

forever, and sobbing, "Exiles! exiles!" Frances Wentworth turned away and followed her husband.

VII.

A little eastward of Lake Winnepesaukee are ruins that still attract attention—the ruins of an elegant English mansion. Tradition says that a fine lawn surrounded it, and that orchards and gardens swept away from its rear. Dissolving time has left of the house only the cellar. This is choked with wild brush. Graceful blackberry vines riot luxuriantly against its ancient walls, broad dock leaves overlie them, velvet-leaved, golden-flowered mullein stalks rise stately and tall from its rubbish. In the orchards the trees, from long want of cultivation, have returned to their wild state. In the direction of the lake a moss-covered stone bridge crosses a little stream, on the farther side of which is a tract of land, formerly a deer park. On the southern side of the cellar is the garden. Towering above its other trees, and almost gone to decay, the gigantic column of a Lombardy poplar seems a meet type not only of the general desolation of a spot now so silent but teeming with historical recollections, but also of a former government, exotic and dead like itself. Tradition and history still speak of the men and women who once gathered here. Death and distance give a tinge of romantic melancholy to the place. Persons whose names are celebrated in history once gathered within those vanished walls, promenaded those garden walks, and gazed upon the unfading beauty of this landscape: Dr. Wheelock, who first conceived the plan of Dartmouth College, and who became its first president; Benjamin Thompson, afterward the illustrious Count Rumford; Rev. George Whitefield; the *élite* of Portsmouth society, its fair women and brave men, strong, honored, powerful once, less than shadows now, fading memories in the minds of mankind. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. More than fifty years ago the builder of the house, Sir John Wentworth,* died, and—a some-

what singular and poetical coincidence—the house was accidentally burned the following month. But the revolving years in their silent course have enveloped in verdure these remains of royalty in the old Granite State, and as the freshness of spring-time has sprung from the ruins of the dwelling, so out of the ruins of oppression has grown the beauty of freedom.

THE TULIP MANIA.

MANKIND is undoubtedly the most reasoning of all the animal race: yet how often does it happen that whole peoples appear to have lost their reasoning faculties! There is something wonderful in the extent to which popular delusions are sometimes carried. Breaking out suddenly, they run through nations like an epidemic; nay, occasionally all civilized nations are infected by them. The frenzy of the Crusades was not confined to one country nor to a single age. Beginning in the tenth century, it was as late as the fifteenth that Columbus assigned as a reason for attempting the discovery of America that thereby money could be obtained for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. At one time all France is carried away by the tremendous extravagance of the Mississippi scheme, which raised real estate to such a price that it was valued at one hundred years' purchase, that is, its rent only paid one per cent. on its cost. A little later and England burst out with her South Sea Bubble, creating such a hunger for special corporations that one man who advertised an unknown scheme, to be revealed at the end of the month, ten dollars to be paid down for each share subscribed for, took in \$10,000 the first day. The sturdy burghers of Holland took the tulip mania so badly that single bulbs that could not flower till another year would sell for more than \$2000 apiece. Nor has our own country been free from these financial epidemics. Many of our readers can remember the *Morus multicaulis* speculation of forty years ago, and the Eastern land investments a little later. Within ten years Bavaria has been seduced into pouring all its movable wealth into the lap of a woman who had no security to offer, simply because she paid high rates of interest, and covered her banking operations with the flowered robe of priestly confidence. No people is so wise that it is not occasionally carried away by popular frenzy, none so prudent that it will not occasionally make large investments in hopes that to-morrow's rise will greatly overpay to-day's risks. And nothing is better calculated to show to the world the danger of schemes that promise too much than to give their true history; for these schemes always offer to benefit communities without making any addition to their productive

* Now that the smoke and din of its battles have cleared away, and we are able to look dispassionately at the men and events of the Revolution, the character of Governor Wentworth appears in its true light. The fact that after the lapse of a century his memory is still held in reverent and loving estimation by the people of that region proves that he was all that tradition and the scant records of history portray him—a warm-hearted, sympathetic friend, an able Governor, a practical business man, a profound scholar both as to science and *belles-lettres*, and, in short, a Christian gentleman. Although compelled by the force of circumstances to sustain the Tory side in the Revolution, we may well believe that the result of that war was not wholly dissatisfactory to him. It was one of the principles of his character to keep a promise to the letter. A spoken promise was to him as sacred as a written one. He had taken solemn oath of allegiance to the English government, and perhaps that, and that only, was the cause of his not espousing the American side of the question, for *at heart* he was a democrat.

powers, and they ask each capitalist to invest not on the intrinsic strength of the plan, but because every body else is investing.

Such delusions are most fertile in an age of financial ignorance. There has been too large a development of educated common-sense, too much of a study of the principles that underlie the making of money, and, above all, the press is too enlightened and powerful to permit them to beggar whole nations as they once did. The financial crises of the present day are short-lived and confined to commercial centres, but three centuries ago they ruined whole peoples. And what singular speculations they were! Of all things in the world in which to make a corner, to excite a speculation, to be puffed by brokers, it would seem as if flowers would be the last. But that a whole nation should grow mad over bulbs, that the industry of a people should be turned aside from the pursuits of agriculture to that of horticulture, and that the mania should spread from the phlegmatic Dutchman to the phlegmatic Englishman, seems almost incredible. Yet in the beginning of the seventeenth century the desire for tulips had so spread over Europe that no wealthy man considered his garden perfect without his rare collection of tulips. From the aristocracy the rage spread to the middle and the agricultural classes, and merchants and shop-keepers began to vie with each other in the rarity of their flowers and in the prices paid for them. A trader at Haarlem was actually known to pay half his fortune for a single root, not from any expectation of profit in its propagation, but to keep it in his conservatory for the admiration of his acquaintances.

The first tulip seen in Europe was beheld at Augsburg, in Germany, in 1559, and was imported from Constantinople, where it had long been a favorite. Ten or eleven years after this the plant was in great demand in Holland and Germany. Wealthy burghers of Amsterdam sent direct to Constantinople for their precious bulbs, and paid extravagant prices for them. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna in the year 1600, and were considered a great rarity. For thirty years tulips continued to grow in reputation. One would suppose there must have been some virtue in this flower that made it so valuable in the eyes of so prudent a people as the Dutch. Yet it has neither the beauty or the perfume of the violet nor the fragrance of the rose. It hardly possesses the beauty of the humble sweet-pea. Its only recommendation is its aristocratic stateliness, and this should hardly have commended it to the only democratic republic on the globe. But it is by no means the first time that fashion has turned ugliness into beauty and rarity into wealth.

In 1634 the rage for tulips among the Dutch was so great that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the whole people turned to the production of tulips. As this mania increased, prices increased with it, until in 1635 merchants were known to have spent \$40,000 in the purchase of forty tulips. At this time each species was sold by weight. A tulip of the kind known as the Admiral Lietkin, and weighing 400 grains, would sell for \$1800; the Admiral Von der Eyeke, weighing 450 grains, was worth \$500; a Viceroy of 400 grains would bring \$1200. Most precious of all, a Semper Augustus, weighing only 200 grains, was thought to be cheap at \$2200. This last species was much sought after, and even an inferior plant would readily sell for \$800. When this species was first known, in 1636, there were only two roots of it in Holland, and those not of the best. One belonged to a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other was owned in Haarlem. So anxious were the purchasers for this new variety that one person offered twelve acres of valuable building land for the Haarlem tulip. That of Amsterdam was sold for \$1840, a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete suit of harness. As a specimen of the value of these bulbs we give the actual copy of a bill of sale of certain articles given in exchange for one single root of the Viceroy species:

Two lasts of wheat.....	\$179
Two lasts of rye.....	223
Four fat oxen.....	192
Eight fat swine.....	96
Twelve fat sheep.....	48
Two hogshheads wine.....	28
Four tuns beer.....	13
Two tons butter.....	77
One thousand pounds cheese.....	48
One bed, complete.....	40
One suit clothes.....	32
One silver cup.....	24
	\$1000

Since that day tulips have declined in value, but wine, butter, and cheese have decidedly advanced.

Strangers who came for the first time into Holland were wholly unable to comprehend the great mania that spread among the people. One wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his magnificent tulip bed, and on the new flowers he was expecting to grow the coming year, received a call one morning early from a sailor, who told him that a ship of his had just arrived, and that he was sent to give him the news. The glad merchant immediately went to the back of his store, selected a nice red herring, and gave it to the sailor for his breakfast. The sailor loved herring much, and onion more; and having just arrived from a foreign voyage, his appetite for vegetables was proportionately sharpened. Seeing a small pile of onions, as he supposed, lying on the merchant's counter, he slyly seized his opportunity, took the top onion, and deposited it in

his pocket as a companion to his herring. He then left the store and proceeded to his ship and his breakfast. Hardly had he left when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus* bulb, worth \$1400. The establishment was soon in an uproar, for the valuable root had just been brought in that morning, and had been noticed by many. After every clerk had been examined, and had declared his innocence, one of them remembered to have seen the sailor drawing his hand away from the pile of roots and putting it in his pocket. The merchant instantly started for the door, and hurried down to his vessel. The first thing he saw was the sailor sitting on a coil of ropes eating his breakfast. No sooner had the merchant sprung on board and advanced toward him than the sailor put the last bite of his onion into his mouth, and leaned forward to hear what the owner had to say. He sternly denied stealing any tulip, but admitted he did take one onion, "but it didn't have much of the taste of an onion either." The merchant, as he turned away, told the astonished sailor that "it would have been cheaper for him to have breakfasted the Prince of Orange and all his court."

Another story of an English traveler is not less ludicrous. This gentleman was an amateur botanist, traveling to perfect himself in the study of his favorite science. Happening to see a large tulip root on a stand in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman, he quietly took out his penknife and began to peel off its coats; for he too took it for an onion, and wanted to discover of what species it was. After he had peeled off half its coverings, he cut it in two to inspect the heart. Just at this moment the old gentleman who owned the conservatory and the bulb turned round to see his precious root cut in two. Seizing the Englishman by the collar, he shouted out, "Do you know what you are about?" "Certainly; I am peeling an onion—a most extraordinary onion too." "Extraordinary!" said the Dutchman. "I should think it was. Why, Sir, it is an Admiral Von der Eycke." "Is it?" replied the Englishman, taking out his pocket-book to note down the name. "And are there many onions of this kind in your country?" The Dutchman could stand it no longer. He instantly forced the Englishman out of his grounds, and led him to the syndic, followed by a great crowd. Here the Englishman was arraigned and tried for stealing and cutting up one tulip worth \$1600. The magistrate found the evidence sufficient (especially as the Englishman admitted that he did take and cut up something), fined him \$1600, and imprisoned him till the fine was paid.

The demand for tulips of rare species continued to grow till 1636, when it reached its

height. Regular marts for their sale were opened on the Stock Exchange of Amsterdam, and at Haarlem, Leyden, and other places. Symptoms of gambling and of time sales soon became prevalent every where. Stock-jobbers, ever alert for new subjects of speculation, dealt largely in tulips. As in all speculative movements, at first every thing rose and every body gained. Tulip jobbers gambled on the rise and fall of bulbs, making large profits by buying when prices were low and selling when they rose. Many individuals grew suddenly rich. It was believed that this mania for flowers was to spread to other lands, and that the wealthy of all nations would send to Holland for tulips, paying whatever price horticulturists might ask. Holland was expected to be the tulip market of the world, and the riches of Europe were to be concentrated on the shores of the Zuyder-Zee. Nobles, citizens, farmers, mechanics, footmen, and even chimney-sweeps dabbled in tulips. Houses and lands were offered at ruinously low rates that their proceeds might be invested in bulbs that were expected to return a golden crop. To a certain extent the mania did spread beyond the borders of Holland, and money began to flow in from all directions. The prices of the necessaries of life rose, and houses and lands, horses and carriages, and luxuries of every sort rose with the rise of tulips: all commerce rested on a flower bed. So extensive were the operations in roots that it became necessary to draw up a code of laws for the guidance of dealers. Notaries and clerks were appointed, who devoted themselves exclusively to the interests of the tulip trade. In the smaller towns, where there was no exchange, the principal tavern was usually selected as the show place, where high and low traded in tulips, and confirmed their bargains over a good dinner. These dinners were sometimes attended by two or three hundred persons, and large vases of tulips in full bloom were placed at regular intervals along the tables and sideboards.

At last prudent people saw that this could not last forever. Even the wealthy could no longer afford to keep up with the rise of commodities. It was evident that prices must soon fall; and this expectation hastened the crisis. The suspicion became a panic, and every body began to sell, and prices to fall. The difficulty was not only in the actual sales and purchases, but in the purchases on time, which, like all such purchases, were speculative gambling. A suit at law the following year developed the fact that one A had agreed to purchase ten *Semper Augustuses* from B at \$1600 each, flowers to be delivered and prices paid in six weeks. The bargain was made just as prices were trembling in the balance. Before the six weeks had expired every thing was

flat, tulips were unsalable, and *Semper Augustus* were plenty at \$120 each. A refused to take the flowers or pay the difference of \$14,800. Defaulters became common through all Holland. Every body had bulbs and nobody had money. The most prudent had sold out in time and invested their profits in English funds. Many substantial merchants were, however, reduced to beggary.

When the financial panic had somewhat subsided, the tulip-holders in the several towns and cities held public meetings to restore public credit. Deputies were sent from all parts of Holland to Amsterdam to concert with the ministry; for the whole nation was affected. Government refused to interfere, but advised the tulip-sellers to settle among themselves. But complaints rose high, and the meetings became of a stormy character. At last it was agreed, after much bickering and ill-will, by all the deputies assembled at Amsterdam that contracts made in the height of the mania, or prior to November, 1636, should be declared null and void, and that all after that date should be released on payment of ten per cent. But this decision only gave satisfaction to those whom it relieved. Those who had tulips on hand which they had sold at high prices, but had not delivered, became greatly discontented. Tulips worth at one

time \$2400 now sold at \$200, so that one-tenth was more than they were worth. Again the whole matter was referred to government, and again government refused to interfere. Those who were unlucky enough to have a large stock of tulips on hand at the time of the fall were left to bear their own loss. But the commerce of the country received a shock from which it took years to recover.

The example of the Dutch was, to some extent, imitated in England. In 1636 tulips were publicly sold on the London Exchange, while in Paris jobbers strove in vain to create a tulip mania. They only succeeded in bringing these flowers into great favor, a favor they still retain, after the lapse of two centuries. But the Dutch are to-day prouder of their tulips and their tulip beds than any other nation. In England they are still highly valued, and a tulip will produce more money than an oak. In 1800 rare bulbs sold for \$75; and from that time the mania began to spread, so that in 1835 a tulip of the Miss Fanny Kemble species sold at public auction for \$370. The principal horticulturist in England has on his catalogue tulips labeled at \$1000 each; but this is an exception. The prices in England today for the best kinds are from \$25 to \$75, according to the rarity of the species.

HOW MY SHIP CAME FROM OVER THE SEA.

I BELONG to a sea-faring race—I, the last of my family—"only a little girl," as father used to call me, shaking his head, as if to be only a girl were the direst calamity that could befall this old home of ours. Such an odd home for a child, and yet such a weird, beautiful place to live and grow to be a woman in—that old light-house on Stony Point, of which my father had been keeper for many a year. We two were alone in the world, except for the faithful old woman who had taken care of us ever since I, a baby girl, had been placed in her arms by a dying mother. Janet taught me womanly, housewifely ways when I was out of school, and, even as a child, I knew how to mend, and keep the bright rooms neat and clean against the time when Ben dropped in after the work was done.

Ben was a stout young fisherman, and owned as neat a little craft as any along shore, and Ben—why, Ben had been my lover ever since I was old enough to lisp his name. I can not remember when, in some way, my life was not bound up with his. He held my hand and guided me over the rocks to the village school with more than the care and fondness of an elder brother, when I was a curly-haired lassie of four years and he a stout tall lad of ten. Yes, Ben loved me then just as truly and honest-

ly as when, years afterward, I came home from a pretentious country boarding-school, full of grand ideas and longings to be a lady, and a little shy unrest at my heart when I met my boy lover on the sands. But he—he kissed me before father and Janet, and said, without any hesitation, "Oh, Jetty, how beautiful you have grown!" And then I knew that his love was just the same—indeed, how would it have been possible for such a man to change? But he was no longer a fisherman. He was mate of the *Betsy Jane*, a stanch new ship that lay rocking in the bay, with white sails folded—rocking idly on the summer sea, as if there were no such thing as storm and tempest for it to brave. He was going away just as I was coming home—going far off to foreign ports; but never a day passed by without his stopping at our door, never an evening that he did not drop in for a smoke and talk, with father, it is true, but most of his glances I found out furtively were given to me.

One night, when a sudden storm was swooping over the sea, Ben came in with a hearty ejaculation of thankfulness that all the fishing boats were safely hauled up along shore an hour before. I sat by the table knitting a crimson scarf, and as the bright worsted fell from my fingers, my