1842-1883
234.2 Saint Peter's church] St. Peter's Church 1852-1883
heaven. [q]Matthew] --  -  T
The Prophetic Pictures

title  Pictures.*] ~ 1 1842-185253, 1883
[237].1 painter] ~, 1865
[237].2 animation. 'He] ~, 'he 1865
[237].4 Doctor] Dr. 185253-1883
[237].10 on] of 1883
238.3 and all women] and women T-1837
238.15 canvass] canvas T-1883
238.19 enthusiasm. 'I] ~; ' 1865
239.8 look['] ~] T
239.11 fancy. I] ~, ~ T
240.7 canvass] canvas T-1883
240.14 beheld only a] beheld a T-1837
240.17 anything] any thing T, 1851-185253, 1883
240.20 if,] ~ 1851-1883
240.20 sometimes,] ~ 1837-1883
240.21 smile:] ~; 1851-1875; ~, 1883
240.28 judgment] judgement T
241.23 conversation] conversations T
242.3 acquaintances.] ~] 1842
242.15 recognized] recognised T-1851
242.17 concentrated] concentrated T-1883
242.21 Saints] saints 1875
242.23 worshipped] worshiped 1837-1842
242.28 Oh] O 185253-1875
243.1 earth] Earth T-1837
243.1 Heaven] heaven 1875-1883
243.10 recognize] recognise 1837-1851
*243.11 Colman] Coleman T
243.29 visitors] visitors T, 1851-1883
244.2 stept] stepped 185253-1883
244.2 canvass] canvas T-1883
244.13 Chief Justice] chief Justice T-1837
244.20 canvass] canvas T-1883
canvass] canvas T-1883
that,] -- 1837-1883
rooms] room 1842-1883
recognized] recognised T-1851
forever] for ever T-1851
visitors] visitors 1851-1883
irrepressible] irrepres-|ble 1851
perfect.] --, 1852-1883
her's] hers 1842-1883
Yes;] -- 1865
decided,'] -- 1875
canvass] canvas T-1883
oriental] Oriental 1852-1883
was] were 1865
failed,'] -- 18 T
panel] pannel 1852-1875
canvass] canvas T-1883
visitors] visitors 1851-1883
New-England's] -- 1837-1883
partisan] partizan T
pried] pryed T
Art] art T
forever] for ever T-1851
it!] -- 1852-1883
thy] ~hy T
within?] -- 1837
inquired] enquired T
sir] Sir T
Destiny] destiny 1852-1883
sinking] sink-ing 1851
canvass] canvas T-1883
sullen] silent 1852-1883
painter. 'Did] --, 'did 1883
David Swan

[261.8] vicissitudes] vicissitudes SG
[261.9] disappointment] disappointment SG
262.3 academy] Academy 1852-1883
262.22 depth] depth T
262.28 nor the] nor to the T
262.29 glanced] granted PW
263.8-9 into the texture of his evening's discourse] into his evening's course SG
263.11 merriment] SG
263.11 and] or T
263.14 pair] span SG
263.17 slide] fly SG
263.20 carriage. While] -. [q] - SG
263.22 maple-trees] T-1865
264.5 lady.] T-1865
264.17 here'] here SG
264.18 hither] here SG
264.21 waken] awaken PW
264.25 'This] SG
264.29 interest.] T
265.2 burden] burden PW-1883
265.8 waken] wake SG; awaken PW
265.10 sir] Sir T
265.13 anything] any thing T-1852
265.20 shewed] showed 1842, 1851-1883
265.25 maple-trees] T-1865
266.10 a] the SG
266.24 with a perfect] with perfect PW
266.29 girl.] SG
267.4 neighborhood] neighbourhood T
267.17 devil] Devil 1865-1875
267.22 fellow,[q]'Hist] SG; --[q]' 1842, 1851; --[q]' 1852-1883
amongst] among SG
pantaloons pocket 1852-1665, 1883; pantaloons-pocket 1875
wakes?] ~,' T
towards] toward PW
horrible] horribly SG
villains] villians SG
worn] known SG
maple-trees] ~~~ T-1865
behind.'[?]'Let's take a drink, and be off,'
said the other.[?]The] behind.'[?]The SG
burthened] burdened PW, 1852-1883
he.] ~ | 1837
top!] ~ T
towards] toward PW
Wealth] wealth T, SG, PW
Love] love T, SG, PW
to] through PW
Death] death T, SG, PW
available?] ~. T
Sights from a Steeple

[273],4 Oh, ] O. T-1875; Oh. 1883
[273],5 breathed, ] -- 1865
[273],11 air-ships ] -- 1852^53 -1865, 1883
[273],13 signal-guns ] -- 1852^53, 1883
[273],17 there, ] -- 1883
274.3 light, ] -- T, FB
274.15 and ] -- FB, 1851-1883
274.16 obscurity, ] -- T, FB, 1865-1875
274.20 country-seats ] -- 1842-1852^53
274.27 harbor ] harbour
274.28 all-heeding ] -- FB
274.28 Oh, ] O. T-1875; Oh. 1883
275.1 betray, ] -- 1837-1842
275.3 Oh, ] O. T-1875; Oh. 1883
275.8 Pry, ] -- 1875
275.10 felicity, ] -- 1883
275.11 no ] an T, FB
275.19 trees, ] -- 1875
275.20 horse-chestnut ] -- 1852^53
275.22 names, ] -- 1875
275.28 distance, ] -- FB, 1852^53-1883
275.28 pocket spyglass ] pocket spy-glass T, FB; pocket-spyglass 1851; pocket spy-glass 1883
276.5 he, ] -- FB
276.6 allowable, ] -- FB
276.7 gentlemanlike? -- gentleman-like? -- 1852^53 -1865; --? 1875; --? 1883
276.8 farewell, ] -- 1883
276.9 houses, ] -- 1852^53-1883
276.11 windows, ] -- 1875
276.14 left-hand ] -- T-1837, 1842-1851
276.15 and. ] -- 1852^53-1883
276.24 afternoon ] after. |noon FB
276.25 riches, ] -- 1883
sea-beach] ~ 1852
strown] strewn 1852-1883
Here,] ~ 1865
long-drawn] ~ 1851-1883
roughly melodious] ~ FB
distance,] ~ 1883
safe,] ~ 1883
times,] ~ 1865, 1883
responsible,] ~ 1837-1883
them,] ~ FB, 1852-1883
Vincentio] Vicentio 1852-1883
personage,] ~ T-1837
far separated] ~ FB, 1865-1875
Indies.[%]But] ~, ~ T
man. After] man, and, after T, FB
Moreover,] ~ 1865
enacting,] ~ 1865
steeple-top,] ~ 1852, 1883; ~ 1865
watchtower] watch-tower T, FB
voluntary] volunteer T, FB
soldiers,] ~, 1852-1883
toyshop] toy-shop T, FB-1842; ~ 1875
musket-barrels] ~ 1852, 1883
through—] ~, 1865-1875
schoolboys] school boys T; ~ 1865, 1883; ~ 1875
ridiculously] unfortunately T, FB
manoeuvres] manoeuvres T-1883
church spire] ~ 1875
boys?--or.] ?-- FB; ~? ~, 1875
every-day] ~ T
no doleful clang of the bell] no clang of passing bell T, FB
bell,] ~ 1852-1883
men,] ~ 1865, 1883
279.6 boys,] ~ 1883
279.8 Immediately,] ~ 1837-FB, 185253-1883
279.9 foot-fall] footfall 1851-1883
279.10 hearse,] ~ FB, 1851-1883
279.13 churchyard] church-yard 1851; --|-- 1865
279.14 burial stones] -- 1851, 1865
279.23 new-born] ~ 185253-1865, 1883
279.27 desperate,] ~ 1865-1875
280.7 rain-drops] raindrops 185253, 1875-1883
280.18 homeward--] ~ 1865-1875
280.20 lane,] ~ T-FB
280.23 hair-powder] ~ 185253, 1883
280.24 vehemence,] ~ FB, 1883
280.28 acquaintance,] ~,-- 1865
281.2 dust,] ~,-- 185253-1883
281.2 velocity,] ~; FB; ~,-- 185253-1883
281.3 sea-birds] seabirds 1851; -- 185253
281.5 Atalanta,] ~ 185253-1883
281.8 corner. ] ~, FB
281.13 Finally,] ~ T-FB
281.19 well-fashioned] ~ 1851
281.19 habiliments] habiliment T, FB
281.26 quick. ] ~, FB
282.3 Thus did Arethusa sink] Thus it was that Arethusa sunk T, FB
282.11 mountain-tops] ~ T, FB, 185253, 1883
282.14 town,] ~ 1842
282.16 dead;] ~ T-1837, 1842
282.22 world,] ~ 1883
282.24 Rainbow!] rainbow. T, FB; Rainbow. 1865
The Hollow of the Three Hills

286.1 sides. | SG
286.5 tree-trunk, tree and trunk | SG; 1852-1865, 1883
286.11 a] the 1852-1883
286.29 am a stranger] am stranger 1851-1883
287.3 forever] ~. SG, 1852-1883; for ever. 1837, 1851; for ever.' 1842
287.8 Earth] earth 1851-1883
287.26 of a prayer] of prayer 1842-1883
288.3 familiar] familiar SG
288.4 through] thro' | SG
288.5 fortune,--] ~, SG; --- 1837-1883
288.13 woman] female SG
288.19 vibration] vibrations SG
289.6 it,' | ~; SG
289.7 face. | ~. ' SG
289.8 them[ ] ~? 1851-1883
289.12 woman. 'Wherefore] ~, ' SG
289.15 Heaven] heaven 1883
289.18 through] thro' | SG
289.26 deepened] deep-ended SG
290.18 pine-trees] ~, SG-1842, 1852
290.22 Mad House] madhouse 1851-1875; mad-house 1883
290.23 true,' | ~, 1842
290.28 lady,] ~ SG-1837
290.29 'Then] ~ 1837
291.1 mayst] may'st SG
291.2 past] passed 1865
291.24 was] were SG
292.3 vapor] vapour SG
The Toll-Gatherer's Day

Title: The Toll-Gatherer's Day. The Toll Gatherer's Day, SG

[281.2] pore] pour 185253-66
[281.4] toll-house] -- SG, 185253
282.2 toll-gatherer] -- SG, 185253
283.10 nor] now 185253-66, 1865-187575, 1883
283.13 simile] similie SG
283.16 sketch.] -.-- | SG
284.20 frolicksome] frolicsome 185253-1883
284.21 sulky] sulkey DR-SG
285.9 canvass] canvas 1842-1883
285.19 broadened] broadlined DR; broad-|lined
285.29 has bles*] has blessed SG-1883
285.30 sent] nset SG
286.3 hearts! . . .[?]They] —1 . . .[?]— (See individual 1842-DR and 1842-SG collations.)
286.13 summer.] —.-- | SG
286.14 enfolds] infolds 1875
286.17 heart.] —1 1875
286.26 choked] choaked DR
286.28 Nature dares draw no] Nature draws no
286.31 begrimed] begrimmed SG, 1851
287.2 hot! Dreadful] —1 dreadful SG
287.4 re-enters] reenters 1842-185253
287.8 doth] does 1851-1883
287.9 days.] —.-- SG
287.24 upon] on SG
287.28 eastern] Eastern 1865-1875
287.28 immovably] immoveably DR-SG
287.29 chasm] same DR-SG
288.1 for'c'astle] fore-|castle 1842, 185253; forecastle 1851, 1865-1883
288.7 tin-pedler] -- 185253; tin pedlar 1883
288.9 side,] -- 1842-1883
288.11 come] comes SG, 1852–1883
288.13 and gentlemen] andgentlemen SG
288.22 brass band] Brass band 1851-1865, 1883
288.25 seem] seems DR-SG
288.27 again?] ~1 DR-SG
289.16 tomorrow's] to-morrow's DR-1883
289.18 shall] will DR-SG
289.19 of] to SG
289.20 light-house] ~~~ SG-1842; lighthouse 1851-1875
289.23 Heaven] heaven 1883
289.23 Earth] earth DR-SG, 1883
289.25 seems] seemed SG
289.25 flitting] flirting SG
The Vision of the Fountain

[295] [Lacks introduction] Dear . . . . poetry. NE (99.1-100.20. See individual 1837-NE collation.)

[295.1] At Well; at NE
[295.2] from home] from my home NE
[295.5] walnut-trees] NE-1852
[295.5] intermixed] in SG
[295.6] my head] our heads NE
[295.18] brown.] ~.1852

296.2 lonely] lovely NE
296.6 as if] as of 1852
296.20 were] was 1883
297.6 into] in SG
297.12 beautiful] ~. 1865
297.25 while] while 1852, 1883
297.27 ethereal] etherial NE, SG
298.11 back, that] back, on that SG
298.28 Day] day NE
298.29 Evening] evening NE
299.4 but,] ~. 1837-1883
299.4 ethereal] etherial NE
299.8 her] ~? 1842-1883
299.13 burden] 1852-1883
299.17 Heaven] heaven 1875-1883
299.20 nature's] Nature's 1875
299.24 Vision] vision 1842-1883
300.4 Heaven] heaven 1875-1883
300.11 Oh] O 1852-1875
300.18 snow,] ~. 1837-1883
301.4 clergyman's scanty stipend] clergyman's stipend NE
301.6 was always a] was a NE
301.13 half-burnt] half-burned 1852-1883
301.20 village,] ~. 1837-1883
301.25 some time] sometime 1837-SG
302.10 someone] some one NE-1883
302.12 answered] answerable SG
302.20 recognized] recognised NE-1851
303.9 that Daughter of the Light] that daughter of the light  NE, SG; the Daughter of the Light  1883
303.11 Fair ladies, there is nothing more to tell. Must] That is all, fair ladies. There is nothing more to tell. For, why must NE
303.12 revealed, then, that] revealed, that NE
303.13 'Squire] squire 1851-1883
Fancy's Show Box

Title: Show Box] —— 1865-1875

[307].1 Guilt] guilt 1865

[307].4 which have] which may have 1842-1883

[307].11 than shadows] than the shadows SG

308.19 Age] age SG

308.25 Madeira] Maderia 1842-1851

309.14 man.] ~--| SG

309.22 which,] ~— 1837, 1842

309.23 semblances] semblance SG

309.25 picture;] ~— T

309.25 background] ~— 1837-1842; background 185253, 1875-1883; ~—|— 1865

310.1 downward] down—ward 1837

310.7 the form] her form SG

310.12 canvass] canvas T-1883

310.13 recognize] recognise 1837, 1842-1851

310.18 Oh,] O— SG, 1883; O, 185253-1875

310.19 picture!] ~. SG

311.1 Memory] memory SG

311.14 Murder] murder 1851-1883

311.15 stept] stepped 185253-1883

312.16 pale,] ~— 1837-1851

312.19 canvass] canvas T-1883

313.12 Fortunately] Fortunately SG

313.27 judgment] judgement SG

313.29 penitential] penetential SG

314.1 canvass] canvas T-1883

314.6 crimson-curtained] crimsoned-curtained 1842

314.15 fashion.] ~: 185253-1883

314.28 dramatist] dramatist 1837

315.4 clenches] clinches 185253-1883

315.7 thousandfold] thousand fold T-SG; 185253; thousand-fold 1865-1883

316.1 Heaven] heaven 1875-1883
Dr. Heidegger's Experiment

title Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.*] The Fountain of Youth K; Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.. 1837-1883

[319].5 Widow] widow 1842-1851

[319].fn [Note at the bottom of first page]] [Lacks note] K-185264; [Note at the bottom of last page of tale] 1865, 185266-1883

320.13 farther] further 185253-1883

320.29 black-letter] black leather K; black-|letter 1837; blackletter 1842-1851

320.29 quartos] quartoes 185253

321.1 parchment-covered] parchment K; ~~ 1837-1851, 1865

321.1 duodecimos] duodecimoes 185253

321.12 would] could K

322.1 upon] opon K

322.11 mild] wild K

322.12 visages] visage K

322.14 champagne glasses] champagne glasses 185253-1865, 1883; champagne-glasses 1875

322.15 Heidegger, 'may] ~,' ~ 1837

322.22 mine] my 1883

323.1 But,] ~ 1837-1883

323.14-17 meant . . . . you] [2 lines of type transposed: see individual 1837-K collation.]

324.13 "Fountain of Youth"?'] ~ ~ ?' ~ K; "~ ~ ?" 1837-185253, 1883; "~ ~ ~," 1875

324.14 Ponce De Leon] Ponce de Leon 1865-1875

324.27 matters] maters 1842

325.3 colonel] Colonel 1875

325.19 skeptics] sceptics 185253-1883

325.29 age:] ~. 1875

326.6 bowing:] ~. 1875

326.8 experiment.'] ~.. 1837

326.15 Nature's] nature's K

327.7 Quick[---] --- 1842-185253; ~,-- 1865-1883
901

327.19 gulp' gulph 1851
327.19 delsuion! Even] -? even 1851-1883
327.25 beyond] beyond 1837
329.2 curtsaying] curtsying 1851; curtesying 1852-1883
329.5 glass] glass 1851
329.6 crow's-foot] crows-foot 1837-1851, 1875; crow's foot 1852-1865, 1883
329.16 brim full] brimful 1842-1883
330.17 frolicksomeness] follishness K; frolicsomeness 1852-1883
330.18 gaiety] gayety K, 1851-1883
330.21 waistcoats] waist-|coasts K
330.25 black-letter] blackletter 1837-1851; --|~ 1865
331.10 gentlemen] gentleman 1865
331.12 Dance] Dance. ~, 1865
331.12 Killigrew. [q]'No' ~, ' ~ K
331.14 'She] ~ 1837
332.2 shrivelled] shriveled 1842
332.2 grand-dam] granndam 1837; grandam 1842-1883
333.21 soon] -? 1851-1883
333.24 more transient than] as transient as K
334.14 END OF VOL. I.] [Lacking] K, 1865, 1883; THE END. 1837
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER I.

Howe's Masquerade

title

LEGENDS . . .] TALES . . . DR, H

PROVINCE-HOUSE] ~~~ BB-1883

[3.1] afternoon,] ~ 1865


[3.3] arch-way] archway 1851-1883

[3.6] 'OLD PROVINCE-HOUSE] 'Old Province-House H; 'OLD

PROVINCE HOUSE BB-185253, 1875-1883; 'OLD PROVINCE

HOUSE 1865

[3.9] governors] governers 1875

[3.12] Boston,] ~ 1865-1883


4.1 this] the DR-BB

4.2 deacon Drowne] deacon Browne H; Deacon Drowne

1851-1883


4.5 Province-House] ~~~ BB-1883

4.7 light colored] ~~~ 185253-1883

4.7 free-stone] freestone 1851-185253, 1875-1883; ~|~

1865

4.9 court-yard] ~~~ 185253

4.10 balustrade of similar pattern and workmanship]

balustrade and workmanship H

4.13 iron-work] ~~~ BB-185253, 1883

4.15 leaves.] -- H

4.17 bar-room] ~~~ 185253

4.20 counsellors] councillors 185253-1883

4.24 panelled] paneled DR, 1842-1851; pannelled H

4.26 Province-House] ~~~ BB-1883

4.27 block.] -- H

4.28 Washington street] ~ Street 185253-1883

4.28 sunshine] sun-shine H

4.30 torches,] ~ 1875

4.31 revolution] Revolution 1865-1883
903

5.1 object,] ~. H, 1865-1883
5.2 China] china H
5.3 Scripture] scripture H
5.4 Bernard,] ~. H-1883
5.4 state] sat H, 1852-1883
5.4 fireplace] fire-place, DR-H, 1883; ~] ~, BB, 1851-1852-1875; fireplace 1865
5.7 cigar-box] ~] ~ 1852-1883
5.7 net-work] network 1852-1875
5.8 beer-pump] ~] ~ 1852-1883
5.8 soda-fount] ~] ~ 1852-1883
5.10 lips,] ~ 1865
5.11 Province-House] ~] ~ BB-1883
5.14 port-sangaree] ~] ~ 1852-1875-1883
5.15 skilful] skillful H
5.21 ought that] ought that DR; out what H
5.22 which,] ~ H
5.22 associations,] ~ DR-H
5.24 city boarders,] ---, DR-H; ~] ~ 1875
5.24 old fashioned] --- 1852-1875-1883
5.27 partitions,] ~ DR-H
5.27 subdivided] sub-divided H
5.28 bed,] ~ 1875-1883
5.28 chair,] ~ 1875-1883
5.29 dressing table,] ---, DR-H, 1851, 1865; --- 1875-1883
6.8 shoes,] ~, 1865-1883
6.15 Bunker Hill,] ---, DR-H; ~] ~ 1875-1883
6.16 intervened,)] 1842-1852-1875-1883
6.22 white-oak] whiteoak 1851
6.23 framework] framework 1851-1865, 1883
6.30 brick work] --- DR-H, 1875
7.6 king's] King's DR-H
7.7 tossed-up] ~ H
7.9 days,] ~ H, 1883
Province-House] ~ BB-1883
the present court-yard] the court-yard H; the present court-yard 185253
trees] ~, H
wrought iron] ~ 185253-1883
sewing] ~ 1883
chatting] ~ 1883
bar-room] ~ 185253
visitor] visitor BB, 1851-1883
the] that DR-BB
summer seat] ~ H
fireside] fire-side DR-H
remark] ~ 1883
Province-House] ~ BB-1883
chiefly] principally H
me] ~ 1875-1883
it] ~ BB-1883
removes] ~ BB-1883
eyewitness] eyewitness 1851, 1865
that] ~ 1883
Province-House] ~ BB-1883
beleaguered] beleaguered DR, BB-185253, 1875;
beleaguered H
masqued] masked 185253-1883
siege] ~ 1865
court-circle] ~ BB-1883
brilliantly lighted] ~ 185253-1865, 1883
apartments were] apartment was H
canvas] canvas 1851-1883
at] a | 1842
theatres] theaters H
Conquest] conquests DR-H
high-ruffled] high-ruffled BB-1883
parti-colored] party-colored 185253-1883
jingling] gingling DR-H
9.5 a Falstaffe; a sway-paunched Falstaffe DR-H; a sway-paunched Falstaffe BB; a Falstaff 1852-1883

9.6 prototype; DR-BB

9.6 Quixote] Quixotte H

9.6 bean-pole] ~ H, 1852-1883

9.7 lance,] ~ 1875

9.7 pot-lid] ~ 1852-1883; potlid 1875

9.11 rag-fair] ~ 1852-1883

9.12 cast-off] ~ H

9.16 ball,] ~ H

9.16 bayonet,] ~ 1865

9.22 Ward,] ~, 1865-1875

9.23 scare-crows] scarecrows 1852-1865, 1883

9.23 interview,] ~, H

9.23 mock-heroic] ~ BB-1865, 1883

9.28 eyeing1] 1865-1883

9.3 expressed,] ~ 1883

9.9 grand-daughter] granddaughter 1852-1883

10.15 although,] ~, DR

10.5 influence,] ~ 1883

10.16 gaiety] gaity H; gayety 1852-1883

10.16 like--] ~ H, 1875

10.16 companions)--] ~) H, 1875

10.21 but a little] but little H

10.21 company,] ~ 1842-1883

10.25 Reverend] Rev. 1852-1883

10.28 cloth,] ~ 1883

10.28 confabulation] confabulation H

10.29 General] general 1875

11.1 Doctor] Dr. 1875

11.8 slyly] slyly DR-BB

11.8 grand-daughter] granddaughter 1852-1883

11.10 New England--] ~ DR; 1865-1883; ~ H

11.11 masque] mask 1852-1883
11.12 Bunker Hill—] ---. DR-H; ~-- BB-1842; ----- 1851-1852 53, 1883; ---,-- 1865-1875
11.14 town--] ~--, 1865-1875
11.17 frowns,] ~ 1883
11.22 playing.] ~, 1875
11.23 occasion;] ~, 1875-1883
11.23 slow,] ~ BB-1883
11.27 wonder,] ~ 1875
11.28 many,] ~ 1883
11.28 that either the] that the DR-BB
11.30 Province-House] ~ BB-1883
11.30 corpse,] ~ H
11.31 gorgeously decorated] --- 1852 53-1865, 1883
12.2 called,] ~ DR-H
12.2 voice,] ~ DR-H
12.5 drum-major] ~-- 1852 53
12.7 General:] general 1852 53-1883
12.9 march--] ~; 1875
12.11 honor.] Honor 1875
12.11 drum-major] ~-- 1852 53
12.13 I,] ~, DR-H
12.14 together;] ~ 1883
12.19 composure--'it] ---'It DR-H; ~,--'it 1865; ~; 'it 1875
12.21 but.] ~, 1875
12.23 apartments,] ~ 1883
12.24 old fashioned] --- 1852 53-1883
12.25 steward,] ~ 1883
12.26 nobleman,] ~ 1883
12.30 staircase,] ~ 1883
12.31 time,] ~ 1883
13.7 skull-cap] scull-cap DR; skullcap 1852 53-1875
13.9 half-way] ~ BB-1852 53
13.12 hand,] ~ DR-H
13.12 Bible] bible DR-H
velvet,] ~ H

two,[ ] ~ 1865-1883

two,[ ] ~ 1865-1883

command, and bearing] command, bearing H

beholders,[ ] ~ 1883

Province-House[ ] ~ BB-1883

devil's] Devil's 1865-1875

Charles[ ] ~, DR

These,[ ] ~; DR

evening--[ ] ~,-- 1865-1883

the,[ ] ~ 1865

governors--[ ] ~,-- 1865-1875

old,[ ] ~ 1883

Democracy] democracy H, 1875

banner[ ] ~, H

Bellingham,] ~ H

General] general 1875

Tushi we] ~! We DR-H

See--[ ] ~, 1875

staircase] stair-case H

white-bearded] white-headed DR-BB

breast-[plate] ~ H

sword,[ ] ~ DR-H

wrathful,[ ] ~ DR-H

his] the DR-H

seemed[ ] ~, 1842

Doctor] Dr. 1875

Excellency,] ~ 1883

doctor] Doctor 1865-1883

Colonel,[ ] ~ H

hand and glove] hand glove H; hand in glove 1875

blessing,[ ] ~ 1865, 1883

Puritans] Puritan's H

school-boy] schoolboy 1851-1852 53
*16.5  Phipps] Phips  DR-1842
16.6  sea-captain,] —~.  1842-1851, 1865-1883; ~~, 185253
16.6  governor—] ~,-- 1865; ~: 1875
16.7  high,] ~.  1865, 1883
16.9  William.] ~.  H
16.14  form.] fain DR-BB
16.14  the funeral procession] the procession H
16.15  New England.'[q]Several] ~~.] ~ DR; ~~~.] ~ H
16.16  figures] gentlemen DR-BB
16.26  twinkle] wrinkle H
16.28  wine cup] --]-- DR; --- H, 1865-1875; winecup 1851
16.28  good fellowship.] --- DR-H, 1875
16.29  tokens,] ~.  H, 1883
17.4  patience,] ~.  1875
17.5  harassed] harassed DR
17.11  Doctor] Dr. 1875-1883
17.18  Doctor] Dr. 1875
17.23  politician—] ~,-- 1865-1875
17.24  Joliffe. 'Governor] ~; '~ 1875
17.25  Colonel] colonel H
17.28  legislature] Legislature 1875
18.1  lamp,] ~.  BB-1883
18.2  staircase,] ~.  1865-1883
18.3  duskily;] ~: BB-1883
18.3  figures,] ~.  H
18.4  porch,] ~.  1865
18.8  various] curious DR-H
18.9  half-acknowledged] ~.~. BB-1851
18.10  shapes,] ~.  H, 1865, 1883
18.11  procession,] ~.  1865, 1883
18.12  recognized] recognised BB-1851
18.15  prototypes] prototype H
18.16  Doctor] Dr. 1875
18.17 gentlemen.

*18.19 Pownall Pownal 1842-1852

18.20 well remembered DR-H, 1852-1883

18.22 governors Governors DR

18.26 dread great DR-H

18.27 Hutchinson, 1865-1883

18.29 epaulettes epauletz 1875

18.31 officer; ~, 1883

19.2 Province-House ~ BB-1883

19.3 looking-glass, ~ BB-1842, 1852-1883; ~ 1875

19.10 eyes, ~ H

19.11 expression, ~ H

19.11 immovable immovable DR-H

19.12 grandfather grandfather. ~ H

19.19 drums, ~ 1865

19.25 staircase stair-case H

19.27 although, ~ H-1883

19.28 fancied fain cried DR-H

19.31 stair ~ H

20.6 recognized recognised 1842-1851

20.9 cloak, ~ DR-H

20.10 particulars ~, 1851-1883

20.11 bearing, ~ DR-BB, 1865-1883

20.15 them. [With] ~ DR-BB

20.16 brow, ~ DR-H, 1883

20.17 General general 1875

20.20 he. 'You ~ DR-H

20.21 further farther 1852-1883

20.22 hair's breadth ~ DR-H, 1875

20.29 figure, ~ DR-H

21.1 threshold threshold DR

21.3 clenched clinched 1852-1883
21.5 self-same] selfsame 185253-1865, 1883
21.5 sorrow,] -- 1865
21.6 governor] Governor DR-H
21.7 Province-House] -- BB-1883
21.17 form,] -- DR-H
21.18 General] general 1875
21.25 Colonel;] -- DR
21.25 for,] -- H-1883
21.25 longer,] -- 1865
21.28 Britain,] -- H, 1883
21.28 province,] -- H, 1883
21.29 to-night;--] -- H, 1875
21.29 speak,] -- 1842-1883
21.30 corpse;--] ? DR; ~ H; ~; 1875
21.30 and,] -- BB-1883
21.31 governors] Governors DR-H
22.2 grand-daughter's] granddaughter's 185253-1883
22.11 tea ships] -- H, 1865-1875
22.14 tale,] -- DR-H
22.15 discomfiture,] -- H, 1883
22.16 governors] Governors DR-H
22.17 Province-House] -- BB-1883
22.19 clenched] clinched 185253-1883
22.20 free-stone] freestone H, 1851, 1865-1883; --|-- 185253
22.20 steps,] -- DR-H, 1875
22.22 foot-tramp] foottramp 185253
22.25 striving,] -- H
22.28 cigar-smoke] -- DR, BB, 185253, 1883
23.4 whisky punch] whiskey-punch DR, 1875; whisky-punch H; whiskey punch BB, 185253-1865, 1883
23.6 panelled] pannelled DR, BB; panned H; paneled 1842-1851
23.7 Brookline] Brooklyn DR-BB
23.9 governor] Governor DR-H
stage-driver] --~ DR, 1852^53
penny paper] --- 1865
day--] ~,-- DR, 1875; ~, H
Times--] ~,-- DR, 1875; ~, H
Boston,'] ~' 1865, 1883
window-seat] ~ BB, 1852^53, 1883
read.] ~,-- H
Miss SUSAN HUGGINS] Miss Susan Huggins H; MISS SUSAN HUGGINS 1865
PROVINCE-HOUSE] Province House H; PROVINCE HOUSE BB-1883
chamber-maid] --|~ 1852^53; chambermaid 1865-1883
work,] ~ 1865
day that is] day is H
staircase,) stair-case, H; ~ 1883
governors] Governors DR-H
portal,) ~ 1865, 1883
then,) ~, 1883
arch-way] archway BB-1883
Washington street] --- DR; ~ Street 1852^53-1883
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER II.

Edward Randolph's Portrait

---

title

LEGENDS . . . ] TALES . . . DR

PROVINCE-HOUSE] ~~- 1842-1883

[27].1-29.28

[27].1 Province-House] ~~- 1842-1883

[27].2 mid-summer] midsummer 1851-1883

[27].3 evening,) ~ 1883

[27].4 bar- | room] ~- 185253

[27].7 unheard-of] ~- 1842-1851

[27].9 Washington street] ~ Street 185253-1883

[27].10 gas-lights] gaslights 185253-1883

[27].11 onward,) ~ 1865

[27].13 street,) ~ 1865, 1883

[27].14 Governors] governors 1865-1883

[27].17 ware-houses] warehouses 1851-1883

28.3 identity,—] ~, 1875

28.5 it,—] ~, 1875

28.11 street,) ~ 1865-1883

28.12 gas-lights] gaslights 185253-1875

28.14 glass.[?]But] ~. ~ DR

28.17 ante-revolutionary] --Revolutionary 1865-1875

28.17 New Englanders] --- 1865-1875

28.19 Old South Church] ~ ~ church DR-1851

28.23 life-time] lifetime 1851-1883

28.26 bed-time] bedtime 1851-1883

28.28 court-yard] ~|~ 185253; ~|~ 1865-1883

28.29 lantern] lanthern DR

28.30 bar-room,) ~~, 185253; ~~~ 1865

28.31 tradition-monger] ~~~ 185253, 1883

29.2 recognized] recognised 1842-1851

29.5 ladies,) ~ 1842-1883

29.7 a-piece] apiece 185253-1883
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER II.

Edward Randolph's Portrait

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<td>warehouses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.3</td>
<td>identity,--</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.5</td>
<td>it,--</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.11</td>
<td>street,</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.12</td>
<td>gas-lights</td>
<td>gaslights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.14</td>
<td>glass, [q]But</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.17</td>
<td>ante-revolutionary</td>
<td>--Revolutionary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.17</td>
<td>New Englanders</td>
<td>--</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.19</td>
<td>Old South Church</td>
<td>church</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.23</td>
<td>life-time</td>
<td>lifetime</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.26</td>
<td>bed-time</td>
<td>bedtime</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.28</td>
<td>court-yard</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.29</td>
<td>lantern</td>
<td>lantern</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.30</td>
<td>bar-room,</td>
<td>~--</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.31</td>
<td>tradition-monger</td>
<td>~--</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.2</td>
<td>recognized</td>
<td>recognised</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.5</td>
<td>ladies,</td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.7</td>
<td>a-piece</td>
<td>apiece</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
whisky punch  DR, 1852\(^53\), 1875-1883; whiskey-punch  1865

dark-red  1875

black,]  1875-1883

Province-House]  1842-1883

source;]  1842-1883

although,]  1842

marvellous:]  1851-1883

Province-House]  SG-1883

canvas]  canvas  1842-1883

vein]  SG

tradition,]  1875-1883

fable,]  SG, 1875-1883

conjecture,]  1865-1883

governors,]  1865-1875

hung,]  SG

mantelpiece]  mantel-piece  DR, 1852\(^53\)-1883; mantelpiece  SG

chamber;]  SG

Lieutenant Governor]  DR, 1865-1883

Lieutenant Governor]  DR, 1865-1883

sat,]  SG

armchair]  1865-1883

for,]  1865

hour,]  1851-1865, 1883

William,]  1875

Lieutenant Governor]  DR, 1865-1883

canvas,]  canvas, 1842-1875; canvas  1883

demeanor]  demeanour  DR

chair,]  SG

painting,]  1865, 1883

though,]  SG

hand,]  SG;  1865

fancy,]  SG

this old picture]  this picture  SG
915

31.19 artist—] ~,~ 1865; ~; 1875
31.19 else.] ~, 1852^53-1883
31.21 custom,[ ] ~ 1875-1883
31.23 best beloved[ ] --- 1852^53-1883
31.23 child,)] ~), 1875-1883
31.24 Captain[ captain DR, 1875
31.26 canvass[ canvas 1842-1883
31.27 heir-loom[ ] ~| SG; heirloom 1851-1883
31.27 Province-House[ ] ~ SG-1883
31.29 but,)] ~ 1865-1875
31.31 work,)] ~ SG, 1865-1883
32.2 fantasies,)] ~ 1865, 1883
32.4 belief,)] ~ 1865
32.6 accredited,)] ~, 1883
32.8 witch meeting[ ] --- 1865
32.9 had[ has 1851-1852^53, 1875-1883
32.12 spirit,)] ~ 1883
32.12 demon,)] ~ 1883
32.13 himself,)] ~ 1865
32.14 calamity,)] ~ 1865
32.15 governors,)] ~,~ SG
32.16 apparition,)] apparition 1865
32.19 Province-House[ ] ~ SG-1883
32.19 of a visage[ of visage SG
32.20 them,)] ~ SG
32.21 twilight,)] ~, SG, 1875
32.23 although,)] ~ SG
32.31 frame,)] ~, SG
33.4 But,)] ~ SG
33.5 affair,)] ~ 1883
33.5 governors[ Governors SG
33.7 state-chamber[ State-chamber SG; state chamber 1852^53, 1875-1883
33.7 Province-House[ ] ~ SG-1883
33.9 Vane,)] ~ SG
well] well 1842
smiled,] ~ SG
canvass] canvas 1842-1883
possible,'] ~,~ SG
'to] ~ SG
Lieutenant Governor] --- DR, 1865-1883
explanation] explanation SG
picture--] ~,-- 1875
called--] ~,-- 1875
visible,] ~ SG
the] that SG
long buried] --- 1865-1875
'who] ~ SG
charter,] ~,-- SG
arch enemy] --- 1851-1883
detestation,] detestation, SG; detestation. 1865, 1883
wherever] where 1842-1883
outward,] ~,~ SG
folly,] ~ 1883
Lieutenant Governor] --- DR, 1865-1883
Randolph] ~, ~ SG, 1851-1883
through SG
women's] woman's SG
Rome.'] ~,~ SG
And.] ~, 1851-1883
Province-House] ~ house SG; ~ House 1842-1883
people's] People's SG-1883
Lieutenant Governor] --- DR, 1865-1883
multitude.] ~,--| SG
Royal] royal 1883
majesty's] Majesty's 1875
Trust,] ~ 1865
sir--] ~,-- 1865-1875
a while] a while 185253-1865
convert] turn DR-SG
up old Castle] up Castle SG
province] Province DR-SG
than that of true] than the true SG
ture born] --- 1851-1883
New Englanders] --| SG; --- 1865-1875
evening,] -- 1875:
then,] -- SG
Lieutenant Governor] --- DR, 1865-1883
followed,] -- SG
picture.] --|-- SG
Captain] captain 1842-1851
mien] mein SG
fable—fairies] --- DR-SG
mythology,] --,--1842-1851; ---1852-1883
sometimes] sometime SG
caprice,] --; SG
with a sensibility] with sensibility SG
woe] wo DR-SG
Shape] shape DR-SG
Lieutenant Governor] --- DR, 1865-1883
There] These DR-SG
Selectmen] selectmen SG
of Council] of the Council DR-SG
waistcoats.] -- 1875
ceremonial.] --|-- SG
Lieutenant Governor] --- DR, 1865-1883
on board] abroad in DR-SG
chair,] -- 1883
centre] middle SG
branched silver candlestick] branched candlestick SG
of half] of a half SG
wax lights] --- 1875-1883
Lieutenant Governor's] --- DR, 1865-1883; Lieut. Governor's SG
window curtains] --|~ DR; --- SG, 1865-1875
there,] -- 1883
childlike] child-like DR-SG
noticed] witnessed SG
Lieutenant Governor] --- DR, 1865-1883
excellent,] -- SG, 1875-1883
gentleman] gentlemen 185253
written,] -- 1865, 1883
ten,] -- 1865, 1883
elder] older SG
Province-House] -- SG-1883
mansion?] -?-| SG
Lieutenant Governor's] --- DR, 1865-1883
Province] province SG, 1875
devil,] Devil, 1865; devil 1883
him,] -- 1865
King's] king's 1883
devil,] -- DR-SG; Devil, 1865-1875
claws!] ~, DR-SG; ~? 185253
Captain] captain SG
taunt] taunts SG
us,--] --- SG
devil's] Devil's 1865-1875
claw's!] ' SG
Puritan] puritan SG
forthwith,] --| SG
court of guard] guard of court SG
ton-house] -- SG, 185253, 1883
King] king 1883
rabble,] -- SG
action,] -- SG
surprise, and] -- 1883
Lieutenant Governor] --- DR, 1865-1883
the] he SG
this] the SG  
Come] come 1852\(^3\)-1883  
Lieutenant Governor's] —— DR, 1865-1883  
heaven,] Heaven, DR-SG, 1852\(^3\)-1875; Heavenl 1883  
scattered away the] scattered the SG  
this] the SG  
Until] 'Till DR-SG  
behind]'[9]Within] —]'— SG  
frame,] ~. 1852\(^5\)  
enclosed] inclosed 1883  
canvas] canvas DR-SG  
dark,] ~. SG  
shadings] shading SG  
forward.] ~, SG  
half-length] ~.~ SG  
rich,] ~. SG, 1883  
old-fashioned] ~.~ SG.  
life-like] like life SG; lifelike 1851-1865, 1883  
started] stared SG  
back-ground] ~.~ SG; background 1852\(^5\)-1883  
awe-stricken] ~.~ SG  
hatred,] ~. 1865-1883  
laughter,] ~. 1865-1883  
scorn,] ~. 1865-1883  
multitude.] ~.~ SG  
ignominy. The] ~, the SG  
depth.] ~, SG  
gloomed] gleamed SG  
again,] ~. SG  
mad—] ~,-- 1865-1875  
punishment—] ~,-- 1865-1875  
Lieutenant Governor] —— DR, 1865-1883  
exerting his] exerting all his DR-SG  
energy—] ~,-- 1875  
feature—] ~,-- 1875
bitterly,]  ~  SG, 1883
art—]  ~,--  1865-1875
intrigue—]  ~,--  1865-1875
stage-effect—]  ~~~  SG, 185253, 1883;  ~~,--  1865-1875
awhile]  a while  185253, 1883
Hutchinson]  ~,  1865-1875
"Forbear!"—]  '~!'--SG;  "~"  1865-1875
face,]  ~  1875-1883
look,)]  ~)  SG;  ~),  1875-1883
desperation]  despotism  DR-SG
and spoken]  and had spoken  DR-SG
Lieutenant Governor]  ---  DR, 1865-1883
wrought,]  ~  SG
behind;]  ~,  SG, 1883
frame,]  ~  1865, 1883
discerned,)  discovered,  SG;  discerned.  1865, 1883
cloud,]  ~  1865-1875
canvas]  canvas  DR-SG
nam. If]  ~,[~]-  SG
had,]  ~  SG
indeed,)  ~  SG
back,]  ~  SG
spirit-like]  ~~  SG
day-dawn]  ~~~  SG;  daydawn  185253-1883
temporary]  temporary  SG
Randolph,)  ~  1865
scene, as]  ~,  DR
visible)  visible  SG
them,)  ~,--|  SG
when,)  ~  SG
Massacre]  massacre  DR-SG, 1875
Captain)  captain  SG;
burthen)  burden  185253-1883
Epilogue] [Lacks Epilogue] SG

legend. DR; of Mr. Howorth, the picture-cleaner,DR; of Mr. Howorth, the picture cleaner, 1842-185253, 1883

Province-House, governors 1852-1883

stairs, DR; door-steps, DR; 185253, 1883; doorsteps 1875

snow-storm] DR; 185253
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER III.

Lady Eleanore's Mantle

title  LEGENDS . . . ] [Lacking] SG; TALES . . . DR PROVINCE-HOUSE] [Lacking] SG; ~~~ 1842-1883 NUMBER III.] No. III. DR; [Lacking] SG; II. 1851-1883

[47].1 Province-House] ~~~ SG-1883
[47].8 lucubrations had] lucubrations in the Democratic Review, had DR; lucubrations in the Democratic Review had SG

[47].8-9 Many a segar had been smoked within his premises—many a glass] Many a segar has been smoked within his premises—many a glass DR; Many a glass SG

[47].8 segar] cigar 1852 \(^5\) 3-1883
[47].10 vitae] vitae DR-1883
[47].13 me, would] me, and the wide dissemination of our favorite journal, would DR-SG

[47].15 Province-House] ~~~ SG-1883
[47].16 courteous assurances of] courteous of SG

48.2 dry-goods] dry-good DR, 1842-1851; ~~~ SG, 1852 \(^5\) 3-1883
48.3 street.] ~~~| SG; Street. 1852 \(^5\) 3-1883
48.4-5 loudly of the increased custom of the house] loudly of the house SG

48.6 the] his DR-SG
48.12 panelled] paneled 1842-1851
48.14 Governors] governors 1865-1875
48.17 banquatted] banqueted 1842-1883
48.18 sleep] slept SG
48.19 King's Chapel] Kings ~ SG
48.21 Province-House] ~~~ SG-1883
48.28 royalty] loyalty SG
48.30 democratic] Democratic DR-SG
48.30 aftertimes] after times SG, 1852 \(^5\) 3-1883; after-times 1851
49.2 reverential] reverential SG
49.14 democrat] Democrat DR-SG

49.14 upon] on SG
keeps] kept SG
matters. With] matters with DR
government] Government DR-SG
Massachusetts Bay] --bay DR; --bay SG
be] pe SG
Lady] lady 185253-1865, 1883
Province-House] -- SG-1883
transatlantic] trans-atlantic DR-SG; --|= 1842;
Transatlantic 1865-1875
monomania] monamania DR
which it] which if SG
marvellous] marvelous DR, 1842
legends,] ~ 1842, 1865
gone] got DR-SG
Province-House] -- SG-1883
the] a 1842-1883
disrespect[ ] ~, DR-SG
Captain] Capt.| SG
dispatches] despatches DR-1842, 185253-1875
welcome.] ~ DR
Doctor] Dr. SG, 1865-1875
King Death] ~ death SG
Province-House] -- SG-1883
freak?] ~. DR-SG
Excellency] excellency DR-SG
Doctor] Dr. 1875
envelopes] envelops 185253-1883
dispatches] despatches DR-1842, 1865-1875
Province-House] -- SG-1883
had] has SG
outspread] outspsead SG
remembering!] ~? SG
invested] in. |vested 1883
unnatural;] unnat-|tural! SG
conversation.] ~.--| SG
sanity, vanity DR-SG
mentioned; -, DR-SG
Earl, earl 1865, 1883
Province-House, SG-1883
Champagne, champaigne SG; Champagne 1852-1883; champagne 1865-1875
someone, some one DR-1883
dishevelled, disheveled 1842-1851
thus?, DR-SG
me that I, me I SG
recognized, recognised 1842-1851
villain's throat, villain's own throat DR-SG
fiercely, fircely SG
'Whether, DR-SG
gentlemen, gentleman, SG
'Take, DR-SG
so as almost, so almost 1842
no more resistance, no resistance SG
Province-House, 1842-1883
Rochcliffe, Rochecliffe SG
eying, eying 1865-1883
queenly maiden, fair aristocrat DR-SG
Woe, Wo DR-1851
Province-House, SG-1883
Province-House, SG-1883
Heaven's, heaven's 1883
fluttered, flutters DR
Province-House, SG-1883
tracking, tracing SG
footsteps, footstep DR
Lady, lady DR-SG
threads, threads, 1851
invoked, SG
clap, clapped 1852-1883
mockery, DR-SG, 1875
Eleanorel] ~. DR-SG
Province-House] ~.~ SG-1883
contagion that it] contagion it SG
Death] death DR
pestilence] Pestilence SG
Pestilence] pestilence DR
to-night] ~.~ SG
fellow] fallen DR
possessed] possesses DR
Province-House] ~.~ SG-1883
in the regal] in regal SG
tyrans!] ~. 1883
roundabout] round about DR-1883
superhuman] super human SG
There'--] ~.~ SG
Lady] lady SG
Eleanorel] ~? 1851-1883
dolefully] bitterly SG
recognized] recognised 1842-1851
throat!] ~.~ DR-SG
conscious of mortal infirmity? Fie! Heap of
diseased mortality,] conscious of diseased mortality, SG
diseased] deceased DR
chamber?] ~! SG
Oh,] O. 1865-1883
Helwyse,' said] ~, ' ~ DR
woman sister] woman my sister SG
wrapt] wrapped 1852 1883
PRIDE] pride SG
nature] Nature SG
nature] Nature SG
all avenged--Nature is avenged--for] all avenged--for DR-SG
herself?] ~! SG
Province-House] ~~~ SG-1883
Mantle] mantle DR-SG
proud] proud DR
skeptics] sceptics DR-SG, 1852–1883
that--Heaven be praised--it] that it DR-SG; that--Heaven be praised!--it 1865
Province-House] ~~~ SG-1883
Province-House] ~~~ SG-1883
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE-HOUSE. NUMBER IV.

Old Esther Dudley

title LEGENDS . . .] TALES . . . DR
PROVINCE-HOUSE] ~ ~ 1842-1883
NUMBER IV] No. IV. DR; IV. 1851-1883

[73].4 loyalist] Loyalist DR
74.5 clenched] clinched 1852-1883
74.13 ancient] aged DR
74.16 loyalist's] Loyalist's DR
74.27 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
75.3 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
75.28 Royal Governor] royal governor 1865
75.30 unwitnessed] witnessed DR
76.11 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
76.17 Governors] governors 1865-1875
76.18 with the] with all the DR
76.29 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
76.30 Royal Governor] royal governor 1865-1875
77.11 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
77.13 me!] ~? 1865
77.20 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
77.22 burthen] burden 1852-1883
77.28 General] general 1865
77.32 province] Province 1883
78.1 entrusted] intrusted 1851-1883
78.4 Governor after Governor] governor after governor 1865-1875
78.10 Royal] royal 1865-1883
78.13 province] Province 1883
78.20 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
78.22 Royal Governor] royal governor 1865-1875
78.24 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
79.5 Province-House] ~ ~ 1842-1883
79.6 memory] Memory 1865
79.6 Hope] hope DR
79.7 Memory memory DR
79.11 Governor governor 1865-1875
79.14 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
79.28 Governors governors 1865-1875
79.31 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
80.1 Provincial provincial 1875
80.2 clergymen clergyman 1865
80.14 demeanor demeanour DR
80.24 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
81.7 burial-grounds burial-ground 1851; burial-ground 1852-1883; burial-ground 1865-1875
81.10 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
81.11 And, ~ 1842-1883
81.13 the Olivers, the Hutchinsons, the Dudleys the Oliver's, the Hutchinson's, the Dudley's DR
81.19 stanch staunch DR
81.22 Royal Governor royal Governor 1852-1883; royal governor 1865-1875
82.7 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
82.19 Province province 1875
82.21 Phipps Phips DR-1842
82.26 wigs. ~ DR
82.27 her the DR
82.29 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
82.29 Oh, O, 1852-1875; O 1865, 1883
83.10 Revolutionary war War 1875-1883
83.15 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
83.22 town's people towns-people 1875-1883
83.23 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
84.16 the the 1842
84.25 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
84.27 Royal Governor royal governor 1865-1875
84.28 by-word byword 1852-1883
84.30 Royal Governor royal governor 1865-1875
84.31 Province-House ~~ 1842-1883
town's people} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} DR; towns-people 1875-1883

aspen] ashen 1842-1883

Governor] governor 1865-1875

Royal Governor's] royal governor's 1865-1875

Province-House} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} 1842-1883

by-gone] \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} DR; bygone 1865-1875

Province-House} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} 1842-1883

stept} stepped 1852^{53}-1883

Governor] governor 1865-1875

Death] death DR

Madam] madam 1875

Province-House} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} 1842-1883

recognized] recognised 1842-1851

province] Province DR

trode] trod DR, 1852^{53}-1883

Province-House} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} 1842-1883

Governor] governor 1875

stranger's] strangers 1852^{53}

welcome!} \sim 1851-1883

Come, Death] come death DR

Past}] past DR

Republican Governor] republican governor 1865-1875

Province-House} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} 1842-1883

Past}] past DR

loyalist] Loyalist DR

Province-House} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} DR

Governor] governor 1865-1875

loyalist] Loyalist DR

by-gone} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} 1851; bygone 1852^{53}-1883

Province-House} \text{\textasciitilde\textasciitilde} 1842-1883

hence] thence DR
The Haunted Mind

contents The Haunted Mind] The Haunted Maid FB
[93].3 from midnight slumber! from slumber] T-FB; from midnight slumber? 1852 53, 1883
[93].9 sleep has] sleep as 1883
[93].11 strangeness,] ~ 1865, 1883
[93].13 church clock] ~ 1865-1875
[93].16 tower,] ~ 1865, 1883
[93].18 town,] ~ 1865
94.4 strokes--] ~, 1865
94.4 two--] ~, 1842-1883
94.9 bedtime] bed-time FB
94.13 night;] ~, 1883
94.15 enjoyments,] employments, T-FB; enjoyments,-- 1865
94.18 distant,] ~ 1865, 1883
94.21 tomorrow] to-morrow T-1883
94.26 way side] ~ FB; wayside 1851-1883
94.27 Oh,] O. 1852 53-1875
95.1 half drawn] ~ FB, 1852 53-1883
95.1 window curtain] ~ 1865-1875
95.3 frost work] ~ FB, 1851; frostwork 1852 53-1883
95.5 analogy,] ~ 1883
95.7 mountain peaks] ~ 1865-1875
95.7 peaks of the frost scenery do] peaks do T-FB
95.9 steeple;] ~, 1875
95.12 snow-covered] ~ FB
95.15 woollen] woolen T, 1842
95.18 bed,] ~ 1865
95.22 chill,] ~ 1865-1883
95.27 ecstasy] ecstasy T
96.6 hour] hours T-FB
96.7 heart,] ~ 1865-1883
96.10 prisoners. ] ~, 1883
96.11 those] these 1852 53-1883
96.16 them;]  FB
96.19 Passion] passion T-FB
96.19 Feeling] feeling T-FB
96.21 Sorrow] sorrow T-FB
96.21 pale.] FB
96.29 Hope] hope T-FB
96.30 Disappointment] disappointment T
97.1 him.] FB
97.2 Fatality,] fatality, T; Fatality; FB
97.9 folly,] 1865, 1883
97.10 blush,] 1865
97.11 recognize] recognise FB-1851
97.11 Shame] shame T-FB
97.14 him,] 1865
97.15 Remorse] remorse T-FB
97.21 Sufficient.] 1865, 1883
97.21 guilt,] FB, 1875
97.26 effort,] 1883
97.28 anywhere] any where T-1852
98.1 bed-chamber] 1852; bedchamber 1875
98.4 minuteness,] 1883
98.5 fire-place] fireplace FB, 1851-1883
98.6 hat.] FB, 1875-1883
98.10 chamber,] 1883
98.12 breast] breart 1852
98.14 pleasant.] FB, 1852-1865, 1883
98.19 dream.] FB
98.26 squadrons,] 1883
98.26 sun,] 1883
98.28 school-house] schoolhouse 1851; 1852; 1883
99.6 spring,] 1865, 1883
99.8 breeze;] 1883
99.8 girls,] 1883
99.9 dance,] 1883
99.10 ball room; ——; FB, 1851, 1865; ballroom; 1875; ——, 1883
99.11 theatre,] —— 1883
99.13 start,] —— 1883
99.21 farther] further 1875
99.23 strays] —, FB, 1883
99.23 citizen,] —— 1865
99.27 things,] —— 1883
99.27 Eternal] eternal T-FB, 1865
The Village Uncle

title THE VILLAGE UNCLE. AN IMAGINARY RETROSPECT. THE MERMAID; A REVERIE. T
[103].3 Thanksgiving] thanksgiving T
[103].7 relics] relics T 1842
104.11 Thanksgiving] thanksgiving T
104.12 past] Past 1875
104.13 present] Present 1875
104.24 Oh!] O. 1852-1875; Oh, 1883
104.24 loth] loath 1852-1883
105.2 heaven] Heaven 1851-1883
105.3 vanities.] ~] 1875
105.28 mermaids] mermaids, (but without the fish's fins, Susan,) and T
106.5 behavior] behaviour T
106.15 eastern] Eastern 1865-1875
106.26 pig-styes] pigsties 1852-1883
106.27 stood] stand 1852-1875
107.11 roundabout] round about T 1883
107.19 was] were 1852-1883
107.19 tarpaulin] tarpauling 1852-1883
108.4 with red] with the red T
108.6 Saint Peter's] St. ~ 1875
108.10 toled] tolled 1852-1865, 1883; trolled 1875
108.20 uncle] Uncle 1865-1883
108.22 southern] Southern 1875
108.28 somewhere] some where T 1842
109.25 Cape] cape T
110.6 used to say] said T
110.9 far up-country] ~] 1852-1883
110.14 whenever] wherever T
110.17 lip] ~] 1852-1883
110.18 mermaid] ~] 1842-1883
111.5 gaiety] gayety T 1883
Eve. [It] Eve. Oh, Susan the sugar heart you gave me, and the old rhyme—'When this you see, remember me'—scratched on it with the point of your scissors! Inscriptions on marble have been sooner forgotten, than those words shall be on that frail heart. [It] T

while] though T

dreamy] dreary T

forever] for ever T-1851

sister had] sister Hannah had T

Daughter of the Sea] daughter of the sea T

Nahant Beach] ~ beach T

book of Genesis] Book of Genesis 1875

pedler] pedlar 1883

someone] some one T-1883

slumberous] slumbrous T-1851

treasure. [But] ~. ~ T

shells. Then did I discourse] shells, discoursing T

Heaven] heaven T, 1851-1883

everywhere] every where T-185253

forever] for ever T-1842

yours] your's T

stanch] staunch T

gunnel] gunwale 185253-1883

heaven] Heaven 1851-1883

learnt] learned 185253-1883

Boston harbor] Chatham harbor T; Boston Harbor 185253-1883

Marblehead neck] ~ Neck 1851-1883

scent] smells T

had] have 185253-1883

anything] any thing 1865-1883

Point] point T

further] farther 185253-1883

pleased,] ~ 1842-1883
118.3 Eternity] eternity T, 1865-1875
118.7 Thanksgiving] thanksgiving T
118.11 Death] death T
118.12 Disease] disease T
118.12 Strife] strife T
118.24 Heaven] heaven T, 1875-1883
119.3 Ah! One] ~! one 185253-1883
119.4 moreover,] ~. T-1842
119.10 reverie] revery 1875
119.14 Oh! ] O, 185253-1875; Oh, 1883
119.21 Heaven] heaven T, 1875-1883
The Ambitious Guest

[123].9 Happiness] happiness NE
[123].11 Happiness] happiness NE
124.12 traveller] travelar NE
125.7 someone] some one NE-1883
125.29 Crawford's,] 1842-1883
126.12 Mountain] mountain NE, 1851-1883
126.30 New-England] 1842-1883
127.17 birth] blood NE
127.18 was,] 1865, 1883
127.30 recognize] recognise 1842-1851
128.8 the wanderer] he NE
128.13 reverie] revery 1875
128.23 roundabout] round-|about NE; round about 1851-1883
128.25 here,] 1842-1883
129.1 that] that| 1851
129.12 'Squire] Squire 1852.53-1883
129.24 granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man.'[q]We're] granite.'[q]'We're NE
130.24 night.] 1842-1865, 1883
131.17 Oh] O 1852.53-1875
131.18 hearts,] -: 1875
131.19 yours] your's NE
131.31 hers] his NE
132.6 Indian] Judean NE
133.3 linen] cotton NE
133.4 everything] every thing 1842-1851
133.7 anything] any thing 1842-1851
133.12 nervous] serious NE
133.18 drest] dressed 1852.53-1883
133.27 sepulchre] ~? 1852.53-1883
134.21 everything] every thing NE-1852.53
135.4 has] had 1842-1852
135.5 forever] for ever 1842-1851
135.11 Woe] Wo NE-1842
135.12 Earthly Immortality] earthly immortality
The Sister Years

[139] [Editor's introduction lacking] NY (See individual 1842-NY collation.)
[139.2 foot-prints] footprints 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1865, 1883; \textemdash \textemdash 1875
[139.3 possession] poses\textemdash|sion 1852\textsuperscript{53}
[139.14 further] farther NY, 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
[139.18 travellers] travelers NY
140.6 world-worn] worn-out NY
140.13 Depot] Depot 1842-1852\textsuperscript{53}
140.17 from] frem 1851
140.26 anybody] any body 1842-1852\textsuperscript{53}
141.4 those] these 1883
141.11 Old Year] Old year NY
141.14 grand-daughters] \textemdash \textemdash SG-1842; granddaughters 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
141.19-145.16 them \textemdash \textemdash 'These] them.[9]After some conversa-
tion between the two Years about occurrenc\textemdash|\textemdash es in this country of a political and economic com-
plexion, the New Year inquired of the Old the con-
tents of the huge band-box she was painfully
lugging along with her.[9]'These NY
141.23 Oh] O 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1875
142.3 Salem Gazette] SALEM GAZETTE SG; 'Salem Gazette' 1883
142.5 history] doings SG
142.6 pen.[9]'What] pen.[9]'My \textemdash \textemdash world.'[9]'What
SG (See individual 1842-SG collation.)
142.9 United States] United states 1852\textsuperscript{53}
142.18 Focus\textemdash'] \textemdash SG; \textemdash\textemdash 1883
142.21 points.] \textemdash SG
142.26 and] or SG-1883
142.26 Tory] tory SG
142.27 Sub-Treasury] \textemdash SG-1842
143.7 invoked.] \textemdash| SG
143.26 administration;] \textemdash SG
143.27 of.] \textemdash SG
Lilliputian] Liliputian 1852-1883
Year] year SG
bell,] ~ SG-1883
her.] ~-- | 1842
Essex street] Essex Street 1852-1883
omnibuses] omnibusses SG
a while] awhile 1875
deposit] deposite SG-NY
anything] any thing 1842-1852
gray] grey SG-1842
'remarked] "~ SG
Almanacs] Almanacks SG-NY
Old Year] old year NY
resolutions,] resolution., NY
further] farther NY, 1852-1883
constable] Constable NY, 1852-1883
anybody] any body SG-1852
complaining,--] ~, 1842-1883
give,--] ~, 1842-1883
anything] any thing SG-1852
forever] for ever NY, 1851
burthen] burden 1852-1883
grandchildren] grand children SG, 1842; ~|--
1851-1852, 1875
city] City SG
eyeing] eying 1865-1883
good-by] good bye SG-NY; ~-- 1852-1875
stept] stepped 1852-1883
foot. The . . . . NEW YEAR?] foot. NY
Snow-Flakes

title SNOW-FLAKES] ~~~ NY-185253
[153],11 people,] ~ DR-NY
154.1 burthen] burden 185253-1883
154.4 Mother Earth] mother earth DR-NY
154.9 green] grass 1883
154.9 discernible] discernible NY
154.14 grave.} ~ DR-NY
154.17 handfuls] handfuls 1851-1883
155.10 then] that 1851
155.17 New-England's] ~~~ NY-1883
155.26 stalks] stocks 1883
156.2 chilling] chilling NY
157.11 New-England] ~~~ NY-1883
157.14 page: [?]How] ~ DR-NY
157.15 Winter] winter DR-NY
157.18 scatters] scattered DR-NY
157.19 sear] sere NY
157.30 Winter's] winter's DR-NY
158.3 Winter] winter DR-NY
158.5 Winter] winter DR-NY
158.6 New-England] ~~~ 1842-1883
158.9 Wrapt] Wrapped 185253-1883
158.12 woe] wo DR-NY
158.15 Winter] winter DR-NY
158.19 New-England] ~~~ 1842-1883
158.20 children--(for] ---- 185253, 1883; ~,--- 1865-1875
158.20 Winter] winter DR-NY
158.22 one] ~ DR-NY
158.26 Manhood] manhood DR-NY
158.27 Woman] woman DR-NY
158.30 Spring] spring DR-NY
159.3 Winter] winter DR-NY
159.5  Spring] spring  DR-NY
159.5  step, by] -- NY, 1851-1883
159.6  month] months DR-NY, 1865-1883
159.21 wind. [And] --- and DR-NY
159.22 jingling] gingling DR
159.22 bells,] --- DR-NY
159.30 street?] -- DR-NY
160.1  Oh,] O, 1852, 1875; O. 1865
160.2  Mother Earth] mother earth DR-NY
160.6  upon] against DR-NY
160.10 nature] Nature 1875

[Lacking]] END OF VOL. I. 1865
The Seven Vagabonds

[163].1 foot,] ~ 1842-1883
[163].4 me,] ~ 1883
[163].5 went towards] went down towards T
[163].6 trifle,] ~ 1875-1883
[163].7 while,] ~ 1875
[163].7 right-hand] ~ T-1851
[163].7 path,] ~ 1883
[163].9 way,] ~ 1851-1883
[163].10 guide post] ~ 1851, 1865-1883
[163].11 object,] ~ 1883
[163].11 which] , 1851-1883
[163].13 Brobdingnags] Brobignags T-1883
[163].14 or,] ~ 1865
[163].16 horses,] ~ T
164.2 show,] ~ 1883
164.8 Halloo] Hallo T
164.8 door-keeper] ~ T; --| 1851-1852\(^53\), 1875-1883
164.13 show-man] ~ T; showman 1852\(^53\)-1883
164.15 snuff-colored] ~ coloured T
164.16 small-clothes] ~ T-1842, 1875; smallclothes 1852\(^53\)-1865, 1883
164.16 white top boots] ~ 1851, 1865-1875; ~ 1883
164.18 schoolmasters] school masters T
164.25 camp-meeting] ~ T, 1852\(^53\)
164.30 spectacle,] ~ 1851-1883
164.31 puppet-show,] ~ 1851, 1865-1875; ~ 1852\(^53\), 1883
165.4 foot soldiers] ~ 1875-1883
165.8 Merry Andrew] ~ 1875
165.14 labor] labour T
165.17 barrel organ] ~ 1875
165.20 self-same] selfsame 1851-1865
165.28 ill-habits] ~ 1851-1883
Merry Andrew] --- 1875; merry Andrew 1883
life-like] lifelike 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1865
magician, (for] ~, ~ T; ~ (~ 1842-1883
show-man] ~, T; showman 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
Prospero,] ~ 1883
masque] mask 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
shadows,] ~, T; ~) 1851-1883
Indeed,] ~ 1883
detecting,] ~ T
gray-headed] ~, T; gray headed 1842
show-man] ~, T; ~| 1851-1852\textsuperscript{53}, 1883; showman 1865-1875
meeting-house] ~, T, 1852\textsuperscript{53}
children,] ~ 1883
indulged,] ~ 1883
effects[) ~, 1883
play, (for] ~, ~ T; ~ (~ 1842-1883
lack,)~ , T; ~), 1851; ~) 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
show-man's] ~, T; showman's 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
trim] thin 1883
hat,] ~ T
frock coat] --- 1865-1875
spectacles,] ~ 1883
eyes,) ~ 1883,
scholar-like] scholarlike 1851
extol,) ~ 1883
Indeed,) ~, 1865-1875
picture books] --- 1851, 1865-1883
that,) ~ 1883
fairy tales] --- 1865-1875
court dress] --- 1883
spelling book] ~| 1851; Spelling|Book 1852\textsuperscript{53}; Spelling-Book 1865-1883
testaments] Testaments 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
each.[Q]Thus] ~, ~ T
book store] bookstore 1851-1883
168.14 auction room] —— 1865-1875
168.14 blue covered] —— 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
168.15 pedler] pedlar T, 1883
168.16 air,] — 1865
168.22 Oh] O 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1875
168.24 camp-meeting] —— T, 1852\textsuperscript{53}
168.24 Stamford.] ~! 1865
168.25 me,] — 1865, 1883
168.26 book store] bookstore 1851-1883
168.27 which,] — T
169.1 book pedler] ~ pedlar T, 1883; — pedler 1865-1875
169.8 show-man's] ~— T; showman's 1852\textsuperscript{53}, 1875; —|~ 1865, 1883
169.12 who,] — 1842
169.15 sensations,] ~ T, 1883
169.16 when,] — T
169.16 when,] — T
169.16 spelling books] —— 1851, 1865-1883
169.17 heart.} ~, 1883
169.18 school mistress] schoolmistress 1851-1852\textsuperscript{53}
169.18 unhonored] unhonoured T
169.19 bar room] —— 1851, 1865-1883
169.23 room. Then] ~; then T
169.25 neighboring] neighbouring T
169.28 while,] — T
169.30 basin.[?]Thus] ~, ~ T
170.2 Literature;} ~, T
170.3 everywhere,] everywhere. 1842, 1865-1883; everywhere. 1851-1852\textsuperscript{53}
170.4 book worms] bookworms 1851-1883
170.5 lived,] — 1865
170.7 in] with 1865
170.8 book seller] bookseller 1842-1883
170.9 mid-afternoon] ~— 1852\textsuperscript{53}, 1883
halfway] halfway 1851, 1865-1883; --| 1852^53
cheerful,] -- 1883
who,] --, 1851-1883
Yankee-land] --| 1852^53, 1883
kindness,] -- 1883
show-man's] -- T; showman's 1852^53-1865; --| 1875-1883
merry-eyed] -- T
accuracy,] -- 1883
road----'] ---' 1852^53-1875; '-- 1883
I,] -- 1883
man,] -- T-1842
appearance,] -- 1883
wagon.[9]The] -- T
face;] --, T
attire-] --, 1851-1883
it. This] --. I hardly know how to hint, that, as the brevity of her gown displayed rather more than her ankles, I could not help wishing that I had stood at a little distance without, when she stept up the ladder into the wagon. -- T
burthened] burdened T-1883
mirth-inspiring] -- T
us--] --, T
wagon--] --, T
brigade muster] --- 1875
cattle shows] --- 1865-1883
mine,] -- 1883
us,] -- 1865
show box] --- 1851, 1865-1875; showbox 1852^53-1883
double-fisted] -- T
Aetna] AEtna T-1883
set] sat 1852^53-1883
me,] -- 1883
an] a 1852^53-1883
meeting-house] -- T, 1852^53; meetinghouse 1851
946

173.7 pine-surrounded[   -- T
173.9 were tolerably] were in crayons, and tolerably T
173.11 comprehend,] -- 1883
173.11 how,] ~, 1883
173.16 going,] -- T
173.20 everywhere] every where T:1852
173.22 indeed,] -- T
173.24 camp-meeting] -- T:1842, 1852
173.31 strangers,] -- 1875-1883
174.3 ethereal] etherial T
174.4 Youth] youth T
174.5 care-stricken] -- T
174.5 Maturity] maturity T
174.5 Age] age T
174.16 Paradise] paradise 1851-1883
174.19 Oh,] Oh. 1851; O 1852-1883
174.22 show box] --- 1842-1851, 1875; showbox 1852-1865, 1883
174.23 wayfarer] wayfarer T
174.24 show-man's] -- T; showman's 1852-1883
174.30 show-man] -- T; showman 1852-1883
175.2 document,] -- 1851-1883
175.9 five dollar] --- 1852-1883
175.14 be,] -- T, 1865
175.14 full-blooded] -- T
175.20 Suffolk] United States T
175.22 object, he] object to the national credit, he T
175.23 buff leather] --- 1852-1883
175.24 shoe-string] -- T; shoestring 1852-1865, 1883; --|~ 1875
175.26 sizes,] -- 1851-1883
175.29 bank note] --- 1865, 1883; --|~ 1875
176.2 buff leather] --- 1852
176.2 bag,] -- 1883
176.7 so,] -- 1851-1883
176.12 science, ] ~ 1883
176.18 life. It [ ] it T
176.19 disclose, ] ~ 1883
176.21 inscrutable] inflexible T
176.23 repeat, ] ~ T
176.24 fortune-teller, ] ~ ~ T; ~ ~, 1852^53
176.25 time] Time 1883
176.25 loth] loath 1852^53-1883
176.26 treasure bag] --- 1865-1875
176.28 show-man] ~ T; showman 1852^53-1883
176.29 turned, ] ~ 1842-1883
177.2 may be] maybe 1851
177.4 camp-meeting] ~ ~ 1852^53
177.6 camp-meeting] ~ ~ T, 1852^53
177.8 show-man] ~ T; showman 1852^53-1883
177.8 proposed, ] ~ 1875-1883
177.1 and] or 1865
177.28 Devil] devil T
177.31 ones, ] ~ T
178.1 Devil] devil T
178.6 consciousness ] ~, 1865-1875
178.8 that. ] ~, 1851-1883
178.11 triumphs; ] ~: 1875-1883
178.12 wrung ] urging T
178.13 miser, ] ~; 1883
178.13 good nature] --- 1875
178.24 knowledge.[q]All ] ~. ~ T
178.27 Perhaps. ] ~, 1851-1883
179.1 earth;' ] ~'; 1865-1875
179.1 disposition, ] ~ 1883
179.2 deep laid] --- 1851-1883
179.6 visiter] visitor T, 1851-1883
179.6 show-man] ~ T; showman 1852^53-1883
179.14 voice, ] ~ 1883
948

176.17 show-man] ~-- T; showman 1852-1883
179.17 stept] stepped 1852-1883
179.21 enchantment,[q]It] ~. ~ T
179.24 cotton,] ~. 1883
179.29 worshipped] worshiped 1842
179.30 wilderness,] ~. 1883
179.31 storm,] ~. 1883
180.4 rivers. There] ~. there T
180.7 mill-dam] ~-- T; milldam 1852-1875
180.7 basket work] ~-- 1865-1875
180.8 visitor] visitor T, 1851-1883
180.13 aim.[q]The] ~. ~ T
180.14 seated,] ~. 1883
180.19 fir-tree] ~-- T-1842, 1852-1875
180.23 camp-meeting] ~-- T, 1852-1875
180.26 camp-meeting] ~-- T, 1852-1875
180.28 tales,] ~. 1865
180.31 But,] ~-- 1865
180.31 oh] O 1852-1875
181.1 indeed,] ~. 1865, 1883
181.4 musings,] ~-- 1865-1883
181.9 thought,] ~. 1842-1883
181.16 tomorrow] to-morrow T-1883
181.16 tommorows] to-morrows T-1883
181.18 toil,] ~. 1865-1883
181.23 birth-place] ~-- T; ~|~ 1851-1852-53; birthplace 1865-1883
181.28 near;] ~. 1883
181.28 all,] ~-- 1875-1883
181.29 vagrants,] ~-- 1865, 1883
181.30 chased the deer] chased deer T
181.31 Spirit Land] Spirit's Land T
182.5 untamable] untameable T
182.7 road,] ~. 1883
182.9 show-man] ~-- T; showman 1852-1883
us—] ~,-- 1875
six—] ~,-- 1875
camp-meeting] ~-- T, 185253
mind,] ~ 1865
everywhere] every where T-185253
enjoyments;] ~: 1875
camp-meeting] ~-- T, 185253
show-man] ~-- T; showman 185253, 1875-1883;
company,] ~ 1883
profitable,] ~ 1865
story-tellers] ~-- T, 185253
Oriental] Eastern T
fortune-teller] ~-- T, 185253
undoubtedly,] ~ 1842
viva voce] viva voce 185253-1883
book trade] --|~ 1865; ~-- 1875
sue] ~? T
Mirth,] ~ T
crew] ~? T
twin born] --- 1851
a laughing] --- 185253-1883
camp-meeting] ~-- T, 185253
marvellous] marvelous 1842
show-man] ~-- T; showman 185253-1883
barrel organ] --- 1865-1875
pigmy] pygmy 185253-1883
music book] --- 1865-1875
gentlemen,] ~ 1883
Merry Andrew] --- 1875
fiddle bow] --- 1851, 1865-1875
show-man's] ~-- T; showman's 185253-1875; --|~
1883
dance;] ~, 1865
everybody] every body T-185253
witnessed,] -- 1883
show-man] -- T; showman 1852^53-1883
us,] -- 1883
war song] --|-- 1875; --- 1883
Merry Andrew] --- 1875
me.[q]As] -- T
color] colour T
acknowledgment] acknowledgement T
fellow-laborers] )labourers T
show-man] -- T; --|1852^53, 1875-1883; showman 1865
procession,] -- 1883
Accordingly,] --- 1851-1883
foot,] --- 1851-1883
white top boots] --- ~ 1851-1875; - --- 1883
splendor] splendour T
show-man] -- T; showman 1852^53-1883
recognized] recognised T-1851
camp-meeting] -- T, 1852^53
guide post] --- 1851, 1883; guidepost 1852^53, 1875; --|-- 1865
fellow vagabonds] --- 1852^53, 1875-1883; --|-- 1865
voices--] -- 1865; --, 1875-1883
news, from] -- -- 1875-1883
camp-meeting] -- T, 1852^53
down,] -- 1883
surprise[,] -- 1883
Vagabond] vagabond T
show-man] -- T; showman 1852^53-1883
fancied,] -- 1851-1883
mouth,] -- 1842
camp-meeting] -- T, 1852^53
steed,] -- 1883
nullified,] -- 1883
Heaven] heaven 1875-1883
fortune-teller,] --., T, 1852\(^5\); ---- 1883
show-man] --. T; showman 1852\(^5\)-1883
their] the T
southwest] south-west 1852\(^5\)
sea coast] seacoast 1851; --|~ 1865-1875; --- 1883
strain,] -- 1883
dance;] ~: 1852\(^5\)-1865
emulous] envious 1883
Indian,] --| 1852\(^5\); ~ 1865, 1883
The White Old Maid

title The White Old Maid] The Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet NE-NY
[191.2 chamber,] -- 1865, 1883
[191.3 lattice,] -- 1883
[191.10 burial clothes] -- NE-NY, 1875
[191.11 Suddenly,] -- 1865
[191.11 move,] -- 1865, 1883
[191.13 curtain,] -- 1883
[191.15 opened,] -- 1883
[191.15 bedside] bed-side NE, 1865; bed-side NY
192.2 writhed,] -- 1865, 1883
192.5 moved,] -- 1875-1883
192.6 waved,] -- 1865
192.6 time,] -- 1865
192.8 door,] -- 1865
192.11 she,] -- 1865, 1883
192.11 entered,] -- 1865, 1883
192.12 stately;] -- 1883
192.12 other,] -- 1883
192.17 started,] -- NY
192.17 face,] -- NY, 1883
192.20 and,] -- 1883
192.25 Edith] Patience NE-NY
193.1 together!] -- 1851
193.3 life. He] -- 1883
193.9 curls,] -- 1865, 1883
193.15 departed—] -- 1865-1875
193.16 trembled,] -- 1883
193.19 weakness,] -- 1883
193.21 passage,] -- 1883
193.21 wax-light] -- 1852-1875
193.29 years,] -- 1851, 1883
193.30 grown,] -- 1865, 1883
town, 1865, 1883
Winding-Sheet 1852-1865, 1883
fantasies, NY
nought 1851, 1865-1875
daylight, 1883
street, 1883
snow, 1883
train, NY
and proud, and the proud NY
woman, 1883
long, 1883
garment, 1883
custom, 1883
coffin-pall, 1852-1865, 1883
Winding-Sheet 1852-1865, 1883
party, 1865, 1883
moonlight, 1883
Integrity integrity NE-NY
Love love NE-NY
Innocence innocence NE-NY
dead, 1865-1883
graves, NY, 1883
visited, NY, 1883
tombstone 1851-1883
peaceful, NY
Winding-Sheet 1852-1865, 1883
Still, 1883
afternoon, 1865, 1883
church-spire 1852, 1883
house-tops 1851-1865, 1883; 1875
merchants, NY
sea-captains 1851-1865
back-settlers 1851-1883
negociating NE
timber, NY

courtseying, courtseying, NE-NY, 1851-1875; courtseying, 1883

grace, 1883

mansion, NY, 1883

Exchange, NY, 1883

brick-block, NY, 1851-1883

But, NY, 1883

right, NY

figure, 1883

described, 1883

sail, NY

woman, NY, 1875-1883

long, NE-NY, 1883

others, NY, 1883

who, NY

moment, NY

figure, NY, 1851-1883

immediately, NY, 1883

undertone, NE-1851

funeral, NY, 1865, 1883

door--, 1865-1875

black-clad, 1852-53

relatives--, 1865-1875

woeful, 1851-1883

now, 1883

heard, NY, 1851-1883

Winding-Sheet, 1852-53, 1865, 1883

pestilence, 1883

calamity, NY, 1883

intrusion, 1851-1883

living, 1865, 1883

earth, 1865, 1883

earth, 1865, 1883

aside, 1865
robe,] \~ NY 
emaciated,] \~ NY
onward,] \~ NY, 1883
course,] \~ NY, 1883
door,] \~ NY 
ran,] \~ NY
arms,] \~ NY
towards] toward NY
polluted,] \~ 1851-1883
boy,] \~ 1865, 1883
the year] a year 1852-1883
shadow!], 1851-1883
superstitions,] \~-- NY
arms,] \~ 1851-1883
increased,] \~ 1865, 1883
conjecture,] \~ 1865, 1883
youth,] \~ NY
home,] \~ NY, 1883
forever] for ever NY, 1851
it--] \~-- 1865-1875
Winding-Sheet] \~-- 1852-1865, 1883
and,] \~ 1883
gray] grey NY
agone--] \~-- 1865-1875
ill-agreed] \~-- 1851-1883
mansion-house] \~-- 1852-1865
round,] \~ 1883
appearing] appeared NE-NY
ever,] \~ 1883
But,] \~ NY, 1851-1883
hammer,] \~ NY
be,] \~ NY, 1865-1883
heard,] \~ NY, 1865, 1883
inside;] \~-- NY
glance,] -- NY, 1865, 1883
towards] toward NY
church-spire,] -- NY; --, 1852^{53}, 1883
Winding-Sheet] -- 1852^{53}-1865, 1883
inference,] -- 1883
Caesar] Caesar NE-1883
But,) -- 1875
grave-yard] graveyard 1852^{53}-1865, 1883; --|-- 1875
town,) -- NY, 1865, 1883
panels] pannels NE-NY
front--) -- 1865-1875
awful,) -- NY, 1865, 1883
raps,) -- 1865-1883
coach-door] -- 1852^{53}, 1883
man,) -- 1875
heraldic] heraldric NY
day,) -- 1875
panel,) pannel NE-NY
Azure, a lion's] Azure, lion's NY
flower de luces] --|--- 1852^{53}; ------ 1865-1883
made,) -- 1865
dumb,) -- 1865, 1883
lady,) -- 1883
emerged,) -- 1865
infirmity--) -- 1865-1875
ruin,) -- 1883
them,) -- 1865
open,) -- 1865, 1883
ascended--) -- NY; --,-- 1865-1875
pause--) -- 1865
Backwards--) -- 1865
effort--) -- 1865
decipherer] decypherer NE-NY
coat of arms] ------ 1865
957

201.12 Caesar] Caesar NE-1883
201.13 But,] ~ 1865, 1883
201.18 street,] ~ 1865
201.19 gone,] ~ 1865
201.20 question,] ~ 1865-1883
201.21 Caesar] Caesar NE-1883
201.28 long faded] ~ 1851-1883
202.3 impression,] ~ 1883
202.14 it,] ~ NY
202.16 idea,] ~ 1883
202.19 gleam,] ~ 1883
202.20 torch,] ~ 1883
202.22 staircase] stair-case NE; stair-case NY
202.23 But,] ~ 1883
202.23 once,] ~ 1883
202.27 shriek,] ~ 1883
202.27 doubt,] ~ 1883
203.2 were] are 1851-1865, 1883
203.3 reassured] re-assured NY
203.6 Heaven,] ~ 1865; heaven, 1875; heaven. 1883
203.9 staff,] ~ 1883
203.10 downward,] ~ 1883
203.11 time,] ~ 1842-1883
203.12 deaf,] ~ 1883
203.14 affair,] ~ 1865-1883
203.18 mansion-house] ~ 1852-1865
203.18 Colonel] Col. NY
203.21 Winding-Sheet] ~ 1852-1865, 1883
203.23 torch-bearer] torchbearer 1852
203.24 man,] ~ 1865, 1883
203.26 arms,] ~ 1883
203.26 recognized] recognised 1842-1851
203.27 raps,] ~ NY, 1883
203.29 Well,] ~ NE-NY, 1865, 1883
Caesar] Caesar NE-1883
wot,] ~ 1865, 1883
Caesar's] Caesar's NE-1883
sufficed] sufficient NE-NY
enter,] ~ 1883
practising] practicing NE-NY
around,] ~ 1883
well,] ~ 1865, 1883
Well-a-day] Welladay 1852-1865, 1883
Winding-Sheet] ~ 1852-1865, 1883
hath] has NY
staff,] ~ 1883
hand,] ~ 1851-1852; ~ 1865-1883
panel] pannel NE-NY
of the latter] of latter NY
death-bed] ~ 1852

Apparently,] ~ 1865, 1883
violence,] ~ 1883
fell] fall 1852-1865
high-backed,] ~ 1875-1883
arm-chair] ~ 1852; ~ 1865
Winding-Sheet] ~ 1852-1865, 1883
upon] on NY
floor,] ~ 1883
semblance] resemblance 1875
expression,] ~ 1883
explained,] ~ 1883
curtain,] ~ 1883
to-and-fro] ~ 1851-1883
now,] ~ 1842-1883
't is] 'tis 1852-1883
Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure

title  GOLDTHWAITE'S] GOLDTHWAIT'S  T
[209].8 Goldthwaite] Goldthwait  T
[209].14 opened the] opened the  1842
210.7 respectable] respectable  1875
210.7 dry-goods] dry-goods'  1851;  1852,  1883
210.17 and] &  1851-1883
211.9 handful] handful  1851-1883
212.7 luck,] —  1842-1883
212.15 and] &  1851-1883
213.13 clenched] clinched  1852,  1883
213.17 Tomorrow] To-morrow  T-1883
215.9 the old house] the house  1851-1883
215.10 accumulated] accumulated  1842
215.22 alchymy] alchemy  1851-1883
215.25 devil] Devil  1865-1875
216.17 tomorrow] to-morrow  T-1883
216.20 success grew Peter] success Peter grew  T
216.23 gaiety] gayety  T-1883
217.4 endeavored] endeavoured  T
217.6 Tomorrow] To-morrow  T-1883
218.1 ceilings] ceiling  1883
218.15 backward] backwards  1883
218.22 opaque] opaque  T
219.14 apothecary's] apothecaries'  1852,  1883
219.29 however,] —  1842
220.8 apron full] apronful  1865-1875
220.13 unclenching] unclenching  1852,  1883
220.17 neighbors] neighbours  T
221.11 a wooing] —  1852,  1883
221.16 bookstores, and as the] bookstores, the  T
221.17 was] being  T
221.26 there] these  1883
222.4 gloom] gleam  1852,  1883
night, for the] night, the 1842-1883
partner,'] ~,| 1842
handful] handfull  T
fist,] ~ 1842-1883
quarrelling] quarreleng 1842
dinner pot] --- T, 1851, 1865-1875; pot 1883
peeled] pealed 1851
a shopping] --- 185253-1883
accessories] accessaries 1865
Peter?] ~| 1875
endeavored] endeavoured  T
neighbors] neighbours
further] farther 1852 53-1883
with time] with the time 1865
burnt] burned 1852 53-1883
crashing] crushing 1883
parlor] parlour  T
Oh,] O. 1852 53-1883
meantime] mean time  T-1883
par cent.] ~-- 1865-1875
Tomorrow] To-morrow  T-1883
Chippings with a Chisel

[241].3 tomb-stones] tombstones 1852^53-1883
[241].5 employment] emplymeut SG
[241].6 successful,] ~ DR-SG
[241].8 gold.] ~, 1851-1883
[241].14 novelty,] ~ 1865-1883
[241].15 world,] ~ 1865-1883
242.1 isles,] ~ DR-SG
242.3 decease] disease 1852^53-1875; death 1883
242.5 Grave-stones] ~ SG; ~ 1851-1852^53; Gravestones 1865-1883
242.6 merchandise] merchandize SG
242.7 burial-ground] ~ 1852^53
242.8 Edgartown--] ~,-- 1865-1875
242.10 barrenness--] ~,-- 1865-1875
242.10 burial-ground] ~ 1852^53
242.12 back,] ~ SG, 1883
242.14 death'-heads] ~ SG, 1852^53, 1883
242.14 cross-bones] crossbones 1852^53-1865
242.15 hour-glasses] hourglasses 1852^53
242.25 impressive,] ~ 1883
242.30 misspelt] missspelled 1865
243.5 painful] faithful DR-SG
243.6 on] of 1865
243.7 acquaintance,] ~ 1865
243.7 sculptor--] ~,-- 1875-1883
243.9 Raphael--] ~,-- 1875-1883 .
243.14 singleness,] ~ 1883
243.14 which,] ~ SG
243.16 gray] grey SG
243.21 tomb-stones] tombstones SG, 1852^53, 1875; ~ 1865, 1883
243.26 world,] ~ 1883
243.31 wisdom,--] --- SG
243.31 grave.[9]And] ~. ~ DR-SG
health,] — 1865, 1883
integrity,] — 1865, 1883
care,] — 1865, 1883
whole,] — SG, 1883
Mr.,] — SG
interesting,] — 1883
work-shop] workshop SG, 1851-1883
in-frequent] unfrequent SG
truth—] — 1865-1875
view—] — 1865-1875
talk,] — 1865
shop; or sometimes] shop, sometimes DR-SG
grave-yards] graveyards SG, 1852-1883
monuments,] ~,-- 1865
finally,] — SG
ideas,] — 1883
which,] — SG
first-love] —~ SG, 1851-1883
life-long] lifelong 1852-1865, 1883; —|— 1875
enjoyments,] — 1883
Heaven] heaven SG, 1883
sea-shells] seashells 1851; —~ 1852-1865
were] are SG
strewn] strown 1865
it,] — DR-SG, 1883
rose,] — SG, 1883
departure—] —, 1851-1883
life.'[q]It . . . .lot. I] —'[q]I SG
grave-stones] gravestones 1852-1865, 1875-1883; —|— 1865
marriage-bed] —~ 1852-1865
bas-relief] bass relief 1852-1865; bass-relief 1883
polygamist,] — 1883
women,] — DR
247.2 side,] ~ DR
247.6 grave-stones} gravestones 1852^53^-1875; ~|~ 1883
247.7 was better pleased] was pleased SG
247.8 broad,] ~, 1865
247.8 slab,] ~ SG
247.19 dew-drops} dewdrops 1851^-1852^53, 1875
247.23 ill-natured] ~,~ 1852^53^-1865
247.24 men,] ~ SG
247.26 marble] Marble SG
247.26 fact,] ~ 1883
247.27 that,] ~ DR-1852^53, 1875^-1883
247.28 themselves,] ~; DR-1852^53
247.29 hand,] ~ DR-SG
248.4 existence,] ~,~| SG
248.11 No--] ~,-- 1865
248.14 Yet,] ~ SG
248.16 incident,] ~, 1851^-1883
248.18 town,] ~ SG
248.25 work-shop] shop SG; workshop 1851^-1883
248.27 tomb-stone] ~ SG, 1851; tombstone 1852^53^-1883
248.28 epitaph} epitph SG
249.1 death's-head] ~ SG-1842, 1852^53
249.2 employed,] ~; SG
249.3 marble--] ~,-- 1865^-1875
249.5 woman,] ~ SG
249.5 rosebud] rose-bud DR-1842
249.6 grave-stone} ~ SG; gravestone 1852^53^-1883
249.6 twin-daughter} ~ SG, 1852^53^-1865, 1883
249.9 woefully} woefully 1851^-1883
249.11 and,~] ~, 1851^-1883
249.11 therefore,] ~, SG, 1851^-1883
249.12 her,] ~, SG
249.15 print,] ~, SG
249.18 side,] ~ 1883
Perchance her consciousness was truer than her reflection--perchance her dead] Perchance her dead

reflection--] ~,-- 1865-1875

ill-matched] ~,~ SG

tomb-stones] tombstones 1852-1865, 1883; --|-- 1875

But,] ~,~ SG, 1883

Sorrow] sorrow DR-SG

anew,] ~,~ SG

self-[same] ~,~ SG; selfsame 1851-1865, 1883; ~--- 1875

subject,] ~,~ DR-SG

head,] ~; 1883

new-fangled] ~,~ SG

somehow,] ~,~ SG

gentlewoman,] ~,~ SG

gem-stones] gravestones 1852-1865, 1883; --|-- 1875

her] the SG

board,] ~,~| SG

mind,] ~,~ 1883

tomb-stone] ~,~ SG; tombstone 1852-1883

cross-bones] crossbones 1852-1883

death's-head] ~,~ SG, 1852

lacrymatory] lachrymatory 1851-1883

sepulchral] sepulcral DR

urn;] ~, 1883

hostess's] hostess' SG

man,] ~,~ 1883

heartily,] ~,~ 1883

seem] seemed DR, 1842-1883
enemy, ~ 1852-1875
died, ~ 1883
doubt, ~ SG
me, ~ SG
doubt, their SG
Oh] 0 1852-1875
sachem] Sachem DR-SG
Governor] Govenor 1842
Vineyard] Vineyard 1851
Christian's] Christian SG
he] and SG
added, ~, 1865-1875
good-nature] ~ SG, 1852-1865, 1883
'how] 'How 1851-1883
I,—] ~ SG, 1852, 1883; ~; 1875
tomb-stones] ~ SG, 1865; tombstones 1852, 1875-1883
chiselling] chiseling 1842-1851
head-stone] ~ SG; headstone 1852-1883
black-letter] ~ SG
out,] ~ SG
however,] ~ SG
scriptural] Scriptural 1865
anything] any thing DR-1852
Church] church 1852-1883
memorial,] ~ 1883
grave-stone] ~ SG; gravestone 1852-1865, 1883; ~ 1875
spirit] spirit 1875
should] would SG
idea;] ~: 1842-1865
great] greath 1883
disposition] disposition SG
tomb-stone] ~ DR; tombstone SG, 1852-1883
girl,] ~, 1865, 1883
pencilled] penciled 1842-1851
of a more] of more SG
after-[wards] --|-- 1842
dead-] --,-- 1865-1875
head-stone] -- SG; headstone 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
Why,] -- DR-SG
pause,--] --- 1852\textsuperscript{53}
skepticism] scepticism DR-SG, 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
all,] -- 1865, 1883
of] or DR-1851
dungeon-like] -- SG
grave-stone] -- SG; gravestone 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1865, 1883; --|-- 1875
butterfly-] --,-- 1865-1875
exuviae] exuviae DR-1883
him] them SG
anything] any thing DR-1852\textsuperscript{53}
anything] any thing 1851-1852\textsuperscript{53}
labor,--] --- 1852\textsuperscript{53}; --; 1875-1883
sod!] -- 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
death] Death SG, 1851-1883
grave] Grave 1851-1883
companionship,] -- 1842-1875
character,] -- 1883
came] come DR
griefs] grief SG
yet,] -- SG
life,] -- SG
The Shaker Bridal

[259].13 Mother Ann] mother Ann 1883
[259].18 north] North 1865-1875
261.6 them.] ~ 1842
261.24 neighbouring] neighbouring T
262.6 loath] loath T-1883
262.12 sempstress] seamstress 1852-1883
262.15 or] and 1865
262.24 state] State 1865-1875
262.28 despair,] — 1842-1883
263.6 lover,] — 1842
263.13 fellow-worshippers] — worshipers 1842
264.13 hope] hoped 1852-1883
264.23 sentiments?] —! 1842-1851
265.1 But,] — 1842-1883
265.2 pale,] — 1842
266.3 But,] — 1842-1883
266.15 forever] for ever 1842-1851
266.29 never more] nevermore 1852-1883
266.31 exhausted,] — 1842
267.8 paler and paler] pale and paler 1875
Night Sketches

272.5 bazaar] bazar FB
272.19 throughout] through SG
273.6 many a traveller] many traveller SG
273.15 nature] Nature 1883
274.1 earth!] -l--| SG
274.5 Oh,] O. SG-FB; O, 185253-1875
274.6 impetuous] tempestuous SG
274.8 anywhere] any where FB, 1851-185253
276.2 should] would f'
276.9 them. Next] ~.[q]~ SG
276.19 element;] -, 185253
276.20 one. A] ---a FB
277.8 and a river-deity] and river deity SG
277.9 hand-in-hand] ~~~~ SG, 1851-1883
277.29 enjoyment of] enjoyment ~| 1883
278.4 still a brighter] a still brighter SG
278.4 scene. A] ---a FB
278.12 Death and Sorrow] death and sorrow T-FB
278.13 mansion!] ~? T-FB, 1851-1883
278.16 this] his 1875
278.18 Sorrow] sorrow T-FB
278.19 Death] death T-FB
278.24 furthest] farthest T-FB, 185253-1883
278.30 awhile] a while 185253
279.3 pavements] pavement 1883
279.15 him. He] ~, he SG
279.25 Faith] faith T, FB
279.26 Heaven] heaven FB, 1883
Endicott and the Red Cross

[283].7 armor] armour T-SG
284.15 armor] armour T-SG
284.24 meetinghouse] meeting-house 1851, 1865-1883; 185253
284.29 endeavor] endeavour T-SG
285.4 disciplined.] SG
285.5 meetinghouse] meeting-house 1851, 1865-1883; 185253
285.8 encased] incased 1851-1883
285.10 King] king 1851-185253, 1883
285.12 meetinghouse] meeting-house 1851-1883
285.31 cropt] cropped 185253-1883
286.17 anything] any thing T-1851
287.6 enclosed] inclosed 1851, 1883
287.12 heathen] heathens SG
287.16 butt] but 185253
287.19 discovered] discovered 1842
287.20 behoved] behooved 185253-1883
287.23 skull-cap] skullcap 185253, 1875
287.31 a bubbling] a bright bubbling T-SG
288.1-2 from the corner of the meetinghouse] from the meetinghouse SG
288.2 meetinghouse] meeting-house 1851, 1865-1883; 185253
288.28 red hot] T, 1851, 1883; 1865-1875
290.10 seashore] seashore 1851; 185253
290.16 on] from T-SG
290.16 meetinghouse] meeting-house 1851, 1865-1883; 185253
290.26 tomorrow] to-morrow T-1883
290.31 Heaven] heaven 1851-1883
291.2 papistical] Papistical 185253-1883
291.5 block—-'] 1842; 1883
291.7-8 far less] lar fess
291.13 arch-priest] the T; the arch-bishop SG
291.13 resolute] resolve  SG
291.26 king] King 1875
292.3 split] split  SG
292.12 king] King 1875
291.24 high-churchman] High-Churchman 1875
293.1 Pope nor Tyrant] pope nor tyrant  T-SG
293.2 part] power  SG
293.5 forever] for ever  T-1851
293.7 recognize] recognise  T-1851
The Lily's Quest

Happiness.] ~.--| SG
LILY] Lily MA
wrapt] wrapped MA, 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
drooping] dropping MA
burthen] burden 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
it.|What] ~, What NY
Heaven's] heaven's 1883
hand in hand] hand and hand MA
further] farther MA, 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
west] West NY
magnificent] fantastical MA
scattered] scattered NY
Fay. 'Have] ~, 'have MA
kinsman. 'In] ~, 'in MA
forever] for ever 1842-1851
spake] spoke MA, SG
Sorrow] sorrow SR-SG
Lily] Lilly SG
burthen] burden 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
soon found] soonfound NY
was in the little stream, which seemed like] was like MA
Temple['] ~! 1851
Fay.\'] ~.' 1842-1851
Temple[] temple MA, SG
just] first MA
sang\'] sung 1852\textsuperscript{53}-1883
between\'] beneath MA
slight as the gossamer\] light as gossamer MA
'let\'] 'Let SG, 1883
Pilgrims\] pilgrims MA
of Earth\] on earth MA
had happened] happened MA

evil one] Evil One MA, 1875

mother Earth] mother earth MA; Mother Earth 1852-1883

funereal] funeral SG

posterity.] ~" 1842; ~' 1851

this] the MA

Happiness?] ~! SR, MA-NY; ~. SG

'There] 'Where 1851-1883

Temple?] ~! SR, MA-SG

ye] you MA, SG

simultaneously] simultaneously SG

exclamation] exclamation SG

those] these MA

foot-print] footprint 1852-1883

the] this SR, MA-SG

a simple rite of dedication] the simple rite of dedication MA; a simple dedication NY

the sweet earthly form] the sweetest form MA

lifeless] lifeless SG

Paradise] paradise SG

floor] flour SG

was the Lily] was Lily MA

wherever] where-|ever SG, 1883

Heaven] heaven 1883

Eternity] eternity SR, MA-SG

those] these MA, SG
Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore

F o o t - P r i n t s  o n  t h e  S e a - S h o r e

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F o o t - P r i n t s  1 8 5 2 5 3 - 1 8 8 3
S e a - S h o r e  1 8 5 1 ; 1 8 5 2 5 3

F o o t - P r i n t s  1 8 5 1 ; 1 8 5 2 5 3
S e a - S h o r e  1 8 5 1 ; 1 8 5 2 5 3

[311], 1 6  s e a - s h o r e  1 8 5 1 ; 1 8 5 2 5 3

3 1 2 . 7  o r ] a n d  N Y
3 1 2 . 1 1  h o m e w a r d -- ] -- 1 8 4 2 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 3 . 2 7  a w h i l e ] a w h i l e  N Y, 1 8 6 5
3 1 4 . 1 1  g r a y ] g r e y  D R, 1 8 4 2
3 1 4 . 1 9  t h e s e  s m a l l ] t h e  l i t t l e  D R - N Y
3 1 4 . 2 8 - 3 0  f a n c y .  H e r e  w e  f o l l o w e d  t h e  s u r f  i n  i t s  r e f l u x ,
t o  p i c k  u p  a  s h e l l  w h i c h  t h e  s e a  s e e m e d  l o t h  t o
r e l i n q u i s h .  H e r e  w e  f o u n d ] f a n c y .  H e r e  w e  f o u n d
N Y
3 1 4 . 2 9  l o t h ] l o a t h  1 8 5 2 5 3 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 5 . 2  t h e  m a n y  c l a w s ] t h e  c l a w s  N Y
3 1 5 . 2  t h a t ] t h e  1 8 5 1 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 6 . 3  c a n v a s s ] c a n v a s  D R, 1 8 4 2 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 6 . 4  S p h y n x ] S p h i n x  1 8 5 2 5 3 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 6 . 1 2  S t a t e s m e n , ] -- 1 8 4 2 - 1 8 5 2 5 3 , 1 8 7 5 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 6 . 2 9  p e b b l e . ] -- ] N Y
3 1 7 . 2  n a t u r e ' s ] N a t u r e ' s  N Y, 1 8 5 2 5 3 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 7 . 1 2  I n  t h i s  c h a s m  t h e r e  w a s ] H e r e  w a s  D R - N Y
3 1 8 . 1  a  n o o k ] t h e  n o o k  1 8 4 2 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 8 . 1 0  g r a y ] g r e y  D R, 1 8 4 2
3 1 8 . 2 2  s c i m e t a r ] c i m e t a r  1 8 5 2 5 3 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 8 . 2 2  b e j e w e l e d ] b e j e w e l e d  1 8 4 2
3 1 9 . 1 1  o l d  o c e a n ] o l d  O c e a n  1 8 5 1 - 1 8 8 3
3 1 9 . 1 7  i t  i s  v e r i t a b l y ] i t  v e r i t a b l y  D R; i t  w a s  v e r i-
t a b l y  N Y
3 2 0 . 2  O c e a n ' s ] o c e a n ' s  D R - N Y
3 2 0 . 2 4  t o  c l i n g i n g ] t o  t h e  c l i n g i n g  N Y
3 2 0 . 2 5  r o c k ] r o c k s  N Y
3 2 0 . 2 7  f o r  f o o t i n g ] f o r  a  f o o t i n g  N Y
3 2 0 . 2 8  f i r - t r e e s ] -- ] D R - 1 8 4 2 , 1 8 5 2 5 3
3 2 0 . 2 9  o n ] a p o n  N Y
upon] npon NY
decked] decorated DR-NY
grey] grey 1842
desert] desert DR, 1842
God . . . He] God . . . he 1875
is a magic] is magic NY
sunlight] sun-light DR, 1842; sun-light NY; --|+ 1883
Here can I] Here I can DR-NY
past] past DR-NY
my hiding Place] my hiding place DR-NY; my hiding-place 1851-1883
neighbors] neighbours DR
it talked] it|it talked NY
immitigable] unmitigable NY
Oh] O 185253-1875
its] the NY
yourselves] yourselves NY
gray] grey DR, 1842
sunshine] sun-shine DR-NY
see] -- DR
it] it NY
were] was NY
kindly and as] kindly as NY
indistinguishable] undistinguishable NY
human kind] humankind 185253-1875; --- 1883
unviolated.[q]But] --. ~ DR-NY
likewise] also NY
dashing] dashed 185253-1883
him!--one of them sends up a hospitable shout--
halloo] him!--halloo NY
Edward Fane's Rosebud

title ROSEBUD] ROSE-BUD 1865

[329].10 behold] beheld K
[329].13 essential] essentials SG

330.1 ashen-cheek] ~~~ SG, 1851-1883

330.11 Toothaker] Ingersoll K-SG

330.20 chasms] chasm I SG

330.26 again.] ~ K

331.2 blood] ~lood 1851 [OU²]

331.7 congress-water] ~~~ SG, 1851-1865, 1883; Congress-

water 1875

331.8 take off another] take another SG

331.11 Fane.] ~--| SG

331.12 Widowhood! Come back, unwedded Youth! But, alas!
the charm will not work. In] Widowhood! In SG

331.19 the pretty maiden-name] the maiden name SG; the
pretty ~~~ 1851-1883

331.24 a lord] s lord SG

331.27 Edward's little sister] Edward's sister SG

332.15 a first] the first SG

332.16 earthy] earthly SG, 1851-1883

332.17 since! But] ~! but SG

332.18 dew-drops] dew drop SG; dewdrops 1851-1852, 53,
1875-1883

332.20 for her half-opened] for half opened SG

332.21 Rosebud] Rose-bud 1865

332.22 rosebud] rose-bud 1865

332.27 would] ~ould SG

332.30 mansions] mansion SG

333.5 her] the SG

333.18 slowly--feebly--] slowly, feebly, SG, 1851-1883

333.21 him. Her] ~, her SG

333.21 visitors] visitors 1851-1883

333.22 looked] looking SG

333.27 downward] down SG
hand. Thus . . . infant. His] hand. His SG
chamber. He . . . .it. How] chamber. How SG

Oh] O 1852-1875
Death,] -- SG
were: 'What] --, 'what SG; --, 'What 1883
me] --? SG
wedding night] -- 1875-1883
retained] remained SG
Toothaker] Ingersoll K; Ingersol SG
continual] continued SG
should] could SG, 1852-1883
visitors] visitors 1851-1883
recognizing] recognising K, 1842-1851
ghastly] gasty SG
claimed. On] -:q: SG
gaiety] gayety K, 1842-1883
Disease itself] -- himself SG
the Rosebud] a Rosebud SG; the Rosebud 1865
had gained] gained SG
nowhere] no where SG
had seemed] seemed SG
recognized] recognised K, 1842-1851
insulated] insulted SG
shrivelled] shrieveled 1842
the great sicknesses] the sicknesses SG
angel] --. SG
weep] --? SG, 1852-1883
woman] -- SG
mansions] mansion SG
oh] 01 1852-1875; 0, 1875
woe] wo K-SG
reverie] revery 1875
adown] down SG

976
General] Colonel K-SG
lose! 'Fane] lose! Fane SG
begone.] be gone. SG; ~!. 1865
funereal] funeral SG
was—remaining] was remaining SG
again,] ~. 1842-185253, 1875-1883
The Threefold Destiny

**title**
THE THREEFOLD DESTINY. A FAERY LEGEND. NW, 1852-1883

[343].2 unpleasing] unpleasant NW
[343].4 faery] fairy 1852-1883
[343].5 familiar] familiar NW
[343].8 New-England] -- NW-1883
[343].13 eastern] Eastern 1852-1883
[343].15 into] in NW
344.1 Faery] Fairy 1852-1883
344.4 in the jungles of Hindostan] in Hindostan NW
344.12 New-England] -- NW-1883
344.17 unrecognized] unrecognised 1842-1851
344.31 of a Sibyl--] of a Sybil-- AM, 1842-1851; of Sybil-- NW; of a sibyl,-- 1865; of a Sibyl-- 1883
345.12 priceless] princeless NW
345.21 the] her 1865
346.2 EFFODE] INFODI AM-NW
346.2 Digl And] -l and 1883
346.3 or] of NW
346.11 or the apostle] or by apostle NW
346.13 sign, by which] sign, | the which NW; sign by which 1883
346.14 recognize] recognise 1842-1851
346.14 the summons] the fated summons AM-NW
346.24 With this proud] With proud NW
347.5 threefold] three-fold AM-NW
347.9 but,] -- 1842-1883
348.2 enclosure] inclosure AM-NW, 1851
348.13 EFFODE] INFODI AM-NW; EFFODE 1842
349.3 he] be 1852-1883
349.30 widow] Widow 1875
350.2 tease] teaze AM-NW
350.2 daily] dayly NW
selectmen] -- AM-NW; --|~ 1851-1852\(^5\), 1875-1883
visitors] visitors 1851-1883
Squire's] 'Squire's  NW
come] comes AM-NW
Squire] Squire  NW
towards] toward  NW
three-cornered] three-corned 1842
burthened] burdened 1852\(^5\)-1883
selectmen] select-men  AM-NW; --|~ 1875
instructor] instructor  AM, 1852\(^5\)-1883
became more and more invested] became more invested NW
afterwards] afterward  NW
of the Alhambra] of Alhambra  NW
recognized] recognised 1842-1851
elm-tree] -- 1842-1852\(^5\)
by-gone] --|~ 1865; bygone 1875
Islands.'] -- 1883
within. ]} within. ] 8 lines of verse] He (See individual 1842-AM and 1842-NW collations.)
a singular] a 1842
Heart] heart  NW
in a gold] in gold  NW
Heart] heart  NW
gaily] gayly  NW, 1852\(^5\)-1883
Heart] heart  NW
arms, 'you] --, 'You  NW
THE END.] [Lacking] AM-NW; [a design] 1865-1875
WORD-DIVISION
(Note: The titles of the individual tales are not given here. The entries are based on the copy-text pagination of the two volumes.)

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PART II: RELATED APPENDIXES
REVISIONS IN THE MANUSCRIPTS
The Wedding-Knell

Boston 1837 Manuscript
(copy 1) (Xerox of the copy in the Berg Collection, NYPL)

38.17 sensibility] sensitteness > sensibility
39.2 became] was > became
39.3 she was left in possession of] she became possessor of > she was left in possession of
39.7 found herself] had been left > found herself
40.26 preface the action of our tale] preface our tale > preface the action of our tale
41.10 few took notice] few notice > few took notice
42.5 persons] forms > persons
42.7 perversity] depravity > perversity
45.15 with] on > with
45.15 nerveless] agit [agitated?] > nerveless
47.6 answered] retu [returned?] > answered
49.12 swell] thrill > swell
49.14 the hoary bridegroom] the bridegroom > the hoary bridegroom
49.20 poured] pealed > poured
Earth's Holocaust

New York 1846 Manuscript
Part II (Photostat of the copy in the Indiana University Libraries)

137.3 in that spot, and there and > in that spot, and
138.1 topers, as of yore, soared > topers, as of yore soared
145.5 attain > attain
The Old Manse

New York 1846 Manuscript
Part I (Xerox of the copy in the MSS Division, NYPL)

[1].19 privacy] retirement > privacy
3.2 physical] material > physical
3.13 sternly] fiercely > sternly
5.15 lovely] beautiful > lovely
6.16 western bank, where] other bank, of the river, where > western bank, where
7.13 been] continued > been
8.2 brother man] fellow-creature > brother man
8.26 shapes] makes > shapes
8.26 is exquisite] is an exquisite > is exquisite
10.26 of|summer islands] of the [blotted word] islands > of the summer islands
(Note: summer does not appear to be in Hawthorne's own hand.)
11.26 bury] busy > bury
14.18 title] name > title
16.1 profound] deep > profound
17.12 regarded, the specific gravity of old and new was] regarded, old|and new was > regarded, the specific gravity of|old and new was
20.20 branches] boughs > branches
20.30 anger or alarm] alarm or remonstrance > anger or alarm
25.6 while the branches were wrestling] while wrest-|ling > while the branches were wrest-|ling
25.19 him] them > him
26.4-5 heart, from earliest youth, into] heart, into > heart, from earliest youth into
26.31 treatment hitherto attempted] treatment|that has been attempted > treatment hitherto attempted
27.25 the midnight of the moral] the moral > the midnight of the moral
29.10 which swell around me] which haunt me > which swell around me

29.29 the breezy sunshine] the sunshine > the breezy sunshine

31.17 guest, and that, having seen whatever] guest, having shown him whatever > guest, and that, having seen whatever
Preface to the 1851 Edition

Boston 1851 Manuscript
PS1870.A1.1851 v.l (copy 3) (Xerox of the copy in the Houghton Library, Harvard University)

- 6.21 enjoyed] met with > enjoyed
- 7.1 inflammability] inflaming ability > inflammability
- 7.3 long] great > long
- 7.23 regard] consider > regard
- 9.3 warm] hot > warm
- 9.23 trouble to read it] trouble > trouble to read it
- 10.17 article] article of praise > article
- 10.19 authorship with unexpected praise] authorship > authorship with unexpected praise
- 10.23 a deficiency] the deficiency > a deficiency
- 11.17 of tender sensibility] of sensibility > of tender sensibility
The Snow-Image

Boston 1852 Manuscript
FS1872.86.1852 (copy 2) (Xerox of the copy in the Henry E. Huntington Library)

[13].16 common-sense view] common-sense of view > common-sense view
14.7 in] with > in
16.8 looked like a] looked a > looked like a
23.15 kind] good > kind
25.22 you may have] you have > you may have
26.14 frost-pinched] cold-pinched > frost-pinched
26.14 face, as] face, and was glad to get back to his wife and children, and his quiet, as > face, as
30.8 visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this] visage, this > visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this
31.25 the wall furthest] the opposite farthest > the wall farthest
34.20 prove absolute] prove to be absolute > prove absolute
Feathertop; a Moralized Legend

Boston 1854
PS1863,Al.1854 v.1
(copies)

Manuscript
(Xerox of the copy in the
Pierpont Morgan Library)

263.4 countenance] face > countenance
264.3 dabble] have dabbled > dabble
264.19 singular] remarkable > singular
266.17 analyze] examine > analyze
268.17 merely] only > merely
269.30 said] answered > said
272.15 its lips] itself > its lips
279.1 here] now > here
281.15 an] some > an
283.31 picture] image > picture
285.20 was] seemed > was
285.30 know] see > know
The Blithedale Romance

Boston 1853

Manuscripts
(State 1: Xerox of the copy in the Ohio State University Libraries;
State 2: Xerox of the copy in the Pierpont Morgan Library)

56.29 be blown] set > be blown
56.30 at a distance] at distance > at a distance
56.30-31 Rumors might fill the social atmosphere, or might once have filled it] Rumors might exist, or might once have existed > Rumors might fill the social atmosphere, or might once have filled it
57.3 air] ~, > ~
57.3 reaching] they reached > reaching
57.5 knowledge] ~, > ~
57.7 subtle] subtile > subtle
57.8-9 system. The] system, when the > system. The
57.10 illness,] ~ > ~,
57.13 our companions] other persons > our companions
57.14 periods] times > periods
57.14 upon] over > upon
57.15 us a repellent] us repellent > us a repellent
57.20 could observe] might have seen > might observe > could observe
57.20-21 the freedom of her deportment (though] though [blotted word] and delight for [in?] the freedom of her deportment, (though > the freedom of her deportment (though
57.21-22 commend itself as] seem > commend itself as
57.22 utmost] consummate > utmost
57.23 matron)] ~,) > ~)
57.26 said] think > said
57.28 Yet] ~, > ~
57.28 sometimes] ~, > ~
57.29 conjectures. I acknowledged] conjectures, and acknowledged > conjectures. I acknowledged
no latent dew-drop

my mind reverted to] I dwelt upon > my mind reverted to

subject.[q]Zenobia was conscious of my observation, though not, I presume, of the point to which it led me.[q]"Mr. > subject.[q]"Mr.

she] Zenobia > she

eye-shot.] ---, > ---
in] during > in

of my mixing in] since I have mingled with > of my mixing in
VARIANTS BETWEEN THE MANUSCRIPTS AND
THE PRIMARY PRINTED DOCUMENTS

994
(Note: The following key explains the sigla representing the separate printings among the primary documents.)

The Wedding-Knell:  T  The Token 1836
                     AY11.T64.1836

Earth's Holocaust:  G  Graham's Magazine
                    (May, 1844)
                     AP2.G74 v.24-25

The Snow-Image:  I  International Monthly Magazine
                  (October, 1850)
                  (Xerox, uncatalogued)

                     M  Memorial by the Friends of Mrs. Osgood
                     (Boston, 1851)
                     PS2497.Z5H4.1851a

Feathertop:  International Miscellany
             (February-March, 1852)
             AP2.I616 v.5
The Wedding-Knell

title The Wedding Knell] The Wedding-Knell MS
[37].1 New York] --- MS
[37].7 edifice.] ~, MS
[37].8 site.] ~, MS
[37].13 lovelies] loveliest MS, T, 1842
38.8 man;] ~, MS
38.10 scholar, throughout] scholar, as throughout MS
38.12 object,] ~ MS
38.17 and,] ~ 1842
38.21 hereditary] hereditary MS
38.28 every thing] everything MS
39.4 southern] Southern MS
39.4 gentleman.] ~, MS
39.13 southern] Southern MS
39.25 Time,] ~ MS; time, T
40.16 wedding day] --- MS
40.21 broad aisle] --- MS
40.26 tedious,] ~ MS
40.29 old fashioned] --- MS
41.2 church door] --- MS
41.6 broad aisle] --- MS
41.17 heavens] Heavens MS
42.6 bright colored] --- MS
42.7 any thing] anything MS
42.18 time.] ~, MS
42.20 ladies,] ~ MS
42.28 started.] ~, MS
43.1 then,] ~ MS
43.4 regularity,] ~ MS
43.7 widow,] ~ MS
43.17 bridal chamber] --- MS
43.18 coffin pall] --- MS
43.19 divers] diverse MS, T
despatch] dispatch MS
which.] ~, 1842
shock,] ~ MS
ill-natured] ~ T
embrace] touch MS
church-yard] churchyard MS
violence,] ~ MS
then,] ~ MS
fancy,] ~ MS
recognised] recognized MS, T
shroud;] ~, MS, T
unite,] ~ MS, T
separated,] ~ MS
form,] ~ MS
funeral.] ~ MS, T, 1842
lips,] ~ MS
Mr.] ~ MS, T, 1842
entreat] intreat MS
garment,] ~,-- MS
forward,] ~ MS
death-like] deathlike MS
summons:] ~, MS
sepulchre:] ~!-- MS
gone:] ~, MS
more:] ~, MS
eternity] Eternity MS
Time] time T
Eternity] eternity T
Wedding Knell] ~-- MS
Earth's Holocaust

133.1 in the time] in time MS
133.1 come,] ~ 1854
133.3 overburthened] overburdened 1854
133.3 worn-out] wornout 1854
133.3 trumpery,] ~ 1854
133.5 upon,] ~ 1854
133.7 West] west 1854
133.12 or moral] of moral MS, G, 1854
133.12 truth,] ~ 1854
133.16 of the evening] of evening MS
133.19 foot-travellers,] ——— G; ~—, 1854
133.21 baggage wagons] —— MS, G
133.21 vehicles,] ~ MS
133.23 burnt] burned 1854
133.25 bystander,] ~; MS, 1854
133.26 affair.] ~, MS, G
133.30 And.] ~, G
134.2 old,] ~ MS
134.2 looker-on;[he] ~—. He 1854
134.6 face,] ~ 1854
134.8 Oh] O 1854
134.11 Here,] ~ 1854
134.11 now,] ~ 1854
134.11 trash,] ~ 1854
134.12 handful] handful MS
134.15 office;] Office; MS; office— 1854
134.15 coat-armor,] ——; MS
134.16 families;] ~, 1854
134.17 ages,] ~; MS
134.18 collars,] ~; MS
134.18 bauble] bawble 1854
134.21 facts,] ~ 1854
134.23 armfuls] arms full MS
ribands] ribbons 1854
king-quellers] ~.~ 1854
Revolution] revolution 1854
worm-eaten] wormeaten 1854
instruments] instrument MS, G
Conqueror,) ~.~ 1854
bran-new] ~.~ 1854
lord[,] ~. MS
these] the MS, G, 1854
flame] ~. MS, 1854
clapt] clapped 1854
achieved,) ~. MS
and the same] and same MS, G
towards] toward G
grey-haired] gray-haired MS, G; grayhaired 1854
coat,) ~. 1854
a star] some stars MS, G
demeanor--] ~. 1854
habitual,) ~. MS, 1854
dignity--] ~. 1854
questioned,) ~. MS
to] in MS
eyes,) ~. MS
but,) ~. MS, G
nevertheless,) ~. 1854
stateliness;] --- MS; ~.~ 1854
done!] ~? 1854
We--] ~. 1854
orders--] ~, 1854
alive,) ~. 1854
age,) ~. 1854
life,) ~. 1854
arts;) ~:-- MS
spoken,) ~; MS, 1854
half-burnt \(\sim\) burned 1854

And, \(\sim\) 1854

henceforth, \(\sim\) 1854

parchment, \(\sim\), MS

fellows! \(\sim\) 1854

may. But \(\sim\); but 1854

But, \(\sim\) 1854

forward, \(\sim\) 1854

consideration, \(\sim\), MS

ancestors! \(\sim\) 1854

side, | --- MS

voice, \(\sim\) MS

however—\(\sim\), 1854

comes \(\sim\) come MS

place. But, \(\sim\); MS; \(\sim\); but, 1854

burnt \(\sim\) burned 1854

baubles \(\sim\) bawbles 1854

playthings, \(\sim\) 1854

world, \(\sim\) 1854

nonage; \(\sim\) 1854

manhood, \(\sim\) 1854

stature, \(\sim\) 1854

fallen, \(\sim\) 1854

tinselled \(\sim\) tinselled MS, 1854

player-king, \(\sim\) 1854

Drury-Lane \(\sim\) MS, G, 1854

Theatre, \(\sim\) 1854

brother-monarchs \(\sim\) MS, 1854

crown-jewels \(\sim\) G, 1854

time \(\sim\) times MS

or, \(\sim\) 1854

perchance, \(\sim\) 1854

spot, \(\sim\) 1854
reflection,] -- 1854
But.] ~, G
subject.] ~1 MS
of] of|of MS
Poles.] ~, MS
windward,] -- 1854
around] round MS
Washingtonians--] ~,,-- 1854
now-a-days--] nowadays,-- 1854
bonfire;] --- 1854
fire--] ~, 1854
done!] ~, 1854
off.] ~, MS
liquor:] ~. 1854
clouds,] -- 1854
might. For] ~; for 1854
topers,] -- 1854
yore,] ~ MS
upwards] upward MS, G
fire[] ~, MS
Meantime,] -- 1854
fire-fiend] -- 1854
pampered!] ~. 1854
bon-vivants] -- 1854
pot-house] pothouse 1854
self-same] selfsame 1854
spire,] -- 1854
firmament,] -- 1854
shout,] -- 1854
ever,] -- 1854
work,] -- 1854
I overheard] I had overheard MS
noses,] ~| 1854
burnt] burned 1854
138.26 last toper] Last Toper MS
138.28 perplexity?—how] ~? How 1854
138.29 earth?—and] ~? And 1854
138.30 him.] ~, MS
138.31 fireside.~] 1854
139.1 not worth an] not an worth an MS
139.1 good[fellowship] --- MS
139.2 for ever] forever MS, G, 1854
139.3 bystanders. But] ~; but 1854
139.4 commiserating] commisserating MS
139.5 last toper] Last Toper MS
139.5 boon-companions] ~ 1854
139.7 nor.] ~, MS, G
139.7 indeed.] ~, MS, G
139.9 him.] ~ 1854
139.9 moment.] ~ 1854
139.10 bonfire.] 1854
139.18 fragrance.] ~, MS
139.21 Well.] ~;— MS
139.23 Everything] Every thing G, 1854
139.23 racy,--] --- MS, 1854
139.27 staunch] stanch G, 1854
139.27 conservative;] ~;-- MS
139.30 reform,] ~| 1854
139.32 instances.] ~, MS, G
139.33 another[.] ~, MS, G
140.1 bank notes] banknotes MS
140.3 ribbons] ribbon MS, G
140.3 ware;] ~, 1854
140.4 fire.] ~, MS
140.5 lovers.] ~, MS
140.6 bachelors.] ~ 1854
140.8 hack politician] --- MS, G
140.10 Smith,--] --- MS, 1854
140.11 bonfire,] ~, MS, G
140.11 grin,] ~ 1854
140.15 college graduate,] ~~, MS; ~ ~ 1854
140.16 homoeopathy] homaeopathy G
140.17 physician,] ~ 1854
140.17 parson,] ~ 1854
140.18 gentleman,] ~, G
140.18 school,] ~ 1854
140.20 sily] slyly 1854
140.25 bonfire,] ~ 1854
140.31 scheme,] ~ 1854
140.31 say,] ~, 1854
141.1 fire,] ~ 1854
141.7 matter,] ~ 1854
141.8 human] human G
141.8 fantasy,] ~ 1854
141.8 burnt,] burned 1854
141.9 day. But] ~; but 1854
141.9 eternity] Eternity MS
141.11 despondency;] ~;-- MS; ~;-- 1854
141.11 yes,] ~; MS
141.13 spectators,] ~, MS
141.14 bonfire,] ~; MS; ~ 1854
141.18 millenium] millennium G, 1854
141.20 bull-dogs] bulldogs 1854
141.22 race,] ~, MS
141.22 disappear,] ~, G; --- 1854
141.25 impracticable,] ~ 1854
141.27 battle--] ~,-- 1854
141.28 battering-trains] ~-- 1854
141.29 Wellington--] ~,-- 1854
141.31 intense,] ~, MS
141.32 behold,] ~, MS
141.32 these,] those MS
142.3  standard-bearers] -- 1854
142.4  shot-holes] -- 1854
142.5  fields,] ~; MS, 1854
142.5  and,] -- MS
142.7  toward] towards MS, G, 1854
142.9  except,] -- 1854
142.9  possibly,] -- 1854
142.9  king's] King's MS
142.9  swords,] -- 1854
142.10  Revolution,] revolution~ 1854
142.10  state armories] --- MS
142.11  all together] altogether MS, G
142.14  blood;] ~, 1854
142.15  race,] ~, MS
142.15  good,] ~; MS
142.20  seared] scarred MS
142.21  commander--] ~,-- 1854
142.21  war-worn] warworn 1854
142.22  marshals--] ~,-- 1854
142.24  sword,] ~, MS
142.24  half a century] ------ MS
142.26  Aye, aye] Ay! ay 1854
142.28  cannon-founders] --founderies MS; --founders 1854
142.29  sir] Sir MS
142.31  madness,] ~, MS
142.31  sword,] -- 1854
143.1  benevolence,] ~ 1854
143.4  but,] ~, MS, G
143.4  opinion--] ~, 1854
143.5  matter--] ~, 1854
143.7  individuals,] ~? 1854
143.8  low-court] -- 1854
143.9  battle-field] -- 1854
143.10  tried!] ~. 1854
general] General MS

civilisation] civilization MS, G

society,] ~ G, 1854
travelled] traveled G

earth,] ~ 1854

quest] puest 1854

which,] ~ 1854

itself,] ~ 1854

cruelty--] ~; 1854

mechanism--] ~; 1854

legend--] legends-- MS; legend,-- 1854

blood-stained] bloodstained 1854

livelhood,] ~| 1854
death. But] ~; but 1854

sphere,--] --- MS, 1854

that class] that consecrated class 1854

philanthropy!--) ~; 1854

Heaven-ordained] heaven-- MS

ingrument!] ~. 1854

place;] ~, 1854

Onward, onward] ~! ~ 1854

dolicy.|] ~! MS, 1854

love,] ~| 1854

friends,] ~; MS

eror!] ~. 1854

that,] ~. 1854

evertheless,] ~| 1854

burthen] burden 1854

far,] ~. 1854

Yes,] ~; MS

replied--] ~, 1854

expected--] ~, 1854

with,] ~. 1854

perfecting,] ~. 1854
which,] ~ 1854
145.5 perchance,] ~ 1854
145.6 travelling] traveling G
145.6 circle. But] ~; but 1854
145.8 cold!] ~! 1854
145.10 here,] ~ 1854
145.10 ripeness— ] ~, 1854
145.11 progress— ] ~, 1854
145.12 thing.] ~, MS
145.12 attained the] attained to the MS
145.13 wrong,] ~ 1854
145.16 enlightened.] ~, MS
145.17 measures,] ~ 1854
145.18 marriage certificates] --- MS
145.21 time,] ~ 1854
145.22 banks,] ~ 1854
145.23 first comer,] ---, MS; ~ ~ 1854
145.24 paper-money] ~ 1854
145.25 blaze,] ~ 1854
145.28 intelligence,] ~ 1854
145.28 bankers,] ~ 1854
145.28 stocks,] ~ 1854
145.29 pale;] ~, 1854
145.29 pickpocket] pick-pocket MS, G
145.30 fainting-fit] ~ 1854
145.31 burnt] burned 1854
145.31 day-books] ~ 1854
145.31 ledgers] legers MS, 1854
146.2 cry,] ~ 1854
146.3 arrived.] ~, MS
146.3 title-deeds] ~ 1854
146.5 abstracted,] ~ 1854
146.7 demanded.] ~, MS
146.8 statute-books] ~ 1854
everything] every thing G, 1854
propositions[,] ~ 1854
See[--see[--what] ~! ~! What 1854
pamphlets] ~, G
thing[,] ~! 1854
intellect[,] ~, MS
world[,] ~! 1854
indeed?] ~! MS, G, 1854
Trade] trade G, 1854
Oh] O 1854
funeral pile] --- MS, G
progress[,] ~, MS
of[,] ~ 1854
Accordingly[,] ~ 1854
book-shelf] ~ 1854
moutain-bulk] ~ 1854
encyclopedists] encyclopediasts MS
ashes[,] ~ 1854
richly gilt[,] ---, MS
tomes[,] ~, MS
sparkles[,] ~ 1854
burnt] burned 1854
parti-colored] party-colored G; partycolored 1854
marvellous] marvelous G
splendor[,] ~, MS
nor[,] ~, MS
him[,] ~, MS
radiance[,] ~, MS
belief[,] ~, MS
do[,] --- MS
or[,] ~, MS, G
least[,] ~, MS
literature[,] ~, MS
I. "But] ~; "but 1854
afterward] afterwards MS, 1854
heaven,] Heaven, MS; heaven* 1854
but...] ~, 1854
observe...] ~, MS
author,] ~ 1854
compete,] ~ 1854
particular,] ~ 1854
epic--] ~, 1854
indeed,] ~ 1854
them--] ~, 1854
ashes,] ~ 1854
anything] anything G, 1854
unregarded] unregarded MS
perchance,] ~, MS, G
stars,] ~ 1854
day;] ~, 1854
gleams,] ~ 1854
vapor,] ~ G, 1854
pastille] pastil 1854
watch,] ~ 1854
shabbily|printed] --- MS, 1854
observing,] ~ 1854
mouth,] ~, MS
remember,] ~ 1854
occurred,] ~, MS
blaze,] ~ 1854
away,] ~ 1854
confessed,] ~ 1854
probably,] ~ 1854
hope,] ~, MS
Alas!] ~, MS
woe] wo G
longer!] ~ 1854
book—|worm] ~ MS
sir] Sir MS
I,] ~ MS, G, 1854
book-worm] bookworm 1854
book?--is] ~? Is 1854
philosophy?--is] ~? Is 1854
cheer!] ~. 1854
Truth] truth 1854
Oh] O 1854
precious,] ~ 1854
book-worm] bookworm 1854
heap,] ~ 1854
These,] ~ 1854
likewise,] ~ 1854
generation!] ~. 1854
Well!--] ~, 1854
anything] any thing G, 1854
I,] ~ 1854
further] farther 1854
down..] ~, MS
persons,] ~ 1854
Nevertheless,] ~ 1854
effort,] ~ 1854
flames;] --- 1854
sacrifice.] ~, MS
mountain fire,] mountain of fire, MS, G; mountain fire. 1854
Popish] popish MS
Protestant] protestant MS
the great] this great MS, G
Act of Faith] act of faith 1854
crosses,] ~ 1854
cathedrals,] ~ 1854
heap.] ~, MS
font,] ~ 1854
God; ] ~, 1854
vessels, ] ~ 1854
Piety received ] Piety had received G
draught; ] ~, 1854
heart; ] ~, MS
see, ] ~ 1854
relics, ] ~ 1854
communion-tables] ~ 1854
pulpits, ] ~ 1854
meeting-houses] ~ 1854
New England] --- MS
embellishments] embellishment MS, G, 1854
I. ] ~, MS, 1854
wood-paths] woodpaths 1854
ceiling;] ceiling! MS; ceiling. 1854
worshippers] worshipper MS; worshiper G
companion. "But; ] ~; "but 1854
doubt; ] ~, MS
question; ] ~, MS
well founded] --- MS
books; ] ~, MS, G
volume—] ~, 1854
head—] ~, 1854
innovation—] ~— 1854
characters—] ~— 1854
pillars; ] ~, MS
words, ] ~ 1854
heavens] Heavens MS
Truths, ] ~ 1854
at, ] ~ 1854
remained; ] ~, MS
pile, ] ~ 1854
Book, ] book— 1854
sphere, ] ~ 1854
152.9 worn out] --- MS; wornout 1854
152.11 church Bible] --- MS
152.12 volume,] ~ 1854
152.12 cushion] cushions MS, G
152.13 utterance] utterances, MS; utterances G
152.14 Sabbath day] --- MS
152.14 family Bible] --- MS
152.16 fireside] ~, MS, G
152.16 summer shade] --- MS
152.17 downward,] ~ 1854
152.17 heir-loom] heirloom MS, 1854
152.18 bosom Bible] --- MS
152.19 sorely tried] --- 1854
152.19 child of dust] Child of Dust MS
152.21 both] ~, MS
152.21 immortality] Immortality MS
152.23 plain,] ~| 1854
152.24 lamentations] lamentation MS, G
152.24 Earth] earth 1854
152.25 Heaven's] heaven's 1854
152.25 sunshine,] ~; MS, 1854
152.26 flame,] ~. 1854
152.31 spectacle,] ~. 1854
152.33 observer. "Be] ~, 1854
152.33 courage--] ~, 1854
153.1 evil,] ~. 1854
153.1 bonfire,] ~. 1854
153.3 I.] ~, 1854
153.4 everything] every thing G, 1854
153.4 up,] ~| 1854
153.4 down,] ~. 1854
153.5 state.] ~, MS
153.6 anything] any thing G, 1854
153.7 us.] ~, MS
153.7 to-morrow] tomorrow MS
153.7 morning,] -- 1854
153.10 to-morrow] tomorrow MS
153.10 morning--] --, 1854
153.11 burnt] burned 1854
153.11 out--] --, 1854
153.12 everything] every thing G, 1854
153.13 me,] --; MS
153.13 to-morrow] tomorrow MS
153.14 diamonds.] --, MS
153.15 destroyed--] --, 1854
153.16 ashes,] -- 1854
153.17 it;] --, 1854
153.18 beheld.] --, MS, G
153.18 flames.] --, MS, G
153.20 whiteness[] --, MS
153.21 finger-marks] -- 1854
153.25 Yes--] --;-- MS; --; 1854
153.26 observer. "But.] --. "--, MS; --; "but-- 1854
153.28 Yet.] --, MS, G, 1854
153.31 pile. "Possibly.] --. "--, MS; --; "possibly-- 1854
153.32 useful,] -- 1854
153.33 persons.] --, MS
153.33 indicated.] --, MS
153.33 figure.] --, MS
154.1 gallows--] --,-- 1854
154.2 short--] --,-- 1854
154.2 last thief] Last Thief MS
154.3 last murderer;] Last Murderer; MS; last murderer, 1854
154.4 last toper] Last Toper MS
154.4 brandy bottle] -- MS
154.7 despondency;] --, 1854
154.11 us.] --, MS
1013

154.12 that--] ~, 1854
154.12 liquor--] ~, 1854
154.15 us.]-~, MS
154.18 dark,] ~; MS
154.19 bonfire--"Be] ~; "be 1854
154.22 all; yes--though]-~~; ~ MS, G; ~; ~; ~, ~ 1854
154.23 burnt]-burned 1854
154.23 cinder?] ~! MS, G; ~. 1854
154.24 last murderer] Last Murderer MS
154.25 What.-] ~, MS
154.25 itself!] ~? 1854
154.25 dark visaged] --- MS, G, 1854
154.26 And.] ~, MS, G, 1854
154.28 shapes,] ~. 1854
154.30 by,] ~. 1854
154.30 live-long] livelong 1854
154.30 night,] ~[ 1854
154.31 Oh] O 1854
155.1 truth--] ~, 1854
155.1 were--] ~, 1854
155.1 Man's] man's 1854
155.2 age-long] agelone 1854
155.3 Evil Principle] evil principle 1854
155.4 heart--] Heart-- MS; heart,-- 1854
155.4 heart|--] Heart-- MS; heart,-- 1854
155.5 little.-] ~, MS
155.5 sphere,] ~. 1854
155.6 wrong,] ~. 1854
155.7 sphere;] ~, 1854
155.9 phantoms,] ~. 1854
155.10 accord. But. ] ~. ~, MS; ~; but 1854
155.11 Intellect]\ intellect 1854
155.13 dream;] ~, 1854
155.13 unsubstantial,] ~. 1854
event,

finger-

radiance,

brain!
The Old Manse

[1.1] gate-posts] gateposts 1854
[1.1] rough hewn] roughhewn 1854
[1.2] hinges,) -- 1854
[1.2] epoch), we] -- 1854
[1.3] grey] gray MS, 1854
[1.6] gate-way] gateway 1854
[1.6] burying-|ground] -- 1854
[1.7] wheel-track] -- 1854
[1.9] cows,) -- 1854
[1.10] horse,) -- 1854
[1.11] shadows,) -- 1854
[1.12] highway,) -- 1854
[1.13] which,) -- 1854
[1.14] Certainly,) -- 1854
[1.15] abodes,) -- 1854
[1.16] passer-by] -- 1854
[1.17] windows,) -- 1854
[1.19] retirement,) -- 1854
[1.20] seclusion,) -- 1854
[1.20] clergyman;) -- 1854
2.4 it,) -- 1854
2.6 Old Manse] old ~ MS
2.6 profaned] prophaned MS
2.7 occupant,) -- 1854
2.7 summer-afternoon] -- 1854
2.9 men,) -- 1854
2.9 time,) -- 1854
2.10 children,) -- 1854
2.10 chambers,) -- 1854
2.12 he,) -- 1854
2.13 Paradise] paradise 1854
2.15 greater number,) -- 1854
2.17 meditations,) -- 1854
murmurs,]\ - . 1854
wind,]\ - . 1854
utterances,]\ - . 1854
thoughts,]\ - . 1854
avenue;]\ - , 1854
Old Manse,]\ old Manse, MS; Old Manse- 1854
long hidden]\ - . 1854
moss-grown]\ mossgrown 1854
morality-]\ ; 1854
unprejudiced.]\ ~, 1854
religion--;]\ ~; 1854
written,]\ - . 1854
here,]\ ~ 1854
purposed), bright]\ ~) ~ 1854
thought--;]\ ~,-- 1854
lesson,]\ - . 1854
was,]\ - . 1854
offered]\ afforded 1854
"Nature;"] Nature; 1854
and the Paphian] and Paphian 1854
moonrise,]\ ~ 1854
room,]\ ~ 1854
years,]\ ~ 1854
Puritan] Puritan 1854
devil,]\ ~ 1854
paint,]\ ~ 1854
golden tinted] --|~ 1854
hangings,]\ ~ 1854
willow-tree,]\ ~-- 1854
eves,]\ eaves, MS; eaves. 1854
prints,]\ ~ 1854
Madonnas,]\ ~ 1854
little.]\ ~, 1854
old fashioned]\ - -. 1854
4.1 clergyman, ] -- 1854
4.1 Manse, ] -- 1854
4.4 river, ] -- 1854
4.4 British, ] -- 1854
4.5 bank; he] --. He 1854
4.6 came--] ; 1854
4.8 reader--] ; 1854
4.9 Old Manse, ] old Manse, MS; Old Manse-- 1854
4.9 courtesy, ] -- 1854
4.10 sight-showing] sightshowing 1854
4.13 quietness--] ; 1854
4.14 loitered,] -- 1854
4.14 imperceptibly,] -- 1854
4.14 eternity,] -- 1854
4.15 Positively,] -- 1854
4.15 it,] -- 1854
4.17 aspect,] -- 1854
4.17 northwestern] north-western 1854
4.18 surface,] -- 1854
4.20 wild[,] -- 1854
4.22 away,] -- 1854
4.23 spindle,] -- 1854
4.25 bright[,] -- 1854
4.29 willows,] -- 1854
4.29 trees,] -- 1854
4.32 pond-lily] -- 1854
5.1 brink,] -- 1854
5.1 grasped,] -- 1854
5.4 springing,] -- 1854
5.4 does,] -- 1854
5.9 world,] -- 1852
5.11 beau--tified] beautiful 1854
5.15 sunset,] -- 1854
5.18 rock,] -- 1854
5.18 grass,] -- 1854
5.20 earth,] -- 1854
5.21 firmament,] -- 1854
5.22 effort,] -- 1854
5.24 stream,] -- 1854
5.26 impure,] -- 1854
5.27 Heaven] heaven 1854
5.29 capacity,] -- 1854
5.31 mud-puddle] -- 1854
5.32 city--] -- 1854
5.32 everywhere) every where 1854
5.33 Come;] -- 1854
5.33 track,] -- 1854
6.1 battle-ground) -- 1854
6.3 side,] -- 1854
6.6 battle-day) -- 1854
6.7 farther] further MS
6.7 elder-bushes) -- 1854
6.9 fragment] fragments MS, 1854
6.10 water-moss] -- 1854
6.10 for,] -- 1854
6.11 time,] -- 1854
6.12 ceased,] -- 1854
6.13 arm;] -- 1854
6.14 wide,] -- 1854
6.14 people,] -- 1854
6.14 hereabouts,] -- 1854
6.15 spots,] -- 1854
6.16 bank,] -- 1854
6.16 and,] -- 1854
6.17 river,] -- 1854
6.20 erect,] -- 1854
6.21 interest,] -- 1854
6.25 An] A MS, 1854
6.26 stone-wall,] ~~~ 1854
6.27 battle-ground] ~~~ 1854
6.28 grave--] ~,-- 1854
6.28 moss-grown] mossgrown 1854
6.29 head,] ~ 1854
6.29 foot--] ~,-- 1854
6.30 soldiers,] ~ 1854
6.32 ended;--] ~; 1854
6.33 Boston--] ~, 1854
7.1 river;--] ~| 1854
7.2 invaders,] ~ 1854
7.3 Revolution] revolution 1854
7.8 youth,] ~ 1854
7.8 clergyman,] ~ 1854
7.10 bridge,] ~ 1854
7.11 field,] ~ 1854
7.13 work,] ~ 1854
7.14 country] county MS
7.16 task,] ~ 1854
7.17 battle-field] ~~~ 1854
7.18 retreated--] ~; 1854
7.18 pursuit--] ~; 1854
7.20 ground;] ~~~ 1854
7.22 knees,] ~ 1854
7.23 boy--] ~,-- 1854
7.25 nature,] ~ 1854
7.25 one--] ~,-- 1854
7.25 axe,] ~ 1854
7.28 has] have MS
7.31 career,] ~ 1854
7.32 contracted,] ~ 1854
7.33 been,] ~ 1854
8.1 sanctity,] ~ 1854
8.4 come,] ~ 1854
summer-time,] ~ 1854
battle-ground] ~ 1854
this,] ~ 1854
me,] ~ 1854
battle-field] ~ 1854
substance] subsistence MS
arrow-heads] arrowheads 1854
up--] ~, 1854
rudeness,] ~ 1854
up,] ~ 1854
self,] ~ 1854
arrow-head] arrowhead 1854
dropt] dropped 1854
ago,] ~ 1854
game,] ~ 1854
village,] ~ 1854
and its] amid its MS
wigwams;] ~, 1854
wind-rocked] ~ 1854
papoose] pappoose 1854
reality,] ~ 1854
stone-fences] ~ 1854
potatoe-fields] potato fields 1854
hoeing,] ~ 1854
shirt-sleeves,] ~ 1854
athousand] a thousand MS, 1854
Old Mansel--we] old Mansel--we MS; Old Mansel We
a thousand MS, 1854
Old Mansel--we] old Mansel--we MS; Old Mansel We
benefiting] benefitting MS
successors;] ~ 1854
stipend,] ~ 1854
pleasant] pleasant MS
him,] ~ 1854
9.20 autumn,] ~, 1854
9.22 flour-barrels] ~, 1854
9.23 burthen] burden, 1854
9.27 forest-kindred] ~, 1854
9.28 man,] ~, 1854
9.29 apple-trees,] ~, 1854
9.33 bears] bear MS
10.1 free-hearted] freehearted, 1854
10.2 apple-trees] ~, 1854
10.2 themselver,] ~, 1854
10.4 imagination,] ~, 1854
10.6 apple-trees,] ~, 1854
10.8 chimney,] ~, 1854
10.8 weed-grown] weedgrown, 1854
10.9 bitter-sweet] ~, 1854
10.10 time's] Time's, 1854
10.11 world,] ~, 1854
10.14 summer,] ~, 1854
10.15 currants] currents MS
10.15 autumn] Autumn MS
10.16 burthen] burden, 1854
10.19 flung] fling MS
10.20 pear-trees] ~, 1854
10.21 peach-trees] ~, 1854
10.24 bounty,] ~, 1854
10.25 Nature,] ~, 1854
10.26 of] summer] of the summer MS
10.27 islands,] ~, 1854.
10.27 bread-fruit] ~, 1854
10.28 orange,] ~, 1854
10.29 but,] ~, 1854
10.29 likewise,] ~, 1854
10.29 well,] ~, 1854
10.31 plant;] ~, 1854
10.32 closer] closest 1854
10.33 apophthegm] apothegm 1854
11.2 part (speaking] ~, (~ 1854
11.3 Farm), I] ~, ) ~ 1854
11.5 toil,] ~ 1854
11.6 garden,] ~ 1854
11.6 kitchen-|vegetables] ~ 1854
11.7 market-gardener] ~ 1854
11.9 seed--] ~,-- 1854
11.10 weed--] ~,-- 1854
11.11 maturity,] ~| 1854
11.16 re-visit] revisit 1854
11.16 a-day] ~ 1854
11.17 progeny,] ~ 1854
11.18 or] nor MS
11.18 of,] ~ 1854
11.22 season,] ~| 1854
11.23 humming-birds] ~ 1854
11.25 any] airy MS, 1854
11.25 nectar-cups] ~ 1854
11.26 yellow-blossoms] ~ 1854
11.31 breeze,] ~ 1854
11.32 it,] ~ 1854
11.33 world,] ~ 1854
12.3 summer-squashes] ~ 1854
12.7 art] Art 1854
12.7 anything] any thing 1854
12.8 worthy--] ~, 1854
12.8 eyes,] ~ 1854
12.8 least--] ~, 1854
12.12 summer-squashes,) ~ 1854
12.15 Beautiful] beautiful 1854
12.16 kitchen-garden] ~ 1854
12.18 winter-squashes] ~ 1854
12.21 noon-tide] noontide 1854
12.22 that,] ~ 1854
12.22 agency,] ~ 1854
12.23 born] borne MS
12.27 of,] ~ 1854
12.32 battle-field] ~ 1854
12.33 Old Manse] old Manse MS
13.5 nature] Nature 1854
13.6 willow-tree] ~ 1854
13.7 water.] ~, 1854
13.9 eaves,] ~ 1854
13.11 out-buildings] ~ 1854
13.12 mosses,] ~ 1854
13.14 after-thought] afterthought 1854
13.14 time] Time 1854
13.15 rain-drops. The] raindrops; the 1854
13.17 through,] ~ 1854
13.20 abiding-place,] ~ 1854
13.21 kindness--] ~, 1854
13.21 hospitality--] ~, 1854
13.22 days,] ~ 1854
13.23 woods,] ~ 1854
13.24 penetrate. But] ~; but 1854
13.26 recesses--] ~, 1854
13.26 banks--] ~, 1854
13.28 there,] ~ 1854
13.29 sky--] ~,-- 1854
13.29 be,] ~ 1854
13.30 cloud--] ~,-- 1854
13.31 universe;~ 1854
13.32 days,] ~ 1854
13.32 life,] ~ 1854
14.1 supposed,] ~ 1854
14.2 shelter;] ~, 1854
14.4 own,] -- 1854
14.6 who,] -- 1854
14.6 day,] -- 1854
14.8 it,] -- 1854
14.8 Revolution] revolution 1854
14.10 twilight,] -- 1854
14.11 caverns] --, 1854
14.13 hewn,] -- 1854
14.15 uncivilized;] --- 1854
14.16 elsewhere,] -- 1854
14.17 But,] -- 1854
14.17 side,] -- 1854
14.17 white-washed] whitewashed 1854
14.18 apartment] --, 1854
14.18 Saint's] Saints' MS
14.18 Chamber] Chamber 1854
14.19 men,] -- 1854
14.19 youth,] -- 1854
14.21 closet,] -- 1854
14.23 enthusiasm,] -- 1854
14.24 epochs;] --, 1854
14.24 speculations,] ejaculations, MS; speculations. 1854
14.25 shriveled] shrivelled MS, 1854
14.26 canvass] canvas 1854
14.26 which,] -- 1854
14.26 inspection,] -- 1854
14.27 bible] Bible 1854
14.28 toward] towards MS, 1854
14.28 light,] -- 1854
14.30 assume,] -- 1854
15.1 ghost,] -- 1854
15.3 antiquity,] -- 1854
15.3 England,] -- 1854
15.4 spirits,] ~ 1854
15.6 parlor;] ~, 1854
15.7 sermon,] ~ 1854
15.7 entry;--] --- 1854
15.7 where,] ~ 1854
15.7 nevertheless,] ~ 1854
15.9 improbably,] ~ 1854
15.10 discourses,] ~ 1854
15.12 noise,] ~ 1854
15.14 Still,] ~ 1854
15.16 servant-maid] ~ 1854
15.16 kitchen,] ~ 1854
15.17 ironing--] ~,-- 1854
15.18 labor--] ~,-- 1854
15.18 any-[thing] any thing 1854
15.21 grave,] ~ 1854
15.21 to] at MS, 1854
15.24 garret;] --- 1854
15.24 receptacle,] ~ 1854
15.24 indeed,] ~ 1854
15.27 interest.] ~, 1854
15.29 hands,] ~ 1854
15.31 seen,] ~ 1854
15.31 ink,] ~ 1854
15.31 fly-leaves] flyleaves 1854
15.32 observations,] ~ 1854
15.33 manuscript,] ~ 1854
15.33 short-hand] shorthand 1854
16.3 papistry|] Papistry, 1854
16.4 sledge-hammer] ~ 1854
16.8 Body of Divinity;] body of divinity-- 1854
16.10 years,] ~ 1854
16.13 antique,] ~ 1854
16.14 times;] ~, 1854
16.19 roof,] ~ 1854
16.20 windows;] ~ 1854
16.21 books,] ~ 1854
16.21 thought,] ~ 1854
16.22 fire,] ~ 1854
16.22 gem,] ~ 1854
16.25 fact,] ~ 1854
16.28 generation,] ~ 1854
16.30 thought;] ~, 1854
16.32 have,] ~ 1854
16.32 therefore,] ~ 1854
16.33 grace,] ~ 1854
17.5 works,] ~ 1854
17.5 hence,] ~ 1854
17.6 rummage them,] rummage among them, MS; rummage them. 1854
17.9 nature,] ~ 1854
17.13 Both,] ~ 1854
17.13 also,] ~ 1854
17.14 books,] ~ 1854
17.14 nevertheless,] ~ 1854
17.19 writers'] writer's MS
17.21 literature,] ~ 1854
17.24 folios,] ~ 1854
17.25 sap,] ~ 1854
17.26 year,] ~ 1854
17.28 re-produced,] reproduced. 1854
17.29 eye,] ~ 1854
17.29 press,] ~ 1854
17.31 looking-glass] ~ 1854
17.31 books,] ~ 1854
17.33 picture,] ~ 1854
17.33 above-mentioned] ~ 1854
18.1 divine,] ~ 1854
almanac-makers] ~~~ 1854
off,] ~ 1854
age] Age MS
whereas,] ~ 1854
eyes,] ~ 1854
Musselman; he] ~. He 1854
book,] ~ 1854
one,] ~ 1854
Open Sesame] open sesame 1854
treasures,] ~ 1854
Thus,] ~ 1854
Old Manse] old Manse MS
again,] ~ 1854
could,] ~ 1854
glow,] ~ 1854
unseen,] ~, 1854
To-morrow] Tomorrow MS
hillops] hill tops 1854
woodpaths] wood paths 1854
avenue,] ~ 1854
those,] ~ 1854
strait-laced] straitlaced 1854
habitues,] ~ 1854
race,] ~ 1854
lonely] lovely MS, 1854
gently,] ~ 1854
wood,] ~ 1854
quiet,] ~; 1854
course,] ~ 1854
shy,] ~ 1854
foliage;] ~, 1854
had] has 1854
dream-picture] ~~~ 1854
disembodied] disimbodied 1854
and] ~, 1854
world;~] ~; 1854
oriental] Oriental 1854
pendant] pendent MS, 1854
spot,] ~ 1854
stream,] ~ 1854
places,] ~| 1854
flames,] ~ 1854
pond-lily] ~| 1854
margin;] ~--- 1854
flower] ~, 1854
sunlight,] ~ 1854
succession,] ~ 1854
flower;] ~--- 1854
for,] ~ 1854
Grape-vines,] ~|~ 1854
there,] ~ 1854
tree,] ~ 1854
water,] ~ 1854
Oftentimes,] ~ 1854
will,] ~ 1854
offspring,] ~ 1854
tall] ~, 1854
unsatisfied,] ~ 1854
us,] ~ 1854
hand,] ~| 1854
Ducks--that] ~ ~ 1854
eve--were] ~ ~ 1854
approach,] ~ 1854
lily-pads] lilypads 1854
rock,] ~ 1854
Indian,] ~ 1854
ago,] ~| 1854
banks,] ~ 1854
bosom,

did.\[\text{Nor}\] ~. ~ 1854

over-arching] overarching ~ 1854

pine-cones] ~|~ 1854

mingled;] ~| 1854

there;] ~: 1854

eat,] ~ 1854

performed,] ~ 1854

scene,] ~. 1854

moss-grown] mossgrown 1854

by,] ~ 1854

wilderness,] ~ 1854

will-of-the-wisps] ------whisps MS

places,] ~ 1854

table-talk,] ~. 1854

nonsense,] ~ 1854

wisdom-] ~, 1854

up-gushed] ~ 1854

talk,] ~ 1854

thought,] ~ 1854

bed,] ~ 1854

mint-mark] ~ 1854

richer,] ~ 1854

lay--] ~, 1854

idea--] ~, 1854

stuff--] ~, 1854

conventionalism,] ~ 1854

to-day,] ~~~ 1854

the house,] a house, MS; the house. 1854

overhang] overhung MS

Assabeth,] ~ 1854

us--] ~, 1854

free!|Be] ~! be 1854

Therefore,] ~. 1854
bank,] ~. 1854
sweet--] ~, 1854
river,] ~. 1854
sunset--] ~,-- 1854
where] whence MS, 1854
old Manse] Old Manse 1854
Manse--] ~, 1854
willow,] ~. 1854
avenue--] ~,-- 1854
grey] gray MS, 1854
sacred,] ~. 1854
home,] ~. 1854
years,] ~. 1854
home,] ~. 1854
Once--] ~, 1854
cloud.] ~, 1854
enormities,] ~. 1854
these,] ~. 1854
contrived,--] ~. 1854
nature] Nature MS, 1854
me,] ~. 1854
comes!--earlier] ~. Earlier 1854
others,--] ~; 1854
perception,] --- 1854
foreboding,] --- 1854
decay--] ~, 1854
breath. Did] ~.[?]~ 1854
Ah;] ~, 1854
melancholy,] ~. 1854
this,] ~. 1854
life,] ~. 1854
be--to] ~ ~ 1854
them,] ~. 1854
one,] ~. 1854
other;—] -- 1854
song,] -- 1854
for,] -- 1854
afar,] -- 1854
sound;] -- 1854
Alas,] -- 1854
summertime] summer time 1854
August,] -- 1854
valleys] vallies MS
ever,] -- 1854
river,] -- 1854
stone-walls,] -- 1854
ago;--] -- 1854
yet,] -- 1854
wind,] -- 1854
sunshine,] -- 1854
farewell,] -- 1854
smile,] -- 1854
heat;] -- 1854
stir,] -- 1854
time,] -- 1854
Cardinal] cardinal 1854
season,] -- 1854
Mother] mother 1854
periods,] -- 1854
but,] -- 1854
harvests,] -- 1854
alive,] -- 1854
heaven] Heaven 1854
breath!--] --- 1854
breath!] --- 1854
this.] -- 1854
us,] -- 1854
heart,] -- 1854
onward,] —— 1854
abroad,] —— 1854
grass,] —— 1854
myself:—] —— 1854
Oh,] O. 1854
day!] —— 1854
Oh,] O. 1854
world!] —— 1854
Oh,] O. 1854
Eternity] eternity 1854
days,] —— 1854
Paradise] paradise 1854
By-and-by—] ——— 1854
time—] —— 1854
morning,] —— 1854
grass,] —— 1854
and, at] —— 1854
sunrise,] —— 1854
long,] —— 1854
loudly,] —— 1854
thunder—] gust] —— 1854
music,] —— 1854
sound,] —— 1854
to-and-fro] ——— 1854
Now,] —— 1854
Henceforth,] —— 1854
grey] gray MS, 1854
fireside—] —— 1854
air-tight] airtight 1854
weather—] —— 1854
impulses,] —— 1854
about,] —— 1854
buried,] —— 1854
old Manse] Old Manse 1854
company. But] ~; but 1854
floating] flung MS
respect,] ~ 1854
Ground,] ~ 1854
sofa;] ~, 1854
abode,] ~ 1854
them,] ~ 1854
gate-posts,] ~--|-- 1854
avenue;] ~, 1854
amusement,] ~ 1854
anywhere--] any where; 1854
rest. Rest,] ~--rest 1854
world-worn] worldworn 1854
him,] ~ 1854
powers,] ~ 1854
another,] ~ 1854
heart,] ~ MS, 1854
accomplish-|ment of] accomplish-|of MS
her,] ~ 1854
circle,] ~| 1854
magic spirit] tranquil spirit MS, 1854
idea,] ~ 1854
under,] ~ 1854
perioa,] ~ 1854
is--Sleep!] is sleep. 1854
pillow,] ~ 1854
age-long] agelong 1854
distracted,] ~ 1854
wide-awake] ~-- 1854
visions,] ~-- 1854
character,] ~ 1854
delusions,] ~ 1854
ones--] ~; 1854
awake,] ~ 1854
slumber-- 1854
right, 1854
it; 1854
brain, 1854
heart, 1854
afflict] afflicts MS
writing it, to] writing, to 1854
me, 1854
severe] serene MS
old Manse] Old Manse 1854
threshold, 1854
elsewhere, 1854
wide-spreading] widespreading 1854
Thinker] thinker 1854
minds, 1854
constitution, 1854
pilgrimages, 1854
impacted, 1854
clewed 1854
Grey-haired] Gray-haired MS; Grayhaired 1854
the] this MS
thought, 1854
new, 1854
wanderers, 1854
world, 1854
fire, 1854
hill-top] 1854
and, 1854
obscurity, 1854
chaos-- ] 1854
owls-- 1854
night--] birds] 1854
nigh, 1854
life, 1854
master-word] -|~ 1854
universe, But] -;|~ 1854
wood-paths] woodpaths 1854
presence,] ~ 1854
he-] ~, 1854
vicinity,] ~ 1854
inhaling,] ~ 1854
less,] ~ 1854
strangely dressed] --- 1854
oddly behaved] --- 1854
bores,] ~ 1854
thinker,] ~ 1854
breath,] ~ 1854
man,] ~ 1854
sense,] ~ 1854
standing;] ~ 1854
benefiting] benefitting MS
now,] ~ 1854
Old Manse] old Manse MS
egotist,] ~ 1854
moss-grown] mossgrown 1854
woods,--] ~,| 1854
him,] ~ 1854
associations,] ~ 1854
told!--] ~! 1854
being,] ~? 1854
chambers,] ~ 1854
green sward] greensward 1854
sensibilities,] ~ 1854
attributes,] ~ 1854
people,] ~ 1854
hearts,] ~, 1854
brain-sauce] ~-- 1854
fairy-land,] fairyland. 1854
29.28 hastened MS, 1854
29.29 cloud-shadows 1854
29.33 outbuildings 1854
29.33 strewing green 1854
29.33 pine-shavings 1854
30.1 joists, 1854
30.5 cleared MS
30.11 breakfast-room-- 1854
30.12 unpurchaseable 1854
30.12 angel-gifts 1854
30.13 us-- 1854
30.14 gate-posts, gateposts 1854
30.18 Custom-House custom house 1854
30.19 storyteller story teller 1854
30.21 gold, 1854
30.22 dwelling, 1854
30.23 ethics-- 1854
30.23 history-- 1854
30.24 edges-all 1854
30.29 blossoms, 1854
30.31 book-- 1854
31.2 never, when never, even when 1854
31.4 image-- 1854
31.8 collection, 1854
31.8 nature, 1854
31.10 enough, 1854
31.10 myself, 1854
31.11 charm, 1854
31.12 garden, 1854
31.15 willow-branches, 1854
31.18 notice, 1854
31.18 Old Manse old Manse MS
31.20 elbow-chair 1854
31.20 heirloom heirloom 1854
manuscript, ] ~ ] 1854
entreat ] intreat MS

31.21 tales:— ] --- 1854
Preface to the 1851 Edition

Boston 1851

Preface preface

January January

New England New England

remorse, and remorse, and

regret, regret,

long forgotten long forgotten

criticism criticism

and, and,

interest, interest,

anything anything

any category-

category-

any body anybody,

preface preface

however, however,

January January
The Snow-Image: A Childish Miracle

title THE SNOW-IMAGE: ] ~ --~ MS
[13].4 elder] eldest MS-M
[13].7 who] that MS-M
[13].13 excellent] ~, MS-M
[13].18 people's] peoples' I
[13].19 therefore,] ~ MS
[13].19 perhaps,] ~ MS
[13].20 iron pots] ~ MS
[13].22 beauty,--] ~ MS-M
14.15 parlor windows] ~ MS-M
14.18 here and there] ~ MS
14.18 pendant] pendant MS-M
14.19 Violet,--] ~ M
14.20 mother;] ~ MS
14.22 woollen] woolen I
14.25 a-piece] a-piece I; ~ M
14.26 children,] ~ MS-M
15.7 handfuls] handfuls MS
15.8 idea] thought MS
15.11 snow,--] ~ MS-M
15.12 girl,--] ~ MS-M
15.13 us_] ~ MS
15.15 O'] Oh MS-M
15.18 Violet;] ~ MS
15.22 And_] ~ MS, M
15.22 forthwith_] ~ MS, M
15.23 about;] ~ I-M
15.29 And,] ~ I
15.30 work_] ~ MS-M
16.2 mother;] ~ MS
16.5 children_] ~ MS
16.6 figures,--] ~ MS-M
16.7 colored_] ~ I-M
16.9 reality, — ] --- MS-M
16.12 work. What ] ~; what MS-M
16.21 skilfully] skillfully I
16.31 pride;] ~, MS
17.3 flock,] ~; MS-M
17.4-5 handsome] as handsome as possible MS, M
17.7 needle,] ~, MS-M
17.8 travelled] traveled I
17.12 time,] --- I-M
17.21 O] Oh MS-M
17.24 But,] ~, MS
17.24 know,] ~, MS-M
17.29 garden, 'bring] ~. 'Bring MS; ~; 'bring I-M
17.30 furthest] farthest I
18.2 pure,] --- I-M
18.4 tone,] --- MS-M
18.4 too,] --- MS-M
18.6 O] Oh MS-M
18.8 quietly;] ~, MS
18.11 this.] ~, MS
18.14 paradise] Paradise MS, M
18.16 snow-image,] ----- I-M
18.18 playmates,] ~; MS; --- I-M
18.19 beautiful,] ~, MS-M
18.26 half dreaming] --- MS-M
18.27 paradise,] Paradise, MS-M
18.32 spirit;] ~; I-M
19.15 tone; 'and] ~. 'And MS; ~, 'and M
19.16 ice,] ~, I
19.18 Tush!] ~! MS
19.21 Mammal mammall mammall!] ~! Mammall Mammall! MS
19.27 world,] ~, MS-M
20.3 Peony,] --- MS-M
20.4 image,] --- MS-M
figure[j] —, MS-M
herself[j] —, MS, M
'No wonder" "Then no wonder MS, M
sat] sate MS, M
it.] ——| MS
O] Oh MS-I
O. ] Oh, MS; Oh. I-M
Peony;[] —;-- MS, M
on a pilgrimage] on pilgrimage MS
joyfully,] —— MS-M
cloud[i] —— MS-M
O] Oh MS-M
O] Oh MS-M
red,—­] --- MS-M
There! she] —! She MS, M
O] Oh MS-M
parlor[windows] —— MS-M
in,] —; MS-M
Mamma! mamma] —! Mamma MS
mamma] —, MS
everything] every thing M
everybody] every body M
she besides] she see besides MS, M
hue] hair MS
children[i] —. MS-M
herself[j] —, MS-M
west wind] —— MS-M
airily] arily MS
skipped] skipt MS, M
west wind] —— MS, M
her,] — MS, M
Mamma] Mamma MS
instant[j] —, MS, M
But,—­] --- MS-M
strange,—­] --- MS-M
grandchildren] grandchildren M
small-winged] small-winged MS, M
mamma] Mamma MS
so,] so, MS
mamma,] I MS
phiz; 'this] 'This MS, M
one?] one? MS
wrapped] wrapt MS, M
fur cap] MS-M
weary,] MS-M
all the day] all day MS-M
at the sight] at sight MS
to and | fro] MS
Pray,] MS

toward] towards MS, M

toward] towards MS, M
true,] MS, M
west wind] MS, M
father,] 1 MS
earnest, 'this] 'This MS;  I-M
half vexed] MS-M
half laughing] MS-M
'Husband!'] MS-M
voice,]  MS-M
ever, -'there] -'There MS;  I-M
foolish,] MS-M
good faith]

souls?

me; I]

And.

can.

was,] +;

for.

time.

childlike]

truths.

But.

now.

Mr.]

west wind]

head,

say,

Pray,

Mel

face,

west wind]

being nearly]

her;

and when]

strange.

Mr.

snow-child's]

hand, 'I]

feet,

poor.

in.

towards]

and.

whereas.

before.

Mr. face, tears, cheeks, Why, was, idea, Peony, all, west wind, snow-child, half frozen, iron, thermometer, furthest, stove, here, twilight, North Pole, O, cried Mr. Lindsey, child, sad, drooping, toward, glimpse, woollen, around, had, his, Mr., parlor door
parlor door] — MS-M
Husband] husband] ~ Husband MS, M
reentered] re-entered MS; reentered I
be.~] ~ MS-M
Mr.] ~ MS
though~] ~ MS-M
Mr.] ~ MS
belongs~] ~ MS-M
is,] ~ MS
nevertheless,] ~ MS
moralized] moralised M
behooves] behaves MS, M
being~] ~ MS-M
Peony,~] ~ MS-M
them,~] ~ MS-M
Mr.] ~ MS
Mr.] Oh I-M
nature] Nature MS, M
providence] Providence MS, M
recognize] recognise M
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Feathertop; a Moralized Legend

title Feathertop;

[259].3 mouth ~, MS, I
[259].6 hearth, ~; MS, I
[259].6 where, ~, MS, I
[259].6 indeed ~, MS, I
[259].7 kindled ~, MS, I
[259].13 Rigby, ~ MS
[259].16 again ~, MS
[259].17 early, (for ~, (~, MS; ~ (~ I
[259].17 yet ~, MS
[259].18 sunrise, ~), I
[259].20 cornpatch corn-patch MS; corn patch I
[259].22 corn ~, MS, I
260.3 Now ~, MS, I
260.3 Rigby, (as ~ (~ MS, I
260.3 every body everybody MS
260.3 heard, ~) MS, I
260.4 New England ~ MS
260.7 But ~, MS, I
260.12 corn patch, ~, MS, I
260.13 doorstep door-step MS, I
260.14 smoke; "I ~, " MS
260.15 pleased, ~; MS, I
260.17 there is there's MS
260.18 children ~, MS, I
260.18 mild mile MS
260.19 witch ~, MS, I
260.30 flail ~, MS
261.1 pudding stick ~, MS, I
261.3 hoe handle ~, MS, I
261.4 woodpile wood-pile MS; wood pile I
261.6 kind ~, MS, I
261.6 meal bag ~, MS; ~, I
Thus, pumpkin, eyes, knob, middle, pumpkin head, scarecrow, coat, pocket flaps, button holes, said, on, coat, size, foliage, maple leaves, small clothes, strong waters, stockings, three-cornered, tail feather, cottage, visage, nobby, say, at, puppet, corn patch, pipe, truth, witchcraft, expression, Rigby, she.
spoken,
red-glowing
whiff
sunshine
chimney corner
chimney corner
puppet
corn patch
witch
meetings
fellows
pipe
brethren
street
corner
words
mouth
pumpkin
visage
fellow
your
believe
pet
puff
for
question
spell
tobacco
fiercely-glowing
pungently-aromatic
smoke
smoke
glowed
clapped
hands
palms
to and fro
ever
half deceive
wornout
worn-out
1050

265.28 shade~; MS, I
266.2 Come,~; MS
266.2 good~; MS, I
266.2 whiff,~; MS
266.6 mouthful~ mouthfull, MS; mouth-full I
266.9 gesture~; MS, I
266.11 loadstone~; MS
266.18 now~; MS, I
266.21 jerk,~; MS
266.22 tottered~; MS, I
266.24 scarecrow~; MS, I
266.29 stepped] stept MS
267.9 romance writers] --- MS, I
267.10 rest,)] ~) MS; ~), I
267.10 overpeopled] over-peopled MS, I
267.11 angry~; I
267.12 nature, (like~ I
267.14 thing~; MS, I
267.16 she,~; MS
267.17 emptiness! thou~!--- MS, I
267.18 two! thou~!--- MS, I
267.18 meal bag! thou~!!-- MS, I
267.18 pumpkin head! thou~!!-- MS, I
267.19 nothing! Where] ~!--where MS, I
267.22 mouth~; MS, I
267.23 from,] ~! MS
267.25 it~; I
267.27 volleys] vollies MS
267.27 tobacco smoke] --- MS, I
267.28 cottage kitchen] --| MS, I
267.29 through,] ~; MS
267.30 the cracked] tha cracked I
267.30 window pane] --- MS, I
267.32 akimbo~; I
obscurity
victims

tenuity

novelty

half revealed

last

clinched

fist

But

she

voice

legend

opinion

conjurations

will

poor

quotha

skull

world, (whither)

fortwith,

mill stream

one

night|fog

morning mist

sea foam

chimney smoke

say

sides

speaking

waistcoat

good humor

North Pole

air

mid ocean

1051
farthing, ~, MS

token, ~, MS, I

church, (the) ~, (~ I

main,)] ~), I

fidgeting)] fidgetting, MS

Master Gookin)] master Gookin MS

daughter,] ~! MS, I

Yea,] ~; MS, I

it,] ~, MS

dancing master] --- MS, I

waistcoat,] --- MS

while,] ~, MS, I

enjoyment it] enjoyment|which it MS

afforded,] ~, MS

eyes, (for] ~ (~ MS, I

pair,)] ~) MS, I

junctures,] ~, MS, I

occasion:) --- MS; ~.-- I

O] Oh MS, I

Hem!" and] ~!--and MS, I

dissent,] ~, MS, I

by,] ~, MS, I

made,] ~, I

counsels,] ~, MS

pipe,] ~, MS, I

realities,] ~; MS, I

expression,] ~; MS, I

movements,] ~; I

glistened)] glistened MS

scarecrow,] ~, MS, I

pipe,] ~, I

tobacco box] --- MS, I

pipe,] ~, I

said,] ~, I
pipe bowl] --- MS
his] its MS
lips.] ~, MS, I
thee.] ~ MS
nought] naught I
and, (first] (~ MS, I
smoke,)] ~) MS, I
sharply,] --- MS; ~,-- I
tobacco!" and] ~l"--- I
and,] --- MS, I
pipe!" [and] ~l"--- MS, I
mouth.] ~, MS
sticks.] ~, MS
thee!"] ~l MS
thrive,] ~ I
O] Oh MS, I
said,] ~l MS
gold head] --- MS
handful] handful MS
wig.] ~, MS, I
too.] ~, MS, I
Feathertop,--] --- MS
him.] ~, MS
witch benediction] --- MS, I
sidewalk] side-walk I
port.] ~, MS, I
garments.] ~, MS, I
richly-rendered] --- MS
velvet.] ~, MS, I
peruke] peruque MS, I
therefore, (and] ~ (~ I
feather,)] ~, I
grace.] ~, MS, I
gentlemen] gentleman MS
and,] ~ I
wrist] wrists MS
sufficiently] suffi- | cienty I
bowl] ~, MS, I
mouthpiece] mouth-piece MS
lips] ~, MS, I
astir] a-stir MS, I
townspeople] town's people I
But] ~, I
him.] ~! MS
high Germans] High | Germans MS
department] deportment MS
ambassador] Ambassador I
complexion; or] ~. Or I
Spanish] main] Spanish Main MS
governor] Governor MS, I
Yellow] ~, I
tall,] ~!--| MS
slender! such] ~!--- MS
lady,] ~! MS
stranger,] ~ I
bow.] ~, MS, I
me.] ~! MS
legs.] ~, I
back yard] --- MS, I
Feathertop.] ~, MS, I
meanwhile.] ~, MS, I
and.] ~, MS, I
then.] ~, MS, I
head.] ~, MS, I
consequence.] ~, MS, I
mansion house] --- MS, I
front door] --- MS
say.] ~, MS, I
looks.] ~, MS, I
me?] ~! MS
pipe,[which] ~ (~ MS
out.] ~, MS
ago, should] ~,) ~ MS
faded.] ~, MS, I
did] do MS
about.] ~, MS
ablaze] a-blaze MS; ~-- I
it.] ~, I
chamber window] --- MS
body.] ~, MS, I
but,] ~ MS, I
stranger.] ~, MS, I
cur dog] --- MS, I
fair,] ~ MS, I
stranger.] ~, MS, I
looking glass.] ~..., MS; ~|~ I
former,] --- MS, I
hand.] ~, MS, I
while.] ~, MS, I
mirror.] ~, MS, I
gesture.] ~, MS, I
ability.] ~, MS, I
will.] ~, MS, I
and,] ~ MS
upright.] ~, MS, I
daughter] Daughter MS
child.] ~! MS
Feathertop,---] --- I
Feathertop,---] ~!--- MS
introduction.] ~, MS, I
moment, had] ~, (~ MS
father.] ~, MS, I
guest, (~), MS
fidgety (fidgetty) MS
scowl, (~), MS, I
fist (~), I
fears (~), MS, I
good will (~), MS, I
figures (~), MS
pipe (~), MS
convinced (~), MS
pipe bowl (~), MS, I
passage (~), MS, I
ceiling (~), MS
street; but (~), But MS, I
evil principle (Evil Principle) MS, I
parlor door (~), MS, I
Feathertop (~), MS, I
that (~), MS
room (~), MS, I
peril (~), MS, I
of a person (~), person MS
simple (~), MS, I
girl (~), MS, I
perceive (every) perceive that every MS
substance (~), MS, I
any thing (~), anything MS
unreality (~), MS, I
stride (~), MS, I
Polly (~), MS
hour, (as) (~), (~), I
watch, (~), (~), I
fervent (~), I
warmeth (~), MS, I
said (~), MS
And (~), I
283.1 time] ~, MS, I
283.1 supposed] ~, MS, I
283.3 cor-uscating] corruscating MS
283.5 careered] ~, MS, I
283.5 ever] ~, MS, I
283.6 pipe bowl] --- MS, I
283.6 Oh] Oh, MS, I
283.9 misfortune] ~?-- MS, I
283.10 by] ~, I
283.10 and] ~ MS, I
283.12 figure] ~, MS, I
283.12 longer] ~, MS, I
283.13 buckles] ~, MS
283.13 glowed] ~, MS, I
283.14 instant] ~, MS, I
283.17 presence] ~, MS, I
283.18 eyes] ~, MS, I
283.21 have] ~, MS, I
283.23 looking glass] ---, MS, I
283.26 images] ~, MS, I
283.26 eye] ~, MS, I
283.27 him] ~, MS
283.28 moment] ~, MS, I
283.29 Peathertop] ~, MS, I
283.29 likewise] ~, MS, I
283.32 stripped] stript MS, I
284.2 arms] ~, MS
284.2 despair] ~, MS, I
284.3 further] farther MS
284.4 manifestations] ~, MS, I
284.5 human; for] ~. For MS, I
284.5 time] ~, MS, I
284.7 illusion] Illusion MS
kitchen hearth, MS; ~, I
footsteps, MS, I
witch, "what", "What MS
wonder?, MS

cottage door, MS, I
alight, a-light, MS, I
aspect, MS
way, (as) ~I (~ I
us, ~, MS
out, ~) I
sniffing] snuffling MS
witch, "Did", "did I
him, MS, I
despondingly; ~, MS, I
that, MS, I
Tophet, "I'll", ~ I
hence, MS, I
mother, MS, I
Feathertop; "the", "The MS
half won, MS
human, MS
pause, MS, I
self-contempt, MS; I
mother!, I've, MS
and, I
instant, MS, I
eyeholes] eye-holes MS
contrivance, "My", "my I
wornout] worn-out, MS, I	rash, ~, MS, I
are, MS, I
himself, MS, I
continued, "I", " I
chance, I
While thus muttering, the witch had filled a fresh pipe of tobacco, and held the stem between her fingers, as doubtful whether to thrust it into her own mouth or Feathertop's.

"Poor Feathertop!" she continued. "I could easily give him another chance and send him forth again to-morrow. But no; his feelings are too tender, his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to hustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world. Well! well! I'll make a scarecrow of him after all. 'Tis an innocent and a useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and, if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 'twould be the better for mankind; and as for this pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he."

So saying, Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips. "Dickon!" cried she, in her high, sharp tone, another coal for my pipe!

[The last partial page of the manuscript is no longer extant. The following passage, the last 18 lines of the tale as printed in the first collected appearance, should not be understood as representing an addition made later.]
VARIANTS BETWEEN THE FIRST COLLECTED APPEARANCE
AND THE AUTHORIZED AND UNAUTHORIZED REPRINTS OF
SELECTED TALES AND SKETCHES
The Gentle Boy

Boston 1837
PS1870.A1 (copy 2)

Separate Edition 1839
PS1872*.G4 (copy 1)

THE GENTLE BOY: A THRICE TOLD TALE;
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[Lacks Illustration] [Illustration by Sophia Peabody]

[Lacks Dedication] [Dedication]
TO MISS SOPHIA A. PEA BODY, THIS LITTLE TALE, TO WHICH HER KINDRED ART HAS GIVEN VALUE, IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

[Lacks Preface] [Preface]
The Tale, of which a new edition is now offered to the Public, was among the earliest efforts of its Author's pen; and, little noticed on its first appearance, in one of the Annuals, appears ultimately to have awakened the interest of a larger number of readers, than any of his subsequent productions. For his own part, he would willingly have supposed that a more practised hand, and cultivated fancy, had enabled him to excel his first inartificial attempts; and there are several among his TWICE TOLD TALES, which, on re-perusal, affect him less painfully with a sense of imperfect and ill-wrought conception, than THE GENTLE BOY. But the opinion of many (whose judgment, even in cases where they and he might be equally unprejudiced, would be far preferable to his own,) compels him to the conclusion, that Nature here led him deeper into the Universal heart, than Art has been able to follow. It was no gift within himself—no effort that could be renewed at pleasure—but a Happiness that alighted on his pen, and lent it somewhat of power over human sympathies, which he may vainly strive to snatch again.

No testimonial, in regard to the effect of this story, has afforded the Author so much pleasure as that which brings out the present edition. However feeble the creative power which produced the character of Ilbra-
him, it has wrought an influence upon another mind, and has thus given to imaginative life a creation of deep and pure beauty. The original sketch of The Puritan and The Gentle Boy, an engraving from which now accompanies the Tale, has received—what the artist may well deem her utmost attainable recompense—the warm recommendation of the first painter in America. If, after so high a meed, the Author might add his own humble praise, he would say, that whatever of beauty and of pathos he had conceived, but could not shadow forth in language, has been caught and embodied in the few and simple lines of this sketch.

98.29 government
governor
104.25 to day
---
115.11 to the blush
to blush
119.22 hand. 'Providence
~, '~
120.26 has
hath
121.11 heaven
Heaven
124.3 of kind
of a kind
124.4 and in the
and the
131.10 then
than
132.9 christian
Christian
134.2-3 conceived; it came as if conceived; it came as if the Past were speaking, the Dead as if the Dead
136.3 mightst
mightest
138.11 heavily; ' yet
~; ~
140.6 against art
-! Art
141.23 He
he
The Toll-Gatherer's Day

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.1
(copy 1)

Salem Gazette
(April 30, 1839)
Xerox

BY THE AUTHOR OF
TWICE-TOLED TALES.

283.13 simile
284.21 sulkey
285.19 broadened
285.30 sent
286.3-7 hearts! May your whole life's pilgrimage be as blissful as this first day's journey, and its close be gladdened with even brighter anticipations than those which hallow your bridal night! [q] They
286.28 Nature dares draw no
286.31 begrimed
287.24 upon
287.29 chasm
288.1 fore-castle
288.11 come
288.25 seem
288.27 again?
289.18 shall
289.19 of
289.25 seems
289.25 flitting

sulky
broad-lined

hearts! And when you shall have reach-ed the close of that journey of life, on which you are thus brightly entering, hand grasped in hand, and heart folded to heart, may you lie down together to a sweet and happy repose. [q] They
Nature draws no
begrimmed
on
same
for'-castle
comes
seems
~!
will
to
seemed
flirting
One of the best—nay, the very best thing of the season, is the Carrier's Address of the Salem Gazette, with this title. It is most manifestly from the pen of Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of 'Twice-told Tales,'--original, striking, yet full of quiet beauty. By the way, why have not the publishers sent us 'The Gentle Boy?' In this felicitous strain commences the Address:

[139], 14 further
140. 6 world-worn
141. 19— them. [q] 'Well . . . .
145. 16 her. [q] 'These

[146. 27 further
149. 12-19 foot. The Carrier Boy foot. can only say further, that, early this morning, she filled his basket with New-Year's Addresses, assuring him that the whole City, with our new Mayor, and the Aldermen and Common Council at its head, would make a general rush to secure copies. Kind Patrons, will not you redeem the pledge of the NEW YEAR?
The Shaker Bridal

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

[259].5 establishment
[259].8 hills
[259].14 tables, had quaffed
[259].15 Shaker
[259].18 north
260.1 courteously
260.14 weary
260.16 guided
260.20 with labor in the
260.29 that
261.6 them.
261.18 affection?
261.27 not
262.6 loath
262.15 as a nurse
263.16 preacher
263.19 in his
263.27 eyes
264.9 it had grown
264.20 about
264.23 sentiments!'
264.29 there
265.8 throughout
265.9 natural
265.24 Mother Ann
266.1 round
266.5 by my many
266.12 but
266.13 chair.

Pittsfield Sun
(November 16, 1837)
Xerox

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

establishments
fields
tables, and quaffed
shaker
North
cortcously
heavy
guarded
with the labor of the
their
~.~

not not
loathe
as nurse
teacher
to his
eye
it has grown
about
~?~
then
thro'-|out
mutual
mother Ann
around
by many
and
~.~
them wide to sorrow!
sank
early
them to
sunk
earthly
The Threefold Destiny

Boston 1842
PS1870.A1.1842 v.2
(copy 1)

The New World
(December 25, 1841)
AP2*.N5142 v.3

[343].2 un-pleasing
[343].5 familiar
[343].15 into
344.4 in the jungles of Hindostan
344.31 of a Sybil
345.12 priceless
346.2 EFFODE
346.3 coin or ingots
346.11 or the apostle
346.13 sign, by which
346.14 the summons
346.24 With this proud
350.25 Squire's
350.31 come
351.3 Squire
351.6 towards
351.11 three-corned
352.21 became more and more invested
352.23 afterwards
352.31 of the Alhambra
354.8-9 within.

Oh, man can seek the downward glance,
And each kind word—affection's spell—
Eye, voice, its value can enhance;
For eye may speak, and tongue can tell.

But Woman's love, it waits the while
To echo to another's tone,
To linger on another's smile
Ere dare to answer with its own.

[9]He
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Shelf Marks</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>354.13-14</td>
<td>a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>354.27</td>
<td>Heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>355.4</td>
<td>in a gold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>heart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in gold</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Celestial Railroad

New York 1846
(copy 5)

The Signs of the Times
Boston (July 26, 1843)
Vol. V., No. 21

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[Lacks note] [Editor's note]
The following interesting article first appeared in the Democratic Review. We publish it on account of the rich stores of instruction it contains, and the moral it teaches. It admirably illustrates the progress made in popular religion since the days of John Bunyan, and shows the improvements made by the Transcendentalists and Neologists, to be found in our modern popular churches. We commend it to those among the sects who are the most bitter against the coming of Christ, as a looking glass in which themselves are strikingly reflected. It is just such an article as John Bunyan would write were he now alive.

173.7 to make by making
174.1 This,' -'
174.1 Smooth-it-away Smoot-it-away
174.5-8 immemorial. Bunyan men- immemorial.'[q]'Very
174.29- stomach. The reader of stomach.[q]A
175.8 John Bunyan will be glad to know, that Christian's old friend Evangelist, who was accustomed to supply each pilgrim with a mystic roll, now presides at the ticket office. Some malicious persons, it is true, deny the identity of this reputable character with the Evangelist of old times, and even pretend to bring competent evidence of an imposture. Without involving myself in a dispute, I shall merely observe, that, so far as my experience goes, the
square pieces of pasteboard, 
now delivered to passengers, 
are much more convenient and 
useful along the road, than 
the antique roll of parchment. 
Whether they will be as readily 
received at the gate of the 
Celestial City, I decline giving 
an opinion.[?]A

| 175.10 | 175.17 | 177.12 | 177.30 | 177.32 | 178.19 | 178.30 | 179.16 | 179.22 | 179.24 | 179.30 | 160.21 | 180.31 | 181.7 | 181.8 | 181.14 | 181.19 | 181.27 | 181.28 | 181.29 | 182.13 | 182.14 | 182.16 | 183.9 | 183.22 | 183.23 | 183.32 | 184.9 |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| these  | towards| upon!  | staff, their | obstinacy | companion. 'The | Mr.   | of the Hill | who have the | ladies! | readily | penetrated among these | have | undoubtedly | nature | Bunyan—truthful | assured | wreathe | murmurs | themselves | of their | these persons | called him | more, certainly,— | troglodytes | in | ill-proportioned | lamentably |
184.17 that people that the people
185.11 human or human nature or
185.12 omnigenous omnigenous
185.27 made plain to made to
186.4 was is
186.7 made make
186.11-19 rags. A very pretty rags.--|There

girl bartered a heart as
clear as crystal, and which
seemed her most valuable
possession, for another jewel
of the same kind, but so worn
and defaced as to be utterly
worthless. In one shop, there
were a great many crowns of
laurel and myrtle, which soldiers,
authors, statesmen, and various
other people, pressed eagerly to
buy; some purchased these paltry
wreaths with their lives; others
by a toilsome servitude of years;
and many sacrificed whatever was
most valuable, yet finally slunk
away without the crown. There

186.27-31 run. Several of the run.--|Thousands
speculations were of a
questionable character.
Occasionally, a member of
Congress recruited his pocket
by the sale of his constituents;
and I was assured that public
officers have often sold their
country at very moderate prices.
Thousands.

186.31 whim. |Gilded ~. [q]~
187.11 years' years

himself took great interest
in this sort of traffic, and
sometimes condescended to meddle
with smaller matters. I once had
the pleasure to see him bargaining
with a miser for his soul, which,
after much ingenious skirmishing on
both sides, his Highness succeeded
in obtaining at about the value of
sixpence. The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was a loser by the transaction.

[g]Day

187.28 gibing
gibeing

188.20 Mr. Foot-it-to-Heaven
Mr. Go-the-old-way

189.19 have long since carried
have carried

189.28 redoubted
redoupted

189.33 walls.

190.4 'for

191.4 Throughout
All through

191.19 on the other side of the river
on the river

191.27 as
so

192.8 slumberous
slumbering

192.19 cachinnation
cachination

192.20 lurid
livid
The Celestial Railroad

New York 1846
(copyright 3)

American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia
(c. 1844)
PS1872.C4.1844
(copyright 3)

A VISIT TO THE
CELESTIAL CITY,

[Lacks note]    [Editor's note]

NOTE.

The following allegory (though not particularly designed for children) very strikingly sets forth a class of false opinions and practices which are common among men. It is an admirable commentary on the declaration of our divine Saviour, "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat;" and "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

If Sunday-school teachers would desire their pupils to avoid all other roads to the Celestial City, save that which Christian trod, they must not only give all diligence to make that way plain to them, but they must moreover be instant in season in their prayers and supplications to God, that their instruction and example may be blessed to their salvation. So that, when their toilsome pilgrimage is ended, they may be admitted to the rest which is prepared for the people of God.

173.7 to make by making
174.19 formidable frightful
174.19 and, spite and in spite
174.29 stomach front
175.2 a the
175.14 burthen burden
175.31 burthens burdens
177.8 his its
177.9 abdomen front
creature?—if engine ho has have devils Bunyan--truthful has wreathe themselves habit called him before. But sometimes in the dark of intense bright, grim more, certainly— troglodytes in nor whether is no townspeople that people human or an omnigenous the wholesale manufacture plain with a vast forward.[9]Some rags. A....crown. There (See 1846-Signs of the Times collation.) and as run. Several....run. Thousands prices. Thousands (See 1846-Signs of the Times collation.)
186.32 whim. | Gilded
transaction. [q] Day
(See 1846—Signs of the Times collation.)

187.31 were
188.1 repudiation of all part
188.7 kindly
188.20 Mr. Foot-it-to-Heaven
188.21 will ever
189.2 gone. There
189.19 have long since carried
189.28 redoubted
190.1 thunder
190.17-18 smoke-house for the
preparation of mutton
hams. [q] My

190.22 encourages
191.4 Throughout
191.27 as
192.8 slumberous
192.19 outright; in the midst
of which cachinnation, a
192.20 lurid
192.21 proving indubitably that
192.24 shor. But

- [q]~
Fair. [q] Day
stood
refusal to take any part
kind
Mr. Go-the-old-way
will for ever
-. [q]~
have carried
redoubtable
tumble
smoke-house. '[q] My
encouraged
All through
so
slumbering
outright. In the midst
his laughter, however, a
livid
proving, that
~: but
Ethan Brand: A Chapter from an Abortive Romance

Boston 1852
(copy 2)

Josephine Gallery
(New York, 1859)
PS1265.J6.1859

BERTRAM THE LIME-BURNER.
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BERTRAM

[102].1 Bartram
[102].1 rough, heavy-looking
[102].7 boughs
[102].10 drunken man
[102].14 foot
[102].18 glad. So
[102].19 gruffly. 'You
[102].22 leaf startle
[102].22 you
[102].22 Hark! Here
[102].22 the

103.4-13 lime-kiln that had been lime-kiln. It
the scene of Ethan Brand's
solitary and meditative life,
before he began his search for
the Unpardonable Sin. Many years,
as we have seen, had now elapsed,
since that portentous night when
the IDEA was first developed. The
kiln, however, on the mountain-side,
stood unimpaired, and was in nothing
changed since he had thrown his dark
thoughts into the intense glow of its
furnace, and melted them, as it were,
into the one thought that took posses-
sion of his life. It

104.11 such|strange purpose
104.21 of heat
105.1 thus
105.4 and
105.10 head!
105.12 nigh. 'Yet
105.29 Drunk!--or
The laugh, or the a born idiot shaken away into his footsteps one only Master Sin who a shadow long absence grimly Ethan Brand departed horror Evil One Hold! him behind forward passions yonder stamp. 'A sworn, he is felt uncomfortable and the footsteps infest drunk Ethan Brand's before person, Another tow-cloth trousers This
been an attorney, in fingers ones were one, nevertheless, whom trample on, a we introduced upon were, by miracle These the fellow,—I here! grand was
greeting, was the
greeting, Ethan Esther of our tale, the very girl whom, with such cold and remorseless purpose, Ethan wasted, absorbed, and perhaps perhaps hut. A in hopes at! his box be cities would Hand of Destiny showman's,—pointing its eye was Captain some—what this long day, to Peace,
yonder!
himself a proceeding mild, quiet encore, From that aghast horror fire-light corpses of dead trees he. 'I and the tears had the little spirits of ever deprecated the success of his heart. The Idea education; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible; it had raised

star-lit earth, laden with of universities perished! lost his hold produced Sin! forward its Mother resolved!

onward . . . upward

himself as a scene quiet, mild 'Encore,' And at that about sound fire-lights copses of trees ~; '~ and tears were the spirits of even deprecated his Idea idea education; it had raised

to the highest point of which they were susceptible; it had raised

star-light laden earth, with of the universe ~?

lost hold discovered ~.

forwards his mother ~?

onwards . . . upwards
Farewell—upward! forever.

Fire such another place!

onward over mist into or cloud

gold if a mortal Nature sounded echo spoiled son.

was all burnt to long looks like for

~! Farewell
~!

fire another such

onwards upon mists in

and clouds golden

if mortal nature sounding each

spoilt ~:

was burnt to a long is called by
Mosses from an Old Manse:
Variants between the First Collected Appearance
And the First Appearance in Print
Aminadab

fingers!
apprised
encrusted
wife. "Pray
the earth
A Select Party

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 5)

Democratic Review
(July, 1844)
AP2.U56 v.15

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

52.25 fanatically
55.4 earth-encrusted
55.7 well-cushioned
58.18 jointed-doll
59.9 dim
59.19 amused
61.16 Freneau
63.14 magnificent
63.16 moonshine
63.17 summer-night
66.3 chair
67.22 away, whirled his
three-cornered hat into
infinite space, and
67.25 convoy

fantastically
earth-encrusted
~~
painted doll
dire
caused
Freeneau
magnificence
moon-shine
~~
chain
away, and
convey
BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GRAY CHAMPION.

goodman
pr'y thee
traveler
king
--traveler
interpreting
Good

pr'y thee
do n't
deacon
goody

revered
stept
grave
your's
~
~
~|~

shew
We do not remember to have seen any translated specimens of the productions of M. de l'Aubépine; a fact the less to be wondered at, as his very name is unknown to many of his own countrymen, as well as to the student of foreign literature. As a writer, he seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the Transcendentalists (who, under one name or another, have their share in all the current literature of the world), and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial in his modes of development to suit the taste of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience; except here and there an individual, or possibly an isolated clique. His writings, to do them justice, are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality; they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds, and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions. His fictions are sometimes historical, sometimes of the present day, and sometimes, so far as can be discovered, have little or no reference either to time or space. In any case, he generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners,--the faintest possible counterfeit of real life,--and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject. Occasionally, a breath of nature, a rain-drop of pathos and tenderness, or a gleam of humor, will find its way into the midst of his fantastic imagery, and make us feel as if, after all,
we were yet within the limits of our native earth. We will only add to this very cursory notice, that M. de l'Aubépine's productions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the proper point of view, may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise, they can hardly fail to look excessively like nonsense.

Our author is voluminous; he continues to write and publish with as much praiseworthy and indefatigable prolixity, as if his efforts were crowned with the brilliant success that so justly attends those of Eugene Sue. His first appearance was by a collection of stories, in a long series of volumes, entitled "Contes deux fois racontées." The titles of some of his more recent works (we quote from memory) are as follows:—"Le Voyage Céleste à Chemin de Fer," 3 tom. 1838. "Le nouveau père Adam et la nouvelle mère Eve," 2 tom. 1839. "Roderic; ou le Serpent à l'estomac," 2 tom. 1840. "Le Culte du Feu," a folio volume of ponderous research into the religion and ritual of the old Persian Ghebers, published in 1841. "La Soirée du Chateau en Espagne," 1 tom. 8vo. 1842; and "L'Artiste du Beau; ou le Papillon Mécanique," 5 tom. 4to. 1843. Our somewhat wearisome perusal of this startling catalogue of volumes has left behind it a certain personal affection and sympathy, though by no means admiration, for M. de l'Aubépine; and we would fain do the little in our power towards introducing him favorably to the American public. The ensuing tale is a translation of his "Beatrice; ou La Belle Empoisonneuse," recently published in "La Revue Anti-Aristocratique." This journal, edited by the Comte de Bearhaven, has, for some years past, led the defence of liberal principles and popular rights, with a faithfulness and ability worthy of all praise.

RAPPACCINI'S DAUGHTER.

86.9 said that he
86.31 the perishable garniture
88.29 delectable--"Are
88.30 garden!
89.25 perfume
92.10 Signor         signor
97.10 hope; yet hope and dread ~; hope and dread
97.30 dream.[q]     ~:[q]
98.25 other         other
99.3 Professor."I   ~.--"~
99.15 lad           bud
101.8 will          wil|
102.10 not by the   not the
106.11 hand          head
108.23 By the bye   ~ ~ by
111.21 faith.       ~,
115.6 thunder-struck wonder--
115.25 passion, "Why ~, "why
117.29 shuddered very nervously shuddered nervously
118.16 ground. "But ~.--"~
Mrs. Bullfrog

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 4)

The Token 1837
AY11.T64.1837

BY THE AUTHOR OF
WIVES OF THE DEAD.

120.17 State
122.33 like calves-foot
123.12 sir
123.31 broken
124.10 she did
126.23 shown
127.3 she. "The

state
like a calves-foot
Sir
broke
did she
shewn
~.~
Fire-Worship

Democratic Review
(December, 1843)
AP2.U56 v.13

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

128.7 cloudy
coulded

128.13 bluish
blueish

129.25 smoothe
smooth

131.4 dusky
dusty

131.27 elements have
element has

133.8 latter
latter

133.25 fiend
fires

134.6 urn
urns

135.9 with
to

135.15 embers
embers

136.5 seemed
seems

136.22 pure, cold breezes
pure breezes
Buds and Bird-Voices

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 2)

Democratic Review
(June, 1843)
AP2.U56 v.12

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

| 140.11  | though they have              |
| 141.6   | present hour. Our             |
| 142.25  | to have betaken themselves    |
|         | but have                     |
|         | present. Our                 |
|         | to have departed now, or     |
|         | else to have betaken         |
|         | themselves                   |
Intimate as, in some respects, we may be said to be, the reader will hardly conceive my ignorance in regard to many important points of M. du Miroir's mode of life. I never yet could discover, nor even guess, what is his business or pastime, in the long space which sometimes elapses without an interview between us. He seldom goes into society, except when introduced by me. Yet, occasionally, I have caught a dim glimpse of M. du Miroir's well-known countenance, gazing at me from the casement of some aristocratic mansion where I am not a guest; although, quite as often, I grieve to say, he has been imprudent enough to show himself within the dusty panes of the lowest pot-houses, or even more disreputable haunts. In such cases, meeting each other's eyes, we both look down abashed. It must not be concealed, however, that, while holding my course amid the week-day bustle which flows past a church, I have discerned my friend through the lofty windows, doubtlessly enjoying a private audience of Religion, who sits six days in her deserted fane, and sees all the world the seventh. With what sect he worships on the Sabbath, indispensable as the point is to a proper judgment of his moral character, I absolutely never knew. When the
bells fling out their holy music, I generally see him, in his best black suit, of the same pattern as my own, and wearing a mild solemnity of aspect, that edifies me almost as much as the sound orthodoxy of my reverend pastor. But we meet no more, till the services are ended. Whether he goes to church with the Episcopalians, to chapel with the Methodists, or to the synagogue with the Jews—whether perverted to Roman Catholic idolatry, or to Unitarian infidelity—is a matter which, being no controversialist, M. du Miroir keeps to himself. Of course, however exemplary in his worldly character, he cannot expect my full confidence, while there remains the slightest ambiguity on this head. [9]In

151.6 it (in ~, (~
151.7 occasions), ~, )
152.2 Lado Lauderlad
155.9 rays ray
155.13 for ever forever
157.22 companions companion
158.31 Miroir. ~!
The Hall of Fantasy

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 3)

The Pioneer
(February, 1843)
AP2.P662

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

recognizes
lives—if not in their waking moments, then by the universal passport of a dream. At

recognized
lives. At

deposited
them. In the most vivacious of these, I recognised Holmes.

reposited

heart. Bryant had come hither from his editor's room, his face no longer wrinkled by political strife, but with such a look as if his soul were full of the Thanatopsis, or of those beautiful stanzas on the Future Life. Percival, whom to see is like catching a glimpse of some shy bird of the woods, had shrunk into the deepest shadow that he could find. Dana was also there; though, for a long time back, the public has been none the richer for his visits to the Hall of Fantasy; but, in his younger days, he descended to its gloomiest caverns, and brought thence a treasure of dark, distempered stories. Halleck, methought, had strayed into this purple atmosphere rather by way of amusement, than because the strong impulse of his nature compelled him hither; and Willis, though he had an indefeasible right of entrance, looked so much like a man of the world, that he seemed hardly to belong here. Sprague had stept across from the Globe Bank, with his pen behind his ear. Pierpont had come hither in the hope, I suppose, of allaying the angry glow of controversy; a fire unmeet for such an altar as a poet's kindly heart.

In the midst of these famous people, I beheld the figure of a friend, whom I fully believed to be thousands of leagues away. His glance was thrown upward to the lofty dome, as
who should say, EXCELSIOR.

"It is Longfellow!" I exclaimed. "When did he return from Germany?"

"His least essential part—that is to say, his physical man—is probably there at this moment, under a water-spout," replied my companion. "But wherever his body may be, his soul will find its way into the Hall of Fantasy. See; there is Washington Irving too, whom all the world supposes to be enacting the grave character of Ambassador to Spain."

And, indeed, there stood the renowned Geoffry Crayon, in the radiance of a window, which looked like the pictured symbol of his own delightful fancy. Mr. Cooper had chosen to show himself in a more sombre light, and was apparently meditating a speech in some libel case, rather than a scene of such tales as have made him a foremost man in this enchanted hall. But, woe is me! I tread upon slippery ground, among these poets and men of imagination, whom perhaps it is equally hazardous to notice, or to leave undistinguished in the throng. Would that I could emblazon all their names in star-dust! Let it suffice to mention indiscriminately such as my eye chanced to fall upon. There was Washington Allston, who possesses the freedom of the hall by the threefold claim of painter, novelist, and poet; and John Neal, whose rampant muse belches wild-fire, with huge volumes of smoke; and Lowell, the poet of the generation that now enters upon the stage. The young author of Dolon was here, involved in a deep mist of metaphysical fantasies. Epes Sargent and Mr. Tuckerman had come hither to engage contributors for their respective magazines. Hillard was an honorary member of the poetic band, as editor of Spenser, though he might well have preferred a claim on his own account. Mr. Poe had gained ready admittance for the sake of his imagination, but was threatened with ejectment, as belonging to the obnoxious class of critics.

There were a number of ladies among the tuneful and imaginative crowd. I know not whether their tickets of admission were signed with the authentic autograph of Apollo; but, at all events, they had an undoubted right of entrance by courtesy. Miss Sedgwick was an honored guest, although the atmosphere
of the Hall of Fantasy is not precisely the light in which she appears to most advantage. Finally, I saw Mr. Rufus Griswold, with pencil and memorandum-book, busily noting down the names of all the poets and poetesses there, and likewise of some, whom nobody but himself had suspected of ever visiting the hall. [9]" Thank

162.22 tetchy  techy
162.31 had  has
162.31 heretofore  hitherto
163.28 stayed  staid
167.6 they. [9]It [52.42-53.43]

They. There was a dear friend of mind among them, who has striven with all his might to wash away the blood-stain from the statute-book; and whether he finally succeed or fail, no philanthropist need blush to stand on the same footing with O'Sullivan.

In the midst of these lights of the age, it gladdened me to greet my old friends of Brook Farm, with whom, though a recreant now, I had borne the heat of many a summer's day, while we labored together towards the perfect life. They seemed so far advanced, however, in the realization of their idea, that their sun-burnt faces and toil-hardened frames may soon be denied admittance into the Hall of Fantasy. Mr. Emerson was likewise there, leaning against one of the pillars, and surrounded by an admiring crowd of writers and readers of the Dial, and all manner of Transcendentalists and disciples of the Newness, most of whom betrayed the power of his intellect by its modifying influence upon their own. He had come into the hall, in search, I suppose, either of a fact or a real man; both of which he was as likely to find there as elsewhere. No more earnest seeker after truth than he, and few more successful finders of it; although, sometimes, the truth assumes a mystic unreality and shadowyness in his grasp.

In the same part of the hall, Jones Very stood alone, within a circle which no other of mortal race could enter, nor himself escape from. Here, also was Mr. Alcott, with two or three friends, whom his spirit had assimilated to
itself and drawn to his New England home, though an ocean rolled between. There was no man in the enchanted hall, whose mere presence, the language of whose look and manner, wrought such an impression as that of this great mystic innovator. So calm and gentle was he, so holy of aspect, so quiet in the utterance of what his soul brooded upon, that one might readily conceive his Orphic Sayings to well upward from a fountain in his breast, which communicated with the infinite abyss of Thought.

"Here is a prophet," cried my friend, with enthusiasm—"a dreamer, a bodiless idea amid our actual existence. Another age may recognise him as a man; or perhaps his misty apparition will vanish into the sunshine. It matters little; for his influence will have impregnated the atmosphere, and be imbibed by generations that know not the original apostle of the ideas, which they shall shape into earthly business. Such a spirit cannot pass through human life, yet leave mankind entirely as he found them!"

"At all events, he may count you as a disciple," said I, smiling; "and doubtless there is the spirit of a system in him, but not the body of it. I love to contrast him with that acute and powerful Intellect, who stands not far off."

"Ah, you mean Mr. Brownson!" replied my companion. "Pray Heaven he do not stamp his foot or raise his voice; for if he should, the whole fabric of the Hall of Fantasy will disolve like a smoke-wreath! I wonder how he came here?"
| 172.4 | thither          | hither          |
| 172.4 | in magnetic      | in the magnetic|
| 172.11| prophecy         | prophesy        |
The Celestial Railroad

New York 1846
Part I
(copv 3)

Democratic Review
(May, 1843)
AP2.U56 v.12

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

173.7 to make
173.10 Station-house
175.2 a
176.12 Station house
177.11 engine he
181.14 Bunyan--truthful
181.29 themselves
182.16 called him
183.23 in
186.23 and
187.18 transaction
188.20 Mr. Foot-it-to-Heaven
189.19 have long since
190.15 joke
192.20 lurid

by making
nv
the
--|--
engine that he
---a truthful
itself
called to him
into
as
bargain
Mr. Go-the-old-way
have since
joke
livid
The Procession of Life

New York 1846
Part I
(copv 1)

Democratic Review
(April, 1843)
AP2.U56 v.12

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

193.3 the Chief Marshal
193.6 train
193.12 taken
193.16 monied
194.19 disease
194.20 other circumstance
194.24 with gold
194.28 long.
195.23 heart's
196.5 disease
196.29 ploughman, will
197.14 match
197.16 leave brethren
197.33 funereal
199.10 them
199.12 arts, or politics
199.18 dooms-day
199.19 alarm
199.27 crime.
200.15 proprieties
201.16 Does
201.31 chamber
202.30 potatoe field
204.21 a
204.22 those positions
204.33 more
205.5 had
206.4 State
206.4 to

a ---
trail
continued
moneyed
Disease
other common circumstance
with | much gold
~!
hearts'
Disease
~, we will
watch
leave these brethren
funeral
the
~, literature, or politics
doomsday
alarum
~!
proprieties
Do
chambers
~~~
the
those suitable positions
much
has
state
in
1100

206.30  phrase  praise
207.1   done!
207.3   Chief-Marshall
207.8   pale horse
207.20  grandsire
207.27  whither!
207.28  pass

Pale Horse
Grandsire
passes
Feathertop; A Moralized Legend

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.1
(copy 1)

International Monthly
Magazine (February-March,
1852) AP2.I616 v.5

WRITTEN FOR THE
INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

FEATHERTOP: A MORALIZED
LEGEND

[259],16 again.
260.18 mild
260.19 witch.
263.8 Rigby
264.8 words,
265.12 clapped
266.6 mouthful
266.18 now.
267.30 the cracked
269.20 one,
271.19 daughter.
273.6 pipe!
273.16 nought
275.12 peruke
275.20 sufficiently
276.29 ambassador
276.32 complexion; or
277.3 governor
278.21 a blaze
281.13 street; but
281.16 evil principle
281.30 of a person
283.9 misfortune, so
283.22 stripped
284.5 human; for
284.26 witch. "Did
284.31 that.

~!  mile
~!
~!
~!
~!
~!
~!
naught
peruke
sufficiently
Ambassador
~. Or
Governor
a blaze
~. But
Evil Principle
of person
~?---
stript
~. For
~; "did
~!
Tophet. "I'll mother, contrivance. "My are. continued. "I no; Well! Well! 'twould Well, well! "twould
The New Adam and Eve

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 4)

Democratic Review
(February, 1843)
AP2.U56 v.12

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,

loosen

the
category
answers
if
aud
investigators

unconjectured

opportunities of wisdom are

volumes

Ye
Death

He
Egotism;* or, the Bosom Serpent

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 4)

Democratic Review
(March, 1845)
AP2.U56 v.12

EGOTISM;* OR THE BOSOM SERPENT,
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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<td>street. &quot;Here</td>
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<tr>
<td>22.13</td>
<td>aright</td>
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<td>24.19</td>
<td>where</td>
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<td>25.26</td>
<td>whatsoever</td>
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<td>27.1</td>
<td>and that the</td>
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<td>28.2</td>
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<td>28.15</td>
<td>sought out his</td>
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<td>29.29</td>
<td>perceptible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.28</td>
<td>whether, and when, to</td>
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<tr>
<td>34.32</td>
<td>the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37.18</td>
<td>it but as</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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---|---

---|---

right
were
whatever
and the
glorified
sought his
perceptbile
whether, and when, to
the
it as
The Christmas Banquet

New York 1846
Part II
(copyright 3)

Democratic Review
(January, 1844)
AP2.U56 v.14

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

probably
forever
them
faithlessness
founder unbend
lore
banqueting-hall
banqueters
re-organizing
had
smothered
haunter
wo
no more attempt
mysteries
it
circumstance
lessons
travels
causes
Puritan
enjoy
joys
~.
Drowne's Wooden Image

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 2)

Godey's Ladies' Magazine
(July, 1844)
AP2.G58 v.28-29

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,
AUTHOR OF "TWICE TOLD
TALES," ETC.

59.15 the fellow
59.19 do
59.20 Carrara
61.9 favorite
61.10 colors
61.28 image
62.6 moment
62.7 Town Dock
62.10 day-time
62.21 act
62.29 encrusted
63.8 image
66.13 the
66.19 faith.
66.23 muttered
66.25 them!
66.30 secrecy
67.22 perplexing
67.23 and other
68.1 rumor
68.2 ardor
68.14 now astounded
68.31 transfixed
68.31 in
72.15 of friend
72.16 streets
72.26 but, quenched

the very fellow
would
Carrera
favourite
colours
workmanship
morning
Tower Dock
fact
inclouded
images
a
~?
murmured
~.
secrecy
perplexed
and all other
rumour
ardour
now to be astonished
transformed
with
of his friend
Streets
~, being quenched
years'
or a throne
sad
had
jewell
owners
claim
moss-rosses
a few
yodth
form|
Roger Malvin's Burial

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<td>unfortunate</td>
<td>unfortunate</td>
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<tr>
<td>90.18</td>
<td>recognized</td>
<td>recognised</td>
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<td>91.16</td>
<td>countenance</td>
<td>countenance</td>
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<td>91.31</td>
<td>in his</td>
<td>to his</td>
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<td>92.2</td>
<td>fellow-traveller</td>
<td>fellow-traveller</td>
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<tr>
<td>93.15</td>
<td>faltering</td>
<td>faltering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94.4</td>
<td>eye!</td>
<td>-?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94.31</td>
<td>recover of my</td>
<td>recover my</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94.31</td>
<td>former</td>
<td>foremost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94.33</td>
<td>succor</td>
<td>succour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96.9</td>
<td>your friends</td>
<td>our friends</td>
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<tr>
<td>96.24</td>
<td>downward</td>
<td>downwards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>97.5</td>
<td>countenance</td>
<td>n°</td>
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<td>97.9</td>
<td>her to have</td>
<td>her have</td>
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<tr>
<td>98.27</td>
<td>conscience, something</td>
<td>~, or something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>99.2</td>
<td>shrink</td>
<td>shrank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>99.22</td>
<td>death, [?G]In</td>
<td>~. ~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100.6</td>
<td>recognize</td>
<td>recognise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103.4</td>
<td>beeame</td>
<td>became</td>
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<tr>
<td>104.17</td>
<td>affections</td>
<td>affection</td>
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<tr>
<td>106.15</td>
<td>backwards</td>
<td>backward</td>
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<tr>
<td>107.10</td>
<td>Massachusetts'</td>
<td>Massachusetts</td>
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<tr>
<td>107.31</td>
<td>dies</td>
<td>die</td>
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<tr>
<td>107.31</td>
<td>lies</td>
<td>lie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109.15</td>
<td>symbol</td>
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<tr>
<td>110.2</td>
<td>shadows</td>
<td>shades</td>
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<tr>
<td>110.6</td>
<td>felt</td>
<td>it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112.22</td>
<td>bow</td>
<td>bough</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 3)

The Token 1832
(uncatalogued)
Pi's Correspondence

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 5)

Democratic Review
(April, 1845)
AP2.U56 v.13

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

February 25, 1845

February 29, 1845

for

competitors

his own imaginative

severest

has

spark

while

reverent

his star

even by reminiscences of all

was

your

voices

~

~!

Are

114.3 February 25, 1845
114.20 from
115.3 compotators
116.18 his imaginative
116.28 sincerest
117.30 had
119.9 spirit
119.16 when
119.18 reverend
122.8 the|star
122.10 even by all
124.28 are
126.2 our
129.27 voice
130.31 oh!
131.20 bye! are
Earth's Holocaust

New York 1846  
Part II  
(copy 4)  

133.1 in the time  
133.12 or moral  
133.19 foot-travellers  
134.32 instruments  
135.3 these  
135.8 and the same  
135.11 towards  
135.11 grey-haired  
135.12 a star  
135.31 here there  
136.32 time  
137.11 afterwards  
138.1 upwards  
139.2 for ever  
139.23 Everything  
139.27 staunch  
140.3 ribbons  
140.16 homoeopathy  
141.3 human  
141.18 millenium  
142.11 all to-gether  
143.12 civilisation  
143.12 Philanthropy  
143.19 travelled  
145.6 travelling  
146.15 pamphlets!  
146.23 indeed?  
146.24 Trade  
147.13 parti-colored

Graham's Magazine  
(May, 1844)  
AP2.G74 v.24-25  

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

in time  
of moral  
--travelers  
instrument  
the  
and same  
toward  
gray--  
some stars  
here|here  
times  
afterward  
upward  
forever  
Every thing  
stanch  
ribbon  
homaeopathy  
human  
millennium  
altogether  
civilization  
Philanthropy  
traveled  
traveling  
~,  
~!  
trade  
party--
147.19 marvellous    marvelous
148.8 could        would
148.14 anything    any thing
149.14 woe          wo
150.32 mountain fire mountain of fire
151.2 the great     this great
151.7 Piety received Piety had received
151.13 embellishments embellishment
151.21 worshippers   worshiper
152.12 cushion      cushions
152.13 utterance    utterances
152.24 lamentations lamentation
153.29 would        will
154.22 all; yes--    ----;
154.23 cinder?
-1
Passages from a Relinquished Work

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.2 (copy 1) 

"At Home"

192.22 and wise
193.22 anywhere
193.22 New England
194.3 Fourth

and a wise
any where
---
fourth

"A Flight in the Fog"

196.19 clouds; but
196.29 dry goods store
197.1 tobacco|manufactury
197.3 meeting house
197.6 Religion

~; But
dry-good store
---
---
religion

"A Fellow-Traveler"

201.28 nowhere
202.10 travelling
203.28 amusement. So
204.1 amuck
204.17 Capitol

no where
traveling
~; so
a muck
capitol

"The Village Theatre"

205.16 fellow-traveller
205.19 provinces
205.28 meeting house
205.29 Attraction!
206.7 Catastrophe,
206.21 divine
208.4 clarinet
208.8 undreamed
208.12 heard. Each
208.20 as Mr. Higginbotham's

--traveler
Provinces
---
~!!
~!
Divine
clarionet
undreamt
~; each
as

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.
A young . . . native village.[450.31-458-26—
See "Mr. Higginbotham's
Catastrophe" in the Twice-
Told Tales.] [mechanical
break] This

there presented, and

buffoonery

cue

eying
Sketches from Memory

By a Pedestrian.

No. 1.

We are so fortunate as to have in our possession the portfolio of a friend, who traveled on foot in search of the picturesque over New-England and New-York. It contains many loose scraps and random sketches, which appear to have been thrown off at different intervals, as the scenes once observed were recalled to the mind of the writer by recent events or associations. He kept no journal nor set down any notes during his tour; but his recollection seems to have been faithful, and his powers of description as fresh and effective as if they had been tasked on the very spot which he describes. Some of his quiet delineations deserve rather to be called pictures than sketches, so lively are the colors shed over them. The first which we select, is a reminiscence of a day and night spent among the White Mountains, and will revive agreeable thoughts in the minds of those tourists who have but just returned from a visit to their sublime scenery.

---

1.211, 12 slides Slides
213.15 alpine Alpine
213.28 heaven: he Heaven; ~

"Our Evening Party Among the Mountains"

214.24 the corner a corner
215.11 travellers travelers
215.17 squire 'Squire
216.26 Quakers quakers
216.31 travelling traveling
216.31 River river
217.6 Snow snow
217.21 New England ~~~
218.22 in thrall enthrallled
The Canal-Boat

We present to our readers a few more of the loose sketches from our friend's portfolio, which, we think, will, more clearly than those of the last month, shew the truth of our remark, that, like the careless drawings of a master-hand, they shadow forth a power and beauty, that might be visibly embodied into life-like forms on the canvass. 'The Afternoon Scene' and 'The Night Scene' will, we trust, suggest subjects to our landscape painters. The former, which has the mellow richness of a Claude, might be exquisitely done by Doughty; and young Brown, whose promise is as great as the hopes of his friends, could employ his glowing pencil upon no subject better adapted to call forth all his genius, than the latter.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Occurrence</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>226.21</td>
<td>everybody</td>
<td></td>
<td>everybody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>227.15</td>
<td>dropped</td>
<td></td>
<td>dropt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229.3</td>
<td>nature</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229.9</td>
<td>decay</td>
<td></td>
<td>Decay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229.17</td>
<td>cap</td>
<td></td>
<td>hat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230.19</td>
<td>them</td>
<td></td>
<td>~</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230.22</td>
<td>left. And</td>
<td></td>
<td>~; and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230.25</td>
<td>jack-o'-the-lantern</td>
<td></td>
<td>Jack-o'-the-lantern</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Old Apple-Dealer

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 2)

Sargent's New Monthly
Magazine (January, 1843)
AP2.S22 v.1

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,
AUTHOR OF TWICE-TOLD TALES.

THE OLD APPLE DEALER

156.19 grey
158.28 anything
159.1 shily
159.22 or stick
159.23 to price
160.33 nor has
161.3 Author
162.5 serve as
162.29 farewell, old friend

gray
any thing
shyly
or a stick
to the price
nor as
author
serve him as
~, friend
The Artist of the Beautiful

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 2)

Democratic Review
(June, 1844)
AP2.U56 v.14

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

165.27 seen
169.4 known by
171.23 scarcely
172.24 ever
173.13 paddles
173.32 one
175.4 progress
176.5 spiritualization
176.23 not!
178.27 etherealised
179.9 had
181.18 fairy
183.2 reinspired
183.6 imagination
184.3 canvas
184.8 as a proof
185.19 and looking
186.32 overreached
187.7 Alive? | certainly!
188.32 secret
188.33 secret
189.26 a
191.12 as if
191.34 reality

seen
known by
carcely
never
pulleys
ones
process
spiritualisation
~?
etherealized
has
fancy
reinspired
imagination
canvass
as proof
and was looking
overarched
-? Certainly!
sweet
sweet
the
as of
Reality
A Virtuoso's Collection

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 2)

Boston Miscellany
(May, 1842)
AP2.B742 v.1-2

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

194.13 his its
195.10 walls wall
195.11 a stag the stag
196.2 continued continued

196.8-11 last. This other raven, last."[q]My
hardly less curious, is
that in which the soul of
King George the First
revisited his lady love,
the Duchess of Kendall."
[q]My

196.19 grey gray

198.29-31 hair, and the bowl hair. Here
which a sculptor modelled
from the curve of her
perfect breast. Here

199.20 of the cf the
199.20 Campeodor Campeador
199.33 apartment department
201.25 Van Corlear van Corlear
201.28 Papirius Papyrius

203.6-8 Elizabeth. And here was Elizabeth.[q]The
the blood-encrusted pen
of steel with which Faust
signed away his salvation.
[q]The

204.3-5 laugh, and an assurance laugh. He
that the salamander was
the very same which Benve­
nuto Cellini had seen in
his father's household fire.
He

206.4-7 autograph. Alexander's autograph.[q]Opening
copy of the Iliad was
also there, enclosed in
the jewelled casket of
Darius, still fragrant
of the perfumes which the
Persian kept in it.[9]
Opening

207.13 an a
208.7 undescribed undiscribed
209.11 Schlemihl's Schlemil's
MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE:

VARIANTS BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS
### The Old Manse

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>New York 1846</th>
<th>Boston 1854</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Part I</td>
<td>PS1863.A1.1854 v.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(copy 2)</td>
<td>(copy 1)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 1.3 grey               | gray                 |
| 2.13 Paradise          | paradise             |
| 3.5 offered            | afforded             |
| 3.6 "Nature;"          | Nature;              |
| 3.8 and the Paphian    | and Paphian          |
| 3.11 puritan           | Puritan              |
| 3.18 eves              | eaves                |
| 4.5 bank; he           | ~. He                |
| 5.11 beau-|tified | beautiful            |
| 5.27 Heaven            | heaven                |
| 6.9 fragment           | fragments             |
| 6.25 An                | A                    |
| 7.3 Revolution         | revolution            |
| 8.27 dropt             | dropped               |
| 9.1 papoose            | pappoose              |
| 9.4 potatoe-fields      | potato fields         |
| 9.7 a thousand         | a thousand            |
| 9.8 Mansel--we         | ~! We                 |
| 9.23 burthen           | burden                |
| 10.10 time's           | Time's                |
| 10.32 closer           | closest               |
| 10.33 apophthegm       | apothegm              |
| 11.16 a-day            | ~.~                   |
| 11.25 any              | airy                  |
| 12.7 art               | Art                   |
| 12.15 Beautiful        | beautiful             |
| 13.5 nature            | Nature                |
| 13.14 time             | Time                  |
| 13.15 rain-drops. The  | raindrops; the        |
| 13.24 penetrate. But   | ~; but                |
Revolution
14.18 chamber
shriveled
canvas
bible
toward
to
14.3 papistry
Body of Divinity
writers'
Mussulman; he
Open Sesame
lonely
had
disembodied
oriental
pendant
did. Nor
where
nature
comes!--earlier
breath. Did
Mother
heaven
breath!--yes
breath!--when
this.
Eternity
Paradise
old Manse
company. But
rest. Rest
magic spirit
is--Sleep!
27.11 Thinker
27.17 clue
27.18 Grey-headed
28.5 universe, But
29.15 being, hasten
30.12 unpurchaseable
30.18 Custom-House edges--all
31.2 never, when

thinker
clue
Gray--
~; | but
~?
hastened
unpurchaseable
custom house
~
~, even when
The Birth-Mark

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 4)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.154 v.1
(copy 1)

32.9 nature

32.19 nature

32.25 an

33.11 husband. "But ~; "but

33.12 yours!

33.32 pigmy

34.9 Bloody Hand bloody hand

34.24 heart. But ~; but

34.30 Crimson Hand crimson hand

35.16 Hand hand

35.20 Crimson Hand crimson hand

35.21 bas-relief bass relief

35.27 Hand hand

36.1 say—"A ~. "~

36.10 birth-mark. But --|~; but

36.26 deformity. Or ~; or

36.29 Hand hand

36.32 Aylmer—"I ~. "~

37.4 burdens burden

37.5 Hand hand

37.6 science! ~.

37.7 wonders! ~.

37.11 wife! ~.

37.12 rapturously. "Doubt ~, "doubt

37.21 smiling,—"And ~. "~

37.33 nature Nature

38.11 Man man

39.8 encrusted incrusted

39.12 pastille pastil

39.32 empurpled impurpled
remember!

Georgiana, "I

but, he added, a

it...

Elixir Vitae

nature

fear; "it

it!

love!

husband, "I

lives. But

Hand

Elixir of Life

Elixir of Immortality

dearest!

no!

nature ... nature

come!

dearest!

gaiety

Aminadab! Carefully

machine! Carefully

clay!

Aminadab--"look

master,

woman,

wife! You

husband!

run; and ... shrink,

ruined!

danger!

it!

it!
wrapt
perfect!
Hand
Heaven,
slightest
frenzy. "You
Spirit
Earth
Heaven
Hand
richest! Happiest!
Most
tenderness. "You
loftily!--you
nobly!
Alas,
Hand
Fatality of Earth
Time
Eternity
Future

rapt
~.
hand
~!
lighest
~ "you
spirit
earth
heaven
hand
~ , happiest, most
~ , "you
~;|~
~
~!
hand
fatality of earth
time
eternity
future
A Select Party

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 2)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.1
(copy 1)

52.25 fanatically
53.6 substantial!—this
53.7 fact!
54.10 condescension; he
54.31 Inhabitant!
55.4 earth-encrusted
55.25 the
55.27 an
57.30 Man of Fancy
58.14 masquers
58.16 attributes. And
58.27 changed! I
58.32 me!
59.2 too!
59.4 had come
59.11 hopes. Here
59.24 face!
60.22 time
60.24 quarries.
61.9 one, "there
61.9 Genius
61.11 another. we
61.15 Dwight,|Freneau
61.23 grey
61.26 John
61.27 endorser
62.4 everybody
62.6 come!
62.20 secrasy
62.30 incumbrances
posterity

be!

marble. For

Cantos

Epic

gaiety

Phoenix

Paradise

stockings,

Will-o' the Wisps
Young Goodman Brown

New York 1846
Part I (copy 2)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.1 (copy 1)

69.8 pr'ythee
69.12 year!
69.16 married!
70.5 no, no!
70.5 't would
70.7 Heaven
70.15 overheard
70.30 awhile
71.27 far, too
71.30 martyrs. | And
72.1 interrupting
72.5 Salem. And
72.7 king Philip's
72.12 matters. Or
72.21 too--but
72.23 so!
72.29 lecture-day!
73.2 himself, "Well
73.2 prithee
73.17 night-fall!
74.25 catechism!
75.9 Heaven! Is
76.12 Sir
76.16 powwows
76.24 nor
76.28 overburthened
76.29 Heaven
76.31 Heaven
77.7 town's-people
77.17 obtain. And

prithee
~.
~?
~|~;
'twould
heaven
overhead
a while
~!
Too
~, and
interpreting
~; and
King Philip's
~; or
---|But
~?
~|~.
~.
nv
nightfall,
~,
heaven: is
sir
powwows
or
overburdened
heaven
heaven
townspeople
~; and
devil!

powwow

himself!
a flame

pendant

company!

reverend

organ. And

apparition

she!

race!

assembly!

widow's

father's

ones!--

this!

utmost!--

Lo!

undeceived!--|Evil

Welcome!

Shape of Evil

husband. "Look

Heaven

Wicked One

catechising

skipt

will. But

bible

grey
We do not remember to have seen any translated specimens of the productions of M. de l'Aubepine—a fact the less to be wondered at, as his very name is unknown to many of his countrymen as well as to the student of foreign literature. As a writer, he seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the Transcendentalists (who, under one name or another, have their share in all the current literature of the world) and the great body of pen-and-ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy, and unsubstantial in his modes of development to suit the taste of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience, except here and there an individual or possibly an isolated clique. His writings, to do them justice, are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality; they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions. His fictions are sometimes historical, sometimes of the present day, and sometimes, so far as can be discovered, have little or no reference either to time or space. In any case, he generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners,—the faintest possible counterfeit of real life,—and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject. Occasionally a breath of Nature, a raindrop of pathos and tenderness, or a gleam of humor will find its way into the midst of his fantastic imagery, and make us feel as if, after all,
we were yet within the limits of our native earth. We will only add to this very cursory notice that M. de l'Aubépine's productions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the proper point of view, may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise, they can hardly fail to look excessively like nonsense.

Our author is voluminous; he continues to write and publish with as much praiseworthy and indefatigable prolixity as if his efforts were crowned with the brilliant success that so justly attends those of Eugene Sue. His first appearance was by a collection of stories in a long series of volumes entitled Contes deux fois racontées. The titles of some of his more recent works (we quote from memory) are as follows: Le Voyage Céleste à Chemin de Fer, 3 tom., 1838. Le nouveau Père Adam et la nouvelle Mère Eve, 2 tom., 1839. Roderic; ou le Serpent à l'estomac, 2 tom., 1840. Le Culte du Feu, a folio volume of ponderous research into the religion and ritual of the old Persian Ghebers, published in 1841. La Soirée du Chateau en Espagne, 1 tom. 8vo., 1842; and L'Artiste du Beau; ou le Papillon Mécanique, 5 tom. 4to., 1843. Our somewhat wearisome perusal of this startling catalogue of volumes has left behind it a certain personal affection and sympathy, though by no means admiration, for M. de l'Aubépine; and we would fain do the little in our power towards introducing him favorably to the American public. The ensuing tale is a translation of his Beatrice; ou la Belle Empoisonneuse, recently published in La Revue Anti-Aristocratique. This journal, edited by the Comte de Bearhaven, has for some years past led the defence of liberal principles and popular rights with a faithfulness and ability worthy of all praise.
signor!—unless
doctor
embodied
im-bodied

grey
gray

the
this

world?—and
~? And

malice. But
~; but

father!
~.

delectable—"Are
~. ~

garden!
~?

perfume
perfumed

life!
~.

everything
every thing

nature
Nature

fancy. But
~; but

University
university

jovial; he
~. |He

Rappaccini. But
~; but

Italy. But
~; but

Professor
professor

with
withal

Signor | Doctor
signor doctor

cure. | But
~; but

Lacryma
lach-|ryma

in
was

air!
~.

anything
anything

being?—beautiful
~? Beautiful

her?—or
~, ~

nor
or

Doctor
Dr.

feet!—its
~; |~

shivered!
~;

dead!—
~~~
Guasconti!

should Giovanni have

Giovanni!—stay

What;

father,

human interest, in

nature

nature's

Signor Professor

Patience,

Beatrice? what

centuries—"Listen,

garden!

instant|he

foreshadow. And

heart!

oriental

daughter. But

than|under

Signor!

essence. But

the heart

believe!

itself. But

thee!

Signora

hand. But

transmuted

Giovanni

his

come

wrapt

reverie

stranger. But

poison!—her

ought Giovanni to have

Stay

~!

~?

~, ~ ~

Nature

Nature's

signor professor

~!

~, ---

~, "~

~, ?

~; and

~.

~; but

the depths of the heart

~.

~; but

~.

signora

~; but

transmitted

he

Giovanni's

comes

wrapped

revery

~; |but

~~~~
108.19 death! ~.
108.23 By the bye ~ ~ by
109.3 Aye Ay
109.10 breath. But ~; but
109.10 wo woe
109.22 deference. But ~; but
109.30 daughter. Yes; ~; yes,
109.31 beautiful! ~.
110.2 Beatrice! ~.
110.6 science. For--let ~; for, ~
110.11 still! ~.
110.13 dream!" ~;".
110.14 dream! ~.
110.16 friend! ~.
110.27 phial vial
110.30 yet! ~.
110.31 stairs. "But ~;|"but
110.32 man!--a ~~~
110.32 indeed! ~;
111.2 profession! ~.
111.5 character. Yet, ~; yet-
111.28 nature nv
111.31 flowers. But ~;|but
112.14 grasp! ~.
112.14 himself! ~.
112.27 re-crossing recrossing
112.32 artizan artisan
113.4 Accursed! Accursed ~! accursed
113.8 garden:-- ~.
113.10 thou! ~?
113.16 glance. But, ~; but-
114.4 shrub! ~?
114.8 nature Nature
114.25 Oh! ~,
Virgin pity
Thou! Dost
pestilence.
"Why
thou!
Behold! This
science?
heart. For
father!—
me!—tread
me!—kill
I!
it!

borders--she
Paradise
well!
Behold! There
hand
children. But
lives!
shuddered very nervously
world!
now!

enemy? Misery
breath? Misery
not; I
death. And
Rappaccini! And
Mrs. Bullfrog

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 5)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.1
(copy 1)

119.17 reconciling
119.22 dry-goods
120.13 Paradise
120.17 State
121.3 Paradise
121.4 kiss!--The
121.23 fidgetty
122.33 calves-foot
123.9 sharp
123.11 burial!
123.14 an't
123.31 broken!
124.23 gorgon
124.24 place!
125.24 heart! I
126.7 Heaven
126.20 dreamt
126.30 slily
127.5 Bullfrog!
127.7 heart!

recognizing
paradise
state
paradise
~.
~.
calf's-foot
sharply
~.
ain't
~.
Gorgon
~.
~!\[g]\~
heaven
dreamed
slyly
~.
~.
Fire-Worship

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 4)

128.4 grey
128.12 ice-encrusted
128.18 Heaven
129.1 breakfast!
129.25 smoothe
129.26 instrument. He
129.27 rail-car. And
129.31 cage!
129.32 was,
130.2 Nature!
130.15 sleet;
130.15 storm!
131.18 Revolution
132.12 hands.
133.3 Puss
133.14 for ever! Why
134.8 burthened
134.11 aerial
135.2 Curfew
135.15 em.-bers
135.16 hearts. But
136.8 Altar
136.9 Hearth
136.9 sentence! For
136.14 Hearth
136.15 embodied

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.1
(copy 1)

gray
--incrusted
heaven
~.
smooth
~; he
~~~; and
~.
~!
~!
~!
revolution
~!
puss
forever, why
burdened
aerial
curfew
embers
~; but
altar
hearth
~; for
hearth
imbodied
Buds and Bird-Voices

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<td>nor</td>
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<td>happy; nothing,</td>
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<td>only</td>
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<td>in!</td>
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<td>energies!</td>
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<td>sabbath-stillness</td>
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<td>Sabbath stillness</td>
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<td>further</td>
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<td>Robin Red-breast</td>
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<td>reality!</td>
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<td>Autumn . . . Winter</td>
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<td>Spring</td>
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<td>Movement!</td>
<td>146.28</td>
<td>movement.</td>
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Monsieur du Miroir

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 5)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.1
(copy 1)

147.9 M. du Miroir
147.17 investigation. And
148.1 anything
149.16 least
150.16 theatre
152.2 Lado
152.18 conjuror
152.19 conjurors
152.28 hand. And,
153.7 amazement.
153.16 jailor
155.10 Heaven
155.13 for ever
155.14 Nothingness
156.21 no! This .
157.1 nipt
157.15 burthened
157.17 nature
157.23 argument. For
158.3 illusive
158.9 Northern Lights

Monsieur du Miroir

~; and
any thing
last
Theatre
Ladurlad
conjurer
conjurers
~; and.
~!
jailer
heaven
forever
nothingness
~; this
nipped
burdened
Nature
~; for
delusive
northern lights
The Hall of Fantasy

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 4)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.1
(copy 1)

159.3 Exchange
159.8 Tales
160.11 Exchange
160.13 Actual
160.18 moon. | And
162.21 tetchy
164.4 these!
164.10 further
164.17 physics. For
165.7 Patent Office
165.32 burthen
166.24 Democrat
166.30 oneself
167.14 embodied
167.14 potatoe
167.30 for ever
167.33 influences. |
168.10 reverie
169.3 burnt
169.18 Earth
169.25 Heaven
170.15 Infinite Wisdom
170.16 Earth
170.18 Mother's
170.20 Earth
170.28 grey
170.30 earth
171.5 Paradise
171.7 soil!
171.16 disembodied
171.16 Time
time
171.17 World
world
171.21 Mother Earth
mother earth
The Celestial Railroad

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 5)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1,1854 v.1
(copy 1)

173.2 city
173.7 to make
173.10 Station-house
173.14 city
174.8 probably!--and
174.11 Slough
174.26 Wicket-Gate
175.7 City
175.14 burthen
175.31 burthens
175.14 burthen
176.5 Wicket-Gate
176.9 Directors
176.11 Prince's
176.12 Station
176.20 Directors
177.1 conductor
177.11 creature?--if
177.18 conductor
177.20 anything
178.4 woeful
178.8 envelope
180.4 Death
180.7 other. But
180.26 for ever
180.26 Valley; a
181.9 Valley
181.14 Bunyan--truthful
181.21 Directors
182.24 night!
182.31 you!
Valley valley
strewn strown
in into
fat fatten
anybody any body
townspeople town's people
Stumble-at-Truth ----truth
Fair fair
anything any thing
Conscience conscience
Highness highness
Fair! Yea; ~.
Blessed City blessed city
Foot-it-to-Heaven ------heaven
Fair
me; amid ~. Amid
fair Fair
death nv
and now keeps and|keeps
Hell hell
Station House station house
conscience nv
on! ~,
farewell! ~.
Good bye Good by
breast! ~.
shore.|But ~; but
heaven nv
The Procession of Life

New York 1846
Part I
(copy 4)

Boston 1854
PS1863.Al.1854 v.1
(copy 1)

193.16 monied moneyed
194.17 ranks! ~.
194.32 islands Islands
196.10 station! ~.
196.18 brotherhood! ~.
196.19 Aye Ay
196.22 Abbey abbey
197.16 leave brethren leave these brethren
197.26 common-place ~.
199.4 anything any thing
199.19 now! ~.
199.19 alarm alarum
200.3 tell!— ---
200.17 opportunity! ~.
201.33 burthen burden
202.30 potatoe potato
203.18 worthless; his ~. His
204.12 re-arrange rearrange
204.30 assign them assign to them
205.24 revolution Revolution
206.30 phrase praise
207.3 awhile a while
207.9 Revelations Revelation
207.20 grandsire Grandisire
207.29 pass echoes
New York 1846
Part II
(cop y 3)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v. 2
(copy 1)

1.5 Nature
1.20 everything
3.5 everywhere
3.8 breath;—"Methinks
3.16 here!
4.12 Eve!
4.18 no! Something
4.22 sky!
5.2 dry-good
5.5 stand-still
5.21 strange!
5.23 maze!
5.24 Pooh
5.26 stay! How
6.4 Heaven
6.10 deep and reverberating
6.28 Adam."But
7.2 somewhere!
7.4 to
7.18 wrong!
7.31 grey
8.1 Prison
8.31 Heaven
9.13 sky!—no
10.4 humanity?
10.4 so!
10.29 side!
10.30 two!
12.20 came
13.15 Paradise

nature
every thing
every where
— "Methinks
—
—
—
—
—
—
dry goods
—
—
—
Poh
—; how
heaven
deep reverberating
—; "but
some where.
towards
—
gray
prison
nv
—
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come
paradise
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| 13.25 | own! " | ~
| 14.5 | | if |
| 14.9 | | ~? to |
| 14.9 | another! | ~ |
| 14.18 | street | Street |
| 15.3 | Heaven | heaven |
| 15.6 | police! | ~ |
| 15.23 | strewn | strown |
| 16.1 | anywhere | any where |
| 16.8 | boquet | bouquet |
| 16.15 | investigators | investigators |
| 17.19 | unconjectural | unconjectured |
| 17.20 | strewn | nv |
| 18.7 | as it | as if it |
| 18.8 | burthen | burden |
| 18.22 | dismal! | ~ |
| 20.12 | wherewith kind Nature | wherewith Nature |
| 20.24 | Butterfly | butterfly |
| 20.24 | Angel | angel |
| 20.25 | Child | child |
| 20.27 | Child | nv |
| 21.1 | for ever | forever |
Egotism;* or, the Bosom Serpent

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 4)

Boston 1854
PS1863 .A1 .1854 v .2
(copy 1)

contents
EGOTISM; OR THE Bosom FRIEND

22.12 bosom-friend!

23.10 stopt

23.15 of discussion

23.19 him. But

24.13 Listen!--let

24.13 private--I

24.18 it intertwined

24.30 grey

25.30 beneficence

26.14 anything

27.1 leapt

27.15 whether sin

29.2 everything

30.9 deprecated

31.9 breast!

31.9 Hark!

32.24 incompatible; each

33.2 starvation. But

34.28 arm, "you

35.3 fountain, born

35.20 bosom-friend. But

35.33 Oh!

36.2 townspeople

36.14 imaginary!

37.2 long."Forgive

37.14 yes!

37.18 Eternity!
The Christmas Banquet

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<td>burthen</td>
<td>for ever</td>
<td>strewn</td>
<td>wofullest</td>
<td>and, meeting</td>
<td>grey</td>
<td>guarantee</td>
<td>us!</td>
<td>banquetting-hall</td>
<td>banqueters</td>
<td>too!</td>
<td>everywhere</td>
<td>ledger</td>
<td>Everything</td>
<td>munificent</td>
<td>sought domestic happiness</td>
<td>millenium</td>
<td>crumbs</td>
<td>wrapt</td>
<td>chilliness</td>
<td>rest!</td>
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<td></td>
<td>burden</td>
<td>forever</td>
<td>strown</td>
<td>wofulest</td>
<td>and, in meeting</td>
<td>gray</td>
<td>guaranty</td>
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<td>banqueting hall</td>
<td>banqueters</td>
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<td>every where</td>
<td>leger</td>
<td>Every thing</td>
<td>magnificent</td>
<td>sought happiness</td>
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<td>59.11 rattan</td>
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<td>62.4 visage.</td>
<td>&quot;Depend</td>
<td>~; &quot;depend</td>
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<td>63.15 here,</td>
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<td>64.8 deficiency, so rare</td>
<td>deficiency which Drowne had just expressed, and which is so rare</td>
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<td>64.10 had been</td>
<td>had</td>
<td>herefore been</td>
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<td>64.17 touch!</td>
<td>~.</td>
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<td>66.2 statue, yet</td>
<td>statue, and yet</td>
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<td>66.6 her?</td>
<td>~!</td>
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The Intelligence Office

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 5)

Boston 1854
PS1863.Al.1854 v.2
(copy 1)

74.17 ledger-like
77.10 feared!
77.12 return!
79.30 moss-rosses
80.9 while
80.12 anything
83.9 and for their
83.18 Man
83.19 Buonaparte
83.24 everybody
83.28 climate; he
85.17 embodying
85.18 everything
85.25 yodth
87.28 beneath; though
88.22 mankind?
88.30 Spirit!
89.4 talkers. And
89.5 Moon
Roger Malvin's Burial

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 4)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.2
(copy 1)

90.5 judiciously judicially
91.16 countenance countenance
91.17 grey gray
92.6 anything any thing
92.16 burthen burden
94.4 daughter! How ~,--how
94.4 eye! ~?
94.17 drop. And ~; and
94.23 happiness. But ~; but
94.31 former foremost
95.7 moment. But ~; but
95.27 perish. And ~; and
96.11 me. And ~; and
96.17 prepared for prepared himself for
97.14 days! ~,
98.16 eyes. But, ~; but.
101.7 farther further
101.7 that time the time
101.16 two a few
101.30 man. But ~; but
102.4 mind; it ~. It
103.4 became became
104.25 everything every thing
104.29 Oh! O,
105.1 snow-topt --topped
105.12 centuries! ~.
105.15 Land of Fantasie land of fantasy
105.20 larger latter
106.11 counsel. But. ~; but,
106.26 of three of these three
Massachusetts' Massachusetts
Almanac almanac
Oh! O,

thick-strewn ~

felt|it felt that it

that the

report|of the gun had report had

butt but

Oh! O,

bow bough
P.'s Correspondence

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 3)

114.29 memory
115.30 lordship had apologized
116.14 methodism
116.21 synonym
117.1 Lyrist
117.27 burnt
118.22 encased
119.15 of!
119.17 man!
119.19 burthen
119.24 cricketty
120.7 Ah!
120.11 I did suspect
121.1 amanuensis. To
121.19 anything
121.23-5 past? Bulwer nauseates past? I
me; he is the very pimple
of the age's humbug. There
is no hope of the public, so
long as he retains an admirer,
a reader, or a publisher. I

122.1 Bonaparte!--or
122.5 ex-Emperor
122.26 Great Captain
123.7 uprose
123.9 iron-grated--where
123.15 yet! Fie, fie!
123.17 that
123.26 Church
123.31 Lord Chancellor
124.1 Christianity
124.2 mode

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.2
(copy 1)

Memory
lordship apologized
Methodism
synonyme
lyrist
burned
incased
~?
~?
burden
crickety
~,~
I suspect
---to
any thing
past? I
me; he is the very pimple
of the age's humbug. There
is no hope of the public, so
long as he retains an admirer,
a reader, or a publisher. I
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<td>The Excursion</td>
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<td>the Excursion</td>
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<td>Lower House</td>
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Earth's Holocaust

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 3)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.2
(copy 1)

133.3 overburthened
133.7 West
133.12 or moral
133.23 burnt
134.2 looker-on; | he
134.15 Herald's
134.18 bauble
134.25 ribands
134.30 Revolution
135.3 these
135.6 clapt
135.11 grey-haired
135.20 done!
135.25 life!
136.1 half-burnt
136.7 fellows!
136.10 may. But
136.12 ancestors!
136.16 place. But
136.22 baubles
136.27 tinsel
136.26 done!
137.27 liquor!
137.30 might. For
138.8 pampered!
138.28 perplexity?—how
138.29 earth?—and
139.2 for ever
139.3 bystanders. But
139.23 Everything

overburdened
west
of moral
burned
—~. He
herald's
bawble
ribbons
revolution
the
clapped
grayhaired
~?
~.
--burned
~.
~; | but
~.
~; but
bawbles
tinselled
~.
~.
~; for
~.
~? How
~? And
forever
~; but
Everything
139.27 staunch
140.20 slyly
141.9 day. But
142.7 toward
142.10 Revolution
142.26 Aye, aye
143.7 individuals, tried!
143.20 earth
143.20 guest
144.13 death. But
144.14 that class
144.16 philanthropy!—you
144.19 instrument!
144.22 Onward,
144.23 policy.
144.27 error!
144.29 burden
145.6 circle. But
145.31 ledgers
146.18 thing,
146.23 indeed?
146.24 Trade
147.32 I. "But
147.33 afterward
148.1 heaven
148.18 anything
148.23 pastille
149.16 longer!
149.26 book?—is
149.27 philosophy?—is
149.29 cheer!
149.31 Truth
150.9 generation!
Well!— and further
Act of Faith embellishments
ceiling!
companion. "But
Book lamentations
Earth
Heaven's observer. "But
pile. "Possibly cinder?
itsel! man's
Evil Principle accord. But
Intellect
brain!
The Old Apple-Dealer

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 4)

Boston 1854
PS1863.A1.1854 v.2
(copy 1)

156.18 memory
156.19 grey
157.32 quietude. | But
158.28 anything
159.1 shily
159.5 of selling
162.19 grisly

~.
gray
~; but
any|thing
shyly
to sell
grizzly
The Artist of the Beautiful

New York 1846
Part II
(copy 4)

Perpetual Motion. And perpetual motion; and
Pooh
any thing any thing
you, ~!
seen soon
Hovenden; I ~. ~
gridiron! ~.
artizans artisans
nature Nature
Beautiful beautiful
Iron Laborer iron laborer
Idea idea
quick. But ~; but
bounds. But ~; but
Past past
entrusted intrusted
known by known it by
Annie--dearest ~! ~
Annie--|thou ~! ~
Beauty beauty
Perpetual Motion perpetual motion
Perpetual Motion perpetual motion
never can can never
discovered! ...
wornt won't
man! ~.
Beautiful
me. But ~; but
him! ~.
done! ~?
171.5 vapor! -- the
171.6 force! -- it
171.8 first!
171.9 life!
171.15 Practical
172.10 everything
172.23 Beautiful
173.12 here!
173.12 Owen, Owen
173.13 paddles!
173.19 for ever
173.23 course. But
173.25 Evil Spirit
173.27 clogs. Else,
174.20 hours. But
174.21 Beautiful Idea
174.30 Beautiful
174.32 grasp!
175.5 Idea
175.30 But, come!
175.33 anything
176.5 matter!
176.8 beside
176.23 not!
176.26 Sec;
177.5 me. But
177.30 gaily
178.12 nor
178.14 Spring
178.17 Ah!
178.19 nap!
178.27 etherealised
179.6 dullness
179.22 embodied

~. ~
~, ---
~.
~.
practical
every thing
beautiful
~?
~! ~
~.
forever
~; but
evil spirit
~, ~
~; but
beautiful idea
beautiful
~.
idea
~--; anything
any thing
~.
besides
~!
~; but
gaily
or
spring
~, 
~?
etherealized
dulness
imbodied
180.1 boy, 
180.3 event." 
180.16 Beautiful 
180.21 it. But 
180.31 creation 
181.7 for. But 
182.29 cognizance. But 
182.30 past 
183.6 imagination 
183.28 develop 
184.5 Heaven 
184.9 Heaven 
184.20 Man of Iron 
184.25 Strength and Beauty 
184.32 last! 
184.32 Perpetual Motion 
185.1 You! 
185.5 Beautiful 
185.22 Beautiful . . . . 
185.23 Beautiful 
185.27 succeeded! 
186.3 Mystery of Beauty! 
186.6 Beauty 
186.7 late! 
186.24 Paradise 
187.26 it? 
188.8 Annie! 
188.13 experiment. Then, 
188.21 confess! 
188.23 butterfly! 
188.29 Beautiful 
188.29 Practical 
189.9 Beautiful 
189.20 all! 
190.1 ~!
butterfly! as if so, thee! finger. But Child of Strength screamed!
Mystery of Beauty yet was Beautiful
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sibyl

devil

--incrusted

Guy Fawkes

heaven

~.

~!

Great Carbuncle

pointed out to

philosopher's stone

elixir vitae

heaven

burdened

partisans

~. It

caldron

roc's

a

humble bee

~; but

cluster of grapes

old woman

horse

Venus asleep

uncriticized

the frigate Constitution

Rabelais'

nv

~.

Heaven's

missing man

~.
THE SNOW-IMAGE, AND OTHER TWICE-TOLD TALES:
VARIANTS BETWEEN THE FIRST COLLECTED APPEARANCE
AND THE FIRST APPEARANCE IN PRINT
The Snow-Image: A Childish Miracle

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
The Great Stone Face

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852
(cross 2)

The National Era
(January 24, 1850)
(Xerox)

FOR THE NATIONAL ERA.
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Oh
~!

O
~!

mother!

may,

recognized

suited

thither

prophecy

arrival.

which he made

Scattercropper.

general

friend of peace

general's

man of peace

an habitual

inscrutable wisdom

him.

man of prophecy

presidency

president

state

man of prophecy

O

Face.

Phiz.

three

image.

Ernest. He

~!

~!

Three

~!

~!

~; he
volume;—
poet.
seeker
good
true
shouldst
divine
them.

Seeker
Good
True
should'st
Divine

~.
Main-Street

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852 (copy 2)

contents
N. HAWTHORNE, ESQ.

Aesthetic Papers 1849
AP2.A25

64.11 track
65.28 forever
66.15 whirlwind?
66.20 criticize
66.21 catch-penny!
70.14 governor
72.6 sir, you
72.29 everything
74.8 Liberty.
77.10 Council-chamber
77.22 Further
77.32 unmistakably
79.4 impudence?
79.15 canvas
80.27 visiter's
81.12 alchemist
81.21 gray
82.8 passed
82.32 Prison-lane
84.21 anything
85.5 heaven's
86.13 come.
86.18 hat.
88.9 cleanse
88.12 torment.
88.21 neighbors
90.9 Philip's
91.32 Captain
92.1 sheriff

tract
for|ever
~!
criticise
~--,
Governor
~, "~
every thing
~!
Council Chamber
Farther
unmistakeably
~!
canvass
visitor's
alchymist
grey
past
Prison Lane
any thing
Heaven's
~!
~!
~!
neighbours
Phillip's
Capt.
Sheriff
Jacobs' Jacob's
County county
Chief-justice Chief Justice
Court and jury Court and Jury
Afflicted ones Afflicted Ones
Death Death
~1~ ones
coeval man coeval Man
leave leave
THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[102].20 man, I do believe; there man. I do believe there
[102].22 leaf startle you
103.16 that the blocks
104.14-15 save the very few that save those necessary to
were requisite to
104.19 furnace were
105.29 Drunk!—or
106.19 I am myself
108.13 the one only
109.3 fiend
109.5 man
109.9 abide the abide in the
110.14 a pride
112.24 had many more
112.26 we introduced
114.17 of her
114.28 was
117.17 the
118.27 homewards
119.22 at
119.23 an
120.8 woe
120.8 had first begun
120.22 star-lit
122.9 forever.
122.32 upwards
123.32 spoiled
A Bell's Biography

Boston 1852  
PS1872.S6.1852  
(copy 2)  

Knickerbocker Magazine  
(March, 1837)  
AP2.K69 v.9

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWICE-TOLD TALES, THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, ETC.

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<td>boughs?</td>
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<td>133.21</td>
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<td>143.13</td>
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<tr>
<td>144.6</td>
<td>heaven</td>
<td>Heaven</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
The Canterbury Pilgrims

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852
(copy 2)

The Token 1833
AY11.T047133 3

146.28 further
148.11 a while
149.24 ethereal
149.26 forever
150.5 putrefy
150.9 fathers
151.22 valleys
152.31 harbor
153.23 sect
154.3 any-thing
155.3 he
157.12 passed
157.15 pilgrims
157.17 hungry!
157.20 other's
157.21 threshold
157.25 woeful
158.3 pilgrims
158.9 mortal

further
awhile
etherial
for ever
putrify
father's
vallies
harbour
set
any thing
He
past
Pilgrims
-
others'
threshold
woeful
Pilgrims
moral
Old News

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852
(copy 2)

New-England Magazine
(February, March, May, 1835) AP2.N48 v.8

"I."

160,6 a member of the council a councillor
160.24 quaffed to the lees consumed
160.25 ledger leger
161.5 New England ~
161.28 county
162.13 bring brings
162.23 liquor. Some ~: some
163.8 travellers travelers
163.10 further farther
163.15 wretches. In wretches.* In
*It might well have been
the case, as there were
no lightning-rods.

163.22 land. | Besides land.* | Besides
*The printer intimates a doubt, whether any
sound auguries could be drawn from these
unaccountable noises. We have no patience
with such a would-be sadducee, who, so long
as general opinion countenances the belief,
could struggle to be a sceptic, in regard to
this most thrilling and sublime superstition.

163.28-29 seems, though so fami-
liar a scourge, to have been regarded with as
much affright as
163.30 Wall-street Wall Street
163.30 legislature
164.12 Puritanism puritanism
165.4 counsellor councillor
165.11 death Death
165.25 movement. This
*There was a dancing-
school in Boston, for a
short period, so long ago,
we think, as in 1685.
governor Governor
Metonomy Common Metonomy common
Chelsea Beach Chelsea beach
holiday-season holiday-season
calendar; for the calendar. The -
king's King's
castle William
George the Second George the second
birth-day birth-day.*

"In some old pamphlet, we recollect a proposal to erect an equestrian statue of the 'glorious King William,' in front of the town-house, looking down King-street. It would have been pleasant to have had an historic monument, of any kind, in that street of historic recollections. Even the whig monarch, however, would hardly have kept his saddle through the Revolution, though himself a revolutionary king.

was is
human black and woolly
tailor tailor
were are
bidder. Slave [86.35-40]
bidder. Setting fine sentiment aside, slavery, as it existed in New-England, was precisely the state most favorable to the humble enjoyments of an alien race, generally incapable of self-direction, and whose claims to kindness will never be acknowledged by the whites, while they are asserted on the ground of equality. Slave

times.

*Nevertheless, some time after this period, there is an advertisement of a run-away slave from Connecticut, who carried with him an iron collar riveted round his neck, with a chain attached. This must have been rather galling. Undoubtedly, there had been a previous attempt at escape.

Creek-lane
French cap French quilted cap
Jenkins' Jenkins's
"II. The Old French War"

There was a great competition among these artists. Two or three were French; of the Englishmen, one professed to have worked in the best shops about London, and another had studied the science in the chief cities of Europe. The price of white wigs and grizzels, made of picked human hair, was £20, old tenor; of light grizzels, £15; and of dark grizzels, £12 10s. These prices are not so formidable as they appear—money, in old tenor, being worth only about a fourth of its original value.
In this volume of newspapers, though we cannot now lay our finger upon the passage, we recollect a report, that General Wolfe was slain, not by the enemy, but by a shot from his own soldiers. 

*This passage duplicates the magazine footnote.*

At one time, there was an impress for this ship, sanctioned by the provincial authorities. Throughout the war, the British frigates seized upon the crews of all vessels, without ceremony, to the great detriment of trade. But, some years before, a British admiral threw Boston into a memorable ferment, by recruiting, in the same arbitrary manner, from the wharves.

Many winter of 1759, it was computed that about a thousand sled-loads of country produce were daily brought into Boston market. It was a symptom of an irregular and unquiet course of affairs, that innumerable lotteries were projected, ostensibly for the purpose of public improvements, such as roads and bridges.

*This passage duplicates the magazine footnote.*
180.20-21 music. There had already been an attempt at theatrical exhibitions. *[This sentence duplicates the magazine footnote.]*

180.28 mansion. | Wine mansion; more so, indeed, than the slighter elegancies of our own days. Wine

181.5 Quaker-like quaker-like

182.1 Full-bottom Full-Bottom

182.3 bedizened be-dizzened

182.15 sound round

182.19-20 bonfires, built on scaffolds, raised several stories above the ground, that bonfires, that scaffolds, raised several stories above the ground, that

182.21 Beacon-hill. Beacon-hill.*

182.22 tramping trampling

182.23 King's Chapel king's chapel

183.2 dignity disparity

"III. The Old Tory"

184.29 Doctor Caner Mather Byles

185.2 Plains plains

185.6 gentlemen gentleman

185.14 secrecy secrecy

185.19 king's King's

185.32 arm's arms'

187.9 king's King's

187.10 New York ---

187.15 king King

187.19 French,--French ~, ~

188.4 king's King's

188.12 almanac Almanac

188.16 heavenly Heavenly
now! ~?
King
annointed
King's
King
Horse-theives
Horse thieves
false as
false to
Holy Red-Cross
Holy Red-|cross
King
those
King

191.22-23 routine; and an irregular routine. One
lar course of public affairs
demoralizes them. One
The Man of Adamant.; An Apologue

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE GENTLE BOY.

THE MAN OF ADAMANT:
AN APOLOGUE

[193].14 intrusted
195.26 heaven
196.16 fleshy
196.29 anywhere
197.19 woman
197.32 thorns?
198.21 prayer-time.
198.24 anything
198.31 heaven
199.5 vehemence,—"I
199.5 heaven
199.10 mayst
200.1 heaven
200.11 dark-imagined
200.26 heaven
200.31 heaven
201.5 neighboring
202.32 heaven
202.33 sepulchre!
The Devil in Manuscript

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852
(copy 2)

New-England Magazine
(November, 1835)
AP2.N48 v.9

BY ASHLEY A. ROYCE.

[203].6 instructor
204.11 could
207.10 tumblerful
207.17 heaven
209.24 insure
210.4 these
211.14 embers!
211.17 me!

instructor
would
tumbler-full
Heaven
ensure
those
~.
~.
John Inglefield's Thanksgiving

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852
(copy 2)

Democratic Review
(March, 1840)
AP2.U56 v.7

BY REV. A. A. ROYCE.

215.4 stepped
215.32 Providence
220.4 heaven
In returning once to New England, from a visit to Niagara, I found myself, one summer's day, before noon, at Orwell, about forty miles from the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, which has here the aspect of a river or a creek. We were on the Vermont shore, with a ferry, of less than a mile wide, between us and the town of Ti, in New-York.

On the bank of the lake, within ten yards of the water, stood a pretty white tavern, with a piazza along its front. A wharf and one or two stores were close at hand, and appeared to have a good run of trade, foreign as well as domestic; the latter with Vermont farmers, the former with vessels plying between Whitehall and the British dominions. Altogether, this was a pleasant and lively spot. I delighted in it, among other reasons, on account of the continual succession of travellers, who spent an idle quarter of an hour waiting for the ferry-boat; affording me just time enough to make their acquaintance, penetrate their mysteries, and be rid of them without the risk of tediousness on either part.

1186
The Wives of the Dead

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852
(copy 2)

The Token 1832
AYl1.T64.1832

[Signed at end of tale]
BY F-------

to|day
~,
~,
~.

229.16 to-day
229.16 said.
229.24 it!
229.25 morel
230.20 immovably
232.3 Goodman
232.12 Goodman
232.22 stepped
234.22 recognized
234.31 clapped

immovable
goodman
goodman
stept
recognised
clapt
Little Daffydowndilly

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852
(copy 2)
My Kinsman, Major Molineux

Boston 1852
The Token 1832
PS1872.S6.1852
AY11.T64.1832
(copv 2)

BY THE AUTHOR OF
SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

[247].8 their the
[247].19 House of Representatives house of representatives
248.16 gray grey
248.18 fitted sat
248.20 work handiwork
249.20 major Major
249.29 above about
250.5 sir Sir
250.7 you tell you to tell
250.8 Molineux. ~?
250.13 mean time meantime
250.19 you, I ~.
250.22 show for your show your
251.29 table! ~,
251.30 major Major
252.2 and the fumes and fumes
252.12 the West the great West
252.14 appearance aspect
252.19 as Fast-day as the Fast-day
252.24 caravansary Caravansary
253.2 on in
253.13 Protestant protestant
253.14 circumstances circumstance
253.17 sir Sir
253.18 Beg leave to Beg to
253.20 sir Sir
253.24 major Major
254.1 confidence consequence
major's relative. "My patronize
voice—"when I my way
"'Left whomsoever jail of province.'|Better trudgel
those from the numerous them|Robin recognize
major's major's recognizing now was
Gospel major major
to-night liquor--|But leather--|But
and the major's major's
that which
Molineux!
pass!
stepped
his|face
blazed an
parti-colored

Major's
~. [?]"- patronise
---"I the way
"Left whoever jail in
~." ' ~
~.
these from numerous
~., ~ recognise
Major's Major's recognising was now
gospel Major Major
~.--
leather small-|clothes. But
and though the Major's Major's
which
~?
~,
stept
his own face
blazed of an
party-colored
kinsman
of man who
for his amusement
street. It
moon, creating
objects, gave
snow-white
the walls
a while
Gothic
around
Bible
nature
dimly passing
Scriptures
fell
absent one
the
into
Gothic
Hallo
sir
sir
major
he seemed
sir
drawing
himself up to
major
sir
dark
sir
sir
major
kinsman's appearance
of the genus homo, who
for amusement
~; it
~, '~
~, ' ~
milk-white
the plastered walls
awhile
gothic
round
bible
Nature
passing dimly
scriptures
shone
Absent One
his
in
nv
Halloo
Sir
Sir
Major
he had seemed
Sir
raising
himself to
Major
Sir?
dusk
Sir
Sir
Major
mean time
Ay
sir
went up to make that a man
Heaven
major's
sir
we step
onwards
kinsman, if
sir
kept
that
side-walk
but an uncomfortable
and then held
a universal
hum, allied
sat
found means
his eyebrows
one grizzled
head grown
two sepulchral
thus, "Haw
hanging about
earth
frolicksome
sign, the
around
as
as lively
ferry
273.7 sir Sir
273.10 sir Sir
273.11 ferry Ferry
273.14 you | wish you continue to wish
THE SNOW-IMAGE, AND OTHER TWICE-TOLD TALES:
VARIANTS BETWEEN THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION
AND THE FIRST ENGLISH EDITION
Preface

Boston 1852
PS1872.S6.1852
(copy 2)

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6.1851
(copy 1)

8.25 gray
grey

9.22 favor
favour

10.7 may be not
may not be

10.24 Lenox, November 1st, 1851
[Lacks date]
The Snow-Image: A Childish Miracle

Boston 1852
(copy 3)

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6.1851
(copy 1)

[13].18 people's
14.8 gray
14.15 parlor
16.4 material
16.7 colored
18.27 paradise
19.1 laborer
19.27 had sunken.
19.27 world
21.5 drink!
21.9 joyfully,
21.11 rose-colored
21.12 color
21.17 certainly,"
22.18 are!
22.21 are!
22.23 life!
23.13 neighbors
23.28 neighborhood
25.4 making!
25.6 face. "This
25.10 Peony. But
27.6 labor
29.8 backward
29.25 the
30.6 in.
30.25 death?
32.14 the cold
32.29 way
34.1 be.
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<td>absolute</td>
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The Great Stone Face

Boston 1852
(copy 3)

36.25 neighbors
37.21 vapor
38.30 ardor
39.11 boy. So
39.14 him. It
39.21 labor
39.27 recognized
40.5 rumor
41.12 rumored
43.1 approaching swiftly
44.17 neighbourly
45.12 honor
45.31 clangor
46.8 aide-de-camp
47.7 word
47.10 particularly
47.21 one man
48.28 it!
49.10 enrobing
49.27 labored
49.28-29 thought and felt
50.7 reach
51.7 like the thunder
51.23 favorable
52.2 statesman
52.17 neighborhood
54.4 departed. And
54.16 Face!
54.28 Lo,
55.3 man. But

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6.1851
(copy 1)

neighbours
vapour
ardour
~; so
~; it
labour
nv
rumour
rumoured
swiftly approaching
neighbourly
honor
clangour
aide-de-camp
words
particular
one old man
~. | clothing
laboured
felt and thought
reach
teach
like thunder
favourable
statesmen
neighbourhood
~; and
~, ~!
~; but
55.20 visitors
56.15 forever
60.14 divine!
60.22 gray

visitors
for ever
~?
grey
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<td>candor</td>
<td>candour</td>
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<td>it!</td>
<td>~.</td>
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<td>odour</td>
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<td>ardor</td>
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<td>labors</td>
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<td>77.10</td>
<td>Council-chamber</td>
<td>council-chamber</td>
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<td>77.11</td>
<td>spectral</td>
<td>spectra</td>
</tr>
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<td>77.30</td>
<td>humor</td>
<td>humour</td>
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<td>78.8</td>
<td>Cavalier</td>
<td>cavalier</td>
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<tr>
<td>78.22</td>
<td>Vane.--</td>
<td>~~~</td>
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<tr>
<td>79.16</td>
<td>paste-board</td>
<td>pastebord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80.15</td>
<td>beholder's</td>
<td>holders'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80.27</td>
<td>visitor's</td>
<td>visitor's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81.21</td>
<td>gray</td>
<td>grey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82.30</td>
<td>lifetime</td>
<td>lifetime: Dorothy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84.26</td>
<td>ardor</td>
<td>ardour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85.8</td>
<td>unfavorable</td>
<td>unfavourable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85.12</td>
<td>further</td>
<td>farther</td>
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harbour's
Bar.
head. His
favor
it be
in all the
County
Chief-justice
cackling
demeanor
spasms
carcasses
and the husband
rose-color
be ruler
said that your

harbour's
~ |
~; his
favour
it may be
in the
county
Chief|Justice
crackling
demeanour
spasm
carcases
and husband
rose-colour
be the ruler
said your
neighboring
head!
laboring
genius
humor
flavor
trousers
labor
to
Sin!
department
encore,
upon
by a
that
Idea
laborer
star-lit
forever
favor
mist
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<td>125.12 clamor</td>
<td>clamour</td>
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<td>baptised</td>
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<tr>
<td>128.20 Heaven</td>
<td>heaven</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129.7 Protestant</td>
<td>protestant</td>
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Sylph Etherege

Boston 1852
(copy 3)

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6.1851
(copy 1)

134.3 neighboring
136.19 favorite
137.13 recrossed
138.1 demeanor
138.10 presented
138.20 amid
138.22 care. It
138.30 Heaven
139.13 arbor
139.20 forever
139.20 drank at
140.18 endeavoring
141.9 visitor
141.13 lover, |—who
142.22 Etherege!
143.32 tones

neighbouring
favourite
crossed
demeanour
presented
and
~; it
heaven
arbours
for ever
drank of
endeavouring
visitor
---|---
~
tone
The Canterbury Pilgrims

Boston 1852 (copy 3)

London 1851 (Bohn) PS1872.S6.1851 (copy 1)

146.1 gray
grey

146.18 near the
near to the

148.11 a while
awhile

148.27 been the chief
been chief

149.26 forever
for ever

150.16 Nature
nature

152.7 pilgrims
Pilgrims

152.31 harbor
harbour

153.17 hills."Not
~.~

155.6 labored
laboured

155.12 left in me to
left to

155.29 man,
~.

156.22 troubles, he
troubles, yet he

158.8 cold and passionless
cold passionless
Old News

Boston 1852
(copy 3)

London 1851 (Bohn)
PSL872S6,1851
(copy 1)

"I."

161.12 endeavoring
161.22 humor
162.29 and rougher
162.32 endeavor
163.3 gray
163.23 rumors
165.5 honorable
166.14 Revolution
167.5 of "a negro"
167.8 taylor
167.22 staid
167.24 labors
167.28 closed
168.18 Election-day
168.27 house. He
169.3 honor
169.10 a while
169.11 &
169.15 George Whitefield
169.19 muscovado

"II. The Old French War"

170.11 discolored
171.1 gayety
171.3 coffee-house
171.15 gray
171.15 periwig
171.22 humor
172.14 trouble
 splendor
 splendour
 this a
 this is a
 endeavor
 endeavour
 general
 General
 selectmen
 select men
 valor
 valour
 hat and helmet
 Hat and Helmet
 vigor
 vigour
 courtesies
 curtsies
 salable
 saleable
 splendor
 splendour
 remembered
 remember
 gold!
 ~.
 roar!
 ~.
 joy. | You
 ~; you

 "III. The Old Tory"

 gray
 grey
 tremors
 tremours
 Doctor Caner
 Mather Byles
 gentlemen
 gentleman
 honor
 honour
 color
 colour
 gloves!
 ~.
 authorized
 authorised
 honored
 honoured
 their
 this
 now!
 ~?
 Continental
 continental
 horse-back.
 horseback. |
 favored
 favoured
 routine; and an irregu-

 One

 ular course of public

 affairs demoralizes them.
 One

 humor
 humour
The Man of Adamant: An Apologue

Boston 1852
(copy 3)

194.16 labored
194.31 onward
195.12 forever
197.19 recognized
198.8 sanctified
199.31 fervor
200.7 all be
200.23 woman,
201.5 neighboring
201.32 gray

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6.1851
(copy 1)

laboured
onwards
for ever
recognised
sanctioned
fervour
all will be
neighbouring
grey
The Devil in Manuscript

Boston 1852
(coppy 3)

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6.1851
(coppy 1)

203.21 lie lay
204.11 could would
204.14 endeavored endeavoured
204.31 seriously. "Then ~; "then
206.10 criticize criticise
207.2 noxious noxions
207.15 Pish! Pshaw pish! pshaw
208.5 gray grey
209.22 unhonored unhonoured
209.31 Fancy fancy
210.6 forever for ever
211.5 fire! ~?
212.5 neighboring neighbouring
John Inglefield's Thanksgiving

Boston 1852
(copy 3)

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6.1851
(copy 1)

219.1 Prudence, Prudence

219.23 neighboring

neighbouring
Old Ticonderoga: A Picture of the Past

Boston 1852
(copy 3)

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6.1851
(copy 1)

221.5 Mount Defiance
221.10 Mount Defiance
221.24 favored
223.3 gray
224.1 odo:
224.15 doorway.
225.9 copper-colored
225.14 dancers. The
226.4 of light love
226.7 Fontenoye
226.9 nose. And
226.20 conqueror

Mountain Defiance
nv
favoured
grey
odour
~,
copper-coloured
---the
of love
Fontenoy
~; and
conquerer
The Wives of the Dead

Boston 1852 (copy 3)

London 1851 (Bohn)
PS1872.S6,1851 (copy 1)

228.6 parlor
229.15 eaten not
231.2 yesterday!
231.19 me!
231.27 neighboring
232.8 haven't
232.9 Heaven's
232.12 town within this half-hour
234.30 husband. So
235.9 England. And
236.11 endeavored

parlour
not eaten
~, ~,
neighbouring
hav'nt
heaven's
town this last half-hour
~, so
~, and
endeavoured
### Little Daffydowndilly

**Boston 1852**  
(copy 3)

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~; he
~; he
~; then
nv
favourite
--favoured
meantime
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drily
and my
BIBLIOGRAPHY
## Bibliography

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