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THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE LA PLATA;

OR,

“THE MONOGAMIST.”

BY TIMOTHY FLINT.

CIRCUMSTANCES require concealment of actual and living names in the following narrative, and perhaps, the narrator being endowed with a brilliant imagination, and great volubility and copiousness of speech, there may be some touches of attempted embellishment. I shall have discharged my duty, as historian of the tale, when I have related the manner in which I became possessed of it.

During the inclement winter of 1831—2, I became so indisposed that my physician prescribed a southern climate. I took a steamboat on the Ohio for New-Orleans; and in six days from leaving the icy bound domain of winter in the early part of that bitter January, I was gliding by banks crowned with flowers, the thermometer at 68°, and the air as bland as May. From ill health a listener and spectator, I heard from the passengers many a thrilling story of love, lover's altercations, romantic marriages, duels, and desertions. In the midst of our tales, one of the crew accidentally plunged in the Mississippi. I heard the shrieks of the ladies on board; I witnessed his struggles, and saw him sink for the last time, notwithstanding all the efforts made to save him. I noted the tears and regrets of the passengers in half an hour subsiding into the same card-playing and reckless gaiety which this catastrophe had interrupted. Self complacency, I reflected, may here take medicine. We may each of us calculate on producing

a twenty minutes revulsion in the merriment of our deserted circle, and all will be as before.

From these stories so heard, I select the following, not because I thought it more interesting than some others that were related at the same time, but because I was more interested in the narrator. There was sympathy of spirit between us: like me, he was an invalid, and like me, never played cards, the eternal requiem of the ennui of a steamboat on the western waters. He could converse on other subjects than money speculations, the last new novel, or the acting on the boards of the western theatres. Though not beyond the middle age, and what ladies would call being a handsome man, sickness and sorrow had left their tracery on his brow, giving depth to his thoughts, and a rich tone to his voice, which buoyant and unsuffering gaiety can never possess. He had survived the tempests, and heard the thunder of the seas of each quarter of the globe. In particular he had traversed more summits, and contemplated more volcanic peaks of the Andes, than even Humboldt. He had resided in an official capacity some months, during the revolutionary storms of South America, in the sublime abodes of Quito and Antisana; as the reader knows, many thousand feet above the ordinary level of the clouds. The eloquence and freshness of his narrative may be lost in this transcript. I shall endeavor to copy his words, however, as nearly as I may. Whether the reader follow me or not, remains an experiment. But I know that the tale so intensely fixed my attention for a number of consecutive evenings, that I was always in my place, waiting for him to resume it, as we swept along the Mississippi wave. The official station which the narrator held, and the well known name of the family of the hero impose a delicacy as obvious as it is necessary, of substituting fictitious names. The narrator entitled his tale 'The Cure of Vanity' a patent medicine, which few would be disposed to swallow, and yet, if genuine, one of the most necessary called for in the healing art. The following is the story in question:

THE CURE OF VANITY.

In 1823 I sailed from Boston with the young gentleman who makes the principal figure in the following narrative. He had received what is called a liberal education, and his person, manners, and acquirements were alike splendid. He wanted the appetite for money, and the money getting faculty. Dreaming

awake, and subject to an absent meditateness, touched with sadness, he showed none of the common impulses of vanity, ambition, and the desire of distinction. His thoughts and his life were apparently an interior operation. No strong emotions, excited by external things, had stirred his heart; and no pursuit had gained any predilection in his thoughts. Though his progress at the university had been of more than ordinary promise, and the hopes of a distinguished but fallen family rested upon him, he could be persuaded to no profession or employment offering emolument to himself, and the chance of contributing a surplus to the family. His prime was wearing away in musing indolence. His parents might have adopted the language of remonstrance and censure, but for an uncomplaining gentleness, a blameless discharge of filial and domestic duties; and had they not remarked, beside, that a hectic glow had commenced planting funeral roses on his cheek, raising undefinable conviction, that his thoughtful inefficiency was based in the consciousness that earth and its pursuits were no heritage of his, and that he was destined to wither in his prime. Such apprehensions called forth a parental solicitude unalloyed by any mixture of calculation. I was a relative of the family, intimately acquainted with all its members, and personally attached to this son, whom, for the sake of distinction I shall call by the name Theodore L—. About to sail for South America, charged with an official mission of some importance, and having the honor of being consulted by the family, as one of its confidential advisers, I proposed this voyage to Theodore, as one, that might improve his health, arouse his energies, and offer a career. South American independence had just been achieved by San Martin, on the plains of Miapo. Bolivar thundered in those valleys as the Washington of the Andes. I had observed, that he spoke of these incidents with more than his usual interest; and I knew that he had a passionate admiration for the beautiful and sublime in natural scenery. Such a voyage promised to gratify it. To the surprise of his parents, he aroused at the proposal; his eyes glistened with unwonted brilliance, and the project took immediate possession of his thoughts. His parents joyfully consented to the plan; and reposing entire confidence in me, committed him to my charge, as a kind of guardian, or rather, I may say, as to an elder brother; for, however my present appearance may gainsay it, I was then of youthful aspect, and not without the reputation of holding a place in the thoughts of the young and the fair.

I omit all the circumstances of the parting of this young man from his family, the charges of their parental solicitude, and the incidents of the voyage. I ought to remark, however, that during the voyage, a more intimate acquaintance with my young charge matured my regard to friendship, and convinced me, beside, that he was any thing but the calm and rather inert character he had been hitherto estimated. I should add, that the air of the sea evidently improved his health, and that he read much in relation to South America, and became profoundly interested in the natural and civil history of the country for which we were bound. When we discussed, as we sometimes did, San Martin, Bolivar, Chimborazo, and the Indian Missions of Paraguay, as described by Chateaubriand, Humboldt, and Southey, his eye flashed, and he seemed changed to a new and more energetic nature. As he traced the courses of the mighty La Plata and Amazon on the map, and pointed to the heights of the Andes, over which we expected to pass, new thoughts and purposes seemed to be inspired in his

mind. I discovered that the fault of his character lay rather in the excess, than the deficiency of enthusiasm. 'Somewhere in these regions,' he would exclaim, 'I hope to become a man, and redeem myself in the thoughts of my family.'

We entered the mighty La Plata, unable to descry its green shores on either hand. A favorable breeze enabled us to stem the strong current, and bore us rapidly to the place of our debarkation, Buenos Ayres. As neither of us had any important business to detain us in the city, we made no longer stay than to survey it and the adjacent country. This survey was a source of unmixed pleasure to both. We found in the persons to whom we were addressed, agreeable acquaintances. The second day after our arrival, a party joined us, and we were scouring the *pampas* that open immediately beyond the gates of the city. A recent *pampero* had prostrated the decaying vegetation of these strange plains of romance, and a splendor of grass, weeds, and flowers had succeeded, which defied all power of painting or description. There was a softness, a balm in the gentle breeze, a solution, as it were, of the mingled aroma of the innumerable bright flowers in the atmosphere, which as we sped on our fleet horses over the plains, produced an exhilaration which mounted into the head, while it filled the imagination with images of joy.

Beautiful as are these *pampas* and striking as is the view of their uncouth centaurs, the *guachos*, dwelling in the verdant depths of pastures of five square leagues, and surrounded by their ten thousand cattle, the monotonous uniformity of this exuberant region soon tires. The industry of our people is wanting to plant, build, and embellish. Two day's exploration satisfied us, and we returned to the city, prepared to commence our journey to Lima. Happily for us, American enterprise had already waited there a steamboat, one of the most beautiful of that class of vessels. She was the first that had ever been seen on the La Plata. She was destined to ply between the city, and Ascension. The most magnificent river, the most striking scenery, the most elevated mountains, a country the most exuberant in fertility, gold, and gems lay before us. It was not a circumstance to diminish the interest of the first part of our journey, that we were to ascend the La Plata and Paraguay in a steamboat from the United States making her first trip up these mighty streams. It offered a route to our destination by no means devious; and taking into view the probability of the length, convenience, comfort, and cheapness of a passage, in comparison of the customary mode of travelling to Ascension, we could not hesitate a moment in enrolling our names among the passengers. But so much excitement had been raised in the generally incurious minds of the citizens, in the view of this new era and mode of travelling, so many more than the ordinary numbers of travellers to that place had wished to make this first trip, that we should, after all, have failed in obtaining berths, had not the captain been my countryman, and I personally known to him. My official station, too, had its influence, and we obtained an excellent state room. Our outfits, such as a few books and philosophical instruments, maps, articles of dress, and the customary equipments for travelling among the Andes, were soon prepared. Above all, having to traverse a vast extent of wilderness, the domain of guerillas, savages, wild beasts, and regions whose inhabitants were under all the excitement and distrust of revolution and guerilla warfare, we did not forget the most complete panoply of arms. I am far enough from thinking myself endowed with martial prowess,

but I had seen fighting, and the infliction of death. I could hardly restrain a smile as I saw my musing and poetic companion girt in armor. I should have confided as much in the utility of dirk and pistol in the hands of a timid girl on her first release from a boarding school. Events will show how little I understood him.

It may easily be imagined, what a spectacle of absorbing interest the departure of a steamboat, seen for the first time, on such a passage, would be to the citizens. I omit all the previous demonstrations with which the arrival of this boat had been met, and confine myself to the scene of its departure, in which I made a part. No event had ever created a greater sensation, from the founding of the city. The time was nine in the morning of a day of just such temperature, sunshine, and passing clouds, coursing along in the gauzy whiteness of spring, as we would have chosen. The bosom of the mighty stream was neither wavy, nor glassy quietness; but just rippling so as to impart the association of coolness. The plain, measureless to the eye, stretched out, till its waving grass, its numberless flowers melted into the horizon in the distance. The shore, balconies, roofs of the houses, the vessels, the deck of our boat, every point of eminence that could sustain a human being was crowded with ladies, citizens, guachos, and Indians. The roar of cannon, chiming of bells, and shouts of the spectators greeted the ear. The waving of handkerchiefs and the brilliance of bright eyes cheered the vision. The rush on shore of those who had obtained a place to witness the spectacle on board, or came to part from their friends who were bound on the voyage, the customary embraces, prayers, and tears at length ceased. The immense multitude stood, almost breathless and still on the shore, as the tinkle of the pilot's bell was heard, and the white foam began to fly from the revolving wheels. The large and splendid pageant majestically veered away from the wharf, and while she ploughed her bow deep in the stream, moved up the Plata like a thing of life, leaving her long dark columns of smoke behind her path.

My first mode of tasting the luxury of the voyage was to escape from the crowd, confusion, and heat of a moving mass of human beings, placed in a position so novel as hardly yet to be conscious where they were; and to ascend the upper deck, and there seat myself with my companion under the awning, inhaling the aromatic breeze, charged with the odors of the expanse of flowers along the shore, and quickened into coolness by the descending current and the ascending motion. My young friend was as well disposed as myself to luxuriate in this breeze, fanning our temples, and in the view of the numberless birds of the woods and waters startled from their course, which expressed their garrulous astonishment at the strange spectacle by uttering their peculiar cries, in seeing the verdant shores apparently moving as fast down the stream as we really ascended; in gazing on the near habitations, or more distant abodes of the guachos, great numbers of whom had crowded to the shore, and contemplating the spectacle of the ascending steamboat, appeared, in their astonishment, to behold with feelings intermediate between a prayer and a curse; and as they returned to their verdant solitudes, and their herds and flocks, crossing themselves, and uttering exclamations alternately to the devil and their guardian saints.

We were still straining our vision above, around, and on the line of verdure, which began to be dimly visible on the opposite shore, when the dinner bell reminded us, that other senses than those of the eye and ear, required gratification. What a task to arrange an orderly and good dinner for two hundred cabin passengers of so many nations, and languages, and conditions, and in a position so untried! To the development of order, in any head but that of a truly clever Yankee steamboat captain, it would have been confusion worse confounded. But our Captain had foreseen every thing, and arranged every thing, and every guest slid down to his plate as if this had been his hundredth trip. No noise, no murmuring, no confusion. A side table brought up the few who could not find seats at the long table. The dinner was ample and excellent, the wines and lemonade delicious; and however multifarious the guests, there was no difference in the good will and assiduity with which they applied themselves to the viands before them. When I had finished my own dinner, it was natural that I should traverse with my eye the double ranges of guests, that filled a table of more than a hundred feet in length, from one extremity to the other of the sumptuous cabin. Such a group could only have been imagined at the festival of laying the corner stone of the tower of Babel; Spanish, Creoles, Guachos, Indians, *Whitened* Mulattoes, Jews, French, English, Americans. It was such a collection as could only have been gathered in such a place, and on such an occasion. My pride of country was not a little gratified with the rapturous unanimity with which the whole table rose at the first toast to the health of the *Capitan Americano*, and success to the first trip of a steamboat on the *La Plata*. When the shouts had a little subsided, the female passengers rose to retire, as cigars were brought to the table. I had already noticed a gentleman, who sat next above me, and near the head of the table; (for as an *excellenza*, I too had been stationed near that point.) He was a man of countenance, port, and manner, that would instantly distinguish him, in any time or place, from the mass. There was a dignity in his air, a simple majesty in his countenance, that struck me at a glance. I now noticed a young lady, apparently his daughter, who rose with the rest, took the gentleman's arm, and, followed by two or three domestics, retired to the ladies' cabin. I was barely able, from my position, to catch a glimpse of her form and countenance; but it was a vision of loveliness, such as once seen is never forgotten. My young friend, I perceived, had been more fortunate in obtaining a more ample and longer survey of the beautiful stranger. This I inferred from his abstraction, the wrong answers he gave me, and the glistening of his eyes, intensely fixed upon her figure, as she moved away. By a common impulse, as we rose from table, we went to inspect the passage book, and ascertained that the gentleman in question was entered on the book by the name of Balthazar de Montanos, of Antisana, accompanied by his daughter Ines, and a number of servants, bound home from a voyage across the Atlantic. We found no difficulty in obtaining from our fellow passengers, to many of whom he was personally known, the additional information, that he sustained the noblest character; that it was, however, tinged with melancholy and eccentricity; that, aristocratic and distant as he was in manners, he affected republicanism, and to disregard and abandon his title of duke, to hold light the possession of an immense fortune, and to forget that he had sus-

tained a rank only second to royalty. His only and beautiful daughter seemed the single tie that bound him to the common sympathies of his kind, and impelled him to act in some degree like other men.

Among the distinguished passengers were a couple of Colonels wearing the Colombian uniform, and belonging to the service of Bolivar. They were accompanied by a number of soldiers belonging to their regiments. For the rest, in the cabin and under-cabin, where the inferior classes found their own food and lodging in their own way, every grade and condition of humanity had furnished a representative. The whole length from stern to bow, above and below, was covered with a group as motley and party-colored, as the voyage was novel and exciting. The predominant race was Indian, whose peculiar dress, tall and erect forms, slender and taper limbs, lank, straight, black hair, and thoughtful copper-colored visages announced their resemblance to the common model of the ancient possessors of our whole continent. Most of them were servants; and among them were sprinkled negroes and mestizos of every hue between the black, the copper color, and the white. These, too, with their wives and daughters, were sufficient samples of the guachos. An impress of wild and fierce independence marked the countenances of these Tartars of the South American pampas, and announced that they considered themselves nature's free commoners, and that in their range of measureless plains, and mounted on their fleet steeds, they heeded neither laws, lock, nor latch, nor face of animated clay, in whatever form. Their women possessed the full fascination of the Spanish eye; and the traits of their demi-savage countenances were not wanting in interest and fire.

Our boat continued to plough its foamy path through the Plata wave without accident, until night enveloped us; illumined, however, by a Moon so brilliant, that it was determined to hold our course. Supper came with as much order, and as excellent in kind, as our dinner had been. The only disappointment was that our noble Peruvian and his fair daughter, probably supping in private, did not appear. The countenance of my ward told how keenly he missed the contemplation of the beautiful daughter. I would be glad to convey some impressions of the scene which ensued after supper. Then broke forth, in every direction and in every form, the joyous nature of these races, whose vivacity and fire of blood had been kindled at the sun. Songs, dances, the guitar, love-making, and the effervescence of the same spirit that makes the Spring lambs bound on the hills, prevailed apparently unmingled with ill humor, or approach to altercation. Every thing uttered *qui vive*, and it was difficult not to catch the sympathy of pleasure. The social impulse soon began to operate upon the heterogeneous material, and select groups commenced forming under this principle of elective attraction.

The predominant language on board was Spanish, which both my companion and myself spoke, as well as French, with fluency. As I was indicated by my title *Excellenza Americano*, conveying an impression of rank, and as, I may add, our city dress and fresh countenances contrasted favorably with the party-colored and generally brown visages, and uncouth costume of most of the passengers, in making acquaintances we were visibly supposed to confer rather than receive distinction. Our difficulty, therefore, was to repress acquaintances courteously, rather than to form them. We were introduced to the officers,

Colonels Ramirez and Henriques, who were bound with their soldiers on our route to Lima. We found them in the issue amiable and useful acquaintances. But our Cicerone was a French merchant, M. de Guignes, also bound to Peru. He knew every body on board; masters and servants, Mestizos, Guachos, Colombians, and especially the ladies, furnished sketches for his pencil. With the characteristic courtesy and volubility of his nation, he was ready to give us portraits in number and detail, that, under any other circumstances, would have been fatiguing. Here, gliding up these green shores, under this voluptuous air and brilliant moon, where every thing respired love and joy, curiosity was naturally the dominant feeling. He seemed disposed, however, to stretch our patience to the utmost, in sketching every body but the noble Peruvian, the only person about whom we felt much interest. Theodore L., in a tone almost querulous, reminded him, that he had told us nothing about the most interesting parts of the whole. He paused a moment, took a pinch of snuff, and with a countenance a little marked with a disposition to be merry with the complainant, resumed. '*C'est vrai. Voila un sujet digne d'interet. Tenez, prenez garde! Procul a Jove, procul a pulmine.* Take care, my young friend. It is dangerous to come too near to her. The wounds she inflicts upon all beholders, none can retaliate in turn. She is alike beautiful, insensible, and unpitying. Again I say, take care. The Duke Balthazar de Montanos, noble as he is in blood and character, and princely in opulence, is difficult of access, eccentric, and inscrutable. Allied to the noblest families in France and Spain, he disclaims his title, and vainly attempts to enact the republican. Possessing immense estates in the old and new world, he travels with the least possible parade. Of unquestioned courage, he journeys in these countries of revolutions, savages, wild beasts, guerillas, and every danger, without arms, or means of defence. To outrage he opposes no resistance. He takes in unresisting submission whatever is dealt to him by royalist or republican, and yields himself alike to the rule of the different bloody brigands, who have successively gained an ephemeral sway. Stranger still, his estates in Spain and Peru have been alike spared ravage and confiscation, and have remained in his possession. He seems to wear a charmed life and fortunes. He lives in his strange mountain perch among the clouds, unmolested by the bloody revolutions that have desolated every thing about him. In the public acts of ravage and confiscation of the successive dominant factions, he is always excepted by name. He is now returning to his eyrie with this daughter from the tour of Europe. I say nothing of her person. You see for yourselves. She knows all languages and all literatures, sings and plays like an angel, and wears a heart withal of adamant and ice. Hundreds have clambered to her eagle's nest, to woo her; but all have come down in despair and rejection. Had I not believed that she was betrothed to some devil dweller of the mountains, I would have made love to her myself. But *diable n'emporte!* I have no taste to find a rival in a mountain goblin, or make love to woman of Alabaster, however beautiful the statue.'

When he had finished, we asked him if he had any objection to introduce us? He shrugged, adding, 'that is a matter of business, and without danger to me. For the rest, you are now warned, and must look out for yourselves.' The subject of his sketch was sitting at the bow of the boat, with his daughter leaning on his arm, and surrounded by her servants. Both seemed alike occupied in

silent contemplation. Our Cicerone led us forward, and presented us, not forgetting my title; and observing with characteristic diffuseness, that myself and friend spoke French like Parisians, and the Spanish of the Royal Academy; that we were profound *savans*, doctors in all arts. Knowing that his highness and daughter spoke court English, and were scholars like the Americans, he had supposed, that a mutual acquaintance would tend to beguile the ennui of the passage, and therefore, at our request, had had the honor to introduce us. The manner and superlatives of the Frenchman aroused the Spanish gentleman from his reverie, and he received us politely, expressing a wish that we might become more acquainted, repeating the remark of our Cicerone, that such acquaintances were peculiarly pleasant in the fatiguing monotony of long voyages. The servants placed seats for us near their master, and the Frenchman left us to join a dance, in which he was engaged. The moon in her brightness was above, the sparkling waters of the Plata below, and the boat was rushing through the foam, creating a night breeze so bland, that images like those of Cleopatra's water excursion, could hardly fail to recur even to minds of disciplined severity. The address and conversation of the father were easy, noble, and of a man perfectly versed in all the forms of society. The daughter, too, occasionally spoke at proper intervals. The very tones of her voice produced a thrill, and gave effect to such a vision of grace and beauty as I had not yet contemplated even in my imaginings. You must know, at the time, I was a widower, devoted to the memory of the best of wives, enjoying no moderate harvest of fame among the ladies of my own country, as a monogamist on principle, and a nightly and Platonic visitant of the sepulchre of my deceased wife. No female friend dared hint, that I could love again, and I respected myself for my supposed constancy. Alas! for fragile resolves, not sustained by heaven. A single glance of the fair Peruvian's eye flitted away my Platonism to the moon that rolled above. I am not going to give you her features in detail, as if I were lecturing upon her beautiful anatomy. But the picture is so indelibly engraven here, (he laid his hand upon his breast,) that I can easily present you an outline. Hers was the true Spanish eye, gleaming witty, tropical fires, and the eagle strength and brightness acquired by dwelling in her romantic home. Anacreon would have accepted the roses and lilies of her face as the compound he desired for painting his image of beauty, had not an almost imperceptible touch of the olive been spread upon the ground of the alabaster. Her figure might have seemed too like a Minerva, but for a languor which softened her traits to a delicacy that inspired a peculiar interest. But her expression, and the tones of her voice! They were the heritage only of Ines, and could only have been fostered at Antisana, where, enveloped in mountains, she looked down upon the clouds and the sublunary world. You think me extravagant. Ah! you have not seen her.

But to come down from my heights of romance; in the course of our conversation, which imperceptibly continued until after ten, we learned that Montanos, so he chose to be called, loved chess, and could play the game as well as myself; that his daughter understood music, painting, and natural history, matters in which Theodore was more than moderately versed; that she was sufficiently conversant in the literature of modern Europe, to be fearful of putting forth all her powers, lest she should pass herself for a *bas bleu*. Here again Theodore

was her equal. Excellent congruities these, on which to build an intimacy. However the stern and musing father felt in view of these discoveries, I was sure I could perceive, even by moonlight, that his fair daughter was neither ice nor alabaster, in the prospect of making acquaintances so little to have been expected in such a place. We flattered ourselves that we had left sufficiently agreeable impressions for her to carry to her pillow. I could not doubt how her image would impress such a susceptible and poetic mind as Theodore's, when all Platonic and Monogamist as I was, I turned in my narrow berth a hundred times for shame, to find the memory of my dear departed wife giving place to the recent vision of the fair Peruvian.

Your looks remind me, that you fear I am imperceptibly drawing into the garrulous details of a romance. Be it so. I will endeavor to compress my narrative; for I cannot expect that you will enter into all the stored remembrances of delight with which I recall that pleasantest voyage of my life. Before we left the Plata, and entered the more beautiful Paraguay, we four, the Spaniard and his daughter, my friend and myself, had established a delightful and confiding intimacy, the modes and times of which were mutually recognised and understood as accurately as if they had been settled by treaty. Montanos was still more keen than myself for our stated games of chess, in which I allowed him to beat me just often enough to keep up the eagerness of the interest. I considered myself so much more used to society than Theodore, so much readier in saying those things which travel on a turnpike to a lady's heart, so much more considered as an *excellenza*, than my timid, almost awkward ward, that I never once dreamed of his taking the first place in the thoughts of Ines. Yet I might have apprehended some danger; for he had penned a sonnet to the fair Peruvian's eyes, which she had somehow obtained, and read; and in conversing with her he sometimes kindled into an eloquence, which extorted a smile that I had never obtained, and which instantly imparted a radiance to his eyes not inferior to her own. They both painted, and drew flowers with truth and elegance, and compared their paintings; and when they botanized together, he being far most of an adept in that science, there was a docile and pleased look of pupil toward teacher, that once or twice passed vague suspicions through my mind, which were, however, as soon extinguished in my own easy self love.

But had I been even disposed to be jealous, in this new and as yet unacknowledged flame, the difference of her deportment to him and to me would have banished every doubt. It was for me only to ask, and she sung and played her best, and with a perseverance which sometimes almost wearied me. For him, she seemed reluctant to do either. Her manner in his presence was silent, cold, embarrassed, and she visibly avoided being alone with him. When in common courtesy he offered his hand, she apparently shrunk from his touch; and he, bashful, diffident, and not looking beyond the surface of her deportment, not only soon desponded of obtaining any favorable place in her thoughts, but believed that he was positively disagreeable to her, a presentiment much calculated to produce its own verification. All this he confessed to me with a grief and dejection, which I attempted to remove by an unsparing ridicule, rendered none the less poignant by our mutual persuasion that her partiality to me was as visible as her repulsiveness to him. How could I deem otherwise? To me

she adopted the frank and confiding manner of a sister to a brother. When she would retreat in confusion from his offered hand, putting her arm within mine she often invited me to promenade the deck with her, pouring out the fulness of her enjoyment amidst the charming scenes of this passage in all the romantic phrases of female eloquence. So frank and palpable was her preference for my society, and so often and incautiously expressed in presence even of her father, that I was not only set down by Theodore, but by all the observant passengers, as her accepted admirer. M. de Guignes congratulated me on being the favored mortal who had broken the enchantment, and softened her icy heart. I could not doubt, that her father had observed, and by making no effort to impede our growing intimacy, approved it.

I began to be sensible that I too loved, and that I had forfeited all claims to being canonized as a monogamist, at least in my heart. But beside my reputation of this sort, my position, my habits, prevented the indulgence of a passion which would look to consummation in immediate marriage. The very term, so foreign to my late thoughts, brought a revulsion. But why must we marry, because we loved? Why not foster this lambent flame to a cheering rather than a scorching warmth, which might illumine our present intercourse, and be innocently extinguished when absence no longer furnished fuel? Seeing no reason to distrust an easy conquest whenever I should be decided to attempt it, and as happy as I could be in my present relations with her, I felt no haste to take irremediable measures. I have only to regret, that in this sanguine self-complacency, I often treated the poetic effusions of the love and despair of Theodore with an irony which must have been so corrosive to a spirit like his, and so situated, that I admire most of all his noble forbearance, which was not worn out with a deportment so unfeeling. He possessed personal attractions and acquirements with which I was not vain enough to institute a comparison. Sometimes the real fervor of his passion impelled him, maugre all her coldness, through a compliment so ingenious, happy, and well turned, that I felt charmed and almost piqued that my own invention should not have first suggested the same thing. He painted, he sung, and when he failed not in courage, looked, and talked divinely. How happened this coldness and blindness to the handsome Damon who made verses to charm, and this frank and delightful partiality to me who, other considerations apart, was fifteen years his senior? But I had always believed the female heart inscrutable, or that, if there was any key to unlock the secret chamber, it was that easy assurance, which my enemy, perhaps, would phrase impudence, which I had learned in perfection by intercourse with the ladies of every climate, and which I possessed to an imperturbable and pre-eminent degree. My ward was bashful to awkwardness. This was my solution of the mystery to which I have alluded above.

As our boat bounded fortunately up the beautiful Paraguay, through the very plains of romance, where the Jesuits gathered their hundred thousand convert Indian families into an isolated Christian kingdom in the depths of the flowering desert, as we talked of this wonderful achievement, and imagined the scenes described by Southey—as Ines sung, and conversed, and looked the eloquent enthusiasm inspired by these scenes—I was more than once tempted to transcend the prudent moderation which I had prescribed to my passion. Happily the

indolence inspired by a different train of thought and other habits restrained me within my proposed limits. Another change in our position, presenting a new train of thoughts and actions, came in aid of my prudence. We were drawing to the close of our steamboat trip. The sublime snow clad peaks of the Andes began to be discernible in the distance, as their indistinct white outline rested upon the blue of the horizon. Next day, the twenty-fifth of our passage, we arrived, without material accident during the whole voyage, at Ascension, many of the party, and Ines among the rest, wishing it might have lasted a year. The parting between us and numbers of our passengers for whom we had contracted a sort of attachment, and whom we could scarcely expect again to meet on the earth, had a touch of real and affecting sadness. M. de Guignes had done us good service in various ways, and we regretted that we were to leave him at Ascension; but he promised, with the sanguine gayety of a true French heart, that when I should be fairly domesticated with my beautiful Peruvian bird on the perch of Antisana, he would be sure to visit us and do justice to our wine and good cheer.

Our curiosity was soon sated with the view of Ascension and its environs. But our arrangements for the long and dangerous journey across the Andes to Lima, were not so speedily or easily made. But the delay gave time for the collection of a respectable cavalcade, a circumstance, considering what was before us, much to be desired. It consisted of the two Colombian Colonels with twenty soldiers, twelve Peruvian citizens, my friend Theodore and myself, all armed to the teeth, and well mounted; and Montanos and daughter with a number of servants, male and female, who, for some inexplicable cause, as we had been previously led to expect by De Guignes, were entirely unarmed. When the Colombian officers, while we were counselling together, touching the dangers and the requisite preparations to meet them on our way, delicately adverted to the necessity of each one being fully armed, Montanos calmly mentioned that his people bore no arms, that he did not himself, and that if that were any impediment to his being received as a companion of our journey, he was perfectly willing to make it alone. We saw in his countenance the struggle of a noble and a fearless nature with some conscientious scruple, and unanimously requested him to accompany us; and he, to the evident delight of Ines, at once consented.

Behold us then a party of more than fifty persons, well mounted on horses and mules, each accompanied by a mule, packed with whatever experience had dictated to be necessary for the long region of forests and mountains we were to traverse. Colonel Ramirez with half the Colombian soldiers led the van, and the other Colonel, with the remaining half, brought up the rear. Montanos and his daughter rode their noble steeds as if horsemanship had been the business of their lives. It was understood that Theodore and myself were to ride beside them. The remainder of our associates were distributed in the cavalcade with double reference to convenience and defence. The word to march was given from the van, and we were soon hidden from the view of Ascension in the forests.

We took in our route Mendoza, Caragarty, and Neembuco, passing through a number of undistinguished villages with a few hundred inhabitants in their mud walled cottages. We soon reached the remotest limits of habitancy, and plunged

into the immense forests, that skirt the eastern declivities of the Andes. What a fund for admiration to Theodore were these lofty and primeval forests, unmarked with the footprints of civilized man! He admired still more the earnest spirit of botanical investigation, the untiring patience, and the inexhaustible cheerfulness put forth by Ines at every stage of a journey so long, so far from all the refreshments and comforts of social life, and in itself so wearying, that she often seemed at the evening encampment the only fresh and cheerful person of the party. When we encamped for the night, under the verdant roof of some huge palm, it was delightful to note her forgetfulness of self in her affectionate attentions to her father, and her resources for inspiring content and gaiety among us all. After the exhilaration of coffee, emulating the gay birds in their evening warbling, she gave us her sweetest songs to the accompaniment of her guitar. With her example, thus gay and uncomplaining, the rest would naturally put forth too much pride to show fatigue and low spirits.

If the greater intimacy necessarily created by this journey called forth any difference in her deportment toward Theodore and me, it was only that her coldness and embarrassment toward him continued to increase, and that I was daily admitted to a fraternal confidence more entirely unrestrained. I could not disguise from myself, that this deportment, that the new and more interesting aspect in which I contemplated her, began to disturb my bosom with something of the feverish tumult of a passion that was every hour, in which I found myself alone with her, impelling me to a declaration. But my love wanted the piquancy and bitterness of jealousy and doubt; and I was easy and tranquil, in the undoubting persuasion that it was only to ask and have. Such a persuasion in a person of my habits is not apt to precipitate marriages. But thus tranquil on my own account, I was annoyed by the sadness and despondency of Theodore; and though I still continued to rally him without mercy, I began to entertain painful apprehensions as to the influence of his passion on his health. Often I implored him to abandon his hopeless love, for such we both considered it, and not melt away his convalescent strength and dim the renewed lustre of his eye by writing verses of love and despair, which were torn as soon as written, to a capricious beauty, who preferred without reason, and disliked without knowing why! But reason, suasion, prudence, common sense, have little to do in these matters. My Damon assented to my lectures, but acted none the less imprudently. It was in fact difficult to suppress a smile to see this drooping knight of the sorrowful and pale face, armed to the teeth, as soon as he was aware that his Dulcinea had retired to rest in her father's tent, and walking his rounds near the spot with the edifying vigilance of a sentinel. When I pointed out the ridiculousness and danger of these nocturnal vigils for one who repaid them with such a thankless requital, he was as ready to laugh at my picture as myself, and admitted that in case of attack he should probably make no brilliant figure in her eye as a cavalier.

In this order of things we had approached the pass of Quindice unmolested. We had hoped to reach it for the place of our evening encampment. But night drew on, and we were still a league from our point; and we were so fatigued and the night so dark, that we encamped by a fine spring, in a thick forest of palms, about half a league from a deep ravine between us and Quindice. Du-

ring the past day we had been alarmed by tracing the footprints of a body of horses and men, evidently on our route, and yet concealing themselves from our view. These were circumstances to inspire apprehension of an attack; and we had hoped to secure the front and flank of our encampment by resting on the bank of this ravine, which was only passable with great difficulty at one ford. As it was, we took every precaution to guard against surprise and to be prepared for attack, which the nature of the case admitted. Theodore, with a voice tremulous with undisguised alarm, urged us, after our coffee, to march on through the darkness to the ravine. The proposal met with little favor from the weary travellers, who had become confident and rash from having been allowed to march so far unmolested. Our Colombian officers, in particular, treated the apprehensions of Theodore with a derision so palpable, that my friend, meek and peaceable as he was, began to manifest a sternness and energy that changed their tone in a moment.

The camp was still, and Theodore, girt in arms, was walking his nocturnal rounds as usual. The beasts of our cavalcade were cropping their herbage. Lightning, gleaming at intervals, lighted the hoary peaks of the mountains before us with an inexpressible grandeur of outline. I had not yet slept, and was admiring the nightscene at the door of my tent, when I was startled by the trample of a mass of men rushing upon our camp. Next moment, shouting a fierce hurrah, a volley of fire arms was poured upon our tents. We all rushed forth in the confusion and darkness, again and again saluted with a shower of balls. What was to be done? Our Colombian heroes, staggered, pale, and bereft of self-possession, showed manifest dispositions, in the western phrase, to fight shy, or run. The occasion admitted neither of delay nor deliberation. Theodore seemed of more than ordinary dimensions, and another person. His eye glistened and his voice had the tone of firmness and command. 'I pray you,' said he to me, 'take command of the front, and I will manage the rear, the point, from which we are assailed.' I formed the front as well as I was able, and we returned the fire of our assailants. Their object was probably the robbery of Montanos, for the attack clearly concentrated near his tent. The gleaming weapons of the bandits were soon visible by our camp fires and the lightning. Montanos, surrounded by his domestics and holding his daughter to his breast, stood before his tent, exhibiting the port and submission of the Roman Senators when the Gauls entered the Senate house. Not so Theodore. In front of the defenceless family, having shot down the ruffian leader of the band, and his back defended by a tree, he applied his weapon until it was fleshed in the body of more than one of the miscreants. His example awed and shamed the wavering Colombians. We crowded round him, and the fight became a perfect meleé. Were Theodore the narrator, I hope he would report that I did my duty. But he was clearly the hero of the fray. Where had he learned such a murderous use of his weapons? Wherever he moved, the mass of robbers recoiled from him, or fell at his feet. The Colombians, assailed in flank and rear, began to perceive that danger was in retreating and safety in keeping with the main body. Rendered efficient even by their fears, they joined us in the defence. The robbers, apparently disheartened by our unexpected resistance and awed by the loss of their leader, fell back into the dark-

ness, trusting only to being able to shoot us down. Theodore was already bathed in his own blood, as well as that of the foe. Montanos was wounded, and Colonel Henriques, and one or two others, had fallen dead. It was necessary that we should become assailants in turn, or remain and be slaughtered without a chance of avenging ourselves. Theodore was the self appointed general of the assault; even I, awed by his voice and manner, settled into the ranks as quietly as the rest. We formed, and armed with swords and pistols, rushed upon the concealed foe. Some of the bolder ruffians felt the steel of our commander. But our regular and extended front and our bold bearing startled the robbers, and they fled. The clear and shrill voice of our leader was then heard calling on the servants and camp followers to collect our beasts and be ready to march. The command was so issued, as to ensure its performance. The trembling retainers were forthwith collecting and harnessing the cavalcade, quickened to diligence by an occasional volley from the returning robbers, whose balls, as they cut the palm leaves, whistled past our heads. Two of our number were found to be wounded too severely to ride. We formed a hasty litter, borne by the servants of Montanos, on which we placed them. The wound of Montanos was not such as to disqualify him from mounting his horse. Theodore aided Ines to mount, and gave the order to march. Removed from the light of our camp fires, we no longer afforded a visible mark to the robbers, though they continued to fire upon us as we marched in the darkness, until we reached the ravine, a circular bend in which received us, and sheltered us from the balls in every direction, except a narrow point in our rear.

Here we halted, kindled fires, examined the condition of our wounded, and ascertained the number of our slain. Our counsels were again divided. Some were for passing the night where we were. Others, and Theodore and myself were of the number, thought it best to interpose the ravine between us and our foe, as they now had the night before them, and could still penetrate our camp with their balls. On the opposite shore of the ravine we could not be reached, and two or three men could defend the ford against any number of assailants. Our counsels prevailed. It was a fearful place to pass even by day, much more so in the confusion and darkness of night. Just below us was a *Quebrada*, down which the water tumbled a hundred fathoms, with a noise truly terrific. To give the first example of plunging into this ravine, was not unlike entering the deadly breach. Theodore was the example. He groped down the shelving sides, and made his way amidst the water and rocks, until he reached the opposite shore and returned, convincing us that the crossing was safely practicable. He had taken the precaution to leave burning splinters of fat pine on a rocky islet in the middle of the ravine, which threw a glare upon the passage, greatly facilitating our crossing. The robbers, aware of our object, were again pressing upon our rear, and their balls whistling about us in all directions. We drove the horses and mules down the descent, and slid down the litter as we could. I offered my arms to Ines; but in this instance, she had forgotten her aversion to our leader, and told me, that he had previously tendered her the same service; and she fell into his arms, as he bore her down the bank, with a confidence which in cooler moments would have startled the demon of jealousy. There were cries and shouts and confusion in

abundance, during this crossing ; but the whole company reached the opposite shore in safety, where we might now defy attack, and were beyond the reach of the muskets of our foe. We now ascertained that four of our number had been killed, beside Colonel Henriques ; and one of our wounded, a Colombian soldier, died immediately upon our reaching the mountain shore of the ravine. Montanos had received a shot and a cut, each inflicting flesh wounds, which, though painful, were by no means dangerous. Our hero, overwhelmed with praise, and hailed as the deliverer of us all, was the next to have his wounds examined. At ease in regard to her father, who declared his wounds no more than scratches, Ines watched, in common with all our company, this examination of the case of Theodore with an undisguised and intense solicitude. He was, indeed, covered with blood, and had received various hurts both from swords and balls ; but when the blood was washed away, and the extent of the wounds ascertained, the surgeon, for we had one among our Colombians, affirmed that not one of his wounds was serious. At this announcement, so cheering to us all, Ines actually melted into tears, which she had clearly striven hard to repress. This, thought I, is no more than the natural impulse of female gratitude ; for I was aware that she considered him the saviour of her father's life and her own. But I could not forbear feeling, that it was carrying demonstration rather far. However, love, I consoled myself with thinking, is one thing and gratitude is another, and perfectly consistent with a coldness, under other circumstances amounting to dislike. After all, I would have been willing to have shared Theodore's wounds for those tears. But though Ines and her father complimented me on my individual part in this combat, my friend had too manifestly won all the honor and laurels of the occasion ; and now that he was settled back to his customary appearance and demeanor, I contemplated him with the astonishment of a new degree of respect, and a curiosity to examine where this Mars could have been so long concealed in the sighing and diffident person, whom I had hitherto considered my friend.

We rested in our present position one day, for the benefit of our wounded, and to recruit our strength for the passage of the Andes. Next morning was one of brightness and beauty, and Montanos and Theodore being able to resume the journey, and one of our wounded being borne in a litter, we commenced our ascent of Quindici, mounting one after another in a path so narrow, that it had the appearance of a serpentine gallery cut out of the sides of the mountain, which towered into mid-air above us. The Quebrada yawned but a few feet from our gallery, disclosing to view an abyss, which was bottomless to the eye, and was measured in its fearful depths, only to the ear, by the appalling roar of its waters. We all dismounted, as it were unconsciously, and slowly threaded our way upward beside our beasts, looking upward to impending precipices which seemed to prop the sky, and downward to depths which made us dizzy by the roar of their waters at the foot of the mountains. Theodore still was the favored person upon whose arm Ines leaned ; and gratitude and a full perception of the sublimity of the scene, together with the freshness and the glow inspired by the exercise and the mountain air, imparted a celestial expression to her countenance. I internally settled in my mind, that, on arriving at Lima, I would offer myself, and that in future journeys she should take my arm, as a matter of duty.

I see your countenances invoke the crisis. I spoil a narrative unless I relate it in my own way, and I have a thousand delightful anecdotes of this passage over the Andes, and our subsequent journey to Lima. However, to oblige you, I omit all. We reached Lima in thirty days, all in good health. Here our journey terminated, and I was to enter upon my official functions. Montanos and daughter remained with us a number of days in this city, to recruit from the fatigues of their long journey, before they resumed their route to Antisana.

Again I thought seriously of embracing this interval of proposing to the father and daughter. But my habits of irresolution once more came between me and my purpose. I still vacillated. Another time, I thought, would do as well, and we had already agreed upon a visit to them at their residence. In fact, it seemed to me that neither father nor daughter looked forward with any satisfaction to the proposed separation. They had talked of resting at Lima four days, and had already protracted them to ten, and Ines still found some plausible pretext for the delay. Indeed, I discovered that she was agitated, pale, and in tears, which she strove in vain to repress, whenever the subject of our parting was discussed. How much was I flattered by this visible reluctance to separate from us! That I was a party concerned in this reluctance was confirmed to me by the constant increase of her sisterly intercourse with me, and of her distance and coldness to Theodore.

But joys, sorrows, and parting all have their course. The dreaded parting took place, and I omit all the thanks, tears, and promises connected with it, except that after one month I engaged to bring my friend with me on a visit to Antisana. Ines was calmer than I had expected. Montanos parted from us as if we had been children. Theodore found a safety-valve for the escape of his sorrows in the effusions of his muse; and the first night after Ines left us, I was so provoked at my irresolution in not having offered myself to her, that I kept vigil for very vexation and self-reproach.

Theodore had been appointed my secretary, and we entered upon our official duties. But that month seemed to us both of a length as if time had laid aside his wings. Theodore counted the hours, and I, undisturbed as I was by jealousy or apprehension, was sufficiently eager to atone for my past vacillation, and make the beautiful Peruvian my spouse. The first morning after the accomplishment of thirty days from their departure, the voice of Theodore in the street under my window awakened me at early dawn. I descended, and found every thing arranged for the journey. We were accompanied by two servants, each leading a mule laden with provisions and necessary articles, among which was a tent. We were all well mounted on mules, and set forth with the freshness of the morning, and the eagerness of love. The first part of our journey led us along lowlands, where we were scorched with a vertical sun. We then entered forests, and were embowered by lofty and ever verdant trees, and passed a region prolific in humidity and miasm. On the eighth morning of our journey we emerged from these grand, but sultry and feverish forests, and found ourselves at the foot of Antisana.

We commenced our ascent with the dawn, but expected not to reach the town, until the evening. A double gladness, freedom of respiration, and elasticity of spirit came upon us, as we cleared these hot plains and already breathed the fresher and purer air of the mountain side. The thought that we were

making for the abode of Ines was an added excitement. The road was only practicable to mules, in whose unfailing sureness of foot we had learned to trust; and we mounted the dizzying eminences with a confidence derived from experience. We paused, from space to space, to rest our mules and look back upon the heights we had ascended, to feel the empyrean air, fan our fevered temples, and to admire the developing grandeur of the prospect. At noon we had left the region of palms, and begun to enter the belt of oaks. A huge palm, the last of these products of the tropics, rose from a small terrace plain of rich soil. A cool spring bubbled from a circular space of white sand at its roots. The area around was a perfect tangle of flowering plants and shrubs, all glittering with the innumerable butterflies of that delicious clime, vying with the gorgeousness of the flower cups, and vocal with the sleep inspiring hum of bees and hummingbirds. Rustic benches were placed round this spring and under this embowering shade. The point was half way between the foot of the mountain and Antisana. It was called *Posada*, and would have been named by Americans, 'The Traveller's Rest.' Cervantes never described a more enchanting spot, and Sancho never dined with a more devouring appetite, or drank his wine with more gust, than we on this occasion.

Our dinner finished, our mules browsing the herbage, and our servants asleep, we naturally conversed upon our probable reception by the father and daughter. With what enthusiasm had the latter described this charming spot, and bade us, when we reached it, think of her! Well we might, for her name was carved on the rind of the palm tree in a hundred forms, accompanied with innumerable devices of hearts and flames, probably by rejected lovers, who had reposed in this shade before us. Observing Theodore unusually dejected, I ventured to renew a strain of raillery, that tenderness for his feelings had for a long time interdicted. But as I remarked those eyes, that had flashed so different a radiance on the night of our attack at Quindice, ready to fill, I continued, rebuked, and repentant, 'Forgive me this time, and I will never sport with your feelings again. I much fear, Theodore, that one cause which gives you perseverance in this mad passion is its hopelessness. Who knows but I may resign my pretensions, if I have such, as you insist, and teach her to love you. Why does she not already? I am not insensible to your merits, and am well aware that you are every way more worthy of her than I am. Strange, that with all her intelligence and taste, she should have been so capriciously blind to this fact! How much more compatible she would be for you, than me. She has princely wealth—you have none. I do not need money, and should spurn the idea of being thought mercenary. I am, it is true, but a sorry protestant, much buffeted by Satan; and she, though liberal minded, is a devoted Catholic. I am a true son of New-England, and shall never be able to view any other country as a home; and we have often heard father and daughter declare their attachment to Antisana beyond all other places. She is scarce eighteen; and I, more's the pity, am verging upon forty. My social ties, charities, habits, or, if you will, my whims and caprices are all indelible; stamped, I admit, upon a ground a little egotistical. There is a great gulf of incompatibilities between us, which I forget in her presence, but remember in the hour of cool and unbiassed reflection. In your case almost all these points are otherwise, and the pliancy of youth and love would mould you to perfect congeniality.'

He interrupted me with some impatience, 'I do not love to hear you converse in this strain. If I thought you could fail to return the love of Ines, or be influenced to reject it by such futile abstractions, I should no longer esteem you. Love cannot be transferred, nor evaded by such considerations. No. My hopes on this side the grave are bounded by the subdued willingness to live with you and of finding my happiness in seeing you constitute hers.'

'My generous young friend,' I answered, 'this may not be. I am far from being decided, what course to choose, after I shall have arrived. You see this matter through a prism. I cannot fail to contemplate the sober realities of three months after marriage. I have by no means decided yet to offer myself. Come on, then, and call forth your courage and cheerfulness. No one knows, how cases may be reversed before we descend this mountain to Lima.'

Ourselves and mules refreshed, we recommenced our mountain ascent. As we reached the higher and cooler strata of the atmosphere, a serenity, and if I may so say, a sanctity of thought came upon us, in view of the inexpressible grandeur of the prospect around, below, above, as it continued to open and broaden with our ascent. The decline of the sun had already left the immense ocean of forest in the *tierras Calientes* in shade. But his misty and purple glow still rested on the sublime and gigantic cones, that stood forth, as a colonnade against the sky. What a scene was before us! the prodigious elevation, the majestic forms, the awful stillness of these eternal props of the firmament, the sinking and swelling of the breeze in the huge cypress tops near at hand, the distant roar of a waterfall, and the screams of some condors sailing in the cerulean far above the summits of the highest peaks, passed a crowd of thoughts through my mind, and produced an impression never to be effaced. Of the habitations, the littleness, the absurd vanity, the transient pageants of man, no trace was in sight. Snow-covered piles, infinitude, nature invested with features of solitary and fearful grandeur, left us alone with our thoughts and with God. If I ever worshipped, awe-struck, in spirit and in truth, it was here.

We now ceased to ascend, and came upon a broad smooth road, bounded on one side by a perpendicular line of impending cliffs, round a short angle of which our road wound, and the town, surmounted with dark Gothic towers, stood before us in the centre of a wide and beautiful plain. We soon after crossed a broad, quiet stream, skirted by magnificent woods, over a stone bridge. In this cool and quiet retreat, the town, the mountains, all disappeared. Emerging from this wood, we found ourselves near this populous, ancient, strange place, the abode of denizens who dwelt above the clouds.

The fresh air was redolent of the wide fields of most luxuriant clover, cane, apple and pear trees, orange groves, and so many mingled aromatic sweets, as to give us associations with 'Araby the blest.' A road, at right angles to that leading to the town, was marked at the entrance by a granite pillar, which indicated that this was the direction to the castle of Balthazar de Montanos. Its ancient, castellated, and massive towers, crowned with turreted pinnacles, were seen rising from a grove, on the banks of the river we had crossed, and half a mile from the town. 'Fit mansion for such guests,' exclaimed Theodore. 'The place, the dwellers, nature around all are in keeping. With her you cannot but be as happy as the angels. I will witness, if I may not share your felicity; you will not forbid me to remain with you?' 'Certainly not,' I answered, 'so far as I may be concerned in allowing it. But while you adore my wife, by

piping a second on your sylvan reed, what is to become of your parents, whose hope you are?' The question, I am sensible, was wanton and unfeeling. His flushed countenance, his subdued manner, showed me that he had the magnanimity to weigh the justice, rather than the unfeeling cruelty of my question, and until we reached the castle, he was silent, apparently ruminating fancies more bitter than sweet.

We were now slowly walking up a grand avenue, leading under the shade of lofty trees to a mansion, whose flocks, and herds, and fields, and accompaniments on every side reminded us of the abode of him of Uz. Montanos and his daughter, instead of receiving us with the state that might have been expected in such a place, had descried and recognised, and were hastening down the avenue to meet us. I sprang from my mule, entered under a lofty arched stone gateway, and was the next moment in the arms of Montanos, and the moment after had kissed the offered cheek of Ines, that glowed like the roses that clustered round us. 'You are cavaliers of honor, men of your word,' exclaimed our venerable host. 'This meeting,' I replied, 'is worth a whole life, and what I see and feel, a voyage round the world.' By this time Theodore had been pressed to the bosom of Montanos. Ines unconsciously advanced to admit the same greeting with which I had met her. But as he eagerly advanced, she turned pale and shrunk from his embrace. Repelled by a look which a lover only understands, he shrunk back in turn, not even offering his hand, and they stammered their greetings, as though they had met as enemies. Such a blind capriciousness, such odious ingratitude, would have made any other face than hers seem deformed. But the cordial greeting of the parent reassured my timid friend. Tears, embraces, congratulations, questions without answers, and answers without questions, and all the cross-purpose-words of full hearts filled up the interval of our meeting.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MARTIN FABER, &c.'

Oh! with a delicate art, most quaintly taught,
Meety around thy lattice thou hast wrought,
In many a mazy twine,
The flow'ry vine.

Its sweets reward thee, and as Summer comes,
It yields thee up its odors and its blooms,
And folded in thy breast,
Its buds are blest.

Am I less valued than the Summer flower
Whose little life of sweets is but an hour?—
Am I of humbler birth,
And frailer earth?

Thou'st taught my fond affection to entwine,
Folding around thee as that gadding vine,
Oh, take me, with like art,
Unto thy heart.

The Knickerbocker.

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THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

BY TIMOTHY FLINT.

WHAT causes the moral and intellectual difference of character in our species? What is the object and the result of education? On these two queries we propose to make some brief remarks in the following essay.

I. What causes the difference of moral and intellectual character? The disciples of a popular and growing school affirm, that education is the single and entire instrument of this difference; a dogma which gains favor at universities and popular seminaries, because it adds estimated value and consequence to what these institutions can impart. At the head of this school we find one of our ripest scholars, a gentleman to whom literature is largely indebted, and whose standing in the American republic of letters attaches much influence to his dicta; and whose errors, touching this dogma, if we shall find them such, are so much the more likely to have an injurious effect.

In an address lately delivered before the leading literary society at Yale, and afterwards redelivered before a similar literary society at Harvard, we are told, (for we have not seen the printed address) the fundamental position was, that the moral and intellectual difference in our species is owing wholly to education. We pass the acknowledged eloquence and splendor of the address, only regretting, that they had not been employed to embellish and illustrate truth, instead of error. The fundamental position is all that belongs to the questions in hand. In our admiration of this gentleman, we would not allow ourselves to animadvert even on this dogma, if it were a mere harmless position, a popular flourish, *ad captandum*, unintelligible, inefficient, and without bearing, like the dicta of schoolmen and theologians. But this is a doctrine which comes home to our business and bosoms, and touches our most vital interests. It seems to be favorable to education, by attributing to it an omnipotence of mastery over the mind. But every error, however flattering, however plausible, will be found to be injurious, just in proportion to the importance of the doctrines on which it bears.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE LA PLATA;

OR,

"THE MONOGAMIST."

BY TIMOTHY FLINT.

(Concluded from page 340.)

I will not undertake to dwell upon that *coenam divorum*, as Horace would have described it, nor of the long and confidential talks of that evening, during which Ines, with a countenance radiant as an angel's, sat between her father and me, granting a hand to each. All the dykes and dams of cold formality and dull commonplace had been swept away in the joy of this meeting. The fountains in the deep places in our hearts were broken up. Theodore was possessed of a nature too intrinsically noble and disinterested, to refuse to enter into the fulness of the joy, through any touch of the meanness of jealousy, and seemed as happy as the rest. Such hours are worth an age of the dull indifference of ordinary existence.

At ten an aged priest came in, and we followed him to a chapel fitted up in keeping with the mansion and the place. Fifty domestics, who entered with the confidence of members of the family, shared the service. All joined in the vesper hymn to the accompaniment of an organ. The tones of the voice of Ines went to my heart, and as, during the thanksgiving responses, she folded her hands, apparently returning thanks to God for our visit, her countenance radiated with a celestial brilliance, and I inly determined, that I would vacillate in my thoughts about a union with her no more. We returned to the dining hall, and there, it being late, Ines, wishing us *bon repos* with the graceful salutation of her country, retired. Montano asked us, if we too, after such a fatiguing journey, chose to retire? For himself he admitted, that he never felt less inclined to sleep. Theodore and I declared ourselves too happy to expect sleep. Refreshments of every kind, coffee, wine, and fruits were prepared, and we re-seated ourselves at the table. Excited to unwonted frankness, our host asked us, if we were disposed to listen to some brief passages of his life, which might serve to account for some eccentricities in his deportment, which he had often felt disposed to explain to us. We felt, and expressed the honor, which this unexpected confidence did us.

'There is little,' he resumed, 'in my history to gratify ordinary curiosity. I am aware, that millions have suffered, perhaps as severely as myself. Some passages may be useful to you, as solemn monitions, as beacons and watch-towers along the shoals of youthful passions. To relate parts of my story inflicts the bitterest humiliation; but this is a penance due, which I have seldom paid. I offer the remembrance and the humiliation as due from me to my Creator, and will relate with the unshrinking and unsparing plainness, which I have used to my confessor.

'I need make no further mention of my family, who are republicans, like myself, except to say, that I am descended, on my mother's side, from what the prejudices of the age called one of the noblest families in France. My father's was one of the most ancient and distinguished in Spain, and not remotely allied to the crown. I was trained to hold all these distinctions in derision by my French master, a man of the rarest endowments, and the only master who won my youthful confidence and respect. He imbued my young mind with the sternest doctrines of the republican school of France. It was a strange germ planted in my young thoughts, that, I an only child of one of the proudest and most ancient families in Europe, should have adopted, as a fixed principle, the absolute equality of mankind with respect to rank and rights, and that I should regard as puerile prejudices most of the prescribed usages of society.

My paternal uncle had been viceroy of Peru, and here acquired those estates, and this among them, which, at an early period of my youth, he left to me on his decease, as the only surviving representative of his family. I was, moreover, heir expectant of the rank and title of my father with one of the first fortunes in Spain. The only hope and pride of the family, I was reared and mismanaged as became such expectations. Arrived at maturity, possessed of all the advantages of birth and fortune, and I have often been told, though you will scarcely believe it, of person, I travelled, and departed myself as one who had nothing to acquire or fear, and ought to have nothing to wish without obtaining. My supple tutor contrived to have no one about me who was not subservient to him, and interested alike in catering for all my passions, and deceiving my parents. Self condemnation does not call on me to withhold the fact, that I possessed some traits of native feeling and unpolled honor, the germs of which must have been deep laid, or such pernicious influences, such a train of circumstances would have poisoned, and eradicated all, and I should have been utterly left of my good angel. But on my imperious inclinations and passions, no parental discipline, no early training, had imposed the slightest restraint. Being such, I first visited Rome, and had, in addition to all other facilities of introduction to society, that of being a near relative to the Pontiff. Here I tasted pleasure with all the gust of novelty and unsated freshness. Every thing of beauty and voluptuousness seemed formed only for me, and to invite me to indulgence. When the pleasures of Rome began to pall, I hurried to find others of new piquancy in Paris, where I was distinguished in the court of the young and beautiful Marie Antoinette. Here I plunged anew in the gulf, until I was cloyed with Parisian indulgence. I hurried to London, to search for enjoyment and delight in novel forms of licentiousness. Oh! that I could dethrone memory from her seat, and blot all those years from the book of my life! The unchangeable laws of our nature, in their terrible reaction, soon brought satiety, hopeless, and morbid satiety; and the desponding persuasion, that life could offer nothing more, brought with it disgust with every thing, attended with the adder sting of remorse and the scorpion whip of repentance. Such a cloud rose upon the very dawn of one, who seemed born only for enjoyment.

'Happily disease and my physician prescribed a rustication in a village remote from London. Charity to a sick young man brought the widow and daughter of the late curate of the village to my bed side. Perhaps I was indebted for this

charitable visit, to the circumstance that the widow was Spanish by birth. Her daughter's name was Ines, and I shall describe her in no other way, than to say, that my Ines is her living transcript. The mother was straitened in her circumstances, and the daughter, secluded as she was, annoyed by admirers of whom no one suited her condition; or, if any one did, he desired not marriage. I was sick and alone, and not bereft of some touches of nature and heart. As a distinguished Spaniard, I easily won the confidence of the mother, who had forgotten neither her country nor religion. She told me her brief story, the only incident of which, belonging to my present narrative, was, that her late husband was chaplain of a British ship of war at Havana, and had there become acquainted with her, and had married her without the consent of her parents. I bestowed gold; and having won the mother, found little difficulty in gaining the affections of the daughter. I loved, reasoned not, regarded no consequences. Prudence! what could that avail with the headlong passion of a person who had never attempted to curb a single inclination, or denied himself a single indulgence that could be obtained! The easy mother consented, and I married Ines according to the rites of the English church; and, strange to relate, loved her a hundred times more three months after marriage than before. A change came over me, and I wished for nothing more than that quiet dream of secluded enjoyment with Ines. One year I thus passed in a happiness so perfect, that except my wife and mother, and a walk with them in a beautiful wood hard by their cottage, every thing else on the earth was an illusion.

‘Unhappily, forgetting all did not cause me to be forgotten. When I was plunging in the depths of voluptuousness, I heard no complaints. Now that I was virtuous and happy, I was annoyed with reproachful and even menacing letters from my father's family. Heeding them not, they soon assumed a new tone. I was aware that I was beset by espionage, and was assured that, if I did not soon return voluntarily and alone to my country, a mandate from the king would be despatched to bring me back by compulsion. Judge the effect of such language upon a person of habits like mine. All this was the more painful, as I was obliged to conceal it from my wife and her mother. At length I received a message to attend my dying father. This was legitimate information to be imparted, and to furnish my apology with my wife for asking her permission to visit Spain. She gave it without suspicion; and I assured her I should hurry back on the wings of love, as soon as the duties of filial piety should be fulfilled.

‘I hurried to Madrid, and found my father on the verge of the grave. The prescription of aristocratic ambition had lost none of its force upon his mind, even in death. Among his prominent dying charges one was to marry the daughter of a nobleman, between whom and himself a contract for our marriage had been pledged even from our infancy, adding, that it was sanctioned by the mandate of the king, and that the first fruits would be, that I should be appointed to one of the most honorable foreign missions. I had heard from my infancy of this affiance between the young lady and me, as a thing of utter indifference. But the scene and the communication now astounded me to silence. My father interpreted my silence as dutiful assent, and gave me his blessing, and I left the bed chamber. My mother! But let me not unveil her character. Filial piety exacts not the whole truth. She was stern, ambitious, unfeeling, in-

flexible. Soon after my father's death, with a frankness and nonchalance that amazed me, she convinced me, in a moment of confidential conversation, that she knew every circumstance of my English marriage, though she was inscrutable in regard to the means whence she had obtained the information. Her determined coolness seemed to preclude wavering on her part, or reply on mine. 'The connexion,' she said, 'beside being utterly improper and inadmissible, was illegitimate both by the laws of England and Spain.' She bade me remain, and marry according to my father's dying charge, and think of that union as of a thing that had not been. I defended the step I had taken with all the energy of love. My mother coolly smiled, as I finished my eulogy of my wife, rejoicing, that she was too well informed in regard to her principles and character, which nothing but the blindness of a youthful passion could have hindered me from seeing. She had been all along surrounded by lovers, and now, in my absence, she had undeniable proof that she had yielded to one of them with the same easy folly as she had done to me. The very suggestion kindled infernal fires within me; but I saw that my mother was trying my feelings. I dissembled and retired, through fear that my rage would extort a reply of impiety. I took my own measures, and my mother, aware of indulged and impetuous passions, too well took hers.

'My maternal uncle, her only brother, was Spanish ambassador to England. His eldest son, a perfect Lothario, and who had the character of the most accomplished and successful gallant in Spain, accompanied his father, holding an office in the mission. We had often met in London, on the customary footing of cousins, though there was no real liking between us. Immediately on my arrival in England, where I hurried from this interview with my mother, circumstances instructed me that this cousin was the channel of communication with my mother, in regard to my wife. I repaired to the hotel of my uncle, the ambassador. His son was absent, and, as I easily learned, on a visit to my wife. I bribed his confidential servant, who happened not to have accompanied him, to confession. My cousin, during my absence had made frequent visits to my wife. Was he then the guilty rival of whom my mother spoke? I had always disliked his cool and crafty character. This thought, connected with the baseness of his being a spy against me for my mother, roused me to the purposes of fury. I cautiously drew from his servant, that he was at that moment engaged by my mother in a negotiation with my wife, to induce her, for a specified sum of money, to disavow her marriage with me; and, to crown the negotiation, that he intended, if it were successful, to take her into his own keeping. This conversation took place at midnight. I took the fleetest horse I could procure, and put him to his utmost speed on the way to my wife. I gained the wood, in which we used to walk, with early dawn. I made for a private gate in the rear of the cottage garden. My cousin was coming from the cottage towards this gate, in an undress, as though he had just risen from bed, and humming a French air, the burden of which was guilty and successful love. A servant with a carriage appeared to be waiting for him in the highway a little distance from the gate. My brain was maddened, and the fires of hell raged within me. I fiercely challenged him, 'What does my gallant cousin here?' He coolly answered, 'To bring thee tidings of thy chaste and fair wife.' Base spy, villain, and seducer draw! I exclaimed. He drew at the word; and though

perfectly cool, and one of the most adroit swordsmen in Europe, and I a madman, and an unpractised fencer, it was ordained, that I should run him through the body. As I saw him gasping on the sword, the blood spouting from his wound and his mouth, the infernal rage within me yielded to a remorse and despair as acute and agonizing. His servant, who had witnessed the affray, ran up. The dying youth extended his hand. 'Cousin Balthazer, God is just, and you are avenged. I have this night written a letter, which will explain all, and thou wilt see, what thy madness has done.' Then, turning to the servant, with accents faltering in death, he added, 'Testify, that I forgive my cousin, and that he is innocent.' A few moments after, in spasms and agonies, which even yet haunt my dreams, he expired.

'Alas! I was soon after in prison. My wife and her mother flew to the cell of the murderer. In my embrace my wife fell into strong convulsions, during which Ines was born, and the mother expired. Her mother, driven to furious madness by the spectacle, was forcibly borne from my cell; but found means to escape from the hands of those who were attempting to bind her, dashed her head against the wall of the prison, and in a few moments was brought back to my cell a corpse, all covered with blood, a spectacle of ineffable horror! * * * * *. Behold me changed from what I was but a few hours before, to a murderer, with my wife and mother stretched before me in this mansion of felons. A feeble and wailing infant in the arms of a squalid old woman were my only living companions. Do you wonder that I raved, and cursed love, and wrath, and sword, and all that used them! Fever and madness delivered me from my intolerable agony. More than a month was completely blotted from the tablet of my memory. My first perception of consciousness and returning sanity was a sense of infantine weakness, and the recognition of my mother's countenance in my apartment. For another month I received food, when brought me, with the docility of a child, but spake not, nor asked or answered questions, and took no more interest in any thing about me, than would a statue. A thousand efforts were made to arouse me without effect. My infant was brought to my bed, and its wail aroused me to perception. A current of recollections whirled through my brain, tears gushed, and my head became cool and relieved. Another, and another month elapsed, and no other spectacle recalled me to the living world, but the sight of my babe. It was near a year, before I remembered all that I had been, and what I was. I was gradually informed of what I have just related, and that during my insanity I had been tried for the murder of my cousin. The tears and entreaties of my mother, aided by the dying forgiveness of my cousin, and the testimony of his servant, softened the ambassador, and I was acquitted. The letter, to which my dying cousin alluded, was read to me. It had been written the evening before that fatal morning, and was addressed to my mother. It purported in brief, that my wife was Spanish on the mother's side, and nobly descended; and that he had found her so intelligent, beautiful, and incorruptible, that he wondered not at the fervor and constancy of my love. He earnestly recommended to my mother to receive her as a daughter, and to influence me to bring her to Spain, and there resolemnize the marriage. He closed by admitting, that this homage to virtue had been extorted from him by his acquaintance with my wife; that he had made the acquaintance on the plea of affinity, and that I wished it. He had

commenced the acquaintance by base wishes, and unworthy efforts to accomplish them. Thwarted and repulsed, for the first time in his career of seduction, he had been forbidden the house, and closed by abhorring his intentions, and bearing testimony to worth and purity, which had won even him to the admiration of excellence.

‘Such had been the evening act, and such were the morning thoughts of my cousin, when I killed him. Imagine my repentance. I took a sacramental oath, that I would never again wear arms, that insulted, assailed, in whatever form, I would never again shed blood. You are instructed why I was unarmed during our journey to Lima.

‘My only remaining tie to life was my infant Ines. During the gloomy period of my convalescence, I settled my plans for the future. I had seen a fine engraving of this estate. It struck me as a fit asylum in which to hide my guilt and remorse, and seek peace of mind in its seclusion and repose. My mother implored me to return to Spain, but, startled to remorse by the dreadful result of her ambitious projects, when she found me inflexible in my purpose, she determined to accompany me. Maternal affection had at length gained the ascendancy in her bosom. We embarked for the new world, and repaired to this spot. She aided me in rearing Ines, and three years since paid the debt to nature. To sooth the grief of my daughter, and give her the advantage of more extensive acquaintance with the world, we repaired to Spain, and thence made the tour of Europe. We were on our return, when we had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. We have seen revolution upon revolution, in which they who took the sword perished by the sword. But my vow, neither to wear arms, shed blood, nor resist, has inspired me with an equity and moderation, which have influenced my deportment, and have secured me from confiscation, pillage, and insult, during all the bloody revolutions both of my parent and adopted country. I have been allowed to sell my estates in Spain, and invest the proceeds in the British funds, as an additional resource to my daughter, when I shall be in the dust. But revolutionary violence has hitherto spared me here; and I have also wealth beyond my wishes invested in your free and happy country. You have my sad story; not without its uses, if its moral teaches you the inestimable value of early discipline and self control, the natural results of a peaceful and moderate spirit, and that retirement and repose are the grand medicines for a spirit torn by repentance and remorse. One sad thought alone remains to weigh upon my heart. In this distracted country, who shall protect Ines, when I am no more?’

During this recital, the frame of our host more than once shook with horror, and large drops of perspiration gathered on his brow. So much had the narrative visibly cost him, that we were glad, when it closed, and we were shown to our apartments. In other frames of mind, the distant roar of the waterfall murmuring on the ear like the remote rolling of the waves on the shore, would have lulled me to repose; but the image of Ines, and the tale of her father furnished excitement too agitating to admit of sleep. Who will protect this angelic being when her father is no more, I asked myself, repeating his question, as I shifted from side to side? I will do it, and will offer myself, as that protector the first opportunity.

Next morning our host, his daughter, and Theodore, seemed alike indisposed,

and were pale and silent, or spoke with effort. As we visited the strange city of Antisana, and explored the beautiful scenes in the vicinity of the castle, I alone was cheerful even to gayety, and was speaker and interpreter for the rest. We saw such scenery sleeping beneath the bosom of those stupendous mountains, as it would require the pencil of Claude Lorraine, to paint. Rich fields of pasturage and grain, and the assemblage of the cultivation and products of all climes, with flocks, and herds, and comfortable abodes of husbandmen were stretched under our eye, quite to the foot of the mountains, all constituting the peaceful domain of our host; and we were visiting various beautiful spots under the guidance of the mistress of this sylvan empire. I was waiting for the chance to be alone with her, and to make my declaration; but the chance that day and the following one offered not.

The third day of our visit all parties seemed to have recovered their spirits and gayety; and as we assembled round the breakfast table, Ines proposed to us to visit the table summit of Antisana, called 'The Lama Peak.' We all gave joyful assent. Mules, servants, provisions, refreshments, every preparation was made by the time we rose from breakfast, and we set forth from our coffee, on a morning as bright as the first dawn of creation. The scene of softness about us glittered with the pearly drops of the morning. The odor of clover and acacia greeted our senses. The dogs barked. A thousand birds made the bowers vocal, and the servants bounded on their mules, as much exhilarated by the scene, as the guests, whom they were preparing to serve.

We left the town half a league to the right, and soon after began to wind up the peak we proposed to surmount. An hour's ascent brought us in view of another cone-shaped summit, hidden from the view of the castle by the tops of Antisana. From that, immense columns of smoke projecting into the air, gave evidence, that it was under the action of central and volcanic fires. This feature was alone wanting to the sublimity of the scene. Ines, our philosopher, and poet, in exuberant spirits gave us a double zest of our journey, and the prospect, by pointing us to the points of view, that were most impressive, and giving either their history, or the impressions they had made on her mind. A brighter glow animated her face, as mounting above the *tierras templadas*, we began to feel the keen breeze of the *tierra fria*. Here our charming Cicerone made us remark the savines, junipers, and shrubby trees, with long lateral branches, that marked the new zone. Between the granite and obsidian crags began to be seen masses of lichens, from which dripped cool and pellucid water. The atmosphere though chill, inspired a concentrated vigor of life, and energy of perception, and the blood coursed through the veins with a new force and rapidity. Ines gaily bade us beware of the influence of this elevated region, assuring us, that whether it benefitted the heart or not, it mounted into the head, like wine, and she begged us to find this apology for aught she might say of volatile or frivolous, not befitting the lower country.

At a point in the path under overhanging cliffs, our host admonished us to dismount. Here, sheltered from the breeze, and on the soft moss, we took a slight refreshment, and Theodore and myself found the advantage of a glass of wine. Unused to such ascents, they were more laborious to us, than these denizens of the mountains. We then changed our summer dress for woollen capotes. Myself and friend looked sufficiently ridiculous to each other in this

new mountain garb. Ines, clad too in a capote, laughed as heartily as the rest, fortunate in a face and form, which gave her clumsy, and shaggy garb an air of masquerade, that heightened the effect of her charms. We turned the sharp angle of this crag, and all above us stood forth glittering in snow. On the northern exposures of the crags, and in the sunless glens at our feet were masses of snow, while the sunny exposures, separated from these points but a few rods, were clothed with the brightest, softest verdure, the very *herba mollior somno* of the Mantuan; and the alpine flowers had a delicacy of hue, and a richness of fragrance, that the gaudiest flowers of *tierras calientes* wanted. To look down upon the lower world was dizzying. The castle of our host, the city, and the plain under our feet looked like a mimic painting. The sultry region of the lower world stretched away into a dim immensity, terminated by the distant blue of the vast South Sea. Above us were still Alps upon Alps, the peaks of some covered with a dark veil of volcanic smoke, and others with their snows glittering in the sunbeams. We paused, under the full feeling of sublimity, as we surveyed nature in her grandest aspects. 'Familiar,' remarked Ines, 'as this scene is to me, I always behold it with sensations, as if seen for the first time, and feel the utter poverty of any words, that I possess, to convey what passes in my mind.'

From this view, we entered a thick wood of cedars, descending rapidly towards a valley. Emerging from this wood, the plain of 'Lama Peak,' opened before us. A number of massive stone cottages, apparently distant a mile from each other, and each surrounded with rude erections of stone, that seemed to be granges, and outbuildings of the cottages dotted the plain. So strange, almost awful, were the grandeur and loveliness of this green vale in the midst of unmelting snows, that one would have deemed these erections the creation of enchantment, and the abodes of another race of beings, had not the eye caught the peaceful domestic smokes curling from the chimneys, and numerous herds of kine, horses, sheep, and lamas grazing, or ruminating about the abodes of their owners. We had been told by Ines, that the inhabitants of this plain were all aboriginal Peruvians, and direct descendants from the Incas, and she had given us such impressions of their amiability, gentleness, and even of their native endowment of mind and heart, that we felt an eager interest to become acquainted with them, on their own account, and apart from the curiosity excited by their peculiar modes of life, and place of abode.

We quickened our pace to reach the first cottage, the longest, that appeared in our view. As soon as the inmates descried us, they came forth in a body to welcome Montanos and daughter, of whom they held their possessions. I despair of being able to convey any adequate information of the welcome which they gave their landlord, on this first visit he had made them, since his return from Europe. For my part, while they were crowding round Montanos and Ines, and while they were relating the incidents of their absence and journeyings, Theodore and I were casting inquisitive glances upon the apartment to which we were introduced, rendered cheerful and comfortable by a large fire blazing on the hearth, and which the keen air without rendered more necessary to us, so recently from the warmer regions below. The apartment was of ample dimensions, serving the common purposes of parlour, larder, and kitchen, and a number of doors opened from it into what seemed to be bedrooms. The walls

were of unplastered stone, but so tight as perfectly to exclude the air, and it had the rare advantage, in a Spanish cottage, of being thoroughly lighted and glazed. How necessary this was to the comfort of the inhabitants, was manifested from the fact that the sun, recently shining so brightly, was not only now overclouded, but a whirlwind of snow was beating against the dwelling, and the verdure of a few moments since had given place to a cold and dazzling surface of whiteness. The floor was strewn with a kind of heath in full flower. The ample culinary apparatus was scoured to a lustrous brightness, and the whole aspect within was not unlike an ample farming establishment in my own country, and in the remote interior, fifty years since. Comfort, neatness, and abundance were marked upon the whole internal establishment.

But far the most interesting appendages to the cottage were the indwellers themselves. It is not often that the genuine red men of the American continent seem handsome in the eyes of the Anglo-Americans. The father and mother of this family, though advanced in years, were among the most venerable and interesting heads of families, that I have seen. Even their dress, partly of tanned skins, and surmounted with capotes of fine lama wool, had an air of grace and dignity. Besides them, the family consisted of a son and a daughter and some free hired Indians, who aided them to till their ground, and tend their flocks. The daughter, in presence of any other woman but Ines, would have been called beautiful. A slight copper tinge gave the only indication of her belonging to the race of aboriginals. Her tall, slender form had that grace and delicacy of moulding, that I have seen, in its utmost extent, only among that people. In her countenance was the sensitive sadness, stamped so indelibly upon that ill-fated generation; and yet, kindled as it was to gladness; by the arrival of guests so loved, there was mingled with it the true expression of the poet's joy of grief. Her appearance altogether was so lovely and gentle, and above her condition, that our feelings were instantly called out towards her, as to a legitimate descendant of the daughters of the sun. Ines had bade us beware of our hearts; and I assured Theodore, in a whisper, that, with Cæsar, if I could not boast the conquest of Ines, my next choice would be this descendant of the Incas. Her brother, too, had a form and countenance so superior to his rank, that these shepherd people seemed indicated by nature neither to toil nor to spin.

It was worth a journey to Antisana, were it only to become acquainted with these people of the Lama Peak; for all the families, allied by blood and marriage, had already assembled to pass the evening with us in the establishment of this the common patriarch of the dwellers in that plain. The same delicacy of form, the same grace and elegance, the same expression of mingled pensiveness and cheerfulness, marked every countenance. Such courtesy, and kindness, and affection, to each other! Such harmony in their gentle tones of voice! Such piety to the aged pair, whom they regarded as their common father! Such grateful and ineffable gladness in their welcome to our party! Never did I partake of a more delicious supper, than that of this evening. We were seated round an immense circular table, spread in rustic abundance, with variety of every thing, which the flocks, and the dairy, and their fields could furnish, among which were delicious strawberries and cream. The tale and jest, and the laugh were none the less cheerful, as the storm of mingled wind, rain, sleet, and

snow beat against the windows with violence, and a bright fire blazed on the hearth within.

As we formed a broad circle round the evening fire, after supper, instead of Peruvian songs and a dance, with which it was their custom to celebrate these family unions, when none but their own people were present, Montanos proposed that we should listen for a few moments to the history of the people, whose hospitality we were sharing.

The venerable patriarchal cottager waited not the importunity of repeated invitation, but at once commenced his narrative. 'You see before you descendants, in the language of our pagan forefathers, of the children of the sun. We are Christians.' (He paused a moment, and devoutly crossed himself.) 'This blessing, which mitigates all suffering, and teaches us to bear oppression, we owe to our oppressors. Be it prejudice, or not, we so think of our forefathers, that we intermarry only among our own people. We are the second generation, who have inhabited the plain of the Lama Peak. We have abandoned one line of our race, as having intermarried with the Spaniard. We do not extend this interdict to republican Peruvians, who acknowledge our rights, and the equality of our race. Slaves as our fathers were, the proud Spaniard showed an unworthy propensity to intermarry with us. Perhaps they remembered that we were descended from the Incas. Perhaps they found their slaves possessing some interest of person or manners. My mother was considered the most beautiful of the race, after the elder daughter of the last Inca. My father was her cousin, and wrought in the mines of her master, who offered her marriage. She loved her cousin, the slave, and hated her master, the tyrant. Being pressed to an odious union with the latter, she consulted the governor of Antisana, who was of Indian extraction, and favored our race, and who fortunately happened to be at the time at Cuzco, where my mother's master resided. He spoke to her of the asylum of this plain, which had never been marked with Spanish footprint. They were privately married, and conducted by the governor by night to Antisana, and thence to this plain. The master sought the fugitives in every direction, with the vindictive eagerness of slighted love. But he found them not. They brought, thanks to the governor, flocks and herds to this sequestered place, and in these regions of storm, where summer and winter interchange every day in the year, they multiplied to thousands. They built this cottage, and toiled in peace, for no Spaniard had found the way to this eagle's nest; and they, content with looking down upon the verdure of the scorched *tierras calientes*, never descended to them. In the simple abundance furnished by their labors they lived in love and repose to extreme old age. A son and daughter were the only fruit of their union. I am the son, and my sister is married to the possessor of the cottage at the other extremity of this plain. I had cousins, a brother and sister, slaves to another noble family in Cuzco. The sister was destined for a Spanish union, but through the governor of Antisana, they had heard of the happy asylum of my father. Abhorring to mix their blood with that of their oppressors, they secretly fled, come up to these heights, and claimed our hospitality. The first sight of my charming kinswoman pierced me to the heart. (His ancient wife here nodded a cordial assent.) We were married, my sister to my cousin, and his sister to me, by the governor's confessor. We swore never to descend to the *tierras calientes*, and we have kept our word, and the earth knows

none happier than we have been. We are content with the abundance of our flocks and herds, our fruits and our fields; and, thanks to our beloved *señor*, the tax-gatherer, or the oppressor, or the soldier have never been up to pollute our soil with their footsteps. We know nothing, except by vague rumor, of the bloody commotions of the lower world. Our prospect, though always the same, still elevates our thoughts. The *monte del fuego* never intermits its smoky columns. The snows above us never melt. The verdure below never fades. The peaks never cease to invoke our thoughts to heaven. Our mutual affection and tranquillity are as unchanging, as this nature about us; and all the dwellers in this plain constitute but one family. As though Providence smiled upon our little world, the number of the sons and daughters of the dwellers of the plain is equal, and they are mutually and reciprocally pledged to each other as soon as they are of age. We number already eight cottages. I have married four sons and as many daughters. Our cousin has furnished the same number of unions, and we have a number of children who are waiting the nuptial benediction. Intermediate between the cottages is our burial ground, in a deep and sheltered valley, and the sweetest and the gayest spot in our abode. There we meet for the instruction of our children, our festivals, our songs, dances, and worship. There, reposing in the hope of the resurrection of the just, we mean to sleep together. Strangers, when you descend to the *tierras calientes*, the world of ambition and gold, declare that you can no where find more love, truth, and contentment, than on the Lama Peak.'

The softest mats, and a bedroom perfumed with flowering branches of heath, invited my young friend and myself to repose. But we slept not, for we were too much interested in the incidents of the day and the evening, not to review them in a long conversation. We agreed that we had seen no place for a hermitage to compare with this, and no faces, but that of Ines, to compare in interest with these daughters of the sun. Theodore slept, while meditating an ode on the occasion, and I slept, while planning what would be the most opportune occasion on the morrow to declare my love to Ines.

After a breakfast not less delicious than our supper, we resolved to visit the burial ground, or, as it was phrased in their dialect, 'the Valley of Sleep.' The storm had passed. The snows had disappeared, and the plain glittered in the brightest verdure of cloudless sunshine, and the valley was as calm and fragrant, as though it had never felt any but the softest vernal airs. We all set forth together, Montanos leading the mother, and Theodore the daughter of our host, while Ines, as usual, leaned on my arm. The rest were assorted according to their consummated or destined unions, and we commenced our promenade to the Valley of Sleep. We trod on a sward of clover and strawberries. Flocks and herds grazed beside our path. About us were smiling fields and hedge enclosures. By such a promenade we reached this beautiful spot, so willow-skirted, so green and sheltered, so genial in its spring-like temperature. To reach it we descended a basin so deep, that mountains, snow wreaths, volcano, and all the sublime, as well as the harsh and forbidding of the plain prospect above, were excluded. It was a narrow valley planted with innumerable trees and shrubs and grapes, a bower of verdure and shade, on which was the hum of bees and the songs of birds. Here and there a marble slab marked with its circle and cross indicated the sleeping places of those of the plain, that had

already here attained the rest of the sepulchre. In the centre was a kind of summer house, neatly built of porphyritic stone, covered with luxuriant honey-suckle, and fitted up even to sumptuousness, and we were told that it had been prepared by the taste and at the expense of Ines. It was the school, the library, the ball room, and the chapel of this unique people; and it now contained, beside the visitants, every dweller of the plain. Never was there a union of so many people apparently more gay and happy. A dance had already commenced to a native Peruvian air, which they sang in chorus, the *rans des vaches* of these mountaineers, and right glad was I to witness Theodore leading out the daughter of our host as a partner.

While they were thus occupied, and their parents and Montanos looking on delighted, I requested Ines, who had excused herself from sharing in their amusement, to make the circuit of the little vale with me. She consented, and with her wonted frankness put her arm within mine, and we first walked to read the inscriptions on the monuments of the place. They signified, that the sleepers below had all died young, containing no more than the name and age of the deceased, and the affecting request to pray for their souls! 'What an idea,' remarked Ines, 'and how wide from the common associations with the sepulchre, to make this the place of their dances and songs, their innocent loves, and their bridal festivities! What a place in which to bring the young to their first lessons of instruction! Yet, pensive as their countenances always seem, these are the happiest people I know, and they seem nowhere so happy as here. How free they are from ambition, and envy, and avarice, and the thousand tormenting passions of the lower world! If I should survive my dear father, (and as she said this, the tears started,) here I have thought of ascending to pass the remainder of my days.'

'In regard to that point,' I replied, 'I have long wished a confidential conversation with you. Will you allow me such a privilege of friendship?' My heart palpitated, and my voice trembled, but the ice was broken, and I waited her reply.

She hesitated a moment, while the lilies and roses chased each other across her countenance. She then answered, 'Why should I not? Your nature is too noble to allow you to make an unworthy use of the indulgence.'

'Dearest Ines, you flatter me infinitely by this confidence. But summon all your indulgence, for I shall put it, I fear, to a severe test. I hope you will reply with as much frankness as I question, for there can be nothing in your pure thoughts, that it would not honor you to divulge. Say then, dearest Ines, for I am coming to my point at once, has your father, have you, who have rejected the suit of so many lovers, determined, that no future one shall be received? If the question is too close or painful, be silent, and I shall consider myself answered.' She blushed celestial rosy red, and was silent for a moment, visibly struggling for self possession. When she had obtained it, she friendly answered, 'Neither my father nor myself have come to any such determination. All my rejections, as you are pleased to term them, might have been accounted for on other grounds.'

'I thank you a thousand times for this generous and direct explicitness. It is what I expected of you. You have relieved my heart of a load of apprehension. One question more. Does your father share your thoughts on this point?'

'You are indeed pressing. Can you suppose that I have any thoughts to conceal from my father? Of whom else could I make a confidant?'

'I will question you again. Must the fortunate person be noble, distinguished, of your own nation, and a Catholic?'

'You are a severe catechist, and propose too many questions under one. (But she smiled, to soften the chiding tone in which this was said.) Have I authorized you to suppose that you can draw me into a delineation of the kind of lover I will admit?'

'Whenever you find me officiously trenching too far on the friendship with which you have honored me, let me know, by turning the conversation on another subject.'

'I see you must have your way. Well then, I admit again, were my choice in my power, it would be founded entirely on personal character. If the person were religious in any form, sincere, high principled, entirely moral, of established consistency and firmness, intelligent and honorable, I would raise no objections on the score of his birth, nation, or his differing from me in religious profession. I have travelled, you know; and beside being something of a cosmopolite, am the daughter of a stern republican.'

'Thank you again and again! Every response relieves me from a weight of doubts and fears. I tremble to approach a still more searching question.'

'Have I then become so formidable? Is there any thing in a timid girl in the valley of sleep, brought to confession by yourself, to alarm you?'

'Indeed there is. I would as soon storm a battery, or enter the deadly breach, as ask some questions I shall now propose.'

'Come on, Sir, and be encouraged. I will look as little terrible as possible.' (But at the moment her voice trembled, and she was as pale as death.)

'Must the person in question be opulent?'

'I answer, no. If I thought him mercenary, I should not bestow a second thought upon him. Had the person the other attributes, I have enumerated, and were he above the suspicion of seeking me for my expectations, his being without fortune would be nothing against him. You are aware that I have no inducement to desire more fortune.'

'One question further. Is this *beau ideal*, this rare and difficult assemblage of excellencies, to be sought over the four quarters of the globe, or has the thrice fortunate personage been seen and selected? I should not dare disclose his good fortune to him, through fear it would turn his head.'

'Since you have already extracted so much, I may as well confess all. I have seen the person. My heart has made the selection. I have no fear that the knowledge of it would turn his head. At my first acquaintance, I hoped to inspire a reciprocal affection. I have but too much reason to suspect that I am as indifferent to him, as he is dear to me. I have trusted the secret of my heart to your honor.'

This singular frankness perplexed me, and produced a vague tremor, that there was some mistake between us. I reassured myself by the conviction, that the love of Ines, and her mode of avowing it, might be as strange as the place and people, and as unique as her character. I proceeded in the yet unshaken confidence that I was the happy person to whom she was making this

indirect avowal. I continued, 'I should be infinitely happy to have the power of bringing two such hearts together.

'I do not doubt you,' she answered in a faltering voice, which trembled with irrepressible emotion. 'I have laid open my heart before you, because I believe you have a controlling influence in the case. It was therefore I permitted this interview. It is therefore I have made these disclosures. I have a hundred times resolved to make them unasked. But whenever confession was on my lips, the palpitation of my heart, my want of courage forbade. You have led me to the effort. Your generous nature will neither misinterpret it, or make an improper use of it.'

'How happy, thrice happy that man must be! Name, divine Ines, the too fortunate person, and I pledge you that all the supposed influence I have over him, shall be exerted to bring him to your feet.'

I was framing in my brain the happiest form of declaration, and was mentally discussing the propriety of going on my knees. Nevertheless, I determined on the luxury of extorting from her generous nature my very name, before I responded. Before I had settled what further to say or do, her countenance changed, and her eyes filled. 'Tell me,' she exclaimed, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, which she struggled no longer to suppress, 'Oh tell me! May he not have thought me careless and cold, as I have thought him? May not the same cause have produced the same effect upon both? Oh! tell me that Theodore loves me!'

It may not have been your lot to be present at a fatal duel. The etiquette, you know, is for the person who has received the shot, to deport himself, as though he were not touched. I too had courage enough not to allow the beautiful urchin to discover what she had done. Like Cæsar, I thought of folding my mantle gracefully, to break my fall. I was going in the next sentence to have offered hand and heart on my knees, and my fair daughter had all along shown me only filial piety, and had wished me to make interest for my friend, and had not a thought of myself.

Oh vanity! I inly exclaimed, take medicine, and think no more to comprehend the female heart. So then it was the slighted Damon, after all, that was the man. Good natured as I am, I could hardly for the moment avoid wishing him, as the father confessor phrased it, to Sathanos. After swallowing the sweet and bitter fancies, that I had been chewing at the same moment, until they almost strangled me, seeing my changed countenance, she changed her tone, and asked me if I were ill. The question recalled my pride. Ancient Monogamist of forty-two, it communed with me, save thyself from hanging. Thank God, thou wert not yet on thy knees. She has not yet divined the extent of thy folly. Console thyself in any way. Chew tobacco and sing psalms. If there be another vain sinner on the earth, let him place himself in my predicament, and sweat and be cured. Here had I been debating the point for months, whether it were better to marry, or not to marry, never doubting a moment, that the election was with me. Then I had so often pitied and ridiculed Theodore, and discussed with him her blindness and caprice in preferring me to him! How could I ever look him in the face again? This comes, whispered repentance, of being proud of vows of monogamy, and mentally

breaking them. After all, her heart had all along been in the right place towards him who was so lavish of his blood for her. I attempted to mitigate the spasms of my agony by cursing pretty faces, and bright eyes, and huge castles and fortunes, and splendid scenery, and all the baits of the destroyer. To the repeated questions of my tormentor, if I were suddenly taken ill, I would have answered, but my throat was dry, and my voice clung to my jaws, as though I had been struck with *cyanche maligna*. At length, heaven be praised, I was able to stand bolt erect, and firmly to answer, that it was only a slight spasm in the chest to which I was subject, and I begged her to finish her *obliging* confessions.

'Obliging!' she answered, surprised at the emphasis of the term, 'do you repent having drawn a confiding girl to a frankness, which she has trusted to your ear, as to a father's.' She went on to explain that she was aware, from the first hour of her acquaintance with Theodore, that he regarded me as a father. Indeed, she had at first thought me such. His first pernicious verses had made their way to her heart. Every nearer view of him had deepened the impression. She became confused in his presence, and fearful that, by some mistake of action or word, she should lose his good opinion. His conduct at the affair of Quindice had increased her admiration, and won a gratitude and affection that she could no longer control. All her hopes now rested in the possibility that he might, notwithstanding his seeming indifference, have been influenced by considerations not unlike hers. Her secret was now with me; I could use it as I thought best. At any rate she was sure of my consideration and honor, and that I would take no step in the case that would sink her in his esteem or her own.

These precious confessions had been uttered in a hurried and painful tone, and with a downcast face. But suddenly raising her eyes, she exclaimed, 'Heavens! you are ill. How pale you are! we must call help immediately;' and she showed the most unaffected concern for me. I writhed, in truth, as though under an incipient attack of cholera, well content to escape the searching scrutiny of her eye under this pretext. I confessed, groaning the while, that my spasm had returned; but that, though in great pain just now, it was an indisposition that would soon pass away.

She flew to advertise the party that I was taken suddenly ill, and proposed returning to the cottage of our host immediately. Forthwith Montanos, Theodore, the whole party were around me, and the lovely daughters of the sun manifesting the most touching sympathy, while the mothers were proposing a dozen potions and cordials in a breath. But Theodore was still the most concerned and filial of all. Ines on one side, and he on the other, would fain have led me back to the cottage, as though I were in the feebleness of second infancy. I somewhat moodily, and as if a little cross with my spasms, handed them off, remarking that, though I suffered a good deal, and must be allowed to groan, I was not too feeble to walk without aid.

Well, we arrived at the cottage, and I escaped from the officious and affectionate persecution of all, by requesting to be permitted to retire to bed. There, left by request to myself, I turned some hundreds of times from side to side, apostrophizing myself; 'Thou art well punished, renowned monogamist. Thou hast heard and believed that ladies are caught with impudent assurance, and especially a red coat, as mackerel with a colored rag. I doubt not that it is so with

novel reading, boarding-school girls of the mob-million stamp. But confess that the maxim does not always hold. For such faces and eyes as those those of Ines, if ever I grow young again, commend me to blank verse, your pale-faced heroes, and the lackadaisical.' Then I moralized, that in thirty years, nay in twenty, Ines would lose her brilliance, and become in the end, like the Indian mother whom her husband represented to have been once so beautiful. I repeated what Lucian has said about the skull of Helen, and the Greek beauties that set the world on fire. Then her immense fortune, which, now it had slipped through my fingers, Satan began to tempt me by representing as a matter of serious loss, I come over, by insisting to myself that I was not mercenary, and not so old and miserly as to grieve for the loss of doubloons. No, no, lie still, sir, and resume the ancient honors of monogamy and Platonism; leaving the wooing of pretty faces to younger and more fortunate lads, who have pale faces and make verses. So I left off tossing, and held down my eyelids with my fingers.

While I was so struggling for sleep that the very effort would have kept me awake, in came my unconscious Damon, to torment me with affectionate inquiries after my health. 'Leave me,' said I pettishly, 'all I want is sleep.' It seemed as though the light of the morning would never dawn. But it did come, and I made an effort and arose, and when we assembled at breakfast, declared myself well, though they all affirmed that my looks disavowed my words, and all began again to torment me with pity, and the proffer of medicine. I stole, however, a glance in the face of the divine Ines, and was sensible, from her flushed cheek and languid eye, that she had slept as little as I had. I saw, too, that she expected that, as soon as might be, I should instruct my ward, that if he was smitten with the Peruvian heiress, he need no longer expend his sentiments and sorrows in elegiac verse, for she had taken care to let me know that her father shared all her partiality for my friend.

I dare say that my breakfast of that morning was of dyspeptic tendency, for I neither masticated or relished it. But after breakfast, casting about me in regard to my remaining duties, I reflected that I might still make out a case of noble *paternal* mediation, and *disinterested* regard for my friend. So I asked him to walk with me for a little private conversation, before we resumed our descent to Antisana. What a look of mingled confidence and solicitude Ines gave me, as Theodore followed me from the door!

We were abroad by ourselves, and Theodore evidently expecting some important disclosure. It was almost as difficult a matter to break, all things considered, as my intended declaration of yesterday. My first thoughts were the heritage of Adam. 'I am betrayed to no one; I may as well win the second palm of magnanimity, if I may not obtain the wreath of love. I will make a show of voluntary resignation of my pretensions to him.' Even this alternative, I saw, had its difficulties, and would betray me. But, to be serious, I may as well avow it as not. I summoned the man, and aroused myself to my own original generosity of feeling. I placed before me the real worth, the felt excellence of my friend, and the compatibility of this affair in every point of view. I looked in upon the loved and broken down family of Theodore, and my heart, warmed with a holier, sublimer feeling than all the flames that have scorched hearts from Delilah and Helen down to the heroine of the last novel.

'Well, Theodore, what do you think? (and, after all, I was obliged to use an

effort like him who is compelled to mount the drop.) I have sad news in regard to our poor Ines.'

He started, and turned pale. 'What! any misfortune to her? we just parted from her in perfect health.'

'Yes, but the dear creature has confessed to me that she is dying with unrequited love.'

'My dear friend, for God's sake, do not jest on such a subject. I am sorry to say you look ill; I have perceived it ever since you was confidential with her yesterday. You cannot have been so unjust to her and yourself, as to have thrown away that priceless gem.'

Just so, Theodore, and you may have it, merely for the picking up, if you will.'

'My dear friend, do not, I pray you, trifle with my feelings in this way. Make any other experiment on me, but spare me this trial.'

'Come now, Theodore,' I said, forcing a smile, and veiling my real vexation under the semblance of a stoical indifference, 'do not expire under the rapture, all her tenderness to me, dear child! has been that of a dutiful daughter to a good old father. She dreamed that I had your heart in keeping, and has imagined all along, that I was wooing for you, when, as you know already, I have had no thought but for myself. In a word, she cares not a rush about me, except in a pious and filial way, and she loves you, and confessed it, to desperation. There; my heart is unburdened, and there is the whole truth, upon my honor. I am not yet betrayed. All I ask is, that my secret may be kept.'

This asseveration, so made, won his conviction. After such a pause, and such a struggle as might have been expected from his nature, he resumed, with as much calmness as his palpitation would admit, 'I can never be that traitor to friendship, to claim the love of her, whom such a friend has loved.'

'Away, Theodore, with these misplaced heroics, and descend for once from the stilts of tragedy to common sense. Would you kill the dear girl, without benefiting me? Next to marrying her myself, of which, good soul, she never once dreamed, I should wish to see her marry you. Indeed, all things considered, you are infinitely the more proper husband. You know, I have told you so before. What an admirable thing, too, for your family! I shall have fulfilled, perforce, all my obligations to them, and this union will redeem your fortune and theirs.'

'My dear friend, do not hold me so base as to think of money at this time. How can you associate such mercenary thoughts with Ines?'

'Pshaw! There you are mounted on your heroics again. My word for it, you will become a keen, calculating, money-saving, New-England husband in one year from this. But let us return. Her little heart is bursting with love and curiosity. You see the way before you. Kill her, if you will, that you may put the death to metre. I have discharged a hard duty, and am once more a free man and a monogamist.'

Dixi. I have given you the plot and catastrophe of my tragi-comedy. I may add, by way of historical appendix, that on the return to the castle of Montanos, the mules of Theodore and Ines often jostled each other, they rode

so close together in the winding and narrow path down the mountains; and I could now and then discover that they looked at each other, as the Kentuckians say, *mighty particular*. Well, thought I, my doves, this is your day. I, too, have had mine. Let me not indulge the feelings of the animal in the manger. Dear ones, you are as good as you are beautiful, and fitted to each other, and you are worthy of your happiness.

It followed, as a matter of course, that Theodore had an explanation with Montanos, who, having become attached to him almost as soon as his daughter, would not be expected to raise objections to receiving, as a son-in-law, the man whom his daughter loved, and whom both father and daughter recognised as having saved their lives. The venerable Spaniard gave his daughter to my friend with tears of joy. In a few days afterward they were married, I giving away Theodore, *as father and guardian*. Never was such a day as that of their espousals at Antisana. The poor were feasted at a hundred tables, as in the days of the Roman Emperors. All insolvent debtors were discharged from the prison. Bonfires were kindled upon the peaks above. Even the 'children of the Sun' infringed their resolves for once, and came down from the Lama Peak, to kiss their young lady bride. Each marriageable girl of their number carried back to their plain a bridal portion. I was loaded with undeserved gratitude for the meditorial part which I had borne in the affair, and could have had three estates, without the asking, for what Ines always affected to consider my *paternal* services. In fact, she always looked divinely upon me, often declaring that she owed her happiness to me! Theodore, amiable, modest even to diffidence, bore his faculties and acquisitions with characteristic meekness. The parents of Theodore, the whole family, in fact, emigrated and settled at Antisana, and are already so dear to Montanos, that he has become a cheerful old man. The Spaniard and the New-England man are perfectly amalgamated. Before a couple of years a grandson and granddaughter visited the family; and there is no happier union, perhaps, on the globe than that of these families so different in birth, education, and religion. Whenever I find vanity germinating again in my bosom, I remember the confession of the Lama Peak, and find at least a temporary cure. I sometimes contradict the slander, that all women are caught with impudence and a red rag, and if I am reappointed to my mission in Peru, shall, probably, at the earnest request of Theodore and Ines, return, and end my days in the sublime abode of Antisana.