THE

ATHENÆUM

JOURNAL

OF

English Literature

AND THE

FINE ARTS.

VOL. IV.

OF THE NEW SERIES..........WHOLE NUMBER CCCXCVII.

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LARDNER, called at his baptism by the name of Dennis, amplified by his own classical taste to that of Dionysius, but by his compatriots generally pronounced as Dinnish, stands before you, gentle reader, cloaked and hatted in his usual guise. His chin is perked up à l'ordinaire, and hisspectacled eyes beam forth wisdom. In order, we suppose, to illustrate some of the principles of his own treatise on mechanics, as published in the Cab., he generally takes the position of standing toes in, heels out, according to the cavalry regulations; and therefore so is he depicted in the opposite engraving. What bulk it is he carries under his cloak we know not, nor have we any grounds whereon to offer a conjecture. Bred in the Irish University, which is now so much abused and belabored by the Whigs and Radicals, as the silent sister,—more unjustly, indeed, in one point of view, for a more spouting university never existed, as Mr. Shiel can testify,—Lardner early obtained there great fame and eminence as a grinder; and published a work on differential calculus, which he wrote avowedly for the purpose of learning the science,—a pleasant process, which we opine is oftener practised than confessed. Not satisfied with this modicum of renown, he migrated, as his countrymen are fond of doing, one fine morning, to London. Perhaps he was annoyed at the superior airs assumed by the fellows of the college—a dignity which, we know not why, he never obtained—over all inferior grades. It is a saying of Tom Browne, that there is no greater man than a fellow in his college, and none smaller out of it; and even Thomas himself never sported a more veritable dictum. Certainly, the fellows of Trinity, Dublin, do not lose an inch of their height while parading in courts, presiding in commons, or dealing forth premiums or cautions at examinations; and we are the more confirmed in our opinion, that it was some slight on the part of some of these functionaries that has
laid London under the obligation of Dionysius' presence, by the fact, that he has more than once declared, he knew not the most famous among them, yea Charles Boyton himself (whom we mention honoris causā) even by name. 'As if,' exclaimed an indignant A.B.T.C.D., to whom this fact was communicated, 'a residant Masthur of Thrinity Collidge did not know ivry wan of the fellowes aqual to his own toes and fingers.' It certainly was a stretch of fancy on the part of our friend opposite to which the ignorance of Russell Square is but a trifle.

...We find him, on arrival, at once a Professor in the University of London, called by ill-willers Cockney College, or some other name still more savoury. Here, he, with the true spirit of an Hibernian, threw himself, without delay, into the thick of the thousand-and-one fights with which that most pugnacious, or to use the old term, hoplomachic of universities immediately on its creation abounded, armed shillela in hand. We take it for granted that his ancient Tory partialities, exacerbated his bile against the Whigs; but whatever was the occasion, the consequence was that Dennis, after giving and taking as much punishment as would have been expected from Jem Word or Josh Hudson, was fairly floored at last, and obliged to quit the ring. Hereupon he commenced a literary Cab-driver, and has started his Cycloped, with various fortune, good or bad,—the former we trust, predominating. Of this great work we have had several occasions to speak already, and it is highly probable that many more will occur. We are sorry to learn that the impartiality of our strictures has sometimes ruffled the mind of our phylosophical friend; but we assure him that we wish him, and indeed all literary men, well; and if we censure, it is only with a view to his and their improvement in mind or morals. Around him he has gathered a various host, as diversified as those with whom Nonnus, in his thirteenth book, surrounds his hero.

But as our business is not now with the

---προμήχους ἤμας, ἀγωγοῖνος Μινώταυρος,

as the epigraph has it, but with the leader himself,—we thus conclude our first Dionysiac.
THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO THE PIANOFORTE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Outvalues thee:
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
With griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice.
Mirth flies to thee—and Love's unrest—
And Memory dear—
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh! since no joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, on sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find:
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,
Thine answers kind.

THE HOUR OF SONG.

BY REV. H. STEBING, M. A.

When storms are brooding o'er the sea,
And thou my heart at beating free,
And dreams arise that are not bound
To wander on earth's chancel ground,
But forth the spirit springs to hold
Communion with the great of old,
Then let the night be still and long—
Then is the fittest hour of song.
Jeremy Bentham.

'Tis then, though comes the spirit's bride!
With love-born beauty at her side,
And flashing thwart the gloom of night,
Fills all the heart with heavenly light;
While memories—dim, sweet memories rise,
And groan beneath her wakeful eyes,
Distinct and bright as forms that live
In all the glory life can give.

And that we better feel within,
What we and what the past have been;
Shake off the change the world has taught,
And be what God and nature wrought:—
Then know we 'tis the hour of song!—
Then walk we 'mid a glorious throng
Of pure, bright spirits, crowned, like them
With thought's imperial diadem!

JEREMY BENTHAM.

And that grey-haired, venerable old man, whom all, who beheld him loved to look on, has turned to common earth, changed into unconscious gases and metals, never again to originate thoughts, such as those of which he has left behind him an ample store, and which will yet do their work in the regeneration of the world! This indeed gives a humbling sensation to the pride of man. That which was Bentham, has lost the power of thinking, and all that was human in the most kindly of earthly beings, is now of no more account than the material of the commonest reptile, which has passed away its existence, studying how to inflict the greatest portion of evil on its fellow-creatures, for the gratification of selfish passions. Yet it was a glorious thing to look on him while in life, to behold that nobly moulded head, that most benevolent face, in which almost childlike simplicity contended with godlike intellect, and both blended in universal sympathy, while his loose grey hair streamed over his shoulders, and played in the wind, as he pursued his evening walk of meditation, around the still garden wherein the patriot Milton was erst accustomed to contemplate. How has he been libelled amongst the unthinking herd, owing to their narrow comprehension of the word 'utility!' Loving all beauty, and as keenly alive to the perception of it as any Greek of the olden time, it has been held that he thought nothing worth pursuing, save the study of the regulation of supply and demand, for the commonest corporeal and mental wants. That he liked poetry, and was fond of
botany, is a sufficient answer to such a supposition. He wrote on abstruse matters, because he thought the comprehension of such matters essential to human happiness, but he did not, therefore, dislike the lighter sources of innocent pleasure. We shall not soon look upon his like. Even now, his hand writing of a few weeks' lapse is before us, clear, distinct, and comprehensive, at the age of eighty-five years; and it is with sorrow that we peruse it.

Others have possessed knowledge without its bringing forth the fruit of wisdom. The knowledge of Bentham was combined with wisdom of the most exalted class, and the most self-sacrificing beneficence. His outset in life was as an equity barrister, and the little practice which he attained to, was marked as the evidence of a high order of intellect. We know not his history farther back, but it must contain much matter of curious speculation. The most trifling acts and words of such a man are of importance,—to know the course from which so noble an intellect was fed,—whence the first rills of knowledge sprang. Happy will be the lot of that man to whom it shall be given to unfold the accurate biography of the most powerful advocate of the true interests of suffering humanity, who ever yet drew breath on English soil.

By the death of his father he attained independence, after, it is said, a somewhat penurious life: young, rich, and highly intellectual, and moreover of comely presence, a wide field of ambition opened to him, with the promise of a fruitful harvest in whatever sphere of public life he chose to pursue. But selfishness was abhorrent to him, and he clung only to sympathy. He abandoned the practice of mischievous laws, and retired wholly from public life in the flower of his age, to devote himself in seclusion to the unwearyed study of those branches of knowledge which he held it essential to human happiness should be rightly comprehended. Through good report, and through evil report, he steadfastly pursued the object which his reason had analysed, and pronounced desirable. He turned neither to the right nor to the left either for praise or blame; fear dwelt not in him, and praise could not move him from his purpose; his reflection was that he individually might perish, but that his principles must survive, and though thrillingly alive to the approval of the discriminating amongst his fellow creatures, his integrity could not be stirred from the strict path of duty for the sake of gaining popularity. He gathered a rich harvest of wisdom to distribute in the charity of universal love and benevolence, without one selfish thought, without a prospect of personal gain. He wrought not for a nation, he wrought for the human race; he made them incalculably his debtors, yet, without heeding the amount, without ever adverting to it, he still continued laboring unceasingly for their benefit. The human race he considered as his children, and wayward as they were, he gave up his mind for their maintenance; a treasury not lightly to be exhausted. They are yet young, and they cannot appreciate the wealth he has left them. As they search into it, their surprise will increase. The mere fertility of his writings is in itself extraordinary, and a remarkable instance of what one man may
Jeremy Bentham.

accomplish; but when we reflect on the variety and profundity of knowledge they display, that each line, each word, is pregnant with thought, the strongest mind feels itself give way to the sensation of wonder.

Wisdom has too long been held to be synonymous with austerity—knowledge with supercilious dignity, at least amongst superficial people. The amiable and blameless life of Bentham has withered up that ancient lie. A childlike simplicity of manner, an engaging, affectionate disposition, and an unstudied habitual kindness of friendly intercourse, were his most conspicuous traits. He was a pure concentration of benevolence, seeking his only reward in the thrilling consciousness that he was doing universal good. In common intercourse he respected the feelings of the meanest equally with the highest. He never willingly gave pain, nor shrank from the infliction of it, or the suffering it, when he deemed it essential to the service of humanity. Never lived there a human being, in whom wisdom, knowledge, integrity and perfect love, were all so intimately blended, and so earnestly devoted to the service of a race, who, so far from thanking him for his labors, scarcely knew that he existed, and when they gleaned the knowledge, they in most cases used it for the purpose of vilifying him. So it must ever be till human intellect shall be more widely expanded that is at present the case. The refined and honest man, who shrinks with disgust from panderer to the passions of the herd, cannot expect to be their idol, even if his nature would permit him to wish it.

While in life, his spirit had ever been devoted to the service of his fellows, and his last act was to devote his material frame to the same purpose, with the object of removing a mischievous prejudice which had been largely productive of evil to his fellows. We were present at the lecture read by his attached friend over his earthly remains, not to a large audience, but to an audience marked by all the external signs of a development of intellect, such as is rarely gathered together in one assembly. Whosoever looked around upon that audience must have remarked to his own mind, that the spirit which had animated the clay before him was not all dead. The sympathy was indeed deep. The voice of the lecturer was choked by his emotions.

The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and the heavens wept while the oration was spoken over the mortal remnants of the benefactor of the human race, amidst the silence of his sorrowing friends. The superstition of the ancient days would have believed that his spirit was passing to heaven on the wings of the storm, and in those days a statue would have been raised to his memory, as to a god. They who knew him in life, know that the influence of his spirit rests around them, and upon them, and that his best sepulchral monument will be the increasing reverence of the human race. The latest joy he experienced in life was in the knowledge that the charter of the freedom of his fellow countrymen was sealed. It would seem as though he had lingered on but to behold the successful achievement
of the work to which he had so mainly contributed, ere his spirit left
his frame, as though he had apostrophised his country—' Let now thy
servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation! ' The
chords of sympathy have been rudely strained by his loss, though the
days he had numbered were many.

We have given insertion to the above remarks without entering at
present into that more detailed criticism which the works of Bentham
require, and will shortly receive, at our hands; nor have we comment-
ed on the manner in which this wonderful man collected and built up,
from the opinions he found dispersed and scattered, a systematic and
stupendous pile of his own.

And now, it is hardly possible to conclude this article without draw-
ing something like a comparison, not only between the two eminent
men we have been speaking of, but between the manner—in which
each passed his existence. One* we see distinguishing himself almost
as a boy—distinguishing himself how variously!—in the closet as the
author; at the bar or the chair as the philosopher; in the seat of jus-
tice as the judge; on the bench of the House of Commons as the or-
ator and the legislator—versatile, eloquent, persevering. He dies
after a long career, and all of a sudden he appears to us to have been
rather squandering away his time and abilities than purchasing from
them any solid happiness or real glory. Nothing remains of
him: he has perished; nor can we believe that in the fret and fever
of a life which belied his character, for the life was active, and the
character indolent, he found that pleasure which a calm philosophy
should have brought. His speeches may be ransacked by some youth-
ful orator to find materials for his own; but to the great bulk of man-
kind they exist no longer; and even if they did, there is necessarily so
much that is personal and passing; so much of the spirit of party; of the
desire for power, in a political career, that the pure beauty of the doc-
trine is sullied and effaced by the passions of the individual. How
much more holy, how much more satisfactory, if it were in the ordinary
possibility of man to obtain it, were that intellectual retirement, in
which every treasure that the mind acquires is accumulated and
retained for a great and immortal purpose—a purpose which gives a
general tone to every feeling, an universal character to every thought;
which makes of the Philosopher's mind the mirror of the Universe—
a purpose such as was that of Mr. Bentham's life—the benefit of
mankind—the instruction of the human race!

* Sir James Mackintosh.
If I cannot narrate a life of adventurous and daring exploits, fortunately I have no heavy crimes to confess, and if I do not rise in the estimation of the reader for acts of gallantry and devotion in my country's cause, at least I may claim the merit of humble and unobtrusive contumacy in my vocation. We are all of us variously gifted from above, and he who is content to walk, instead of running, his allotted path through life, although he may not so rapidly attain the goal, has the advantage of not being out of breath upon his arrival. Not that I mean to infer that my life has not been one of adventure. I only mean to say, that in all which has occurred, I have been a passive, rather than an active, personage; and if events of interest are to be recorded, they certainly have not been sought by me.

As well as I can recollect and analyze my early propensities, I think that, had I been permitted to select my own profession, I should in all probability have bound myself apprentice to a tailor; for I always envied the comfortable seat which they appeared to enjoy upon the shopboard, and their elevated position, which enabled them to look down upon the constant succession of the idle or the busy, who passed in review before them in the main-street of the country town, near to which I passed the first fourteen years of my existence.

But my father, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the youngest brother of a noble family, had a lucrative living, and a 'soul above buttons,' if his son had not. It has been from time immemorial the heathenish custom to sacrifice the greatest fool of the family to the prosperity and naval superiority of the country, and at the age of fourteen I was selected as the victim. If the custom be judicious, I had no reason to complain. There was not one dissentient voice, when I was proposed before all the varieties of my aunts and cousins, invited to partake of our new-year's festival. I was selected by general acclamation. Flattered by such an unanimous acknowledgment of my qualification, and a stroke of my father's hand down my head which accompanied it, I felt as proud, and alas! as unconscious, as the calf with gilded horns, who plays and mumbles with the flowers of the garland which designates his fate to every one but himself. I even felt, or thought I felt, a slight degree of military ardor, and a sort of vision of future grandeur passed before me, in the distant vista of which I perceived a coach with four horses and a service of plate. It was, however, driven away before I could decipher it, by positive bodily pain, occasioned by my elder brother Tom, who having been directed by my father to snuff the candles, took the opportunity of my abstraction to insert a piece of the still ignited snuff into my left ear. But as my story is not a very short one, I must not dwell too long at its commencement. I shall therefore inform the reader, that my father, who lived in the north of England, did not think it right to fit me out at our country-town, near to which we resided; but about a fortnight after the decision to which I have referred, he forwarded me to London on the outside of the coach, with my best suit of bottle-green and six shirts. To prevent mistakes I was booked in the way-bill 'to be delivered to Mr. Thomas Handycock, No. 14, St. Clement's-lane—carriage paid.' My parting with the family was very affecting; my mother cried bitterly, for, like all mothers, she liked the greatest
fool which she had presented to my father, better than all the rest; my sisters cried because my mother cried; Tom roared for a short time louder than all the rest, having been chastised by my father for breaking his fourth window in that week;—during all which, my father walked up and down the room with impatience, because he was kept from his dinner, and like all orthodox divines, he was tenacious of the only sensual enjoyment permitted to his cloth.

At last I tore myself away. I had blubbered till my eyes were so red and swollen, that the pupils were scarcely to be distinguished, and tears and dirt had veined my cheeks like the marble of the chimney-piece. My handkerchief was soaked through with wiping my eyes and blowing my nose, before the scene was over. My brother Tom, with a kindness which did honor to his heart, exchanged his for mine, saying with fraternal regard, 'Here, Peter, take mine, it's as dry as a bone.' But my father would not wait for a second handkerchief to perform its duty. He led me away through the hall, when having shaken hands with all the men and kissed all the maids, who stood in a row with their aprons to their eyes, I quitted my paternal roof.

The coachman accompanied me to the place from whence the coach was to start. Having secured mine securely wedged between two fat old women, and having put my parcel inside, he took his leave, and in a few minutes I was on my road to London.

I was too much depressed to take notice of anything during my journey. When we arrived in London, they drove to the Blue Boar, (in a street the name of which I forget.) I had never seen or heard of such an animal, and certainly it did appear very formidable; its mouth was open and teeth very large. What surprised me still more was to observe that its teeth and hoofs were of pure gold. Who knows, thought I, that in some of the strange countries which I am doomed to visit, I may fall in with and shoot one of these terrific monsters? with what haste shall I select those precious parts, and with what joy should I, on my return, pour them as an offering of filial affection into my mother's lap!—and then, as I thought of my mother, the tears again gushed into my eyes.

The coachman threw his whip to the ostler and the reins upon the horses' backs; he then dismounted, and calling to me, 'Now young gentleman, I'm a waiting,' he put a ladder up for me to get down by; then turning to a porter, he said to him, 'Bill, you must take this here young gemman and that ere parcel to this here direction. Please to remember the coachman, Sir.' I replied that I certainly would, if he wished it, and walked off with the porter; the coachman observing, as I went away, 'Well, he is a fool—that's sartin.' I arrived quite safe at St. Clement's-lane, when the porter received a shilling for his trouble from the maid who let me in, and I was shown up into a parlor, where I found myself in company with Mrs. HandycocK.

Mrs. HandycocK was a little mangy woman, who did not speak very good English, and who appeared to me to employ the major part of her time in bawling out from the top of the stairs to the servants below. I never saw her either read a book or occupy herself with needle-work, during the whole time I was in the house. She had a large grey parrot, and really I cannot tell which screamed the worst of the two—but she was very civil and kind to me, and asked me ten times a-day when I had last heard of my grandfather, Lord Privilege. I observed that she always did so if any company happened to call in during my stay at her house. Before I had been there ten minutes, she told me that she
'hated sailors—they were the defendours and preservours of their kings and countries,' and that 'Mr. Handycoc k would be home by four o'clock, and then we should go to dinner.' Then she jumped off her chair to bowl to the cook from the head of the stairs—'Jemima, Jemima!—we'll ha'ae vining biled instead of fried.' 'Can't marm,' replied Jemima, 'they be all legged and crumbed, with their tails in their mouths.' 'Vell, then, never mind Jemima,' replied the lady.—'Don't put your finger into the parrot's cage, my love—he's hapt to be cross with strangers. Mr. Handycoc k will be home at four o'clock, and then we shall have our dinner. Are you fond of vining?'

As I was very anxious to see Mr. Handycoc k, and very anxious to have my dinner, I was not sorry to hear the clock on the stairs strike four; when Mrs. Handycoc k again jumped up, and put her head over the bannisters, 'Jemima, Jemima, it's four o'clock!' 'I hear it marm,' replied the cook; and she gave the frying-pan a twist, which made the hissing and the smell come flying up into the parlour, and made me more hungry than ever.

Rap, tap, tap! 'There's your master, Jemima,' screamed the lady. 'I hear him marm,' replied the cook. 'Run down, my dear, and let Mr. Handycoc k in,' said his wife. 'He'll be so surprised at seeing you open the door.'

I ran down as Mrs. Handycoc k desired me, and opened the street door. 'Who the devil are you?' cried Mr. Handycoc k in a gruff voice; a man about six feet high, dressed in blue cotton-net pantaloons and Hessian boots, with a black coat and waistcoat. I was a little re-buffed, I must own, but I replied that I was Mr. Simple. 'And pray, Mr. Simple, what would your grandfather say, if he saw you now? I have servants in plenty to open my door, and the parlour is the proper place for young gentlemen.'

'Law Mr. Handycoc k,' said his wife, from the top of the stairs, 'how can you be so cross? I told him to open the door to surprise you.' 'And you have surprised me,' replied he, 'with your cursed folly.'

While Mr. Handycoc k was rubbing his boots on the mat, I went up stairs again, rather mortified, I must own, as my father had told me that Mr. Handycoc k was his stock-broker, and would do all he could to make me comfortable; indeed he had written to that effect in a letter, which my father showed to me before I left home. When I returned to the parlour, Mrs. Handycoc k whispered to me, 'Never mind my dear, it's only because there's something wrong on 'Change. Mr. Handycoc k is a bear just now.' I thought so too, but I made no answer, for Mr. Handycoc k came up stairs, and walking with two strides from the door of the parlour to the fire-place, turned his back to it, and lifting up his coat-tails, began to whistle.

'Are you ready for your dinner, my dear?' said the lady, almost trembling.

'If the dinner is ready for me. I believe we usually dine at four,' answered her husband gruffly.

'Jemima, Jemima, dish up! do you hear Jemima?' 'Yes, marm,' replied the cook, 'directly. I've thickened the butter;' and Mrs. Handycoc k resumed her seat with 'Well Mr. Simple, and how is your grandfather, Lord Privilege?' 'He is quite well ma'am,' answered I, for the fifteenth time at least. But dinner put an end to the silence which followed this remark. Mr. Handycoc k lowered his coat tails and walked down stairs, leaving his wife and me to follow at our leisure.
Peter Simple.

'Pray ma'am,' inquired I, as soon as he was out of hearing, 'what is the matter with Mr. Handycock, that he is so cross to you?'

'Ve, my dear, it is one of the misfortunes of maternity, that ven the husband's put out, the wife is sure to have her share of it. Mr. Handycock must have lost money on 'Change, and then he always comes home cross. Ven he vins, then he is as merry as a cricket.'

'Are you people coming down to dinner?' roared Mr. Handycock from below. 'Yes my dear, replied the lady, 'I thought that you were washing your hands.' We descended into the dining-room, where we found that Mr. Handycock had already devoured two of the whittings, leaving only one on the dish for his wife and me. 'Would you like a little bit of viting, my dear?' said the lady to me. 'It's not worth halving,' observed the gentleman, in a surly tone, taking the fish up with his own knife and fork, and putting it on his plate.

'Well I'm so glad you like them, my dear,' replied the lady meekly; then turning to me, 'there's some nice roast veal coming, my dear.'

The veal made its appearance, and fortunately for us, Mr. Handycock could not devour it all. He took the lion's share, nevertheless, cutting off all the brown, and then shoving the dish over to his wife to help herself and me. I had not put two pieces in my mouth before Mr. Handycock desired me to get up and hand him the porter-pot, which stood on the sideboard. I thought that if it was not right for me to open a door, neither was it for me to wait at table—but I obeyed him without making a remark.

After dinner, Mr. Handycock went down to the cellar for a bottle of wine. 'O deary me,' exclaimed his wife, 'he must have lost a mint of money—we had better go up stairs and leave him alone; he'll be better after a bottle of port, perhaps.' I was very glad to go away and being very tired, I went to bed without any tea, for Mrs. Handycock dared not venture to make it before her husband came up stairs.

The next morning Mr. Handycock appeared to be in somewhat better humor. One of the linendrapers, who fit out cadets, &c. 'on the shortest notice,' was sent for, and orders given for my equipment, which Mr. Handycock insisted should be ready on the day afterwards, or the articles would be left on his hands; adding that my place was already taken in the Portsmouth coach.

'Really, sir,' observed the man, 'I'm afraid—on such very short notice—'

'Your card says "the shortest notice,"' rejoined Mr. Handycock, with the confidence and authority of a man who is enabled to correct another by his own assertions. 'If you do not choose to undertake the work, another will.'

This silenced the man, who made his promise, took my measure and departed, and soon afterwards Mr. Handycock also quitted the house.

What with my grandfather and the parrot, and Mrs. Handycock wondering how much money her husband had lost, running to the head of the stairs and talking to the cook, the day passed away pretty well till four o'clock; when, as before, Mrs. Handycock screamed, the cook screamed, the parrot screamed, and Mr. Handycock rapped at the door, and was let in—but not by me. He ascended the stairs with three bounds, and coming into the parlor, cried 'Well Nancy, my love, how are you?' Then stooping over her, 'Give me a kiss, old girl, I'm as hungry as a hunter. Mr. Simple, how do you do? I hope you have
passed the morning agreeably. I must wash my hands and change my boots, my love; I am not fit to sit down to table with you in this pickle. Well, Polly, how are you?"

"I'm glad you're hungry, my dear, I've such a nice dinner for you," replied the wife, all smiles. "Jemima, be quick and dish up—Mr. Handycock is so hungry."

"Yes, marm," replied the cook; and Mrs. Handycock followed her husband into his bed-room on the same floor, to assist him at his toilet.

"By Jove, Nancy, the bulls have been nicely taken in," said Mr. Handycock, as we set down to dinner.

"O I am so glad!" replied his wife, giggling; and so I believe she was, but why I did not understand.

"Mr. Simple," said he, "will you allow me to offer you a little fish?"

"If you do not want it all yourself, sir," replied I politely.

Mrs. Handycock frowned and shook her head at me, while her husband helped me. "My dove, a bit of fish?"

We both had our share to-day, and I never saw a man more polite than Mr. Handycock. He joked with his wife, asked me to drink wine with him two or three times, talked about my grandfather; and, in short, we had a very pleasant evening.

The next morning all my clothes came home, but Mr. Handycock, who still continued in good humor, said that he would not allow me to travel by night that I should sleep there and set off the next morning, which I did at six o'clock, and before eight I had arrived at the Elephant and Castle, where we stopped for a quarter of an hour. I was looking at the painting representing this animal with a castle on its back; and assuming that of Alnwick, which I had seen, as a fair estimate of the size and weight of that which he carried, was attempting to enlarge my ideas so as to comprehend the stupendous bulk of the elephant, when I observed a crowd assembled at the corner, and asking a gentleman who sat by me in a plaid cloak, whether there was not something very uncommon to attract so many people; he replied, "Not very, for it was only a drunken sailor."

I rose from my seat, which was on the hinder part of the coach, that I might see him, for it was a new sight to me, and excited my curiosity; when to my astonishment he staggered from the crowd, and swore that he'd go to Portsmouth. He climbed up by the wheel of the coach, and sat down by me. I believe that I stared at him very much, for he said to me, "What are you gaping at, you young sculpin? Do you want to catch flies? or did you never see a chap half seas over before?"

I replied, "that I had never been at sea in my life, but that I was going."

"Well, then, you're like a young bear, all your sorrows to come—that's all my hearty," replied he. "When you get on board, you'll find monkey's allowance—more kicks than half-pence. I say, you pewter carrier, bring us another pint of ale."

The waiter of the inn, who was attending the coach, brought out the ale, half of which the sailor drank, and the other half threw into the waiter's face, telling him that was his allowance; and now," said he, "what's to pay?" The waiter, who looked very angry, but appeared too much afraid of the sailor to say anything, answered fourpence; and the sailor pulled out a handful of bank notes, mixed up with gold, silver,
and coppers, and was picking out the money to pay for his beer, when the coachman, who was impatient, drove off.

'There's cut and run,' cried the sailor, thrusting all the money back into his breeches pocket. 'That's what you'll learn to do, my joker before you have been two cruzies to sea.'

In the meantime, the gentleman in the plaid cloak, who was seated by me, smoked his cigar without saying a word. I commenced a conversation with him relative to my profession, and asked him whether it was not very difficult to learn. 'Larn,' cried the sailor, interrupting us, 'no; it may be difficult for such chaps as me before the mast to larn, but you, I presume, is a reefer, and they ain't got much to larn, 'cause why? they pipeclays their weekly accounts, and walks up and down with their hands in their pockets. You must larn to chaw baccy, drink grog, and call the cat a beggar, and then you knows all a midshipman's expected to know now-a-days. A'rn't I right, sir?' said the sailor, appealing to the gentleman in a plaid cloak. 'I axes you, because I see you're a sailor by the cut of your jib. Beg pardon, sir,' continued he, touching his hat, 'hope no offence.

'I am afraid that you have nearly hit the mark, my good fellow,' replied the gentleman.

The drunken fellow then entered into conversation with him, stating that he had been paid off from the Audacious, at Portsmouth, and had come up to London to spend his money with his messmates; but that yesterday he had discovered that a Jew at Portsmouth had sold him a seal as a gold seal, for fifteen shillings, which proved to be copper, and that he was going back to Portsmouth to give the Jew a couple of black eyes for his rascality, and that when he had done that, he was to return to his messmates, who had promised to drink success to the expedition at the Cock and Bottle, St. Martin's Lane, until he should return.

The gentleman in the plaid cloak commended him very much for his resolution; for he said that although the journey to and from Portsmouth would cost twice the value of a gold seal, yet, that in the end, it might be worth a Jew's eye. What he meant I did not comprehend.

Whenever the coach stopped, the sailor called for more ale, and always threw the remainder which he could not drink into the face of the man who brought it out for him, just as the coach was starting off, and then tossing the pewter pot on the ground for him to pick up. He became more tipsy every stage, and the last from Portsmouth, when he pulled out his money, he could find no silver, so he handed down a note, and desired the waiter to change it. The waiter crumpled it up and put it in his pocket, and then returned the sailor the change for a one pound note; but the gentleman in the plaid had observed that it was a five pound note which the sailor had given, and insisted upon the waiter's producing it and giving the proper change. The sailor took his money, which the waiter handed to him, begging pardon for the mistake, although he colored up very much at being detected. 'I really beg your pardon,' said he again, 'it was quite a mistake;' whereupon the sailor threw the pewter pot at the waiter, saying, 'I really beg your pardon, too;' and with such force, that it flattened upon the man's head, who fell senseless on the road. The coachman drove off, and I never heard whether the man was killed or not.

After the coach had driven off, the sailor eyed the gentleman in the plaid cloak for minute or two, and then said, 'When I first looked at you I took you for some officer in mufti; but now, that I see that you look
so sharp after the rhino, it's my idea that you're some poor devil of a Scotchman, mayhap second mate of a merchant vessel—there's half-a-crown for your services—I'd give you more, if I thought you would spend it.'

The gentleman laughed, and took the half-crown, which I afterwards observed that he gave to the grey-headed beggar at the bottom of Port-down Hill. I inquired of him how soon we should be at Portsmouth; he answered that we were passing the lines; but I saw no lines, and I was ashamed to show my ignorance. He asked me what ship I was going to join. I could not recollect her name, but I told him it was painted on the outside of my chest, which was coming down by the waggon; all that I could recollect was that it was a French name.

'Have you no letter of introduction to the captain?' said he.

'Yes, I have,' replied I; and I pulled out my pocket-book in which the letter was. 'Captain Savage, H. M. ship Diomede,' continued I, reading to him.

To my surprise he very coolly proceeded to open the letter, which, when I perceived what he was doing, occasioned me immediately to snatch the letter from him, stating my opinion at the same time that it was a breach of honor, and that in my opinion he was no gentleman.

'Just as you please, youngster,' replied he. 'Recollect, you have told me I am no gentleman.'

He wrapped his plaid around him, and said no more; and I was not a little pleased at having silenced him by my resolute behavior.

When we stopped, I inquired of the coachman which was the best inn. He answered, 'that it was the Blue Postesses, where the midshipmen leave their chestesses, call for tea and toastesses, and sometimes forget to pay for their breakfastes.' He laughed when he said it, and I thought that he was joking with me; but he pointed out two large blue posts at the door next the coach-office, and told me that all the midshipmen resorted to that hotel. He then asked me to remember the coachman, which by this time I had found out implied that I was not to forget to give him a shilling, which I did, and then went into the inn. The coffee-room was full of midshipmen, and as I was anxious about my chest, I inquired of one of them if he knew when the waggon would come in.

'Do you expect your mother by it?' replied he.

'No! but I expect my uniforms—I only wear these bottle-greens until they come.'

'And pray what ship are you going to join?'

'The Die-a-maid—Captain Thomas Kirkwall Savage.'

'The Diomede—I say, Robinson, a'n't that the frigate in which the midshipmen had four dozen a piece for not having pipe-clayed their weekly accounts on the Saturday?'

'To be sure it is,' replied the other; 'why, the captain gave a youngster five dozen the other day for wearing a scarlet watch-ribbon.'

'He's the greatest Tartar in the service,' continued the other; 'he flogged the whole starboard watch the last time that he was on a cruise, because the ship would only sail nine knots upon a bowling.'

'O dear!' said I, 'then I'm very sorry that I'm going to join him.'

'Pon my soul I pity you: you'll be fagged to death; for there's only three midshipmen in the ship now—all the rest ran away. Didn't they, Robinson?'

'There's only two left now—for poor Matthews died of fatigue. He
was worked all day, and kept watch all night for six weeks, and one morning he was found dead upon his chest.'

'God bless my soul!' cried I, 'and yet on shore they say he is such a kind man to his midshipmen.'

'Yes,' replied Robinson, 'he spreads that report everywhere. Now, observe, when you first call upon him, and report your having come to join his ship, he'll tell you that he is very happy to see you, and that he hopes your family are well—then he'll recommend you to go on board and learn your duty. After that, stand clear. Now, recollect what I have said, and see if it does not prove true. Come, sit down with us and take a glass of grog, it will keep your spirits up.'

These midshipmen told me so much about my captain, and the horrid cruelties which he had practised, that I had some doubts whether I had not better set off home again. When I asked their opinion, they said that if I did I should be taken up as a deserter and hanged; that my best plan was to beg his acceptance of a few gallons of rum, for he was very fond of grog, and that then I might perhaps be in his good graces, as long as the rum might last.

I am sorry to state that the midshipmen made me very tipsy that evening. I don't recollect being put to bed, but I found myself there the next morning with a dreadful head-ache, and a very confused recollection of what had passed. I was very much shocked at my having so soon forgotten the injunctions of my parents, and was making vows never to be so foolish again, when in came the midshipman who had been so kind to me the night before. 'Come, Mr. Bottlegreen,' he bawled out, alluding I suppose to the color of my clothes, 'rouse and bitt. There's the captain's coxswain waiting for you below. By the powers, you're in a pretty scrape for what you did last night!'

'Did last night!' replied I, astonished. 'Why, does the captain know that I was tipsy?'

'I think you took devilish good care to let him know it when you were at the theatre.'

'At the theatre! Was I at the theatre?'

'To be sure you were. You would go, do all we could to prevent you, though you were as drunk as David's sow. Your captain was there with the admiral's daughters. You called him a tyrant, and snapped your fingers at him. Why, don't you recollect? You told him that you did not care a fig for him.'

'O dear! O dear! what shall I do? what shall I do?' cried I. 'My mother cautioned me so about drinking and bad company.'

'Bad company, you wholep—what do you mean by that?'

'Oh I did not particularly refer to you.'

'I should hope not! However, I recommend you as a friend, to go to the George Inn as fast as you can, and see your captain, for the longer you stay away the worse it will be for you. At all events, it will be decided whether he receives you or not. It is fortunate for you that you are not on the ship's books. Come, be quick, the coxswain is gone back.' 'Not on the ship's book,' replied I sorrowfully. Now I recollect there was a letter from the captain to my father, stating that he had put me on the books.'

'Upon my honor, I'm sorry—very sorry indeed,' replied the midshipman—and he quitted the room, looking as grave as if the misfortune had happened to himself. I got up with a heavy head, and heavier heart, and as soon as I was dressed, I asked the way to the George Inn.
I took my letter of introduction with me although I was afraid it would be of little service. When I arrived, I asked, with a trembling voice, whether captain Thomas Kirkwall Savage, of H. M. ship Diomede, was staying there. The waiter replied, that he was at breakfast with Captain Courtney, but that he would take up my name. I gave it to him, and in a minute the waiter returned and desired that I would walk up. O how my heart beat—I never was so frightened—I thought I should have dropped on the stairs. Twice I attempted to walk into the room, and each time my legs failed me: at last I wiped the perspiration from my forehead, and with a desperate effort I went into the room.

'Mr. Simple, I am glad to see you,' said a voice. I had held my head down, for I was afraid to look at him, but the voice was so kind, that I mustered up courage; and when I did look up, there sat with his uniform and epaulets, and his sword by his side, the passenger in the plaid cloak, who wanted to open my letter, and who I had told to his face that he was no gentleman.

I thought I should have died as the other midshipman did upon his chest. I was just sinking down on my knees to beg for mercy, when the captain perceiving my confusion, burst out into a laugh, and said, 'So you know me again, Mr. Simple? Well, don't be alarmed, you did your duty in not permitting me to open the letter, supposing me, as you did, to be some other person, and you were perfectly right under that supposition, to tell me that I was not a gentleman. I give you credit for your conduct. Now sit down and take some breakfast.'

'Captain Courtney,' said he to the other captain, who was at the table, 'this is one of my youngsters just entering the service. We were passengers yesterday by the same coach.' He then told him the circumstance which had occurred, at which they laughed heartily.

I now recovered my spirits a little—but still there was the affair at the theatre, and I thought that perhaps he did not recognize me. I was, however, soon relieved from my anxiety by the other captain inquiring, 'Were you at the theatre last night, Savage?'

'No; I dined at the admiral's; there's no getting away from those girls, they are so pleasant.'

'I rather think you are a little—taken in that quarter.'

'No, on my word! I might be if I had time to discover which I liked best; but my ship is at present my wife, and the only wife I intend to have until I am laid on the shelf.'

Well, thought I, if he was not at the theatre, it could not have been him that I insulted. Now if I can only give him the rum, and make friends with him.

'Pray, Mr. Simple, how are your father and mother?' said the captain.

'Very well, I thank you, sir, and desire me to present their compliments.'

'I am obliged to them. Now I think the sooner you go on board and learn your duty the better.' (Just what the midshipman told me—the very words, thought I—then it's all true—and I began to tremble again.)

'I have a little advice to offer you,' continued the captain. 'In the first place, obey your superior officers without hesitation; it is for me, not you, to decide whether an order is unjust or not. In the next place, never swear or drink spirits. The first is immoral and ungentlemanlike, the second is a vile habit which will grow upon you. I never touch
spirits myself, and I expect that my young gentlemen will refrain from it also. Now you may go, and as soon as your uniforms arrive, you will repair on board. In the mean time, as I had some little insight into your character when we travelled together, let me recommend you not to be too intimate at first sight with those you meet, or you may be led into indiscretions. Good morning.

I quitted the room with a low bow, glad to have surmounted so easily what appeared to be a chaos of difficulty; but my mind was confused with the testimony of the midshipman, so much at variance with the language and behavior of the captain. When I arrived at the Blue Post, I found all the midshipmen in the coffee-room, and I repeated to them all that had passed. When I had finished, they burst out laughing, and said that they had only been joking with me. "Well," said I to the one who had called me up in the morning, "you may call it joking, but I call it lying."

"Pray Mr. Bottlegreen, do you refer to me?"

"Yes, I do," replied I.

"Then, sir, as a gentleman, I demand satisfaction. Slugs in a saw-pit. Death before dishonor, d——e."

"I shall not refuse you," replied I, "although I had rather not fight a duel; my father cautioned me on the subject, desiring me, if possible, to avoid it, as it was flying in the face of my Creator; but aware that I must uphold my character as an officer, he left me to my own discretion, should I ever be so unfortunate as to be in such a dilemma."

"Well, we don't want one of your father's sermons at second hand," replied the midshipman, (for I had told them that my father was a clergyman,) the plain question is, will you fight or will you not?"

"Could not the affair be arranged otherwise?" interrupted another.

"Will not Mr. Bottlegreen retract?"

"My name is Simple, sir, and not Bottlegreen," replied I: and as he did tell a falsehood, I will not retract."

"Then the affair must go on," said the midshipman. "Robinson, you will obligè me by acting as my second."

"It's an unpleasant business," replied the other, "you are so good a shot; but as you request it, I shall not refuse. Mr. Simple is not, I believe, provided with a friend."

"Yes, he is," replied another of the midshipmen. "He is a spunky fellow, and I'll be his second."

It was then arranged that we should meet the next morning with pistols. I considered that as an officer and a gentleman, I could not well refuse, but I was very unhappy. Not three days left to my own guidance, and I had become intoxicated, and was now to fight a duel. I went up into my room and wrote a long letter to my mother, inclosing a lock of my hair; and having shed a few tears at the idea, of how sorry she would be if I were killed, I borrowed a bible of the waiter, and read it during the remainder of the day.

(To be continued.)
THE SOUGHT, FOUND, AND LOST.

Why should not unmarried men be distinguished from the less interesting portion of their sex, by some designation equivalent to that usual among us? Why are they always Mr., while we change from Miss to Mrs.? Many distressing mistakes would be obviated if this were arranged—much less expenditure of time and money saved. All mothers of daughters are aware of the awkwardness to which they are at present liable, from finding themselves occasionally necessitated, either to remain in ignorance whether a new male acquaintance be married or not, or else expose themselves to a supposition of all others the most to be avoided—namely, that of any anxiety whatsoever on the point. I know such embarrassments do not very often occur; and yet there are occasions, when you are left to 'follow a trail, so indistinct, that it might baffle the most experienced Indian, or English, husband-hunter.

Some time since I was travelling through the south of Italy—for my health, as mamma told papa, but, in reality, to run down game which we had started in Switzerland, but which afterwards escaped us. I did not think it a very promising affair, for my own part; but mamma said she was sure of success, and I knew she had never failed with any of my elder sisters. The man had not been very uncivil to me during an intimacy of some months, and this gave me high spirits; and so, on we scampered over hills and down valleys. Papa sometimes wanted to stop to see the curiosities; but mamma would not hear of it, averring, it was as much as my life was worth, to defer for a day my journey to a warm climate; and I used to cough whenever papa awoke in the carriage, to corroborate mamma's account of the delicate state of my chest.

We flew through Italy; and were I a sentimental young lady, I should doubtless give a charming account of the glories of nature and of art which we passed on our journey; but I candidly admit, I could never see any good in a country walk, or drive, but might afford opportunity for a declaration. I have been well brought up by a sensible mamma, and shall not discredit her lessons. I like the observation of the Frenchman to his pastoral friend, in extasies over a flock of sheep, browsing at a distance—'perhaps out of the whole, there was not one tender.' I want to know the real utility of being romantic. I cannot fall in love with the marble Apollo, nor any of his set. I had rather see a living man, with a well-cut coat on his back, and a pair of trousers, the most in fashion on his limbs. So, I shall only say, we reached Naples. Mr. W. had just left the town, no one could tell us for what destination. We sent scouts abroad, in various directions, and, while awaiting their reports, I had another good opportunity for sonnet-writing—and sonnets I certainly should have indited, had I the slightest no-
tion they could have assisted me in getting married. But I recollected that even Sappho, in despair of finding a husband, drowned herself—and I thought there might be as many Phaons to be met with as then.

Our scouts returned, without any tidings of our run-away. Mamma declared her intention of striking into the Abruzzi. Papa expostulated with her upon the danger of venturing into a country overrun with banditti, who might frighten poor Emily to death, in her present delicate state of health; and mamma was suffering him to buzz on without minding him, when a carriage drove up to the door. A gentleman alighted, and mamma clapping her hands, cried out, 'Emily!' The gentleman at once recognized her, and the next moment our marked victim was in the room. The hotel was crowded. Mamma offered Mr. W. the use of our room and table. He was delighted, and passed the whole evening with us. I returned his first salutations quite regally. I afterwards sat near papa, gave him my undivided attention, and did my utmost to amuse him—circumstances which, I saw, very much surprised poor papa. 'My nonsensical Emily and her papa are great fiirts,' said mamma, smiling at Mr. W.

'Oh, I protest against such monopoly on the part of Mr. H.,' he replied.

Mamma laughed. I wonder how any single man on earth could venture so decided an expression in the presence of such a mother. She would marry a man ten times over on less than that.

Days and weeks passed, and still we all lived together, and still Mr. W. was civil and no living creature could be more easy, and more free from all apprehensions of us. He showed none of that standing-on-guard manners of other single men, who are always on the qui vive, like a besieged town in constant fear of a coup-de-main. Either he liked me, and met his fate voluntarily, or he was a more simple person than we had taken him for. But now the question was, 'Why don't he declare himself?' and a morning did come, when he actually, after looking expressively at us, called papa to take a turn with him! Judge how delighted mamma and I were: there could be but one subject between him and papa, whom he very naturally considered a dead bore; and how we did congratulate each other on this brilliant achievement!—how we described, for mutual gratification, his two seats in two of the best neighborhoods in England—and his town-house—and his carriages—and new horses—and liveries! How proud mamma expressed herself of such a daughter! and how I, as in duty bound, gave her the credit of it all, as my instructress first, and afterwards my ally!

'I wonder they don't come back, Emily, my love—why they have been gone a whole hour and a half!'—as she spoke, papa re-appeared—alone. 'Well,' said mamma, 'well; what have you done with Mr. W.?—of course you told him how flattered we all felt!''—'Flattered?' rejoined papa, 'I don't see anything so very flattering in it, my dear,'—'No my dear! from a man of his consequence? why, you must be raving mad my dear.'—'Well, my dear!' answered papa, in a deprecating tone, 'I dare say you know best; only on Emily's account I thought—'
What on earth are you talking about, Mr. H.? you are never very easily understood, my dear, but I protest I find you quite incomprehensible at present. Do you or do you not agree that Mr. W. would be a great match for any girl?'—'To be sure I do, my dear.'—'Very well, my dear, then surely we are both agreed in thinking his proposal flattering?'—'Of course, my dear, you are the best judge; only I feared you might not like it, that's all my dear—no harm done.'—'You really are enough to drive one frantic, Mr. H.! Will you have the kindness to tell me from the beginning what Mr. W. said to you this morning?'—'To be sure, my dear: I can have no objection: only don't hurry me so, as I may forget. First, he began by expressing the greatest regard for me and my family: and he said, my dear, that you were a superior woman, and Emily a charming girl.'—'Good beginning, isn't it, Emily, my love?' I nodded. 'Well, my dear go on!'—'Yes, my dear, but I don't recollect where I was.'—'That I was a superior woman, my dear.'—'Oh, aye; and what next?'—yes; that he was very peculiarly situated; that he looked on it as a most fortunate circumstance having met my family; and that, from the great kindness we had shown him, he was induced to ask a favor of me.'—'Well that was putting the thing very handsomely, I must say—what, Emily?' I nodded again. 'Now my dear, to get on a little faster, will you?'—'I am, my dear, getting on as fast as I can. Then he talked a longwhile about women being hard upon one another. 'But,' says he 'I'm sure Mrs. H. does not not think in that way; indeed, she told me as much herself; and then, my dear, he said you said you could countenance a woman who had been talked of about a man before being married to him—did you say so, my dear?'—'Tush to be sure I did, because I know he has the character of being a little dissipated, and if he thought he married into a family that took such things quietly, he would have less hesitation about us.'—'Oh, well; I suppose that was what put it into his head my dear.'—'Put what into his head?'—'To ask you my dear to visit his wife.'—'Visit his what?'—'His wife, my dear.'

Mamma's and my consternation may be imagined. The man after whom we had travelled hundreds of miles, and spent hundreds of pounds in chase of, neglecting, for him, all other chances—that man was married!—and to his mistress, too!—We soon bid adieu to scenes fraught with recollections of failure and mortification, and returned to spend a triste winter in the tiresome old mansion in Nottinghamshire. But although mamma has experienced one check in her hitherto brilliant career, she is too good a general to feel utterly discomfited: and we propose taking the field again, early in spring, to seek, find, and keep, the next time, what we sought, and found, 'tis true, but also—lost, the last time.
AN ADVENTURE.

Unto

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, of London,
These,

Dear Sir,—I duly acknowledge receipt of the half-crown, and of a copy of the Athenæum literary paper, which has been regularly sent me ever since. The title of this work is even as a sweet savor to the scholar, recalling literary glories of the city of Cecrops, and associated with the names of the Cilician philosopher, and of him who is surnamed Naucratilla, the author of the learned treatise De Deipnosophistis. Nevertheless, I am concerned to find that the editor is altogether neglectful of the ideas which no doubt suggest themselves every time he casts his eye upon the paper; and it is for the purpose of putting him in mind of his duty, and of showing him how to combine recreation with instruction, that I send, for the amusement of the readers of the Athenæum, the inclosed Dissertation on the Greek Particles. It will not fill more than half a number, or at most two thirds, and I demand for it ten shillings and sixpence; but, lest the conductors of a fourpenny paper should be startled by such a price, I inclose a brief narrative as before, which I hope you will think worth half-a-crown of the money.

As for your charge of pedantry, it is as unfounded as the expression used by Scaliger to denote a pedant—grammaticaster—is low and base Latin. However, I ought rather to pity your ignorance than upbraid your presumption, convinced as I am that the editor of a paper with so Attic a name as the Athenæum will perceive at a glance that I am more grammaticus than grammatista.

P. P.

The Answer.

Dear Sir,—I regret to have to communicate to you an afflicting calamity, which has befallen your Dissertation on the Greek Particles. One evening while enjoying its perusal, I was seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, and before I had reached the third page fell fast asleep. I dreamed that I was under the hands and birch of a remorseless pedagogue, and writhed and started so emphatically, that the candle was overturned and set fire to the precious manuscript which burned, like the diamond, without leaving a residue, so that there is not one particle extant of your Greek Particles!

This, however, was no fault of yours, and I send you the money demanded; but as the sum is a serious loss to a poor devil of an author like myself, I hope you will speedily fall in with a third adventure and make some allowance in your charge.

L. R.

THE ADVENTURE.

When the flames of the burning of Bristol were extinguished, the turmoil of the city gradually subsided, and silence reigned, co-heir with desolation. The
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house, more especially, at the top whereof was my abode, resembled a ruin. window glass had been shivered by the heat; and from the blackened walls, cracked and rent here and there, the inhabitants fled in disgust. Many of them besides—of those who had got clear off with their goods—owed arrears of rent; and this providential calamity, as they presumed, cancelled their debt to Caesar. Thus it happened, from one cause and another, that I was left alone in the desolate tenement.

No one came to ask me for my weekly sixpence—and of a truth, the charge now would have hardly been warranted by the accommodation; for the roof had in some places given way, and exposed me to the skyey influences, more applicable to the concerns of poetry than of human comfort. I had some thoughts at length of quitting the house; but the temptation of lodging rent free confined me to my root.

One evening, while sitting musingly listening to the distant noises of the street, I heard suddenly the unaccustomed sound of a heavy footstep on the stair. Upward it came—tramp—tramp,—its echoes rumbling through the deserted mansion, till at last it stopped on my own landing-place. First it passed into one room, then into another, the doors opening and shutting with a sound that made my heart quake—for this late visitor, whose approach was like the approach of one having authority, I thought must surely be the landlord! Finally the heavy footstep paused at the threshold of my apartment, and the door flying open, a tall man muffled in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood before me.

'You are Peregrine Peters?' demanded he.

'My name is Peregrine Peters.'

'Why not Petrus also? Because you disclaim the qualities of a rock?'

'Except its poverty and barrenness.'

'Well, said he, with a hard and bitter smile, 'You are poor at any rate and I think you simple, if not honest. Can you keep a secret?'

'If it burthen not my conscience,' replied I 'I will keep it; but, if it touches the shedding of blood—'

'Why the shedding of blood?' I could not answer the question. I had been looking in the stranger's face, and the idea presented itself. 'What I require of you,' said he, after a pause, 'is a simple affair. You are to receive this into your custody; putting into my hands a small box, of fine wood inlaid with silver, and resembling a case of mathematical instruments, only somewhat larger—which you will deliver, unopened, into the hands of one who will come here to demand it of you. The person I allude to will ask no questions, and you are to promise solemnly to me, that you will not answer the questions of any other.'

'Why do you ask this of me?' demanded I in surprise. 'What connexion, or acquaintance is there between us, that you should choose a poor grammarian for your agent?'

'A public writer,' replied he, with the same smile I had noticed before, should not wonder at his being known to all the world. At any rate, you are only a stranger among strangers, and it is no more surprising that I should choose you than another. You are poor, secluded from the prying world, and, perhaps, honest. This is sufficient for my purpose. Allow this box to remain with you; keep the terms I have appointed; and when you deliver it up you shall receive a reward, in coined money, that shall content you.' The stranger had no sooner thrown down the small box than he turned upon his heel and suddenly left the apartment; and in another minute, the echoes of his footsteps died away in the distance.

The whole affair did not take more time than I have spent in telling; and I declare to you, that after the stranger had disappeared, I thought for more than one minute, it was nothing better than a trick of the imagination. The box, however, remained, and this was tangible enough. It was about half a foot in length, and of an oblong figure, but scarcely so heavy as a case of instruments of the size. It was, notwithstanding, handsome enough outside with its silver mountings; and after I had grown weary of turning it over and over, and tor-
manted myself so long as was possible with conjectures, as to the nature of its contents; I set it upon the mantel-piece for an ornament, and went to bed.

The next morning, before I was well up, the landlord, and a troop of surveyors and masons were in the room to examine into the state of the premises, with a view to repair the house. Their attention was speedily attracted by the box; which was, indeed, a comely object, and the more remarkable, that with the exception of my trunkle, or trundle bed, there was only a deal table in the apartment, and a chair of mahogany, that looked, however, as well as ebony. Presently they began to whisper, one with another, and to look with a strange side-long look at me. I was, in fact, troubled at the expression of their eyes, and rejoiced when they at last departed.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when my attention was caught by a small quick foot upon the stair, and presently a little boy broke hastily into the room.

"Master," said he, (for he was an ancient pupil of mine,) "if you have stolen the box, run for your life!" I was thunderstruck with surprise at the lad's audacity.

"Come," continued he, "you have no time to stand staring; for the case, they say, at the police, is clear against you. You were seen prowling up and down on the night of the fire, and lo! there is suddenly found in your room a silver box filled with bank notes to the lip!" It was clear enough, indeed, if the box contained money—which was not impossible from the unlucky stranger's harping so much about my honesty, I should certainly suffer death; and if, on the other hand, its contents were documents of importance, was it not my duty, as well as my interest, to make every effort to fulfil the tacit engagement into which I had been driven?

"Boy!" said I suddenly, "I am an innocent grammarian, but I must yield to fate."

"To fate? What is fate? — a halter?"

"Fatum est quod dit fantum—Adieu!" and hastily wrapping up my property in my pocket-handkerchief, and concealing as well as I was able the ill-omened box in the breast of my coat, I rushed into the street.

My grand object was to get clear of the town, till the noise of the event should die away; and seeing a countryman, whose son I had taught the humanities, riding homewards in his cart, I persuaded him to let me mount beside him. I soon, however, repented me of this plan, for methought every eye was turned upon me. I knew not whether my conscious imagination may not have played me a trick on the occasion; but, at any rate, my tall and spare figure, philosophic countenance, and raiment of decent black, that I had received as a gift from my grandmother on reaching man's estate, might well have attracted attention, perched upon the front of a turnip cart.

As we got further and further from the town, the curiosity of the passengers by seemed to increase. This awakened the attention of the countryman with whom I rode; and perceiving that I was an unwelcome passenger, I got down and crept away along the side of a hedge.

Having walked till I was weary and faint, I stopped near a village, and went into the church-yard to rest. I had not been long seated when some boys, and afterwards some women, came to look at me. They were especially struck with the appearance of the box which lay beside me; and the feminines, after communing together in an indignant manner, threw such glances towards me as made my flesh creep.

"I tell you they are surgical instruments," I could hear them exclaim, as they walked tumultuously away. "It is plain enough what he is prowling here for, and why, of late, folk cannot rest in the village, even in their graves! Bide a bit!" added the termagant, shaking her clenched hand at me, as they left the consecrated ground.

I did not abide; for I have observed that one might as well be suspected of robbing a woman of her living child, as of her dead; and in either case, there is no animal in the creation, more fierce, bloody and relentless. I made my way over the wall; and wrapping up the box in my bundle, (which I regretted I had
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not done at first,) skirted round the village, and regained the road at some distance beyond it. I was at length faint with hunger, as well as weary and way-sore, and went into an ale-house to comfort the carnal man. There were a good many country-men and pedestrian travellers in the room: but I was rejoiced to find from their conversation that the news from Bristol had not reached so far, and I pleased myself with the thoughts that I might quaff my ale in peace. I had no sooner laid down my bundle, however, than a mastiff-dog—may he die the death!—came smelling to it with more than human curiosity. In vain I removed it; in vain I drove him away; in vain I bribed him with bread, and even cheese—he only became more eager: and, at length, with a sudden spring, catching at the bundle with his teeth, he dragged it down, and the wretched box rolled upon the floor. At this sight, the monster sprang upon me, with a yell, that might have alarmed the dead, and had not the company come to my rescue, he would certainly have torn me to pieces. Even when beaten away by his master, he crouched himself before me at some distance, in the attitude of springing, and while his eyes were riveted upon me, emitted, every now and then, a short smothered howl that made me tremble.

All this, no doubt, seemed very surprising to the guests; and they began to converse apart: I thought it, therefore, better to depart; and, with a heavy heart, I buttoned my coat upon the accursed box, and, shouldering my bundle, trudged away.

Before I had done communing with myself, on the strange fatality of which I appeared to be the sport, the shadows of the twilight came gloomily down upon the earth, and I was right glad to reach a village. As I was entering the inn, an old gentleman was just coming out.

'Have you got the box?' said he, quickly laying his hand upon my shoulder. My heart leaped to my mouth; I grew sick, and felt as if about to fall.

'That is not the porter, sir,' remarked a servant in livery; 'but the box is found, and already on the coach.' Relieved, and yet ashamed, I went into the house. There were no dogs, Heaven be praised! and the guests took but little notice of me.

'I say my friend,' said the servant in livery, who had come in soon after me, 'what was the matter with you when master asked after the box? Why you looked all sorts of sky blue.'

'We have some guess of that!' remarked two men entering the room. I thought I should have swooned, and the words of the celebrated ballad came ding-dong in my ears—

"And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist!"

These men, however, were persons who had seen me at the last public-house, and had no authority to apprehend me. Nevertheless, they so grieved and alarmed me by their hints and half-charges, that I could stay no longer in their company, but retired to the room where I was to pass the night. Just then a thought of deliverance suddenly came into my head. I saw by the moonlight, that the yard behind the house, opened upon a wood, and I determined instantly to go there and bury this fatal box till it would be required of me by the appointed person.

Gliding down stairs, I reached the wood unobserved. Here it occurred to me, that if one would bury, he must have wherewithal to dig; and, while passing in perplexity, I lost the opportunity, for two persons came so suddenly from the interior of the wood, that I had scarcely time to conceal myself behind a tree before they were upon the very spot where I had stood. They were a young lady and a young gentleman; and, having so premised, I need hardly say that they were engaged in some love conspiracy.

'I would implore you, dearest,' said the young man, 'to fly with me for the second time, but alas! I am no longer so able as I have been to protect you.'

'Why not?' demanded the girl, in alarm—'I understood that you had completely recovered from your wounds.' The lover, withdrawing his left arm from his cloak, held it up. It was without a hand! His mistress all but fainted.
On that dreadful evening, said he, when we were pursued to Scotland by your father and your suitor Sir M——, while waiting in a bedroom to arrange my dress, till the person who was to join our hands was found, I saw a man come in, and carry away my cloak. The thought passed through my mind, that it was a servant who wanted to brush it; but after a while, it struck me, as being a little odd, that in so miserable a public-house they should think of doing so without orders; and presently the idea flashed across my brain like lightning, that the man resembled one of Sir M——’s servants! I rushed to the door—and found that I was locked in. Knowing well the character of the resolute and quick-minded villain, a suspicion arose, which even now I cannot think of without horror. I threw myself repeatedly against the door, and at length succeeded in bursting it open. You were not in the room where I had left you. You had been torn from almost my very grasp—but when I was informed that your only companion in the carriage was your father, I blessed heaven for its mercy: I threw myself upon a horse, and swept after you like the wind. I overtook Sir M——, who was riding alone after the carriage; and when he saw me at his side, he pulled in and dismounted immediately. We both walked into a wood, and shed by the road-side. What is your pleasure?” said he. “To settle for ever our dispute,” was my reply; and, pulling out my pistols, I gave him his choice. He took one on the instant, and, presenting it at my breast, pulled the trigger. It missed fire. I lost a moment in surprise and horror, and that moment was fatal. He caught up a hatchet from the ground. In one instant I was down, and in another my hand was severed, and I fainted.”

During this recital the young lady was dissolved in tears.

“Did the suspicion you have hinted at,” said she, after a while, “never recur to you?” It was correct! In the dusk, I may almost say in the dark, bewildered in mind, ashamed, and terrified—wretch that I am! I believed I saw you enter the room wrapped in your cloak; and, clinging to you for support, I laid my face on your shoulder. I became a wife—the wife of Sir M—— and from that moment have never seen my husband!” The rage of the young man at this intelligence became so ungovernable, that his mistress drew him back into the wood to prevent his cries from being heard at the house. The last words I could hear her say were these—“There is yet some hope—I have more to tell you”—when her voice was lost in the distance, and, leaving these unhappy lovers to their sorrow, I returned to my chamber.

In the middle of that night, when I was dreaming that the accused box, expanded to the size of a tombstone, was lying upon my breast—I was suddenly awakened by a glare of light falling upon my eyes. I thought I beheld an apparition, and my bones trembled, and the hair of my head stood up.

“Old man,” said the lady of the wood, “be not afraid. Give me the box! I have only this instant heard a report that it is in your possession.” Recovering my presence of mind, I demurred to the demand, on the score of my uncertainty of her being the person appointed to receive it.

“Here are my testimonials,” said she, “read this note.” It ran thus:—“You will find, at No. 13, Fog-end Lane, Bristol, in the possession of a schoolmaster, a simple fellow, who is too great a fool to be a rogue, a box, in or moulu, the contents of which, as young ladies say, will enchant you. I send you the key of the box, and I give you the trouble to go so far to open it, that I may have time to get out of your way, by a vessel which sails in a day or two for—the island of the Blest.” I could no longer doubt, and drawing the fateful box from beneath my pillow, the young lady opened it with a trembling hand. A strongly perfumed note lay upon the top, which she eagerly read thus:

“I am not so unconscionable as to play the dog in the manger. Being about to quit this country for ever, I cannot enjoy your fortune, which is tied up; and as for your person, I never cared about it. Last, however, you should be scared from matrimony by a bugbear, (for, in reality, our marriage was never consummated,) and imagine that, being rather a whimsical person, I may return one day to claim your hand, I now put into your possession the evidence of a hand which will effectually exclude me from the pleasure of your society, at least in England. This I owe to the daughter of that man of whom I have made, for
A Tiger Hunt.

some years past, so egregious an ass. Present it, with my compliments, to your romantic lover, if he be still alive.

'Your ex-husband, M——.'

* My curiosity was now excited to such a pitch, that, sitting up in the bed, I seized upon the other contents of the box, which were wrapped in coarse paper and dragged them forth without ceremony. And what do you think they were? A human hand! A cold, dead, livid, gory, ghastly hand! I declare to you, I should have swooned with horror, had not the lady prevented me, by breaking into such screams of hysterical laughter as brought the whole house about us in their chemises. The situation was awkward. At my time of life one does not like to have young ladies caught in one's room—not to talk of the injury such a circumstance might do to a follower of the scholastic profession.

Nevertheless, I was comforted by the sum of coined money I received in the morning; and all I can tell further on the subject of the boxes is contained in the following paragraph, extracted from a Bristol newspaper: 'The reports of a certain wealthy heiress having been married to Sir M—— are, it appears, incorrect. She eloped, yesterday, with an old sweetheart; and her father, it is said, tired of the whims of a marriageable daughter, has determined to receive the young couple into his good graces.'

A TIGER HUNT.

After breakfast, a party of five started in gigs, and drove to the village, where we mounted our elephants, and entered the forest. We found immense quantities of game, wild hogs, hog-deer, spotted deer, and the niel-gzie (literally, blue cow.) I also saw here, for the first time, the jungle-fowl, or wild poultry, in appearance something between the game-cock and bantam. We, however, strictly abstained from firing, reserving our whole battery for the nobler game, the tiger. It was perhaps fortunate we did not find one in the thick part of the forest, as the trees were so close set, and so interwoven with thorns and parasitic plants, that the elephants were often obliged to clear themselves a passage by their own pioneering exertions. It is curious, on these occasions, to see the enormous trees these animals will overthrow. On a word from the Mahout, they place their foreheads against the obnoxious plant, twisting their trunks round it, and gradually bending it towards the ground until they can place a foot upon it—this done, down comes the tree with crashing stem and upturned roots. The elephant must be well educated to accomplish this duty in a gentleman-like manner, that is, without roaring sulkily, or shaking his master by too violent exertions.

On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high: a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush—when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprang the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pur- suers to fight, and not to run; and, as he was flushed on the flank of
the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed. Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankoos,* which I had refused to allow him to recover: and the elephant, being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable:—he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that my servant, who sat behind in the kawas, was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout’s ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace.

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TRAVELS IN MALTA AND SICILY.

In our extracts we shall avoid those subjects which, like Mount Aetna, have been described till the description wearies, and select some topics which are less hacknied, and will be more amusing to our readers.

The following account of the fortifications on (and in) the rock of Gibraltar, is very interesting:—

'The first object of peculiar interest which meets us is an old Moorish tower. It seems to stand as a war-worn sentinel, to the dark and fearful passages in the mountain-bosom, which stretch beyond. By whom the tower was erected is not ascertained. It probably is a monument of the first successful descent of the Moors, in 711.

'Taking up the line of march, we entered a subterranean path leading under the wall of the garrison, and soon came to the first passage within the solid crust of the rock. It is a vaulted horizontal shaft, of one hundred and fifty feet in length. We emerge from it to enter another called Wyllis' Gallery. The length of this

* An iron goad to drive the elephant.

† Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827. By Andrew Bigelow.
is something more than a hundred yards, and its breath from three to five. It is dimly lighted through the embrasures for cannon; and what with this dubious sort of day, and the nature of the objects displayed around,—heavy ordnance reposing on iron frames, piles of balls, bombs, and other terrible missiles, and doors communicating ever and anon with inner chambers filled with warlike stores,—the feelings excited by the survey are anything but cheerful.

"Mounting still higher, we come to a longer and more extraordinary excavation called the Windsor Gallery. It extends very nearly a tenth of a mile; and, like the former, has been entirely blasted by powder. Enough of the rock on the outer side remains to serve as a parapet, or shield, impervious to ball, even could cannon be brought to bear against it. But its elevation places it above the reach of the longest shot; so that those who serve its guns in times of siege, are perfectly secure from the reach of assailants. They have only to pour down upon the defenceless heads of invaders showers of grape and shells.

"Besides these passages, there are several other galleries lined with artillery, and wrought with extraordinary toil within the outer shell of the massive rock. Staircases occasionally occur, hewn with great regularity; also flues and perpendicular shafts for ventilation and other purposes. Of the magazines, there seems no end.

"There are two or three spacious and lofty apartments, which altogether in boldness of design, and beauty of finish, perhaps, surpass the other wonders of these interior constructions. The most remarkable of these is called Saint George's Hall. It is a stupendous excavation from the heart of a tumbled crag, which juts naturally from the surface of the mountain. Externally, it has much the appearance of an artificial tower. Within, an apartment forty yards in circuit, and proportionately lofty, has been hewn with incredible labor. The rock forming the walls and flooring has been perfectly smoothed! But half a dozen yawning port-holes, and a circular funnel leading through the roof for the escape of smoke, sufficiently indicate that other purposes than those of mere beauty were consulted in this curious structure. Six cannon of tremendous calibre (sixty-four pounders,) are stationed here, ready to discharge their thunders on any daring besieger by land or flood. They are so nicely poised as to be capable, with a little exertion, of being pointed in any direction.

"Some idea of the extent of the excavations may be formed from the fact, that they are sufficient to receive at once the entire garrison of Gibraltar; and the troops composing it are never less than five thousand. Not only in the galleries would the latter be completely covered from an enemy's fire, but also in passing along the few open paths edging the surface of the rock, and which communicate between one subterranean post and another. For these paths are all guarded by high parapets of solid masonry, so that even the movements of the soldiery along them, or the carriage of their munitions, could not be perceived by assailants at the foot of the rock."

Aqueduct at La Valetta.

We came in sight of the noble aqueduct which supplies La Valetta. The route lay along it for several miles, and I had an opportunity of surveying and admiring that most useful construction. I have omitted to observe that though the houses of the city and suburbs are all provided with private cisterns,—every drop of rain-water being carefully preserved by means of pipes, conducting from the terraced roofs to the proper reservoirs,—yet the supply of water was found by no means adequate to the wants of a large and increasing population. Much inconvenience, and at times, actual suffering was the consequence. To provide against such scarcity, Vignacourt, a grand master of great public spirit and munificence, commenced, in an early period of his administration, the aqueduct just alluded to, and finished it, entirely at his private cost, in 1616. By this conveyance an unfailing supply of salubrious water is brought from a central spot of the island called Dinar Chandial, over a line of many thousand noble arches extending not less than thirteen miles, and terminating in a grand reservoir in Palace-square. The conduits are then made to take the fountain water into all the public and private tanks of the city. The work being partially decayed, the
grand master Roahn undertook its repair about the year 1780; and the whole now displays perfect solidity. Such a costly structure shows the riches which must have flowed into the private coffers of the Grand Masters of the order of St. John.'

Archimedes.

The memory of Archimedes appears to be universally venerated at Syracuse. From the familiar but respectful mention made of him, he seems to have belonged to an age as recent as that of Franklin; and one is almost tempted in meeting with an aged Syracusan to ask if he did not remember seeing the philosopher in his youth. At any rate, the impression left by his name here is more vivid, apparently, than that associated by us with Franklin. The walls of the conversazioni room are covered with pictures of his mechanical exploits. One is very spirited, and represents his lifting, with his famous levers and grapples, the galleys of Marcellus from the water, and then sinking, or dashing them against the rocks. • • •

The road winding up a gentle slope at length intersected another, called the Street of Sepulchres, from its leading in a narrow defile between hills faced on either side with ancient tombs. Near the entrance of this passage, and about one hundred yards from the spot traditionally remembered as the place of the Agrigian Gate, stands the tomb of Archimedes. The locality agrees very well with the description given of it by Cicero. The ancients were in the habit of burying their dead without the walls of their cities; and the sepulchres of Syracuse came up to its very gates on this quarter. "There is," says the Roman orator, "close by the Agrigian port, a vast number of tombs. Examining them with care, I perceived a monument a little elevated above a thicket, whereon was inscribed the figure of a cylinder and sphere. Immediately I said to the Syracusan nobles who attended me, 'That this must be the tomb of which I was in search.'"

We alighted to take a nearer view of it. In front, is a narrow strip of cultivated, unfenced ground; and just at the entrance a few brambles and rank weeds were growing. The tomb is excavated from a native bed of rock, the face of which, naturally projecting, is shaped about the opening into a nude Doric front with pilasters and a pediment. No traces of the inscription are visible, nor is this to be wondered at, for even in the time of Cicero, the characters were partially worn away. The entrance of the tomb is sufficiently high to allow a person of full stature to walk in without stooping. The interior is of moderate dimensions. It is truly "the dark and narrow house." In a recess on the right, large enough to receive a modern lead coffin, the remains of the philosopher are supposed to have been laid; but the sarcophagus, if any there were, has long since disappeared. On the opposite side are full-length receptacles for bodies; and fronting the entrance there are smaller depositories, cut like the others from the solid rock, and adapted for urns, or the coffins of children. The tomb appears to have been the family sepulchre of Archimedes; but the ashes of the human urns, which once filled its niches, have for ages been dispersed to the four winds.

The hill, at the foot of which this tomb has been opened, is a vast ledge of rock slightly covered with shrubs and grass. Following the path at its base, I perceived a great many other tombs yawning from its sides, the "magna frequentia sepulchorum," spoke of by Cicero."

The Fountain of Arethusa.

This spring, celebrated from remote antiquity, has other pretensions to consideration than the attractions which it owes to the muse. It is a wonderful fountain in itself, gushing up with great copiousness near the sea, and forming a respectable rivulet from its very source. It rises in a grotto naturally arched, with a firm roof of stone, so strong that the outer street of the city, a sort of boulevard, is carried directly over it. The spot is not farther from the sea, in a straight line, than twelve or fourteen yards. The current pours over a rocky ledge into a circular pool, whence it issues, tumbling and foaming as it goes, till reaching the sea-wall, when it leaps headlong into the briny deep. The waters at their source are exceedingly clear and fresh, but they are not permitted to retain
their purity even to the end of their short and rapid course. Anciently, it was venerated with divine honors, and a company of nymphs was specially set apart to guard it. Now, it is daily profaned by another set of personages, the common laundresses of Syracuse, who make no scruple to wash their 'lots' of clothes in in its waters.

It is a curious fact that another copious spring rises from the bottom of the harbor, at some distance from the shore, with so much force that the water retains its freshness almost to the very surface. The position is marked by little eddies and bubbles always distinguishable in calm weather; and even when the harbor is ruffled with winds, the water which is drawn up from a little beneath the surface, and just over the site of the spring, is found sufficiently pure for drinking.

As the second fountain lies in the direction towards Greece, it has been seriously thought by many to justify the poetical conceit of the ancients, that the river Alpheus, after flowing through Elis in vain pursuit of the coy Arethusa, then disappearing under the sea and continuing his course for five hundred miles, rises in this place to join the fugitive nymph. For it is deemed equally heterodox to dispute the tradition, either that the sub marine fountain is the Grecian Alpheus, or that the Syracusan Arethusa is the same with that of Elis. In support of these opinions it is alleged, that leaves and flowers, natives of Greece, have risen on the surface of the Sicilian spring; and that a golden cup, won at the Olympic games, and thrown into the Elia Arethusa, was afterwards brought up by this at Syracuse. Strabo devoted a page to a grave discussion of the philosophy and likelihood of the tale.

The Earthquake of 1763 at Messina.

The earthquake of 1763 was fraught with horrors which, even at this distant day, it is shuddering to contemplate. Memorials of its disasters are still visible in different parts of Messina. A portion of the beautiful Marina,—all of which was either shattered or destroyed,—retains the effects, only partially disguised, of that tremendous visitation. There was scarce a structure in the city which was exempt from some injury. The edifices which have since arisen are built more firmly, and generally not so lofty as before; and their beams are made to protrude through the walls to prevent any sudden dislodgment by the violent oscillation of the ground in future shocks. How far the precaution will avail, there has been no opportunity of determining hitherto by conclusive evidence.

The earthquake,—I should rather say, the series of earthquakes,—of 1763, gave no sign nor prelude of its approach. Stories are told of the domestic animals having had a premonition of the event; and it is affirmed that the howling of dogs in the streets of Messina was so violent that they were ordered to be killed. But it is difficult to comprehend by what sense they could have received an intimation of such an evil impending; and admitting the fact, it is certain that the citizens suspected nothing in the portent. The onset of the earthquake was as sudden as the explosion of a mine,—saw, instantaneous as the lightning's flash. It commenced on the 5th of February, and exclusive of the shocks of that day, there were others particularly appalling on the 7th of the same month, and again on the 22nd of March, besides innumerable minor shocks.

Dreadful as was the catastrophe to Messina, the city was only the first to encounter the brunt of a calamity which was destined to involve a whole province in ruin. The seat of the earthquake was transferred to the opposite shore, and its greatest energies appear to have been concentrated near the centre of Calabria. But the effects were felt far and wide. It rocked the whole breadth of the peninsula, and extended its ravages north and south over a space of ninety miles. Forty thousand inhabitants perished; and the number is almost incredible of the towns, villages, and separate edifices which were shattered, if not totally demolished. Of some not a vestige remained, for the ground opened and swallowed them up. History records no earthquake, which,—taking into view the vehemence and destructiveness of the shocks, the length of their duration, and the vast field of their operations,—may be deemed a full parallel with this. Others there have been,—mighty, desolating, terrific;—but the earthquake of 1763, in the entire combination of its horrors, stands unexampled.
THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD ADMIRAL.

Given in a series of Letters to his Son, a Midshipman on board His Majesty's Ship Reform.

My Dear Tom;

You ask me to give you a history of the olden time in our service, and I do it with the more pleasure, as my observations may be useful to you in the course of your professional career. Your grandfather, you know, was an admiral; therefore you are the third generation of your family in the navy. Your uncles and myself were brought into the service partly from inclination and partly by the force of circumstances. A naval education requires little capital, consequently no great risk is incurred. If we die in seasoning, we are provided for; if we live, we may make cork jackets for our parents. This was my father's consolation, and, I believe, neither he nor I ever repented of the choice we had made. How time flies! it's half a century since I first cracked a biscuit on board a man-of-war. I was but a little bit of a chap, to be sure—not eight years old—when I buckled on a ship's bayonet round my waist, and had nearly lost my life by this early act of ambition. I incautiously approached the gangway, and was in the very act of tumbling headlong into the briny tide, when the boatswain's mate caught me by the arm, and, under Divine providence, was the means of saving me to see many strange things in this world. But before I enter on 'old stories,' not of rope and canvas, but of memory, I must tip you a bit of preface.

I can remember being carried in my nurse's arms. I remember an officer in the army asking her whose pretty little boy that was, that she was loaded with, (query, did he not mean whose pretty little girl she was?) for I was full two years old; and I remember he gave me a piece of silver the size of a halfpenny, which I, at that time, called a 'white halfpenny.' The maid put this in her pocket for safe keeping, and I remember when I asked for it again, she gave me a 'copper.' I roared for my 'white halfpenny,' but never saw it more. The next thing I remember was going to a day school, where the master took it into his thick head that he could teach me how to handle my spoon to eat my bread and milk; but his practical lessons were so extravagant, that even at this moment I look back with rage when I see the old glutton bolting my breakfast; his lessons and my appetite were so much at variance, that I ever after preferred my solitary meal.

How it happened I know not, but such is the fact, that the nurses and I never could agree. I was twice under the instruction of two old geese, the last was a Frenchman, who had forgotten his own vernacular, and had failed to acquire mine, so here I came to a dead stand still for some months. This ended in a mutual distaste for each other. I hated him because he smelt of snuff; and always wore the same breeches; he hated me because I could not learn. He stuck me down in the middle of the school-room on my knees, with a huge Bible in my two hands, there to remain until I had got a certain number of verses by rote; but this tyranny was put an end to; my father very soon discovered not only my incapacity but that of my teacher, and that I could read out of no book but 'Thomas Dilworth's Universal Spelling Book,' and very little of that. He very wisely thought that as I should, in all human probability, make a fool of myself, I had better do it on board, so off I went with him to take a cruise in the North Seas. I remember it was that
summer when Old Vinegar, as we used to call him, (Sir Hyde Parker, afterwards drowned in the Cato, going to India,) had that queer fight on the Doggerbank, with the Dutch admiral Zoutman.

Now I think of it, while it's in my head, I'll tell you a story about that said old ship Cato, which is very remarkable. Sir Hyde Parker, after the affair of the Doggerbank, was appointed commander-in-chief in the East Indies, and sailed for his station in the Cato, a fifty gun ship. Just before she sailed, old Pine, a conjurer at Portsmouth, who gained his livelihood by telling lies and fortunes, told one of the midshipmen that he was going to sea in a ship on a distant station, and that she would never be heard of more. The midshipman believed him and deserted; the ship sailed, and never was heard of more after she crossed the line. She is supposed to have upset in a white squall off the south end of Madagascar. The poor midshipman saved his life but lost his character, and, I believe, died a gunner in the navy.

I remember we lay in a place they call Peggy's-hole, at North Shields. The Cameleon brig was a fellow-cruizer of ours. She came in one day, and told us of a bloody action she had fought with a Dutch galliot privateer, which blew up; they only saved her ensign, and the hairy scalp of a Dutchman which lodged in their rigging. I remember seeing them. Old Drury was the captain of the Cameleon, and the late Sir John Reid, Bart., the first lieutenant; how I used to envy this latter! he was a fine dashing young fellow, full of fun and fire, and always in mischief; he and the other officers used to make my brother and me halt the colliers, and order them to strike their pendants, which they had the impudence to wear alongside of us—they don't do those things nowadays; and we used to fire a musket ball through their top-gallant-sails, if they failed to lower them as they passed us. One day my brother let fly a shot through the belly of the sail, and down came a fellow by the back stay, like a young crow out of a nest; it might have been a coroner's inquest case, but luckily there was no harm done, only the boy said he did not see any fun in setting there to be shot at. One day we got a little brass gun, and fixed it on the quarter deck; it was loaded with small shot, and one of them stuck in the first lieutenant's leg, but it was of no consequence, his legs were of the Irish chairman order of human architecture, so it was cut and come again,—but we did not come that again. The old fellow hopped, and did not look pleased, but as we were the captain's sons he thought it best to get his white cotton stocking mended and say no more about it. Tired of our pyrotechnical pursuits we resolved to try hydraulics, and our first experiment was made on the old boatswain. We were amusing ourselves in the barge, as she lay on the booms; it had rained a good deal; the boatswain, a fine white-headed old man, was sitting at the cornings of the main hatchway reading, but what book it was I do not know. Old Pipes was unfortunately at the moment under the very plug-hole of the boat, and my brother, who, to do him justice, never lost an opportunity of mischief, proposed a shower bath for him; it was no sooner said than done, out comes the plug, and down comes the black and copious stream of bilge water, which washed off his half ports, that is, his spectacles, deluged his book, and thoroughly saturated his toggery from neck to waistband. This feat gave no more satisfaction than the last, and soon after we tried our genius on the laws of motion and gravity. My brother who was a much cleverer boy than I, and a year or two older, consented that I, with the assistance of others, should tie his hands and feet together,
The Reminiscences of an Old Admiral.

making him in the shape of a hoop, and thus see whether he would or could trundle round the decks; just as the ligature part of the affair was completed, by some mismanagement, the ship taking a lurch at the same time, he fetched way, slipped out of our hands, and rolled head over heels down the after hatchway. I thought, to be sure, that I should have come to the title by this move; but no, the flower of the family was quite unharmed, and when the danger was over, I thought we should have died a laughing.

How do you think we used to clear for action in those days, on board our small frigates? Why, the first thing we did when we saw a suspicious sail, without knowing or caring whether she was an enemy or not, was to turn to with crowbars and axes, stave the long boat, and throw her overboard, also all her coops and other moveable articles of furniture, and then we used to go into port and get others. This was the practice of the old school, but the schoolmaster is abroad now.

Things had now come to that pass with us, that it was high time something should be done; it was plain, that some ignominious fate awaited our continuance in this state of practical experiment and excitement; the flower of our family, my mother's hope, had already nearly fallen a sacrifice to my early speculations, to say nothing of the first lieutenant's leg, or the boatswain's library. On my last examination, or 'little go,' by my father, as touching my literary qualifications, he discovered that in the list of my acquirements, 'the catalogue of negatives,' as somebody says, was very copious. I knew very little, and what I did know would have taken much time well employed to unknock again, so we hauled our wind and came a-shore, where difficulties and dangers beset us on every side. In the first place, there was no money in the exchequer to put me to school—that I cared very little about—but then, as a matter of course, I had none in my pocket—and that I cared about very much. I have already hinted, that in point of literary acquirements I was a carte blanche; but my mind was ever active, and if the turn which I took had been properly managed and improved, I have very little doubt but that I should at this time have been astonishing senators with the depth and expansion of my mercantile knowledge and pursuits; I should in all probability have been by the side of Baring in the House of Commons, or perhaps, past Baring, like an immense number of others.

Allow me now only to observe that my anecdotes are not given in regular chronological order, but just as they happen to pop into my head, as some doctors make out their prescriptions. Having laid in as much learning as my father could afford to give me, and full as much as I wished, at the age of eleven I left school, and went to France, where I bragged that, 'I had finished my education.' Little did I think how much instruction was to follow, and at what a price I was to obtain it. I soon learned to speak French, by the most obvious means in the world, viz. playing, fighting, and quarrelling with every scampish French boy I met. We learned the French for black eyes and bloody noses, and they learned the English for the same. As soon as I was complete in this branch of science, I boldly pressed my father to let me go to sea—my brother had gone the year before, and had almost excited my envy by the accounts he sent home of his 'deeds of daring.' The affair was soon settled. A most particular friend of my father had been then recently appointed to a ship, to fit her out for the broad pendant of 'Billy Blue,' for the East Indies. I was shipped, equipped, and most kindly received by my captain, who was very civil to me when
my father was by, (that is, for about ten minutes,) and never was civil
to me for one moment afterwards, though we were a year togeth-
er. Midshipmen in those days used to wear a uniform coat or jacket, but
in all other respects every part of their undress was dependent on their
taste and fancy. The big ones wore powder in enormous quantities;
huge tails thickened with flour and hog's lard, describing a semi-circle on
their backs. They had gold-laced hats, red waistcoats, corduroy breech-
es, yellow top-boots, but, oddly enough, never wore blue cloth trousers,
as they do now, though the sailors did. Pantaloons came over with the
emigrants in 1784-5. My dress I remember very well; my first naval
jacket was made by a country tailor and a well cut thing it was—
square sterned, not round a la Seppings, our sterns were never intend-
ed to be shown to an enemy, and I was ashamed to show mine to a
friend; it was cut out with three strokes of a broad axe, the buttons like
those of the old warrant officers, those on the rump a foot asunder, those
on the cuffs, single breasted, a white patch on the collar, called a weekly
account, a blue waistcoat, breeches of black everlasting as it was called,
like horse-hair chair-bottoms,) though I took care, that with me, at least,
the gift of immortality should not be continued to them, for I sold them
to the black aid-de-camp in the staff of the governor of St. Jago, for a
bunch of plantains and two guinea-fowls, which I thought a very profita-
ble spec; at that time I had no calves quartered on my legs, and my grey
worsted stockings hung slack on my spindles. My knee-buckles were
brass, as were those for my shoes. A lion-headed hanger, with red mo-
rocco belt, hung dangling on my thigh, and sometimes it intruded itself
between my legs, and caused, as the Yankees call it, 'a sudden prostra-
tion.' My hat was cocked, like a coachman's, only not so well; the
brim and the crown were of equal altitude; the cockade was composed
of one yard and a quarter of two-inch black ribbon, folded into six-inch
length, and tied in the middle with a bit of black bobbin; with the same
it was suspended from the brim of my hat over my left eye, which gave
me a fierce and warlike look; my hair hung in long rat's-tails over my
shoulders. At that time Commissioner Proby reigned supreme in Chat-
ham dock-yard, and his daughters have told me that they remember my
consequential swagger and self-importance. Well, I know others as bad
now, and who ought to know better. This puts me in mind of the way
in which Old Jack, as they used to call Lord St. Vincent, was dressed
when he first went to sea, forty years before that. His hat, he told me,
was nearly similar to my own in shape and texture, but his coat was of
blue frieze down to his heels, without a collar; round sugar-loaf but-
tons, or rather gilt gingerbread nuts; a dagger suspended by a belt out-
side of his coat, hung elegantly parallel to the ground; worsted stock-
ings, &c. So that between this great man and me there was some sim-
ilarity, at least in our outset. When he was first introduced to his pa-
troness, she could not get him to come near her; she sneaked behind the
friend that presented him and could not be brought to approach; so we
see sheepish boys sometimes make lionish men. But I have heard
of a much queerer rig than that—what think you of a midshipman, in
1747, starting the flocks overboard out of his mattress, and making
himself a pair of trowsers and a waistcoat out of the ticking? After
this he gave a marine a bottle of rum for one of his old uniform red
coats, and made it into one for himself; in this dress, with a wig over
his hair, he waited on Sir Peter Warren, then a lord of the Admiralty,
and told him he had just arrived from the East Indies. 'Well, and
what did Sir Peter say to him? you will inquire. Why, he patted him on the head, and called him a good boy, told him he would make him a lieutenant, and he did too; for though I am no great lover of old times, I like to give them their due, and when they made a promise they generally stuck to it. I wish I could say as much for some people now-a-days; but never mind, 'great cry and little wool,' as a certain gentleman said when he shaved the pig. I suppose we shall have justice done us when we are all reformed.

In my day, our full dress was a long coat, white waistcoat and breeches of kerseymere, with hats round or cocked as we could afford, and a 'Clarence sword; an ivory-bitted strait hanger—but this was optional, there was no order for it. Now I think, dear Tom, you must be tired of this yarn: I began at 9 a. m., it is now 2. 30.—and if you are not tired, I am; but still always,

Yours most affectionately,
D.

THE BLUSH OF MODESTY.

Paint us, dear Zeuxis, said some of the chief inhabitants of Cortona, 'paint us a portrait of the Grecian Helen, and in her, the beau ideal of female loveliness.' 'I consent,' replied the artist, 'on condition that you send to me, as models, six of the most beautiful maidens of your city, in order that I may select from each some particular charm.' On the morrow they came, so beautiful in youth and gracefulness, that now for the first time, the painter mistrusted the power of his art. 'Ye are indeed fair, my charming maids,' he said; 'but it is indispensable that you should sit to me unveiled.' 'Unveiled! they all exclaimed in surprise, 'unveiled! never! never!' was echoed from mouth to mouth. By dint, however, of entreaties, but more by flattery, the courteous artist at length succeeded in allaying the scruples of five of them, but the constancy of the sixth, remained unshaken. 'Though it were to be Venus herself,' she cried, indignantly, 'I would not consent.' All expostulation was vain—she fled, blushing. Zeuxis took his pencil and colors—studied his models, and after a few weeks of incessant labor, produced his 'Helen,' the glory of his art, and the admiration of the world. The day of public exhibition arrived; the applause was unanimous—the candid and unprejudiced were enraptured—the jealous and the envious exclaimed or overawed. But, alone dissatisfied amidst the universal triumph, the artist exhibited on his wrinkled brow the marks of discontent. 'Ever prone as thou art,' said his friend Aretus, 'to discover faults in thy own performances where none exist, what can now be thy subject of regret?' 'The drawing,' replied Zeuxis, 'is perfect, the subject faultless, and I might indeed write underneath it 'henceforward it will be easier to criticise this picture than to imitate it,—but there is still one thing wanting to its perfection.' 'And what can that be?'—The blush of the sixth maiden.
DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE SPANISH.

Considering the rich materials with which Spain abounds for the work of the novelist, or the skilful depicter of manners and character, it is a matter of surprise, that among our ten thousand writers, luminous, voluminous, not one should have attempted to give a portraiture of the Spanish of the present day, as they are seen in their homes, surrounded by the domestic influences of ordinary life, which in Spain alone, of all countries of modern Europe, possesses the charm of romance. In the singular, and perpetually-recurring contrasts of habits and character; in the extraordinary admixture of barbarism and civilization, the one breathing all the energy of the heroic times of Pelajo, the other as yet uninfect by the inactive and unrelieved coldness and egotism which has overspread the surface of more polished communities; the pen of a Scott, or a Cooper, might find abundant matter for its enchanting combinations. In France, Mr. Salvandy, by the publication of his ingenious and excellent novel of 'Alonzo,' has happily illustrated the truth of our assertion; while in Germany, Huber, his follower and competitor in the same track, has been no less successful in earning for his exertions as wide and extensive a popularity. His 'Sketches in Spain,' a work executed with great skill and practical ability, entitles him to a high rank as a delineator of national manners and character. He carries his reader to Spain, and makes him acquainted with the many eminent characteristic points which mainly distinguish it from other nations; he introduces him to the domestic privacy of the Spanish people; he shows them to him in the seclusion of their own homes, in society, and in active life, under the influence of fierce political excitement. In the fervor of his zeal for setting the Spanish people in a proper point of view, he pours out the vials of his wrath against French, and more particularly English travellers, for the haughty contempt and sarcastic flippancy which distinguish their accounts of his favorite people; and employs much ingenuity of argument, and warmth of eloquence, to prove that the happiness of a people may not be incompatible with the absence of certain material enjoyments which are the production of a more advanced state of civilization.

Independent of the portraiture of national character and manners, the work possesses an additional and more important claim to our attention, as it presents us with a faithful picture of the political state of Spain, during the short, but memorable struggle of Riego. The rise, progress, and melancholy termination of the attempted revolution; the feelings with which it was hailed by the different orders of men; the splitting of parties, the conflicting views and interests, the discussions, the disputes—are all displayed with great accuracy and effect. Just sufficient fictitious private details are introduced, to give a dramatic form; indeed, he states formally, that the title of his work proves that he had no intention of writing a romance, and that, in the events described, he was always a witness, most frequently an actor.

In the following passages, he introduces his dramatis personae to the reader.
Domestic Manners of the Spanish. 45

'In the most comfortable place beside the fire, in the only arm-chair the inn could boast of, sat a monk of the order of St. Dominick; the expression of his countenance was gay and serene, his forehead high, his small eyes glittered like diamonds, and there was a haughtiness in his air, notwithstanding a visible effort of constrained humility. Beside him was the Padrona, or mistress of the house, a woman rather advanced in years, but still alert, and exhibiting in her manner an energy quite masculine. She was occupied with preparing, with pious care, the supper of the holy father, and condescended, from time to time, to receive the assistance of the ventero, or innkeeper, who, like his worthy spouse, was too much occupied with the holy man, to pay the least attention to the new comers.

'At length one of the travellers, invited, no doubt, by the odor of the cookery, hazarded breaking the general silence. He was a tall man, thin and dry, about forty, but wearing his years remarkably well. His lofty forehead was shaded by curls of handsome black hair, and his open countenance was at times darkened by disquietude. He was dressed in a long, dark, travelling cloak, and wore a round hat, after the French fashion. His careless deportment indicated a lassitude of mind as well as of body; but when he drew his tall and well-proportioned figure to its full height, when his eye became animated, a sublime expression of energy suddenly succeeded those indications of depression.

'"Can we have supper soon?" said he to the hostess, in a gentle voice, somewhat marked by the sharp accent of Andalusia. "Your supper, cavallero? What matter's it to me," replied the inflexible matron, "you may eat what you have brought with you: here there is nothing for you." "But the fowl you are roasting." "The fowl—O it is for the reverend father Francisco," interrupted the host; "would it not be unbecoming, I ask you, if lay travellers should be served before a holy servant of the church?"

'This argument was unanswerable, and the poor traveller resumed his seat among his companions.

'"Ha, ha! Don Antonio!" laughed out one of the latter, "you have again forgotten that you are no longer in your much-boasted France. But cheer up; I who like you, have not had time to forget among strangers the customs of my country, I have taken care of both of us, and you will have no reason to complain of my precaution": at the same time, he drew forth in triumph from his bag two superb wild ducks.

'The new speaker was a young man, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, whose entire manner expressed a frank gaiety, and a sort of happy confidence in the future. His black hair escaped in confused ringlets from beneath a military cap, called a cachucha; the light blush down of his beard corrected the rather feminine delicacy of his features, and his mouth, which seemed formed for smiles, was surmounted by a pair of little black mustachios. He wore a plain, but elegant travelling dress, and a light fowling-piece was suspended from his left shoulder. "Ho, there!" resumed he, in a burlesque tone of command, "is there no charitable person here, to put these ducks to the fire for me?" at the same time, as if he had despaired of meeting with the desired assistance, he proceeded himself to fill the office of a cook. But his culinary efforts were interrupted by a little soft voice exclaiming behind him, "Jesus! cavallero, how awkward you are, in spite of your white hands. Come, let it alone; I shall manage it for you."

'"May God bless your large black eyes!" replied the youth, as, turning round, he beheld, by the flickering light of the embers, a young and pretty girl, in all the simplicity of costume of the shepherdesses of the Sierra Morena. "Come, then, queen of my heart, be the protecting divinity of my pretty white hands, and in recompense, I swear as a Preux chevalier, to consecrate them to your service." Saying this, he had advanced a step towards the young girl, but she had disappeared with the lightness of a sylph.

'When supper had been finished by the customary plate of olives, the company remained at table for some time longer, discussing the goat-skin vessel of wine. Rojas took his guitar, that classical "cated ecum" of every young Spaniard; and, under a pretence of teaching the pretty daughter of mine host some new airs, made her sit down beside him, and guided her delicate fingers along the strings of the instrument. This had lasted for some time, when, on a sign from the master of
the house, the mother quickly exclaimed, "Get thee to bed, Pepita—quick! quick!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself; but first kiss the hand of the reverend father Francisco." The poor girl was much alarmed at this unexpected interruption; and half ashamed, half angry, hastened to obey the commands of the severe padrona. The monk held out his bony hand to her with a malicious smile; she kissed it hastily, and in an instant disappeared, not without casting a look at the young man. But Rojas was determined to revenge her. "Wait a moment, my pretty one," said he; "I wish to sing you an evening hymn:" and placing himself opposite the monk, he thundered forth the revolutionary song, known by the name of "Trageda." Thanks to the profound sleep which had seized on the guests around him, his imprudence had not the luckless consequences which might have been anticipated. The monk, not thinking himself the strongest, dissembled his anger; and the young madcap, suddenly appeased by his regnied moderation, rose from the table, flung himself on one of the blankets spread in different corners of the hall, wrapped himself in his cloak, and, in a moment, the silence of the inn was only interrupted by the snoring of the sleepers, and the motions of the horses and mules.

The Don Antonio of the above sketch, is the principal personage of our author's work. He is an ecclesiastic, who after ten years of banishment for his attachment to the principles of the former revolution, returns to his country in search of tolerance and protection, under the prospects held out by this fresh struggle for independence. His high character gives him an influence with the liberal party; and the journeys and negociations which he undertakes in their service, and his restoration to his family, form the simple ground-work for the construction of his graphic details.

The attack on the convoy, which forms the subject of the fourth sketch, is peculiarly Spanish, and is drawn with liveliness and energy.

"At this moment, the leading mules had entered a narrow defile, bordered on either side by precipitous rocks covered with brushwood. In front, a small hillock rose upon the view, from the summit of which the traveller discovers, with delight, the lofty walls and antique towers of Carmona, the termination of his adventurous journey. "Once up there," thought Ramon, "we are out of danger, and this hair-brained youngster, will be at liberty to joke at our expense—but would that we were there." As he ended this monologue, a horseman suddenly darted from the brushwood, and, planting himself in the centre of the road, cried out, in a voice of thunder, "Halt!" "We are in for it," murmured the mayoral. "The Lord have mercy on us!" But, without appearing the least disconcerted, he coolly called out to the new comer, "What want you, cavalier? Can we be of service to you?" "Ramon," replied the latter, "spare yourselves and us a useless trouble. You have with you some dozen ounces of gold, and the value of four hundred in goods. Count us down eight ounces, and draw a check for a hundred on your house at Seville. On these conditions you may pass unmolested. And as to the gentlemen who travel with you, I am sure they will honor us with a few light presents." This dialogue afforded leisure for examining the troublesome intruder. The symmetry of his form exhibited all the elegance of an Andalusian majio. He was mounted on a noble horse, and his large war-saddle was covered with long housings of green cloth. A long gun glittered in his hand, and a smaller one, of that description denominated trabuco, was strapped to the pommel of his saddle. His cartuchara, or cartridge-holder, was fastened to his waist by a leathern belt, and displayed the not very gratifying spectacle of a double row of cartridges, closely packed, and carefully kept ready for use, in small tin tubes.

Ramon did not appear much flattered by the friendly invitation of the handsome cavalier. However he replied, in the same tone, "You are too kind, cavalier; but surely you do not pretend to stop, by your single arm, some dozen old Castilians. I am no great lover of battles—but then we must have proof that we may surren-
Domestic Manners of the Spanish.

der without disgrace. Show us that we may do so, and I promise you that, on our side, not a shot shall be fired." He had not finished speaking, when Rojas, rendered impatient by this conference, discharged his piece at the summoner, but without effect.

"Cure your precipitation!" cried the mayoral; "but, by the holy virgin of Covadanzas, the die is cast. Come, my sons, let us defend ourselves as we may."

The cavalier wheeled about his horse, saying, in a tone of irony, "In faith, a fine attempt—but now, Carajo, I shall teach you to play with the seven sons of Ecija."—He darted off at full gallop, checked his steed a hundred paces further on, and, standing in his stirrups, to take deliberate aim, discharged his long gun.

Rojas fell, uttering a curse. The ball had broken his thigh. At the same instant several other shots were discharged, and four cavaliers darted forth from the brushwood. Two muleteers had fallen by this first discharge. The firing then commenced on both sides, but the odds were unequal. In a few minutes several muleteers were disabled, some killed, and others more or less dangerously wounded. The mules which had been struck, became a new species of embarrassment to them—rushing in confusion, and, casting off their burthens, rolling in the dust. One of the banditti then advanced anew. "Holton!" cried he:—"In the name of all the devils, let whoever values life throw down his arms, and lie flat upon the ground."

Antonio alone—whether it was that he had not comprehended the injunctions of the victor, or whether he looked upon it as a ruse—or whether it was that he was carried away by a warlike ardor—he alone remained upright; and seizing the gun of one of his wounded companions, discharged it at the bandit. The horse of the latter fell dead upon the spot. A cry of rage burst from the brigands, and they all rushed upon the unfortunate Antonio, who too late, repented of his fatal folly. Already the dismounted cavalier, more furious than the rest, had leveled his piece at his breast, and was on the point of firing, when the cavalier, who had stopped the convoy, cried out, "Give him time to say his prayers, Pedro. Don't you see he is an ecclesiastic?" At these words, the long gun of Pedro was gently inclined. "Let him pray, then, quickly—the dog," said he. "Carajo, he has killed the best steed that Spain has produced since the time of Cid Babieca. Were he the Pope himself, he must pay for it with his life."

In this critical situation, his life is saved by the interposition of one of the brigands, whom he recognizes as his cousin, and who prepares to give battle, in his defence, to the inflexible Pedro. On a sudden a shout was heard—

"In the name of the Constitution, and of the King, surrender!—Long live Biego!—Follow, cavalry!!"

From behind the olives, a party of horsemen debouched upon the road. The suddenness of the attack so disconcerts the brigands, that they are routed, and most of them slain. Pedro, left without his horse, takes refuge in a ruined cottage, and defends himself furiously to the last, but is slain by a sabre-blow from the young Marquis of Penaflores, the leader of the party, who had so opportunely arrived to the deliverance of the convoy. From the time in which he was surprised by the banditti, at one of his country seats, and obliged to fly, almost naked, from the burning ruins of his house, he had been the scourge of the brigands, in conformity with an oath he had taken to exterminate them.

The wildness of passion, and almost frantic energy of grief, with which the tidings of the death of Pedro, are received by the daughter of Eusebio, the smuggler, whose cortejo, or lover, he was, is no less striking, and exhibition of the fierce flashes of daring recklessness which,
under the circumstances of great natural excitement, break from the
country women of the maid of Saragossa. After describing the festivi-
ties of the young of both sexes, who had assembled to celebrate the birth-
day of the Luciiente (or the brilliant), our author proceeds thus:—

"But at this moment a young girl rushed into the midst of the assembly, pale
and dishevelled, and uttering cries of despair. Her original costume, and her grace-
ful deportment, partaking of a kind of masculine forwardness, bespoke her at once
to be a perfect specimen of the Andalusian maia. "Where is he," cried she;
"where is the man who brought this news?" and approaching Jose, she demand-
ed, with a trembling voice, but with looks of fire, "Pitiful wretch! is it true
that my Pedro has been slain?" "It is but too true," replied the braggard, lower-
ing his head. She then gave way to the most violent grief, tearing her hair, dis-
figuring her face and breast, invoking the saints, and blaspheming them in
the next breath, and calling upon death.

"The devil has taken possession of La Luciiente," exclaimed the terrified by-
standers; and each hurried to take refuge as near as possible to the crucifix placed
above the door of the old smuggler, while they accompanied each blasphemy of
the unfortunate mistress of Pedro with signs of the cross, and sprinklings of holy
water. At length, pushing with impetuosity through the terrified crowd, she
again confronted Jose, and said, "Tell me, wretch, how did my Pedro meet his
end?" "In the name of the Holy Virgin of Fuensanta, do you think, young wo-
man, that I had time to examine? I was but too lucky in escaping from you, and
thanked God for it!"—"Thank God! and you thank God, base coward that you are!" re-
plied La Luciiente, approaching still nearer to the unhappy fugitive, while her eyes
flashed fury and contempt. "You thank God for being enabled to run away.
But did Pedro Gomez fly when you were in the chapel at Ecija, when the priests
had already begun to sing the prayers of the dead for you, did he then spare his
life to effect your deliverance! and is it you, that thank God for having had time
to fly while they were slaughtering him?" She advanced a step nearer to Jose,
and raising her clenched fist to his face, continued, "If you were a man, would
you have abandoned my Pedro in the hour of danger! if you were a man, you
would know how he perished; if you were a man, would you be sitting there in
the corner like an old cripple?—but why waste breath on such a being?"

"Jose had, by an involuntary movement, grasped his dagger; but he suddenly
restrained himself, and putting aside the menacing arm of the girl, said with a
forced laugh, "White hands wound not; but thank the Holy Virgin, muchacha
(young girl), that Pedro was thy cortejo, otherwise—"

"Two new comers entered the court; one of them recognised Jose—
"There he is," cried he; "the poor girl knows all."—"Esteban Lara and Chris-
toval Moreno," exclaimed at the same time several voices.

"Christoval Moreno! Christoval, the partner of the flight of Jose!" immedi-
ately resumed the frantic girl, quitting Jose to approach Christoval. "And you
too, doubtless, you had not time to mark how my Pedro perished; and you, too,
could abandon him! You should have hid yourself in a convent, yes, in a con-
vent of nuns, effeminate as you are!" At the same time she pushed him from
her with force. The astonished Christoval gazed in pity on the unhappy girl,
then disengaging her right hand from his ample cloak, he held it out to her:—
"Young girl, mark you that blood? It is the blood of the murderer of Pedro
Gomez!" "The energetic motion of Christoval quelled the fury of the despairing
Luciiente. She drew back, and was silent."

The murder of the Marquis of Penaflorres takes place at the fair of
Mairena, which is celebrated in Spain. It is a little village, four leagues
distant from Seville, which for three or four days attracts crowds of peo-
ple, intent on business or pleasure, from all quarters of the kingdom.
The diversity of costumes and idioms, the magnificence of the rich mer-
chants, the simple and picturesque manners of the inhabitants, of some
of the more remote provinces, the numbers of the young and beautiful
of both sexes, all concur in making the fair of Mairena a scene of the greatest liveliness and animation, and are particularly worthy of observation. It is here sketched with truth and vividness; and the grouping of well-defined figures and characters, with the different political biasses by which they are actuated, exhibited in their dialogue, place the country and the people immediately before our eyes. After describing the scene of the fair, with the most prominent characteristics of the latter, the long array of mules, and of superb Andalusian horses, the paseo, frequented by crowds of the idle and the delighters in news, whose conversation is broken by the monotonous cries of the aguadores, or water-carriers, the arena for the bull-fight, where proudly stalk the torreiros and matadores, our author proceeds to individualize, and presents us with the minor details with graphic felicity.

At the end of the esplanade, in a little circular enclosure, shaded by orange-trees mingled with cactuses and aloes, was erected a large and elegant tent. Beneath its light roof of straw, supported by a few slender poles of aloes, were arranged a number of small low tables, surrounded by groups busied in drinking or gaming. Some were sending round elegantly-shaped earthen vessels wreathed with flowers, containing lemonade or wine; others were sipping chocolate, the refreshing sorbet, or that iced beverage which they call arucarillo. At the upper extremity stood a long counter, laden with sweetmeats of every description, and flanked on either side by piles of little barrels, filled with different sorts of liqueurs. Close to it might be observed a kind of side-board, not as the other, furnishèd with eatables, but with little articles of jewelry, and silk mercery, such as rings, fans, reticule, ribands, &c. indicating that the tent served for a double purpose; and in the corners of the vast interior were heaped together numberless goat-kins consecrated to the joyous juice of the grape. But of the crowd that thronged the interior of the tavern, many seemed to have been attracted thither by other motives besides a wish to drink or to game. Several followed with their eyes a young girl, who ran from table to table with the most piccant pelulance of manner. Her complexion, which was darker than the ordinary tint of Andalusia, the oriental expression of her features, her large black eyes, full of an uncommon mixture of boldness and candor, easily pointed her out as one of those Spanish gipsies, or gitanas, the original type of whom has been preserved entire through so many ages. A light gauze veil rolled about her head, contrasted strongly with her almost African complexion, and a short tunic of the same color completed her slender toilet. Her naked arms and legs were surcharged with rings and bracelets, as she glided like a fantastic sprite through the midst of the joyous parties, answering with gaiety and malicious wit, the jokes and compliments of the young men.

The conversation was interrupted by a great movement, which took place among the groups of drinkers. Each rose from the table to run to the door. Antonio and his friends having done the same, perceived a superb horse contending with his rider, vaulting, plunging, and lashing, without in the least discomposing the gravity of the latter, who seemed to be trying him previous to purchase. Bets were exchanged for and against the chances of the cavalier's preserving his seat, but presently all doubt on the subject was removed, and the mettlesome steed, rendered humble and obedient, ceased to struggle against the skillful hand that held the reins.

Don Bernardo Marti de Valencia! cried out at once several voices, and the eagerness seemed to redouble, each person wishing to see him closer, and giving way to him with deference, when he approached the tent.

The object of so much attention was a tall man, with bushy eyebrows, having dismounted, features singularly marked with energy, auburn hair, and a wrinkled and sunburnt forehead. His dress partook of the city and the country. He wore a large hat of coarse spun stuff, with large flaps, and his dress consisted of a round jacket of blue velvet. His suite was composed of several Valencians,
whom it was easy to recognise by their plaited hair, covered with nets, their large grey hats, their short jackets, ornamented with stripes of red or blue silk, their trousers, which scarcely reached their knees, but so wide they might be mistaken for petticoats; in fine, by the species of stocking, which reached from the ankle a little above the calf, so as to leave the knee and the foot naked. The latter protected by the alpergas or sandals. Each one carried on his shoulder a blanket in a leathern case, the only preservative against the inclemencies of the weather, at once a bed in the camp or bivouac, and a tablecloth at meals, the indispensable _zaude muced_ of every Valencian, as the cloak is of the Castilian.

As the new comers entered the tent, they politely saluted the company. Their chief called for the best wine, passed it round to his companions, and carelessly throwing down a piece of money, double the value of what he might owe, went out, after saluting the company with the same courtesy as at his entrance.

"Who is this Don Bernardino Marti, who seems to exercise such an influence over the crowd?" said Antonio.

"What! is it possible you don't know him?" exclaimed a dozen of voices at the same time: "you must be a great stranger here."

"That man," said one of the bystanders, "is well known from Castilian de la Plana to Rouen, and justly so. He is one of the richest land-owners in the neighborhood of Valencia, and captain in the Queen Amelita's regiment of heavy cavalry. He is the terror of the banditti, whom he hunts like wild beasts, and he has done more in a few years towards re-establishing the tranquility of the country than all the brigades of the Santa Hermadada for centuries. He is followed in his excursions by his own peasants, and sometimes by a small detachment of his regiment, and these expeditions are made at his own expense. This new Theseus has succeeded in purging the kingdom of Valencia of all the bands of robbers that infested it, and you may walk there now with your fists full of gold, without the least apprehension."

"A brave man! a noble fellow!" replied the company in chorus; and one of them, a real Castilian, added half aloud, "What a pity he is not a Castilian, and that he should be nothing more than a Valencian, for you know the proverb—In Valencia the men is vegetable, the vegetables, water; the women are boggars, and the men nothing at all."

But soon after, the evening bell, or _oracion_, was heard, and gave the signal for departure. At the first sound, the several groups stopped short. A religious silence succeeded the noise of conversation, and each one, uncovered and bowed, prayed silently. At this solemn moment, the same takes place all over Spain. After a few seconds of mental prayer, each one made the sign of the cross; and putting on his hat, saluted his neighbor, to the right and left, with _benas noches_ (good night). A great number of the pedestrians separated, and returned home, but the paseo still continued crowded; for the night had set in, sweet, fresh, and voluptuous, as it is in those climates; and its complacent shade served as a signal for another species of promenade, which was prolonged until midnight.

The last struggles of this constitutional regime, in which most of his dramatis personae meet with a miserable end, form the subject of our author's last sketches.

We lay down this volume with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and regret. Satisfaction derived from the contemplation of the varied and agreeable pictures which the author has exhibited to our view, in a style always easy and natural, and at times spirited and eloquent. Of regret at the deplorable termination of a struggle, in which ardent and heroic lovers of liberty and their country perished ignominiously. But this regret is not unaccompanied by a confident expectation that the spirit that is abroad, and that 'hath shook monarchs from their slumbers on the throne,' is repressed, but not extinguished; and that under happier auspices, and better direction, it may be ultimately successful in restoring the fallen and debased Spain to her place among European states.
PASKEVITSCH AND THE POLES.

Nearly three years have elapsed since I first visited, the ancient capital of Poland, on my return from St. Petersberg. Late events had prepared me for a great change, but the extent to which it has been effected, perfectly astounded me. All traces of the national features are nearly extinguished, and this once splendid capital now resembles more an Asiatic camp, than a gay and polished European city. The streets are nearly deserted. Nothing breaks on the ear through their solemn silence, save the measured tramp of the Russian patrole, and lumbering roll of their heavy guns; the peculiar cry of the Tartar coachmen, as they urge their horses at a furious pace through the narrow streets.

In the places which, but a short time since, echoed the triumphant songs of gallant freemen, now we beheld the wild Cossack of the Don, the Circassian in his chain armour, that leads back the mind to the days of Mithridates; in juxta position with the tall grenadier, or the gorgeously attired Hulan or Hussar of the guards. Russian generals, Russian aides-de-camp, their breasts covered with stars, are seen galloping in every direction, their flat Tartar countenances animated to an expression of haughty triumph. But when we reflect for what purpose these warriors have been drawn from their distant homes, we vent a curse upon the head of the ruthless tyrant who is blotting out from the tablets of civilization a whole nation.

If we may judge from the immense system of fortifications erecting by the Russians, we should infer they still apprehend that the untameable spirit of the gallant Poles will again carve out some hot work for them. They are at present, fortifying Warsaw after the manner that the Russians have done Posen and Coblenz, by a system of forts. Ist, the Fort of Sfola has been considerably augmented, near to it a citadel will be constructed, and another that will command the city and the vicinity of the Belvidere Bridge, a third will be built upon an elevation called Jolibard, and another upon the hill of the Barracks of the Guards, that will contain 6,000 men, the expense of these fortifications is estimated at twenty millions of florins, to be defrayed by the ill-fated city they are intended to subject.

In the meantime, the Russians neglect no precautions to ensure their safety. The Circassians are encamped in the Royal Gardens. The chateau is converted into a military hospital, and its beautiful facade marked by the wooden barracks occupied by the line. At Praga, they have thrown up a chain of batteries that mount some guns of an immense calibre; these are pointed against the city. And sufficiently proclaim the feeling of insecurity that prevails. The garrison is now solely composed of the line, and the irregular troops. All the regiments of the guards have left, they were magnificent troops, but the line are short dark men, very much resembling the Indian Sepoys, or the Peruvian Indians the utmost discipline prevails it is rather of the officers, than the untutored soldiery, that the Poles have to complain. The officers of the guards carried off some hundred ladies of very equivocal reputation, whom they married, they also purchased, with singular avidity, all the political works that had been published during the revolution.

The morning after our arrival, we saw Paskevitsch on the parade. He is a tall, fine, handsome man, with a distinguished military air. At St. Petersberg he was famed for his gallantry; by birth a Lithuanian his military talents are of the highest order. It was Paskevitsch who
defended the famous redoubt in the centre of the Russian position at the bloody affair of the Borodino: and who afterwards led his corps from Riga to the Rhine, by one of the most rapid marches in the annals of modern warfare. The Persian campaigns of this officer are justly celebrated. His brilliant victories at Kainly and Milli duze, both gained by a profound strategical movement in twenty-four hours, would have done honor to the greatest captain.

It is melancholy to think that he has since tarnished his brilliant military reputation by his conduct towards the heroic Poles. Paskevitsch executes, a la lettre, the cold-blooded tyranny, the relentless cruelty of his ruthless and miscreant master. The indignities which he has inflicted upon this gallant people would fill volumes, and ruin him in the eyes of posterity.

To our great astonishment, we saw announced for representation at the national theatre, 'La Muette de Portici;' during Constantine's time this piece was strictly prohibited. The house was crowded with Russian military, in fact, exclusively so.

The Polish campaign, like the fabulous shirt of Dejanira, is already spreading its venom through their ranks; the guards have already returned to Russia, tainted with liberalism—and the applause showered down during the popular movements in the market scene, may be taken as an augury for the future. In fact what country presents such ready elements for a Massiniello as Russia?

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? Ask him who lives, what is life—ask him who adores, what is God. I know not the internal constitution of other men. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me; but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn.

With a spirit ill fitted to sustain such proofs, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have everywhere sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment. Thou demandest, What is love? If we reason, we would be understood: if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's: if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own,—that the beams of her eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own,—that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the hearts best food. This is love;—this is the bond and the sanction which connects not only the two sexes, but everything that exists.

We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant we live and move, thirsts after its likeness. This propensity develops itself with the development of our nature—to this eagerly refer all sensations thirsting that they should resemble or correspond with it. The discovery of its antetype—the meeting with an
understanding capable of clearly estimating the deductions of our own—an imagination which can enter into, and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish, and unfold in secret—with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibration of our own—and of a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands,—this is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tend; and to attain which it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that without which there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence, in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, and the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring—in the blue air there is found a secret correspondence with our heart that awakens the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and brings tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone.

Sterne says, that, if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere wreck of what he was.

Is there anything in the writings of Rosseau that can compare with the tenderness, with the eloquence of passion, contained in these aspirations of Shelley?

CAPTAIN ROSS' EXPEDITION.

There are, we should suppose, very few of our countrymen who have not asked themselves, frequently 'Is there any chance of poor Ross ever coming back?' To many who, like ourselves, have had some acquaintance with the painful circumstances under which that brave man went forth, the question is of deep interest; and slowly, very slowly, and reluctantly, is all hope of his safety abandoned. Perhaps a few words given to the circumstances and fate of his expedition will not be misapplied.

Few of our readers will forget the effect produced upon the public by Captain Parry's comment upon Ross' last government voyage, but only those who knew Ross can fully measure his feelings. He determined at once, that if a ship could be procured, he would go again; and he rejoiced in the chance afforded him, by a generosity which has too few parallels. The details of the fitting out of his expedition are too well known to be here repeated; and it is also well known, that he cared not to return at all if unsuccessful. He went, resolving to enjoy an unquestioned triumph, or perish in the attempt.

The application of steam to such an undertaking was itself an experiment requiring the utmost perfection and certainty in all its details. Unfortunately, his ship was fitted with boilers of a new construction which have been since proved not to answer the high expectations then
formed of them. It is doubtful whether they could generate or keep up
a supply of steam to give sufficient speed even in fair weather and
smooth water; and it is very much to be feared that, in rough
and deep seas, where they would be most needed, the engines would
fail to act. Moreover, the hull of the vessel was not of a construction
to bear safely the impulse and pressure of the ice. She was, besides,
too deeply laden: and, even supposing the necessary consumption by
the crew would materially lighten her, still she would be what sailors
call too 'laborsom' for so weak a vessel.

But had his steamer been stronger, more roomy, and the machinery
the most perfect and certain, Ross would have started under better
prospects than any of the former expeditions. From the point of Parry's
return in Regent's Inlet, no land or ice could be seen, and he probably
would have reached Cape Turnagain in a week or ten days. Had
Ross found as open a sea (as from the combined evidence of Parry
and Franklin, there seems little reason to doubt;) he would have done
the same in three or four days. But the loss of his tender, the John,
was an additional misfortune, which diminished his resources, already
scanty when compared with the equipment of government expeditions.

The last authentic news of him was in lat. 57° N., 25th July, 1829.
They had lost their foremost, but by singular good fortune had refitted
in the harbor of Holsteinberg with the masts of the Rockwood, an aban-
doned whaler; from which they also took provisions and stores. They
sailed, after remaining there only a few hours, with high hopes; the ac-
counts of the ice received from the natives were excellent—all right
amongst the crew—wind fair and weather favorable. Ross' last words
were, 'we are in a more complete state than when we left England;
and if ever the north-west passage be made, it should be this year.

What destroyed these brave men, or how their ships was set fast or crush-
ed, we shall never know, unless some remains be found by one of those
changes which, from age to age, reveal the wreck of sea and land, or
some one should hereafter visit the sad scene of their destruction. All
chance of the return of the vessel or crew is, we fear, at an end.
Yet hunger can scarcely have been their destroyer. They were pro-
visioned for three years, and had they passed Behring's Straits, could
have got further supplies from Kamtschatka.

It is hard to give up all hope. It is barely possible that he may exist
amongst the Esquimaux or Indians—he may yet return. But we fear
his name must be added to the list of those whom ingratitude and injus-
tice have driven upon enterprises with feelings which threatening only
one issue; and we could not longer delay the expression of our regret
and sorrow; histories, like this of Ross, should be stamped deep upon
the hearts and memories of his countrymen.
TO SORROW.

Spirit of the lonely vale,
With the long-lash’d dewy eye
Bending o’er the lilies pale
‘Neath the melancholy sky;
Sorrow! when in primrose fields,
Where the rills laugh, sing the bowers,
Fondest sigh life’s pilgrim yields
To thy vale of sunless flowers.

Who beside the streamlet dwells,
With the merry sylvan song
Mingling music through the dells,
Little heeds, or heeds not long:
Bless the guide’s mysterious hand,
Sun that smiles, and cloud that lowers,
Doubly fair joy’s summer-land
For the vale of sunless flowers!

The Comparative Strength of different kinds of Wood.—Mr. Pe-ter Barlow, jun. has communicated to the Philosophical Magazine, a statement of various experiments made at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, to ascertain the strength of various sorts of wood. The experiments originated in an investigation of the comparative properties of acacia and oak, by W. Withers, Esq. of Norfolk, whose object appears to have been to encourage the planting of the former in many situations, instead of the latter, as a wood of great durability and of quicker growth. At the Royal Arsenal there were in store many woods not in common use; but which are grown abundantly in some countries, and from the appearance of which great strength was anticipated. Mr. Bossey, foreman in the carriage department, was requested to prepare specimens, which were submitted to the same test as the former ones. The apparatus made use of in the experiments consisted simply of two upright posts, fixed securely at one end in the ground, and at the other to the tie-beam of the roof of a shed; on each of these were firmly attached two pieces of hard wood formed to an edge, on which the specimens to be experimented upon were placed, and a scale suspended from the centre to receive weights. To ascertain the relative stiffness or elasticity, the weight which caused a deflection of one inch was registered, which was denoted by a rod attached to the tie-beam, so as to point downwards in front of the specimen, and one inch below the upper surface—so that when one inch of deflection had taken place, it was shown by the rod just passing clear of the piece under experiment. The pieces were each accurately cut and planed two inches square and five feet in length,
Lake Erie.

and the distance of the props on which they were broken was exactly fifty inches; they were selected with great care by Mr. Bossey, who assisted at the experiments. The results of the oak experiments seem certainly to be in favor of the fast-grown. 'These experiments, Mr. Withers observes, 'throw new light upon the subject, and lead to the most important conclusion. They prove not only that fast growing timber is superior in quality to that of slower growth; but that by the constant application of manure to the roots of trees, planted even in good soil, nearly double the quantity of timber may be obtained in the same period, while its strength (instead of being diminished) will be thereby increased.

LAKE ERIE.

The invaluable advantages enjoyed by Lake Erie from its geographical position and relative connexion with surrounding navigable waters, and the scene of commercial animation it exhibits, are so correctly described in a journal published at Buffalo, that we cannot do better than give the following extract from it:—'It is peculiarly gratifying to notice the annual increase of business upon the waters of Lake Erie. The lake navigation commenced this spring (1830) much earlier than usual, and it has already assumed a degree of importance and activity unequalled by that of any former period. Besides the numerous schooners that constantly crowd our wharfs, waiting their several turns to load and unload, seven fine steam-boats have full and profitable employment; one of these boats now leaves our harbor every morning, crowded with freight and passengers destined to the fertile regions of the west. It is impossible to reflect on the almost incredible increase of business upon Lake Erie for the last five or six years, without indulging in what, to some, may appear extravagant anticipations of the future.

'The map of the entire globe does not present another sheet of water more strikingly peculiar than that of Lake Erie. It literally commands the navigable waters of North America. From the south a steam-boat has already ascended the Alle gany to Warren; and a trifling improvement of the Chatauque outlet will enable steam-boats from New Orleans to approach within three miles of Portland harbor. From the north the vessels of Lake Ontario have already visited Lake Erie, through the Welland Canal and river. The same spirit of enterprise that produced the Welland Canal, it is believed will soon be enabled to overcome the natural impediments to the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and open an easy and uninterrupted communication from Lake Erie, through Lake Ontario, to Montreal and Quebec. The ease with which a canal of sufficient capacity to pass steam-boats can be opened between Lake Michigan and the navigable waters of the Mississippi is well known. This enterprise has been long agitated, and will, it is believed, soon be accomplished. But this will not be the only channel of intercourse between Lake Erie and the Gulf of Mexico. From the southern shores of Lake Erie, the Ohio, and Pennsylvania, canals will open a communication through the Ohio river to the Mississippi.

'Lake Erie, therefore, may be regarded as a great central reservoir, from which open in all directions the most extensive channels of inland navigation to be found in the world; enabling vessels of the lake to traverse the whole interior of the country, to visit the Atlantic at the north or in the south, and collect products, the luxuries and wealth of every clime and country.'
PETER SIMPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

When I began to wake the next morning I could not think what it was that felt like a weight upon my chest, but as I roused and recalled my scattered thoughts, I remembered that in an hour or two it would be decided whether I was to exist another day. I prayed fervently and made a resolution in my own mind, that I would not have the blood of another upon my conscience, and would fire my pistol up in the air. And after I had made that resolution I no longer felt the alarm which I did before. Before I was dressed, the midshipman who had volunteered to be my second, came into my room and informed me that the affair was to be decided in the garden behind the inn; that my adversary was a very good shot, and that I must expect to be winged if not drilled.

'And what is winged and drilled,' inquired I; 'I have not only never fought a duel, but I have not even fired a pistol in my life.'

He explained what he meant, which was, that being winged implied being shot through the arm or leg, whereas being drilled was to be shot through the body. 'But,' continued he, 'is it possible that you have never fought a duel?'

'No,' replied I, 'I am not yet fifteen years old.'

'Not fifteen? why I thought you were eighteen at the least.' (But I was very tall and stout for my age, and people generally thought me older than what I was.)

I dressed myself and followed my second into the garden, where I found all the midshipmen and some of the waiters of the inn. They all seemed very merry, as if the life of a fellow creature was of no consequence. The seconds talked apart for a little while, and then measured the ground which was twelve paces; we then took our stations. I believe that I turned pale, for my second came to my side and whispered that I must not be frightened. I replied that I was not frightened, but that I considered that it was an awful moment. The second to my adversary then came up and asked me whether I would make an apology, which I refused to do, as before; they handed a pistol to each of us, and my second showed me how I was to pull the trigger. It was arranged that at the word given, we were to fire at the same time. I made sure that I should be wounded, if not killed, and I shut my eyes as I fired my pistol in the air. I felt my head swim and thought I was hurt, but fortunately I was not. The pistols were loaded again, and we fired a second time, the seconds then interfered, and it was proposed that we should shake hands, which I was very glad to do, for I considered my life to have been saved by a miracle. We all went back to the coffee-room, and sat down to breakfast. They then told me that they all belonged to the same ship that I did, and that they were glad to see that I could stand fire, for the captain was a terrible fellow for cutting out and running under the enemies' batteries.

The next day my chest arrived by the waggon, and I threw off my 'bottle-greens' and put on my uniform. I had no cocked hat, or dirk, as the warehouse people employed by Mr. Handycock did not supply

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those articles, and it was arranged that I should procure them at Portsmouth. When I inquired the price, I found that they cost more money than I had in my pocket, so I tore up the letter I had written to my mother before the duel, and wrote another asking for a remittance to purchase my dirk and cocked hat. I then walked out in my uniform, not a little proud I must confess. I was now an officer in his Majesty's service, not very high in rank certainly, but still an officer and a gentleman, and I made a vow that I would support the character, although I was considered the greatest fool of the family.

I had arrived opposite a place called Sally Port, when a young lady very nicely dressed, looked at me very hard and said, ‘Well Reefer, how are you off for soap?’ I was astonished at the question, and more so at the interest which she seemed to take in my affairs. I answered, ‘Thank you, I am very well off; I have four cakes of Windsor, and two bars of yellow for washing.’ She laughed at my reply, and asked me whether I would walk home and take a bit of dinner with her. I was astonished at this polite offer, which my modesty induced me to ascribe more to my uniform than to my own merits, and as I felt no inclination to refuse the compliment, I said that I should be most happy. I thought I might venture to offer my arm, which she accepted, and we proceeded up High Street on our way to her home.

Just as we passed the admiral’s house, I perceived my captain walking with two of the admiral’s daughters. I was not a little proud to let him see that I had female acquaintances as well as he had, and as I passed him with the young lady under my protection, I took off my hat and made him a low bow. To my surprise, not only did he not return the salute but he looked at me with a very stern countenance. I concluded that he was a very proud man, and did not wish the admiral’s daughters to suppose that he knew midshipmen by sight; but I had not exactly made up my mind on the subject, when the captain, having seen the ladies in the admiral’s house, sent one of the messengers after me to desire that I would immediately come to him at the George Inn, which was nearly opposite.

I apologised to the young lady, and promised to return immediately if she would wait for me; but she replied, that, ‘If that was my captain, it was her idea that I should have a confounded wigging and be sent on board.’ So, wishing me good bye, she left me and continued her way home. I could as little comprehend all this as why the captain looked so black when I passed him; but it was soon explained when I went up to him in the parlor at the George Inn. ‘I am sorry, Mr. Simple,’ said the captain when I entered, ‘that a lad like you should show such early symptoms of depravity; still more so, that he should not have the grace which even the most hardened are not wholly destitute of—I mean to practise immorality in secret, and not degrade themselves and insult their captain by unblushingly avowing, I may say, glorying in their iniquity, by exposing it in broad day, and in the most frequented street of the town.’

‘Sir,’ replied I, with astonishment, ‘O dear! O dear! what have I done?’

The captain fixed his keen eyes upon me, so that they appeared to pierce me through and nail me to the wall. ‘Do you pretend to say Sir, that you were not aware of the character of the person with whom you were walking just now?’

‘No, Sir,’ replied I, ‘except that she was very kind and good-natured;’
and then I told him how she had addressed me, and what subsequently took place.

'And is it possible, Mr. Simple, that you are so great a fool?' I replied; 'that I certainly was considered the greatest fool in our family.'

'I should think you were,' replied he, drily. He then explained to me who the person was with whom I was in company, and how any association with her would inevitably lead to my ruin and disgrace.

I cried very much, for I was shocked at the narrow escape which I had had, and mortified at having fallen in his good opinion. He asked me how I had employed my time since I had been at Portsmouth, and I made an acknowledgment of my having been made tipsy, related all that the midshipmen had told me, and how I had that morning fought a duel.

He listened to my whole story very attentively, and I thought that occasionally there was a smile upon his face, although he bit his lips to prevent it. When I had finished, he said, 'Mr. Simple, I can no longer trust you on shore until you are more experienced in the world. I shall desire my coxswain not to lose sight of you until you are safe on board of the frigate. When you have sailed a few months with me, you will then be able to decide, whether I deserve the character which the young gentlemen have given me, I must say, I believe, with the sole intention of practising upon your inexperience.'

Altogether I did not feel sorry when it was over. I saw that the captain believed what I had stated, and that he was disposed to be kind to me, although he thought me very silly. The coxswain, in obedience to his orders, accompanied me to the Blue Posts. I packed up my clothes, paid my bill, and the porter wheeled my chest down to the Sally Port, where the boat was waiting.

'Come, heave-a-head, my lads, be smart. The captain says we are to take the young gentleman on board directly. His liberty's stopped for getting drunk and running after the Dolly Mops!'

'I should thank you to be more respectful in your remarks, Mr. Coxswain,' said I with displeasure.

'Mister Coxswain! thanky Sir, for giving me a handle to my name,' replied he. 'Come, be smart with your ears, my lads!'

'La, Bill Freeman,' said a young woman on the beach, 'what a nice young gentleman you have there. He looks like a sucking Nelson. I say, my pretty young officer, could you lend me a shilling?'

I was so pleased at the woman calling me a young Nelson, that I immediately complied with her request. 'I have not a shilling in my pocket,' said I, 'but here is half-a-crown, and you can change it and bring me back the eighteen-pence.' 'Well, you are a nice young man,' replied she, taking the half-crown. 'I'll be back directly, my dear.'

The men in the boat laughed, and the coxswain desired them to shoo off.

'No,' observed I, 'you must wait for my eighteen-pence.'

'We shall wait a devilish long while then, I suspect. I know that girl, and she has a very bad memory.'

'She cannot be so dishonest or ungrateful,' replied I. 'Coxswain, I order you to stay—I am an officer.'

'I know you are, Sir, about six hours old; well, then, I must go up and tell the captain that you have another girl in tow, and that you won't go on board.'
O no, Mr. Coxswain, pray don't; shove off as soon as you please, and never mind the eighteen-pence.'

The boat then shoved off, and pulled towards the ship, which lay at Spithead.

On our arrival on board, the coxswain gave a note from the captain to the first lieutenant, who was on deck. He read the note, and then looked at me, and then I overheard him say to another lieutenant, 'The service is going to the devil. As long as it was not popular, if we had not much education, we at least had a chance of natural abilities; but now that great people send their sons for a provision into the navy, we have all the refuse of their families, as if anything was good enough to make a captain of a man-of-war, who has occasionally more responsibility on his shoulders, and is placed in situations requiring more judgment, than any other people in existence. Here's another of the fools of a family made a present of to the country—another cub for me to lick into shape. Well, I never saw the one yet I did not make something of. Where's Mr. Simple?'

'I am Mr. Simple, Sir,' replied I, very much frightened at what I had overheard.

'Now, Mr. Simple,' said the first lieutenant, 'observe, pay particular attention to what I say. The captain tells me in this note that you have been shamming stupid. Now, Sir, I am not to be taken in that way. You're something like the monkeys who won't speak, because they are afraid they will be made to work. I have looked attentively at your face, and I see at once that you are very clever, and if you do not prove so in a very short time, why—you had better jump overboard, that's all. Perfectly understand me. I know that you are a very clever fellow, and having told you so, don't you pretend to impose upon me, for it won't do.'

'I was very much terrified at this speech, but at the same time I was pleased to hear that he thought me clever, and I determined to do all in my power to keep up such an unexpected reputation. The quarter-master,' said the first lieutenant, 'tell Mr. Trotter to come on deck.'

The quarter-master brought up Mr. Trotter, who apologised for being so dirty, as he was breaking casks out of the hold. He was a short thick-set man, about thirty years of age, with a nose which had a red club to it, very dirty teeth, and large black whiskers.

'Mr. Trotter, said the first lieutenant, 'here is a young gentleman who has joined the ship. Introduce him into the berth, and see his hammock slung. You must look after him a little.'

'I really have very little time to look after any of them, Sir,' replied Mr. Trotter, 'but I will do what I can. Follow me, youngster.' Accordingly I descended the ladder after him, then I went down another, and then to my surprise I was desired by him to go down a third, when he informed me that I was in the cock-pit.

'Now, youngster,' said Mr. Trotter, seating himself upon a large chest, 'you may do as you please. The midshipmen's mess is on the deck above this, and if you like to join, why you can; but this I will tell you as a friend, that you will be thrashed all day long and fare very badly; the weakest always goes to the wall there, but perhaps you do not mind that. Now that we are in harbor I mess here because Mrs. Trotter is on board. She is a very charming woman I can assure you, and will be here directly; she has just gone up into the galley to
look after a net of potatoes in the copper. If you like it better, I will ask her permission for you to mess with us. You will then be away from the midshipmen, who are a sad set, and will teach you nothing but what is immoral and improper, and you will have the advantage of being in good society, for Mrs. Trotter has kept the very best in England. I make you this offer because I want to oblige the first lieutenant, who appears to take an interest about you, otherwise I am not very fond of having any intrusion upon my domestic happiness."

"I replied that I was much obliged to him for his kindness, and that if it would not put Mrs. Trotter to an inconvenience, I should be happy to accept of his offer; indeed I thought myself very fortunate in having met with such a friend. I had scarcely time to reply when I perceived a pair of legs, cased in black cotton stockings, on the ladder above us, and it proved that they belonged to Mrs. Trotter, who came down the ladder with a net full of smoking potatoes."

"Upon my word Mrs. Trotter, you must be conscious of having a very pretty ankle, or you would not venture to display it, as you have to Mr. Simple, a young gentleman whom I beg to introduce to you, and who, with your permission, will join our mess."

"My dear Trotter, how cruel of you not to give me warning; I thought that nobody was below. I declare I'm so ashamed," continued the lady simpering, and covering her face with the hand which was unemployable.

"It can't be helped now, my love, neither was there anything to be ashamed of. I trust Mr. Simple and you will be very good friends. I believe I mentioned his desire to join our mess."

"I am sure I shall be very happy in his company. This is a strange place for me to live in, Mr. Simple, after the society to which I have been accustomed; but affection can make any sacrifice, and rather than lose the company of my dear Trotter, who has been unfortunate in pecuniary matters—"

"Say no more about it, my love. Domestic happiness is everything, and will enliven even the gloom of a cock-pit."

"And yet," continued Mrs. Trotter, "when I think of the time when we used to live in London, and keep our carriage. Have you ever been in London, Mr. Simple?"

"I answered that I had.

"Then, probably, you may have been acquainted with, or have heard of, the Smiths."

"I replied that the only people I knew there, were a Mr. and Mrs. Handycock."

"Well, if I had known that you were in London, I should have been very glad to have given you a letter of introduction to the Smiths. They are quite the topping people of the place."

"But, my dear," interrupted Mr. Trotter, "is it not time to look after your dinner?"

"Yes; I am going forward for it now. We have skewer pieces today. Mr. Simple, will you excuse me?"—and then, with a great deal of flirtation and laughing about her ankles, and requesting me as a favor to turn my face away, Mrs. Trotter ascended the ladder.

As the reader may wish to know what sort of looking personage she was, I will take the opportunity to describe her. Her figure was very good, and at one period of her life I thought her face must have been very handsome; at the time I was introduced to her, it showed the ravages of time or hardship very distinctly; in short, she might be
termed a faded beauty, flaunting in her dress, and not very clean in her person.

'Charming woman, Mrs. Trotter, is she not Mr. Simple?' said the master's mate, to which of course I immediately acquiesced. 'Now, Mr. Simple,' continued he, 'there are a few arrangements which I had better mention while Mrs. Trotter is away, for she would be shocked at our talking about such things. Of course the style of living which we indulge in is rather expensive. Mrs. Trotter cannot dispense with her tea, and her other little comforts. At the same time I must put you to no extra expense, I had rather be out of pocket myself, I propose that during the time you mess with us, you shall only pay one guinea per week, and as for entrance money, why I think I must not charge you more than a couple of guineas. Have you any money?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I have three guineas and a half left.'

'Well, then, give me the three guineas, and the half-guinea you can reserve for pocket money. You must write to your friends immediately for a further supply.'

I handed him the money, which he put in his pocket. 'Your chest,' continued he, 'you shall bring down here, for Mrs. Trotter will, I am sure, if I request it; not only keep it in order for you, but see that your clothes are properly mended. She is a charming woman, Mrs. Trotter, and very fond of young gentlemen. How old are you?'

I replied that I was fifteen.

'No more! well, I am glad of that, for Mrs. Trotter is very particular after a certain age. I should recommend you on no account to associate with the other midshipmen. They are very angry with me, because I would not permit Mrs. Trotter to join their mess, and they are sad story tellers.'

'That they certainly are,' replied I, but here we were interrupted by Mrs. Trotter coming down with a piece of stick in her hand upon which were skewered about a dozen small pieces of beef and pork, which she first laid on a plate, and then began to lay the cloth, and prepare for dinner.

'Mr. Simple is only fifteen, my dear,' observed Mr. Trotter.

'Dear me,' replied Mrs. Trotter, 'why how tall he is! He is quite as tall, for his age, as young Lord Foutvetown, whom you used to take out with you in the clay. Do you know Lord Foutvetown, Mr. Simple?'

'No, I do not, ma'am,' replied I, but, wishing to let them know that I was well connected, I continued, 'but I dare say that my grandfather, Lord Privilege, does.'

'God bless me, is Lord Privilege your grandfather? Well, I thought I saw a likeness somewhere. Don't you recollect Lord Privilege, my dear Trotter, that we met at Lady Scamp's—an elderly person! It's very ungrateful of you not to recollect him, for he sent you a very fine haunch of venison.'

'Privilege, bless me, yes. O yes! an old gentleman, is he not?' said Mr. Trotter appealing to me.

'Yes, Sir,' replied I, quite delighted to find myself among those who were acquainted with my family.

'Well, then, Mr. Simple,' said Mrs. Trotter, 'since we have the pleasure of being acquainted with your family, I shall now take you under my own charge, and I shall be so fond of you, that Trotter shall become quite jealous,' added she laughing. 'We have a poor dinner to-
day, for the bum-boat woman disappointed me. I particularly requested her to bring me off a leg of lamb, but she says that there was none in the market. It is rather early for it, that's true, but Trotter is very nice in his eating. Now let us sit down to dinner."

I felt very sick indeed, and could eat nothing. Our dinner consisted of the pieces of beef and pork, the potatoes, and a baked pudding in a tin dish. Mr. Trotter went up to serve the spirits out to the ship's company, and returned with a bottle of rum.

"Have you got Mr. Simple's allowance, my love!" inquired Mrs. Trotter.

"Yes, he is victualled to-day, as he came on board before twelve o'clock. Do you drink spirits, Mr. Simple?"

"No, I thank you," replied I, for I remembered the captain's injunction.

"Taking as I do such an interest in your welfare, I must earnestly recommend you to abstain from that," said Mr. Trotter. "It is a very bad habit, and once acquired not easy to be left off. I am obliged to drink them that I may not check the perspiration after working in the hold; I have, nevertheless, a natural abhorrence of them, but my champaign and claret days are gone by, and I must submit to circumstances."

"My poor Trotter!" said the lady.

"Well," continued he, "it's a poor heart that never rejoiceth." He then poured out half a tumbler of rum, and filled the glass up with water.

"My love, will you taste it?"

"Now, Trotter, you know that I never touch it, except when the water is so bad that I must have the taste taken away. How is the water to-day?"

"As usual, my dear, not drinkable." After much persuasion, Mrs. Trotter agreed to sip a little out of his glass. I thought that she took it pretty often considering that she did not like it, but I felt so unwell that I was obliged to go on the main deck. There I was met by a midshipman whom I had not seen before. He looked very earnestly in my face, and then asked my name. "Simple," said he; "what, are you the son of old Simple?"

"Yes Sir," replied I, astonished that so many should know my family. "Well, I thought so by the likeness. And how is your father?"

"Very well, I thank you, Sir."

"When you write to him, make my compliments, and tell him that I desired to be particularly remembered to him;" and he walked forward, but as he forgot to mention his own name, I could not do it.

I went to bed very tired; Mr. Trotter had his hammock hung up in the cock-pit, separated by a canvas screen from the cot in which he slept with his wife. I thought this very odd, but they told me it was the general custom on board ship, although Mrs. Trotter's delicacy was very much shocked by it. I was very sick, but Mrs. Trotter was very kind. When I was in bed she kissed me and wished me good night, and very soon afterwards I fell fast asleep.

I awoke the next morning at day-light with a noise over my head which sounded like thunder; I found it proceeded from holystoning and washing down the main deck. I was very much refreshed, nevertheless, and did not feel the least sick or giddy. Mr. Trotter, who had been up at four o'clock, came down and directed one of the marines to fetch me some water. I washed myself on my chest, and then went on the main
deck, which they were swabbing dry. Standing by the sentry at the
cabin door, I met one of the midshipmen with whom I had been in com-
pany at the 'Blue Posts.'

'So, Master Simple, old Trotter and his faggot of a wife have got
hold of you—have they?' said he. 'I replied, 'that I did not know the
meaning of faggot, but that I considered Mrs. Trotter a very charming
woman.' At which he burst into a loud laugh. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll
just give you a caution. Take care, or they'll make a clean sweep.
Has Mrs. Trotter shown you her ancle yet?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and a
very pretty one it is.'

'Ah! she's at her old tricks. You had much better have joined our
mess at once. You're not the first greenhorn that they have plucked.
Well,' said he, as he walked away, 'keep the key of your own chest—
that's all.'

But as Mr. Trotter had warned me that the midshipmen would abuse
them, I paid very little attention to what he said. When he left me I
went on thequarter-deck. All the sailors were busy at work, and the
first lieutenant cried out to the gunner, 'Now, Mr. Dispart, if you are
ready we'll breech these guns.'

'Now, my lad,' said the first lieutenant, 'we must sluie (the part
that breeches cover) more forward.' As I never heard of a gun having
breeches, I was very curious to see what was going on, and went up close
to the first lieutenant, who said to me, 'Youngster, hand me that mon-
key's tail.' I saw nothing like a monkey's tail, but I was so frightened
that I snatched up the first thing which I saw, which was a short bar of
iron, and it so happened that it was the very article which he wanted.
When I gave it to him, the first lieutenant looked at me, and said, 'So
you know what a monkey's tail is already, do you? Now don't you ever
sham stupid after that.'

Thought I to myself, I'm very lucky, but if that's a monkey's tail it's
a very stiff one!

I resolved to learn the names of everything as fast as I could, that I
might be prepared, so I listened attentively to what was said; but I soon
became quite confused, and despaired of remembering anything.

'How is this to be finished off, Sir?' inquired a sailor of the boat-
swain.

'Why, I beg leave to hint to you, Sir, in the most delicate manner in
the world,' replied the boatswain, 'that it must be with a double-wall—
and be d——d to you—don't you know that yet? Captain of the fore-
top,' said he, 'up on your horses, and take your stirrups up three inches.'

'Aye, aye, Sir.' (I looked and looked, but I could see no horses.)

'Mr. Chucks,' said the first lieutenant to the boatswain, 'what blocks
have we below—not on charge?'

'Let me see, Sir, I've one sister, t'other we split in half the other day,
and I thinks I have a couple of monkeys down in the store-room. I say,
you Smith, pass that brace through the bull's eye, and take the sheep-
shank out before you come down.'

And then he asked the first lieutenant whether something should not
be fitted with a mouse or only a turk's-head—told him the goose-neck
must be spread out by the armorer as soon as the forge was up. In
short, what with dead-eyes and shrouds, cats and cat-blocks, dolphins and
dolphin-strikers, whips and puddings, I was so puzzled with what I heard
that I was about to leave the deck in absolute despair.

And, Mr. Chucks, recollect this afternoon that you bleed all the buoys.'
Bleed the boys, thought I, what can that be for; at all events, the surgeon appears to be the proper person to perform that operation.

This last incomprehensible remark drove me off the deck, and I retreated to the cockpit, where I found Mrs. Trotter. 'O my dear!' said she, 'I am glad you are come, as I wish to put your clothes in order. Have you a list of them—where is your key?' I replied that I had not a list, and I handed her the key, although I did not forget the caution of the midshipman; yet I considered that there could be no harm in her looking over my clothes when I was present. She unlocked my chest, and pulled everything out, and then commenced telling me what were likely to be useful and what were not.

'Now these worsted stockings,' she said, 'will be very comfortable in cold weather, and in the summer time these brown cotton socks will be delightfully cool, and you have enough of each to last you till you outgrow them; but as for these fine cotton stockings they are of no use—only catch the dirt when the decks are swept, and always look untidy. I wonder how they could be so foolish as to send them; nobody wears them on board ship now-a-days. They are only fit for women—I wonder if they would fit me.' She turned her chair away, and put on one of my stockings, laughing the whole of the time. Then she turned round to me, and showed me how nice they fitted her. 'Bless you, Mr. Simple, it's well that Trotter is in the hold, he'd be so jealous—do you know what these stockings cost? They are no use to you, and they fit me. I will speak to Trotter, and take them off your hands.' I replied that I could not think of selling them, and as they were of no use to me and fitted her, I begged that she would except of the dozen pair. At first she positively refused, but as I pressed her she at last consented, and I was very happy to give them to her as she was very kind to me, and I thought, with her husband, that she was a very charming woman. We had beef-steaks and onions for dinner that day, but I could not bear the smell of the onions. Mr. Trotter came down very cross, because the first lieutenant had found fault with him. He swore that he would cut the service—that he had only remained to oblige the captain, who said he would sooner part with his right arm, and that he would demand satisfaction of the first lieutenant as soon as he could obtain his discharge. Mrs. Trotter did all she could to pacify him, reminded him that he had the protection of Lord this and Sir Thomas that, who would see him righted; but in vain. The first lieutenant had told him, he said, that he was not worth his salt, and blood only could wipe away the insult. He drank glass of grog after glass of grog, and each glass became more violent, and Mrs. Trotter drank also, I observed, a great deal more than I thought she ought to have done; but she whispered to me that she drank it that Trotter might not, as he would certainly be tipsy. I thought this very devoted on her part, but they sat so late that I went to bed and left them; he still drinking and vowing vengeance against the first lieutenant. I had not been asleep more than two or three hours when I was awakened by a great noise and quarrelling, and I discovered that Mr. Trotter was drunk and beating his wife. Very much shocked that such a charming woman should be beat and ill used, I scrambled out of my hammock to see if I could be of any assistance, but it was dark, although they scuffled as much as before. I asked the marine, who was sentry at the gun-room door above, to bring his lanthorn, and was very much
shocked at his replying that I had better go to bed, and let them fight it out.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Trotter, who had not taken off her clothes, came from behind the screen. I perceived at once that the poor woman could hardly stand; she reeled to my chest, where she sat down and cried. I pulled on my clothes as fast as I could, and then went up to her to console her; but she could not speak intelligibly. After attempting in vain to console her, she made me no answer, but staggered to my hammock, and after several attempts, succeeded in getting into it. I cannot say that I much liked that, but what could I do? So I finished dressing myself, and went up on the quarter-deck.

The midshipman, who had the watch was the one who had cautioned me against the Trotters; he was very friendly to me. "Well, Simple," said he, "what brings you on deck?" I told him how ill Mr. Trotter had behaved to his wife, and how she had turned into my hammock.

"The cursed drunken old catamaran," cried he; "I'll go and cut her down by the head," but I requested he would not, as she was a lady.

"A lady," replied he; "yes, there's plenty of ladies of her description," and then he informed me that she had many years ago been the mistress of a man of fortune who kept a carriage for her; but that he grew tired of her, and had given Trotter £200 to marry her, and that now they did nothing but get drunk together and fight with each other.

I was very much annoyed to hear all this; but as I perceived that Mrs. Trotter was not sober, I began to think that what the midshipman said was true. "I hope," added he, "that she has not had time to wheedle you out of any of your clothes;"

I told him that I had given her a dozen pair of stockings, and had paid Mr. Trotter three guineas for my mess. "This must be looked too," replied he; "I shall speak to the first lieutenant to-morrow. In the mean time, I shall get your hammock for you. Quarter Master, keep a good look out." He then went below, and I followed him, to see what he would do. He went to my hammock and lowered it down at one end, so that Mrs. Trotter lay with her head on the deck in a very uncomfortable position. To my astonishment, she swore at him in a dreadful manner, but refused to turn out. He was abusing her, and shaking her in the hammock, when Mr. Trotter, who had been roused at the noise, rushed from behind the screen. "You villain! what are you doing with my wife?" cried he, pummelling at him as well as he could, for he was so tipsy that he could hardly stand.

I thought the midshipman able to take care of himself, and did not wish to interfere; so I remained above, looking on—the sentry standing by me with his lanthorn over the coomings of the hatchway, to give light to the midshipman, and to witness the fray. Mr. Trotter was soon knocked down, when all of a sudden Mrs. Trotter jumped up from the hammock, and caught the midshipman by the hair, and pulled at him. Then the sentry thought right to interfere; he called out for the master-at-arms, and went down himself to help the midshipman, who was faring badly between the two. But Mrs. Trotter snatched the lanthorn out of his hand and smashed it all to pieces, and then we were all left in darkness, and I could not see what took place, although the scuffling continued. Such was the posture of affairs when the master-at-arms came down with his light. The midshipman and sentry came up the ladder, and Mr. and Mrs. Trotter were beating each other. To this, none
of them paid any attention, saying, as the sentry had said before, 'Let them fight it out.'

After they had fought some time, they retired behind the screen, and I followed the advice of the midshipman, and got into my hammock, which the master-at-arms hung up again for me. I heard Mr. and Mrs. Trotter both crying and kissing each other. 'Cruel, cruel, Mr. Trotter,' said she, blubbering.

'My life, my love, I was so jealous,' replied he.

'D---n and blast your jealousy,' replied the lady; 'I've two nice black eyes for the galley to-morrow.' In about an hour of kissing and scolding, they both fell asleep again.

The next morning before breakfast, the midshipman reported to the first lieutenant, the conduct of Mr. Trotter and his wife. I was sent for, and obliged to acknowledge that it was all true. He sent for Mr. Trotter, who replied that he was not well, and could not come on deck. Upon which, the first lieutenant ordered the serjeant of marines to bring him up directly. Mr. Trotter made his appearance, with one eye closed, and his face very much scratched.

'Did not I desire you, Sir,' said the first lieutenant, 'to introduce this young gentleman into the midshipmen's berth? instead of which, you have introduced him to that disgraceful wife of yours, and have swindled him out of his property. I order you immediately to return the three guineas which you received as mess-money, and also that your wife give back the stockings which she cajoled him out of.'

But then I interposed, and told the first lieutenant that the stockings had been a free gift on my part; and that, although I had been very foolish, yet that I considered that I could not in honor demand them back again.

'Well, youngster,' replied the first lieutenant; 'perhaps your ideas are correct, and if you wish it, I will not enforce that part of my order; but,' continued he to Mr. Trotter, 'I desire, Sir, that your wife leaves the ship immediately; and I trust, that when I have reported your conduct to the captain, that he will serve you in the same manner. In the meantime, you will consider yourself under an arrest for drunkenness.'

The captain came on board about twelve o'clock, and ordered the discharge of Mr. Trotter to be made out, as soon as the first lieutenant had reported what had occurred. He then sent for all the midshipmen on the quarter-deck.

'Gentlemen,' said the captain to them, with a stern countenance, 'I feel very much indebted to some of you for the character which you have been pleased to give of me to Mr. Simple. I must now request that you will answer a few questions which I am about to put in his presence. Did I ever flog the whole starboard watch, because the ship would only sail nine knots on a bowling?'

'No, Sir, no!' replied they all, very much frightened.

'Did I ever give a midshipman four dozen for not having his weekly accounts pipeclayed, or another five dozen for wearing a scarlet watch ribbon?'

'No, Sir,' replied they altogether.

'Did any midshipman ever die on his chest from fatigue?'

They again replied in the negative.

'Then, gentlemen, you will oblige me by stating which of you thought proper to assert these falsehoods in a public coffee-room; and further, which of you obliged this youngster to risk his life in a duel?'
'They were all silent.

'Will you answer me, gentlemen?'

'With respect to the duel, Sir,' replied the midshipman who had fought me, 'I heard say that the pistols were only charged with powder. It was a joke.'

'Well, Sir, we'll allow that the duel was only a joke, (and I hope and trust that your report is correct;) is the reputation of your captain only a joke allow me to ask? I request to know who of you dared to propagate such injurious slander? (Here there was a dead pause.) Well then, gentlemen, since you will not confess yourselves, I must refer to my authority. Mr. Simple, have the goodness to point out the person or persons who gave you the information.'

But I thought this would not be fair; and as they had all treated me very kindly after the duel, I resolved not to tell, so I answered, 'If you please, Sir, I consider that I told you all that in confidence.'

'Confidence, Sir,' replied the captain; 'who ever heard of confidence between a post captain and a midshipman?'

'No, Sir,' replied I, 'not between a post captain and a midshipman, but between two gentlemen."

The first lieutenant, who stood by the captain, put his hand before his face to hide a laugh. 'He may be a fool, Sir,' observed he to the captain, aside, 'but I can assure you he is a very straight-forward one.'

The captain bit his lip, and then turning to the midshipmen, said, 'You may thank Mr. Simple, gentlemen, that I do not press this matter further. I do believe that you were not serious when you calumniated me; but recollect that what is said in joke is too often repeated in earnest. I trust that Mr. Simple's conduct will have its effect, and that you leave off practising upon him who has saved you from a very severe punishment.'

When the midshipmen went down below, they all shook hands with me, and said that I was a good fellow for not peaching; but as for the advice of the captain that they should not practise upon me, as he termed it, they forgot that, for they commenced again immediately, and never left off until they found that I was not to be deceived any longer.

I had not been ten minutes in the berth, before they began their remarks upon me. One said that I looked like a hardy fellow, and asked me whether I could not bear a great deal of sleep.

I replied 'that I could I dare say, if it was necessary for the good of the service;' at which they laughed, and I supposed that I had said a good thing.'

'Why here's Tomkins,' said the midshipman; 'he'll show you how to perform that part of your duty. He inherits it from his father, who was a marine officer. He can snore for fourteen hours on a stretch without once turning round in his hammock, and finish his nap on his chest during the whole of the day, except meal times.'

But Tomkins defended himself, by saying, 'some people were very quick in doing things, and others were very slow; that he was one of the slow ones, and that he did not in reality obtain more refreshment from his long naps than other people did in short ones, because he slept much slower than they did.'

This ingenious argument was, however, overruled nem. con., as it was proved that he ate pudding faster than any one in the mess.

The postman came on board with the letters, and put his head into the midshipman's berth. I was very anxious to have one from home, but I
was disappointed. Some had letters and some had not. Those who had not, declared that their parents were very undutiful, and that they would cut them off with a shilling; and those who had letters, after they had read them, offered them for sale to the others, usually at half price. I could not imagine why they sold, or why the others bought them: but they did do so; and one that was full of good advice was sold three times; from which circumstance I was inclined to form a better opinion of the morals of my companions. The lowest priced letters sold were those written by sisters. I was offered one for a penny, but I declined buying, as I had plenty of sisters of my own. Directly I made that observation, they immediately inquired all their names and ages, and whether they were pretty or not. When I had informed them, they quarrelled to whom they should belong. One would have Lucy and another took Mary, but there was a great dispute about Ellen, as I had said that she was the prettiest of the whole. At last they agreed to put her up to auction, and she was knocked down to a master's mate of the name of O'Brien, who bid seventeen shillings and a bottle of rum. They requested that I would write home to give their love to my sisters, and tell them how they had been disposed of, which I thought very strange; but I ought to have been flattered at the price bid for Ellen, as I repeatedly have since been witness to a very pretty sister being sold for a glass of grog.

I mentioned the reason why I was so anxious for a letter, viz. because I wanted to buy my dirk and cocked hat; upon which they told me that there was no occasion for my spending my money, as by the regulations of the service, the purser's steward served them out to all the officers who applied for them. As I knew where the purser's steward's room was, I would have seen it when down in the cock-pit with the Trotters, I went down immediately. 'Mr. Purser's steward,' says I, 'let me have a cocked hat and dirk immediately.'

'Very good, Sir,' replied he, and he wrote an order upon a slip of paper which he handed to me. 'There is the order for it, Sir; but the cocked hats are kept up in the chest in the main-top; and as for the dirk you must apply to the butcher, who has them under his charge.'

I went up with the order, and thought I would first apply for the dirk; so I inquired for the butcher, whom I found sitting in the sheep pen with the sheep, mending his trowsers. In reply to my demand, he told me that he had not the key of the store-room, which was under the charge of one of the corporals of marines.

I inquired who, and he said Cheeks * the marine.

I went everywhere about the ship, inquiring for Cheeks the marine, but could not find him. Some said that they believed he was in the fore-top, standing sentry over the wind, that it might not change; others, that he was in the galley, to prevent the midshipmen from soaking their biscuit in the captain's dripping-pan. At last I inquired of some of the women who were standing between the guns on the main-deck, and one of them answered that it was no use looking for him among them as they all had husbands, and Cheeks was a widow's man.†

As I could not find the marine, I thought I might as well go for my cocked hat, and get my dirk afterwards. I did not much like going up the rigging, because I was afraid of turning giddy, and if I fell overboard,

* This celebrated personage is the prototype of Mr. Nobody on board of a man-of-war.

† Widow's men are imaginary sailors, borne on the books, and receiving pay and prize-money, which is appropriated to Greenwich hospital.
Peter Simple.

I could not swim; but one of the midshipmen offered to accompany me, stating that I need not be afraid, if I did fall overboard, of sinking to the bottom, as if I was giddy, my head, at all events, would swim; so I determined to venture. I climbed up very near to the main-top, but not without missing the little ropes very often, and grazing the skin off my shins. Then I came to large ropes stretched out from the mast, so that you must climb them with your head backwards. The midshipman told me these were called the cat-harpings, because they were so difficult to climb, that a cat would expostulate if ordered to go out by them. I was afraid to venture, and then he proposed that I should go through lubber's hole, which he said had been made for people like me. I agreed to attempt it, as it appeared more easy, and at last arrived, quite out of breath, and very happy to find myself in the main-top.

The captain of the main-top was there with two other sailors. The midshipman introduced me very politely:—'Mr. Jenkins—Mr. Simple, midshipman,—Mr. Simple, Mr. Jenkins, captain of the main-top. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Simple has come up with an order for a cocked hat.' The captain of the top replied that he was very sorry that he had not one in store, but the last he had been served out to the captain's monkey. This was very provoking. The captain of the top then asked me if I was ready with my footing.

I replied, 'not very, for I had lost it two or three times when coming up.' He laughed and replied, that I should lose it altogether before I went down; and that I must hand it out. 'Hand out my footings,' said I, puzzled, and appealing to the midshipman, 'What does he mean?' 'He means that you must fork out a seven shilling bit.' I was just as wise as ever, and stared very much; when Mr. Jenkins desired the other men to get half a dozen fozes and make a spread eagle of me unless he had his parkisite. I never should have found out what it all meant, had not the midshipman, who laughed till he cried, at last informed me that it was the custom to give the men something to drink the first time that I came aloft, and that, if I did not, they would tie me up to the rigging.

Having no money in my pocket, I promised to pay them as soon as I went below; but Mr. Jenkins would not trust me. I then became very angry, and inquired of him 'if he doubted my honor.' He replied, 'Not in the least, but that he must have the seven shillings before I went below.' 'Why, Sir,' said I, 'do you know who you are speaking to? I am an officer and a gentleman. Do you know who my grand-father is?'

'O yes,' replied he, 'very well.'

'Then, who is he, Sir?' replied I very angrily.

'Who is he? why he's the Lord knows who.'

'No,' replied I, 'that's not his name; he is Lord Privilege.' (I was very much surprised that he knew that my grandfather was a lord.)

'And do you suppose,' continued I, 'that I would forfeit the honor of my family for a paltry seven shillings?'

This observation of mine, and a promise on the part of the midshipman, who said he would be bail for me, satisfied Mr. Jenkins, and he allowed me to go down the rigging. I went to my chest, and paid the seven shillings to one of the topmen who followed me, and then went up on the main-deck, to learn as much as I could of my profession. I asked a great many questions of the midshipmen relative to the guns, and they crowded round me to answer them. One told me they were called the frigate's teeth, because they stopped the Frenchman's jaw. Another
midshipman said that he had been so often in action that he was called the Fire-eater. I asked him how it was that he escaped being killed. He replied that he always made it a rule, upon the first cannon ball coming through the ship's side, to put his head into the hole which it had made; as by a calculation made by Professor Innman, the odds were 32,647 and some decimals to boot, that another ball would not come in at the same hole. That's what I never should have thought of.

A STRAY LEAF IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NOVELIST.

'The why—the where—what boots it now to tell?'—Corsair.
'My Majesty! this is mere diversion!'—Widow Cheshire.

'Confound this gout!' pettishly exclaimed Mr. Walton, as he rose from his solitary dinner.

Now, Mr. Walton was a bon vivant, a humorist of the first fashion, a tale-writer (it must be owned) of the first talent, and one whose society was so constantly courted, in all dinner-giving and literary circles, that a lonely meal was a most unusual and unpleasant occurrence to him.

'Well,' continued he, 'I must, per force, content myself with another day of sofa and Quarterly;' for Mr. Walton ranked among the most devoted adherents to the Quarterly creed of politics.

Scarcey had he uttered these words, in a tone half peevish and half resigned, when a servant handed him a letter, bearing an official seal of stupendous dimensions, and marked in the corner, 'private and confidential.'

Walton eagerly opened the envelope, and to his no small dismay, learned that the great man on whose smiles he lived, and to whose fortunes and party he was attached (by a snug place), required immediate information on subjects connected with our naval establishments, into the expenditure of which, the great political economist, on the opposite side of the house, intended to make certain inquiries in the course of a night or two. Mr. Walton was requested, not to say commanded, to see the commissioner at Portsmouth as speedily as possible, to investigate facts, and to report progress on his return. It was at the same time delicately hinted, that the expenses of this important mission, would be defrayed by the writer from that convenient and ever-open source, the public purse.

'A journey of seventy-two miles when I'd resolved upon quiet: but in the service of one's country, when it costs one nothing! Well, I must forget the gout, or lose my———. Hang it! I can't call on the commissioner in list slippers. Travers! step up to Hoby's, and tell him to send me a pair of boots, somewhat larger than my usual fit; and take
a place in the Portsmouth coach for to-morrow morning; 'tis too late to
night for the mail—but d'ye hear? not in my name, as I travel incog.'

Walton made the few arrangements for so short an absence from town,
retired earlier than usual to bed, was horrified at the imperative neces-
sity of rising before the sun, found himself booked by his literal servant
as 'Mr. Incog,' had the coach to himself, and at six o'clock in the even-
ing, alighted at the George, in High-street.

Travelling without a servant, and with so scanty an allowance of bag-
gage, he was ushered into the coffee-room, of which he found himself
the sole occupant, asked for the bill of fare, and was served with the
usual delicacies of a coffee-room dinner; cold soup, stale fish, oiled but-
ter, rancid anchovy, flabby veal-cutlet, with mildewed mushroom sauce.
Cape and brandy, doing duty for sherry, and a genuine bottle of South-
ampton port, so well known by the seducing appellation of 'Black-strap.'
All these luxuries were brought him by a lout of a boy, who looked
more like a helper than a waiter.

'Well,' thought Walton, 'the sooner I complete my mission the bet-
ter. I could not bear this sort of thing long. How far is it to the Dock-
yard, waiter?'

'I don't know; master can tell 'e; its no use your going there now,
the gates be shut.'

'But I wish to see Sir Henry Grayhurst, the commissioner.'

'He be gone to the Isle of Wight with his family, so I heerd master
say.'

'Is he expected back soon?'

'Lord, Sir, how can I tell? if you ask master, he do know.'

'Pleasant and intelligent youth!' sighed Walton, 'I'll put him into
my next sketch. Well, I've had the bore of this day's journey for noth-
ing, since the man I came to see is absent, as if on purpose to oblige
me. How extremely agreeable! I must 'ask master' then. Tell the
landlord I want him.'

'Master and missus be gone to the play; it's old Kelly's benefit, and
they do go every year.'

'The play! there's comfort in the name; anything is preferable to
this lonely, gloomy coffee-room. Send the chambermaid to me.'

An old woman, with a flat tin-candlestick, led the way to a small in-
convenient room up numerous flights of stairs, not evincing the slightest
sympathy with the limp of our traveller, who, by the way, had nearly
forgotten his gout in his annoyances. She assured him that all the best
rooms were engaged.

What soothes of irritated feelings are soap and water! Walton
washed his handsome face, and aristocratic hands, (novelist-ink had
not spoiled them,) got rid of his dusty travelling suit, put on a capacious
king's-stock with flowing black drapery, and a well-regulated and well-
braided Stultz. His ready-made Hoby's he consigned to 'boots,' hav-
ing assumed the bas de soie and easy pumps. Leaving word that he
should require something for supper, he bent his steps to the theatre.

The acting was sufficiently bad to amuse him, and at a moment when
the attention of the audience was directed to the closing scene of the
tragedy, and the ladies of the Point were weeping at the distress of the lady in point, the door of an opposite box was opened by the identical lout who had waited on him at dinner. The lad, making his way through a box-full of over-dressed and vulgar-looking people, whispered to a man in a blue coat and powdered head, singling out Walton as though he was the subject of this unexpected communication. The landlord of the 'George,' for it was no less a personage, started up, and instantly left the house, accompanied by the females of his party.

When the curtain fell, a whisper spread from box to box, and during the farce Walton could not help perceiving that he had become a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience than the performers were.

'What the devil does all this mean?' thought he; 'have they found out what I am?' Perhaps they never saw a live author before. Let them stare. If they like to make a lion of me, I'll humor the joke.'

On rising to leave the house, Walton found that the door was thronged with people, who, as he approached, respectfully made way for him, and he overheard sundry sotto voce remarks as he passed—'That's he.'—'Arrived this evening.'—'Incog.'—'Staying at the George?'

Wondering at the extraordinary interest he had excited, congratulating himself on an evidence of fame that Sir Walter himself might have envied, and followed by a crowd, he reached the inn. Three or four spruce waiters in their full dress, received him at the gateway, with most obsequious homage. The landlord (his hair re-powdered for the occasion) carrying a silver branch of four wax-lights, stepped up to him with a low bow.

'This way, an' please your——, this way. Supper is ready for your——.'

Walton, indulging his love of comic adventure, followed his guide with a dignified air into the drawing-room. The splendid chandelier threw a flood of light over a table, covered 'with every delicacy of the season.' His host lamented that the champagne had not been longer in ice, and was distrest at having been absent from home when his illustrious guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipating the asking eye, and, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, 'all was alacrity and adulation.' Walton could not help contrasting the indifference which he encountered at his afternoon meal with the courtesy which graced his evening repast. He made ample amends to his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had no friend to partake in the joke, for he began to find these mysterious attentions too vast for even his literary vanity to swallow. Remembering the purport of his visit, he inquired 'how soon the commissioner was expected to return?'

'Sir Henry came back this evening, may it please——'

'I must see him to-morrow early: take care I am called at eight.'

'A carriage shall be in attendance, your——'

'No, no; my visit is of a private nature.'

'I understand, so please——and will caution my servants.'

Walton, after having discussed some well-made bishop, and a segar or two, rang for a night-candle. The attentive landlord, like Monk
Lewis' beautiful spirit, still bearing the silver branch, led the way to the best bed-room. Walton thought of the lofty-situated apartment first allotted to him, and smiled. Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to rest.

The next morning, somewhat tired by the parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his bed-room, and was preparing for his visit to the dock-yard, when his persevering host entered, beseeching the honor of showing him the way. His offer was accepted; and finding that the champagne had renewed his gouty symptoms, Walton took advantage of his companion's supporting arm. The good man appeared overwhelmed with his condescension, and looked unutterable things, at the various acquaintance he encountered in his way. At the dock gate, Walton left his delighted cicerone, who intimated his ambition to remain there, to have the supreme felicity of showing him the way back.

Some hours rolled away, during which our traveller received the information he had sought, which appeared of so much import to the Right Honorable ———, on whose behalf he had made the inquiry, that he determined on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman of the commissioner's was dispatched for a chaise and four, with directions that the bill should be brought at the same time. Down rattled the chaise, and down came waiters, chambermaids, boots, and all 'the militia of the inn,' to the dock-yard! Walton, without looking at items, put the amount into the hands of his gratified host, distributed his favors liberally to the domestics, threw a crown-piece at the head of the lout, and stepped into his chaise, amidst huzzas from the many idlers who had joined the Georgians.

'Long life to the Grand ———' were the only words the noise of the wheels permitted him to hear.

He reached London, without any farther adventure, in as short a time as four horses could get over the ground. Arrived at his home, he instantly forwarded the essential documents to his patron; and having disburthened himself of the more weighty affair, fell into a series of conjectures, as to the possible motives for the reverential deference he had met with. Tired with conflicting speculations, between his fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary reputation, and his secret fears that the homage was somewhat too profound, even for a litterateur of his eminence to reckon upon, he kicked off his boots! Certain characters on the morocco lining attracted his attention. In a moment the mystery was solved. On decyphering them, he discovered no less a title than that of

'THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS!'

for whom the hobby's had been originally designed—for whom they had proved either too large, or too small; and for whom also—our literary diplomatist had been mistaken, from the moment that he consigned them to the polishing hands of the wise waiter at the George!

'Fairly hooked,' muttered Walton, as he went grumbling up to bed, and hoping the newspapers on the other side might never get hold of the story.
OLD SAWs FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY ANDREW PICKEN.

It is perfectly admitted, and well understood, that young ladies now-a-days have no sense, and don’t know anything. Indeed, it would be remarkable if they did; for where, I should like to know, would they get their knowledge? or how should it come to them? not, I am sure, out of the keys of the piano-forte, on which they are jigging from morning till night; or by pulling at the hard strings of the harp, with which they are tiring their arms, and hurting their dear little fingers, whenever they leave the other instrument. Still less can they be supposed to imbibe any wholesome knowledge from their everlasting practising (as often as the other exercises will let them) of the figures of the latest quadrilles, or galloping after each other in the mazy movements of the gallopade. As little can they learn to know what is what, by a pedantic jabbering of foreign lingoes; or understand how to keep an honest man’s house, by drawing faces all day on a paper,—painting China roses with a little water and carmine, or making ugly tulips by wasting good colors, daubed in splatters upon a china plate. Doubtless, all those employments are extremely fashionable and fine; and besides being exceedingly profitable, in particular to certain foreigners, who come to live upon the English by teaching these precious accomplishments, are happily calculated for making ladies brilliant and showy, and for emptying the purses of their indulgent papas, as well as for withdrawing their own attention from everything that may tend to bring out their latent virtues, or to give them a little good sense and mind furnishing, or aught else that might come to be really useful to them in their years of discretion. The worst of it, however, is, that this brilliancy and cleverness at everything that is fine, is becoming so common, that it is no longer a mark of much distinction; while, in the mean time, sensible knowledge and housewife mother-wit are gone clean out of fashion,—it having been discovered, in these enlightened times, that ladies are born for no other purpose than to play music all day, and dance galopades all night.

Not that I would in the least be thought to find fault with this kind of life; for it is only common gallantry to admit, that ladies ought to do just as they please—everything they do being quite right—and that the men have nought to do but to pay for it. But as the present fashion in woman’s education may happen to change, and as the manner of fashion is that old fashions just come in again after the new become tiresome, I have thought it best to be beforehand with the world, and to lay before it a few of those old saws and quaint sayings which used to be in vogue before the march of intellect times came in, and by which the world was governed in old times, long before any of us were born. In those days, it having been thought expedient that women should have some general principles impressed upon them for their
own guidance through life, as well as some comprehensive maxims of applicable knowledge of the things around them, ingrafted upon their memories, the fashion was, to convey those principles or maxims generally, in such short and pithy sentences as could be easily floated about like current coin, for every-day use, and could conveniently be carried in the mind for any necessary occasion. It was the use of these profound condensations of all knowledge, that made the ladies of old so wise and lofty in their way; but how they did without piano-fortes, and harps, and gallopades, it certainly puzzles me to know. They must, after all, have been but ignorant vulgar creatures, compared to the Pene- lopes and Lucretias of the present day.

However this may be, it is certain that proverbs, and these sort of sayings, were fashionable, in very ancient times; and whatever is in fashion being naturally respectable, the highest philosophers occupied themselves in the making or collecting of them. Seneca made them in ancient times, and so did Socrates, who had the bad wife; not to speak of king Solomon, who had more wives than he knew well how to manage. Saint Paul also said, in a very un gallant proverb, which is in common use with the Spaniards at this day,—namely, that 'he that mar rieth a wife, doeth well, but he that marrieth not, doeth far better:' but St. Paul was a bachelor who never knew the comfort of a wife; and the lad ies are not at all obliged to him for this saying. In late times, our own philosophers propounded proverbs. The great Lord Bacon himself collected them, and so did the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh; Archbishop Louth wrote a discourse upon them; Cardinal Beaton, in Scotland, published a collection of them, and so did Camden, the antiquarian. Our own Alfred the Great taught his people by these means; and Scott ish Jamie, the successor of Elizabeth, was so fond of them, that he sel dom spoke but he seasoned his speech with these quaint sayings of oral wisdom. But, indeed, the Scots were always a rare people for the making of proverbs; and whatever sayings the Romans had current, in their own dry and sententious style, the Scots put into a form of excellent humor or quaint illustration, though not always expressed in those deli cate terms which would make them look pretty out of the mouths of ladies. In addition to this, my erudite reader does not require to be reminded how largely the continental nations—particularly the Spaniards, the most witty nation in Europe, and the modern Italians—make use, to this day, of those pleasant fragments of condensed observations, and those characteristic scraps of common-sense philosophy, which have of late been so much banished from English colloquism. All this, how ever, and much more that we could add, may serve to show that we have not taken up a disreputable subject; but it is time that we should pro ceed to apply a few of those sayings which used to make up, perhaps, the best part of the practical wisdom of our fathers.

It is a pleasant thing, no doubt, to see a pretty maiden, who dances, like moonlight on the twinkling waters, and plays all manner of difficult music, and who has as many superficial accomplishments as would furn ish out an opera girl; yet, if she has no great dowery to back these
agreeable frivolities, she may hang long on the hands of her foolish parents, according to the proverb,

A fair maiden, dowerless, is seen to get more wooers than husbands; because the men, now-a-days, know well that

A fair wife, without a dowry, is like a fine house without furniture; and the Italians say, La porta di dietro e quella che qua sta la casa—which, being Anglicised, maketh this rhyming proverb,

A nice wife, and a back door,

Doth often make a rich man poor.

And therefore, it is rather a doubtful speculation, for parents to bring up daughters to the mere trade of playing ladies all their days, without any other useful or commendable quality, as is too much the practice of the present day.

I would not be so plain spoken on this delicate point, but that it is pretty freely admitted, that the great end of a lady's education is, that she may commend herself to a good husband; and if so, it is really paying a bad compliment to our sex, to suppose that they set a higher value upon mere fashionable accomplishments, than they do upon more useful or substantial virtues. If the plan is a matter of speculation, as it in general is, which agrees with the natural propensity of man to gamble in his own fortune and that of his children; it certainly may be true, that a pretty flirt, who can do nothing but show off in a drawing-room and spend money, does, now and then, succeed in catching a sickly nabob from the East Indies, or a senseless old man from the wealthy neighborhood of Cripplegate or Crutched-friars, who has, by long plodding, muddled himself into a fortune; and, adjourning to the West-end in the evening of his days, marries a wife to teach him to be a gentleman. Whether the lady gets any very desirable bargain, who obtains a catch of this kind, it is for sensible girls to consider; but the number of these God-sends, compared to that of the old maids, which this system of unsuitable education entails upon every passing generation, is really becoming quite alarming; for it is not in the nature of things, that many of the ladies, who are merely taught to dance, and dress, and spend money, can obtain proper matches in these hard times. The ladies are not aware how much the men are guarded by their own good sense, and the common maxims of the world, against these merely showy and expensive accomplishments; and how they make dress and exterior finery, the representative of this species of vanities, a caution against their influence. Indeed, caustic truisms upon their nature, run through the proverbs of all nations. Thus the old Spanish proverb was, in our father's days, appropriated for English instruction, and is thus rendered—

If thou choosest a wife, choose her on a Saturday, and not on a Sunday; that is to say, look at her in her plain dress and every-day circumstances, and judge of her not in her holiday appearance. The Italians appropriating, and more fully expressing, the proverb, say,
Choose neither women nor linen by candlelight.

And even the thoughtless French have this maxim,

Femme sotte se coignoit à la cotte;

concluding, that a foolish woman may be known by her finery. The Scots also, appropriating these proverbs in various forms, add,

A dink maiden aft makes a dirty wife.

And teaching, that the man who marries for such sort of qualities, has little chance of any real affection, say,

He that has a bonnie wife, needs mair than twa een;

and,

He sairly wants a wife who marries mamma's pet.

And guarding young men in Scotland also, as well as the English, against 'whistling maidens and crowing hens,' they say,

Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear, and slow to speak;

which would be requiring an absolute impossibility, if maidens can speak French, Italian, Spanish, and so forth; for what were they taught these foreign lingoos for, but to speak them every hour that they can get men to listen to them? And what is the value of all their elaborate and showy accomplishments, if they are not to be frequently exhibited? And yet the maxim is turned into a rhyme which saith—

A maid oft seen, and a gown oft worn,
Are disesteemed and held in scorn.

Yet the maid must be oft seen, and often heard too, according to the present mode of her rearing, whether she be disesteemed or not; but as to the gown being oft worn, that she will take care shall not be the case, if she can avoid it, as fathers and husbands know to their cost; for she will hold it in scorn herself, for the desire of a new one; although, in addition to all these proverbial sayings, Shakspere, holding in scorn himself, because the apparel proclaims the man and the woman,—

Silken coats and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
And amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery;—

asks, by the mouth of the spirited Petruchio,

What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O! no, good Kate!—

But I must not say more on this subject, else the milliners and haberdashers will get up a conspiracy against me. And yet this passion
for dress is so strong in young ladies, (and sometimes, too, in those that are not very young,) that it is necessary to be kept constantly in check; and so I will not be deterred, by the threats of drapers and dress-makers, from doing my duty, and repeating the proverb, for the benefit of married ladies, which saith,

The more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses.

And, besides this, there is the consideration of the expense; for, saith another proverb,

Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.

And though dress is a brave thing, and beauty is pleasant to look upon, yet there is danger in giving too much way to these outside attractions, which are apt to bring the dear ladies into twenty troubles which they little dream of; for, saith the Italian proverb,

A fair woman and a slashed gown, find always some nail in the way.

Besides, there is a constant temptation in it, to cause the ladies to dislike their homes, and to send them a gallivanting abroad; and so, as another Italian proverb hath it,

Women and hens, through too much gadding, get lost;

which is a melancholy consummation, and ought to be guarded against.

But concerning love and marriage, and all that sort of thing, subjects which are ever interesting to the ladies, I have many shrewd things to say, if I dared say them; but the proverbs and wise maxims of nations shall say them for me, at least in part, and so the dear and interesting creatures shall not put the blame upon me, for speaking too broadly my mind; or consider me their enemy, because I would tell them a word of truth.

It is wonderful what a difference there is between parents and children, and at least always between mothers and daughters, upon this subject. But, although fathers and mothers are too apt to forget that ever they were young, wilful girls, if afflicted with love, never will allow themselves to look an inch before the present moment, or at least beyond the honey-moon—which is, of course, to last all their lives, if they can only get the object of their present fancy. Not that the dear young creature does not ruminate, and consider, and think very profoundly, to convince herself that she is in the right; but the difference is, that she does not know what her mother probably has known, and what William Shakspeare, a shrewd man, has written, viz., that

Love reasons without reason.

If she is in the midst of her pleasing delusion, to be sure her lover, in whom she sees (at present) nothing but perfection, may make her imagine anything; for, in those delightful interviews,

How silver-sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

Yet how does she know, although I would not have a young lady suspicious, but that

She, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon a spotted and inconstant man.

For the men—it is needless to cloak it—are not all so good as the ladies would wish them; and, indeed, it is the nature of some hearts, both of man and woman, to be inconstant. And love is, after all, somewhat selfish, if one dared say it; besides, it is the nature of strong passion to exhaust itself, of which fair maidens ought to beware; for, saith the Scots song, versifying the proverb,

Ripest fruit is soonest rotten,
Hottest love is soonest cold;
Three fair maids are easy courted,
Though they’re slighted when they’re old.

That, however, is an unpleasant termination of the verse; for ladies, as is well known, never grow old. But concerning what we are on, the worst and most dangerous thing in the case is, the dear sweet secresy with which these affairs are in general carried on, and the little opportunity there is for advice or warning being even offered. Then, if the heart of the maiden be soft, and the head be without experience, and the lover be rash and foolish, as is all quite likely—not to speak of his being wilfully deceitful and wickedly selfish, as has happened before now—then is the preparation for troubles well begun; and, if the maiden’s nature is sincere and affectionate, this is, indeed, the beginning of sorrows—for, as Shakspeare again saith,

This is the very ecstacy of love;
Whose violent property undoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures.

And then some bad thing is done, which brings a long day of weary and unsavailing repentance; and parents are sunk in distress and disappointment, and daughters are distraught and broken-hearted, and either go early to an eagerly-sought grave, or become old and soured in spirit before their time; and the tragedian or the novelist, perhaps, tells their tale; for, unhappily, it is the nature of the female condition, as the proverb expresses it,

Make but one false step, and you fall to the bottom;
which is a sad truth; but this is the way of the world. Alas! as Shakspeare saith,

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

However, these things do not happen every day; for it is not every mind, after all, that is capable of love in any high degree, so as to endanger the
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

breaking of hearts, and such tragical doings. Besides, many women's fancy is as fickle as men's can possibly be, and many a national proverb goes to verify this. Let one be taken from the Scots,—

A woman's mind is like the wind in a winter's night, gusty and uncertain; or, as the English proverb hath it,

Winter weather and women's thoughts often change:

and so the only danger is of rash engagements, or hasty steps, when the fit is on her. It is on this, and all the foregoing accounts, that the authority and experience of parents is, by all nations, held as of such paramount value in directing the choice of thoughtless youth of both sexes, particularly of females; and although the old people are in general, too much disposed to be mercenary, and to regard the matter in the light of a bargain, with too little reference to the feelings of youth, the latter, on the other hand, are, as already hinted, but little capable of judging judiciously with a wise reference to the whole of mature life, and all that is required for rational worldly comfort.

So, then, if I am permitted to be a little prosy and didactic upon so interesting a subject as this, I must say, that parents are likely to be in the right in discouraging their daughters from marrying for love, unless the love be backed by something more substantial and suitable to natural wants and station in life, which, I am sorry to say, is but seldom the case; for, in reality, as the Italians express it,

In anzi il maritare,
Abbi l'habitatre;

We shall also find similar cautions handed down, if we consult the proverbs of other countries. Thus the Scots proverb saith,

A wee house has a mickle mouth;

and that all married people know; so, though love and a cottage is all very pretty to talk about, yet, when poverty comes in at the door, love is exceedingly apt to fly out at the window; and both the Italians and Spaniards have a proverb, which is also appropriated by the English which saith,

Who marrieth for love, hath good nights and sorry days;

because, as the Scots proverb chooses to put the matter,

A kiss and a drink of water is but a wersh breakfast.

Indeed, this sort of leanness in worldly substance, so far from being fattened by mere love, is very apt, from the frailty of human nature, to degenerate into very unpleasant feelings; as may be ascertained from twenty different quarters, for really love cannot stand an empty stomach, and does not at all thrive under worldly contempt; and accordingly the Scots, who are very picturesque in their proverbs, say,

Toom (i.e. empty) cribs make biting horses.

an exceedingly wholesome parable, and full of instruction to young lovers. And so the Spaniards further say, as rhymed in English,
Before thou marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

Again, as to the choice of a husband, it is no easy matter to give advice, seeing how little it comes in the way of many worthy and well-looking young ladies to have an opportunity of much selection. Of all places, also, London is the worst for getting a husband; for there the nature of society is such, that it is almost a dead impossibility. How this comes about, is too wide a subject for me to enter upon at this present sitting, but I may return to it again. In the meantime, I would not have sweet, sensible, handsome young ladies, to jump at every fellow who makes decided advances, or that even has the courage to pop the question; for truly, to my certain knowledge, there are many of them that are no great catch, get them who will; and it would be much better to run the risk of dying an old maid, and taking to a tender friendship for the cat, than to take a ring from the hands of many a fellow that is going. It is not for me to speak evil of the lords of the creation, seeing that I am one of those lords myself; but really there are many of all sorts of lords that are no better than they ought to be; and sorry would I be to see my daughter (if I had one) tied to such as they. They are, therefore, good and sensible proverbs that say—

Better be alone than in ill company.

and

Better an empty house than a bad tenant;

because of all things that are easiest to do and hardest to undo, is marriage; and, as another proverb has it,

You may soon tie a knot with your tongue, that you can never loose with your teeth;

and, as the Scots proverb goes,

It's o'er late to jouk (stoop) when the head's off,

or

It's o'er late to cast the anchor when the ship's on the rock;

so, as the other saying has it,

Better to sit still, than to rise and get a fall,

or even

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.

At all events, in all matters, it is easier to avoid the thing at first, than to get free of it when too late, or, as the Scots saw saith,

Better to keep the devil without the door, than drive him out of the house.

As for the choice of a man with whom you are to spend the whole of your life, I have not room to tell you all that I would say; but it is a good advice of the proverb, if it could by any means be accomplished,—
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

If you would know a man, eat a peck of salt with him;
which would imply a good time's acquaintance with the gentleman,—a
thing that is hardly conformable with Gretna Green marriages. As to
the qualities of him you would make your husband, it is not for me to
suggest on so nice a point; besides, saith another proverb,

A woman's because is no reason;
and when a woman takes a fancy, either for or against a man, you
might as well sing sonnets to a mile-stone, as try to convince her to the
contrary, or to open her eyes to cool good sense, at least in the majority
of cases. Nevertheless, he ought to be more than only what his tailor
makes him, and be good for more than merely to please the lady's
eye during the honey-moon; for, saith the Scots proverb,

Their belongs mair to a plowman than whistling;
which I take to be good sense, and very instructive to thoughtless maid-
ens. All these considerations, however, and many more than I have
time to urge, show very plainly that it is far from every man who wears
a hat on his head, that is capable of making a virtuous girl happy. I
know that there are some who are so anxious to be called Mistress this,
or Lady that, that they have no patience, but would actually say 'Yes'
to the first fool that should ask them the delicate question. Now this I
take to be exceedingly ill-judged, which shows how fortunate it is that
young ladies have parents and guardians to take care of them; for
saith the Scots proverb,

Better rue sit than rue flit,
and

They must be scarce of horse-flesh, that would ride on the dog;
and there are dogs, and puppies, too, going about, which fathers and
mothers understand much better than young ladies. But if the young
lady should think herself rather neglected compared to others, and that
the time seems tedious ere she gets a house of her own, why, this is a
complaint becoming so common, that one knows not what to say to it;
for it is very clear that it is neither the most deserving ladies that get
matches soonest, nor are the married always the most happy, however,
they may flaunt it for a little while at the first: for it is a caustic old
English rhyme which saith,

Marriage is like the foolish rout,
They that are out would fain be in,
And they that are in would fain be out;

and as for having patience, and all that, although it is, I grant, a teas-
ing thing for a young lady to dress and dance, and play pianos, and look
pretty, and be gallanted, and so forth, for a number of years, without
getting one offer, (that can be called an offer;) yet this has happened
to a great portion of the young women, ever since marriage was invent-
ed, and it is a good sensible Scots proverb, which saith,
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

The pedlar often opens his pack and sells sae wares, which is really a great pity, but how can he help it;—he must just persevere.

As for the reasons why young ladies may be long of getting, what they call settled in life, as I am speaking very plainly, I will add, that nothing frightens prudent young men more than those expensive habits and showy accomplishments which I have already hinted at, and few things are more fatal to a lady getting an honest sensible match, than that high gentility that knows not which end of it is uppermost, and which knows nothing but to show off and spend good money. This is the real secret why there are so many old maids, and why parrots and poodles are so dear, and husbands so scarce; for, saith the Scots proverb,

Send your gentle blood to the market, and see what it will buy.

and send your expensive education to market, and see what it will procure you,—perhaps a governess' place, and a seat at a stranger's table, and half a dozen spoiled children to plague you to death, and make you feel acutely the misery of dependance.

Had I time, I would add a few valuable saws about, how ladies ought to comport themselves after marriage; but I can only add now, that although it is allowable for dear happy creatures to be a little intoxicated for a month or two, yet they ought to sober down and learn to walk circumspectly; for it is a sombre saying of old Ben Syra, the wise man of the east, that

The bride goes joyful to her marriage-bed, but knows not what shall happen to her;

and it is well ordered that she does not, for it is not fit that, in the bright and sunny day, the eye should be able to discern the stormy clouds afar off. However, this is not a subject to be dwelt upon here, for, if it be true that, even in marriage, the lady surrenders great part of her liberty, or, as the proverb saith,

She that hath got a man, hath got a master,

it will immediately be seen how important it is to the ladies' happiness, that that master should be a man of sense; for, in any case, the lady is bound to honor and obey him to whom she has surrendered herself for life, and her happiness will be to pay faithfully her vows; for, saith Shakspeare solemnly,

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land;
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe:
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

And so you will do well to remember this wholesome preaching. I con-
clude by a few verses describing a *virtuous woman*, written by one William Knox, an obscure poet, who died in Edinburgh, a few years ago:—

Her eye as soft and blue as even,
    When day and night are calmly meeting,
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
    And purifies its beating.
The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
    For ever coming—ever going,
Many well the spotless fount bespeak,
    That sets the stream a flowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast
    Even like the harp-strings holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest,
    And everlasting pleasures.
Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
    Or where hath fled my youthful folly—
I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art
    Hath made my spirit holy.

And so doth the virtuous art and soft beauty of woman ever make holy the rugged spirit of man; and so doth her smile solace him in sorrow, and her trembling tears melt his heart, and shape it to virtuous resolution, amidst the hardening cares and rude jostlings of the world; and so doth the cold and lonely bachelor pant for her soothing and sobering society, as the hart panteth for the quiet and cool waters;—and so he ought to seek to pillow his head upon her gentle bosom, and to cleave to her as a wife and an abiding friend,

*Ere youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone!*

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**TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.**

**CUBA FISHERMAN.**

It was now five in the afternoon, and the breeze continued to fall, and the sea to go down, until sunset, by which time we had run the corvette hull down, and the schooner nearly out of sight. Right a-head of us rose the high land of Cuba, to the westward of Cape Maise, clear and well-defined against the northern sky, and as we neither hauled our wind to weather the east end of the island, nor edged away for St. Jago, it was evident, beyond all doubt, that we were running right in for some one of the piratical haunts on the Cuba coast.

The crew now set to work, and removed the remains of their late messmate, and the two wounded men, from where they lay upon the ballast in the run, to their own berth forward in the bows of the little vessel; they then replaced the planks which had been started, and arranged the dead

*Continued from p. 508, vol. 3d.*
body of the mate along the cabin floor, close to where I lay, faint and bleeding, and more heavily bruised than I had at first thought.

The captain was still at the helm; he had never spoken a word either to me or any of the crew, since he had taken the trifling liberty of shooting me through the neck, and no thanks to him that the wound was not mortal; but he now resumed his American accent, and began to drawl out the necessary orders for repairing damages.

When I went on deck shortly afterwards, I was surprised beyond measure to perceive the injury the little vessel had sustained, and the uncommon speed, handiness, and skill, with which it had been repaired. However lazily the command might appear to have been given, the execution of it was quick as lightning. The crew, now reduced to ten working hands, had, with an almost miraculous promptitude, knotted and spliced the rigging, mended and shifted sails, fished the sprung and wounded spars, and plugged and nailed lead over the shot-holes, and all within half an hour. I don't like Americans; I never did, and never shall like them; I have seldom or never met with an American gentleman; I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with, or consort with them in any way; but let me tell the whole truth, nor fight with them, were it not for the laurels to be acquired, by overcoming an enemy so brave, determined, and alert, and every way so worthy of one's steel, as they have always proved. One used to fight with a Frenchman, as a matter of course, and for the fun of the thing as it were, never dreaming of the possibility of Johnny Crapeau eating us, where there was anything approaching to an equality of force; but, say as much as we please about larger ships, and more men, and a variety of excuses which proud John Bull, with some truth very often I will admit, has pertinaciously thrust forward to palliate his losses during the short war, a regard for truth and fair dealing, which I hope are no scarce qualities amongst British seamen, compels me to admit, that although I would of course peril my life and credit more readily with an English crew, yet I believe a feather would turn the scale between the two countries, so far as courage and seamanship goes; and let it not be forgotten, although we have now regained our superiority in this respect, yet, in gunnery, and small-arm practice, we were as thoroughly weathered on by the Americans during the war, as we overtopped them in the bull-dog courage, with which our boarders handled those genuine English weapons, the cutlass and the pike.

After the captain had given his orders, and seen the men fairly at work, he came down to the cabin, still glistly and pale, but with none of that ferocity stamped on his grim features, from the outpouring of which I had suffered so severely. He never once looked my way, no more than if I had been a bundle of old junk; but folding his hands on his knee, he sat down on a small locker, against which the feet of the dead mate rested, and gazed earnestly on his face, which was immediately under the open skylight, through which, by this time, the clear cold rays of the moon streamed full on it, the short twilight having already fled, chained as it is in these climates to the chariot-wheels of the burning sun. My eye naturally followed his, but I speedily withdrew it. I had often bent over comrades who had been killed by gun-shot wounds, and always remarked what is well known, that the features were a benign expression, bland, and gentle, and contented as the face of a sleeping infant, while their limbs were composed decently, often gracefully, like one resting after great fatigue, as if nature, like an affectionate nurse, had arranged the death-bed of her
departing child with more than usual care, preparatory to his last long sleep. Whereas, those who had died from the thrust of a pike, or the blow of a cutlass, however mild the living expression of their countenance might have been, were always fearfully contorted both in body and face.

In the present instance, the eyes were wide open, white, prominent, and glazed like those of a dead fish; the hair, which was remarkably fine, and had been worn in long ringlets, amongst which a large gold ear-ring glittered, the poor fellow having been a nautical dandy of the first water, was drenched and clotted into heavy masses with the death-sweat, and had fallen back on the deck from his forehead, which was well formed, high, broad and massive. His nose was transparent, thin, and sharp, the tense skin on the bridge of it glancing in the silver light, as if it had been glass. His mouth was puckered on one side into angular wrinkles, like a curtain drawn up awry, while a clotted stream of black gore crept from it sluggishly down his right cheek, and coagulated in a heap on the deck. His lower jaw had fallen, and there he lay agape with his mouth full of blood.

His legs, indeed his whole body below his loins, where the fracture of the spine had taken place, rested precisely as they had been arranged after he died; but the excessive swelling and puffing out of his broad chest, contrasted shockingly with the shriveling of the body at the pit of the stomach, by which the arch of the ribs was left as well defined as if the skin had been drawn over a skeleton, and the distortion of the muscles of the cheeks and throat evinced the fearful strength of the convulsions which had preceded his dissolution. It was evident, indeed, that throughout his whole person above the waist, the nervous system had been utterly shattered; the arms especially, appeared to have been awfully distorted, for when crossed on his breast, they had to be forcibly fastened down at the wrists by a band of spun-yarn to the buttons of his jacket. His right hand was shut, with the exception of the fore-finger, which was extended, pointing upwards; but the whole arm, from the shoulder down, had the horrible appearance of struggling to get free from the cord which confined it.

Obed, by the time I had noticed all this, had knelt beside the shoulder of the corpse, and I could see by the moonlight that flickered across his face as the vessel rolled in the declining breeze, that he had pushed off his eye, the uncouth spyglass which he had fastened over it during the chase, so that it now stood out from the middle of his forehead like a stunted horn; but, in truth, it was not exalted, for he appeared crushed down to the very earth by the sadness of the scene before him, and I noticed the frequent sparkle of a heavy tear as it fell from his iron visage on the face of the dead man. At length he untied the string that fastened the eye-glass round his head, and taking a coarse towel from a locker, he spunged poor Paul's face and neck with rum, and then fastened up his lower jaw with the lanyard. Having performed this melancholy office, the poor fellow's feelings could no longer be restrained by my presence.

'God help me, I have not now one friend in the wide world. When I had neither home, nor food, nor clothing, he sheltered me, and fed me, and clothed me, when a single word would have gained him five hundred dollars, and run me up to the fore yard-arm in a wreath of white smoke; but he was true as steel; and oh that he was now doing for me what I have done for him! who would have moaned over me, me, who am now without wife or child, and have disgraced all my kin! alack-a-day, alack-a-day!'—And he sobbed and wept aloud, as if his very heart would have burst in twain.

'But I will soon follow you, Paul, I have had my warning already; I know
it, and I believe it.' At this instant the dead hand of the mate burst the ligature that kept it down across his body, and slowly rose up and remained in a beckoning attitude.

I was seized with a cold shivering from head to foot, and would have shrieked aloud, had it not been for very shame, but Obed was unmoved. 'I know it, Paul. I know it. I am ready, and I shall not be long behind you.' He fastened the arm down once more, and having called a couple of hands to assist him, they lashed up the remains of their shipmate in his hammock, with a piece of iron ballast at his feet, and then, without more ado, handed the body up through the skylight; and I heard the heavy splash as they cast it into the sea. When this was done, the captain returned to the cabin, bringing a light with him, filled and drank off a glass of strong grog. Yet he did not even now deign to notice me, which was by no means soothing; and I found, that since he wouldn't speak, I must, at all hazards.

'I say, Obed, do you ever read your Bible?' He looked steadily at me with his lacklustre eyes. 'Because, if you do, you may perhaps have fallen in with some such passages as the following:—' Behold I am in your hand; but know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves.'

'It is true, Mr. Cringle, I feel the truth of it here,' and he laid his large bony hand on his heart. 'Yet I do not ask you to forgive me; I don't expect that you can or will; but unless the devil gets possession of me again—which, so sure as ever there was a demoniac in this world, he had this afternoon when you so tempted me—I hope soon to place you in safety, either in a friendly port, or on board of a British vessel, and then what becomes of me is of little consequence, now since the only living soul who cared a dollar for me is at rest amongst the coral branches at the bottom of the deep green sea.'

'Why, man,' rejoined I, 'leave off this stuff; something has turned your brain, surely; people must die in their beds, you know, if they be not shot, or put out of the way somehow or other; and as for my small affair, why I forgive you, man—from my heart I forgive you; were it only for the odium of your scantling, mental and corporeal, I would do so; and you see I am not much hurt,—so lend me a hand, like a good fellow, to wash the wound with a little spirits—it will stop the bleeding, and the stiffness will soon go off—so.'

'Lieutenant Cringle, I need not tell what I know you have found out, that I am not the vulgar Yankee smuggler, fit only to be made a butt of by you and your friends, that you no doubt at first took me for; but who or what I am, or what I may have been, you shall never know—but I will tell you this much—'

'Devil confound the fellow!—why this is too much upon the brogue, Obed. Will you help me to dress my wound, man, and leave off your cursed sentimental speeches, which you must have gleamed from some old novel or another? I'll hear it all by and by.'

At this period I was a reckless young chap, with strong nerves, and my own share of that animal courage, which generally oozes out at one's finger ends when one gets married and turned of thirty; nevertheless I did watch with some anxiety the effect which my uncenemonious interruption was to have upon him. I was agreeably surprised to find that he took it all in good part, and set himself, with great alacrity and kindness even, to put me to rights, and so successfully, that when I was washed and cleansed, and
fairly coopered up, I found myself quite able to take my place at the table; and having no fear of the College of Surgeons before my eyes, I helped myself to a little of the needful, and in the plenitude of my heart, I asked Obed's pardon for my ill-bred interruption.

'It was not quite the thing to cut you short in the middle of your Newgate Calendar, Obed—beg pardon, your story, I mean; no offence now, none in the world—eh? But where the deuce, man, got you this fine linen of Egypt? looking at the sleeves of the shirt Obed had obliged me with, as I sat without my coat. 'I had not dreamt you had anything so luxurious in your kit.'

I saw his brow begin to lower again, so the devil prompted me to advert, by way of changing the subject, to a file of newspapers, which, as it turned out, might have proved to be by far the most dangerous topic I could have hit upon. He had laid them aside, having taken them out of the locker when he was rummaging for the linen. 'What have we here?—Kingston Chronicle, Montego Bay Gazette, Falmouth Advertiser. A great newsmonger you must be. What arrivals?—let me see;—you know I am a week from head-quarters. Let me see.'

At first he made a motion as if he would have snatched them out of my hands, but speedily appeared to give up the idea, merely murmuring—'What can it signify now?'

I continued to read—"Chanticleer from a cruise—Tonnant from Barbadoes—Pipe from Port-au-Prince, Oh, the next interests me—the Firebrand is daily expected from Havana; she is to come through the gulf, round Cape Antonio, and beat out the haunts of the pirates all along the Cuba shore." I was certain now that at the mention of this corvette mine host winced in earnest. This made me anxious to probe him farther. 'Why, what means this pencil mark—Firebrand's number off the Chesapeake was 1022?'

'How the deuce, my fine fellow, do you know that?'

He shook his head, but said nothing, and I went on reading the pencil memoranda—"But this is most probably changed; she now carries a red cross in the head of her foresail, and has very short lower masts, like the Hornet." Still he made me no answer. I proceeded—'Stop, let me see what merchant ships are about sailing. 'Loading for Liverpool, the John Glandstone, Peter Ponderous, master;' and after it, again in pencil—'only sugar; goes through the gulf.'—'Only sugar,' said I, still fishing; 'too bulky, I suppose.'—'Ariel, Jenkins, Whitehaven,' remark—'sugar, coffee, logwood. Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, to sail for Chagres on 7th proximo;' remark—'rich cargo of bale goods, but no chance of overtaking her.'—'El Rayo to sail for St. Jago de Cuba on the 10th proximo;' remark—'sails fast; armed with a long gun, and musketry; thirty hands; about ten Spanish passengers; valuable cargo of dry goods; main-mast rakes well aft; new cloth in the foresail about half way up; will be off the Moro about the 13th.'—'And what is this written in ink under the above?'—'The San Pedro from Chagres, and Marianita from Santa Martha, although rich, have both got convoy.' 'Ah, too strong for your friends, Obed—I see, I see.'—'Francis Baring, Looam French, master;' an odd name, rather, for a skipper; remark—'forty seroons of cochineal and some specie; is to sail from Morant Bay on 5th proximo, to go through the windward passage; may be expected off Cape St. Nicolas on the 12th or thereby.' I laid down the paper, and looked him full in the face. 'Nicolas is an ominous name. I fear the good ship Francis Baring will find it so. Some of the worthy saint's clerks to be fallen in with off the Mole, eh? Don't you think as I do, Obed?' Still silent. 'Why, you seem to take great delight in noting the intended de-
partures and expected arrivals, my friend—merely to satisfy your curiosity, of course; but, to come to close quarters with you, captain, I now know pretty well the object of your visiting Jamaica now and then,—you are indeed no vulgar smuggler.'

'It is well for you, and good for myself, Mr. Cringle, that something weighs heavy at my heart at this moment, and that there is that about you which, notwithstanding your ill-timed jesting, commands my respect, and engages my good-will—had it not been so, you would have been alongside of poor Paul at this moment.' He leant his arms upon the table, and gazed intensely on my face as he continued in a solemn tremulous tone—'Do you believe in auguries, Mr. Cringle? Do you believe that "coming events cast their shadows before"?—Oh, that little Wiggy Campbell had been beside me to have seen the figure and face of the man who now quoted him!—

'Yes, I do, it is part of the creed of every sailor to do so; I do believe that people have had forewarning of peril to themselves or their friends.'

'Then what do you think of the mate beckoning me with his dead hand to follow him?'

'Why, you are raving, Obed; you saw that he had been much convulsed, and that the limb, from contraction of the sinews, was forcibly kept down in the position it broke loose from—the spyn yarn gave way and of course it started up—nothing wonderful in all this, although it did at the time somewhat startle me, I confess.'

'It may be so, it may be so. I don't know,' rejoined he, 'but taken along with what I saw before—'

Here his voice sank into so hollow and sepulchral a tone as to be almost unintelligible. 'But there is no use in arguing on the subject. Answer me this, Lieutenant Cringle, and truly, so help you God, at your utmost need, did the mate leave the cabin at any moment after I was wounded by the splinter?' And he seized one of my hands convulsively with his iron paw, while he pointed up through the open scuttle towards heaven with the other, which trembled like a reed. The moon shone strong on the upper part of his countenance, while the yellow smoky glare of the candle over which he bent, blending harshly and unharmoniously with the pale silver light, fell full on his uncouth figure, and on his long scraggy bare neck, and chin, and cheeks, giving altogether a most unearthly expression to his savage features, from the conflicting tints and changing shadows cast by the flickering moonbeams streaming fitfully through the skylight, as the vessel rolled to and fro, and by the large torchlike candle as it wavered in the night wind. The Prince of the Powers of the Air might have sat for his picture by proxy. It was just such a face as one has dreamed of after a hot supper and cold ale, when the whisky had been forgotten—horrible, changing, vague, glimmering, and undefined; and as if something was still wanting to complete the utter frightfulness of his aspect, the splinter wound in his head burst out afresh from his violent agitation, and streamed down in heavy drops from his forehead, falling warm on my hand. I was much shaken at being adjured in this tremendous way, with the hot blood gleaming our hands together, but I returned his grasp as steadily as I could, while I replied, with all the composure he had left me, and that would not have quite filled a Winchester bushel,'—

'He never left my side from the time he offered to take your place after you had been wounded.' He fell back against the locker as if he had been shot through the heart. His grasp relaxed, he drew his breath very hard, and I thought he had fainted.
Then it was not him that stood by me; I thought it might have been him, but I was a fool, it was impossible.

He made a desperate effort to recover his composure, and succeeded. —And, pray, Master Obediah, quoth I, what did you see? He answered me sharply—Never mind, never mind—here, Potomac, lend us a hand to sling a cot for this gentleman; there now, see the lanyard is sound, and the lacing all tight and snug—now put that mattress in it, and there is linen in the chest. In a trice my couch was rigged, all comfortable, snow-white linen, nice pillow, soft mattress, &c., and Obed, filling me another tumbler, helped himself also; he then drank to my health, wished me a sound sleep, promised to call me at day-light, and as he left the cabin he said, 'Mr. Cringle, had it been my object to have injured you, I would not have waited until now. You are quite safe so far as depends on me, so take your rest—good night, once more.' I tumbled into bed, and never once opened my eyes until Obed called me at day-light, that is, at five in the morning, according to his promise.

By this time we were well in with the Cuba shore; the land might be two miles from us, as we could see the white surf. Out at sea, although all around was clear as crystal, there was nothing to be seen of the Gloam or Firebrand, but there were ten or twelve fishing canoes, each manned with from four to six hands, close aboard of us; some seemed to have got becalmed in the middle of a small fleet of them. The nearest to us hailed in Spanish, in a very friendly way,—Como estamos Capitan, que hay de nuevo; hay algo de bueno, para los pobres Pescadores? and the fellow who had spoken laughed loudly. The Captain desired him to come on board, and then drew him aside, conversing earnestly with him. The Spanish fisherman was a very powerful man; he was equipped in a blue cotton shirt, Osnaburg trowsers, sandals of untanned bullock's hide, a straw hat, and wore the eternal greasy red sash and long knife. He was a bold, daring-looking fellow, and frequently looked frowningly on me, and shook his head impatiently, while the Captain, as it seemed, was explaining to him who I was. Just in this nick of time my friend Potomac handed up my uniform coat. I had previously been performing my ablutions on deck in my shirt and trowsers, which I put on, swab and all, thinking no harm. But there must have been mighty great offence nevertheless, for the fisherman, in a twinkling, casting a fierce look at me, jumped overboard like a feather, clearing the rail like a flying fish, and swam to his canoe, that had shoved off a few paces.

When he got on board he stood up and shook his clenched fist at Obed, shouting, 'Picaro, Traidor, Ingleses hay abordo, quieres enargarros!' He then held up the blade of his paddle, a signal which all the canoes answered in a moment in the same manner, and then pulled towards the land from whence a felucca, invisible until that moment, now swept out, as if she had floated up at the surface by magic, for I could see neither creek, nor indentation on the shore, nor the smallest symptom of an entrance to a port or cove. For a few minutes the canoes clustered round this necromantic craft, and I could notice that two or three hands from each of them jumped on board; they then paddled off in a string, and vanished one by one amongst the mangrove bushes as suddenly as the felucca had appeared. All this puzzled me exceedingly—I looked at Obed—he was evidently sorely perplexed. 'I had thought to have put you on board a British vessel before this, or failing that, to have run down, and landed you at St. Jago, Mr. Cringle, as I promised, but you see I am prevented by these honest men there; get below, and as you value your life, and, I may say, mine
keep your temper, and be civil.' I did as he suggested, but peeped out of
the cabin skylight to see what was going on, notwithstanding. The fel-
luca I could see was armed with a heavy caronade on a pivot, and as full
of men as she could hold, fierce, half-naked, savage-looking fellows, as one
could desire to see—she swept rapidly up to us, and closing on our larboard
quarter, threw about five-and-twenty of her genteel young people on board,
who immediately secured the crew, and seized Obed. However, they,
that is, the common sailors, seemed to have no great stomach for the job,
and had it not been for the fellow I had frightened overboard, I don't think
one of them would have touched him. Obed bore all this with great
equanimit."'  
'Why, Francisco,' he said, to this personage, in good Spanish, 'why,
what madness is this? your suspicions are groundless; it is as I tell you,
he is my prisoner, and whatever he may have been to me, he can be no
spy on you.'
'Cuchillo entoncees, was the savage reply.
'No, no,' persisted Obediah, 'get cool, man, get cool, I am pledged that
no harm shall come to him; and farther, I have promised to put him ashore
at St. Jago, and I will be as good as my word.'
'You can't if you would,' rejoined Francisco; 'the Snake is at anchor
under the Moro.'
'Then he must go with us.'
'We shall see as to that,' said the other; then raising his voice, he shouted
to his ragamuffins, 'Comrades, we are betrayed; there is an English
officer on board, who can be nothing but a spy; follow me!'

And he dashed down the companion ladder, knife in hand, while I sprung
through the small scuttle, like a rat out of one hole when a ferret is put in
at the other, and crept as close to Obed as I could; Francisco, when he
missed me came on deck again. The captain had now seized a cutlass in
one hand, and held a cocked pistol in the other. It appeared he had greater
control, the nature of which I now began to comprehend, over the fe-
lucca's people, than Francisco bargained for, as the moment the latter went
below, they released him, and went forward in a body. My persecutor
again advanced close up to me, and seized me by the collar with one hand,
and tried to drag me forward, brandishing his naked knife aloft in the
other.

Obed promptly caught his sword-arm—'Francisco,' he exclaimed, still
in Spanish, 'fool, madman, let go your hold! let go, or by the Heaven
above us, and the hell we are both hastening to, I will strike you dead!'

The man paused, and looked round to his own people, and seeing one or
two encouraging glances and gestures amongst them, he again attempted
to drag me away from my hold on the taffarel. Something flashed in the
sun, and the man fell! His left arm, the hand of which still clutched my
throat, while mine grasped its waist, had been shorn from his body by Obed's
cutlass, like a twig, and, oh God, my blood curdles to my heart, even now,
when I think of it, the dead fingers kept the grasp sufficiently long to allow
the arm to fall heavily against my side, where it hung for some seconds,
until the muscles relaxed and it dropped on the deck. The instant that
Obed struck the blow, he caught hold of my hand, threw away his cutlass,
and advanced towards the group of the felucca's men, pistol in hand.

'Am I not your captain, ye cowards—have I ever deceived you yet
—have I ever flinched from heading you where the danger was greatest
—have you not all that I am worth in your hands, and will you murder me
now?'}
'Viva, el noble Capitan, viva!'
And the tide turned as rapidly in our favor as it had lately ebbed against us.

'As for that scoundrel, he has got no more than he deserves,' said he, turning to where Francisco lay, bleeding like a carcass in the shambles; 'but tie up his arm some of ye, I would be sorry he bled to death.'

It was unavailing, the large arteries had emptied his whole life blood—he had already gone to his account. This most miserable transaction with all its concomitant horrors, to my astonishment, did not seem to make much impression on Obed, who now turning to me, said, with perfect composure,—

'You have there another melancholy voucher for my sincerity,' pointing to the body; 'but time presses, and you must now submit to be blindfolded, and that without further explanation at present.'

I did so with the best grace I could, and was led below, where two beauties, with loaded pistols, and a drawn knife each, obliged me with their society one seated on each side of me on the small locker, like two deputy butchers ready to operate on an unfortunate veal. It had now fallen dead calm, and, from what I heard, I conjectured that the felucca was sweeping in towards the land with us in tow, for the sound of the surf grew louder and louder. By and bye we seemed to slide beyond the long smooth swell into broken water, for the little vessel pitched sharp and suddenly, and again all was still, and we seemed to have sailed into some land-locked cove. From the loud echo of the voices on deck, I judged that we were in a narrow canal, the banks of which were reflecting the sound; presently this ceased, and although we skimmed along as motionless as before, I no longer heard the splash of the felucca's sweeps; the roar of the sea gradually sank in the distance, until it sounded like thunder, and I thought we touched the ground now and then, although slightly. All at once the Spanish part of the crew, for we still had a number of the felucca's people with us, sang out 'Palanka,' and we began to pole along a narrow marshy lagoon, coming so near the shore occasionally, that our sides were brushed by the branches of the mangrove bushes. Again the channel seemed to widen, and I could hear the felucca once more ply her sweeps. In about ten minutes after this the anchor was let go, and for a quarter of an hour, nothing was heard on deck but the bustle of the people furling sails, coiling down the ropes, and getting everything in order, as usual in coming into port. It was evident that several boats had boarded us soon after we anchored, as I could make out part of the greetings between the strangers and Obed, in which my own name recurred more than once. In a little while all was still again, and Obed called down the companion to my guards, that I might come on deck; a hoon I was not long in availing myself of. We were anchored nearly in the centre of a shallow swampy lagoon, about a mile across, as near as I could judge; two very large schooners, heavily armed, were moored a-head of us, one on each bow, and another rather smaller lay close under our stern; they all had sails bent, and everything, apparently, in high order, and were full of men. The shore, to the distance of a bow-shot from the water all around us, was low, marshy, and covered with an impervious jungle of thick, strong reeds and wild canes, with here and there a thicket of mangroves; a little farther off the land swelled into lofty hills covered to the very summit with heavy timber, but everything had a moist, green, steamy appearance, as if it had been the region of perpetual rain. 'Lots of yellow fever here,' thought I, as the heavy rank smell of decayed vegetable mat-
ter came off, on the faint sickly breeze, and the sluggish fog banks crept along the dull clay-colored motionless surface of the tepid water. The sea view was quite shut out—I looked all round and could discern no vestige of the entrance. Right ahead there was about a furlong of land cleared at the only spot which one could call a beach, that is, a hard shore of sand and pebbles. Had you tried to get ashore at any other point, your fate would have been that of the Master of Ravenswood; as fatal, that is, without the gentility; for you would have been suffocated in black mud, in place of clean sea-sand. There was a long shed in the centre of this cleared spot, covered in with boards, and thatched with palm leaves; it was open below, a sort of capstan-house, where a vast quantity of sails, anchors, cordage, and most kinds of sea-stores were stowed, carefully covered over with tarpauling. Overhead there was a flooring laid along the couples of the roof, the whole length of the shed, forming a loft of nearly sixty feet long, divided by bulkheads into a variety of apartments, lit by small rude windows in the thatch, where the crews of the vessels, I concluded, were occasionally lodged during the time they might be under repair. The boat was manned, and Obed took me ashore with him. We landed near the shed I have described, beneath which we encountered about forty of the most uncouth and ferocious-looking rascals that my eyes had ever been blessed withal; they were of every shade, from the woolly Negro and long-haired Indian, to the sallow American and fair Biscayan; and as they intermixed their various occupations of mending sails, fitting and stretching rigging; splicing ropes, making spun-yarn, coo ...
But the moment the coast is clear, I will be as good as my word, and land you at St. Jago.

I groaned again. The man was moved.

"I would, I could do so sooner," he continued; "but you see by how precarious a tenure I hold my control over these people; therefore I must be cautious for your sake as well as my own, or they would make little of murdering both of us, especially as the fellow who would have cut your throat this morning, has many friends amongst them; above all I dare not leave them for any purpose for some days. I must recover my seat, in which, by the necessary severity you witnessed, I have been somewhat shaken. So good-by; there is cold meat in that locker, and some claret to wash it down with. Don't, I again warn you, venture out during the afternoon or night. I will be with you betimes in the morning. So good-by so long. Your cot, you see, is ready slung.

He turned to depart, when, as if recollecting himself, he stooped down, and taking hold of a ring, he lifted up a trap-door, from which there was a ladder leading down to the captain-house.

I had forgotten this entrance; it will be more convenient for me in my visits.

In my heart I believe he intended this as a hint, that I should escape through the hole at some quiet opportunity; and he was descending the ladder, when he stopped and looked round, greatly mortified, as it struck me.

I forgot to mention that a sentry has been placed, I don't know by whose orders, at the foot of the ladder, to whom I must give orders to fire at you, if you venture to descend. You see how the land lies; I can't help it.

This was spoken in a low tone, then aloud—'There are books on that shelf behind the canvas screen; if you can settle to them, they may amuse you.'

He left me, and I sat down disconsolate enough. I found some Spanish books, and a volume of Lord Byron's poetry, containing the first canto of Childe Harold, two Numbers of Blackwood, with several other English books and magazines, the names of the owners of all of them being carefully erased.

But there was nothing else that indicated the marauding life of friend Obadiah, whose apartment I conjectured was now my prison, if I except a pretty extensive assortment of arms, pistols, and cutlasses, and a range of massive cases, with iron clamps, which were ranged along one side of the room. I paid my respects to the provender and claret; the hashed chicken was particularly good; bones rather large or so, but flesh white and delicate. Had I known that I was dining upon a guana, or large wood lizard, I scarcely think I would have made so hearty a meal. Long cork, No. 2, followed ditto, No. 1; and as the shades of evening, as poets say, began to fall by the time I had finished it, I toppled quietly into my cot, said my prayers such as they were, and fell asleep.

(To be continued.)
Our readers will recollect those letters in the second volume of Moore's Byron, addressed to Lady B—, which confer such additional value on that work. The whole of the journal, in which those letters, given by Lady B—— to Mr. Moore, were entered, (and which journal was never shown to Mr. Moore, nor indeed till now confided to any one,) is in our hands, and will appear, from time to time, in the New Monthly, till concluded. It is full of the most varied interest, and we believe that it will be found to convey at least as natural and unexaggerated an account of Lord Byron's character as has yet been presented to the public. For the opinions on men and things professed by Lord Byron, neither ourselves nor the narrator can, of course, be answerable. His character and his mind ought to be public property, and every sound judgment must allow that we have no right to follow our inclination alone in the omission of passages that may hurt the vanity of individuals. Papers of this sort are a trust not for individuals—but for the public—if there is complaisance on the one hand, there is justice on the other: if it be desirable that Byron's real opinions should be known, we are not to stifle them because they are severe, or because they are erroneous. As about no man was there more juggling mystification, so about no man ought there now to be plainer truth-telling. To clip—to garble—to conceal his sentiments upon others—unless with almost religious caution—is in reality to disguise his character—and again to delude the world.

Genoa, April 1st, 1823.—Saw Lord Byron for the first time. The impression of the first few minutes disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him; I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air; and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble: his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; the nose is large and well shaped, but from being a little too thick, it looks better in profile than in front-face; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full, and finely cut. In speaking, he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. This particularly struck me. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so, that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, as its character is that of fairness, the fairness of a dark-haired person—and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally: he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes
with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. I should say that melancholy was its prevailing character, as I observed that when any observation elicited a smile—and they were many, as the conversation was gay and playful—it appeared to linger but for a moment on his lip, which instantly resumed its former expression of seriousness. His whole appearance is remarkably gentlemanlike, and he owes nothing of this to his toilette, as his coat appears to have been many years made, is much too large—and all his garments convey the idea of having been purchased ready-made, so ill do they fit him. There is a gaucherie in his movements, which evidently proceeds from the perpetual consciousness of his lameness, that appears to haunt him; for he tries to conceal his foot when seated, and when walking, has a nervous rapidity in his manner. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate—clear, harmonious, and so distinct, that though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. His manners are as unlike my pre-conceived notions of them as is his appearance. I had expected to find him a dignified, cold, reserved, and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world: but nothing can be more different; for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterise a man of birth and education.

Albaro, the village in which the Casa Saluzzo, where he lives, is situated, is about a mile and a half distant from Genoa; it is a fine old chateau, commanding an extensive view, and with spacious apartments, the front looking into a court-yard and the back into the garden. The room in which Lord Byron received us was large, and plainly furnished. A small portrait of his daughter Ada, with an engraven portrait of himself, taken from one of his works, struck my eye. Observing that I remarked that of his daughter, he took it down, and seemed much gratified when I discovered the strong resemblance it bore to him. Whilst holding it in his hand, he said, 'I am told she is clever—I hope not; and above all, I hope she is not poetical; the price paid for such advantages, if advantages they be, is such as to make me pray that my child may escape them.'

The conversation during our first interview was chiefly about our mutual English friends, some of whom he spoke of with kind interest. T. Moore, D. Kinnaird, and Mr. E. Ellice were among those whom he most distinguished. If expressed himself greatly annoyed by the number of travelling English who pestered him with visits, the greater part of whom he had never known, or was but slightly acquainted with, which obliged him to refuse receiving any but those he particularly wished to see; 'But,' added he, smiling, 'they. avenge themselves by attacking me in every sort of way, and there is no story too
improbable for the craving appetites of our slander-loving countrymen."

Before taking leave, he proposed paying us a visit next day; and he handed me into the carriage with many flattering expressions of the pleasure our visit had procured him.

April 2nd.—We had scarcely finished our déjeuner à la fourchette this day, when Lord Byron was announced: he sent up two printed cards, in an envelope addressed to us, and soon followed them. He appeared still more gay and cheerful than the day before—made various inquiries about all our mutual friends in England—spoke of them with affectionate interest, mixed with a badinage in which none of their defects were spared; indeed candor obliges me to own that their little defects seemed to have made a deeper impression on his mind than their good qualities (though he allowed all the latter) by the gusto with which he entered into them.

He talked of our mutual friend Moore, and of his 'Lalla Rookh,' which, he said, though very beautiful, had disappointed him, adding, that Moore would go down to posterity by his Melodies, which were all perfect. He said that he had never been so much affected as on hearing Moore sing some of them, particularly 'When first I met Thee,' which, he said, made him shed tears: 'But,' added he with a look full of archness, 'it was after I had drunk a certain portion of very potent white brandy.' As he laid a peculiar stress on the word affected, I smiled, and the sequel of the white brandy made me smile again: he asked me the cause, and I answered that his observation reminded me of the story of a lady offering her condolence to a poor Irish woman on the death of her child, who stated that she had never been more affected than on the event; the poor woman, knowing the hollowness of the compliment, answered with all the quickness of her country, 'Sure, then, Ma'am, that is—saying a great deal, for you were always affected.' Lord Byron laughed, and said my apropos was very wick-ed—but I maintained it was very just. He spoke much more warmly of Moore's social attractions as a companion, which he said were unrivalled, than of his merits as a poet.

He offered to be our cicerone in pointing out all the pretty drives and rides about Genoa; recommended riding as the only means of seeing the country, many of the fine points of view being inaccessible, except on horseback; and he praised Genoa on account of the rare advantage it possessed of having so few English, either as inhabitants or birds of passage.

I was this day again struck by the flippancy of his manner of talking of persons for whom I know he expresses, nay, for whom, I believe, he feels a regard. Something of this must have shown itself in my manner, for he laughingly observed that he was afraid he should lose my good opinion by his frankness; but that when the fit was on him he could not help saying what he thought, though he often repented it when too late.
He talked of Mr.—, from whom he had received a visit the day before, praised his looks, and the insinuating gentleness of his manners, which, he observed, lent a peculiar charm to the little tales he repeated: he said that he had given him more London scandal than he had heard since he left England: observed that he had quite talent enough to render his malice very piquant and amusing, and that his imitations were admirable. "How can his mother do without him?" said Byron; "with his espièglerie and malice, he must be an invaluable coadjutor; and Venus without Cupid could not be more délaissée than Milady——without this her legitimate son."

He said that he had formerly felt very partial to Mr.—; his face was so handsome, and his countenance so ingenuous, that it was impossible not to be prepossessed in his favor; added to which, one hoped that the son of such a father could never entirely degenerate: he has, however degenerated sadly, but as he is yet young he may improve; though, to see a person of his age and sex so devoted to gossip and scandal, is rather discouraging to those who are interested in his welfare.

He talked of Lord——; praised his urbanity, his talents, and acquirements; but, above all, his sweetness of temper and good-nature. "Indeed I do love Lord——," said Byron, "though the pity I feel for his domestic thralldom has something in it akin to contempt. Poor dear man! he is sadly bullied by Milady; and, what is worst of all, half her tyranny is used on the plea of kindness and taking care of his health. Hang such kindness! say I. She is certainly the most imperious, dictatorial person I know—is always en Reine; which, by the bye, in her peculiar position, shows tact, for she suspects that were she to quit the throne she might be driven to the antechamber; however, with all her faults, she is not vindictive—as a proof she never extended her favor to me until after the little episode respecting her in 'English Bards;' nay more, I suspect I owe her friendship to it. Rogers persuaded me to suppress the passage in the other editions. After all, Lady——has one merit, and a great one in my eyes, which is, that in this age of cant and humbug, and in a country—I mean our own dear England—where the cant of Virtue is the order of the day, she has contrived, without any great semblance of it, merely by force of—shall I call it impudence or courage?—not only to get herself into society, but absolutely to give the law to her own circle. She passes, also, for being clever; this, perhaps owing to my dulness, I never discovered, except that she has a way, en Reine, of asking questions that show some reading. The first dispute I ever had with Lady Byron was caused by my urging her to visit Lady——; and, what is odd enough," laughing with bitterness, "our first and last difference was caused by two very worthless women."

Observing that we appeared surprised at the extraordinary frankness, to call it by no harsher name, with which he talked of his ci-devant friends, he added:—'Don't think the worse of me for
what I have said: the truth is, I have witnessed such gross egotism and want of feeling in Lady———, that I cannot resist speaking my sentiments of her.'—I observed:—'But are you not afraid she will hear what you say of her?'—He answered:—'Were she to hear it, she would act the amiable, as she always does to those who attack her; while to those who are attentive, and court her, she is insolent beyond bearing.

Having sat with us above two hours, and expressed his wishes that we might prolong our stay at Genoa, he promised to dine with us the following Thursday, and took his leave, laughingly apologising for the length of his visit, adding, that he was such a recluse, and had lived so long out of the world, that he had quite forgotten the usages of it.

He on all occasions professes a detestation of what he calls cant; says it will banish from England all that is pure and good; and that while people are looking after the shadow, they lose the substance of goodness; he says, that the best mode left for conquering it, is to expose it to ridicule, the only weapon, added he, that the English climate cannot rust. He appears to know everything that is going on in England; takes a great interest in the London gossip; and while professing to read no new publications, betrays, in various ways, a perfect knowledge of every new work.

'My Dear Lord,

'I send you to-day's (the latest) Galignani. My banker tells me, however, that his letters from Spain state, that two regiments have revolted, which is a great vex, as they say in Ireland. I shall be very glad to see your friend's journal. He seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law's ancestor's Memoirs. I did not think him old enough to have served in Spain, and must have expressed myself badly. On the contrary, he has all the air of a Cupidon déchaîné, and promises to have it for some time to come. I beg to present my respects to Lady B———, and ever am your obliged and faithful servant,

'Noel Byron.'

When Lord Byron came to dine with us on Thursday, he arrived an hour before the usual time, and appeared in good spirits. He said that he found the passages and stairs filled with people, who stared at him very much; but he did not seem vexed at this homage, for so it certainly was meant, as the Albergo della Ville, where we resided, being filled with English, all were curious to see their distinguished countryman. He was very gay at dinner, ate of most of the dishes, expressed pleasure at partaking of a plum pudding, à l' Anglaise, made by one of our English servants; was helped twice, and observed, that he hoped he should not shock us by eating so much: 'But,' added he, 'the truth is, that for several months I have been follow-
ing a most abstemious regime, living almost entirely on vegetables; and now that I see a good dinner, I cannot resist temptation, though to-morrow I shall suffer for my gourmandise, as I always do when I indulge in luxuries.' He drank three glasses of champagne, saying, that as he considered it a jour de fête, he would eat, drink, and be merry.

He talked of Mr. ———, who was then our Minister at Ge- noa. 'H———' said he, 'is a thorough good-natured and hospitable man, keeps an excellent table, and is as fond of good things as I am, but has not my forbearance. I received, some time ago, a Paté de Perigord, and finding it excellent, I determined on sharing it with H———; but here my natural selfishness suggested that it would be wiser for me, who had so few dainties, to keep this for myself, than to give it to H———, who had so many.' After half an hour's debate between selfishness and generosity, 'which do you think' (turning to me) 'carried the point?'—I answered, 'Generosity, of course.'—'No, by Jove!' said he, 'no such thing; selfishness in this case, as in most others, triumphed; I sent the paté to my friend H———, because I felt another dinner off it would play the deuce with me; and so you see, after all, he owed the paté more to selfishness than generosity.' Seeing us smile at this, he said:—'When you know me better, you will find that I am the most selfish person in the world; I have, however, the merit, if it be one, of not only being perfectly conscious of my faults, but of never denying them; and this surely is something, in this age of cant and hypocrisy.'

The journal to which Lord Byron refers was written by one of our party, and Lord Byron having discovered its existence, and expressed a desire to peruse it, the writer confided it to him.

'April 14th, 1823.

'MY DEAR LORD,

'I was not in the way when your note came. I have only time to thank you, and to send the Galignani's. My face is better in fact, but worse in appearance, with a very scurvy aspect; but I expect it to be well in a day or two. I will subscribe to the Improving Society.

'Yours in haste, but ever,  

'NOEL BYRON.'

'April 22nd, 1823.

'MILOR,

'I received your billet at dinner, which was a good one—with a sprinkling of female foreigners, who, I dare say, were very agreeable. As I have formed a sullen resolution about presentations, which I never break (above once a month), I begged ——— to dispense me

* See Moore's Life, vol. ii. p. 686, 4to edition. Here also follow several letters in Moore's Byron.
from being introduced, and intrigued for myself a place as far remote as possible from his fair guests, and very near a bottle of the best wine to conform my misogyny. After coffee, I had accomplished my retreat as far as the hall, on full tilt towards your Thé, which I was very eager to partake of, when I was arrested by—— requesting that I would make my bow to the French Ambassadress, who it seems is a Dillon, Irish, but born or bred in America; has been pretty, and is a blue, and of course entitled to the homage of all persons who have been printed. I returned, and it was then too late to detain Miss P—— over the tea-urn. I beg you to accept my regrets, and present my regards to Miledi, and Miss P——, and Comte Alfred, and believe me ever yours,

‘Noël Byron.’

‘April 23d, 1823.

‘My dear lord,

‘I thank you for quizzing me and my ‘learned Thebans.’ I assure you my notions on that score are limited to getting away with a whole skin, or sleeping quietly with a broken one, in some of my old Glens where I used to dream in my former excursions. I should prefer a grey Greek stone over me to Westminster Abbey; but I doubt if I shall have the luck to die so happily. A lease of my ‘body’s length’ is all the land which I should covet in that quarter.

‘What the Honourable Dug* and his Committee may decide, I do not know, and still less what I may decide (for I am not famous for decision) for myself; but if I could do any good in any way, I should be happy to contribute thereto, and without eclat. I have seen enough of that in my time, to rate it at its value. I wish you were upon that Committee, for I think you would set them going one way or the other; at present they seem a little dormant. I dare not venture to dine with you to-morrow, nor indeed any day this week; for three days of dinners during the last seven days, have made me so head-achy and sulky, that it will take me a whole Lent to subside again in anything like independence of sensation from the pressure of materialism. * * * But I shall take my chance of finding you the first fair morning for a visit. Ever yours,

‘Noël Byron.’

‘May 7th, 1823.

‘My dear lord,

‘I return the poesy, which will form a new light, to lighten the Irish, and will, I hope, be duly appreciated by the public. I have not returned Miledi’s verses, because I am not aware of the error she mentions, and see no reason for the alteration; however, if she insists, I must be conformable. I write in haste, having a visitor.

‘Ever yours, very truly,

‘Noël Byron.’

* His abridgment for Douglas Kinnaird.
Money.

May 14th, 1823.

My dear lord,

I avize you that the Reading Association have received numbers of English publications, which you may like to see, and as you are a Member should avail yourself of early. I have just returned my share before its time, having kept the books one day instead of five, which latter is the utmost allowance. The rules obliged me to forward it to Monseur G—— as next in rotation. If you have anything for England, a gentleman with some law papers of mine returns there to-morrow (Thursday), and would be happy to convey anything for you. Ever yours, and truly,

Noel Byron.

P. S. I request you to present my compliments to Lady B——, Miss P—— and C—— D——.

MONEY.

We have great pleasure in having it in our power to present our readers with an abstract of the very interesting historical notice on this subject which formed a part of the Lectures lately read by the elder Mr. Landseer at the Mechanics’ Institution.

Strange as it will appear to those who are more accustomed to active life than to silent speculation, Assyria, (says Mr. Landseer,) with her immense hosts, and her spacious and magnificent cities, had no money—Egypt, opulent, populous, mysterious, and abundant Egypt, had no money—Ancient Persia, before the age of the first Darius, had no money—the early Hebrews, even during the most prosperous period of the age of Solomon and down to the time of Judas Maccabæus, were without money—Etruria, from first to last, was without money—Rome was without money to the time of Servius Sullius—and the Greeks of the heroic ages were equally destitute of money.

Among all those nations, gold and silver, when used in barter was weighed out by the scales; as when Abraham purchased the cave of Machpelah, he ‘weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth;’ moreover, there was anciently no money in Arabia, or the riches of the Patriarch Job would not have been estimated by his camels, oxen, and she asses: and there was none in Greece down to the time of Homer, who nowhere mentions or alludes to it, but, on the contrary, by informing us, that the armor of Diomed cost only nine oxen, while that which Glaucus generously gave in exchange for it, cost one hundred, shows that cattle, in their larger purchases, were made the current measure of value. It is from this circumstance too, of oxen and asses being at the time the ordinary and known signs of property, and current measure of value, that we find them specifically mentioned in the tenth commandment; and the virtuous prohibition of covetousness derives local intelligibility from the notoriety of the fact.

The invention of coining was not only a very curious adaptation of en-
Money.

Graving to the purposes of Society, but an important event in the History of the world. It is not, however, known when or in what country money first became the substitute for cattle and unstamped bullion, as the general representative of property and the measure of value. Mr. Landseer is of opinion that the Darics, issued by the first Darius, are the oldest Persian coins that were ever minted in that empire.

There is, however, reason to believe, that Darics were not the very first coins which the world had beheld. Montesquieu is of opinion, that the Lydians first found out the art of coining money. By others, the invention is attributed to Phidon of Argos. But the arts of dye engraving, and of the mintage of money, were, no doubt, like most other arts, progressive. That ingots of bullion were in commercial use that stamps were applied to them in order to save time, and the constant reference to the scales, and that barter was thus facilitated in Western Asia for ages prior to that of Lycurgus, are not only facts very supposable and credible in themselves, but may be authenticated from the circumstance of 'stamped ingots' being alluded to in the Hebrew and Arabic versions of the book of Job. Thus it may be seen how possible it is for very numerous and extensive communities to arrive at national and commercial prosperity, and to attain popular happiness or comfort without money, without even the knowledge of that which to modern habits and to some modern philosophers appears to be so indispensable to every purpose of life, and almost even to existence itself. India, Persia, Assyria, Judea, Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, the nations of Asia Minor, including Tyre and its dependencies, all arrived at civilization and comfort without the current use of cash, and carried on their extensive mercantile and manufactory transactions, merely by bartering commodities in kind—bullion being reckoned amongst those commodities. These nations were populous, almost beyond credibility, and transported their produce, manufactories, and other merchandises in ships of Tyre and Tarshish from Ophir, and the utmost Indian Isle (which is believed to have been Ceylon), to Gaul and our own Cassiterides. We regret that it is not in our power to accompany the lecturer further in his important and interesting inquiry, but must conclude with a brief historical notice of money in England.

Coined golden money appears to have existed here as early as the reign of Cunobelin, the father of Caractacus, but there is reason to believe its use reached not far beyond the payment of British tributes to Rome, where larger and more ponderous articles of property could not easily have been transmitted; since Adam Smith informs us, that the Saxon Kings of England, for several ages after Cunobelin, record their revenues not in money, but in kind, that is to say, in cattle, corn, and the more endurable species of provisions. William the Conqueror introduced the custom of paying the royal revenues in cash: the money, however, was for a long time received at the Exchequer by weight, and not by tale.
THE AUTHOR OF "NOCTURNE"
THE ATHENÆUM.

November 15, 1831.

GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. XVI.

James Fenimore Cooper.

(With an engraved Portrait.)

Our frequenters of circulating libraries, and indeed in books of all kinds, Mr. Cooper is generally designated 'the great Novelist.' When the name of a writer becomes in this connection with that of his country, he may feel sufficiently assured of the permanency of his reputation. He may, with perfect safety, claim to take care of itself. His is no fleeting or narrow association with his land's language.

I am hazing much in saying that no writer ever possessed a greater enjoyment by the author of 'The Spy,' on his first outset.

The very peculiarities of his situation rendered it next to impossible for him to fail in charming that large portion of the English-speaking world. The novel-readers. We were, indeed, at that time so continuous ever since, a nation of novel-readers. Scott, so much upon us. The author of 'Waverly,'—the great Novelist,—had conquered the country, from one end of it to the other.

Nothing, then, could be more fortunate as regards interest or as calculated to gratify the cravings of an excited curiosity—a country which had hitherto been considered desolate to the ears and readers,—whose soil had been pronounced by the...
THE ATHENÆUM.

NOVEMBER 15, 1832.

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(With an engraved Portrait.)

Among the frequenters of circulating libraries, and indeed in literary coteries of all kinds, Mr. Cooper is generally designated 'the great American Novelist.' When the name of a writer becomes in this manner identified with that of his country, he may feel sufficiently assured of the permanency of his reputation. He may, with perfect safety, leave his fame to take care of itself. His is no fleeting or narrow renown; it is associated with his 'land's language.'

We are not hazard ing much in saying, that no writer ever possessed the advantages enjoyed by the author of 'The Spy,' on his first outset in literary life. The very peculiarity of his situation rendered it next to impossible for him to fail in charming that large portion of the English people denominated the novel-readers. We were, indeed, at that time, as we have continued ever since, a nation of novel-readers. Scott had set his seal upon us. The author of 'Waverly,'—the great Napoleon of novelists,—had conquered the country, from one end of it to the other. Nothing, then, could be more fortunate as regards time; and as to place, what region could be so pregnant with interest, or what subject so calculated to gratify the cravings of an excited curiosity as America?—a country which had hitherto been considered alike destitute of writers and readers,—whose soil had been pronounced, by the learned in these matters, to be essentially unfavorable to the growth of genius,—and in which one would no more think of looking for the golden graces of literature, than for dancers among the Dutch. An Esquimaux poet, brought over by Captain Parry, could hardly have excited more wonder than the 'great American Novelist,' when he made his first appearance in Europe. The world fell into a fit of admiration at the first sign of a genius on the barren waste of America, and stared at it, as the bewildered Crusoe did at Friday's footprint on the sand.
But in addition to these lesser advantages, the Novelist enjoyed the grand and all-sufficing one that arises from an entire originality of subject. The field that lay open before him was not merely of immeasurable extent, but he had the felicity of having it all to himself. Like the ancient Mariner,

'He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.'

He suddenly found himself recognised as the Sir Walter* of the New World,—one who was to do for his country what Scott had done for his; to delineate the character of its people, to describe its customs, and celebrate its achievements; to show what art had already done for it, and how Nature had clothed it with beauty and sublimity; to paint its scenery; to exult in its acquirements and prospects; but, above all, to assert its glory and independence. He thus stood, like another Columbus, on the ground he had discovered, and perceived that it was untrodden. He saw, also, the fertility of the paths upon which he entered, the inexhaustible variety of the materials that presented themselves to him upon every side. Everything was novel and picturesque. What other histories enjoyed in antiquity, that of America had in modern interest. If the register of its triumphs was but of recent date, it was prolific in adventures. Every page of the volume was full of matter, and all that was required was to select with taste and discrimination.

With the freshness of character which thus appertained to his subjects generally, and with powers of mind that would have given interest to subjects of a far less original description, it was almost a matter of course that Mr. Cooper should have succeeded in at once rising into estimation among his own countrymen, and scarcely more surprising that his first works should have been received and read in England as the productions of a man of very remarkable genius. There are some points of fiction that the most prejudiced eyes cannot resist, however they may persevere in keeping themselves closed to the truth; and though the aristocratic might not relish the scene the better for being laid within the territory of the United States, or lament with any immoderate degree of emphasis over sorrows that had been suffered on the other side of the Atlantic; yet few found it politic to deny, what was indeed palpable to all, that Mr. Cooper was gifted with talents that would contribute to strengthen and extend the independence of his country; to give it what it required, a literary independence, and add intellectual freedom to the religious and political liberty which it enjoyed. Few could command the tide of sympathy to roll back and retire, or check the course of emotions that a delineation of Nature had inspired; and it was, therefore, not thought advisable, even among those who looked lamentingly upon the cessation of hostilities, and the growing good un-

*An example of Mr. Cooper's appreciation of his illustrious rival occurred while he was sitting for the portrait that accompanies our sketch. The artist, Madame Mirbel, requested him, as is usual in such cases, to fix his eye upon a particular point. 'Look at that picture,' said she, pointing to one of a distinguished statesman. 'No,' said Cooper, 'if I must look at any, it shall be at my master,' directing his glance a little higher, to a portrait of Sir Walter Scott.
derstanding between the two countries, to extend the ridicule with which the laws and institutions of America had been frequently visited, to these specimens of her literary advancement, or to dispute her claim to the possession of Goldsmiths and Fieldings of her own.

If some portion of the success of our trans-atlantic Novelist was referable to circumstances, and to the peculiar attractiveness of his subjects, a still greater portion was attributable to himself, and to the energy and enthusiasm which he brought to his labors. No writer of the times has taken a wider range in his view of human nature, or looked more deeply into the heart. Few know better how to seize the strongest point of interest, and no one can work it out more judiciously. If his plots fail in carrying you irresistibly along on the wings of the wind, his skill in the delineation of character is sure to work its charm and fascination about you; or, if even that should fail, the mere description of some unromantic settlement in the woods, a desert solitude, or the hull of a vessel floating

'Far out amid the melancholy main.'

nay, of things less picturesque than these, would prevent you from closing the book until you had read to the last line of the last page. We never met with novels—(and we have read all that were ever written since the creation of the world,—of a more absorbing character, or more fatal to the female propensity of skipping the digressive portions. Every word of Mr. Cooper's narratives is effective, or appears so while you read: and yet he does not scruple to describe an object, in the most elaborate and uncompromising terms, three or four times over in the same work, if it be necessary that the reader should have an accurate outline of it before his eyes. There is a profusion, but no waste of words, in his style, which is, 'without o'erflowing, full.' It is clear, varied, and distinct. He paints the wild waste, 'the sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses,' the verdureless prairie, and the mighty shadows of the forest, with a power that increases in fervor and swells into enthusiasm when he launches upon the element of which he has given such fearful yet such faithful pictures. His sea-scenes are unique. He does not give you 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' All is action, character, and poetry. You see, in the images which he conjures up, every accessory of the scene, however insignificant: you hear, in the terms in which he describes them, the roaring of the surge, the voices of the seamen, and the flapping of the sails. Amidst such scenes as these, where

'His march is o'er the mountain-waves,
His home is on the deep,'

we lose sight of land altogether; and are startled, a few chapters farther on, at finding ourselves in a wild, barren, wintry region, the antipodes of that we had left.

His characters are of all classes, and, if not equally well drawn, impress us, at the first glance, with a conviction that they are drawn by an acute observer of life, and a lover of the kindlier sympathies that adorn and ennoble it. There are many touches in Mr. Cooper's books
that have been put in with a liberal hand, denoting a warmth and generosity of spirit towards his species, a desire to encourage, and not to depress human nature, to exhibit, but not to exult in its vices, and to inculcate a better and brighter philosophy than that which never looks for light out of its own circle, and keeps its charity perpetually at home. These indications of good feeling, wherever we meet them, besides making the portrait more perfect, make us love and remember it forever. His characters, whether modern or old-fashioned, savage or civilised, moving on the quarter-deck or the wilderness, are all picturesque persons, that have some mark and likelihood about them. There is a mixture of the poetic and the plausible in them, that renders it difficult to determine whether they are to be taken as inventions or realities, or compounds, as most of them are of both. This may be said of them in general, that if they are sometimes grotesque when they ought to be graceful, and extravagant where simplicity was most needed, they are seldom or never insipid. They preserve their glow and bloom to the last; and when they seem to be wandering farthest from the point of Nature, to which we would bind them, come back to us with one of those touches that "makes the whole world kin," and reveal to us the truth and beauty which had been previously hidden by the very excess of our sympathy. There is scarcely one character of any rank or importance that does not present some indication of this deep knowledge of our nature, in the finest of its forms; and there are many, in the range of his productions, that are conceived in the very spirit of that knowledge. And as it is difficult to select instances from the cloud of creatures,—composed alike of the high and the humble, the stern-featured and the humerous,—that comes floating upon our recollection, we would instance a whole class, and refer to the refined power and delicacy which he has displayed in his delineation of the female character. There is at times (let it be said with reverence) an almost Shaksperean subtlty of perception in his female pictures—a majesty, and yet a gentleness, not unworthy of the highest mind, while contemplating the holiest objects that Nature has fashioned. They are not beings of the imagination, but children of Nature—not creatures 'playing in the plighted clouds,' but scattering light and comfort upon the earth to the uttermost ends of it, and showing that there is no situation of life into which beauty and gladness will not penetrate at last. All Mr. Cooper's feminine creations may not have been to Court; but they have not the less lustre and dignity on that account; nor does he agree with Touchstone, that they will be condemned for the omission. They are enveloped in graces that are seldom dreamed of in drawing-rooms. We could count up a dozen of these spiritualities at least. Content Heathcote's wife—we forget the name—in the Borderers, though with little outward brilliancy or gaudiness of coloring, is a fine conception wonderfully wrought out. It brings to mind—and this is the highest eulogy we can pass upon it—that 'phantom of delight' of Wordsworth—a being that, however beautiful, is

"Not too good
For human nature's daily food;—"
Or to complete the comparison, and to give our meaning its proper music,

'A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still—and bright
With something of an angel light.'

We had just finished our quotation, when a friend entered, whose opinions are worth seeking, and to whom we occasionally refer. We told him our views upon the subject—and asked him his opinion of our novelist. 'I will tell you,' he said 'if you will be bold enough to write what I say.' Here are his words, at variance, in places, with what we had previously written, but given without change.

'Of all the novels of Cooper, that which pleases me most is 'The Last of the Mohicans.' In his other works there are many fine passages, and, indeed, whole chapters full of beauty and character, and life. But then these seem off-sets from the great British family—the stamp of an original spirit is not upon them, and we compare them with Smollet, and Fielding, and Scott, and lean to the authors of Old England. In 'The Last of the Mohicans' the original spirit of the man shines out—the march of the great American wilderness is upon it—the full and distinct image of the desert-born is there, and we confess at once the presence of something which stands aloof and alone—and resembles nothing which any other genius has done. I say not this for the purpose of depreciating the other works of the author, which I have read, and read with attention, but because there was a spell upon me during the perusal of that romantic legend of the wilderness, which I was not under in reading any of his other books—and this arose entirely from the freshness of character diffused over the whole narrative. If you ask me what I chiefly dislike in these, his other productions, my answer is, he is much too minute in his details, and is never content unless he accounts for everything. If a man pulls a rope, he tells you first how it was manufactured; if another heaves the lead, he reads you a treatise on navigation. He has yet another fault; he shuts his eyes on the virtues of other nations, and thinks that whatever on earth is excellent is found exclusively in his native land. Now I love him for loving his native land; but when he tells me that Waterloo was but a cock-fight compared to Bunker's Hill, I pity the man who fails to see that the genius which plans and combines the movements of an hundred thousand men, has necessarily a far grander task than he who rules the advance and attack of a few thousand. I have done with my censure, but not with my praise.

'The story of 'The Last of the Mohicans,' moving as it is, is still less interesting than the characters of this fine drama of the desert. The old Indian chief and his son, with their half Indian and half European friend, Le Longue Carabine, are drawn to the life. Yet, all is touched with a delicate and discriminating hand—the grossness of the savage is only indicated—his heroism is brought out in a full and natural light. All who admire perfect originality of character, united at the same time to
bravery and honor, will confess their favorite to be Le Longue Carabine. He is the best fellow in the whole race of originals from Smollet to Cooper. But I have no time to tell you all I have to say concerning him; nor to point out the almost innumerable passages in this splendid work, where the hand of a master is impressed.'

A large proportion of the critics have decided in favor of 'The Prairie,' as the finest of all the American novels. It is a point which we cannot determine, for we have many favorites. Early associations lead us to estimate 'The Spy' very highly, and incline us to cherish the remembrance of Harvey Birch with feelings as profound as any that have been excited by more recent adventures. Washington also is a richly-colored portrait, touched with the hand of an enthusiast. But 'The Prairie' is certainly, in some of its scenes, unsurpassed, in a particular kind of power, by anything we ever read, whether in prose or poetry. In point of character, it ranks with the most striking and original of the author's works; and contains one or two persons whose impressions are so vividly stamped upon the imagination, that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we have not met them under some extraordinary but forgotten circumstances—that we have not wandered over that prairie, and communed with the very spirit of the scene. In 'The Borderers,' which we have already referred to—the interest is skilfully sustained, though the details are a little tedious now and then. 'The Red Rover' and 'The Pilot' have become, perhaps, still more popular, and are, unquestionably, not less peculiar in character, than some of those we have named. As Ocean-tales, they are full of startling effects and strange surprises; and they are scarcely less valuable, we think, as pictures of life and manners. Long Tom Coffin can hardly be an invention—a seaman of the mind—an imaginary mariner. No, he is a thorough-bred sea-king, preferring the other side of the Atlantic to this, and the ocean to either; he is the noblest of nauticals—an American Admiral of low degree. 'The Water Witch,' which has recently been added to these series, has several sea-scenes, not inferior to any that preceded them. It is more wild and experimental in parts, but it lacks nothing in point of freshness and energy; and its marvellous incidents find a becomingly picturesque termination, as the Mariner of the Indian Shalway bears off the lady that loved him, and is never heard of afterwards.

From all that we can learn or this gifted American, from those who have had the best and most recent opportunities of personal observation, we should judge that his general bearing indicates a man of strong natural powers, great decision of character, and observant habits—more, perhaps, of things than men. He is rather above than under the middle height, his figure well and firmly set, and his movements rather rapid than graceful. All his gestures are those of promptness and energy. His high expansive forehead is a phenological curiosity; a deep indenture across its open surface, throws the lower organs of eventuality, locality, and individuality, into fine effect; while those immediately
above—comparison, causality, and gaiety—are equally remarkable. His eyes, which are deeply set, have a wild, stormy, and restless expression, as if they scorned sleep, and were perpetually in search of something. A female friend describes them as the most vigilant eyes ever encountered—yet their flashing is not continual, but softens, at times, into milder and gentler feeling. But it is his mouth that has the strongest pretensions to singularity of character. An inflexible firmness forms its expression when silent, but when he speaks, it seems as though he held all the passions and feelings of the heart under his command, and could summon them to his lip at pleasure. It is then that he rivets the attention more than any living writer—not excepting Wordsworth. David, the French sculptor, in his fine bust of the novelist, has given this character admirably. His head altogether is strikingly intellectual; its severity is relieved by simplicity. Nature moulded it in majesty, yet denied it not the gentler graces that should ever adorn greatness.

His manners are a pleasant mixture of the mariner and the gentleman. The austerity, observable in them at first, wears off after a few minutes, and you feel that you are conversing with a man who has seen and understands the world, and who listens with calmness, almost with indifference, to its good and evil report. Years have brought to him ‘the philosophic mind.’ He is an American, even in our English sense of the term; the amor patriae is in him a passion that never subsides; he is devotedly attached to his country, to its institutions, and (as is apparent from his works) to its rugged but magnificent scenery. His republicanism he does not attempt to conceal; he conceives that Kings are very expensive superfluities, and that a lord is a luxury which no sensible government ought to sanction. However repugnant these views may be to us, we must at least allow him to be a candid and unselfish reasoner. He has preferred the loss of popularity in certain circles of English society to disguising his principles, and his indifference to men’s opinions has added to the sacrifice. It is not very easy to say whether this indifference arises from a consciousness of his own value, or a rational notion of equality—but it may at least be regarded as sincere. Of some of his reviewers, as we gather from one or two of his prefaces, he holds no very elevated opinion; though in a recent conversation, he professed himself entirely ignorant of what the English critics had said of his works—delicately accounting for it, by intimating, that his wandering life had afforded him but few opportunities of ascertaining their opinions. If he is neglectful, however, of these criticisms, he is, also, neglectful of the subjects of them; for he declares, that he never once looked into any of his works after they had been printed. He casts them upon the world, and from that moment they are sealed books to him.

The family of Mr. Cooper was originally from Buckingham in England, settled in America in 1679, and about a century afterwards became established in the State of New York. He was born at Burlington, on the Delaware, in 1789, and was removed at an early age to Cooper’s Town—a place, of which he has given an interesting account
in 'The Pioneers.' At thirteen, he was admitted to Yale College, New Haven, and three years afterwards went to sea—an event that gave a character and a color to his after-life, and produced impressions, of which the world has already reaped the rich result. On his marriage with a daughter of John Peter De Lancey, of West Chester County, New York, he quitted the navy, and devoted himself to composition. Mr. Cooper's first work was published in 1821, and every year since that period has brought its new novel. He has already printed and become popular in many cities—in London, Paris, Florence, and Dresden. In 1826, his health having suffered considerably from a fever that attacked him two years before, he was induced to visit Europe; this has restored him, and he now thinks of returning to a home which his heart has never abandoned. We had omitted to mention, that Mr. Cooper was appointed, chiefly to protect his papers, to the Consulship at Lyons—a nominal post, which he resigned about three years ago.

In Paris, where Mr. Cooper at present resides, no man is more sought after, and few so much respected. Under the old regime it might have been different. The whisperings of prejudice, jealousy, and national dislike that were occasionally audible here, do not reach him there. He appears to be perfectly at his ease—sensible of the estimation, but not over-estimation, in which he is held by all sects and parties. Yet, he seems to claim little consideration on the score of intellectual greatness: he is evidently prouder of his birth than of his genius; and looks, speaks, and walks, as if he exulted more in being recognised as an American citizen, than as the author of 'The Pilot' and the 'Prairie.'

SUMMER'S GONE!

BY MRS. NORTON.

Hark! thro' the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!
There, when my bruised heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footstep stealeth,
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen—

* We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to state, that Cooper's novels will become known in England even more extensively than they have been. They are now publishing by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley—each work in one small and cheap, but clear and beautiful printed volume—and form part of a series of 'Standard Novels,' that will, in time, contain all the best productions from those of Smollet and Fielding, to those of our own day—the most valuable of which it is intended to include.
My Apprenticeship.

And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder,
On what hath been.
Summer's gone!

There, in our own green bowers
Long ago,
Our path through the tangled flowers
Threading slow;
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We've watched in its crimson shining
The sunset glow.
Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth,
Thou art gone.—
Summer's gone!

Still on my worn cheek playeth
The restless breeze;
Still in its freshness strayeth
Between the trees.
Still the blue streamlet rusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease:—
But to whom shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recall thy greetings—
Loved in vain!
Summer's gone!

My Apprenticeship.

My father was what is called an eminent attorney; for I believe that is the highest title to which the gentlemen who practise this branch of jurisprudence can arrive, since we never hear of an illustrious or a distinguished attorney. However, if not distinguished in one way, my father was so in another; for he had seven daughters, and I was the eighth son, or fifteenth child. When I was about sixteen years of age, and half educated, with little Latin and less Greek, my father said it was high time that I should do something to obtain a living; and accordingly he prevailed on his friend Mr. Grubbins, a medical practitioner, likewise eminent, in a neighboring village on the banks of the Severn, to take me as his lawful and dutiful apprentice, to learn the art and craft of an apothecary, for the term of seven long years. I ought rather to say, the art; for the craft could hardly be acquired in a lifetime. I need not relate the extent of my suffering during this period; for the fee my father paid being less than that generally given, I had to pay in
person, and to perform pretty nearly the work of two apprentices. I will not tell the number of paupers I poisoned, before I learnt the art of compounding medicine. I will not say a word of mangling arms before I acquired the art of phlebotomy; neither will I confess to the number of teeth I drew by mistake, before an extensive practice taught me the art of fixing the instrument. These all belong to the secret of my profession, and must on no account be divulged. How I made love to my master’s niece, when on a visit, and nearly got kicked out of the house, is not so much of a mystery; but how I repaid the relation would tire my friends; therefore I shall pass on to the grand feature of that perilous servitude—my apprenticeship.

There are few apothecaries’ apprentices, I believe, who do not think more of the art of making love, than that of making physic. I recollect the name of one of my fair enchanters, which I had for some time vainly endeavored to twist into a sonnet, so haunt me, that I wrote it by mistake on some half dozen packets of draughts, embrocations, and pills, which the boy of course conveyed to the house, and the poor girl narrowly escaped with her life. Love was the regular business of my life—not a pretty pair of eyes for miles round, that I had not eulogised in verse; and rosy cheeks, and flowing tresses, were endless subjects for my muse: but a climax was about to arrive to my tender aspirations, as well as to the term of my apprenticeship, which, as forming the principal event in this epoch of my existence, I cannot do better than recount.

There came to reside, close to our village, a German gentleman of large fortune, with an only daughter, who appeared to be a very amiable girl. She was very pretty; therefore it is needless to say that she became the object of my warmest adoration. My master, Mr. Grubbins, was the ordinary medical attendant in the family; and when he was not in the way, I occasionally visited in his place. We received one day an urgent message, to go instantly to Mr. Von Tromp’s as Miss Von Tromp had fallen from her horse. Mr. G. was, luckily for me, tied by the leg with another case. Away I started, pleased with having an opportunity of coming into more immediate intercourse with the family. The first person I met was Mr. Von Tromp himself, in his morning-gown, smoking his pipe. He addressed me in his usual dry manner. ‘Vel, sar, you make speed for to take de bloode from my daughter.’ I found the young lady a good deal alarmed, and suffering also from a severe sprain of the ankle. I saw that there was no necessity for bleeding, but advised leeches to the sprained joint. Mr. Von Tromp flew into a German passion; swore I was not well acquainted with my profession; and that any man who knew anything of his profession, always took blood. He then left the room, but soon returned with an instrument that is used in Germany for bleeding, which acts by means of a spring; an instrument now only used among farriers. I could not keep my countenance when he handed to me this barbarous implement, in order to procure blood from the delicate arm of a female. ‘Vat you laugh for?’ he exclaimed, and looked very angry. During the absence
of Mr. Von Tromp, I had explained to the young lady, that it was quite unnecessary to bleed her; and by a little patience, we gained the victory. After remaining an hour or two, to see the effect of the leeches, I returned home, not a little pleased at the opportunity I had enjoyed, of seeing so much of the young lady; and in the evening I visited her again, to see what effect a cold lotion had produced. Mr. Von Tromp was in a better humor, and I made myself as agreeable as I could—paying particular attention to my patient. I made the most I could of the sprained ankle, and called upon my patient quite as often as was necessary, to see how she went on. She appeared pleased by my great attention to the case; and even old Von Tromp himself said I had, after all, done very well; and as a proof of his sincerity in this opinion, he presented me with an old German tobacco pipe, which I received with apparent gratitude.

All the world knows that ladies have a quick eye in detecting any partiality towards themselves; and I soon perceived that I had made an impression in the proper quarter. But I was most anxious that others should not see it; and was therefore obliged to be most circumspect; for old Von Tromp was quite a devil when he became passionate, and on several occasions he had some kind of fits after these violent passions. He used to become rigid and blue in the face; and then an old German butler, who had lived with him for years, was accustomed to rub him with brandy, and put salt into his mouth; and I believe he used to swear at him in German. I was sadly afraid that my attachment to Miss Von Tromp might be betrayed; and I well knew that there would then soon be an end to the affair. My hopes would assuredly be crushed, if the fact should ever reach the ears of the old German.

I had the pleasure of overtaking Miss Von Tromp one day, riding out on her little poney, when, to my infinite delight, I discovered that I was right in my conjectures with regard to my predilection. After much interesting conversation, it was agreed that Miss Von Tromp should visit and relieve the poor of the village, among whom my business principally lay. I was to send her a list of those poor persons who were ill and in distress, and I advised her to visit them after breakfast.

There was one thing I never liked during my apprenticeship. As soon as I was about eighteen years of age, my master always appointed me his deputy at funerals; and in the country it is the custom to make the medical man head the procession. Often and often have I, to my great annoyance, had to walk with solemn step, and rueful face, before the melancholy pageant, and to brave the sarcastic remarks of the village wags. Sometimes a most expressive look from some friend, and a whisper loud enough to be heard, 'Aye, aye, you are taking home your work,' would be darted at me from some corner. Besides, on these occasions, I used occasionally to meet Miss Von Tromp; and the situation by no means told to my advantage.

My attention to this young lady now began to be observed by several persons in the village, and, indeed, her partiality to me had not escaped observation, insomuch that I was now and then joked on the subject.
At length I began to think that it was high time for me to act, for if once the affair reached the ears of the old gentleman, there would then be little chance of my being able to carry my plans into execution. Under this impression I had determined upon the very first occasion, to propose a trip to Gretna Green. I took every opportunity of seeking a personal meeting with her, but by some unlucky accident, always in vain; I, therefore, determined to write to her, and fix the manner of our departure. I found that in order that we might meet, she fancied, or, had not I better say she feigned, that she was not quite well; and Mr. Grubins, who was at home when the message arrived, as ill-luck would have it, said he would attend himself upon the young lady. I felt assured, from several circumstances, that our attachment had become known at head-quarters, at least that there was a suspicion of such a thing, for I had noticed that the last Sunday at church, as we passed through the church-yard, the old German looked at me as black as thunder. I thought, at the very time, that the great blow must be struck, before another week had passed over our heads. I, without delay, consulted with a friend of mine, and he kindly lent me that, which gives wings to love and sinews to war, so that one great end was provided for. But how was I to inform the young lady of my plans?

Miss Von Tromp, a little while before this period, had again sprained her ancle, but, most unfortunately at this time, there was an old aunt of her mamma's, on a visit with them, who was so kind that she would assist her dear niece and the doctor, as she called me, to examine the foot; I sent the servant girl down stairs to boil some vinegar with some snow water, 'and be sure and stir it all the while till it boils.' There, thought I, we have got rid of you for five minutes; but there was the good aunt; oh, these good aunts! I said, 'Now, Ma'am, I must trouble you to provide as soon as possible a flannel bandage; might I take the liberty of requesting it as soon as possible?' I felt not a little agitated to get rid of the old lady, that I might converse with my little friend. 'Oh,' said Miss Von T., 'do, dear aunt, get it as soon as possible.'—'My dear,' replied she, 'do you think I did not know that such a thing would be required? and here it is,' said she, putting her hand into her work-bag. Alas! thought I, you will never be my 'dear aunt.' I now revolved in my mind what I could next want that she in her kindness had not provided. I said, 'Have you any other remedies with you, Madam?'—'No, Sir, no more.' 'Then, Ma'am, would you have the goodness to provide us with a little old linen to put over the ancle, for I perceive this bandage is calico, and you know calico is said to irritate the skin. The old lady set off for the linen, and, to my infinite chagrin, met the maid not two yards from the door, returning with the hot vinegar. I said, 'Mary you have soon boiled the vinegar.'—'Yes, Sir,' said she, with a significant nod of the head which I understood, 'I soon made it boil.' I had not had a moment to fix any plan with Miss Von T., and before I could devise any scheme to get rid of the maid, I heard the old lady returning.
I cannot express the feelings that agitated me at this moment, and those alone who have been in similar circumstances, can have any conception of them. It was plain that this day I was not likely to have any opportunity of communicating with the young lady. After waiting as long as I well could, to take advantage of any occasion that might present itself, I was compelled at last to take my leave.

After such repeated disappointments, I plainly saw that there was no chance for me but that of sending Miss Von T. a letter, to fix the time and mode of our departure for Gretna; for Mr. Grubbins told me that the old German had requested him to attend himself in future upon Miss Von Tromp. 'Now, or never,' was the word, the thing must be done immediately; and down I sat and penned a letter to my fair one, informing her of the plan I had devised. Two days after this time there was going to be a large party at the old German's, and I thought this would be a favorable opportunity for the expedition. We were sending medicine almost daily to the house, both to the old gentleman and his daughter; I folded my letter and put it under the paper that covered the bottle, nicely sealed, as was our custom. I informed her in this letter, that on the night in question, a carriage that I had engaged would be at the end of the garden, that its remaining there a few minutes would not excite any suspicion, on account of the party, and that if I did not receive any answer, I should have every thing ready. I provided every thing necessary for the flight, packed up some of my clothes in a small portmanteau, and engaged a chaise. For this purpose I went to one of the inns to look after a proper post-boy, one upon whom I could depend. In these affairs everything depends upon presence of mind and promptitude. I saw a post-boy standing at the gate, a lad whose bruises and wounds I had often dressed after many a pugilastic contest in which he had been engaged. He was a thin, pale looking fellow, of a most determined aspect, marked by the small-pox, with a deep sunk eye in his head, and a very peculiar squint; one of those fellows upon whose foreheads rogue is written, in very legible characters; from his inveterate obstinacy in fighting, he always went by the name of 'cutting Tom.' I said, 'Well, Tom, have you had any Gretna jobs lately?'—'No, not this long time, Sir; folks has no spirits for this here kind of jobs now a days. I wishes we had a job of that here kind. I've got a pair of rare horses now, such spankers, my eyes, give me five minutes law, and catch me if they can.' It made my heart leap with joy to hear this. I felt myself bounding away at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Assuming a very serious look, I said, 'Tom, can I trust you?'—'To be sure you may. Trust me! I never splits on nobody.' I now told Tom to have his horses ready at ten o'clock at the appointed spot, that I would get into the chaise about fifty yards before the spot fixed on, to take up the lady. Tom's wicked eyes sparkled with joy. As a great deal depended upon Tom's address, I agreed to give him three guineas for the first stage, for he said he should go like lightning over the road; nay, he even undertook to have another chaise ready at the next stage, and
for this purpose he should send a most trusty old friend, a kind of half-idiot, a man who was never known either to forget or neglect any message he was sent upon—only tell him what to do, and that Silly Billy, as he was called, would do. He was a kind of automaton, into which you infused your will, and nothing could turn him from what he had undertaken. Well, Billy took the note to our fellow-laborer, another worthy, a friend of Tom’s, who was ordered to have a chaise ready to convey us on to the next stage. Everything appeared favorable to my views. I had heard nothing from the young lady, and therefore all was right, I thought, in that quarter. As soon as evening came, I gave Tom my portmanteau. I counted my guineas, and I counted the minutes too, from the hour that was to emancipate me from the pestle and mortar. My heart beat with anxiety and joy, as I anticipated the hour that was to give me possession of so fine a girl, and so great a fortune. Oh, what an evening! In that evening, in the brief space of a few short hours I seemed to live years; time appeared to stand still; hundreds of ideas rushed through my mind; I looked at my watch, and when I looked again, and thought the greater part of an hour was gone, I found that but a few minutes had elapsed. Those who have been engaged in similar affairs well know the truth of this. However, the hour approached, and about ten minutes before the time I walked into the old surgery to have a last look at my house of bondage—to bid a long and last farewell to pots and gallipots, to pills and potions. I slipped quietly out of the house, unobserved, hurried down the lane that led to Mrs. Von Tromp’s, and, after waiting a few minutes, heard a chaise driving gently down the lane. It was cutting Tom: he stopped to let me into the chaise at the appointed place, and all I could say was ‘Well done, Tom.’ We drove gently to the spot where we were to take up the young lady. I must confess that at this moment I became very much agitated; my heart beat most violently; my breathing became quick, and my hands trembled. We had not stopped half a minute when I saw the young lady gliding along the walk that led to the carriage. I could just discern her, though the evening was rather dark. The carriage door was open, and in a moment she was seated by my side in silence. My heart was too full, and my tongue refused to give utterance to a single word. Tom was on his horses in an instant, and we darted off more like an arrow shot from a bow than anything else. In a few minutes I became more tranquil, and felt a greater degree of confidence.

My fair one seemed absorbed in the great step she was taking, and I from delicacy forbore to rally her. However, as she continued silent, I said, ‘Never mind your father; these Germans never feel deeply.’ Upon which, to my utmost astonishment, an astonishment that stopped the very circulation of my blood, I heard these words addressed to me—‘Oh, you infernal very young scoundrel! You rob me of my dear girl, do you? No, you do not. I catch you, and take you to de prison; and then,’ added he, ‘I will take your blode, as you English say.’ Upon which he began to pommel me with all the ferocity of a German skipper.
'Oh, sir, for God's sake,' I exclaimed, 'do hear reason, sir!' and then thrusting my head out of the window, I called out in the most energetic tone to Tom to stop. The moment Tom heard my voice he drove harder than ever. The old gentleman now put his head out at the other side of the carriage, and spoke to some one behind, crying, 'Get down, and stop de pos'ition.' 'It is quite impossible; we are going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, sir; we dare not get down.' Tom drove like lightning; there was no stopping him, nor explaining to him what had taken place. The old gentleman put his head out again, and cried out, 'Stop him at de tur'pike;' and as we approached it, I heard the fellows behind cry out, 'Shut the gate! shut the gate!' I felt thankful that I should then get out, and make the best of my way home again. I was astonished that cutting Tom did not slacken his pace when he heard the cry of 'shut the gate!' instead of that, laying the whip on his horses, he even increased his furious career, and we actually appeared to be flying. Oh, what a moment! I could just perceive, by the glimmer of the lamp at the tur'pike-house, that the gate was closed. Tom dashed on with the fury of a demon. The men behind screamed in the agony of fear. I shouted, 'For God's sake, stop!' The old German went into a fit, and kicked most violently. At this moment a most awful crash took place. It was terrific—the screams of the women at the gate, and the noise inside and outside the carriage! Never shall I forget it. Tom, gallant Tom, who had sworn before we started off that no earthly power should stop him, kept his word. He dashed at the gate with an impetus that nothing could resist. The barrier gave way, and was dashed into ten thousand pieces. It was only one crash, and all was over; but it was succeeded by a triumphant shout from the cutter. The old German shortly after recovered from his fit; but Tom never stopped till we got to the next stage, and here we found the promised stage waiting for us. The moment we stopped the two fellows behind seized me. Cutting Tom, and Flash Jack the post-boy of the fresh chaise, in a moment took my part. Tom floored one of the fellows in the twinkling of an eye. Jack had met with his match. I endeavored to explain the state of affairs to Tom, who had gone up to the chaise in which the old German was.—'Now, Miss, out with you in a minute,' said he. A crowd of people was soon round, and there was a cry for lights. The landlord of the inn, and ostlers, strangers, old and young, all kept congregateing, till there was such a noise and such an uproar, that had there been the least chance for me to escape I certainly should have done so. When the lights were brought, and Mr. Von Tromp exhibited himself, the laugh was loud. Two or three constables were now on the spot, and I was taken charge of; and Mr. Von Tromp, to the great delight of a numerous auditory, gave an account of the adventure. The letter that was intended for his daughter had fallen into his hands, through the mistakes of his footman, who had given him the packet of medicine intended for her. The people seemed highly diverted at my expense. I said no one had any right to detain me; but the old German said, 'Dead or alive, I should that night go back to Mr. Grubbins'; and
as I saw his arguments, backed by two constables, were irresistible, I resigned, and they took me back to the place whence I came, much to the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mrs. G. mildly observed, 'I always thought you would come to some bad end!' There was nothing to be done: in a few days the old German and his daughter left the neighborhood, and I was quite as anxious to take my leave also. The time of my apprenticeship was just expiring, and so, with the consent of all parties, I bade adieu to this place, and thus finished the principal adventures of my apprenticeship.

LINES.

By JAMES ATKINSON.

On a Painting, now on the Easel, by Wilkie, of two Monks, as seen by him in the Capuchin Convent at Toledo.

Look on that picture! There the artist's skill
Has told a tale which sinks into the soul—
He has embodied an impressive thought,
And given, in sombre hues which Rembrant lov'd,
One powerful view of abstract misery,
Filling the imagination with a scene
Of suffering intense. It seems to breathe
Unutterable traits of sin and crime.

Look on that picture! In his holy seat
A venerable monk is seen; before him,
Upon his knees, another, ghastly pale,
Pours out the burning anguish of his heart;
For bloodless cheeks and lips, and a wild eye,
At once declares his agony. He groans,
And supplicates that aged monk, and grasps
His palsied arm, to urge with deeper power
Hope of salvation He himself a monk,
A young one, led astray perchance by love,
Or mad ambition, scorning all control.

Look on that picture! List, I think a voice,
Hollow and passionate, strikes upon my ear,
And seems to say—

‘Father! there was a time—but now,
When guilt is laboring in my breast—
When horror trembles on my brow—
Can I, by idle fears imprest,
Shrink from the trial, and allow
Flames to consume me unconqu'ed?’
LINES.

What urged my fate it matters not—
How I was tempted, how I fell;
My soul it owns the leprous spot,
The mark of an accursed spell;
Within I feel that damning blot
Which demons bear, who merit hell

Still I might live and be beloved—
If scorpion thoughts had lost their force;
For who can smile, or seem unmoved,
When on the rack of keen remorse?

And can my crimes remain untold?
Ambition's slaves are bought and sold;
And hate, unfit for monk to feel,
May chance to seize the murderous steel;
May hurl, all weltering in his blood,
A rival midst the foaming flood.
But she was free from guilt or stain—
Her spirit is snatched to heaven again;
Her angel-innocence exempt
From withering sneer, repulse, contempt;
Whilst I, deserving all, must never
Feel joy again; but, lost forever,
Linger in bitterest wo, my name
The lasting mark of scorn and shame.
But, Father! crush me not—let none
Know whence proceeds the sinner's groan.

Then what am I?—Corrupt, abased,
Yet basking in the world's esteem;
Austere, devout as ever graced
These convent walls—'tis all a dream;
Can truth upon this cheek be traced?
Alas! I am not what I seem.

Yet there's a canker-worm within,
Which eats and wastes the heart away;
Though outward virtue hide the sin,
That worm gnaws deeper every day.

And pangs are felt, though closely veiled;
Though sheltered from suspicion's blast,
The conscious soul is still assailed,
And shudders at the guilty past.

Yes, look upon that picture! breathes it not
With all the force the pencil can bestow,
A deep revealing of some secret crime?
TOM CRINGLE’S LOG.

It must have been towards morning, from the damp freshness of the air that came through the open window, when I was roused by the howling of a dog, a sound which always moves me. I shook myself; but before I was thoroughly awake, it ceased; it appeared to have been close under my window. I was turning to go to sleep again, when a female, in a small suppressed voice, sung the following snatch of a vulgar Port-Royal ditty, which I shall introduce here, merey for the purpose of laying before the readers, a specimen of their sable ditties.

‘Newfoundland dog love him master de most
Of all de dog ever I see;
Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him de sorest,
Difference none never makee to he.’

The singer broke off suddenly, as if disturbed by the approach of some one.

‘Hush, hush, you old foolish’—said a man’s voice, in the same low whispering tone; ‘you will waken de dronken sentry dere, when we shall all be put in iron. Hush, he will know my voice more better.’

It was now clear that some one wished to attract my attention; besides, I had a dreamy recollection of having heard both the male and female voices before. I listened therefore, all alive. The man began to sing in the same low tone.

‘Newfoundland dog love him master de most
Of all de dog ever I see;
Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him de sorest,
Difference none never makee to he.

There was a pause for a minute or two.

‘It no use,’ the same voice continued; ‘him neither no dere, or he won’t hear us.’

‘Stop,’ said the female, ‘stop; woman head good for something. I know who he shall hear.—Here, good dog, sing psalm; good dog sing psalm,’ and thereupon a long loud melancholy howl rose wafting through the night air.

‘If that be not my dear old dog Sneezer, it is a deuced good imitation of him,’ thought I.

The woman again spoke—‘Yowl leetle piece more, good dog;’ and the howl was repeated.

I was now certain. By this time I had risen, and stood at the open window; but it was too dark to see anything distinctly below. I could barely distinguish two dark figures, and what I concluded was the dog sitting on end between them.

‘Who are you? what do you want with me?’

‘Speak softly, massa, speak softly, or the sentry may hear us, for all de rum I give him.’

Here the dog recognised me, and nearly spoiled sport altogether; indeed it might have cost us our lives, for he began to bark and frisk about, and to leap violently against the end of the capstan-house, in vain endeavors to reach the window.

* Continued from p. 94.
Tom Cringle's Log.

'Down, Sneezor, down, sir; you used to be a dog of some sense; down.'

But Sneezer's joy had capaized his discretion, and the sound of my voice pronouncing his name drove him mad altogether, and he bounded against the end of the shed, like a battering-ram.

'Stop, man, stop,' and I held down the bight of my neckcloth, with an end in each hand. He retired, took a noble run, and in a trice hooked his forepaws in the handkerchief, and I hauled him in at the window.

'Now, Sneezer, down with you, sir; down with you, or your rampaging will get all our throats cut.' He cowered at my feet, and was still as a lamb from that moment. I stepped to the window. 'Now who are you, and what do you want?' said I.

'Ah, massa, you no know me!' 'How the devil should I? Don't you see it is as dark as pitch?' 'Well, massa, I will tell you; it is me, massa.'

'I make no great doubt of that; but who may you be?'

'Lord, you are de foollis person, make me talk to him,' said the female. 'Massa, neber mind he, dat stupid fellow, my husband, and surely massa now know me?'

'Now my very worthy friends, I think you want to make yourselves known to me; and if so, pray have the goodness to tell me your names, that is, if I can in any way serve you.'

'To be sure you can, massa; for dat purpose I come here.'

The woman hooked the word out of his mouth. 'Yes, massa, you must know me is Nancy, and dat old stupid is my husband, Peter Mangrove, him who—'

Here Peter chimed in—'Yes, massa, Peter Mangrove is de person you have de honor to address, and—here he lowered his voice still more, although the whole dialogue from the commencement had been conducted in no higher tone than a loud whisper. 'We have secured one big large canoe, neer de mout of de dam hole, which, wid your help, I think we shall be able to laut. De troo de surf; and once in smooth water, den no fear but we shall run down de coast safely before de wind till we reach St. Jago.'

My heart jumped against my ribs. Here's an unexpected chance, thought I. 'But, Peter, how, in the name of mumbo jumbo, came you here?'

'Why, Massa, you do forget a leettle, dat I am a Creole negro, and not a naked tatoed African, whose exploits, dat is de wonderful ting him never do in him's own country, him get embroidered and pinked in gun-powder on him breach; beside, I am Christian gentleman like yourself; so dam mumbo jumbo, Massa Cringle.'

I saw where I had erred. 'So say I, Peter, dam mumbo jumbo particularly; but how came you here, nun? tell me that.'

'Why, massa, I was out in de Pilot-boat schooner, wid my wife here, and five more hands, waiting for de outward bound, tinkin no harm, when dem piratical rascal catch we, and carry us off. Yankee privateer, bad enough; but who ever hear of pilot being carry off? blasphemy dat, carry off pilot! Who ever dream of such a ting? every shivisile peoples respect pilot—carry off pilot!—oh Lord—and he groaned in spirit for several seconds.'

'And the dog?' inquired I.

'Oh, massa, I could not leave him at home; and since you was good enough to board him wid us, he has messed wid us, and slept wid us; and when we started last, although he showed some dislike at going on
board, I had only to say, Sneezer, we go look for you master; and he made such a bound, that he capsize my old woman dere, heel over head; oh dear, what display, Nancy, you was exhibit! 'Hold your tongue, Peter; you hab no decency, you old willain.' 'Well, but, Peter, speak out; when are we to make the attempt? where are the rest of your crew?' 'Oh dear! oh dear! dat is de worstest; oh dear!' and he began to cry and sob like the veriest child. 'Oh, massa'—after he had somewhat recovered himself—'Oh, massa, dese people devils. Why, de make all de oder on board walk de plank, wid two ten pound shot, one at each foot. Oh, if you had seen de clear shining blue skin, as de becomeleetle and leetle, and more leetle, down far in de clear green sea! Oh dear! oh dear! Only to tink dat each wavering black spot was fellow-creature like one-self, wid de heart's blood warm in his bosom at de very instant of time we lost sight of him forever!' 'God bless me,' said I; 'and how did you escape, and de black dog, and the black—ahem—beg pardon—your wife I mean; how were you spared?' 'Ah, massa! I can't say; but bad as de were, de seemed to have a liking for brute beasts, so dem save Sneezer, and my wife, and myself; we was de only quadrupeds saved out of de whole crew—Oh dear!' 'Oh dear.' 'Well, well; I know enough now. I will spare you the pains of any farther recital, Peter; so tell me what I am to do.' 'Stop, massa, till I see if de sentry be still sound. I know de fellow, he was one on dem; let me see—' and I heard him through the loose flooring boards walk to the foot of the trap ladder leading up to my berth. The soliloquy that followed was very curious of its kind. The Negro had excited himself by a recapitulation of the cruelties exercised on his unfortunate shipmates, and the unwarrantable caption of himself and rib, a deed that in the nautical calendar would rank in atrocity with the murder of a herald or the bearer of a flag of truce. He kept murmuring to himself, as he groped about in the dark for the sentry—'Catch pilot! who ever hear of such a thing? I suppose dem would have pull down lighthouse, if dere had been any for pull. Where is dis sentry rascal? him surely no sober yet?' The sentry had fallen asleep as he leant back on the ladder, and had gradually slid down into a sitting position, with his head leaning against one of the steps, as he reclined with his back towards it, thus exposing his throat and neck to the gripping paw of the black pilot. 'Ah—here him is, snoring heavy as my Nancy—well, dronk still; no fear of him overhearing we—nice position him lie in—quite convenient—could cut his treat now—slice him like a pumpkin—de devil is surely busy wid me, Peter. I find de very clasp-knife in my starboard pocket beginning to open of himself.' I tapped on the floor with my foot. 'Ah, tank you, Massa Tom—de devil nearly get we all in a scrape just now. However, I see him is quite sound—de sentry dat is, for de oder never sleep, you know.' He had again come under the window. 'Now, Lieutenant, in two word, to-morrow night at two bells, in de middle watch, I will be here, and we shall make a start of it; will you venture, sir?' 'Will I—to be sure I will; but why not now, Peter? why not now?' 'Ah, massa, you no smell de day-light; near day-break already, sir.
Can't make try dis night, but to-morrow night I shall be here punctual.'

'Very well, but the dog, man? if he be found in my quarters, we shall be blown, and I scarcely think he will leave me.'

'Garamighty! true enough, massa; what is to be done? De people know de dog was catch wid me, and if he be found wid you, den dey will sospect we communication togudder. What is to be done?'

'I was myself not a little perplexed, when Nancy whispered, 'de dog have more sense den many Christian person. Tell him he must go wid us dis one night, no tell him dis night, else him won't; say dis one night, and dat if him don't, we shall all be deaded; try him, massa.'

'I had benefited by more extraordinary hints before now, although, well as I knew the sagacity of the poor brute, I could not venture to hope it would come up to the expectations of Mrs. Mangrove. 'But I'll try,'—Here, Sneezer, here, my boy; you must go home with Peter to-night, or we shall all get into a deuced mess; so here, my boy, here is the bight of the handkerchief again, so through the window you must go; come, Sneezer, come.'

'To my great joy and surprise, the poor dumb beast rose from where he had coiled himself at my feet, and after having actually embraced me, by putting his forepaws on my shoulders, as he stood on his hind legs, and licked my face from ear to ear, uttering a low, fondling, nuzzling sort of whine, like a nurse caressing a child, he at once leapt on the window sill, put his forepaws through the handkerchief, and was dropped to the ground again. I could immediately perceive the two dark figures of the pilot and his wife, followed by the dog, glide away as noiselessly as if they had been spirits of the night, until they were lost under the shade of the thick jungle.

'I turned in, and—what will not youth and fatigue do?—I fell over more fast to sleep, and never opened my eyes until Obed shook me in my cot about eight o'clock in the morning.

'Good morning, Lieutenant. I have sent up your breakfast, but you don't seem inclined to eat it.'

'Don't you believe it, my dear Obed. I have been sound asleep till this moment; only stop till I have slipped on my—those shoes, if you please—thank you. Waistcoat—that will do. Now—coffee, fish, yams, and plantains, and biscuit, white as snow, and short as—and eggs—and—sounds! claret to finish with?—Why, Obed, you surely don't desire that I should enjoy all these delicacies in solitary blessedness?'

'Why, I intend to breakfast with you, if my society be not disagreeable.'

'Disagreeable? Not in the least, quite the contrary. That black groper looks remarkably beautiful. Another piece of yam, if you please. Shall I fill you a cup of coffee, Obed? For my own part, I always stow the ground tier of my cargo dry, and then take a topdressing. Write this down as an approved axiom with all thorough breakfast-eaters. Why, man, you are off your feed; what are you turning up your ear for, in that incomprehensible fashion, like a duck in thunder? A little of the claret—thank you. The very best butter I have ever eaten out of Ireland—now, some of that Avocado pear—and as for biscuit, Levan never came up to it. I say, man,—hillo, where are you?—rouse ye out of your brown study, man.'

'Did you hear that, Mr. Cringle?'

'Hear what?—I heard nothing,' rejoined I; 'but hand me over that land crab.—Thank you, and you may send the spawl of that creeping
thing along with it; that guana. I had a dislike to eating a lizard at first; but I have got over it somehow;—and a thin slice of ham, a small taste of the unclean beast, Obed—peach-fed, I'll warrant.'

There was a pause. The report of a great gun came booming along, reverberated from side to side of the lagoon, the echoes growing shorter and shorter, and weaker and weaker, until they growled themselves asleep in a hollow rumble like distant thunder.

'Ha, ha! Dick Gasket for a thousand! Old Blowhard has stuck in your skirts, Master Obed—but Lord help us, man! let us finish our breakfast; he won't be here this half hour.'

I expected to see mine host's forehead lowering like a thunder cloud from my ill-timed funning; but to my surprise, his countenance exhibited more amenity than I thought had been in the nature of the beast, as he replied,—

'Why, Lieutenant, the felucca put to sea last night, to keep a bright look-out at the mouth of our cove here. I suppose that is him overhauling some vessel.'

'It may be so;—hush! there's another gun—Two!'

Obed changed countenance at the double report.

'I say, Obed, the felucca did not carry more than one gun when I saw her, and she has had no time to load and fire again.'

He did not answer a word, but continued, with a piece of guana on the end of his fork in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, as if he had been touched by the wand of a magician. Presently we heard one or two dropping shots, quickly thickening into a rattle of musketry. He threw down his food, picked up his hat, and trundled down stairs, as if the devil had kicked him. 'Pedro que hay,' I could hear him say to some one below, who appeared to have arrived in great haste, for he gasped for breath—

'Aqui viene la felucha,' answered Pedro; 'perseguido por dos Lanchas Canoneras llenas de Gente.'

'Abordo entonces, Abordo todo el mundo, arma arma, aqui vienen los Engleses, arma, arma.'

And all from that instant was a regular hillabaloo. The drums on board the schooners beat to quarters, a great bell which had been slung on the fork of a tree, formerly the ornament of some goodly ship, no doubt, clanged away at a furious rate, the crews were hurryng to and fro, shouting to each other in Creole Spanish, and Yankee English, while every cannon-shot from the felucca, or the boat guns, came louder and louder, and the small arms peppered away sharper and sharper. The shouts of the men engaged, both friends and foes, were now heard, and I could hear Obed's voice on board the largest schooner, which lay full in view from my window, giving orders, not only to his own crew, but to those of the others. I heard him distinctly sing out, after ordering them to haul upon the spring on his cable; 'Now, men, I need not tell you to fight bravely, for if you are taken every devil of you will be hanged—so hoist away the signal;' and a small black ball flew up through the rigging, until it reached the main-topgallant-mast-head of the schooner, where it hung a moment, and in the next blew out in a large black swallow-tailed flag, like a commodore's broad pennant. 'Now,' shrieked he, 'let me see who dares give in with this voucher for his honesty flying aloft!'

I twisted and craned myself out of the window, to get a view of what was going on elsewhere; however, I could see nothing but Obed's large
schooner from it, all the other craft were out of the range of my eye, being hid by the projecting roof of the shed. The noise continued—the shouting rose higher than ever—the other schooners opened their fire, both cannon and musketry; and from the increasing vehemence of the Spanish exclamations, and the cheering on board Obed’s vessels, I concluded the attacking party were having the worst of it. My dog Sneezier now came jumping and scrambling up the trap-stair, his paws slipping between the bars at every step, his mouth wide open, and his tongue hanging out, while he barked, and yelled, and gasped to get at me, as if his life depended on it. After him I could see the round woolly pate of Peter Mangrove, Esquire, as excited apparently as the dog, and as anxious to get up; but they got jammed together in the small hatch, and stuck there, man and beast. At length Peter spoke—Now, sir, now; Nancy has run on before to the beach with two paddles; now for it, now for it. Down trundled master, and dog, and pilot. By this time there was no one in the lower part of the shed, which was full of smoke, while the infernal tumult on the water still raged as furiously as ever, the shot of all sorts and sizes hissing, and splashing, and ricocheting along the smooth surface of the harbor, as if there had been a sleet of musket and cannon balls and grape. Peter struck out at the top of his speed, Sneezier and I followed; we soon reached the jungle, dashed through a path that had been recently cleared with a cutlass, or bill-hooks, for the twigs were freshly shred, and in about ten minutes reached the high wood. However, no rest for the wicked, although the row seemed lessening now. ‘Some one has got the worst of it,’ said I. ‘Never mind, master,’ quoth Peter, ‘or we shan’t get de betterest ourself.’ And away we galloped again, until I had scarcely a rag an inch square on my back, or any where else, and my skin was torn in pieces by the prickly bushes and spear grass. The sound of firing now ceased entirely, although there was loud shouting now and then, still. ‘Push on, massa—dem will soon miss we.’ ‘True enough, Peter—but what is that?’ as we came to a bundle of cloths wallopping about in the morass. ‘De devil it must be, I tink,’ said the pilot. ‘No, my Nancy it is, sticking in the mud up to her waist; what shall us do? you tink, massa, we hab time for can stop to pick she out?’ ‘Heaven have mercy, Peter—yes, unquestionably.’ ‘Well, massa, you know best.’ So we tugged at the sable heroine, and first one leg came home out of the tenacious clay, with a plop, then the other was drawn out of the quagmire. We then relieved her of the paddles, and each taking hold of one of the poor half-dead creature’s hands, we succeeded in getting down to the beach, about half a mile to leeward of the entrance to the cave. We found the canoe there, plumped Nancy stern foremost into the bottom of it for ballast, gathered all our remaining energies for a grand shove, and ran her like lightning into the surf, till the water flashed over and over us, reaching to our necks. Next moment we were both swimming, and the canoe, although full of water, beyond the surf, rising and falling on the long swell. We scrambled on board, set Nancy to bale with Peter’s hat, seized our paddles, and sculled away like fury for ten minutes right out to sea, without looking once about us, until a musket-shot whistled over our heads, then another, and a third; and I had just time to hold up a white handkerchief, to prevent a whole platoon being let drive at us from the deck of his Britannic Majesty’s schooner Gleam, lying to about a cable’s length to windward of us, with the Firebrand a mile astern of her out at sea. In five minutes we got on board of the former.
'Mercy upon me, Tom Cringle, and is this the way we are to meet again?' said old Dick Gasket, as he held out his large, bony, sun-burnt hand to me. 'You have led me a nice dance, in a vain attempt to redeem you from bondage, Tom; but I am delighted to see you, although I have not had the credit of being your deliverer—very glad to see you, Tom; but come along, man, come down with me, and let me rig you, not quite a Stiltze's fit, you know, but a jury rig—you shall have as good as Dick Gasket's kit can furnish forth, for really you are in a miserable plight, man.'

'Bad enough indeed, Mr. Gasket—many thanks though—bad enough, as you say; but I would that your boats' crew were in so good a plight.'

Mr. Gasket looked earnestly at me—'Why I have my own misgivings, Mr. Cringle; this morning at daybreak, the Firebrand in company, we fell in with an armed felucca. It was dead calm, and she was out of guns, close in with the land. The Firebrand immediately sent the cutter on board, fully armed, with instructions to me to man the launch and arm her with the boat-gun and then to send both boats to overhaul the felucca. I did so, standing in as quickly as the light air would take me, to support them; the felucca all this while sweeping in shore as fast as she could pull. But the boats were too nimble for her, and our launch had already saluted her twice from the six-pounder in the bow, when the sea-breeze came thundering down in a white squall, that reefed our gaff topsail in a trice, and blew away a whole lot of light sails, like so many paper-kites. When it cleared away, the devil a felucca, boat, or anything else, was to be seen. Capsized they could not have been, for all three were not likely to have gone that way; and as to any creek they could have run into, why we could see none. That they had pulled in shore, however, was our conclusion; but here have we been the whole morning, firing signal guns every five minutes without success.'

'Did you hear no firing after the squall?' said I.

'Why, some of my people thought they did, but it was that hollow, tremulous, reverberating kind of sound, that it might have been thunder; and the breeze blew too strong to have allowed us to hear musketry a mile and a half to windward of them. I did think I saw some smoke arise, and blow off now and then, but—'

'But me no buts, Master Richard Gasket; Peter Mangrove here, as well as myself, saw your people pursue the felucca into the lion's den, and I fear they have been crushed in his jaws.' I briefly related what we had seen—Gasket was in great distress.

'They must have been taken, Mr. Cringle. The fools, to allow themselves to be trepanned in this way! we must stand out and speak the corvette—All hands make sail!' I could not help smiling at the grandeur of Dick's emphasis on the all when twenty hands, one-third of them boys, and the others landsmen, scrambled up from below, and began to pull and haul in no very seamanlike fashion. He noticed it. 'Ah, Tom, I know what you are grinning at; but I fear it has been no laughing matter to my poor boats' crew—all my best hands gone—God help me!' Presently, being under the Firebrand's lee quarter, we lowered down the boat and went on board, where, for the first time, the extreme ludicrousness of my appearance and following flashed on me. There we were all in a bunch, the dog, Mr. and Mrs. Mangrove, and Thomas Cringle, gent., such in appearance as I shall shortly describe them.
Old Richard Gasket, Esq., first clambered up the side, and made his bow to the Hon. Captain N—— who was standing near the gangway on the snow-white deck, where everything was in the most apple-pie order, himself, both in mind and apparel, the most polished concern in the ship, amidst a group of officers; while the whole crew, with the exception of the unfortunate absentees in the cutter, were scrambling to get a good view of us.

I have already said, that my uniform was torn to pieces; trowsers ditto; my shoes had parted company in the quagmire; and as for hat, it was left in my cot. I had a dirty bandage tied round my neck, performing the twofold office of a cravat and a dressing to my wound; while the blood from the scratches had dried into black streaks adown and across my face and paws, and I was altogether so begrimed with mud that my mother would not have known me. Dick made his salam, and then took up a position beside the sally port, with an important face, like a showman exhibiting wild beasts, a regular 'stir-him-up-with-a-long-pole' sort of look.—I followed him—' This is Lieutenant Cringle, Captain N——,' "

The devil it is? said N—— trying in vain to keep his gravity. 'Why, I see it is — How do you do, Mr. Cringle! glad to see you.'

'This is Peter Mangrove, branch pilot,' continued Gasket, as Peter, bowing, tried to slide past out of sight.

Till this instant I had not had time to look at him—he was even a much querenter-looking figure than myself. He had been encumbered with no garment beside his trowsers when we started, and these had been reduced, in the scramble through the brake, to a waistband and two kneelands, from which a few shreds fluttered in the breeze, the rest of his canvas having been entirely torn out of the bolt-ropes. For an upper dress he had borrowed a waistcoat without sleeves from the purser of the schooner, which hung loose and unbuttoned before, while behind, being somewhat of the shortest, some very prominent parts of his stern frame were disclosed, as even an apology for a shirt had he none. Being a decent man, however, he had tied his large straw hat round his waist, by strings fastened to the broad brims, which nearly met behind, so that the crown covered his loins before, like a petard, while the sameness of his black naked body was relieved by being laced with blood from numberless lacercations.

Next came the female—' This is the pilot's wife, Captain N——,' again sung out old Dick; but decency won't let me venture on a description of poor Nancy's equipments, beyond mentioning that one of the Gleam's crew had given her a pair of old trowsers, which, as a sailor has no bottom, and Nancy was not a sailor, were most ludicrously scanty at top; and devil another rag of any kind had the poor creature on, but a bandkerchief across her bosom. There was no standing all this; the crew forward and in the waist were all on the broad grin, while the officers, after struggling to maintain their gravity until they were nearly suffocated, fairly gave in, and the whole ship echoed with the most uproarious laughter; a young villain, whether a Mid or no I could not tell, yelling out in the 'throng, 'Hurra for Tom Cringle's tail!'

I was fairly beginning to lose countenance, when up jumped Sneezor to my relief out of the boat, with an old cocked hat lashed on his head, a marine's jacket buttoned round his body, and his coal-black muzzle daubed with pipe-clay, regularly monkeyfied, the momentary handiwork of some wicked little reevers, while a small pipe sung out quietly, as if
not intended to reach the quarter-deck although it did do so, "And here comes the last joint of Mr. Cringle's tail." The dog began floundering and jumping about, and wallowing amongst the people, most of whom knew him, and immediately drew their attention from me and my party to himself; for away they all bundled forward, dog and men tumbling and scrambling about like so many children, leaving the coast clear to me and my attendants. The absurdity of the whole exhibition had for an instant, even under the very nose of a proverbially taught hand, led to freedoms which I had believed impossible in a man-of-war. However, there was too much serious matter in hand, independently of any other consideration, to allow the merriment created by our appearance to last long. Captain N—, immediately on being informed how matters stood, with seamanlike promptitude determined to lighten the Gleam, and send her in with the boats, for the purpose of destroying the haunt of the pirates, and recovering the men, if they were still alive; but before anything could be done, it came on to blow, and for a week we had great difficulty in maintaining our position off the coast against the strength of the gale and lee current. It was on the Sunday morning after I had escaped that it moderated sufficiently for our purpose, when both vessels stood close in, and Peter and I were sent to reconnoitre the entrance of the port in the gig. Having sounded and taken the bearings of the land, we returned on board, where the Gleam's provisions were taken out and her water started. The ballast was then shifted, so as to bring her by the head, that she might thus draw less water by being on an even keel, all her ship vessels of her class requiring much deeper water aft than forward; the corvette's launch, with a 12-pound carronade fitted, was then manned and armed with thirty riflemen and marines, under the command of the second lieutenant; the jolly boat, and the two quarter-boats, each with twelve men, followed in a string, under the third lieutenant, the master, and the senior midshipman; thirty picked hands were added to the schooner's crew, and I was desired to take the gig, with six smart hands and Peter Mangrove, and to accompany the whole as pilot; but to pull out of danger so soon as the action commenced, so as to be ready to help any disabled boat, or to carry orders from the commanding officer. At nine in the morning, we gave three cheers, and leaving the corvette, with barely forty hands on board, the Gleam made sail towards the harbor's mouth, with the boats in tow; but when we got within musket-shot of the entrance, the breeze failed us, when the order of sailing was reversed, the boats now taking the schooner in tow, preceded by your humble servant in the gig. We dashed safely through the small canal of blue water, which divided the surf at the harbor's mouth, having hit it to a nicety; but when about a pistol shot from the entrance, the channel narrowed to a muddy creek, not more than twenty yards wide, with high trees, and thick underwood close to the water's edge. All was silent, the sun shone down upon us like the concentrated rays of a burning-glass, and there was no breeze to dissipate the heavy dank mist that hovered over the surface of the unwholesome canal, nor was there any appearance of a living thing, save and except a few startled water-fowl, and some guanoes on the trees and now and then an alligator like a black log of charred wood, would roll off a slimy bank of brown mud, with a splash into the water. We rowed on, the schooner every now and then taking the ground, but she was always quickly warped off again by a kedge; at length, after we had in all proceeded it might be about a mile from the beach, we came to a boom of strong
timber clamped with iron, stretching across the creek. We were not unprepared for this; one of two old 32-pound carrouades, which, in anticipation of some obstruction of the sort, had been got on deck from amongst the Gleam's ballast, and properly slung, was now made fast to the middle timber of the boom, and let go, when the weight of it sunk it to the bottom, and we passed on. We pulled on for about half a mile further, when I noticed, high up on a sunny cliff, that shot boldly out into the clear blue heavens, a small red flag suddenly run up to the top of a tall, scathed, branchless palm-tree, where it flared for a moment in the breeze like the flame of a torch, and then as suddenly disappeared. 'Come, they are on the look-out for us, I see.' The hills continued to close on us as we advanced, and that so precipitously that we might have been crushed to pieces had half a dozen active fellows, without any risk to themselves, for the trees would have screened them, simply loosened some of the fragments of rock that impended over us, so threateningly, it seemed, as if a little finger could have sent them bounding and thundering down the mountain side; but this either was not the game of the people we were in search of, or Obed's spirit and energy had been crushed out of him by the heart-depressing belief that his hours were numbered; for no active obstruction was offered. We now suddenly rounded an abrupt corner of the creek, and there we were full in front of the schooners, who, with the felucca in advance, were lying in line of battle, with springs on their cables. The horrible black pennant was, in the present instance, now here to be seen; indeed, why such an impolitic step as ever to have shown it at all, was taken in the first attack, I never could understand, for the force was too small to have created any serious fear of being captured, (unless indeed it had been taken for an advanced guard, supported by a stronger,) while it must have appeared probable to Obadiah, that the loss of the two boats would, in all likelihood, lead to a more powerful attempt, when, if it were successful, the damning fact of having fought under such an infernal emblem must have insured a pirate's death on the gibbet to every soul who was taken, unless he had intended to have murdered all the witnesses of it. But since proof in my person and the pilot's existed, now, if ever, was the time for mortal resistance, and to have hoisted it, for they knew that they all fought with halters about their necks. They had all the Spanish flag flying except the Wave, which showed American colors, and the felucca, which had a white flag hoisted, from which last, whenever our gig appeared, our canoe shoved off, and pulled towards us. The officer, if such he might be called, also carried a white flag in his hand. He was a daring-looking fellow, and dashed up along side of me. The incomprehensible folly of trying at this time of day to cloak the real character of the vessels, puzzled me, and does so to this hour. I have never got a clew to it, unless it was that Obed's strong mind had given way before his superstitious fears, and others had now assumed the right of both judging and acting for him in this his closing scene. He at once recognised me but seemed neither surprised nor disconcerted at seeing me, or the strength of the force which accompanied me. He asked me in Spanish if I commanded it; I told him I did not, that the captain of the schooner was the senior officer. 'Then will you be good enough, Mr. Cringle, to go on board with me, to interpret for me?'—'Certainly.' In half a minute we were both on the Gleam's deck, the crews of the boats that had her in tow lying on their oars. 'You are the commander of this force?' said the Spaniard. 'I am, said old Gasket, who had faged
himself out in full puff after the manner of the ancients, as if he had been going to church, instead of to fight; and who the hell are you? I command one of these Spanish schooners, sir, which your boats so unwarrantably attacked a week ago, although you are at peace with Spain. But even had they been enemies they were in a friendly port, which should have protected them. — All very good oysters, quoth old Dick; and pray was it an honest trick of you or your friend, to cabbage my young friend, Lieutenant Cringle there, as if you had been slavers kidnapping the Bungoees in the Bight of Biafra, and then to fire on and murder my people when sent in to claim him? — As to carrying off that young gentleman, it was no affair of ours; he was brought away by the master of that American schooner; but so far as regards firing on your people, I believe they fired first. But they are not murdered; on the contrary, they have been well used, and are now on board that felucca. I am come to surrender the whole fifteen to you. — The whole fifteen! and what have you made of the other twelve? — Gastados, said the fellow with all the sangfroid in the world, gastados, (spent or expended) by their own folly.

'Oh, they are expended, are they? then give us the fifteen.' — Certainly, but you will in this case withdraw your force, of course? — We shall see about that, — go and send us the men. He jumped down into the canoe, and shoved off; — when he reached the felucca, he struck the white flag, and hoisted the Spanish in its stead, and by hauling on a spring, he brought her to cover the largest schooner so effectually that we could not fire a shot at her without going through the felucca. We could see all the men leave this latter vessel in two canoes, and go on board one of the other craft. There was now no time to be lost, so I dashed at the felucca in the gig, and broke open the hatches, where we found the captured seamen and their gallant leader, Lieutenant *** in a sorry plight, expecting nothing but to be blown up, or instant death by shot or the knife. We released them, and sending to the Gleam for ammunition and small arms, led the way in the felucca, by Mr. Gasket's orders, to the attack, the corvette's launch supporting us; while the schooner with the other craft were scraping up as fast as they could. We made straight for the largest schooner, which with her consorts now opened a heavy fire of grape and musketry, which we returned with interest. I can tell little of what took place till I found myself on the pirate's quarterdeck, after a desperate tussle, and having driven the crew overboard, with dead and wounded men thickly strewn about, and our fellows busy firing at their surviving antagonists, as they were trying to gain the shore by swimming.

Although the schooner we carried was the Commodore, and commanded by Obadiah in person, yet the pirates, that is the Spanish part of them, by no means showed the fight I expected. While we were approaching, no fire could be hotter, and their yells and cheers were tremendous; but the instant we laid her alongside with the felucca, and swept her decks with a discharge of grape from the carronade, under cover of which we boarded on the quarter, while the launch's people scrambled up at the bows, their hearts failed them, a regular panic overtook them, and they jumped overboard, without waiting for a taste either of cutlass or boarding pike. The captain himself, however, with about ten Americans, stood at bay round the long gun which, notwithstanding their great inferiority in point of numbers to our party, they manfully fired three several times at us, after we had carried her aft; but
we were so close that the grape came past us like a round shot, and only killed one hand at each discharge,—whereas at thirty yards farther off it might have made a pretty 'tableau' of the whole party, by having had room to spread. I hailed Obed twice to surrender, as our people, staggered by the extreme hardihood of the small group, hung back for an instant; but he either did not hear me, or would not, for the only reply he seemed inclined to make was by slewing round the gun so as to bring me on with it, and the next moment a general rush was made, when the whole party was cut down, with three exceptions, one of whom was Obed himself, who getting on the gun, made a desperate bound over the men's heads, and jumped overboard. He struck out gallantly, the shot pattering round him like the first of a thunder shower, but he dived apparently unhurt, and I lost sight of him.

The other vessels having also been carried, the firing was all on our side by this time, and I, along with the other officers, was exerting myself to stop the butchery. 'Cease firing, men; for shame, you see they no longer resist!' And my voice was obeyed by all except the fifteen we had released, who were absolutely mad with fury—perfect fiends; such uncontrollable fierceness I had never witnessed,—indeed, I had nearly cut one of them down before I could make them knock off firing. 'Don't fire, sir,' cried I to one. 'Ay, ay, sir; but that scoundrel made me wash his shirts,' and he let drive at a poor devil, who was squattring and swimming away towards the shore, and shot him through the head. 'By heavens, I will run you through, if you fire at that man!' shouted I to another, a marine, who was taking aim at no less a personage than friend Obed, who had risen to breath, and was swimming after the others, but the very last man of all. 'No, by G—! he made me wash his trousers, sir.' He fired—the pirate stretched out his arms, turned slowly on his back, with his face towards me. I thought he gave me a sort of 'Et tu, Brute!' look, but I dare say it was saucy—his feet began to sink, and he gradually disappeared,—a few bubbles of froth and blood marking the spot where he went down. He had been shot dead. I will not attempt to describe my feelings at this moment,—they burned themselves in on my heart at the time, and the impression is indelible. Whether I had or had not acted, in one sense, unjustly, by thrusting myself, so conspicuously forward in the attempt to capture him after what had passed between us, forced itself upon my judgment. I had certainly promised that I would, in no way that I could help, be instrumental in his destruction or seizure, provided he landed me at St. Jago, or put me on board a friendly vessel. He did neither, so his part of the compact might be considered broken; but then it was out of his power to have fulfilled it; besides, he not only threatened my life subsequently, but actually wounded me; still, however, on great provocation. But what 'is writ, is writ.' He has gone to his account, pirate as he was, murderer if you will; yet I had, and still have, a tear for his memory,—and many a time have I prayed on my bare knees that his blue agonised dying look might be erased from my memory;—but this can never be. What he had been I never learned; but it is my deliberate opinion, that with a clear stage and opportunity, he would have forced himself out from the surface of society for good or for evil. The unfortunates who survived him but to expiate their crimes on the gibbet at Port Royal, said he had joined them from a New York privateer, but they knew nothing farther of him beyond the fact, that by his skill and desperate courage, within a month he had by common acclaim been elected captain of the whole
band. There was a story current on board the corvette, of a small trading craft, with a person answering his description, having been captured in the Chesapeake, by one of the squadron, and sent to Halifax for adjudication; the master, as in most cases of the kind, being left on board, which from that hour had never been heard of, neither vessel, nor prize, crew nor captain, until two Americans were taken out of a slaver off the Cape de Verds, by the Firebrand, about a year afterwards, after a most brave and determined attempt to escape, both of whom were, however, allowed to enter, but subsequently deserted off Sandy Hook, by swimming ashore, in consequence of a pressed hand hinting that Obed had been the master of the vessel above mentioned.

All resistance having ceased, the few of the pirates who escaped having scampere into the woods, where it would have been vain to follow them, we secured our prisoners, and at the close of a bloody day, for fatal had it been to friend and foe, the prizes were got under weigh, and before nightfall we were all at sea, sailing in a fleet under convoy of the corvette and Gleam.

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LE LIVRE DES CENT-ET-UN.

We announce with great pleasure, the appearance of the sixth volume of this very interesting work. M. Ladvocat, the parisian publisher, has been enabled, through the assistance of several distinguished friends of literature, to arrange his affairs so far, that there will be no interruption in the appearance of the coming volumes.

The great interest which has been taken in the fortunes of M. Ladvocat, not only by literary men by profession, but, by titled individuals and enlightened statesmen, who have come forward with gratuitous contributions, certainly is a proof of an unusual and distinguished merit in the worthy publisher. We behold side by side La Fayette and the Duke of Fitz James—Dupin and Martignac—Fontaut and Genoude—Jony (the well-known hermit of the Chaussée d'Autin,) and David (the celebrated Actor)—Wollis and Berryer fils;—whilst a melancholy and touching interest is thrown into the work by the contributions of the Count de Peyronnet, one of the unhappy ministers of Charles X., dated from his gloomy cell in the Castle of Ham. Cooper, too, our philanthropic Cooper, is to add a gem to this brilliant and coruscant collection of foreign talent.—We shall commence with

THE PARISIAN AT SEA.

' Matthew Guichard was the son of Jean Guichard, locksmith, in the Rue Saint-Benoit. He was about seventeen, of the middle height; slim, nervous, and pale. He had small, twinkling grey eyes; and thin, silky brown hair. His countenance indicated a singular mixture of cunning and simplicity; and his livid and wan complexion had that unhealthy and shrivelled appearance so common among the children of the poor and working classes in Paris.

' In his moral constitution,—if, indeed, he had a moral constitution,—Matthew
was insolent, lascivious, lazy, and gluttonous: he was, moreover, a scoffer and a bully. He was neither infidel, nor believer, nor scepic; but of a stoical indifference in matters of religion;—never invoking the name of God but in a manner so detestable, that he had much better not have invoked it at all. But, in truth, we must not bear too hard upon him on this account; for the very first words which his father, formerly an artillery-man, taught him to utter, were the most frightful oaths. These lessons formed the recreation of the old soldier, when, after a hard day's work, he was seated near his extinguished forge. He would then place young Matthew upon his knee, and listen with delight to the renegado oaths lisped forth by the child. Sometimes his wife would talk of prayers, and of the Holy Virgin, and the infant Saviour; but Jean Guichard would reply, 'Peace, woman! I don't choose that my boy should be either a maccaroni parson or a Jesuit.'

Now, in this respect, Matthew did not disappoint the expectation of his father: he was at the same time parson, and certainly not a Jesuit.

When he was ten years old, he would kick his mother—inslut old men—steal old nails from the shop to raise the wind—do no work—receive sound thrashings from his father—and spend whole days from home. At twelve, he had already commenced his career of gallantry—had broken lamps—beaten the watch—and was an admitted member of the society of mauvais sujets.

As he advanced in years, so his offences increased; and the torrent of his misdeeds became so strong, that it threatened to sweep away the reputation, the honor, and the savings of Jean Guichard, his father, who had in vain opposed to it in the form of a dyke, sun-dried elm and oak cudgeles broken upon the back of his son Matthew, but without improving the habits of the youth. Fortunately, Jean Guichard remembered an old proverb, common with the Parisians, which represents a ship as a sort of moral cess-pool, into which all the filth and rubbish of society is thrown. Thus, when a youth of condition commits one of those egregious follies, which never occur but at the dawn of manhood, there is a meeting of the family, and a grave resolution passed, that the young Don Juan must be shipped off to the West Indies, to encounter the hard rubs of life, until he be polished down into discretion.

So also, when a young villain, the terror of the neighborhood, puts no longer any restraint upon his enormities, after being threatened, in succession, with the commissary, a prison, and the galleys, the climax is wound up by saying, 'He must be sent to sea.'

Now it happened that, one morning, Jean Guichard entered his son's bed-room, who, I know not by what chance, had slept at home. On opening his eyes, Matthew shuddered, for he perceived that his father had no cudgel.

"He is certainly going to strangle me," thought the lad.

"Listen to me, Matthew," said old Guichard, coolly: "thou art now fifteen years old, and the most consummate scoundrel I know; blows have no effect upon you, and you will die upon the gallows. I have been a soldier, but am an honest man; and things cannot therefore go on as they do. You must come with me to Havre."

"When?"

"Immediately: dress yourself."

Matthew said not another word; but so soon as his clothes were on, cast a sly glance at the door; then, making a sudden bolt, was in a moment upon the stairs. But his father had watched his motions, and Matthew, already exulting in the anticipation of his escape, felt the muscular grip of his father's huge hands.

"Softly, lad—not so fast," said Jean, and preceding Matthew into the shop, ordered his wife to call a cab, into which the father and son mounted,—a big tear starting in the eyes of the latter, when he saw his mother, in an agony of grief, throw herself upon her knees near the forge.

From the cab, Matthew passed into the diligence, accompanied by his father, who left him not an instant. The next morning they arrived at Havre.

In every commercial sea-port town in France, there are certain tavern-keepers who supply unemployed seamen with board and lodgings upon credit. As soon as the latter are hired, they pay their tavern bill out of their advance of wages;
and on their return from sea spend at the same tavern the money they have earned during the voyage. Then credit again succeeds to ready money; and this goes on until a wave off Cape Horn, or a tropical squall, puts an end to these alternate days of dearness and abundance. It is in these taverns that the masters of vessels recruit their crews; and to the landlord of one of them was Jean Guichard recommended by the conducteur of the diligence in which he had travelled to Havre.

"As a measure of precaution, Matthew was provisionally locked up in a room, with grated windows and door of massive oak, which was not opened until the next morning at nine o'clock."

""There is the lad," said Jean Guichard, as he entered, to a short, squat, muscular, red-nosed man, who accompanied him.

""Is that he?" said the stranger; "why he is not fit to light the pipe of my cabin boy."

"But you promised me, Captain—"

"Yes, and I will keep my promise. The wind is fair; we sail at eleven, and it is now nine. Come, my lad, get under weigh, and follow in my wake. Thou hast a rare character from thy father, and thy back shall soon become acquainted with a good rope's end."

Matthew rightly understood what was in reserve for him. He calculated with marvellous rapidity the chances of escaping, or of successfully opposing his father's will; but, finding the odds against him, he quietly resigned himself to his fate.

"Come, Matthew," said Jean Guichard, "embrace thy old father. Behave thyself well, correct thy errors, and we shall meet again, boy."

"Never!" replied Matthew, drawing back from the parental embrace, and whistling a tune with the utmost nonchalance, as he followed the captain.

"But if he were not to return!" thought Jean Guichard. "Bah! a stray pigeon always returns to the dove-cot."

Nevertheless, Jean Guichard was very sad for a long time after his son's departure.

Meantime, five days had elapsed since the Charming Louisa, a brig of 180 tons burthen, bound to Pernambuco, had left Havre, bearing off the only son and heir of the Guichard family.

This individual, the type and prototype of the Parisian populace, so astonished at everything, was astonished at nothing, because he found analogies everywhere. When a sailor, pointing to the main top, said to him, "Parisian, could you get up there?"—Matthew replied, with a look of contempt, "That's nothing new! I have climbed a thousand times a mat de coque, rubbed with soap, which is more difficult than to climb with the aid of those ropes." So saying, he mounted to the main top with the agility of a squirrel, and without passing through lubber's hole: he then descended by the mainstay, as proud as a merry-andrew.

"What lies his father has been telling me," said the captain, seeing Matthew's address: "why the lad is not so bad, after all."

"The breeze was stiff, and the swell rather strong. The sailors expected to see Matthew's stomach turned inside out. No such thing. The Parisian was not at all sick; he nibbled his biscuit, tore his salt junk with his teeth, drank two rations of wine, because he stole one from a sailor belonging to his mess, then went upon the forecastle to smoke his pipe.

"Has the motion of the vessel no effect upon you?" said an old sailor, who expected not only to laugh at the contortions of the Parisian during his sickness, but to drink his wine for him when he should be too ill to notice it.

"That's nothing new!" boldly replied Matthew. "I have played too often at balancing in the Champs-Élysées, and ride too often upon the Russian swing, for that to have any effect upon me."

This answer was accompanied with clouds of smoke, which, for an instant, concealed everything around from the Parisian. When the smoke disappeared, the smiling face of the captain met his eye. The latter had heard what had passed.

"Positively," said he, "the father is an old fool;" then addressing Matthew,

"From this day, lad, thou art no longer a cabin-boy, but a foremast man."

"As you please," replied Matthew, with indifference.

The next day the captain, who had an eye to everything, perceived that the
The Parisian at Sea.

sailors of the watch went together below; and listening at the hatchway, he heard a violent dispute.

"'The rascal,' exclaimed several voices, 'has been put before the mast. It is unjust to favor him in this way. He shall be keel-hauled.'"

"'I shall, if you are bent upon it,' replied the Parisian with the most determined coolness, 'but I will be revenged. I am alone, it is true: but no matter—worse to him that presumes to touch me.'"

"'But, you rascal,' said the orator of the crew, 'why did you presume not to be seasick, and to go aloft as fast as we could? You know it was only to flatter the officers.'"

"'Yes,' roared the others, in chorus, 'he did it on purpose.'"

"'Listen to me,' said the Parisian: 'if any of you will fight me alone, let us each take one of those pointed irons (looking at two marline spikes), and we will see which is the best man.'"

"'Done,' replied the orator.

"The captain decidedly deserves to be keel-hauled,' thought the captain: 'the son is an excellent fellow.'

The captain having interposed his authority, the dispute ended, but the fight took place in the evening, and the Parisian was the conqueror.

From that day, nobody on board presumed to molest our hero, who enjoyed the esteem of his officers and the friendship of his comrades.

Had the captain been endowed with the Faculty of analysis, he certainly would have called it into action with regard to the character of Matthew Guichard. But the worthy man never analysed; he contented himself with beating the Parisian or overwhelming him with favours, according to his opinion of Matthew's deserts. Without amusing himself by tracing effects to causes, he appreciated only results; he made up his accounts, as he called it, and then paid the balance—kicks or half-pint was as might be.

Meantime two years had elapsed, during which it is difficult to say whether the sum total was in favor of buffets or glasses of grog; for, in point of fact, our hero, was neither better nor worse than at first—a young soul used to the parching atmosphere of Paris, becomes hardened, and preserves forever the first impression.

Thus Matthew had brought with him, and maintained that careless idleness, and that nervous and instantaneous activity which characterise his race. If there was anything laborious to do in fine weather, the Parisian was sluggish, lazy, and taciturn; but when the wind whistled and the thunder roared, it seemed as if the storm produced a reaction upon his irritable temperament, and centupled his strength and energy. In such times he was seen at the yard-arm in the post of danger, as cool and steady as an old sailor: but when the fine weather returned, he sunk into his former apathy, and became what he was before—what a Parisian always is and always will be—lazy, insolent, fond of bantering, because he possessed the vivacious and picturesque spirit of the Parisian populace, and cunning because he was not strong, although by his gab (let us be heaping this vulgarity, for it alone can convey the meaning) he had gained a wonderful ascendancy over the crew, and even the captain himself.

No matter whether the Parisian was put in irons, sent up the shrouds, or started with a rope's end, he lost not a single joke, nor a single mouthful, nor was his sleep a wink less sound. He would take off every body; the captain first, with his hoarse voice, his half-closed eye, and his favorite oath. The grey great coat and the oilskin hat were alone wanting to make the portrait perfect. Then the head cook had his turn; his twisted leg and stupid stuttering were hit off with exquisite facility.

Then came the bacchanalian songs, and the romances, and fragments of comedies, melodramas, and comic operas, which Matthew gave out in broad and characteristic declamation, imitating the gestures and voices of the favorite Parisian actors.

Nobody could resist Matthew's fun. Everything was forgotten in listening to him;—the helmsman steered wrong, nobody slept on board, the hammocks were deserted, and the open and simple countenances of the sailors might be seen, crouched in a circle around him, listening with imperturbable gravity to his readily-coined and most monstrous lies.
As for Matthew, he continued to be astonished at nothing. The sailors had anticipated much from the effect which the sight of negroes, and palm trees and sugar-canes, and many things beside, would produce upon him. All this, however, had no effect. "The eternal 'that's nothing new,' disconcerted all the sailors. Matthew had seen negroes at Robinson, palm trees at the Jardin des Plantes, had bought sugar cane on the Pont Neuf, and had actually made a small basket from a nut-shell for his mistress. What was to be done with so knowing and peculiar an organization? Be silent and admire; and that is what the astonished sailors did.

It was on a Sunday. The Charming Louisa, generally freighted only to the West Indies, had, on this occasion, been freighted with a return cargo to Cadiz, for which port they sailed, on that day, in fine spirits.

The Parisian, surfeited with the West Indies negro wenches and women of color, was not sorry for the change; and no sooner was the brig safely moored along-side the quay than Matthew, at a single bound, found himself on shore, with thirty francs in his pocket, a small-crowned and wide-brimmed straw hat upon his head, decked out in a pair of white trousers and a blue jacket with anchor buttons. His shirt collar was fastened by a clasp of American berries, a love present from a lady of Martinique.

The Parisian was endowed with a prodigious philological faculty. His process was simple, and it enabled him to solve every difficulty, without exception of language or idiom.

His method was, simply—whenever he asked an Englishman to direct him on his way, he would imitate, as nearly as he could, the ridiculous patois given to the English in the French plays. In addressing a German, his language underwent a slight modification, as it also did when he spoke to an Italian or an American. It is true that this method was not always successful; indeed, sometimes foreigners who would very probably have understood him, had he addressed them in proper French, could not comprehend his jargon. This he attributed to obstinacy, ill-breeding, or national jealousy; and it must be confessed, that Matthew Guichard never experienced that embarrassment and timidity generally felt by a foreigner in a country whose language he does not understand.

Thus the Parisian walked on with as firm a step, and as little concern as if he had studied for seven years the grammar of Rodriguez Berna at Badejo or Toledo.

As Matthew advanced, the coup-d'ail pleased him. That animated multitude, those picturesque costumes, the men with small hats and long brown cloaks, the women with satin or silk shoes, those small feet, short petticoats, dresses fitting closely to the shape, and natural flowers scattered with so much taste among their dark and luxuriant hair—their gait, in short their walk, their sulcero,—all this excited the ardent attention of our hero, who mentally compared these beauties to the women of color in the West Indies.

As he passed by a flight of steps leading to the ramparts, he lifted up his eyes and perceived a female near the top, ascending the remaining steps with great rapidity. This rapid ascent enabled him to perceive a beautifully moulded leg, and Andalusian foot, which induced him to run up the steps himself, and overtake the fair lady who displayed such charms. As he possessed much more assurance than timidity, he, with great familiarity, approached the young girl—for she was a young girl, and a very pretty one too—and looking in her face, said, in a kind of French patois, which he made to resemble Spanish in sound as much as possible, 'Spanish girl, you are very beautiful!' The young girl, blushed, smiled, and doubled her pace.

"Where the devil did I learn Spanish?" ejaculated the Parisian, certain of having been understood, and following with eager steps his new conquest.

Just opposite to the Custom-house the lady descended, turned her head, looked at the Parisian, crossed the little square de la Torre, and entered an adjoining street.

The Parisian, animated, exalted to enthusiasm, and delighted with his conquest, eagerly followed. He was just about to cross the street, when he heard a religious chant, and saw a long file of penitents issue from a neighboring street. At the head of the procession were borne lant-rns, next banners, relics, shrines, and
flowers, followed by the Host. Next came the governor. In short, this was a solemn procession to ask Heaven for a little rain; for the drought was frightful in the year of grace 1729.

The Parisian, instead of joining the multitude, uttered a dreadful oath, for the procession stopped the way, and he trembled lest he should lose sight of the black-eyed Andalusian girl. The populace bared their heads at the first sound of the rattle carried by a white monk, who led the way. But our friend Matthew kept his hat upon his head, raised himself on tiptoe, stretched out his neck, shaded his eyes with his hand, and saw nothing—neither the black mantle, nor the blue and white violets at the side of a head adorned with shining ebon hair. A grey monk approached, bearing a lantern, on the glass of which were painted figures of men in the midst of flames. He pointed to these figures with one hand, and with the other presented a money-box for the souls in purgatory.

Everybody knelt; some gave money, others in whispers, pointed to the Parisian, who was leaning upon the back of the lanterned monk, and endeavoring thereby to raise himself, so that he might try to discover his fair Andalusian.

At this moment a splendid shrine of gold, set with jewels, which contained the arm of St. Sereno, excited the general attention and respect of the multitude. Our hero alone, who had remained standing, interrupted the general silence by one of those cries peculiar to the populace of Paris, which are sometimes heard at the theatres of the Boulevards. The fact is, he thought he distinguished the black mantle and the blue and white violets, and he uttered a cry of recognition after his own fashion.

This savage, guttural, and sacrilegious cry, made everyone look up; and when it was seen that the Parisian had remained standing, with his hat on, before the arm of St. Sereno, there arose a murmur of indignation,—it was at first a low murmur, but it increased by degrees, like a storm getting to its climax, and when an air of imprudent and stern defiance was assumed by the Parisian, it burst forth with frightful energy. In the mean time the Host was advancing, with its fringes of gold reflecting the ardent beams of the sun, its waving plumes, and the voices of the monks of La Mercéd vigorous accentuating the beautiful poetry of the Bible. Time pressed; the rash Parisian was determined in his resistance. He held his hat upon his head with both hands, and swore, with hideous blasphemies, that no one had a right to make him kneel against his will.

The Host was close by; and a struggle having commenced between an athletic Andalusian, who was our friend, and the latter sprang back to avoid a blow, and fell at the feet of the Archbishop, who was behind him, and accidentally received a rude shock. On seeing this, the multitude cried out, Sacré bleu! Impiety! Down with the Frenchman! The tumult become dreadful, and, in spite of the intervention of the prelate, knives were drawn, and—but we draw a veil over the horrible end of the Parisian.

The French Consul took up the matter, but as it was proved that the Parisian was the aggressor, the captain could obtain no redress.

In bad weather the Parisian was not much regretted. But when the sea was calm, and the Charming Louise—performing quietly her six knots with a steady breeze, something was found wanting to the comforts of the crew; and the sailors used to point with regret to a hencoop upon which the Parisian always seated himself to tell his wonderful stories.

Ever since his death this hencoop has been held sacred; and an artist among the crew has carved upon it two anchors, surmounted by a tobacco-pouch, and bearing the following motto, 'Parisian, how thou didst make us laugh!'

When Jean Guichard heard of his son's death, he wept a great deal, but at length consoled himself with the idea that Matthew had died neither a maccaroni priest nor a Jesuit.

We shall continue our translations with a historical sketch of the Catacombs at Paris, from the pen of Nestor de Lamarque:
These excavations, which were nothing more than quarries situated under faubourgs St. Germain and St. Jacques, have in our own times been put to religious uses. Numberless heaps of bones dug up from the churchyards in the interior of this immense metropolis, have been collected there; and walls built with these time-bleached remains of human organization, form a subterranean city. A black line drawn along the middle of the vaulted roof, serves to guide the living through its dreary and mysterious avenues. If you observed it not, you would be lost among the num'rous and intricate roads which extend far beyond the living city.

Three staircases lead to the catacombs. That at the Barrière de l'Enfer, offers in its name a remarkable coincidence with the place itself. To the right and left of the first gallery of the catacombs, are several other galleries which run under the Plain of Montrouge. Natural rocks are found at various distances from each other. The attention is sometimes arrested by picturesque and frightful ruins. Stalactites, or incrustations of alabaster, are produced by the infiltration of water. By following the gallery of the Boulevard St. Jacques, you see the immense works of the Aqueduct of Arcueil, constructed in the reign of Louis XIII., and the buildings intended for the prevention of smuggling. To the south-west, the road through the double quarries corresponds with the old road to Orleans, termed the Hollow Road, and passes under the aqueduct of the Emperor Julian. The traces of a great people are everywhere to be seen.

A fountain for the use of the workmen has been dug in the catacombs. The water which exudes from their dark recesses, and flows noiselessly into this fountain, disappears drop by drop in the surrounding gloom, like succeeding generations from the face of the earth.

A fire in a vase of antique form burns ever, to purify the air. It is the watch-lamp of the dead, but it imparts no warmth to their ashes. A mineralogical collection offers to the curious, specimens of the strata of earth and stone which form the soil of these subterranean vaults. Before you come to the ossuaries, you have an opportunity of seeing a pathological museum. Vain and idle study! it teaches only the vanity of human science!

The vestibule of the Catacombs is octagonal. The gate is formed by two pillars surmounted with a poetical inscription. Further on, as you advance into this mute city in which thick walls of human bones represent streets and squares, and in which altars and obelisks alone speak the language of man, you find other inscriptions in different languages.

In this place, at least, pride does not hover over annihilation, as in the cemetery of l'Ére La Chaise. The oblivion of names distinguishes the Catacombs from every other receptacle for the dead. There is a universal equality.

In 1777, buttresses and pillars were built to support the vaults, which had been long neglected, and houses had sunk into them, involving human life in their destruction. At the present day, each subterranean street corresponds with a street above, and both are marked with the same series of numbers; so that the point of danger may always be known below as well as above.

The care of the catacombs was entrusted to special officers, and a company of engineers appointed to carry on the works necessary for security. Walls and counter-walls now give safety to the streets, which the increase of the metropolis made it necessary to build over these excavations, and which display all the gorgeousness of human grandeur suspended over an abyss.

On the other hand, the immense deposits of the dead in the heart of the city, became the source of disease and corruption; and the alarmed inhabitants called loudly for a remedy. In the cemetery of the Innocents, which, during several centuries had been the only one in Paris, and had caused uneasiness even in 1554, the soil was raised to a height of more than eight feet above the neighboring streets and houses. At length, in 1785, a decree of the Council of State ordered the suppression of this cemetery, and the conversion of its area into a public square. On the 7th of April, 1786, the catacombs were consecrated with all the pomp and ceremonies of the Catholic religion. Thus, the same quarries which had supplied
the city of Paris with its foundation stone, opened a last asylum to the population of many centuries.

The removal of the bodies from the cemetery of the Innocents, was succeeded by a similar removal from the churchyards of Saint Eustache and Saint Etienne-des-Vertus. Every human fragment was piled up in this vast charnel-house, and received for a second time the honors of sepulture. But the revolution was soon destined to accumulate its victims there;—there were deposited the remains of those who fell in the different battles which took place in the heart of Paris, in 1788 and 1789, and at the Tuileries on the 10th of August 1792—and the bodies of those who were butchered in the prisons on the 2nd and 3d of September following. In the same year, the Convention decreed the suppression of all cemeteries in the interior of Paris. An ample repository for the dead then became more necessary than ever.

From 1792 to 1798, the catacombs received the exhumations of twelve cemeteries;—from 1808 to 1811, all the bones discovered by fresh diggings in the old cemetery of the Innocents; at a latter period, those of the cemetery of the Isle of Saint-Louis; and lastly, in 1813, those of the Hôpitaux de la Trinité. At first, funeral monuments were likewise carried to the catacombs, where they were ranged in order, round the principal entrance called the tomb of Isoire or Ieaurard, from the name of a famous robber who is said to have been killed and buried there. But they were destroyed in 1792 as objects of religious worship. Isoire's tomb, which belonged to the city of Paris, was sold as national property; and after changing owners ten times in the space of twenty years, was at last transformed into a guingouette, in the same manner as the cemetery of St. Sulpice was turned into a place of dancing, with the words Bal ne ZEPHIR, in large letters placed just above the following pious inscription:

Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam spem expectantes."

To the above, we add the following historical fragment from a paper entitled, 'L'Eglise des Petits Péres à Paris,' by Madlle. Elise Voirt:

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MEDECIS.

When the Emperor Charles V. was only an Archduke, he, in a journey of pleasure to Italy, fell in love with a beautiful lady of that country, whose name, like that of most of his other mistresses, has not transpired. All that is known concerning her is, that she was of noble descent, and that had she given birth to a son, the Prince would have acknowledged him. She died, however, leaving only a daughter, whom Charles loved most tenderly, and had carefully educated.

At fifteen, this daughter appeared at the court of Charles Sforza, whom Charles, then Emperor, had re-established in the Duchy of Milan. Here, her beauty and accomplishments attracted a host of admirers, and among them a young man of the house of Medecia, handsome and amiable, but without fortune. His family having been driven by factions from Florence, he had entered into the service of the Emperor. Although his humbled fortune allowed him not to aspire to the hand of so distinguished a lady as the Emperor's daughter, he could not refrain from paying her attentive homage, for which the numerous fetes afforded abundant opportunities. The lady, on her side, felt a reciprocal passion; but though she knew the secret of his birth, she dared not encourage the love she had inspired. She therefore, by a mixture of reserve and address, endeavored to reconcile her secret feelings with what was due to her rank.

At this period, Italy was devastated by war. Rome had just been sacked by the troops of the Emperor, who was irritated at the league which the Pope had formed against him, in conjunction with France, England, and the Princes of Italy, to expel him from the latter country. The youthful Medecis, forced to follow the fortunes of his relative Clement VII., took leave of her who was so dear to him, left Milan in a state bordering on despair, and joined the Pope, then a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. To the disgrace of the Christian world, the captivity of the head of the church lasted upwards of six months. At length, to obtain a free ransom and peace, Clement consented to the conditions imposed by Charles, and deputed his relative to bear his submission to the Emperor. Two years after, the
young Medecis was appointed plenipotentiary to treat with the Emperor on the subject of the alliance which Clement was about to form with him, and to obtain better conditions for the Roman States in the general peace.

The young Ambassador proceeded to Barcelona, whither the Emperor had brought his daughter. Here the lovers met for the first time after their long separation, during which they had remained faithful to each other. The lady now found means so to dispose the heart of her illustrious parent, that, either from extreme love for his daughter, or some political motives that have never transpired, Charles consented to their union. He immediately conferred upon the husband, the title of Duke, and restored him to the inheritance of his ancestors, by placing him at the head of the government of Florence.

So great and unexpected a happiness was too much for this amiable pair. They tasted its sweets without seeming to believe in their reality. Their bliss was beyond their powers of enjoyment—and an unaccountable heaviness of heart seemed to prognosticate that it could not last.

The cares of government kept the Duke several hours every day from the presence of his bride, and the latter, during her husband's absence, was overwhelmed with the most distressing forebodings. She was as much afflicted at this daily separation as if it were a real misfortune. Ever anxious, and in a state of excitement, the least noise threw her into an agony of fear. As the hostile party in the state had evinced great repugnance to receive the Pope's nephew as their master, the young Duchess constantly imagined that the poignard of one of the factious was about to be plunged into the Duke's bosom; and so powerfully was her mind acted upon by this idea, that she was often observed to start, scream, or groan, according as her imagination conjured up some dreadful picture of assassination.

One day a great noise was heard in the streets, and the unhappy Duchess fancied she distinguished the cries of Carne! Carne! Sangue! Sangue! which commonly accompanied popular insurrections in Italy. Wild with horror and alarm, and struck with the idea that her husband had fallen under the murderer's knife, she endeavored to rush towards the door, but fell senseless into the arms of her attendants.

The circumstance was immediately made known to the Duke, who was just leaving the council. Profoundly affected by such a proof of her love, but deploring its fatal effects, he hastened home. On entering her room, he found the women in tears, the physicians of the palace in mute consternation, and his lovely wife upon the bed, pale, motionless, and to all appearance dead. In reply to the inquiring glance which he cast around him, there was only a more violent paroxysm of tears on the part of the female attendants. He approached the bed, touched the white hands and kissed the cold cheek of her he adored, called her by the tenderest and most touching names, but she remained insensible to his caresses. Her lips were cold, her bosom motionless, and her heart had ceased to palpitate. The Duke uttered a fearful cry of despair, and fell fainting upon the body of his wife. For a long time, every attempt to restore them to life was of no avail. On a sudden, one of the Duchess' women thought of an expedient, which was to call with a loud voice close to the ear of her mistress—"Madam, madam, come to the assistance of His Excellence the Duke! He is dying, Madam! The Duke is dying!"

These terrible words were successful. The Duchess awoke from the lethargic convulsion which had held her faculties suspended; she opened her eyes, the blood again colored her cheeks, and her senses returned. She arose from the bed, and with unsteady footsteps approached the Duke, who was just then beginning to recover from his swoon. Joy spread through the palace; but that which the lovers themselves experienced was too pure to be manifested by noisy demonstrations. Both arose, and circling each other in their arms, descended to the chapel to thank Providence for their miraculous restoration to life. This event, however, by rendering them still dearer to each other, only increased the melancholy disposition of their minds. Both had a presentiment that they should not live long, and one morning the Duchess spoke thus to her husband.

"Do you not think, dearest husband, that we had better settle our affairs, and prepare, in a Christian-like manner, to meet that death which is certainly not far
of? My happiness is so complete and so intense that I shall always fear to lose it, until we have carried it to the sanctuary of another world. Let us dispose of our property in favor of the poor, place the government of your dominions in the hands of the elders of the republic, and then, free from anxiety, live solely for each other, until it shall please God to call us to him. And if in his goodness that be soon, so much the better, my own love, for we are too happy to remain upon earth! Bliss like ours belongs only to Heaven. But that our short lives may not pass without teaching a useful moral to the world, let us leave a great example of the vanity of that which is commonly called happiness. Let us show to what extent the desires of man, when gratified in this world, render him miserable, since we who are young, handsome, rich, powerful, loving, beloved, and not these blessings sufficient to prevent us from desiring death? Let us send for some skilful painter, who shall represent us in this our day of beauty, surrounded with all the splendor of our rank. Let a hundred thousand crowns be the price of these portraits, on condition that the same painted shall make two other portraits of us six weeks after our death, and faithfully depict us, such as we shall then be. Do you consent to this, dearest love?" 

"The Duke, acted upon by a like melancholy imagination, raised no objection to her singular proposal, which was in accordance with the exaggerated feelings of that age. They sought a painter of sufficient courage and ability to execute the intentions of the Duchess, and the choice fell upon Robusti, surnamed Tintoretto. This celebrated artist accepted the strange commission, and swore upon the Holy Evangelists to fulfil both the first and last part of it. "The lovely Duchess who, since she had formed her determination, had renounced the splendor of rich attire, once again assumed her bridal robes. She adorned her person with gold and jewels and flowers; and insisted that her husband should also wear all the insignia of his rank and honors. Tintoretto painted them both. "Scarcely were the portraits finished, and the preliminary measures taken for the new life the Duke and Duchess intended to lead, than the health of the latter, already feeble, suddenly declined, and her husband feared that her sad anticipations would soon be realised. And in truth, whether it was the result of an organic disease, or the consequences of an excited and overworked mind, the Duchess died almost suddenly. Some moments before her death, unable to speak, she fixed a long and tender look upon her husband, extended her trembling hand towards him, and her fingers, already chilled by the approach of death, seemed to make him a mysterious sign. "The Duke survived his wife only long enough to pay the last duties to her remains, and take measures for the execution of her dying wishes. He sent for the painter, and made him renew his promise, which Tintoretto religiously fulfilled.

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THE PROPHECY OF A DAY.

By J. F. Hollings.

Night faded o'erpowered, with scattering fires her starry host has set, 
Save one, whose golden lamp is bright with parting glories yet; 
And, gleaming where the rived clouds in sullen masses sleep, 
Lo! Morning's young and fiery glance is on the waveless deep.

The deer has left the shadowy fern, the lark the rustling brake, 
And lightly flies the freshening breeze o'er hill and reeded lake; 
And, bosomed in the crimson rank, the lark has called from far, 
Hyperion to his eager steeds and gem-encinctured car.

Hour of expectancy and hope, endearing and hallowed time, 
When gladness walks the fragrant earth, and hailst the dewy prime—
Unsoothed in heart I see thee rise with radiance on thy wings,
And other thoughts than those of peace that smile of promise brings.

I think of Life's stern wakened truths, with chilling power revealed;
And how the fairy dreams which mocked the slumberer's sight must yield;
And what shall fade and fail below ere Day's bright course is run,
And Eve throws wide her crystal gates before the unwearied Sun.

Morn with her wonted state shall pass, but mournfully to those
Who see but in that brightening ray the birth of many woes;
And Toil arouse the serf anew to curse the oppressor's chain;
And Slavery eye the sapphire vault and flowerling earth in vain.

And many a slighted breast shall pine in anguish veiled and deep;
And many a widowed heart behold the voiceless mourner weep;
And many a hoary head lament the blight of joys begun,
And bend beside the bier and cry, Alas! alas! my son.

 Destruction with its lightning sweep, and war with tempest sway,
And Battle, whose accursed breath Despair and Wrath obey,
Shall meet amidst the light of steel with flaunting banners spread,
And beckon forth the vulture's brood to riot on the dead.

And Love, erewhile the child of heaven, unfettered and unsold,
Shall bow his thrall'd and sullied neck beneath the chain of gold;
And visions of enduring fame and honor's meteor light,
Fade like you rent and scattered mist before the gazer's sight.

Oh! blind in sense and dull of heart! is this thy proffered speech?
Are these the thoughts that kindled sky and smiling ocean teach?
With chastened glance look up and view the page of heaven aight,
And learn a better, nobler truth from morn's arising light.

A day is born—a fount unsealed of new and joyous life;
A world restored, a scene revealed of that enduring strife,
Where angels from their thrones on high with eyes of love look down,
And Sorrow for its victor weaves a more enduring crown.

Or He, who dwells in light unscanned, whose name is Mercy still,
Through Time's interminable course awakening good from ill,
And shielding with a parent's care the life his wisdom gave,—
Say, is that ear too slow to mark, or arm too weak to save?

Enough, that to thy view once more the courts of day are spread—
Enough, that on thy favored brow the dews of peace are shed;
That thou art spared, thy thoughts afresh to loftier themes to raise,
And add at least one mortal voice to Earth's ascending praise.

AN OCCURRENCE AT SEA.

In June, 1824, I embarked at Liverpool on board the Vibelia transport with the head-quarters of my regiment, which was proceeding to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Our passage across the Atlantic was smooth, though long and tedious. After passing over the great bank of Newfoundland, catching large quantities of codfish and halibut, and en-
countering the usual fogs, we were one morning, about the end of July, completely becalmed. All who have performed a voyage, know the feeling of listlessness to which a landsman abandons himself during a calm. The morning was slowly passed in looking around for appearances of a breeze—whistling for a wind, and the other idle pursuits usual on such occasions. Towards noon, a sailor from aloft pointed out to our observation a vessel at a distance, also, of course, becalmed. All eyes and glasses were immediately directed towards her, but she was too far off for the most experienced to determine whether she was English or foreign, man-of-war or merchantman. After a time it occurred to me, that it was a favorable opportunity for breaking in upon the monotony of the day. My influence with our Captain obtained permission for the small cutter to be lowered, but he would not allow a single seaman to leave the ship. I therefore became coxswain of the boat, and, accompanied by four of my brother officers as rowers, we pushed off, determined to pay a visit to the strange sail. To our landsmen's eyes and judgment, she had appeared to be about four miles from us, but we found ourselves very much out in our calculation—it was more than double that distance. The rowers, however, pulled on bravely—we neared the stranger, making her out to be a large American merchantman, and as he was approached, we observed a number of persons on deck reconnoitring us through glasses. At length we were alongside, and I passed on board, followed by three of my companions, one remaining in charge of the boat. On reaching the deck, we found it crowded with men, who seemed to regard us with wondering looks. I stepped forward and was received by the Captain, who acquainted me that his vessel was the American ship Cadmus, on her passage from Havre-de-grace to New York, with General the Marquis de Lafayette and suite as passengers. A noble, venerable looking veteran advanced from the poop towards us, and offered his greetings with the courtesy of the old French school. He was Lafayette. My explanation of who we were, and of the motive of our visit, appeared to excite his surprise. That five officers of the land service, unaccompanied by a single sailor, should leave their vessel on the open ocean, and from mere curiosity, visit a strange sail at such a distance, was, he declared, most extraordinary. He said they had observed our ship early in the morning—had been occupied (like ourselves) in vain endeavors to make us out—had remarked an object, a mere speck upon the sea, leave the vessel and move towards them, and when at length it was made out to be a boat, the probable cause of such a circumstance had given rise to many surmises. I told him in mitigation of what he deemed our rashness, that we were, as a nation, so essentially maritime, that every man in England was more or less a sailor. At all events, I ventured to add, that if we had encountered some little risk, we had been amply repaid in seeing a man so celebrated, and of whom we had all heard and read. Our comrade being relieved by an American sailor in the care of the boat, we accepted the General's offer of refreshment, proceeded to the cabin, and passed a most agreeable hour. The fast approached of evening and appear-
ances of a breeze springing up induced us to take leave. We separated from the old chief, not as the acquaintance of an hour, but with all the warmth—the grasp and pressure of hands—of old friends. As I parted from him at the gangway, he mentioned having caused a case of claret to be lowered into our boat, which he begged us to present to our Colonel and the other officers of our mess. We pulled cheerily back, but it was not until long after dark that we reached the 'Vibelia,' and which we perhaps could not have accomplished, but for their having exhibited blue lights every few minutes to point out her position. We found our comrades had been in great alarm for our safety. Various had been the surmises. That we had boarded a pirate, and been sacrificed, or made prisoners, was most prevalent, and a breeze was anxiously prayed for, that they might bear down, and release or revenge us. Half an hour after we returned to our ship, a light wind sprung up, which very shortly freshened into a gale, so that in the morning we had completely lost sight of the 'Cadmus.'

SERENADE.

Awake!—The starry midnight hour
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight:
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower;
And the doves lie heaved in deep delight!
Awake! Awake!
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake!—Soft dews will soon arise
From dazed mead, and thorny brake;
Then, Sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break!
Awake! Awake!
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake!—Within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee:
Ah, come, and show the starry hour
What wealth of love thou hidest from me!
Awake! Awake!
Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake!—Ne'er heed, though listening Night
Steal music from thy silver voice:
Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice!
Awake! Awake!
She comes,—at last, for Love's sweet sake!
KING DEATH.

_King Death was a rare old fellow!_
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal-black wine.
_Hurrah! for the coal-black Wine!_

There came to him many a Maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And Widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
_Hurrah! for the coal-black Wine!_

The scholar left all his learning;
The Poet his fancied woes;
And the Beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
_Hurrah! for the coal-black Wine!_

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
_Hurrah!—Hurrah!_
_Hurrah! for the coal-black Wine!_

LIFE.

_We are born; we laugh; we weep;_
_We love; we droop; we die!_
_Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?_
_Why do we live, or die?_
_Who knows that secret deep?_
_Alas, not I!_

_Why doth the violet spring_
_Unseen by human eye?_
_Why do the radiant seasons bring_
_Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?_
_Why do our fond hearts cling_
_To things that die?_

_We toil,—through pain and wrong;_
_We fight,—and fly;_
_We love; we lose; and then, ere long,_
_Stone-dead we lie._
_O Life! is all thy song_
_'Endure and—die?_
THE SECRET LOVER.
FROM THE PERSIAN OF JUAMI.

Lives there the soulless youth, whose eye
That ruby tinted lip could see,
Nor long for thee to live or die?
How unlike me!

Or see that cheek’s pomegranate glow;
Yet think of anything but thee,
Cold as that bosom heaving snow?
How unlike me!

Or see thee o’er the golden wire
Bend with such lovely witchery,
Nor feel each tone like living fire?
How unlike me!

Or see thee in the evening dance
Float, like the foam upon the sea,
Nor drink sweet poison from thy glance?
How unlike me!

Or hear thy hymn, at moonlight rise,
Soft as the humming of the bee,
Nor think he sits in paradise?
How unlike me!

Or see thee in thy simplest hour,
Sweet as the rose upon the tree,
Nor long to plant thee in his bower?
How unlike me!

But lives there one who vainly tries
To look the freest of the free,
And hide the wound by which he dies?
Ah! how like me!

THE OBEEAH WOMAN.

A WEST INDIA NARRATIVE.

It was in the year 18—that I quitted England for the island of Antigua, my father, who was at the head of a mercantile house in this country, considering that a few months’ local and practical knowledge of the state of society in the West Indies would better enable me to form a just estimate of the wants and condition of the colonies, than all the theoretical study that could be obtained in England. It was with these just views that he determined I should remain a year in the islands,
previous to my being admitted as a partner in the firm over which he
presided.

On my arrival at Antigua, I took up my abode at the plantation-house
of an old friend and correspondent of my father. He was a widower;
his only daughter had for some years been sent to England for her ed-
ucation. I had seen her but once, and that was a few days previous to
my departure, when my father had directed me to call, and offer my
services in taking charge of anything which she might wish to send out
to Antigua. I was then in all the haste of a young man embarking in
life, and on board of a ship at the same time, and my subsequent
recollection of her was merely that she was rather a pretty and elegant
young person.

I had been about four months on the island, and had gained a very tol-
erable insight into the habits and peculiarities of the negroes, when the
circumstances occurred which I am now about to relate: but I must
first describe the plantation and its inhabitants. The plantation house
was situated at the end of a ravine, in the hollow of which were the cane
plantations, extending from the house to within a hundred yards of the
sea. On one side, on the rising ground, and about a quarter of a mile
from the plantation house, stood the cottages of the negroes, with their
provision grounds, running back towards the hill as far as the industry of
the possessors induced them to put the land into the village. The mills
and sugar-works were down by the sea-side, where there was a small bay
with a wooden pier run out into deep water, for the droghers to come
along-side and receive the casks of sugar which were, in these vessels,
carried round to St. John's, and transferred to West India ships waiting
for their cargoes. It was an isolated beautiful spot. The negroes were
contented and happy; I was constantly with them, and have, therefore,
no hesitation in making the assertion. Sunday was their day of rest, or
rather of pleasure, for they took no advantage of the former privilege.
Before the sun had time to evaporate the dew-drops which glittered on
the prickly pear-bushes, you would see them dressed in their smartest
attire, loaded with the produce of their labor, gaily start off in a crowd
to the market at St. John's, which is invariably held on the early part of
that day. It was not only to sell their produce, but to meet their friends
and supply their little wants, that they went to town. In the afternoon,
most of them returned and attended the chapel, which was about two
miles from the estate on the road to St. John’s; the service being per-
formed in the evening that it might be attended by the negroes after they
had disposed of their produce.

Before I had been three months on the estate, I was acquainted with
every negro upon the property, and many were the ruses employed by
them to obtain from me some indulgence in the shape of rum, &c., when
I went down in the evening to their cluster of cottages to witness their
merriment—for seldom, if ever, did an evening pass away without their
favorite amusement of dancing. There was one slave girl, about seven-
teen years old, who was considered the beauty of the plantation. I never
could myself admire anything so decidedly black, but still I could not
deny the extreme beauty of her teeth, the happy smile upon her face,
and the neatness, as well as cleanliness, of her person and dress; her
figure was perfection, and compared with her own race, she certainly was
a beauty.

This girl was usually the delegate from the other slaves, when they
would coax me out of an order for two or three bottles of rum, to enliven
their merriment—I might almost say, to enable them to keep it up; for although I seldom observed any sensible perspiration among the gang when they were at work, yet when they danced it was most profuse; it appeared as if they made a pleasure of labor and a labor of pleasure. Half the exertion employed in the field which they expended in their amusement, would have enabled them to have accomplished their tasks before the day was half over. This slave girl was the object of admiration of many a young Othello, but one appeared to me to be decidedly the favorite. This was John Pepper, a fine tall negro, about twenty-three years of age, with a humorous expression of countenance, which he seldom lost, except when flouted by his mistress; for it must not be supposed that there is any want of coquetry in the black damsels of Antigua. 'Eh! you tink lub you now—keep you distance, Massa Pepper,' would often be the rebuff, accompanied with a scornful toss of the head, which John would receive when he too closely pressed his suit. Now whether it was that Sally Mango thought that I was partial to her, or whether she had first taken a fancy to me, I cannot pretend to say, but certain it was that by degrees she entirely broke off with Mr. John Pepper, and took every opportunity of throwing herself in my way. At this conduct John Pepper became sullen and unhappy. One day I accosted him, and asked when the marriage was to take place. 'So help me Gad, Massa Compton, me tink it nebber take place while you here. When you go away back to your own country?'

'Not for some time, John; but what makes you think so?—you do not suppose I want to stand in your way?'

'Suppose then, Massa, no wish stand in my way, why always stand about negro hut? White gentleman nebber come to negro hut.'

'I come down to negro huts because it amuses me to see you all so happy.'

'Me no happy, Sir,' replied Pepper, shaking his head, and looking fierce.

'Well, then, John, I'll try and make you so; tell me how I can assist you with Sally. If I can, I will with pleasure.'

'Suppose you really speak for true, Massa Compton, you do me much good. Massa Compton, you know dat dam old hag, Nelly, what you always give pistareens to,—she like you very much—me hear her say you real gentleman. Now, Massa Compton, tell old Nelly you wish Sally marry me, and then it all come true, sure as Gad Almighty in hebben.'

The old negress to whom Pepper referred, was perhaps one of the most miserable and disgusting objects that could be imagined. Her face was shrivelled up like a Norfolk biffin, her thin hair as white as snow, her eyes nearly closed with a running sore, her mouth toothless, her frame bone and skin, her hands withered, and her body trembling. She sat upon a large stone at the door of her hut during the greater part of the day, and muttering to herself as she basked in the sun. In fact, she appeared to be a remnant of existence, a thing alive and breathing, but nothing more. I seldom went down to the huts without putting into her hand a small piece of money, which she would receive with a nod of her head as her long fingers clasped over the gift.

'And how will she bring this to pass?' continued I.

'Massa Compton, I tell you,' replied Pepper, who was standing by me—and he leaned down over the back of my chair, until his mouth was
close to my ear, and whispered— Massa Compton—she great very great Obeah woman.'

Of this I had not been aware—it was a secret which never would have been confided to me by any negro, but one so violently in love as John Pepper. Obeah practices are punished with severity when discovered, the power that those people have over the slaves being enormous. However, it was no affair of mine, and what was imparted in confidence I felt myself bound in honor not to reveal, and as I did wish to help John Pepper, I promised him that I would speak to old Nelly that evening.

As usual, I went down to the huts, and having, to escape observation, supplied the negroes with some rum, as soon as they were in the frenzy of their dance, I slipped away to old Nelly, who was, as usual, seated on the stone, rocking her body gently to and fro. I put a dollar into her hand to propitiate my suit. She muttered something as she dropped it down her neck, and then, as if anticipating that my generosity implied a request, stretched out her long skinny throat towards me, as if to hear my petition. I made it in few words, and we separated after she had nodded her head to give me to understand that she comprehended my wishes. During the following week, I observed that Sally was thoughtful, and when I met her, she cast me with a somewhat inquisitive look. Three weeks after my application to old Nelly, John Pepper and Sally were married, and John kissed my hand in gratitude as he requested me to honor the nuptial ceremony, which was performed by a missionary, who lived within three miles of us, and with whom I was well acquainted—more simple, devout, worthy man, I believe never existed: he had been educated for the church, and had now continued in his vocation for more than forty years. Although he could seldom be persuaded to enter into society, he was a general favorite with the planters. He devoted himself to his calling; and if all the missionaries had been like him, to what a state of advancement the negroes would have by this time arrived! To the slaves, he was mild in his expostulations, adapted his language to their comprehension, won them by his kindness and cheerfulness, and would never admit them to the sacred rites of Christianity until he was persuaded that they understood the nature of their engagement.

As in the continuation of this narrative, the conduct of a missionary will afford much interest, I will take this opportunity of making a few remarks upon this class of persons, as they appeared to me during my residence in the West Indies.

It is a matter of deep regret, that a more careful selection is not made by those who appoint missionaries from the mother country. Such as I have described Mr. Wilson to be, and there are many like him,) assist, and often set an example to ministers of the Established Church in their efforts to enlighten the negroes; but it appears to me, that there is no medium—either they are invaluable, or they are dangerous to society, from their over-zeal and precipitation. The religious enthusiasm which induces a man to devote his life to the extension of the gospel, often runs into extremes and becomes fanaticism. This is bad; but what is worse, with that fanaticism there is combined the jesuistical and dangerous creed—that the end justifies the means. Thus it is that we have two descriptions of missionaries in the Colonies—the one, which is the most rare, prepares the slave for emancipation—the other, tells him that he ought to be free; the one, that he must prove by his conduct that he is a Christian—the other, that he must only believe, and he is
saved. Unfortunately, one of the latter description will do more mischief in his own person than three of the former can remedy; and thus it is, from the want of a careful selection by those who sent them out with the best intentions, the whole body of missionaries have been stigmatised as preaching rebellion and insubordination instead of those divine precepts which would render the negro content in that situation to which it pleased God to call him. It is easy to suppose that a negro, coarse in his appetites, and indolent in his nature, will more readily embrace the dogmas of him who preaches faith, yet permits immoral works, and who points out to the negro that he ought to be free, (which, with the negro, implies that he ought not to labor,) in preference to the creed of that religious and conscientious man who inculcates mortification of the grosser appetites, and diligence in their avocations. One fanatic will, therefore, carry away hundreds of proselytes from every conscientious teacher of the revealed religion. But to continue.

The marriage of Pepper and Sally had taken place about three weeks when Mr. L——, who had a commercial house, and spent a great portion of time at St. Johns, informed me that several missionaries had arrived in the ship from Liverpool, and that he understood that it was the intention that one should be established near the plantation. He appeared vexed at the circumstance, as the conduct of Mr. Wilson had obtained universal respect; and he had been informed that those who had arrived were of a sect not very likely to assimilate with him in their communication with the slaves. What he reported was correct; a day or two afterwards, as I sauntered past the huts, I perceived a white man in earnest conversation with the slaves. His appearance and dress at once told me who he was, but wishing to be certain, I walked up to him, and without ceremony, requested his name, and his reasons for appearing in the plantation.

"My name is Saul Fallover," replied he, in a sanctified tone; "my calling is of the Lord, to teach salvation to those poor deluded brethren."

"They attend Mr. Wilson," replied I, "who is a deputed minister of the gospel; and obliged as we are to you for your good intentions, you will surely not interfere with the congregation of another preacher?"

"I must obey the calling of the Lord," replied he; "and heed not the scoffing of those who are not in Christ, or who seek not diligently." He then turned and walked away.

During our short conference, I had ample time for surveying his outward appearance. He was a very well looking man, with black hair combed flat on his forehead, dark eyes, pale complexion, large mouth, and splendid set of teeth. He was however maimed, having lost his left hand at the wrist, and by the manner in which his arm hung down, it appeared to have also suffered injury. I afterwards discovered that he had been a cotton-spinner at Manchester, and having lost his hand in the machinery, had turned methodist, as much for a livelihood as from a desire to extend the gospel. Amongst the slaves who had been listening to his exhortation was my friend John Pepper, who, turning round to me as soon as the missionary was out of hearing, said—"Very fine man, Massa Compton,—talk all about grace, and faith, and the debit. He say, he come to my hut and show me new light."

"Take my advice, Pepper, and have nothing to do with new lights; and if he comes to your hut, tell him to go home again."

Poor Pepper! he turned a deaf ear to my request. Mr. Saul Fallover
constantly attended at the huts of the negroes, and the effects of his discourses were soon visible—the joyous dance in a few weeks was exchanged for ‘holdings forth,’ and even at midnight the nasal hum of ‘praising the Lord’ was to be heard from one or more of the huts. But this was not all. I often overheard the negroes arguing upon emancipation and the right of obedience; and before Mr. Saul Fallover had been two months on the plantation, the chapel was deserted, Mr. Wilson unhested, and the negroes insolent, idle, and unhappy. I no longer walked down in the evening to the huts, but remained at the plantation-house with Mr. L——, who was in a constant state of excitement and alarm from the alteration which had taken place in one of the best regulated and happiest plantations in Antigua.

It is necessary for the development of my story, that I here make a confession of conduct on my own part, which I shall not attempt to extenuate. I had formed an intimacy with one of the household slaves belonging to Mr. L——, a young creature, about seventeen, of the class called Mustafina. She would in England have been considered as little more than a brunette; her black hair was long and straight, and when the color mantled through her clear skin, she might be considered more than handsome. This class of Creoles are too proud of their color to mix with the negroes; the consequence is, that they are too often induced to form connexions with Europeans, who happen to be on the plantations. Maria, for such was her name, was strongly attached to me, and from her I often obtained important information. One day I was talking about the new missionary, and wishing him at the devil, when Maria replied,

‘Suppose you wish him at the devil, he very soon go, Edward, I know that.’

‘What makes you think so, Maria?’

‘I tell you—so long as he talk about faith and emancipation, all very well. Negro like to hear talk all bout that; but last night I go down, hear very fine sermon, and he talk about Obeah—say Obeah very bad thing. Now that never do—old Nelly hear it all.’

‘Why old Nelly can’t hear a word, Maria.’

‘Not hear, Massa Edward—Nelly hear and Nelly see more than you think. Old Nelly never forgive that missionary man.’

‘What harm can she do him, Maria?’

‘Do—what harm do—do all—do every thing—make him die in one minute—make him die in one year—five year—just as old Nelly please.’

‘Indeed; by poison of course—but how can she give it to him without being found out?’

‘Found out,’ replied Maria; ‘what negro tell; what negro not do what Nelly say? Look, Massa Edward,’ continued she, opening my snuff-box, and taking out a very small pinch, which, as she dropped it on the table, she divided into three portions, and placed at a little distance from each other. ‘See, this one heap kill one year—two heap kill one month—three heap kill one hour—no matter how little—kill in time—man must die.’

‘But, Maria, you can only know this by hearsay.’

‘So help me, Heaven, Edward, it all true. My mother had some, and show it to me.’

‘What color is it, Maria?’

‘All same dust,’ replied she, pointing to the ground.

‘But, Maria, your mother has been dead these three years. What became of this poison?’
How I know, Massa Edward," replied she, coloring up, and shortly afterwards she quitted the room.

Mr. L—— had often told me that the negroes were acquainted with poisons of a most subtle nature, but that the Obeah people only know how to manufacture them. The surgeon who attended the estate, with whom I was on intimate terms, happened to call in a little while after this conversation, which I related to him. He confirmed the account, and told me many curious particulars relative to Obeah practices.

For many weeks the power of Mr. Saul over the negroes appeared to increase; they daily grew more discontented, and declared they were entitled to their freedom. All happiness had fled from the plantation. Mr. L—— was gloomy, the overseer alarmed, and the drivers had great difficulty in making the gangs perform their allotted tasks. One day I was sitting behind a row of prickly-pear hushes, which bordered the cane grounds, when the main gang, who were at work with their hoes, following each other in two lines, approached me, and I overheard the following conversation.

"Dat not de true faite," cried one.

"Eh! you d—— n nigger, what you know 'bout true faite?" replied another.

"What I know—I know dis: suppose 'em cut a man in half with cane knife, and he ab true faith, he make himself whole again, all same as before."

"Well, neber mind, next Kissmas, see what cane knife do. Recollect what Massa Saul say." Here the negro sung in a low tone,

Kissmass come, then white man see,

Hal-le—lu—gar.

Ebery slave be then made free,

Hal-le—lu—gar.

"How many week fore Kissmas come?" said a voice which I knew to be that of John Pepper.

"Suppose 'stead you look ater Kissmass, you look ater you own d—— n little wife, Sally," cried one of the women. This remark occasioned a loud laugh through the whole gang.

"Massa Saul teach Sally de true faite;" observed another and a general laugh again succeeded.

By this time they had hoed up to the end of the row, within a few feet of where I remained concealed. A loud crack from the whip of the driver, who stood at some distance, and out of hearing, announced to the gang that their day's work was over. The negroes threw down their hoes, and sauntered back to their huts.

I now clearly perceived how matters stood; that the missionary was evidently exciting the slaves to rebellion, and in all probability had also encouraged the pretty Sally to incontinence. In the evening I walked down to the hut of John Pepper. He was sitting at the door, apparently in no pleasant humor. As I afterwards found out, he had for some time been taunted with his wife's infidelity, which latterly she had been careless of concealing. There was, perhaps, some extenuation to be offered for her, when it is considered, that she had married John Pepper more from fear of the Obeah woman than from any regard for him. She now had become strongly attached to the missionary, and very often remained with him until a late hour in the morning, regardless of the anger and jealousy of her husband.

"Well, John," said I, "how is your wife, Sally—is she at home?"
The Obeah Woman.

"No, Massa Compton," replied he, sulkily; "she go to missionary man—not come back yet."

"Oh!" replied I, sarcastically, "to learn the true faith, I presume." The eyes of the negro flashed fire, and he ground his teeth, but made no reply. I must acknowledge that I was pleased with this 'decided proof of jealousy on the part of the husband, and hoped that the 'backsliding' of the missionary might prove his ruin. I therefore continued—

"Sally is very handsome, John. I wonder that you trust her so much."

"So help me God, Massa Compton, she no care for me, more than one pepper-corn. Dat d—n massa Saul—he lub him, she tell me so; and tell me she not lib with black nigger, like me;" and the poor fellow burst into tears.

I attempted to console him. In a few minutes he wiped his eyes, and looking fiercely, said,

"Nebber mind, me ab revenge when Kissmass come."

"Revenge when Christmas comes, Pepper; it's a long while to Christmas, and I am afraid that what you all expect at Christmas will not take place. The governor knows all about your intentions, and the troops are all ready."

"Eh!" exclaimed the negro, astonished.

"Even so, Pepper; and I tell you so as a friend; you had better tell the others that they may give over their foolish ideas—that Mr. Saul has deceived you, and will bring you all into trouble."

"How you know Massa Saul tell us?—dat a secret."

"Yes, but secrets are found out; for instance, what took place between your wife and the missionary was a secret at first, but everybody knows it now."

"D—n um! dat no secret now," replied John, pulling out a tuft of his woolly hair in his rage.

"If he was a good man, would he have taken Sally from you? Did he not preach to you that all that was wrong?"

"Yes, massa; he tell us dat all very bad; I see, what he tell all lie. But, Massa Compton, me tink go to Obeah woman, Nelly, she make Sally lub me again."

"Well, you can try, Pepper."

"Will you speak, Massa Compton? suppose you speak, Nelly, mind all you say."

This I would not consent to; I knew what Pepper intended, which was, to ask for a love philter from the Obeah, in the efficacy of which, the negroes have the greatest faith. My first application for her interference in his behalf had not been productive of happiness; and in this instance I considered it would be disreputable. I had great cause afterwards to rejoice that I did not, or I should have been, to a certain degree, accessory to the tragical events which occurred in consequence of the second application to the Obeah woman. I hardly need observe, that I did not, until some time afterwards, become acquainted with the circumstances which I shall now relate.

It was not until a fortnight after this conversation that Pepper applied to the Obeah woman; and at that time a remarkable coincidence took place. Mr. Wilson, to whom it had been satisfactorily proved that Mr. Saul Fallover had disgraced his profession by his connexion with Pepper's wife, considered it his duty to call and expostulate with him upon his conduct. This he did, and so effectually, that Mr. Fallover ac-
knobledged his error, and promised immediately to break off the connexion. Whether it was that Mr. Saul had become tired of her sable charms, or, what would be more charitable to suppose, that he was really moved by the exhortations of Mr. Wilson, and afraid of the scandal which had been bruited, certain it is, that the very next day he desired Sally not to come near him again. The poor girl’s attachment by this time amounted to infatuation, and imagining that his rejection of her proceeded from indifference, she determined upon applying to old Nelly for the very same charm, to revive the love of the missionary, which her husband wished to obtain to revive her love for him. Sally was the first who requested the assistance of the Obeah woman, and obtained from her a promise of what she desired. On the following evening her husband applied to the Obeah woman, and made a similar request, stating to old Nelly, that the missionary had taken away his wife. When Pepper left speaking, the old woman sawed her body to and fro on the stone for some time, musing and muttering. She then rose, hobbled into the hut, and in a short time re-appeared, holding in one hand a calabash, in which the draught for Sally to give the missionary had been prepared, and in the other an Obeah horn. She again sat down on the stone, placed the calabash on the ground before her, and the Obeah horn between her knees, muttering as she removed from it small bunches of parrot’s feathers, teeth of men and animals, and sundry other supposed charms. At last she drew forth a bit of rag, carefully tied up, and fumbling at it some time with her trembling fingers, succeeded in detaching the thread. Out of this rag she took a small quantity of powder, and motioning to Pepper to hold out his hand, laid it on the palm and pointed to the calabash, that he should drop it in. He did so; the old woman waved her hand for him to depart, and held up three fingers as a signal that in three days he was to come again. Sally, who had been appointed to call that evening for her philter, came soon afterwards, received the calabash, and retired.

The next day an express was sent to the surgeon of her plantation, requesting his immediate attendance, as Mr. Fallover was alarmingly ill. The surgeon obeyed the summons, but on his arrival he found that the missionary was nearly dead. In two hours he expired. A dispatch had been sent off to Mr. Wilson at the earnest request of the sufferer, but before Mr. Wilson could arrive, all was over. The unfortunate man was in too great pain to be able to speak. But once only did he say to the surgeon in detached words, as he held up the stump of his left arm, ‘When, I lost this, I lost my livelihood—and my poor—miserable—soul.’ As the surgeon decidedly asserted that he had fallen a victim to poison, and the rupture between him and Sally was as well known as their previous intimacy, she was immediately taken into custody by the authorities. The poor girl acknowledged that she had found means to administer to him a love philter, procured from old Nelly, and her frantic grief at his death convinced the magistrates that she had been made an instrument to the vengeance of old Nelly against the missionary, for his having preached against the practice of the Obeah. The old woman was ordered to be brought before the magistrates on the ensuing morning, although they were aware that there was little chance of her making a confession. They were however saved the trouble of examination, as when the hut was entered, she was found dead. Whether she had died a natural death, or had destroyed herself, it was impossible to say, although to all appearance the former appeared to have been the case.
After the missionary was dead, Sally, who was discharged, returned to her husband, and during my stay on the island I never heard that she had behaved herself improperly. The negroes also, again under the influence of Mr. Wilson, gradually returned to their cheerfulness and former obedience, although it was a long while before they could forget the lessons which they had received on the subject of true faith and emancipation.

My narrative would now conclude, were it not that I have a little episode to tell relative to myself. I had remained some months longer at the plantation, and was seriously thinking of taking my passage for England, when Mr. L— informed me that he expected his daughter to return by the next ship, and that he hoped that I would be present at the happy meeting. I consented to remain, and in due course of time Miss L— arrived, and was welcomed at the plantation. Her appearance gave a fillip to the usual monotony of a colonial residence, and there was a general rejoicing. If I thought her a pretty, elegant girl at our casual and hasty meeting, my late seclusion, and the contrast of her pure red and white, hitherto not affected by the climate, with the variety of shades of color which latterly I had witnessed in the female face, made me wonder at my former blindness to her personal charms. In a week I was desperately in love, and having no rivals, was perhaps as much indebted to that circumstance as to any advantages of my own for a favorable reception. Before the first month had passed I had offered, and had been accepted by the daughter, and heartily congratulated by the father.

I have mentioned in my narrative, that I had imprudently formed a connexion with a young house slave of the name of Maria; and the reader must naturally be prepared to hear, that as my feelings warmed towards my new attachment, so did they cool towards her.

At the first suspicion, the poor girl tried every art which her fondness could suggest to secure my fidelity. She took every opportunity of throwing herself in my way, and exhausted her various arts of pleasing. So jealously did she watch me, that I seldom could be alone with Miss L— without her interruption, upon one excuse or the other. At last she taxed me with desertion, to which I pleaded not guilty, pointing out the necessity of my paying some attention to the daughter of the house. I confess that I was moved by the poor girl's tears, which proved the sincerity of her attachment; but what love can be lasting which is not founded upon respect for the individual? I daily became more assiduous to Miss L—, and more careless of showing my indifference to Maria. One day she came into my sitting-room, apparently determined to come to an explanation.

At first, she looked mournfully at me, the tears gathering in her eyes; but her countenance soon changed. Coloring deeply, she advanced with a proud step.

'"Mister Compton, I ask you but one question—only one; which you mean to have, Miss Laura or Maria?" And she panted to suffocation as she ceased to speak.

'I cannot imagine, Maria, that you have any right to ask that question.'

'I have right, Mister Compton, all the right woman can have; and I must have answer.'

'Well, then,' replied I, with a selfish disregard to her feelings, for
that very morning I had offered, and had been accepted by her rival; 'since you must have an answer, Maria, although I think you very pretty, and am fond of you, I do not think you are fit to be my wife, and therefore I shall marry Miss L——.' Maria looked at me as I made this heartless reply, and for some minutes appeared fixed as a statue; then, as if her strength had been taken away by sudden paralysis, fell down upon the floor. I hastened to raise her, shocked at the event; she was insensible, and the blood flowed in torrents from her nose and mouth. I called for assistance, and she was removed to her own bed. The surgeon who attended, immediately informed me that she had broken a blood-vessel, and inquired of me how the accident had been occasioned.

As I was on terms of great intimacy, I candidly acknowledged the circumstances, and at the same time my prospect of union with Miss L——.

'Mr. Compton, you must allow me to offer you my advice; that girl will be up and well in a fortnight. The rupture of a blood-vessel in this climate is not so serious an accident as in a colder country; but even if she were not able to get up, your life is in jeopardy. Do you recollect the conversation you repeated to me that you had with her, relative to the Obah poison?'

'Perfectly well; and also that when I asked what had become of what was in her mother's possession, she gave me no satisfactory reply. She has it in her possession, you may depend upon it; and what is more, will make use of it. You must immediately acquaint Mr. L—— with the whole particulars.'

'Impossible,' replied I, 'how could I make such a confession to the father of Miss L——? I never could persuade myself to acknowledge my folly to him.'

'Then to be candid with you, I must; for not only your life, but that of Miss L—— is in danger; and should any unfortunate result occur, I never could forgive myself. You must see, yourself, the propriety of the step, for the girl must be removed.'

After much persuasion on his part, I consented that he should make Mr. L—— acquainted with the whole transaction. Mr. L——, who was as much alarmed for the safety of his daughter and for mine, as the surgeon, had a careful watch upon Maria until she was well enough to be removed. He then sent her off to an estate on the other side of the island. Before she had proceeded a mile on her journey, she asked leave to dismount from the mule, and sitting on the side of the road, requested the man who had her in charge to pluck her a banana, from a tree which grew on the road side. He did so—he peeled, broke it, and ate it, and then laid down on the ground. Her attendant requested her to rise and proceed, but she refused, saying, 'No—I die here.' In a few minutes she expired, and the remains of that powder which she had stated to me to have been in the possession of her mother, was found in a small piece of paper, lying by her side.

I hardly need observe, that this tragic event was a source of deep regret, although it proved the wisdom of the surgeon's precautions. My narrow escape at the time that I was about to close a wild career, and about to enter into a new and better life, was long the subject of serious reflection, and has I trust, assisted, with the example and affection of my wife, in reforming a character not naturally vicious, but too easily led into error and indiscretion.
PETER SIMPLE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

Now that I have been on board about a month, I find that my life is not disagreeable. I don't smell the pitch and tar, and I can get into my hammock without tumbling out on the other side. My messmates are good-tempered, although they laugh at me very much; but I must say that they are not very nice in their ideas of honor. They appear to consider that to take you in, is a capital joke; and that because they laugh at the time that they are cheating you, it then becomes no cheating at all. Now I cannot think otherwise than that cheating is cheating, and that a person is not a bit more honest, because he laughs at you in the bargain. A few days after I came on board, I purchased some tarts of the humboat woman, as she is called; I wished to pay for them, but she had no change, and very civilly told me she would trust me. She opened a narrow book, and said that she would open an account with me, and I could pay her when I thought proper. To this arrangement I had no objection, and I sent up for different things until I thought that my account must have amounted to eleven or twelve shillings. As I promised my father that I never would run in debt, I considered that it was then time that it should be settled. When I asked for it, what was my surprise to find that it amounted to 2l. 14s. 6d. I declared that it was impossible, and requested that she would allow me to look at the items, when I found that I was booked for at least three or four dozen tarts every day, ordered by the young gentlemen 'to be put down to Mr. Simple's account.' I was very much shocked, not only at the sum of money which I had to pay, but also at the want of honesty on the part of my messmates; but when I complained of it in the berth, they all laughed at me.

At last one of them said, 'Peter, tell the truth; did not your father caution you not to run in debt?'

'Yes, he did,' replied I.

'I know that very well,' replied he: 'all fathers do the same when their sons leave them; it's a matter of course. Now observe, Peter; it is out of regard to you, that your messmates have been eating tarts at your expense. You disobeyed your father's injunctions before you had been a month from home; and it is to give you a lesson that may be useful in after life, that they have considered it their duty to order the tarts. I trust that it will not be thrown away upon you. Go to the woman, pay your bill, and never run up another.'

'That I certainly shall not,' replied I; and as I could not prove who ordered the tarts, and did not think it fair that the woman should lose her money, I went up and paid the bill, with a determination never to open an account with any body again.

But this left my pockets quite empty, so I wrote to my father, stating the whole transaction, and the consequent state of my finances. My father, in his answer, observed that whatever might have been their motives, my messmates had done me a friendly act; and that as I had lost my money by my own carelessness, I must not expect that he would allow me any more pocket-money. But my mother, who added a postscript to his letter slipped in a five-pound note, and I do believe that it was with my father's sanction, although he pretended to be very angry at my forgetting his injunctions. This timely relief made me quite comfortable again. What

*Continued from p. 71.
a pleasure it is to receive a letter from one's friends when far away, especially when there is some money in it!

A few days before this, Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant, ordered me to put on my side-arms to go away on duty. I replied, that I had neither dirk or cocked hat, although I had applied for them. He laughed at my story, and sent me on shore with the master, who bought them; and the first lieutenant sent up the bill to my father, who paid it, and wrote to thank him for his trouble. That morning, the first lieutenant said to me, 'Now, Mr. Simple, we'll take the shine off that cocked hat and dirk of yours. You will go in the boat with Mr. O'Brien, and take care that none of the men slip away from it, and get drunk at the tap.'

This was the first time that I had ever been sent away on duty, and I was very proud of being an officer in charge. I put on my full uniform, and was ready at the gangway a quarter of an hour before the men were piped away. We were ordered to the dock-yard to draw sea stores. When we arrived there, I was quite astonished at the piles of timber, the ranges of storehouses, and the immense anchors which lay on the wharf. There was such a bustle, every body appeared to be so busy, that I wanted to look every way at once. Close to where the boat landed, they were hauling a large frigate out of what they called the basin; and I was so interested with the sight, that I am sorry to say I quite forgot all about the boat's crew, and my orders to look after them. What surprised me most was, that although the men employed appeared to be sailors, their language was very different from what I had been lately accustomed to, on board of the frigate. Instead of damning and swearing, every body was so polite. 'Oblige me with a pull of the starboard bow hawser, Mr. Jones.'—'Ease off the larboard hawser, Mr. Jenkins, if you please.'—'Side her over, gentlemen; side her over,'—'My compliments to Mr. Tompkins, and request that he will cast off the quarter check. Side her over, gentlemen, side her over, if you please.'—'In the boat there, pull to Mr. Simmons, and beg he'll do me the favor to check her as she swings. What's the matter, Mr. Johnson?'—'Vv, there's one of them ere midshipmistes has thrown a red hot tater out of the stern-port, and hit our officer in the eye.'—'Report him to the commissioner, Mr. Wiggins; and oblige me by under-running the guess-warp. Tell Mr. Simkins, with my compliments, to coil away upon the jetty. Side her over, side her over, gentlemen, if you please.

I asked of a bystander who these people were, and he told me they were dock-yard mates. I certainly thought that it appeared to be quite as easy to say, 'If you please,' as 'D—n your eyes,' and that it sounded much more agreeable.

During the time that I was looking at the frigate being hauled out, two of the men belonging to the boat slipped away, and on my return they were not to be seen. I was very much frightened, for I knew that I had neglected my duty, and that on the first occasion on which I had been entrusted with a responsible service. What to do I did not know. I ran up and down every part of the dock-yard, until I was quite out of breath, asking every body I met whether they had seen my two men. Many of them said that they had seen plenty of men, but did not exactly know mine; some laughed, and called me greenhorn. At last I met a midshipman, who told me that he had seen two men answering to my description on the roof of the coach starting for London, and that I must be quick if I wished to catch them; but he would not stop to answer any more questions. I continued walking about the yard until I met twenty or thirty men with grey jackets and breeches, to whom I applied for information; they told me that
they had seen two sailors skulking behind the piles of timber. They crowded round me, and appeared very anxious to assist me, when they were summoned away to carry down a cable. I observed that they all had numbers on their jackets, and either one or two bright iron rings on their legs. I could not help inquiring, although I was in such a hurry, why the rings were worn. One of them replied that they were orders of merit, given to them for their good behavior.

I was proceeding on very disconsolate, when, as I turned a corner, to my great delight I met two men, who touched their hats and said they had been looking for me. I did not believe that they told the truth, but I was so glad to recover them that I did not scold, but went with them down to the boat, which had been waiting some time for us. O'Brien, the master's mate, called me a young sculpin, a word I never heard before. When we arrived on board, the first lieutenant asked O'Brien why he had remained so long. He answered that two of the men had left the boat, but that I had found them. The first lieutenant appeared to be pleased with me, observing, as he said before, that I was no fool, and I went down below overjoyed at my good fortune, and very much obliged to O'Brien for not telling the whole truth. After I had taken off my dirk and cocked hat, I felt for my pocket handkerchief, and found it was not in my pocket, having in all probability been taken out by the men in grey jackets, who, in conversation with my messmates, I discovered to be convicts condemned to hard labor for stealing and picking pockets.

A day or two afterwards, we all had leave from the first lieutenant to go to Portdown fair, but he would only allow the oldsters to sleep on shore. We anticipated too much pleasure from our excursion, that we arose very early, and went away in the boat sent for fresh beef. This was very foolish. There were no carriages to take us to the fair, nor indeed any fair so early in the morning; the shops were all shut, and the Blue Posts, where we always rendezvoused was hardly opened. We waited there in the coffee-room, until we were driven out by the maid sweeping away the dirt, and were forced to walk about until she had finished, and lighted the fire, when we ordered our breakfast; but how much better it would have been to have taken our breakfast comfortably on board, and then to have come on shore, especially as we had no money to spare. Next to being too late, being too soon is the worst plan in the world. However, we had our breakfast, and paid the bill; then we sallied forth, and went up George Street, where we found all sorts of vehicles ready to take us to the fair. We got into one which they called a dilly. I asked the man who drove us why it was so-called, and he replied, because he only charged a shilling. O'Brien, who had joined us after breakfasting on board, said that this answer reminded him of one given to him by a man who attended the hackney-coach stands in London. 'Pray,' said he, 'why are you called Waterman?' 'Waterman,' replied the man, 'vy, sir, 'cause ve opens the hackney-coach doors.' At last, with plenty of whispering, and plenty of swearing, and a great deal of laughing, the old horse, whose back curved upwards like a bow, from the difficulty of dragging so many, arrived at the bottom of Portdown hill, where we got out, and walked up to the fair. It really was a most beautiful sight. The bright blue sky, and the colored flags flapping about in all directions, the grass so green, and the white tents and booths, the sun shining so bright, and the shining gilt gingerbread, the variety of toys and variety of noise, the quantity of people and the quantity of sweetmeats; little boys so happy, and shop people so polite, the music at the booths, and the bustle and eagerness of the people outside, made my heart quite jump.
There was Richardson, with a clown and harlequin, and such beautiful women, dressed in clothes all over gold spangles, dancing reels and waltzes, and looking so happy! There was Flint and Gyngell, with fellows tumbling over head and heels, playing such tricks—eating fire, and drawing yards of tape out of their mouths. Then there was the Royal Circus, all the horses standing in a line, with men and women standing on their backs, waving flags, while the trumpeters blew their trumpets. And the largest giant in the world, and Mr. Paap, the smallest dwarf in the world, and a female dwarf, who was smaller still, and Miss Biffin, who did everything without legs or arms. There was also the learned pig, and the Herefordshire ox, and a hundred other sights which I cannot now remember. We walked about for an hour or two seeing the outside of everything; we determined to go and see the inside. First we went into Richardson's, where we saw a bloody tragedy, with a ghost and thunder, and afterwards a pantomime, full of tricks, and tumbling over one another. Then we saw one or two other things, I forget which, but this I know, that generally speaking, the outside was better than the inside. After this, feeling very hungry, we agreed to go into a booth and have something to eat. The tables were ranged all around, and in the centre there was a boarded platform for dancing. The ladies were there all ready dressed for partners; and the music was so lively, that I felt very much inclined to dance, but we had agreed to go and see the wild beasts fed at Mr. Polito's menagerie, and as it was now almost eight o'clock, we paid our bill and set off. It was a very curious sight, and better worth seeing than anything in the fair: I never had an idea that there was so many strange animals in existence. There were all sorts of strange beasts, and a large chandelier, with twenty lights, hung in the centre of the booth, and lighted them up, while the keeper went round and stirred them up with his long pole; at the same time he gave us their histories, which were very interesting. I recollect a few of them. There was the tapir, a great pig with a long nose, a variety of the hippopotamus, which the keeper said was an amphibious animal, as couldn't live on land, and dines in the water—however, it seemed to live very well in a cage. Then there was a kangaroo with its young ones peeping out of it—a most astonishing animal. The keeper said that it brought forth two young ones at a birth, and then took them into its stomach again, until they arrived at years of discretion. Then there was the pelican of the wilderness, (I shall not forget him,) with a large bag under his throat, which the man put on his head as a night-cap; this bird feeds its young with its own blood—when fish are scarce. And there was the laughing hyena, who cries in the wood like a human being in distress, and devours those who come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature, as the keeper observed. There was a beautiful creature, the royal Bengal tiger, only three years old, what grew ten inches every year, and never arrived at its full growth. The one we saw, measured, as the keeper told us, sixteen feet from the snout to the tail, and seventeen feet from the tail to the snout; but there must have been some mistake there. There was a young elephant and three lions, and several other animals, which I forget now, so I shall go on to describe the tragical scene which occurred. The keeper had poked up all the animals, and had commenced feeding them. The great lion was growling and snarling over the shin bone of an ox, cracking it like a nut, when by some mismanagement, one end of the pole upon which the chandelier was suspended fell down, striking the door of the cage in which the lioness was at supper, and bursting it open. It was all done in a second; the chandelier
fell, the cage opened, and the lioness sprung out. I remember to this moment seeing the body of the lioness in the air, and then all as dark as pitch. What a change! not a moment before all of us staring with delight and curiosity, and then to be left in darkness, horror and dismay! There was such screaming and shrieking, such crying, and fighting, and pushing, and fainting, nobody knew where to go, or how to find their way out. The people crowded first on one side, and then on the other, as their fears instigated them. I was very soon jammed up with my back against the bars of one of the cages, and feeling some beast lay hold of me behind, made a desperate effort and succeeded in climbing up to the cage above, not however without losing the seat of my trousers, which the laughing hyena would not let go. I hardly knew where I was when I climbed up; but I knew the birds were mostly stationed above. However, that I might not have the front of my trousers torn as well as the behind, as soon as I gained my footing I turned round, with my back to the bars of the cage, but I had not been there a minute, before I was attacked by something which digged into me like a pickaxe, and as the hyena had torn my clothes, I had no defence against it. To turn round would have been worse still; so after having received above a dozen stabs, I contrived by degrees to shift my position, until I was opposite to another cage, but not until the pelican, for it was that brute, had drawn as much blood from me as would have fed his young for a week. I was surmising what danger I should next encounter, when to my joy I discovered that I had gained the open door from which the lioness had escaped. I crawled in, and pulled the door too after me, thinking myself very fortunate; and there I sat very quietly in a corner during the remainder of the noise and confusion. I had not been there but a few minutes, when the beef-eaters, as they were called, who played the music outside, came in with torches and loaded muskets. The sight which presented itself was truly shocking; twenty or thirty men, women, and children, lay on the ground, and I thought at first the lioness had killed them all, but they were only in fits, or had been trampled down by the crowd. No one was seriously hurt. As for the lioness, she was not to be found; and as soon as it was ascertained that she had escaped, there was as much terror and scampering away outside, as there had been in the menagerie. It appeared afterwards, that the animal had been as much frightened as we had been, and had secreted herself under one of the waggons. It was some time before she could be found. At last O'Brien, who was a very brave fellow, went ahead of the beef-eaters, and saw her eyes glaring. They borrowed a net or two from the carts which had brought calves to the fair, and threw them over her. When she was fairly entangled, they dragged her by the tail into the menagerie. All this while I had remained very quietly in the den, but when I perceived that its lawful owner had come back again to retake possession, I thought it was time to come out; so I called to my messmates, who with O'Brien were assisting the beef-eaters. They had not discovered me, and laughed very much when they saw where I was. One of the midshipmen shot the bolt of the door, so that I could not jump out, and then stirred me up with a long pole. At last I contrived to unbolt it again, and got out, when they laughed still more, at the seat of my trousers being torn off. It was not exactly a laughing matter to me, although I had to congratulate myself upon a very lucky escape; and so did my messmates think, when I narrated my adventures. The pelican was the worst part of the business. O'Brien lent me a dark silk handkerchief, which I tied round my waist, and
let drop behind, so that my misfortunes might not attract any notice, and then we quitted the menagerie; but I was so stiff that I could scarcely walk.

We then went to what they called the Ranelagh Gardens to see the fireworks, which were to be let off at ten o'clock. It was exactly ten when we paid for our admission, and we waited very patiently for a quarter of an hour, but there were no signs of the fireworks being let off. The fact was, that the man to whom the gardens belonged, waited until more company should arrive, although the place was very full of people. Now the first lieutenant had ordered the boat to wait for us until twelve o'clock, and then return on board; and as we were seven miles from Portsmouth, we had not much time to spare. We waited another quarter of an hour, and then it was agreed that as the fireworks were stated in the handbill to commence precisely at ten o'clock, that we were fully justified in letting them off ourselves. O'Brien went out and returned with a dozen penny rattans, which he notched in the end. The fireworks were on the posts and stages, already, and it was agreed that we should light them all at once, and then mix with the crowd. The oldsters lighted cigars, and fixing them in the notched end of the canes, continued to puff them until they were all well lighted. They handed one to each of us, and at the word we all applied them to the match papers, and soon as the fire communicated, we threw down our canes and ran in among the crowd. In about half a minute, off they all went in the most beautiful confusion; there were silver stars and golden stars, blue lights and Catherine-wheels, mines and bombs, Grecian fires and Roman candles, Chinese trees, rockets and illuminated mottoes, all firing away, cracking, popping, and fizzing, at the same time. It was unanimously agreed that it was a great improvement upon the intended show. The man to whom the gardens belonged ran out of a booth where he had been drinking beer at his ease, while his company were waiting, swearing vengeance against the perpetrators; indeed, the next day he offered fifty pounds reward for the discovery of the offenders, but I think that he was treated very properly. He was, in his situation, a servant of the public, and he had behaved as if he was their master. We all escaped very cleverly, and taking another dilly, arrived at Portsmouth, and were down to the boat in good time. The next day I was so stiff and in such pain that I was obliged to go to the doctor, who put me on the list, where I remained a week before I could return to my duty. So much for Fortdown fair.

It was on a Saturday that I returned to my duty, and Sunday being a fine day, we all went on shore to church with Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant. We liked going to church very much; not, I am sorry to say, from religious feelings, but for the following reason:—the first lieutenant sat in a pew below, and we were placed in the gallery above, where he could not see us, nor indeed could we see him. We always remained very quiet, and I may say very devoutly, during the time of the service, but the clergyman who delivered the sermon was so tedious, and had such a bad voice, that we generally slipped out as soon as he went up into the pulpit, and adjourned to a pastry-cook's opposite, to eat cakes and tarts and drink cherry brandy, which we infinitely preferred to hearing a sermon. Some how or other, the first lieutenant had scent of our proceedings; we believed that the marine officer informed against us, and this Sunday he served us a pretty trick. We had been at the pastry-cook's as usual, and as soon as we perceived the people coming out of church, we put all our tarts and sweetmeats into our hats, which we then slipped on our heads, and took our sta-
tion at the church-door, as if we had just come down from the gallery, and had been waiting for him. Instead, however, of appearing at the church-door, he walked up the street, and desired us to follow him to the boat. The fact was, he had been in the back-room at the pastry-cook's, watching our motions through the green blinds. We had no suspicion, but thought that he had come out of church a little sooner than usual. When we arrived on board and followed him up the side, he said to us, as we came on deck,—'Walk aft, young gentlemen.' We did; and he desired us to 'toe a line,' which means to stand in a row. 'Now, Mr. Dixon,' said he, 'what was the text to-day?' As he very often asked us that question, we always left one in the church until the text was given out, who brought it to us in the pastry-cook's shop, when we all marked it in our bibles to be ready if he asked us. Dixon immediately pulled out his bible where he had marked down the leaf, and read it. 'O! that was it,' said Mr. Falcon; 'you must have remarkable good ears, Mr. Dixon, to have heard the clergyman from the pastry-cook's shop. Now, gentlemen, hats off, if you please.' We all slid off our hats, which, as he expected, were full of pastry. 'Really, gentlemen,' said he, feeling the different papers of pastry and sweetmeats, 'I am quite delighted to perceive that you have not been to church for nothing. Few come away with so many good things pressed upon their seat of memory. Master-at-arms, send all the ship's boys aft.'

The boys all came tumbling up the ladders, and the first lieutenant desired each of them to take a seat upon the carronade slides. When they were all stationed, he ordered us to go round with our hats and request their acceptance of a tart, which we were obliged to do, handing first to one and then to another until the hats were all empty. What annoyed me more than all, was the grinning of the boys at their being served by us like footmen, as well as the ridicule and laughter of the whole ship's company, who had assembled at the gangway.

When all the pastry was devoured, the first lieutenant said, 'There, gentlemen, now that you have had your lesson for the day, you may go below,' We could not help laughing ourselves, when we went down into the berth. Mr. Falcon always punished so good-humoredly, and in some way or the other his punishments were connected with the description of the offence. He always had a remedy for everything that he disapproved of, and the ship's company used to call him Remedy Jack. I ought to observe, that some of my messmates were very severe upon the ship's boys after that circumstance, always giving them a kick or a cuff on the head, whenever they could, telling them at the same time—'There's another tart for you, you whelp.' I believe if the boys had known what was in reserve for them, they would much rather have left the pastry alone.
GREEN ROOM.

A Green room, when the performers are assembled, dressed for their respective parts, is a striking scene, and has a singular effect on a stranger. It is a scene in which much character is displayed, as well as assumed. There, very often, feuds are fomented, and the train fired, which, when it explodes, shakes the theatre like an earthquake, and after all expires in smoke. In a theatre, as in a ship, it is impossible to avoid contact; hence, in both cases, are disagreements so frequent, and their effects so painful. The most virulent foes must often go hand in hand on the stage, looking like doves, while they feel like dragons; must meet in the cordial embrace with apparent pleasure, when they would rather start from the uncongenial contact with undisguised disgust. Still worse—how often, when sinking under the pressure of domestic calamity, does the assumption of the scene demand a flow of hilarity from an aching heart; and the hollow mockery of mirth sound upon the lips that only wait the fall of the curtain to quiver again with grief! As nothing destroys scenic illusion more than admission behind the scenes, so would nothing disarm the severity of criticism sooner than insight of the performer's mind. It is the unfortunate penalty attached to all mental pursuits, that the fire essential to their exercise is perpetually exposed to be dimmed or extinguished by the casualties of daily life. But who that sits in judgment on an artist ever takes this into account? The circumstances in which humanity is placed continually call for allowance; but when has humanity consideration enough to make it? We make the most insatiate demands on those that administer most to our enjoyment, forgetting the reaction consequent on strong excitement; forgetting that the over-tasked nerve will at times lose its tension, and that the minds capable of the highest elevation are also accessible to the deepest despondency. Thus it will ever be while all that is noble in our nature is bartered, at a ruinous valuation, for bread. The rich have a right to what they pay for; and as for the considerations and allowances just alluded to, why—'they are not in the bond.'

The profession of the stage promises more than it pays. Its trappings and tinsel, like the gewgaws of military array, have lured many into its ranks, who discover to their surprise it is a severe service; disappointment is often felt as defeat; partial failure as final overthrow; the discouraged become as unjust to themselves as the severest of their judges; they lose the energy of hope and faith in their own powers, and thus doom them to deterioration or destruction. Lowered by the loss of self-esteem and obscured prospects, less legitimate means are sought to sustain life and stimulate vanity, and thus the moral and mental energies become a wreck beyond the hope of revival. Without incurring the charge of partiality, I think I may say, that there is infinitely more profondeur in the English, than in the French character: especially is this observable in comparing the women of the two countries. Yet have French women an elastic and continued energy that, in all the active pursuits of life,
give them the advantage. Where lies the secret of this? Is it beyond our attainment? Among the advantages of the intercourse of nations is the discovery of national peculiarities, both in ourselves and others; for without intercommunion we are as unconscious of our own as of theirs. The means of comparison thus afforded should lead us to search into the causes of existing differences, and, as far as might be, to relinquish defects and adopt improvements. In this manner English and French women might reciprocate advantages. It is one of the brightest points of our moral and intellectual advancement that narrow national prejudices are becoming obsolete—I do not despair of even 'the Celestial Empire' yet sharing its conscious excellence with sister nations.

But I must go back to the Green-room—the motley crowd with which it is peopled turns the contemplative mind to the drama of real life, and it feels how true is the parallel often drawn between the world and the stage. To the eye accustomed only to the sober livery of every day life, how striking is the effect of the Green-room, peopled with the assumptions of 'gorgeous tragedy,' grotesque pantomime, and the varieties of costume, from the Eastern magnificence of the solemn Turk, to the picturesque garb of the gallant Highlander. Here I will take an opportunity to remark, that I have found a general impression prevail that stage dresses were made up of shreds and patches, and that what was unworthy to appear elsewhere was quite good enough for the stage. So little is this the case, that a theatrical wardrobe is a valuable property, and the necessity of possessing an exclusive one, forms one of the heavy calls on the funds of the professor. As there is no situation in which a fine form appears to more advantage than on the stage, so nowhere is perfection of dress more requisite; the strong lights from the foot lamps, as well as from the wings, demand this, if the eye of taste would escape being offended. The peasant girl may skip about in a stuff petticoat, with a rose or a ribbon in her hair; but the woman of fashion must move in satin and crape, and her plume, when she wears one, be no less real than that which nods on the brow of beauty at the Opera, or floats above it in the assembly.

Unity, that general concordance and accordance of all the parts of a whole, is as essential as proportion to beauty; of this unity, with a rare exception now and then, the English stage is destitute. Properties are often used, and subordinate characters dressed and filled in a manner that harmonises so ill with the principal parts, that pain and disgust will intrude and spoil the pleasure awakened by the better and more beautiful portions of a performance. In this respect also we might take a hint from our continental neighbors. Good taste and good feeling are in strict alliance—they never offend against each other. In every subject I contemplate, whether passing or important, whether low or lofty, all lead me to feel that every good is based on 'reverence for humanity,' that reverence which, even in trifles, renders us incapable of violating its dignity in ourselves, or offending against its dignity in others.
BABYLON IS FALLEN!

Fallen is stately Babylon!  
Her mansions from the earth are gone.  
For ever quench'd, no more her beams  
Shall gem Euphrates' voiceless stream.  
Her mirth is hush'd, her music fled—  
All, save her very name, is dead;  
And the lone river rolls his flood  
Where once a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden East! afar  
Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning star;  
Till God, by righteous anger driven,  
Expell'd thee from thy place in Heaven.  
For false and treacherous was thy ray,  
Like swampy lights that lead astray;  
And o'er the splendor of thy name  
Roll'd many a cloud of sin and shame.

For ever fled thy princely shrines,  
Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines:  
Priest, censor, incense—all are gone  
From the deserted altar-stone.  
Belshazzar's halls are desolate,  
And banish'd their imperial state;  
Even as the pageant of a dream  
That floats unheard on Memory's stream.

Fallen is Babylon! and o'er  
The silence of her hidden shore,  
Where the gaunt satyr shrieks and sings,  
Hath Mystery waved his awful wings.  
Conceal'd from eyes of mortal men,  
Or angels' more pervading ken,  
The ruin'd city lies—unknown  
Her site to all, but God alone.

THE DUKE DE REICHSTADT'S FIRST INTERVIEW  
WITH HIS GRAND-FATHER, THE EMPEROR FRANCIS II.

A traveller plainly dressed, and unattended, but whose air and manner bespoke him a man of rank, was seated in the common room of the Golden Sun, a tavern at Rambouillet, on the 15th of April 1814; when a stripling of an interesting appearance entered, and drawing the host on one side, spoke to him with earnestness, bursting at the same time into tears.

Pity made the traveller forgetful of etiquette; he approached the young
man, saying in a kind tone, 'What is the matter, Sir, why do you weep?'

'Let him alone,' said the host, 'The poor fellow is one of the Empress's pages, and he cries like a child, because they will not permit him to take a last look at his mistress: they will not suffer one of the Imperial household to approach her.'

The stranger made no reply, but he kept his eye fixed upon the page. In a few minutes, the latter departed, and our traveller followed, in the intention of consoling him. In effect he had, he believed, a means of entering the apartments of Marie Louise, and he meant to make the stripling the companion of his expedition. But in turning the corner of a street, he lost sight of him, and he pensively pursued his way to the château, reflecting on the vicissitudes of empires.

A master key admitted him to the gardens of the château. He stood for a moment contemplating a child who was playing with the sand in one of the walks. A lady was at some distance from him in a travelling dress, she was walking slowly and pensively: it was evident she was in tears. The lady looked up, the traveller saw he was discovered; he apologised for his intrusion, and offered to retire. 'The Comtesse de M. lady of honor to the Empress, would not permit it. 'Ah! Sir,' said she, 'talk not of etiquette in such a day as this; it is not you; nor such as you whom we would exclude. We are too happy to see a friendly face—to find a heart a little touched at our misfortunes. But time presses—tell me, I beseech you, if you know aught of the future prospects of my unfortunate mistress.'

The stranger tried to predict something consoling; he spoke cautiously, it was evident that he only allowed himself to look on the favorable side. The lady answered his arguments only with her tears. 'Yes, yes,' said she at length, 'they will separate us, and that child, that poor child, will be sent to die at Vienna.'

The child approached. The magnificence of his dress bore no testimony to his fallen fortunes; it was ornamented with brilliant buttons, brandebergs, and the most expensive furs; his little hands were full of sand.

'Poor Angel!' said the governess. 'One would almost think, Sir, that he has had all this morning a presentiment of his misfortune: he is so sad. He repulsed one of our ladies very rudely. I said to him: 'You are no longer a king, Sire, and you ought to be polite to everybody.' He looked at me for a long time: recollecting myself, I called him Monseigneur; he burst into tears.

The stranger gazed earnestly on that child, whom he beheld as he then feared, for the last time. His high forehead, and the fair curling locks which did not cover it, belonged to Marie Louise; but the chin, and above all, the eyes were those of Napoleon.

'He is a glorious creature,' said the stranger with a deep sigh; 'it will cost you dear to part with him. If Madame, under the circumstances, I dared to ask you—-'

15°
To embrace him? Ah, Sir, pity for his fate would at this moment give that right to every Frenchman.

The stranger stooped, the prince gravely presented him his little hand to kiss. Too deeply moved to think about etiquette, the stranger caught the little potentate in his arms, and imprinted upon his blooming cheek a kiss of unfeigned affection.

At that moment, the noise of a carriage entering the great gates of the château, made the lady of honor turn pale. The traveller assisted her to carry the prince round to the principal entrance. As they reached it, they saw three officers of the Holy Alliance descend from a plain carriage. At the same instant, the ex-Empress appeared at the head of the grand staircase, followed by some of her attendants. The child, who directly drew the attention of the visitors, burst into a laugh, and pointed with his finger at the eldest of the gentlemen, who advanced towards him.

He was a tall meagre personage, with a long narrow visage and powdered hair. He was dressed in the uniform of an Austrian officer, white lined with red, a black stock, and a cocked hat with a plume of black cocks’ feathers. He stooped to embrace the young eaglet, who threw himself back, and screaming with anger, returned the caresses of his admirer, by the most vehement struggles to get away from him. Talk of the voice of Nature! it is evident that she is sometimes silent; for it was the grandfather of the illustrious child— it was Francis II. who embraced him.

One of the Emperor’s attendants advanced; he was a man of about forty, of a slender and graceful figure, and a countenance which, without being handsome, was rather attractive, particularly when he smiled. ‘Metternich,’ said the Monarch in an embarrassed tone, ‘take charge of this urchin.’

As he approached the staircase where his daughter waited to receive him, Francis turned towards his other attendant; one of his Chamberlain’s and Field-Marshal of the Empire. His left eye was covered with a bandeau, very unlike that of Cupid, notwithstanding which, he was destined to console the widow of Napoleon le Grand.

‘A little spoil, Albert,’ said the Emperor, ‘it is generally the case with only sons.’

It was the Comte de Neipperg, who bowed as the Emperor addressed him.

VISIT TO THE EDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

I had read Smeaton’s account of the Edystone, and the difficulties and dangers he encountered while superintending its construction, and I felt an ardent desire to visit a spot where the genius and indefatigable zeal of a great man so happily combined at once to bestow a valuable blessing on posterity, and leave a lasting monument of his own fame. I ar-
rived at Plymouth early in August, a season in which a tranquil sea may be expected; yet the weather had been for some time boisterous, and I was fearful of success in attempting an excursion to the Edystone.

The position of the rock, exposed as it is to the unbroken swell of the Atlantic, renders it extremely difficult to land at the house; and a traveller who is intent on visiting this solitary abode, may perform many unsuccessful voyages, even when the weather is most serene; for the swell at the lighthouse is frequently an undulation-proceeding from causes not apparent on the spot, and often depends more on the winds that may chance to prevail at a distance in the channel, or even in the Atlantic, than on the state of the weather near shore. It may appear strange to a person who has never been at sea, that there should ever be rough water without wind; but the fact is, that in the ocean, or any open sea, the undulation produced by a distant gale extends far beyond the region of the wind that causes it; and it frequently happens that a gale is preceded by a heavy swell for twenty-four hours or more. Thus it is that the fineness of the weather in the neighborhood of Plymouth is often no criterion by which the tranquillity of the sea at the Edystone can be ascertained.

It is necessary, in visiting the lighthouse, to be conducted by persons who are well acquainted with the rocks and the precautions to be used on landing.

The boats employed about the harbors of Plymouth are badly calculated for anything beyond the limited service for which they are destined; and as it would not have been agreeable to have proceeded so far to sea in a small open boat, I took the opportunity of going out by the Edystone Tender, a sloop of thirty tons, kept for the service of the lighthouse, with orders to supply the inmates with fresh provisions, at least twice a week, whenever the weather is sufficiently fine to allow a boat to land. This service is, however, chiefly confined to the summer months; and such is, at times, the difficulty of access to the house, that, in the winter of 1828, thirteen weeks elapsed without a single opportunity of communicating with the light-keepers.

I left Catwater at seven o'clock, on a morning by no means promising for such an excursion; and though our little vessel appeared to sail tolerably well, it was afternoon before we had a distinct view of the lighthouse. The gentle breeze, though contrary to our course, would long before have brought us to the object of my curiosity, but for a long ground-swell, that rolled towards shore, not like the ruffled surface of a narrow channel, but the lengthened undulation of an ocean. As we proceeded slowly onwards by short tacks, the sea opposing the bows, and the rolling of the vessel shaking the little wind there was out of her sails, I thought of Smeaton, and the many tedious voyages he performed, when carrying on a work for which his name will ever be illustrious in the annals of science, philanthropy, and courage; and if one day seemed tiresome to a traveller whose only interest was to gaze at the production of so great a genius, how much more tedious must have appeared the many weeks, and even months, lost by its founder in his protracted, and often fruitless excursions to the then houseless rock. It was past four when we arrived within half a mile of the rocks, and the swell had abated to a degree I could not have imagined possible in so short a time. It was nearly flood, and the long chain of rocks which forms the principal reef was all above water. On the highest rock, at some distance from this chain, stands the house, and beyond it a smaller reef, with a conical de-
tached rock between them. Smeaton's description of the spot had indeed delighted me; but the Edystone must be seen before one can fully feel the merit of its founder. The distant land was obscured by heavy rain, and the sharp blue line of the horizon everywhere defined and void of objects, save where the lighthouse rose, in solemn majesty, from the very surface of the sea. On a rock scarcely larger than its base, and entirely covered at high-water, with eleven miles of sea between it and the nearest land, exposed to all the fury of Atlantic seas, yet firm as its rocky foundation, in proud defiance of its powerful assailant, stands the graceful building! Painting may represent the scene in part, but what art can portray the wide expanse that everywhere surrounds the spectator?

The tide had now turned favorable to our course, and we rapidly advanced towards the house. When within two hundred yards, the boat was brought alongside, and, the casks of water and provisions being put into it, we rowed off.

The light-keepers had for some time perceived our approach, and, before we arrived, the crane was in readiness to hoist the casks to the store-room on the second floor; the door below was opened, and the steps put down to the highest point of the rock. One of the men descended with a short ladder to enable us to ascend the vertical face of the rock beneath—a height of about eight feet from the water.

We proceeded to the channel at the back or land side of the rock. The short ladder was fixed to irons placed for the purpose, and we ascended to the flat surface by the side of the house. A narrow slippery path, not a foot broad, cut into steps, leads round the rock to the ladder of the door, with an ascent of about eight feet more. The ladder itself is thirteen feet long, and is jointed, so that, when pulled up, it lies in the narrow passage to which it leads. The reason for placing the door so high appears to have been to provide a mass of solid masonry at the bottom of the building, and perhaps to prevent the possibility of invasion by pirates, who might be anxious to recruit their stock of provisions. The arrangement of the house itself is so completely detailed in Smeaton's work, that any description would be superfluous; and I shall confine myself to such observations as conduce, either to confirm the just conceptions of its founder by the silent testimony of years, or relate to alterations which experience has suggested.

Three men constantly reside in this place of true retirement. The eldest, who is styled Captain, has been there seventeen years; and it appears that, though they have liberty to remain on shore each a month at a time at intervals in the year, they gradually lose all inclination to leave the house, and feel that their residence on shore constantly makes them ill—an effect probably arising from the irregularities of living, scarcely separable from a removal to the pleasures of society after extreme retirement. Each man has a salary amounting to nearly 80l. a year, besides provisions and a bottle of porter every day. The house is constantly furnished with three months' provisions of salt meat, biscuit, and water, and an additional supply of one hundred pounds of beef. There is likewise a stock of five hundred gallons of oil for the lights. When the house was first built, the light consisted of twenty-four tallow candles, placed without reflectors. It must have been a very inefficient light, and extremely troublesome to the men, who were required to snuff the candles every half hour; but as candles were found to yield less soot than common lamps, they proved the best method of lighting then known. The invention of the Argand lamp was a valuable discovery for light-
Visit to the Edystone Lighthouse.

houses; and about thirty-eight years ago that lamp was introduced in the Edystone, the North and South Forelands, and many other lights. The lamps were placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector of twenty-one inches diameter, plated with silver, which projects a cylinder of light with surprising intensity. At first, a lens of the same diameter as the reflector was placed opposite each light in the window of the lantern; but subsequent experience proved, that though in certain points of the horizon the light was more intense, yet it was less generally diffused, so that it often happened that a distant vessel, unless in the axis of a lens, did not see the light at all: the lenses have been therefore removed in all the light-houses for some years. In the Edystone there were twenty-four Argand lamps, disposed in three circles over each other, but at present there are only sixteen; one row having been removed, I rather think, merely on the score of economy.

The external stone-work of the Edystone is, generally, as perfect as when it was finished; and the cement which unites the stones, so far from exhibiting any marks of decay, actually stands forward beyond the surface of the stone, with a calcareous incrustation; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that, in the very few instances in which the persons intrusted with the care of the structure have had occasion to perform some trifling repairs, the Roman cement has been resorted to for the purpose, and found inferior in its adhesive powers to the cement originally employed by Smeaton. The lower part of the building is soovergrown with green slimy weed, that the base appears as if it were a continuation of the rock itself.

Having spent nearly an hour in conversing with the men who thus voluntarily give up all the advantages we hold most dear to this brief period of our existence, and doom themselves to a seclusion, than which human invention could not picture a more dreary punishment for an unhappy criminal, I left the house, not a little gratified that the weather had permitted me to inspect one of the most glorious achievements of ancient or modern architecture.

It is a singular coincidence but rarely found in art, that in the Edystone, the form which alone could ensure stability is at once the most beautiful that could have been imagined for such a structure. The curved outline, gracefully diminishing upwards, and surmounted by the curved cornice, produces an effect that it would have been in vain to attempt with the regularity of straight lines, and the usual routine of angular projections.

Many views have been given of this curious building; but too many of them have been little more than imitations of the frontispiece to Smeaton's work, which represents the morning after a storm, with the sea rising in a cone, and burying the lighthouse entirely within it. The print is so badly executed, that it almost stamps the mark of impossibility on a circumstance, in itself sufficiently extraordinary, if portrayed by the most careful observer of natural effects. It was, however, dictated by one who had seen more of the place than any person then or now living; and though the appearance of the sea may be as much like anything else as water, yet we are compelled to believe, from circumstances themselves, that the sea does occasionally mount as high as is there represented. The glass in the lantern, though strong plate, has been more than once broken by its assaults, and the inhabitants drenched by the water which entered in consequence.

The stability of this edifice naturally excites our admiration—but it
is a feeling not unmixed with awful reflection. Well might Smeaton say, that 'He only who first created the atoms, can ascertain what is the full extent of those powers that may possibly be combined towards the destruction of the mass.' True, he could submit to no calculation the powers against which he contended; but he did what human genius could perform, and his labor was not in vain. The building stands: long may it remain fast as the granite rock that bears it high above the flood!

IMPROVED RAW SUGAR.

'Considerable interest has been excited in the market by the introduction of an improved native raw sugar, which portends very great advantages to all who are engaged in this so long unprofitable branch of colonial and commercial intercourse. It is pure raw sugar, obtained direct from the cane-juice, without any secondary process of decolorisation or solution, and by which all necessity for any subsequent process of refining is entirely obviated. It is obtained in perfect pure transparent granular crystals, being entirely free from any portion of uncrystallisable sugar or coloring matter, and is prepared by the improved process of effecting the last stages of concentration in vacuum, and at a temperature insufficient to produce any changes in its chemical composition; the mode of operation first proposed by the Hon. Ed. Charles Howard, and subsequently introduced, with the most important advantages and complete success, into the principal sugar-refineries of Great Britain.

'By this improved and scientific process of manufacture, the application of which to the purpose of preparing raw sugar from the cane-juice has now first been proposed, the most singular advantages are secured to the planter, in an increased quantity of sugar, the product of his operation, and in saving from the immense quantity of deteriorated material, uncrystallisable sugar and molasses which were products of the former mode of operation, from the intense and long-continued degree of heat employed in the processes. The time and labor of the operation are also greatly decreased; the apparatus possesses the power to make double the quantity in the same space of time as the old method, and this is ready for shipment in four days, in lieu of three weeks, as heretofore. The sugar likewise readily commands an advanced price in the market to the planter of ten or twelve shillings per cwt.

'This improved sugar readily ensures a preference for all purposes of manufactures, solution, or domestic economy. It is a purer sweet, and of a richer mellifluous taste than even the best refined;
it is not apt to become ascenscent in solution; and from its superior quality, it well answers all purposes of the table. In the manufacture of rum for the molasses, which are separated during the first process of the operation, there is no danger of deterioration in the production of empyreuma, and a far purer spirit is obtained than that made from ordinary molasses.

' This improved process is now in complete and successful operation on eight estates in Demerara. The general introduction of the process is considered by the best practical judges to ensure certain means of revivifying the spoiled fortunes of the planters, and to open a new era in the prosperity of those portions of the British crown, of which this forms the principal staple commodity of support.'

With this communication we have received a small canister of the commodity referred to, which certainly recommends it strongly to our favorable report. It so nearly resembles pounded sugar-candy, that we should have taken it for that article in a very pure state, but for the accompanying explanation, and also, for a plan and description of the apparatus by which it is produced. We have seen nothing for a long time in trade more worthy of attention; and if it be substantiated that this improvement will tend to relieve the suffering interests of our West India colonies, it will indeed prove a national as well as a commercial benefit.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON, BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. 11.*

'My dear Lord,

'I thought that I had answered your note. I ought, and beg you to excuse the omission. I should have called, but I thought my chance of finding you at home in the environs, greater than at the hotel.

I hope you will not take my not dining with you again after so many dinners, ill; but the truth is, that your banquets are too luxurious for my habits, and I feel the effect of them in this warm weather, for some time after. I am sure you will not be angry, since I have already more than sufficiently abused your hospitality.

I fear that I can hardly afford more than ten thousand francs for the steed in question, as I have to undergo considerable

* Continued from p. 103.
expenses at this present time, and I suppose that will not suit you. I must not forget to pay my Irish Subscription. My remembrances to Miledi, and to Alfred, and Miss P——. Ever yours,

'NOEL BYRON.'

'MY DEAR LORD,'

'I find that I was elected a Member of the Greek Committee in March, but did not receive the Chairman's notice till yesterday, and this by mere chance, and through a private hand. I am doing all I can to get away; and the Committee and my friends in England seem both to approve of my going up into Greece; but I meet here with obstacles, which have hampered and put me out of spirits, and still keep me in a vexatious state of uncertainty. I began bathing the other day, but the water was still chilly, and in diving for a Genoese lira in clear deep water, I imbibed so much water through my ears, as gave me a megrim in my head, which you will probably think a superfluous malady.

'Ever yours, obliged and truly,

'NOEL BYRON.'

In all his conversations relative to Lady Byron, and they are frequent, he declares that he is totally unconscious of the cause of her leaving him, but suspects that the ill-natured interposition of Mrs. Charlemont led to it. It is a strange business! He declares that he left no means untried to effect a reconciliation, and always adds with bitterness, 'A day will arrive when I shall be avenged. I feel that I shall not live long, and when the grave has closed over me, what must she feel?' All who wish well to Lady Byron must desire that she should not survive her husband, for the all-atoning grave that gives oblivion to the errors of the dead, clothes those of the living in such sombre colors to their own too-late awakened feelings, as to render them wretched for life, and more than avenges the real or imagined wrongs of those we have lost forever.

When Lord Byron was praising the mental and personal qualifications of Lady Byron, I asked him how all that he now said agreed with certain sarcasms supposed to bear a reference to her, in his works. He smiled, shook his head, and said they were meant to spite and vex her, when he was wounded and irritated at her refusing to receive or answer his letters; that he was not sincere in his implied censures, and that he was sorry he had written them; but notwithstanding this regret, and all his good resolutions to avoid similar sins, he might on renewed provocation recur to the same vengeance, though he allowed it was petty and unworthy of him. Lord Byron speaks of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, constantly, and always with strong expressions of affection; he says she is the most faultless person he ever knew, and that she was his only source of consolation in his troubles on the separation.

Byron is a great talker, his flippancy ceases in a tele-a-tete, and he
becomes sententious, abandoning himself to the subject and seeming to think aloud, though his language has the appearance of stiffness, and is quite opposed to the trifling chit-chat that he enters into when in general society. I attribute this to his having lived so much alone, as also to the desire he now professes of applying himself to prose writing. He affects a sort of Johnsonian tone, likes very much to be listened to, and seems to observe the effect he produces on his hearer. In mixed society his ambition is to appear the man of fashion, he adopts a light tone of badinage and persiflage that does not sit gracefully on him, but is always anxious to turn the subject to his own personal affairs, or feelings, which are either lamented with an air of melancholy, or dwelt on with playful ridicule, according to the humor he happens to be in.

A friend of ours, Colonel M———, having arrived at Genoa, spent much of his time with us. Lord Byron soon discovered this, and became shy, embarrassed in his manner, and out of humor. The first time I had an opportunity of speaking to him without witnesses was on the road to Nervi, on horseback, when he asked me, if I had not observed a great change in him. I allowed that I had, and asked him the cause; and he told me, that knowing Colonel M——— to be a friend of Lady Byron's, and believing him to be an enemy of his, he expected that he would endeavor to influence us against him, and finally succeed in depriving him of our friendship; and that this was the cause of his altered manner. I endeavored, and at length succeeded, to convince him that Colonel M——— was too good and honorable a man to do anything spiteful or ill-natured, and that he never spoke ill of him; which seemed to gratify him. He told me that Colonel M———'s sister was the intimate and confidential friend of Lady Byron, and that through this channel I might be of great use to him, if I would use my influence with Colonel M———, to make his sister write to Lady Byron for a copy of her portrait, which he had long been most anxious to possess. Colonel M———, after much entreaty, consented to write to his sister on the subject, but on the express condition that Lord Byron should specify on paper his exact wishes; and I wrote to Lord Byron to this effect, to which letter I received the following answer. I ought to add, that in conversation I told Lord Byron, that it was reported that Lady Byron was in delicate health, and also that it was said she was apprehensive that he intended to claim his daughter, or to interfere in her education: he refers to this in the letter which I copy.*

Talking of literary women, Lord Byron said that Madame de Staël was certainly the cleverest, though not the most agreeable woman he had ever known. 'She declaimed to you instead of conversing with you,' said he, 'never pausing except to take breath; and if during that interval a rejoinder was put in, it was evident, that she did not attend to it as she resumed the thread of her discourse as though it had not been interrupted.' This observation from Byron was amusing enough, as we had all made nearly the same observation on him, with the exception that he listened to, and noticed, any answer made to his reflections. 'Madame

* Here follow the letters in Moore's Journal, p. 644-6.
de Staël,' continued Byron, 'was very eloquent when her imagination warmed, (and a very little excited it;) her powers of imagination were much stronger than her reasoning ones, perhaps owing to their being much more frequently exercised; her language was recondite, but redundant, and though always flowery, and often brilliant, there was an obscurity that left the impression that she did not perfectly understand what she endeavored to render intelligible to others. She was always losing herself in philosophical disquisition, and once she got entangled in the mazes of the labyrinth of metaphysics; she had no clue by which she could guide her path—the imagination that led her into her difficulties, could not get her out of them; the want of a mathematical education, which might have served as a ballast to steady and help her into the port of reason, was always visible, and though she had great tact in concealing her defeat, and covering a retreat, a tolerable logician must have always discovered the scrapes she got into. Poor dear Madame de Staël, I shall never forget seeing her one day, at table with a large party, when the busk (I believe you ladies call it) of her corset forced its way through the top of the corset, and would not descend, though pushed by all the force of both hands of the wearer, who became crimson from the operation. After fruitless efforts, she turned in despair, to the valet de chambre behind her chair, and requested him to draw it out, which could only be done by his passing his hand from behind over her shoulder, and across her chest, when, with a desperate effort, he unsheathed the busk. Had you seen the faces of some of the English ladies of the party, you would have been like me, almost convulsed; while Madame remained perfectly unconscious that she had committed any solcism on la décence Anglaise. Poor Madame de Staël verified the truth of the lines—

'Qui de son sexe n’a pas l’esprit,
De son sexe a tout le malheur.'

She thought like a man, but alas! she felt like a woman; as witness the episode in her life with Monsieur Rocca, which she dared not avow, (I mean her marriage with him,) because she was more jealous of her reputation as a writer than a woman, and the faiblesse de cœur, this alliance proved she had not courage to affiche. A friend of hers, and a compatriot into the bargain, whom she believed to be one of the most adoring of her worshippers, gave me the following epigrams:—

'SUR LA GROSSESSE DE MADAME DE STAEL.

Quel esprit! quel talent! quel sublime génie!
En elle tout aspire à l’immortalité;
Et jusqu’à son hydropisie,
Rien n’est perdu pour la postérité.'

PORTRAIT DE MADAME DE STAEL.

Armande a pour esprit des moments de délire,
Armande a pour vertu le mépris des appas;
Elle craint la raihille que sans cesse elle inspire,
Elle évite l’amant que ne la cherche pas:
Puisqu'elle a a point l'art de cacher son visage  
Et qu'elle a la sereur de montrer son esprit,  
Il faut la defier de cesser d'etre sage  
Et d'entendre ce qu'elle dit.'

'The giving the epigrams to me, a brother of the craft of authors, was worthy of a friend, and was another proof, if proof were wanting, of the advantages of friends:

"No epigram such pointed satire lends  
As does the mem'ry of our faithful friends."

I have an exalted opinion of friendship, as you see. You look incredulous, but you will not only give me credit for being sincere in this opinion, but one day arrive at the same conclusion yourself. "Shake not thy jetty locks at me;" ten years hence, if we both live so long, you will allow that I am right, though you now think me a cynic for saying all this. Madame de Staël,' continued Byron, 'had peculiar satisfaction in impressing on her auditors the severity of the persecution she underwent from Napoleon: a certain mode of enraging her, was to appear to doubt the extent to which she wished it to be believed this had been pushed, as she looked on the persecution as a triumphant proof of her literary and political importance, which she more than insinuated Napoleon feared might subvert his Government. This was a weakness, but a common one. One half of the clever people of the world believe they are hated and persecuted, and the other half imagine they are admired and beloved. Both are wrong, and both false conclusions are produced by vanity, though that vanity is the strongest which believes in the hatred and persecution, as it implies a belief of extraordinary superiority to account for it.'

I could not suppress the smile that Byron's reflections excited, and, with his usual quickness, he instantly felt the application I had made of them to himself, for he blushed, and half angry, and half laughing, said:—'Oh! I see what you are smiling at; you think that I have described my own case, and proved myself guilty of vanity.' I allowed that I thought so, as he had a thousand times repeated to me, that he was feared and detested in England, which I never would admit. He tried various arguments to prove to me that it was not vanity, but a knowledge of the fact, that made him believe himself detested: but I, continuing to smile and look incredulous, he got really displeased, and said,—'You have such a provoking memory, that you compare notes of all one's different opinions, so that one is sure to get into a scrape.' Byron observed, that he once told Madame de Staël, that he considered her 'Delphine' and 'Corinne' as very dangerous productions to be put into the hands of young women. I asked him how she received this piece of candor, and he answered:—'Oh! just as all such candid avowals are received—she never forgave me for it. She endeavored to prove to me, that, au contraire, the tendencies of both her novels were supereminently moral. I begged that we might not enter on 'Delphine,' as that was hors de question, (she was furious at this,) but that all the moral world
thought, that her representing all the virtuous characters in 'Corinne' as being dull, common-place, and tedious, was a most insidious blow aimed at virtue, and calculated to throw it into the shade. She was so excited and impatient to attempt a refutation, that it was only by my volubility I could keep her silent. She interrupted me every moment by gesticulating, exclaiming:—'Quel idée! 'Mon Dieu!' 'Ecoutez, donc!' 'Vous m'impatiente y!'-but I continued saying how dangerous it was to inculcate the belief that genius, talent, acquirements, and accomplishments, such as Corinne was represented to possess, could not preserve a woman from becoming a victim to an unrequited passion, and that reason, absence, and female pride were unavailing.

'I told her that "Corinne" would be considered, if not cited, as an excuse for violent passions, by all young ladies with imagination exaltée, and that she had much to answer for. Had you seen her! I now wonder how I had courage to go on; but I was in one of my humors, and had heard of her commenting on me one day, so I determined to pay her off. She told me that I, above all people, was the last person that ought to talk of morals, as nobody had done more to deteriorate them. I looked innocent, and added, I was willing to plead guilty of having sometimes represented Vice under alluring forms; but so it was generally in the world, therefore it was necessary to paint it so; but that I never represented virtue under the sombre and disgusting shapes of dulness, severity, and ennui, and that I always took care to represent the rotaries of vice as unhappy themselves, and entailing unhappiness on those that loved them; so that my moral was unexceptionable. She was perfectly outrageous, and the more so, as I appeared calm and in earnest, though I assure you it required an effort, as I was ready to laugh outright at the idea that I, who was at that period considered the most mauvais sujet of the day, should give Madame de Staël a lecture on morals; and I knew that this added to her rage. I also knew she never dared avow that I had taken such a liberty. She was, notwithstanding her little defects, a fine creature, with great talents, and many noble qualities, and had a simplicity quite extraordinary, which led her to believe everything people told her, and consequently to be continually hoaxed, of which I saw such proofs in London. Madame de Staël it was who first lent me 'Adolphe,' which you like so much: it is very clever, and very affecting. A friend of hers told me, that she was supposed to be the heroine, and I, with my aimable franchise, insinuated as much to her, which rendered her furious. She proved to me how impossible it was that it could be so, which I already knew, and complained of the malice of the world for supposing it possible.'

Byron has remarkable penetration in discovering the characters of those around him, and he piques himself extremely on it: he also thinks he has fathomed the recesses of his own mind; but he is mistaken: with much that is little (which he suspects) in his character, there is much that is great, that he does not give himself credit for: his first impulses are always good, but his temper, which is impatient, prevents his
acting on the cool dictates of reason; and it appears to me, that in judging himself, Byron mistakes temper for character, and takes the ebullitions of the first, for the indications of the nature of the second. He declares, that in addition to his other failings, avarice is now established. This new vice, like all the others he attributes to himself, he talks of as one would name those of an acquaintance, in a sort of deprecating, yet half mocking tone; as much as to say, you see I know all my faults better than you do, though I don’t choose to correct them: indeed, it has often occurred to me, that he brings forward his defects, as if in anticipation of some one else exposing them, which he would not like; as, though he affects the contrary, he is jealous of being found fault with, and shows it in a thousand ways.

He affects to dislike hearing his works praised or referred to; I say affects, because I am sure it is not real or natural; as he who loves praise, as Byron evidently does, in other things, cannot dislike it for that in which he must be conscious it is deserved. He refers to his feats in horsemanship, shooting at a mark, and swimming, in a way that proves he likes to be complimented on them; and nothing appears to give him more satisfaction than being considered a man of fashion, who had great success in fashionable society in London, when he resided there. He is peculiarly compassionate to the poor; I remarked that he rarely, in our rides, passed a mendicant without giving him charity, which was invariably bestowed with gentleness and kindness; this was still more observable if the person was deformed, as if he sympathised with the object.

Byron is very fond of gossiping, and of hearing what is going on in the London fashionable world; his friends keep him au courant, and any little scandal amuses him very much. I observed this to him one day, and added, that I thought his mind had been too great to descend to such trifles! he laughed, and said with mock gravity, ‘Don’t you know that the trunk of an elephant that can lift the most ponderous weights, disdains not to take up the most minute? This is the case with my great mind, (laughing anew,) and you must allow the simile is worthy the subject. Jesting apart, I do like a little scandal—I believe all English people do. An Italian lady, Madame Benzoni, talking to me on the prevalence of this taste among my compatriots, observed, that when she first knew the English, she thought them the most spiteful and ill-natured people in the world, from hearing them constantly repeating evil of each other; but having seen various amiable traits in their characters, she had arrived at the conclusion, that they were not naturally méchant; but that living in a country like England, where severity of morals punishes so heavily any dereliction from propriety, each individual, to prove personal correctness, was compelled to attack the sins of his or her acquaintance, as it furnished an opportunity of expressing their abhorrence by words, instead of proving it by actions, which might cause some self-denial to themselves. ‘This,’ said Byron, ‘was an ingenious, as well as charitable supposition; and we must all allow that it is infinitely more easy to decry and expose the
sins of others, than to correct our own; and many find the first so agreeable an occupation, that it precludes the second—this, at least, is my case."

"The Italians do not understand the English," said Byron; "indeed, how can they? for they (the Italians) are frank, simple, and open in their natures, following the bent of their inclinations, which they do not believe to be wicked; while the English, to conceal the indulgence of theirs, daily practise hypocrisy, falsehood, and uncharitableness; so that to one error is added many crimes." Byron had now got on a favorite subject, and went on decrying hypocrisy and cant, mingling sarcasms and bitter observations on the false delicacy of the English. It is strange, but true as strange, that he could not, or at least did not, distinguish the distinction between cause and effect, in this case. The respect for virtue will always cause spurious imitations of it to be given; and what he calls hypocrisy, is but the respect to public opinion that induces people, who have not courage to correct their errors, at least to endeavor to conceal them; and Cant is the homage that Vice pays to Virtue.* We do not value the diamond less, because there are so many worthless imitations of it, and Goodness loses nothing of her intrinsic value because so many wish to be thought to possess it. That nation may be considered to possess the most virtue, where it is the most highly appreciated; and that the least, where it is so little understood, that the semblance is not even assumed.

About this period the Duke of Leeds and family arrived at Genoa, and passed a day or two there, at the same hotel where we were residing. Shortly after their departure Byron came to dine with us, and expressed his mortification at the Duke's not having called on him, were it only out of respect to Mrs. Leigh, who was the half-sister of both. This seemed to annoy him so much, that I endeavored to point out the inutility of ceremony between people who could have no two ideas in common, and observed, that the genre of finding oneself with people of different habits and feelings, was ill repaid by the respect their civility indicated. Byron is a person to be excessively bored by the constraint that any change of system would occasion, even for a day; but yet his amour propre is wounded by any marks of incivility or want of respect he meets with. Poor Byron! he is still far from arriving at the philosophy that he aims at and thinks he has acquired, when the absence or presence of a person who is indifferent to him, whatever his station in life may be, can occupy his thoughts for a moment.

I have observed in Byron a habit of attaching importance to trifles, and, vice versâ, turning serious events into ridicule; he is extremely superstitious, and seems offended with those who cannot, or will not partake this weakness. He has frequently touched on this subject, and tauntingly observed to me that I must believe myself wiser than him, because I was not superstitious. I answered, that the vividness of his imagination, which was proved by his works, furnished a sufficient ex-

*Rochesfoucault.
cuse for his superstition, which was caused by an over-excitement of that faculty; but that I, not being blessed by the camera lucida of imagination, could have no excuse for the camera oscura, which I looked on superstition to be. This did not, however, content him, and I am sure he left me with a lower opinion of my faculties than before. To deprecate his anger, I observed that nature was so wise and good that she gave compensations to all her offspring: that as to him she had given the brightest gift, genius; so to those whom she had not so distinguished, she gave the less brilliant, but perhaps as useful, gift of plain and unsophisticated reason. This did not satisfy his amour propre, and he left me, evidently displeased at my want of superstition. Byron is, I believe, sincere in his belief in supernatural appearances; he assumes a grave and mysterious air when he talks on the subject, which he is fond of doing, and has told me some extraordinary stories relative to Mr. Shelley, who, he assures me, had an implicit belief in ghosts. He also told me that Mr. Shelley's spectre had appeared to a lady, walking in a garden, and he seemed to lay great stress on this. Though some of the wisest of mankind, as witness Johnson, shared this weakness in common with Byron; still there is something so unusual in our matter-of-fact days in giving way to it, that I was at first doubtful that Byron was serious in his belief. He is also superstitious about days, and other trifling things,—believes in lucky and unlucky days,—dislikes undertaking anything on a Friday, helping or being helped to salt at table, spilling salt or oil, letting bread fall, and breaking mirrors; in short, he gives way to a thousand fantastical notions, that prove that even l'esprit le plus fort has its weak side. Having declined riding with Byron one day, on the plea of going to visit some of the Genoese palaces and pictures, it furnished him with a subject of attack at our next interview; he declared that he never believed people serious in their admiration of pictures, statues, &c. and that those who expressed the most admiration were 'Amatori senza Amore, and Conoscenti senza Cognizione.' I replied, that as I had never talked to him of pictures, I hoped he would give me credit for being sincere in my admiration of them; but he was in no humor to give one credit for anything on this occasion, as he felt that our giving a preference to seeing sights, when we might have passed the hours with him, was not flattering to his vanity. I should say that Byron was not either skilled in, or an admirer of works of art; he confessed to me that very few had excited his attention, and that to admire these he had been forced to draw on his imagination. Of objects of taste or virtù he was equally regardless, and antiquities had no interest for him; nay, he carried this so far, that he disbelieved the possibility of their exciting interest in any one, and said that they merely served as excuses for indulging the vanity and ostentation of those who had no other means of exciting attention. Music he liked, though he was no judge of it: he often dwelt on the power of association it possessed, and declared that the notes of a well-known air could transport him to distant scenes and events, presenting objects before him with a vividness that quite ban-
ished the present. Perfumes, he said, produced the same effect, though less forcibly, and, added he with his mocking smile, often make me quite sentimental.

Byron is of a very suspicious nature; he dreads imposition on all points, declares that he foregoes many things, from the fear of being cheated in the purchase, and is afraid to give way to the natural impulses of his character, lest he should be duped or mocked. This does not interfere with his charities, which are frequent and liberal; but he has got into the habit of calculating even his most trifling personal expenses, that is often ludicrous, and would in England expose him to ridicule. He indulges in a self-complacency when talking of his own defects, that is amusing; and he is rather fond than reluctant of bringing them into observation. He says that money is wisdom, knowledge, and power, all combined; and that this conviction is the only one he has in common with all his countrymen. He dwells with great asperity on an acquaintance to whom he lent some money, and who has not repaid him.

Byron seems to take a peculiar pleasure in ridiculing sentiment and romantic feelings; and yet the day after will betray both, to an extent that appears impossible to be sincere, to those who had heard his previous sarcasms: that he is sincere, is evident, as his eyes fill with tears, his voice becomes tremulous, and his whole manner evinces that he feels what he says. All this appears so inconsistent that it destroys sympathy, or if it does not quite do that, it makes one angry with oneself for giving way to it for one who is never two days of the same way of thinking, or at least expressing himself. He talks for effect, likes to excite astonishment, and certainly destroys all the minds of his auditors in his stability of character. This must, I am certain, be felt by all who have lived much in his society; and the impression is not satisfactory.

Talking one day of his domestic misfortunes, as he always called his separation from Lady Byron, he dwelt in a sort of unmanly strain of lamentation on it, that all present felt to be unworthy of him; and as the evening before I had heard this habitude of his commented on by persons indifferent about his feelings, who even ridiculed his making it a topic of conversation with mere acquaintances, I wrote a few lines in verse, expressive of my sentiments, and handed it across the table round which we were seated, as he was sitting for his portrait. He read them, became red and pale, by turns, with anger, and threw them down on the table, with an expression of countenance that is not to be forgotten. The following are the lines, which had nothing to offend, but they did offend him deeply, and he did not recover his temper during the rest of his stay.

And canst thou bare thy breast to vulgar eyes?
And canst thou show the wounds that rankle there?
Methought in noble hearts that sorrow lies
Too deep to suffer coarser minds to share.
The Heights of Phalere.

The wounds inflicted by the hand we love,
(The hand that should have warded off each blow,)
Are never healed, as aching hearts can prove,
But sacred should the stream of sorrow flow.

If friendship's pity quells not real grief,
Can public pity soothe thy woes to sleep?—
No! Byron, spurn such vain, such weak relief,
And if thy tears must fall—in secret weep.

He never appeared to so little advantage as when he talked sentiment: this did not at all strike me at first; on the contrary, it excited a powerful interest for him; but when he had vented his spleen, sarcasm, and pointed ridicule on sentiment, reducing all that is noblest in our natures to the level of common every-day life, the charm was broken, and it was impossible to sympathize with him again. He observed something of this, and seemed dissatisfied and restless when he perceived that he could no longer excite either strong sympathy or astonishment. Notwithstanding all these contradictions in this wayward, spoilt child of genius, the impression left on my mind was, that he had both sentiment and romance in his nature; but that, from the love of display and astonishing, he affected to despise and ridicule them.

(To be continued.)

THE HEIGHTS OF PHALEREA.

In the early part of the year 1827, the Greek government deemed it advisable to take some measures for the relief of Athens. The Acropolis had been for some months strictly invested by the Turks, and although the gallant Colonel Fabvier had succeeded in reinforcing the garrison with 500 men; yet there was little hope of their holding out much longer, against the privations and incessant fatigue they had to endure.

The allowance of water had for some time been limited to half an octa (little better than a pint) to each individual daily, eggs were sold at two dollars a piece, and though barley was abundant, yet fuel there was none. All buildings containing wood, had long since been pulled down for the sake of that, then precious material. Frequent sorties had been made, and many lives lost in the attempt to procure a few faggots from the olive trees in the plain; and the garrison were now reduced to the necessity of consuming a portion of their barley rations, to burn in the ovens, in order that the rest might be partially baked. Added to this the endemic disease of the country was amongst them, to perfect the work that famine and fatigue had begun. At this crisis, letters were received by the government, stating that the fortress would be surrendered to Kioutaki Pacha, the commander-in-chief of the besieging army, at the end of three weeks, if nothing could be done for its relief.

An army of six or seven thousand men was immediately recruited, and the command entrusted to an European officer well known for his generous advocacy of the Greek cause. The head-quarters were established at Metochi, a small farm nearMegara, opposite the convent of Faneromeni, in the Island of Salamis. Having come to a determination to join the expedition, I left Napoli for Piadi, beginning my journey with the sun, having a ride of eight hours to perform.
The Heights of Phaëdot.

The road from Napoli to Piadi winds between a double range of hills, whose gray and barren summits are beautifully contrasted with the luxuriant productions of the valleys. The oleander, the arbutus, the myrtle and the rhododendron, are here indigenous, and the air is richly impregnated with the odors of wild thyme, and other aromatic herbs, which form the pasturage on the slopes of the hills. As the war has never penetrated into this part of the Argolid, the mountains are still covered with numerous flocks of sheep and goats; cultivation there is none, except in the vicinity of Ligurio, the only village on the road. As there are no inns, the traveller is under the necessity of carrying his larder with him. After a four hours' ride, under a burning sun, I alighted at a spot inviting at once to rest and reflection—a few trees capable of giving shade, and a cold crystal mountain rivulet were the attractions. Bread, olives, and a skin of wine were spread before me by the hands of my trusty palikar, who set me an example, by commencing an attack upon them in the patriarchal style; knives, forks, cups, and other the like varieties being held in utter contempt by the unsophisticated Greeks. After a short siesta, to allow the mid-day heat to pass away, I resumed my journey, and about an hour before sunset reached Piadi, now a miserable village, about a mile and a half from the sea-shore. My palikar, who prided himself upon his English, assured me that Piadi was a place "as is vass before (his invariable mode of expressing the past) call Epidaurus." This ingenious torturer of tongues—for he served French and Italian in the same way—had been taken to England by Captain Blaquiere, on his return from his first visit, and had passed two years in an English seminary, where he had been placed by a society of Philellene quakers, in order to qualify him, to teach the young idea how to shoot," in his native country. Being furnished with proper credentials, on his landing in Napoli, he attired himself in his best Frank suit, and waited upon the Greek government to request their co-operation in the establishment of an academy; but as they were in no lack of devices for frittering away money, his very reasonable demand was not acceded to, and the next step was to offer his services to me in the mixed capacity of body servant and interpreter, 'God help the mark;' for a stipend of two dollars a month, a proposition with which I immediately closed; and it is impossible to conceive a being, who would have made a worse schoolmaster, or a better or more amusing servant. He would sometimes describe to me his early conflicts with the Turks, in some such language as the following:—"Dat tame when as is vass befoore come Tark, I'se go faive times in de battles. De Tarks is go down stairs, pick it up plenty stones make him de howse. I take plenty Greeks, go up stairs, bang! bang! Ah, yes, Bar, you please! dat tame is kill too much Turks; "all which means that the Turks having entered a defile, were fired down upon from the hills and killed, while vainly attempting to construct a tambouri for their defence—but 'something too much of this,'—"I immediately left Piada, 'as is vass before call Epidaurus," and descended to the sea in search of a barque, to transport me across the Saronic Gulph to Salamis, 'as is bye and bye call Colouri.'

The path lay through a quadrangular glen, inclosed on three sides by stupendous rocks, the fourth open to the sea and terminated by a firm and beautiful sand. In this spot flourished the olive, the almond, the fig-tree, and the vine, cotton, and an infinite variety of esculents.

By the time I reached the shore the sun had gone down, and the young moon was shedding her mild radiance 'o'er hill and dale, and dark blue water.' On the beach were a party of boatmen assembled round a blazing fire, preparing their evening repast. Their half-naked muscular forms, their dark mustached faces, their unsound, though picturesque, garments, their long knives, which they never

* This worthy and disinterested man was the bearer of that portion of the Greek loan, which the kneaves connected with that affair permitted to be applied to the purpose for which it was raised. His remuneration was the bare payment of his expenses. Captain Blaquiere left Plymouth about two years back, in the cause of Donna Maria, in the Fly, which has never since been heard of; and as she was pronounced not sea-worthy, there is every reason to believe that all hands have perished.
lay aside, their independent, not to say uncivil carriage, the solitude of the place, all conspired to give them the appearance of a lawless banditti rather than peaceful mariners; and as one of them approached, I involuntarily loosened my pistols in my belt, nor was it without some misgivings, that I agreed to pass the evening in their company, upon learning that the wind would not be favorable till midnight. I concluded a bargain with one of the men, and went on board his barque to sleep, and was only disturbed on the following morning by the grating of the keel on the shores of Salamis. At Colouri I learned that the army was already on its march; one division under the command of Bourbaki—a Greek who had obtained the rank of colonel in France—being destined to attack the Turks from the land side, while the other, then at Ambelachi, on the other side of the island, were to embark the same evening, in order to take possession of the Heights of Phalère, which command the Piræus, and are only separated from it by the port and peninsula of Munichium. I lost no time in crossing to Ambelachi; and having visited the traditional tomb of Ajax Telamon, I embarked with the regulars on board the Karterea, a steam-boat, or as the Greeks call it, a 'pompori,' under the command of the brave Captain Hastings, who afterwards died in consequence of a wound received while storming Vanišle, one of the defences of Missolonghi.

At night we weighed anchor, in company with seven or eight other vessels, freighted with soldiers, peasants and pick-axes, gabions, fascines, and all the material of war.

We reached our destination about midnight, and after an exchange of some fifty or sixty shots, with two or three dozen Turks, 'up stairs,' as Nicolaki would have it, we effected our landing at the expense of a few broken shins owing to the ruggedness of the place and the bustle of debarkation. A few minutes toil put us in possession of the heights of Phalère, and then, forming a circle, we fired a few rounds of musquetry, to inform our comrades in the Acropolis, about a league and a half distant, that we were at hand. The morning was brought up by a loud yuriah, the charging cry of the Greeks, and in a few seconds the answering yuriahs of the Acropolis showed us that our signal had been heard and understood. The Greeks immediately set to work to fortify the place, which was done by surrounding the position with a wall breast high, hastily constructed of loose stones of which there are abundance on every hill in Greece. The Turks, who seemed to have been stunned into apathy by our arrival, now thought proper to make a demonstration of their numerical strength, perhaps with a view of giving us a panic at once. On a sudden, the whole plain, from the hills of Caritzena and the Piræus, to the town of Athens itself, seemed filled with millions of 'ignes fuiti,' nor is it possible to imagine a more beautiful sight. This fusillade 'pour nous encourager,' was followed by a sortie from the Acropolis, and never shall I forget the deep feeling of interest which absorbed my every faculty as I watched the progress of our friends. We could trace their fire down the side of the hill till it was partially concealed from us by the thick olive groves into which they had penetrated, and then again on their return to their strong hold, when driven back by the overwhelming numbers of the Turks. All this while, the hill of Philopappus, upon which the Turks had established a mortar battery, was belching forth its destructive fires against the devoted citadel. Altogether, the sight was one of great beauty and intense interest, and when quiet was restored, a deep gasp from the breasts of all present, told of the compressed feeling which had engrossed them. The night passed without further interruption, and the two or three following days were taken up with disembarking and dragging up the guns—iron twenty-fours—and when it is considered that they had to be hauled up the face of a rugged steep seven or eight hundred feet high, it will be seen that the task was one of severe toil. The Turks, in the meantime, amused themselves by watching our operations, and occasionally throwing at us a few shells from the convent on the Piræus, of which they still kept possession in spite of some attempts made to dislodge them.

On the third day, a heavy cannonade was heard from Menethi, and large bodies of the Turks were marched off in that direction. This was the attack of the gallant but ill-fated Bourbaki. A 'jeu de joute' from the Turkish host at night announced to us the failure of his expedition, and our melancholy anticipations were confirmed on the following day by the arrival of one of the fugitives. Bourbaki was
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taken prisoner, and some few who had advanced with him into the plain, had been cut to pieces by the Delhis, the invariable fate of Greek infantry when opposed on level ground to Turkish horse. Among the slain were a few Franks—a gigantic Swiss, of the name of Du Gaak, who was reported to have killed eleven Turks with his sabre before he was disabled: a certain M. Le Bon, the surgeon-major, who told me that his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty had made him abandon a lucrative situation with a 'pharmacie' in Paris, where his 'appointements' were of the full yearly value of 500 francs. He had registered a vow in heaven not to shave till the end of the campaign, but the inexorable Turks cut short his vow and his campaign together, by taking off his head, upon which one of his countrymen facetiously observed, 'il a été joyeusement râqué.'

Thus, one half the expedition routed, there was no longer question of relieving Atia without a morrow, and the force should not be given into the sea by a sudden assault, or, at the best, be blockaded by the Seraskier. Our only supply of fresh water was derived from a well situated in the plain midway between the heights of Phalere and the convent of San Spiridion. This was a constant source of contention, inasmuch as it was equally necessary to the Turks as to ourselves, and for several days it was alternately in the possession of either party. There is a strange custom prevalent among the Albanians, of whom the army of the Seraskier was chiefly composed. It is, that of making a temporary truce with their enemies for the purpose of holding with them a little conversation. Two or three of them will advance in the night within earshot of the outposts, and call out 'Bessa, bessa,' which means, in the Albaneze dialect, faith for faith. The Greeks, who never neglect an opportunity of exhibiting their real talent, generally, in the same words, each party deposit their arms, they advance to meet each other and the compact is complete; and, I believe, there is no instance on record of a treaty thus unceremoniously made ever having been violated. It would naturally be supposed that these nocturnal colloquies would have some relation to subjects of mutual interest which necessarily exist between nations hitherto so intimately connected as the Greeks and Albanians, such as the fate of prisoners, and so forth; but such is not the fact. The disputed well was frequently the scene of these meetings, wherein the Greeks were wont to exercise their ready wit with great effect upon the more obtuse Albanians. They generally begin by threatening each other with anihilation the morrow, and then to their invention for proofs of their power to carry their threats into execution. They call each other dogs, infidels, 'keratades,' that is to say, cuckolds, which is the

4) 'plus ultra' of Greek wrath, and after having used and received all the terms and abuse with which their language supplies them, they return to their posts, sometimes though, not without carrying with them valuable information, which, in their mutual indiscretion, has been suffered to escape. It was in this way that we learnt the intention of the Turks to attack us on the sunrise of the Sunday following the defeat of Bourbaki. The Greeks had taken down with them a particularly white loaf, which they had procured for the purpose: this they presented to the Albanian Turks at the well, telling them that there was plenty more of it on the heights, and inviting them to come and help themselves. This the Turks promised to do, and at last let out, that the Seraskier would make his appearance before them, on Sunday morning, with 11,000 men. The Greeks replied, by saying, that if the Pacha came they would make such a use of his beard, as, I believe, beard was never put to yet, and they separated. That loaf fell into the hands of the Pacha, and was afterwards sent by him in a sack to Constantinople, together with poor Bourbaki's head, and one of the steamboat's sixty-eight pound shot, symbolically showing to the Sultan the difficulties he had to contend with, and what he had already done towards overcoming them.

As the Albanians had promised us, down came the Roumelie Valiese, on the Sunday morning, with all the power he could spare from before Athens; but we were prepared, and although we had no opportunity of performing the threatened vengeance on his beard, yet we gave him and his Delhis so warm a reception, that before nightfall he was glad to decamp, leaving, however, a considerable force on the opposite hill of Caritzena, which being just within range, we diverted ourselves by observing the alacrity of their motions, when we occasionally sent them
a messenger, in the shape of a six pound shot, which was done with great glee and wonderful precision by a Piedmontese carbonaro, named Rockavilla.

The Greeks being somewhat inspired by the negative success of not being driven into the ocean, at last betook them, that they had come to Phalère for the purpose of relieving Athens; and that, in order to effect this, it would be necessary to shorten the distance between them and the city. With this view, a tambouri was constructed in the plain, defended on one side by a morass, and behind by the sea; the only side on which the Turks could approach it, being flanked at half range by four six, and two eighteen pounders, inclosed by a wall of loose stones, breast high, having loop-holes just above the level of the ground, and a ditch on the inside, in which the defenders lie. An hour or two at most suffices for the construction of this simple defence; and unless cannon be brought against it, it is adequate to protect its garrison against twenty times their number—that is, of Turks—not that I mean to impugn their courage, but their system of attack. The tambouri was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty Cretans, commanded by Demetrius Karaman, a young Greek of good family, no less remarkable on account of his personal bravery, than for his numerous escapes from the most perilous situations into which his adventurous, chivalrous spirit was perpetually leading him. The Cretans are men fit to be commanded by such a leader; brave, athletic, active as the antelopes of their own hills; inured to war, and better armed than either their compatriots or their enemies. Instead of the weak, badly-mounted guns, only valued on account of the richness of their ornaments, common to the Turks and Greeks, they carry the long deadly barrel of the Spanish mountainers: and such is their dexterity in the use of this weapon, that they kill, with almost unvarying certainty, the smallest birds on the wing; and that with a single ball, and at a considerable distance. The Pacha was aware of the advantages this post might give us: and it was scarcely established, before he sent against it a force, which he, no doubt, thought sufficient to take it by a coup de main—but he was mistaken. After an hour or two wasted in unsuccessful attacks, the Seraskier did us the honor to make his appearance in person, attended by two or three thousand infantry, and five or six hundred horse; and, from his gesticulations, easily observed by the telescope, we judged him to be in no very good humor.

It is curious to observe the way in which the Turks attack a tambouri. The baïrakdars, or banner-men, taking advantage of the slightest rising ground between them and the object of attack, throw themselves on their bellies, their standards in their hands, and their staghans in their mouths, to be ready in case of a sortie; wriggle along till they get perhaps within a few feet of the tambouri, then suddenly erecting their flags, they plant them firmly in the ground, still keeping their bodies under cover; so that you find yourselves on a sudden, by magic, as it were, surrounded by a forest of the enemy's colors, set up by invisible hands. The main body then sends forward small detachments, as if to try the temper of the besieged. They advance with loud shouts of 'Allah! Allah! accombar! Allilullah!'—and nervous people might be excused for feeling some little alarm, at their discordant yells. Fortunately, however, for the defenders of a tambouri, the fall of a few of the foremost discourages the rest, and they return to the main body. The attack is renewed in the same way; and so the affair is kept up for hours, and frequently without the loss of a single man on the side of the attacked; whereas, a tolerably determined charge of the whole force would prove immediately successful; as the wall, being uncemented, would instantly give way to the foot, or the butt of a gun. But, as the Turks say, when any suggestion is thrown out to them, 'Inshallah, Buckalam,' which means 'Please God, we shall see,'—words ever in the mouth of a musulman:—and while they are waiting till it please God for them to see, the opportunity of availing themselves of an offered advantage, it is already gone by. On this occasion, neither the presence of the Pacha of many titles and three tails, nor his 'Ana sensa Nick dema, and 'Pisiveneckkier,' (favorite Moslem oaths; in the first of which, the abuse
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levelled, not against the individual addressed, but against his mother,) produced the desired effect. The little tambouri held its own; and many a bold Albanian was sent to behold the beard of the Prophet, (on which, by the bye, is eternal oil of roses,—that is, if the creed be true,) by the fatal fire of the men of Crete. Five or six hours passed in taking the turret attacks, when, during one of their most formidable charges, an individual was observed to snatch a standard from the ground, and run towards the tambouri, shouting, 'Eimai Romanos! Eimai Romanos!'—'I am a Greek! I am a Greek!' He cleared the wall of the tambouri at a bound, and alighted unhurt, amidst the astonished Cretans, although he had been exposed, during the whole of his run, to a double fire. We were for some time too much occupied, to pay much attention to our new visitor, as the Delphic now rode forward to the attack, followed by a dense body of foot. At this crisis, the little battery on our left showered its grape amongst the red caps with such effect, that, after leaving a hundred or two of their best and bravest men on the ground, the whole body, horse and foot, Bairackdars and all, made their way back to their master, with all the speed they could; and we had the satisfaction to see the Bercakier clap spurs to his steed, and gallop off in the direction of Athens. The Cretans spread themselves over the field of battle, and in a short time every vestige of clothing had disappeared from the slain, horses and all—and from these last, even their skins. In the mean time, the hero of the standard was relating, to such an audience as he could collect, (Franks only, of course,) the history of his adventure. He had been one of the garrison of the Acropolis, and had volunteered, with a companion, to carry letters from the commandant to the Greek government. Having, on the previous evening, descended from the fortress into the town, which was in the possession of the enemy, he there found himself so situated, that he could not escape, without alarming the guard: his companion lost heart, and returned to the citadel. Not knowing what better to do, he lay down in the street, and (at least so he said) slept till he was disturbed, on the following morning, by the passing of one of the detachments going to the attack of the tambouri. Being a Bulgarian by birth, and his native language Turkish, he immediately conceived the idea of joining the detachment—passing himself off for a Turk—and afterwards trusting to accident for his escape. All went on well till the hour of prayer, when he was obliged to imitate, as well as he could, the gesticulations of the Turkish ceremonial. He was a clever fellow, but his awkwardness was remarked; and upon being questioned, he accounted for it, by saying he had been wounded in the arm. All went well, and he contrived to join in every charge, keeping in the rear, and amusing himself, by his own account, by shooting his comrades, pro tem, through the head, from behind; till at last, in what he believed to be the final charge, he seized the standard, and succeeded in joining his friends in the tambouri. He accompanied the whole of his recital with appropriate gestures, suitting the action to the word, and the word to the action; and after being liberally rewarded by the commandant, he went his way to Agina, to lay before the government his letters.

The establishment of the tambouri led to no beneficial results; and three months afterwards, the iron twenty-fours, to the great annoyance of those who had blistered their hands in dragging them up, were dismounted, and thrown into an old dry well. Athens was left to its fate, and the Greeks abandoned the Heights of Phalere.
THE SAND BANK.

He who's born to be hang'd, can never be drown'd.

OLD BALLAD.

The boat was now ready, and brought to a narrow causeway constructed for the convenience of landing and embarking at the fall of the tide. The party entered and seated themselves. It was manned by a single rower, clad in the costume of his vocation, which was that of a fisherman. He had for this day abandoned his usual occupation, in hopes of a richer reward from the liberality of the gentry at the Hall, than he was likely to obtain from the capricious ocean. The laugh was loud, while the merry jest passed from mouth to mouth. Stanley was alone unhappy. His mirth was constrained, his thoughts abstracted. Restless and impatient, in a tone of fretful displeasure, he ordered the boatman to push from the shore. The order was instantly obeyed, and in a few moments the boat danced merrily upon the bounding waters. Her keel cut rapidly through the billows, leaving a trail of foam behind it, which at once indicated her track and the rapidity of her progress.

Every now and then the half-suppressed exclamation was heard from the more timid among her passengers, as she occasionally lurched from the force of the swell, the water being almost on a level with her gunwale. With suspended breath, accompanied by a half-stifled scream, the terrified Julia, his affianced bride, seized Stanley's arm with a tenacious grasp; and this she repeated every time the boat rose upon the swell, or sunk into the hollows, caused by the agitation of a gentle breeze, which aided her progress through the sparkling element.

After a few minutes' rowing, the boat reached her destination, and her passengers landed with great glee upon a large bank of sand within half a mile of the beach. Pots, kettles, and all the gastronomical appendages of a pick-nick, were displayed upon the sloping shore. A smile was on every cheek, and delight beamed from every eye at the prospect of enjoyment, new to many and delightful to all. Stanley alone was grave and silent. Not another brow was clouded. Every heart but his was light and unsaddened.

The day was beautiful. Not a vapor interrupted the clear azure of the heavens; while the sun, bright as in his summer meridian, but his fervor cooled by the temperate breezes of autumn, had lost none of his splendor, though abridged of his power. Upon the highest part of the mound were some long piles, which had been driven into the sand as a mark at high tide to point out the shallow. Against these a rude shed had been constructed for the convenience of the cocklers, which, though considerably dilapidated by the constant flow and repercussion of the waters, afforded no contemptible refectory upon a spot which had evidently never been designed by nature to administer to the caprices of pleasure.

After tea had been prepared, during which there was no lack of noisy hilarity, some of the party related their common-place adventures with as much satisfaction, and the assumption of as much importance, as if they had gathered blackberries at the poles, shot white bears within the tropics, or been entrusted with the ashes of the Phoenix. Stanley was not disposed to be so communicative as his more innocent, but more silly companions; on the contrary, he listened with an air of dog-
ged impatience, and not without an indignant, though unuttered, feeling of contempt at such vexatious trifling. They bantered him upon his gravity, but this only served to render him the more uncourteous and sullen. Julia simpered, yet was evidently discomposed; this, however, was no serious interruption to the general harmony.

After some time had been harmlessly whiled away over their tea, toast, and cockles, the latter of which were supplied in abundance from the bank upon which they were regaling themselves, the party separated into sundry groups, and severally rambled over the extensive strand, in order to have a more varied enjoyment of the scene around them. The vast expanse of water undulating onward, until it softened into the distant line of the horizon; the gentle curling of the crisp blue waves, as they were agitated by the passing breeze; the hoarse scream of the sea mew, as it blended with the lulling cadence of the billows; the occasional dash of distant oars, as the pleasure-boat or fishing smack glided gaily past upon the glassy surface before them; the cheerful note of the rower, as he timed the stroke of his oar to the rough measure of his song; the distant shouts of ye heave ho from the small trading vessels, as they were unlading or taking in their cargoes on the opposite shore,—all imparted a variety and picturesque harmony to the scene, producing those lively emotions, which make us forget for a while the progress of time, when the objects that surround us are such as to entrance our attention and to elate our feelings.

To a stranger's eye, the scene above described was of no common interest; and even those to whom it was familiar could not but enjoy a secondary, added to their primary pleasure, in witnessing the delight which objects so interesting produced upon the feelings of many to whom they were altogether new. The whole party, always excepting Stanley, who appeared determined not to be gratified, expressed their satisfaction in terms of unmeasured enthusiasm.

The sand island was of considerable extent, doubling a long promontory in the form of a deep crescent, the horns of which extended so far towards the land as to form nearly half a circle. The headland jutted a considerable distance into the water, reaching to within a hundred yards from the centre of this vast segment, when the tide was out. The extremities of the sand-bank rounded the cape so far on each side, that they who were on the one could not be seen by those on the other. The extreme length of the strand at the ebb of the tide was about half a mile.

I have said that the visitors to this interesting spot had separated in order to amuse themselves as they might severally feel disposed. They had divided into trios, pairs, and single stragglers. Stanley, having left his fair charge to the care of her cousin, had wandered alone to one of the extreme points of the island, whence his companions were concealed from his view by the intervening cape. He had occupied himself some time in reflecting upon past occurrences, until his thoughts, taking their tone from the perturbations with which some very unwelcome recollections were accompanied, cast an additional gloom over his spirit which had been rather aggravated than subdued by the thoughtless hilarity of his companions. He really loved Agnes, a beautiful girl whom he had heartlessly betrayed under the most solemn promises of marriage—if that can be called love of which mere appetency is the only element—and the paramount wish of his heart now was to renew that intercourse, which had already degraded her and dishonored him. As
to a nearer tie, his base spirit revolted from the very thought, but how otherwise to accomplish his purpose was a difficulty which sadly perplexed him. He felt confident that she would not listen for an instant to any proposal that would continue her in her degradation, and yet he could not consent to abandon an object, who had already yielded up to him her affection and her virtue, and whom he was still anxious to retain upon any terms short of those by which alone he could repair the wrong he had done her. His approaching marriage he contemplated with complacency, as it would place large funds at his disposal, a power of which he was extremely anxious to avail himself. As to what opinion the deluded being whom he was about to make his wife might eventually entertain of him, he did not consider it to be an object worth his attention, deeming her sufficiently repaid for the transfer of her affections and fortune to him, by the honor of an alliance which would make her, whose pedigree was anything but remote, a member of an old and distinguished family.

As these reflections were passing through his mind, he gazed, scarcely conscious of the objects before him, at the gradual advance of the tide, seeing, indeed, but not observing the crested surges as they curled and rippled at his feet, and gathering every now and then, with a half vacant look of indifference, the variegated shells with which the strand abounded. He became at length so deeply absorbed in that maze of perplexing reflection, which sometimes distracts the thoughts when the known past and the unknown future mingle in our minds the uncertain with the doubtful, that he did not perceive the waves had considerably increased in volume, and were rapidly advancing over the sand. His eye had long apparently watched their progress, and yet he was really unconscious of their approach. His abstraction for the moment was so intense, that the external world seemed to have faded before him, until his attention was roused by a sudden cry of distress to the reality of the scene before him. He raised his head and listened. Again it came, borne on the rising breeze, before he had time to determine whether it was real or imaginary. He no longer doubted, after hearing the second cry, as the shrill tone was too familiar to his ear to be easily mistaken. He knew not what to think. His first impression was, that his dear betrothed had rashly ventured upon a precipitous part of the bank, and been swept into the embrace of some ungentle billow. The golden harvest, which was so full and fair for the gathering in, was perhaps about to be swallowed up in the insatiable ocean. What a possibility! To lose so rich a prize in the lottery of life!—dreadful! What was to be done? Impelled by a sudden impulse of selfish heroism, he rushed forward to save the fair object of his anxiety, not doubting but that he was about to see his worst surmises realized.

Upon gaining the most elevated part of the sand-bank, he discovered to his dismay that the tide had risen so rapidly as to separate the portion upon which he stood from the main body, there being a considerable indentation on that side over which the water had imperceptibly flowed, so that all communication was cut off between him and his companions. He attempted to ford the channel, but when he found the water to be above his waist before he reached the centre of the passage, he was repelled by his fear from proceeding, and retreated disappointed and alarmed.

By this time the wind blew at intervals in sudden gusts, while the rack was beginning to gather and pass rapidly over the declining sun,
The sand was occasionally raised in small vortices, and scattered profusely over him. The air was becoming chill, which the sudden sense of danger made more obvious, though Stanley had been hitherto too much absorbed in his unquiet meditations to give it much heed. He was now sensible that his situation was extremely hazardous, and that nothing could save him from destruction if he were left to his own exertions for escape. He looked with an expression of dismay at the rapidly accumulating tide, and in proportion as the creek enlarged which separated him from his friends, his apprehensions of peril increased. It was evident that the small insular mass upon which he stood would be soon covered, as no part of it was much elevated above the rising tide, which was visibly encroaching. He watched it with painful earnestness; it momentarily narrowed the limits of his little realm. The billows now rose into something like commotion, as their course was impeded by the uneven surface of the channel through which they passed, and their white foaming crests indicated the approach of a fiercer conflict.

Stanley's alarm at finding himself so unexpectedly separated from his companions, was not a little aggravated at perceiving that the boat which had conveyed them to the island had broken from her moorings, and was tossing about at the mercy of the waves. She was drifting fast towards the land, and there was evidently no possibility of regaining her. This was indeed a new source of apprehension to the terrified Stanley. All hope of assistance seemed at once to vanish, as it was evident that his friends were as much in jeopardy as himself. This, however, could afford no consolation to him. He saw them running with an air of distraction along the margin of the rising sea, throwing up their arms as if supplicating assistance, and evidently making signals to the shore.

There happened to be no cottage on the part of the beach opposite to which he was standing. He could consequently encourage no hopes that any signal made by him would be observed, and his voice, however loudly he might shout, was still less likely to be heard. His only chance was to communicate his distress, if possible, to those who were in a similar state of peril with himself, so that if assistance reached them from the land, it might by their means be extended to him. He was satisfied they would not leave him to his fate, if they were released from theirs. He felt assured that Julia's affections were too deeply rooted not to urge her to put everything to the hazard for his safety. He was, however, for once deceived, since the only being upon earth whom she sincerely and exclusively loved was herself. He nevertheless derived a momentary consolation from the reflection that relief would quickly reach them from the land, and that they would immediately hasten to his rescue; but he was soon doomed to witness the disappointment of his most anxious expectations.

While he was waving his handkerchief as a signal of distress, he perceived a boat approach his companions in peril. In their deliverance he anxiously anticipated his own. His suspense had a speedy but fearful termination. He raised his voice to its extreme pitch, shouting with all that impatient eagerness which a consciousness of danger naturally induces; he was however unheeded: in fact he was not heard. He fixed his eye with intense interest on the friends from whom he had been separated, until they had all entered the boat. It was very small, and by the time the whole party were safe on board was so overloaded, that any delay in disembarking must have been attended with no small
hazard. Stanley saw her direct her course towards the land. His heart sickened. He waved his handkerchief, and shouted again in vain. She altered not her course, and he was left to the agonies of an almost hopeless disappointment. He struck his forehead in agony. The tide in the meanwhile had rapidly risen, and his peril was proportionately increased. He bitterly lamented his folly, in having so thoughtlessly wandered from the party merely to indulge a morose humor, for which, as it appeared, he was about to pay a most fearful penalty. His lamentations, however, reached no mortal ear but his own.

The sky now began to darken, and the rays of the declining sun were only occasionally seen to slant upon the frothy waters. The air was becoming opaque and heavy, while the distant line of the horizon was broken by gathering masses of deep purple cloud, which rose rapidly to the zenith, gradually overspreading the whole circumference of the heavens. The gusts increased in frequency and force, swelling every now and then into a momentary howl, while the waves, lashed into commotion by their augmenting violence, rose, and gurgled around him, assuming a most angry aspect, and beginning to expand into fierce and formidable array. Their agreeable ripple had subsided, and was succeeded by a confused clashing, like the distant champing of the war-horse, ready and eager for the battle.

The clouds still thickened, and gathered with deep expansion over the setting sun. In a short time the mass was so dense, that there no longer remained any indication of his presence above the horizon, except the golden tinge that hung upon the vapory skirts of the clouds, as their huge fantastic forms were impelled through the murky firmament. The progress of the coming storm was quick, and fearfully menacing. Stanley gazed upon the spreading vapors which rolled in dusky volumes above, and the increasing agitation of the waters below, with the most vivid apprehensions. The clouds, were at times so low, that it almost appeared as if he could dart his hand into them, and grasp the lightning which he imagined just ready to explode within their teeming bosoms. He felt a chill creeping through his frame which seemed nearly to paralyse him, while the pulses of his heart beat so violently as to be almost audible. His throat became dry. The perspiration started from his temples, and gathering into large drops, hung quivering upon his brows. He felt a suffocating sensation, which caused him to grasp as if suffering under strangulation. This sudden revulsion nearly distracted him. All these agonising sensations became stronger in proportion as his hopes of deliverance grew weaker, until at length the excitement of his mind was all but maddening. His spirit sunk, his limbs tottered, he panted with terror. It was indeed an awful visitation, the more awful because so sudden and unexpected.

The shore had by this time almost melted into the darkness, so that he could no longer define objects so remote. He looked with an anxious eye towards that part of the beach where the boat, which had so lately rescued his companions, had directed her course. He could no longer distinguish her. She had faded into the twilight, or she might perhaps have given up her living freight to the merciless ocean, and he only might remain to be the last of many sufferers. What an agonising thought! was there no rescue? He listened, but the rising conflict of the elements excluded all other sounds. He heard no dash of oars, he saw no boat approaching. What was to be done? Where were his chances of escape, and what could exertion avail him? Peril surround-
ed him, and the fear of death, for the first time, cast an icy chill upon his heart. Should he fling himself headlong into the sea, and put a per-
iod at once to his misery? The thought was but a momentary one. The horror of dying deterred him from adopting an alternative so fright-
ful. He had not yet given up all hopes of rescue, though his fears that it might come too late kept him on the very rack of suspense.

The storm rapidly increased. Short and quick flashes of lightning already began to gleam through the darkened heavens, while the thun-
der growled portentously in the distance. These explosions soon became more frequent and more loud, the flashes that succeeded them quicker, and more piercing. The rain fell at first in big heavy drops, gradually augmenting until it descended at length in one general and unbroken shower. There was no retreat—the waters were around him, the tem-
pest was above him, and he stood alone upon a mere spot of earth ex-
posed to their pitiless fury. What an awful position for one who had never calculated upon the possibility of a visitation so sudden and appall-
ing! Every instant added to his peril, and consequently to his terror. He paced with hurried and agitated steps the small circle of sand upon which he stood hemmed in by the flood that threatened speedily to overwhelm him. Was it possible, he thought, that his friends could willingly leave him to perish—that, she more especially could desert him who on the morrow, had he been spared, was to have redeemed the pledge of her affection at God's altar? As the idea rushed upon his brain, he would, in the bitterness of his soul, have cursed the unfeeling Julia, but the dread of death awoke him to better feelings, and checked the rising execration. Alas! she might be, at the very moment he was about to curse her, a being only of the past; she might have gone to her account, where he, as it appeared, was likely so shortly to follow her. He was calm for an instant, but the reaction of agony was only the more intense after the brief interval of repose. Were there no means of deliverance? He looked upon the waters. They boiled and chafed with a fierceness which made him shudder. 'Great God!' he cried, 'how the furious wa-
ters rage and swell around me! Am I to be engulfed in their briny bosom? Horrible!—I dare not—I cannot die! I who never before thought of death, must I meet it now under an aspect so frightful? Must I be hurried into the presence of my Judge, with a fresh blot of infamy upon my soul which a long life of penitence could scarcely expunge? Must I now prepare to rush into an eternity of unimaginable horrors;—No,' no, no!' He staggered backward nearly exhausted by his emotions. The tide still rose, gradually diminishing the circumference within which he was standing. The spray began to dash over him, the waves retreating only to return with the greater impetuosity, lessening every instant his chance of escape. He did not, however, yet entirely resign himself to despair, though his hope was but a forlorn one. He was absolutely drenched to the skin with the sea and rain.

His boundary was now reduced to a few yards, still there was no as-
sistance nigh. He cast his eyes around, piercing as far as he could into the misty atmosphere. It was in vain. He saw nothing that of-
ered any prospect of relief. He summoned his energies, and prepared for the struggle of death. Determined not to yield whilst there was any possibility of delaying the fatal moment, he placed himself upon the highest part of the bank, to which he dragged a small anchor that lay imbedded in the sand. He forced it into the arenaceous mass, which readily yielded to the slightest pressure, and placing his foot within the
ring at the end of the shank, determined, with the aid of a rope which was attached to the ring, to secure his footing against the assaulting flood so long as he should have strength to resist; since while there remained even the most distant possibility of rescue, he was resolved to relinquish no chance of preservation. It required no little mental energy to keep him firm in this resolution, for as the waves continued to approach, the apprehension of destruction broke fiercer and fiercer upon his troubled spirit. They were already at his feet—those waves which were about to swallow him; while the wild roar above and around him only magnified his horror. Still there was a struggle of hope within him, and every now and then a faint gleam pierced through the darkness of his growing despair, buoying up his bewildered soul amid those agonizing throes of dismay with which it was conflicting.

There is perhaps no situation, however perilous, in which hope deserts us altogether. So long as the excitement of terror or of dreadful apprehension does not overpower the mind and destroy the balance of reason, hope clings to the soul, like light to the sun, and never entirely quits it until quenched in the darkness of death. It is that mysterious agency which operates more or less upon all our actions, which is the incentive of everything we do, and which lights us forward to that goal where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Stanley now felt its influence strongly. He stood upon the ring of the anchor, his foot firmly locked within the circle as upon the verge of eternity. The sea-gull flew by him as if in mockery of his misery, screaming his discordant song to the awakened tempest, and thus adding to the wild dissonance of the clashing elements. He put up his supplications to heaven for the first time since he had ceased to liep his infant orisons upon a parent's knee, yet with an awful presentiment that they would not be heard. They were, however, offered with a tremendous sincerity. They nevertheless, fell upon his soul with a most astounding recoil, like the reverberation of terrible echoes upon the ear among the mountains of the wilderness. When he thought of his God, it was only in connexion with his own peril. It was not love that induced him to supplicate the divine forgiveness. It was that abject terror which arises from a consciousness of unexpiated guilt, and a consequent dread of punishment. He could find, therefore, no resource in prayer. His aspirations went not up with acceptance to the throne of mercy. Such was the stern announcement of his affrighted conscience. It told him, in that 'still small voice,' which is the more terrible, because it reaches not the outward ear, but appears only to the impassive soul, that God had deserted him—that the King of Terrors, and the lord of the damned, were about to secure their victim. He felt no longer security. Every instant diminished his chance of deliverance. He ceased at length to cling even to the slender thread of possibility. He was becoming bewildered. His senses were fast lapping into confusion, and he seemed as if scarcely conscious of his own identity. The crisis of his fate was at hand. He was in the very gorge of destruction. A violent peal of thunder for a moment recalled his energies, and re-awakened the dying spark of hope, which had ceased indeed to glow, but was nevertheless not utterly extinguished, as the living fire is within the coal when the surface is black and rayless.

The waters had gradually risen, and by this time reached his knees, booming around him and over him with a violence absolutely astounding. The wind raised the spray above his head, scattering the white
passed through the dusky air, and flinging it high amid the storm. Stanley continued to keep his foot firmly fixed in the ring of the anchor, lest the billows should sweep him from his position, for he maintained his resolution in spite of the feebleness of exhaustion, to struggle for life as long as any chance of escape remained. He clung with almost convulsive pertinacity to the cord which still enabled him to keep his footing. The surf was now nearly at his breast at every retreat of the wave, which at its return rolled completely over him. He stood against it, however with the most persevering determination, although he was fully sensible that resistance would shortly be vain. He grew gradually weaker; his eyes became dim. He felt that a few brief moments must decide his doom. What a dreadful interval betwixt time and eternity! To hang, as it were between two worlds, about to drop from the present into the future! to plunge from all that is known and tangible into all that is intangible and unknown! to quit certainty for doubt, light for darkness, hope for despair, heaven for hell! It was indeed a fearful moment, and Stanley felt it. He sighed in agony; but this deep-drawn echo of the heart’s emotions was stilled by the remorseless waters. They lifted up their angry voices, and flung in his ear the hoarse menace of death. The imagined gibbering of fiends rose upon his startled fancy, and seemed to mock him in his misery. The waves continued their assault, and he could now scarcely breathe between their rapid advance and retreat. ‘Mercy, mercy!’ he cried; ‘O God! pity me! save me! I am lost—what will become of my soul? ’Tis too vile for heaven—horrible, horrible.’ His articulation was impeded by the surge. It retreated a moment from his lips—to die thus—to stand upon the confines of perdition—Saviour!’

He gasped convulsively. The rolling flood again impeded his utterance. He was all but exhausted when his ear caught the dash of oars. His heart leaped—an instant more and it would be too late. His chest was already distended with the bitter draughts which he had for some minutes successively swallowed. He now withdrew his foot from the ring of the anchor, and sustaining himself by the cord, placed his toe upon the shank, which thus increased his elevation a few inches; but by this time the billows had become so large and impetuous, that when the first dashed over him, after he had changed his position, he lost his footing and floated on the agitated surface, at the mercy of the waves. He still, however, retained his hold of the cord. The surf was already in his ears and in his mouth. He struggled in the agonies of suffocation. He began to sink—the flood gurgled in his throat—a confused sound was all he heard—he saw nothing—the frightful obscurity of death was fast closing in around him, when he felt a hand upon his head. It seized his hair, and raised him above the boiling surge. Consciousness returned as he felt himself hauled to the edge of a boat. He grasped the gunnel with frantic energy. At this moment a vivid flash of lightning broke over the convulsed ocean, and fell upon the countenance of his preserver. It was Agnes! What cannot woman do when excited to the fearless exercise of her energies? More than man in the very mightiness of his.—Agnes was one who could dare to do all that woman dared, and more. Nothing was above her resolution.

Stanley could not suppress a hoarse scream of emotion as he beheld the animated but stern countenance of his preserver reflecting with greater intensity the fierce flash of the lightning. Her hair had escaped the fillet which confined it, and hung dripping upon her naked shoul-
ders, from which the extreme violence of the gale had stript their flimsy covering. The expression of her eyes was almost wild, yet a glance of such determined meaning broke from them when the pitchy clouds poured forth their vivid fires upon the terrible scene; at the same time, her whole demeanor was so undaunted and self-possessed, that the drowning man began to hesitate whether he was in the hands of a preserving or destroying angel. He clung to the boat with renewed vigor, weighing it down into the angry flood which rolled into it, foaming and spitting like the agitated surface of a boiling cauldron. Agnes was unmoved. The flashes of the lightning exhibited her at intervals standing erect in the rocking boat, and looking with an air of sublime indifference at the deadly strife of the elements, as they hurled above her head with perilous impetuosity. Stanley entreated her to drag him from his jeopardy. She looked upon him with an expression of calm determination.

'Swear, then, to repair the wrong you have done me, or I leave you to your merited doom.'

'I swear.' She fixed her eye keenly upon him. He turned his head from the scrutinising glance.

'What dost thou swear?'

'To repair the wrong I have done thee.'

Agnes looked doubtfully, while he still chitter convulsively to the gunnel of the boat.

'How wilt thou repair that wrong? Remember, I am now the preserver of thy life.'

'By marriage!' A momentary flush past over her colorless cheek.

'Swear, then, by heaven.'

'By heaven!' gasped forth the drowning man. The word was scarcely articulate as the extorted abjuration was choked by the gushing billows. Agnes drew the now almost exhausted Stanley into the boat, and rowed him in silence to the beach. She had put off in a small skiff when she heard of his danger, in spite of the menacing storm. He spoke not a word during their painful progress, neither did he attempt to assist her, as he was in such a state of exhaustion that he could scarcely stir. He lay almost motionless at the bottom of the boat. The danger, however, was now past, and he soon recovered his self-possession. He was as reckless in security as fearful in peril, and a few minutes, therefore, restored him to his usual callousness of purpose. He soon began to meditate upon what he had pledged himself to perform, with bitter remorse of spirit. He shivered as well from the drenching rain, which still fell in torrents, as from the distasteful reflections which crowded upon his excited mind. Could he fulfil his oath? Impossible! Could he evade it? He must—he had no alternative. Better, he thought, that Agnes should continue dishonored than that he should be undone. If a balance of disadvantages were made, his would be the largest, were he madly to redeem his pledge. Besides, he could not do impossibilities. He could not convert wrong into right; and extorted oaths, as the nicest casuists agreed, possessed no moral obligation. The sanctions of moral equity, were at least in his favor, although the literal requisitions of civil justice might be against him. Better, he thought, break an improper oath than add a culpable performance of it to the sin of having made it. The means, where they are sinful, can never sanctify the end. 'I was wrong to swear,' said he mentally, 'but I repent, and will stop in time, before I add to the wrong an additional sin.' This selfish sophistry, which, though unuttered, passed rapidly through Stanley's thoughts, at
once determined him; and before he reached the landing, his mind was perfectly made up to consider an extorted oath as not binding, and consequently to leave the injured Agnes to her degradation and her misery.

How soon are the greatest benefits forgotten—the greatest, perhaps, the soonest!

**MISCELLANEA.**

*Joining a Settler.*—Extract of a letter from New South Wales.—'We duly reached Newcastle by the packet; and then hired a boat to take us and our baggage up the river, and we arrived at G——'s settlement a little before 12, a.m. He was out, as one of his men informed us, 'chipping in murphys'; —and, my sister being not a little wearied, I desired the man to inform him of our arrival, while we rested on two blocks of wood which served for chairs. In a few minutes G—— came hurry ing in, with nothing on [saving your presence] but his shirt and a large kangaroo skin cap, forgetting how he was attired in his anxiety to welcome us. The first salutations over, G—— seated himself on another log, still entirely forgetting his trousers, until I contrived by a look, to remind him of them, when he politely slipped on a pair in our presence, and composedly resumed his seat. After some mutual inquiries, he apologised for having everything in such a rough way, and desired his man to let us have dinner. I looked round, but could not espy a table, but in a moment the only door of the dwelling was unshipped from its hinges, and laid on two blocks of wood, Dennis, the cook, now put three clasp knives on the door, and exclaimed, in a tone of some bitterness, 'Sorrow take the black fellers, they've brought us neither fish nor wild ducks to-day, and we've nothing at all but a bullock's head and some damper.' 'Can't help it, Dennis, fetch it in,' said G——. In a few minutes Dennis returned, and to our inexplicable astonishment placed on the table, all reeking from the cauldron, an immense bullock's head with the horns, hair, and ears on.'

*March of Pen'worths.*—A penny paper, *le Bon Sens*, has been started at Paris by the leaders of the liberal party, and is published every Sunday.

*March of Lithography.*—A lithographic press has been established at Shiraz in Persia, under the direction of one Mirza Ahmet, who has thus begun to print small elementary school-books.

*French Royal Medals.*—We fear that many of the most rare of these remains of antiquity have perished in the crucibles, wedges of gold having been found in several places, supposed to be the product of these precious memorials.

*Coquetry.*—Coquetry is the daughter of Gaiety, and the mother of Mortification.—*Le Cercle*.

*M. Elie de Beaumont*, celebrated for his investigation of mountain formation, has been appointed to the chair of geology in the College of France, vacant by the death of Cuvier.
JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON,
BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON, NO 3.*

(With a full-length Portrait of Lord Byron.)

From this period we saw Lord Byron frequently; he met us in our rides nearly every day, and the road to Nervi became our favorite promenade. While riding by the sea-shore, he often recurred to the events of his life, mingling sarcasms on himself with bitter pleasantry against others. He dined often with us, and sometimes came after dinner, as he complained that he suffered from indulging at our repasts, as animal food disagreed with him. He added, that even the excitement of society, though agreeable and exhilarating at the time, left a nervous irritation, that prevented sleep or occupation for many hours afterwards.

I once spoke to him, by the desire of his medical adviser, on the necessity of his accustoming himself to a more nutritious regimen; but he declared, that if he did, he should get fat and stupid, and that it was only by abstinence that he felt he had the power of exercising his mind. He complained of being spoiled for society, by having so long lived out of it; and said, that though naturally of a quick apprehension, he latterly felt himself dull and stupid. The impression left on my mind is, that Byron never could have been a brilliant person in society, and that he was not formed for what generally is understood by that term: he has none of the 'small change' that passes current in the mart of society; his gold is in ingots, and cannot be brought into use for trifling expenditures; he, however, talks a good deal, and likes to reread.

Talking of people who were great talkers, he observed that almost all clever people were such, and gave several examples: amongst others, he cited Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Johnson, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Madame de Staël. 'But,' said he, 'my friend, Lady ______, would have talked them all out of the field. She, I suppose, has heard that all clever people are great talkers, and so has determined on displaying,

* Continued from p. 186.
at least, one attribute of that genus; but her Ladyship would do well to recollect that all great talkers are not clever people—a truism that no one can doubt who has been often in her society.

‘Lady ——,’ continued Byron, ‘with beaucoup de ridicule, has many essentially fine qualities; she is independent in her principles—though, by the bye, like all Independents, she allows that privilege to few others, being the veriest tyrant that ever governed Fashion’s fools, who are compelled to shake their caps and bells as she wills it. Of all that coterie,’ said Byron, ‘Madame de ——, after Lady ——, was the best; at least I thought so, for these two ladies were the only one, who ventured to protect me when all London was crying out against me on the separation, and they behaved courageously and kindly; indeed Madame de ——, defended me when few dared to do so, and I have always remembered it. Poor dear Lady ——! does she still retain her beautiful cream-colored complexion and raven hair? I used to long to tell her that she spoiled her looks by her excessive animation; for eyes, tongue, head, and arms were all in movement at once, and were only relieved from their active service by want of respiration, I shall never forget when she once complained to me of the fatigue of literary occupations; and I, in terror, expected her Ladyship to propose reading to me an epic poem, tragedy, or at least a novel of her composition; when, lo! she displayed to me a very richly-bound Album, half filled with printed extracts cut out of newspapers and magazines, which she had selected and pasted in the book; and I (happy at being let off so easily) sincerely agreed with her that literature was very tiresome. I understand that she has now advanced with the ‘March of Intellect,’ and got an Album filled with MS. poetry, to which all of us, of the craft, have contributed. I was the first; Moore wrote something, which was, like all that he writes, very sparkling and terse; but he got dissatisfied with the faint praise it met with from the husband, before Mlle. saw the verses, and destroyed the effusion; I know not if he ever has supplied their place. Can you fancy Moore paying attention to the opinion of Milor, on Poesy? Had it been on racing or horse flesh he might have been right; but Pegasus is, perhaps, the only horse of whose paces Lord ——, could not be a judge.

Talking of fashionable life in London, Lord Byron said that there was nothing so vapid and ennuyeux. ‘The English,’ said he, ‘were intended by nature to be good, sober-minded people, and those who live in the country are really admirable. I saw a good deal of English country life, and it is the only favorable impression that remains of our mode of living; but of London, and exclusive society, I retain a fearful recollection. Dissipation has need of wit, talent, and gaiety, to prevent reflection, and make the eternal round of frivolous amusements pass; and of these,’ continued Byron, ‘there was a terrible lack in the society in which I mixed. The minds of the English are formed of sterner stuff. You may make an English woman (indeed Nature does this) the best daughter, wife, and mother in the world; nay, you may make her a heroine; but nothing can make her a genuine woman of fashion!’
And yet this latter rôle is the one which, par préférence, she always wishes to act. Thorough-bred English gentlewomen,' said Byron, 'are the most distinguished and lady-like creatures imaginable. Natural, mild, and dignified, they are formed to be placed at the heads of our patrician establishments; but when they quit their congenial spheres to enact the leaders of fashion, les dames à la mode, they bungle sadly. Their gaiety degenerates into levity—their hauteur into incivility—their fashionable ease and nonchalance into brusquerie—and their attempts at assuming les usages du monde into a positive outrage on all the bienséances. In short, they offer a coarse caricature of the airy lightness and capricious, but amusing, légèreté of the French, without any of their redeeming espièglerie and politesse. And all this because they will perform parts in the comedy of life for which nature has not formed them, neglecting their own dignified characters.'

'Madame de Staël,' continued Lord Byron, 'was forcibly struck by the factitious tone of the best society in London, and wished very much to have an opportunity of judging of that of the second class. She, however, had not this opportunity, which I regret, as I think it would have justified her expectations. In England, the raw material is generally good; it is the over-dressing that injures it; and as the class she wished to study are well educated, and have all the refinement of civilization without its corruption, she would have carried away a favorable impression. Lord Grey and his family were the personification of her beau idéal of perfection, as I must say they are of mine,' continued Byron, 'and might serve as the finest specimens of the pure English patrician breed, of which so few remain. His uncompromising and uncompromised dignity, founded on self-respect, and accompanied by that certain proof of superiority—simplicity of manner and freedom from affectation, with her mild and matron graces, her whole life offering a model to wives and mothers—really they are people to be proud of, and a few such would reconcile one to one's species.'

One of our first rides with Lord Byron was to Nervi, a village on the sea-coast, most romantically situated, and each turn of the road presenting various and beautiful prospects. They were all familiar to him, and he failed not to point them out, but in very sober terms, never allowing anything like enthusiasm in his expressions, though many of the views might have excited it.

His appearance on horseback was not advantageous, and he seemed aware of it, for he made many excuses for his dress and equestrian appointments. His horse was literally covered with various trappings, in the way of cavesons, martingales, and Heaven knows how many other (to me) unknown inventions. The saddle was à la Hussarde with holsters, in which he always carried pistols. His dress consisted of a nankeen jacket and trowsers, which appeared to have shrunk from washing; the jacket embroidered in the same color, and with three rows of buttons; the waist very short, the back very narrow, and the sleeves set in as they used to be ten or fifteen years before; a black stock, very narrow; a dark-blue velvet cap with a shade, and a very
rich gold band and large gold tassel at the crown; nankeen gaiters, and a pair of blue spectacles, completed his costume, which was anything but becoming. This was his general dress of a morning for riding, but I have seen it changed for a green tartan plaid jacket. He did not ride well, which surprised us, as, from the frequent allusions to horsemanship in his works, we expected to find him almost a Nimrod. It was evident that he had pretensions on this point, though he certainly was what I should call a timid rider. When his horse made a false step, which was not unfrequent, he seemed discomposed; and when we came to any bad part of the road, he immediately checked his course and walked his horse very slowly, though there really was nothing to make even a lady nervous. Finding that I could perfectly manage (or what he called bully) a very highly-dressed horse that I daily rode, he became extremely anxious to buy it; asked me a thousand questions as to how I had acquired such a perfect command of it, &c. &c., and entreated, as the greatest favor, that I would resign it to him as a charger to take to Greece, declaring he never would part with it, &c. As I was by no means a bold rider, we were rather amused at observing Lord Byron's opinion of my courage; and as he seemed so anxious for the horse, I agreed to let him have it when he was to embark. From this time he paid particular attention to the movements of poor Mameluke (the name of the horse,) and said he should now feel confidence in action with so steady a charger.

During our ride the conversation turned on our mutual friends and acquaintances in England. Talking of two of them, for one of whom he professed a great regard, he declared laughingly that they had saved him from suicide. Seeing me look grave, he added, 'It is a fact, I assure you, I should positively have destroyed myself, but I guessed that— or ——, would write my life, and with this fear before my eyes, I have lived on. I know so well the sort of things they would write of me—the excuses, lame as myself, that they would offer for my delinquencies, while they were unnecessarily exposing them, and all this done with the avowed intention of justifying, what, God help me! cannot be justified, my unpoeitical reputation, with which the world can have nothing to do! One of my friends would dip his pen in clarified honey, and the other in vinegar, to describe my manifold transgressions, and as I lived on, and do not wish my poor fame to be either preserved or pickled, I have written my Memoirs, where facts will speak for themselves, without the editorial candor of excuses, such as 'we cannot excuse this unhappy error, or defend that impropriety;'—the mode,' continued Byron, 'in which friends exalt their own prudence and virtue, by exhibiting the want of those qualities in the dear departed, and by marking their disapproval of his errors. I have written my Memoirs,' said Byron, 'to save the necessity of their being written by a friend or friends, and have only to hope they will not add notes.'

I remarked with a smile, that at all events he anticipated his friends by saying before hand as many illnaturfed things of them as they could possibly write of him. He laughed, and said, 'Depend on it we are
equal. Poets, (and I may, I suppose, without presumption, count myself among that favored race, as it has pleased the Fates to make me one,) have no friends. On the old principle, that 'union gives force,' we sometimes agree to have a violent friendship for each other. We dedicate, we bepraise, we write pretty letters, but we do not deceive each other. In short, we resemble you fair ladies, when some half-dozen of the fairest of you profess to love each other mightily, correspond so sweetly, call each other by such pretty epithets, and laugh in your hearts at those who are taken in by such appearances.' I endeavored to defend my sex, but he adhered to his opinion. I ought to add that during this conversation he was very gay, and that though his words may appear severe, there was no severity in his manner. The natural flippancy of Lord Byron took off all appearance of premeditation or bitterness from his remarks, even when they were acrimonious, and the impression conveyed to, and left on my mind, was, that for the most part they were uttered more in jest than in earnest. They were, however, sufficiently severe to make me feel that there was no safety with him, and that in five minutes after one's quitting him on terms of friendship, he could not resist the temptation of showing one up, either in conversation or by letter, though in half an hour after he would put himself to personal inconvenience to render a kindness to the person so shown up.

I remarked that in talking of literary productions, he seemed much more susceptible to their defects, than alive to their beauties. As a proof, he never failed to remember some quotation that told against the unhappy author, which he recited with an emphasis, or a mock-heroic air, that made it very ludicrous. The pathetic he always burlesqued in reciting; but this I am sure proceeded from an affectation of not sympathizing with the general taste.

April — Lord Byron dined with us to-day. During dinner he was as usual gay, spoke in terms of the warmest commendation of Sir Walter Scott, not only as an author, but as a man, and dwelt with apparent delight on his novels, declaring that he had read and re-read them over and over again, and always with increased pleasure. He said that he quite equalled, nay, in his opinion, surpassed Cervantes. In talking of Sir Walter's private character, goodness of heart, &c., Lord Byron became more animated than I had ever seen him; his color changed from its general pallid tint to a more lively hue, and his eyes became humid; never had he appeared to such advantage, and it might easily be seen that every expression he uttered proceeded from his heart. Poor Byron!—for poor he is even with all his genius, rank, and wealth—had he lived more with men like Scott, whose openness of character and steady principle had convinced him that they were in earnest in their goodness, and not making believe, (as he always suspects good people to be,) his life might be different and happier! Byron is so acute an observer that nothing escapes him; all the shades of selfishness and vanity are exposed to his searching glance, and the misfortune is, (and a serious one it is to him,) that when he finds these, and alas! they are
to be found on every side, they disgust and prevent his giving credit to the many good qualities that often accompany them. He declares he can sooner pardon crimes, because they proceed from the passions, than these minor vices, that spring from egotism and self-conceit. We had a long argument this evening on the subject, which ended, like most arguments, by leaving both of the same opinion as when it commenced. I endeavored to prove that crimes were not only injurious to the perpetrators, but often ruinous to the innocent, and productive of misery to friends and relations, whereas selfishness and vanity carried with them their own punishment, the first depriving the person of all sympathy, and the second exposing him to ridicule, which to the vain is a heavy punishment, but that their effects were not destructive to society as are crimes.

He laughed when I told him that having heard him so often declaim against vanity, and detect it so often in his friends, I began to suspect he knew the malady by having had it himself, and that I had observed through life, that those persons who had the most vanity were the most severe against that failing in their friends. He wished to impress upon me that he was not vain, and gave various proofs to establish this; but I produced against him his boasts of swimming, his evident desire of being considered more un homme de société than a poet, and other little examples, when he laughingly pleaded guilty, and promised to be more merciful towards his friends.

We sat on the balcony after tea; it commands a fine view, and we had one of those moonlight nights that are seen only in this country. Every object was tinged with its silvery lustre. In front were crowded an uncountable number of ships from every country, with their various flags waving in the breeze which bore to us the sounds of the various languages of the crews. In the distance we enjoyed a more expanding view of the sea, which reminded Byron of his friend Moore's description, which he quoted:

'The sea is like a silv'ry lake.'

The finale casting its golden blaze into this silvery lake, and throwing a red lurid reflection on the sails of the vessels that passed near it; the fishermen, with their small boats, each having a fire held in a sort of grate fastened at the end of the boat, which burns brilliantly, and by which they not only see the fish that approach, but attract them; their scarlet caps, which all the Genoese sailors and fishermen wear, adding much to their picturesque appearance, all formed a picture that description falls far short of; and when to this are joined the bland odors of the richest and rarest flowers, with which the balconies are filled, one feels that such nights are never to be forgotten, and while the senses dwell on each, and all, a delicious melancholy steals over the mind, as it reflects that, the destinies of each conducting to far distant regions, a time will arrive when all now before the eye will appear but as a dream.

This was felt by all the party, and after a silence of many minutes,
it was broken by Byron, who remarked, 'What an evening, and what a view! Should we ever meet in the dense atmosphere of London, shall we not recall this evening, and the scenery now before us: but no! most probably there, we should not feel as we do here; we should fall into the same heartless, loveless apathy that distinguish one half of our dear compatriots, or the bustling, impertinent importance to be considered supreme bon ton that marks the other.'

Byron spoke with bitterness, but it was the bitterness of a fine nature soured by having been touched too closely by those who had lost their better feelings through a contact with the world. After a few minutes silence, he said, 'Look at that forest of masts now before us! from what remote parts of the world do they come! o'er how many waves have they not passed, and how many tempests have they not been, and may again be exposed to! how many hearts and tender thoughts follow them! mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, who perhaps at this hour are offering up prayers for their safety.'

While he was yet speaking sounds of vocal music arose; national hymns and barcaroles were sung in turns by the different crews, and when they had ceased, 'God save the King' was sung by the crews of some English merchantmen lying close to the pier. This was a surprise to us all, and its effects on our feelings was magnetic. Byron was no less touched than the rest; each felt at the moment that tie of country that unites all when they meet on a far distant shore. When the song ceased, Byron, with a melancholy smile, observed, 'Why, positively, we are all quite sentimental this evening, and I, I who have sworn against sentimentality, find the old leaven still in my nature, and quite ready to make a fool of me. 'Tell it not in Gath,' that is to say, breathe it not in London, or to English ears polite, or never again shall I be able to enact the stoic philosopher. Come, come, this will never do, we must forswear moonlight, fine views, and above all, hearing a national air sung. Little does his gracious Majesty Big Ben, as Moore calls him, imagine what loyal subjects he has at Genoa, and least of all that I am among their number.'

Byron attempted to be gay, but the effort was not successful, and he wished us good night with a trepidation of manner that marked his feelings. And this is the man that I have heard considered unfeeling! How often are our best qualities turned against us, and made the instruments for wounding us in the most vulnerable part, until, ashamed of betraying our susceptibility, we affect an insensibility we are far from possessing, and, while we deceive others, nourish in secret the feelings that prey only on our own hearts!

It is difficult to judge when Lord Byron is serious or not. He has a habit of mystifying, that might impose upon many; but that can be detected by examining his physiognomy; for a sort of mock gravity, now and then broken by a malicious smile, betrays when he is speaking for effect, and not giving utterance to his real sentiments. If he sees that he is detected, he appears angry for a moment, and then laughingly admits, that it amuses him to hoax people, as he calls it, and that when each person, at some future day will give their different state-
ments of him, they will be so contradictory, that all will be doubted,—an idea that gratifies him exceedingly! The mobility of his nature is extraordinary, and makes him inconsistent in his actions, as well as in his conversation. He introduced the subject of La Contessa Guiccioli and her family, which we, of course, would not have touched on. He stated that they lived beneath his roof because his rank as a British Peer afforded her father and brother protection, they having been banished from Ravenna, their native place, on account of their politics. He spoke in high terms of the Counts Gamba, father and son; he said that he had given the family a wing of his house, but that their establishments were totally separate, their repasts never taken together, and that such was their scrupulous delicacy, that they never would accept a pecuniary obligation from him in all the difficulties entailed on them by their exile. He represented La Contessa Guiccioli as a most amiable and lady-like person, perfectly disinterested and noble-minded, devotedly attached to him, and possessing so many high and estimable qualities, as to offer an excuse for any man's attachment to her. He said that he had been passionately in love with her, and that she had sacrificed everything for him; that the whole of her conduct towards him had been admirable, and that not only did he feel the strongest personal attachment to her, but the highest sentiments of esteem. He dwelt with evident complacency on her noble birth and distinguished connexions,—advantages to which he attaches great importance. I never met any one with so decided a taste for aristocracy as Lord Byron, and this is shown in a thousand different ways.

He says the Countess is well-educated, remarkably fond of, and well read in, the poetry of her own country, and a tolerable proficient in that of France and England. In his praises of Madame Guiccioli, it is quite evident that he is sincere, and I am persuaded this is his last attachment. He told me that she had used every effort to get him to discontinue 'Don Juan,' or at least to preserve the future Cantos from all impure passages. In short, he has said all that was possible to impress me with a favorable opinion of this lady, and has convinced me that he entertains a very high one of her himself.

Byron is a strange mélange of good and evil, the predominancy of either depending wholly on the humor he may happen to be in. His is a character that nature totally unfitted for domestic habits, or for rendering a woman of refinement or susceptibility happy. He confesses to me that he is not happy, but admits that it is his own fault, as the Contessa Guiccioli, the only object of his love, has all the qualities to render a reasonable being happy. I observed, apropos to some observation he had made, that I feared La Contessa Guiccioli had little reason to be satisfied with her lot. He answered, 'Perhaps you are right; yet she must know that I am sincerely attached to her; but the truth is, my habits are not those requisite to form the happiness of any woman; I am worn out in feelings, for, though only thirty-six, I feel sixty in mind, and am less capable than ever of those nameless attentions that all women, but above all, Italian women, require. I like solitude, which has become absolutely necessary to me, am fond of
shutting myself up for hours, and when with the person I like, am often distraí and gloomy. There is something I am convinced (continued Byron) in the poetical temperament that precludes happiness, not only to the person who has it, but to those connected with him. Do not accuse me of vanity because I say this, as my belief is, that the worst poet may share this misfortune in common with the best. The way in which I account for it is, that our imaginations being warmer than our hearts, and much more given to wander, the latter have not the power to control the former; hence, soon after our passions are gratified, imagination again takes wing, and finding the insufficiency of actual indulgence beyond the moment, abandons itself to all its wayward fancies, and during this abandonment, becomes cold and insensible to the demands of affection. This is our misfortune but not our fault, and dearly do we expiate it; by it we are rendered incapable of sympathy, and cannot lighten, by sharing, the pain we inflict. Thus we witness, without the power of alleviating, the anxiety and dissatisfaction our conduct occasions. We are not so totally unfeeling, as not to be grieved at the unhappiness we cause, but this same power of imagination, transports our thoughts to other scenes, and we are always so much more occupied by the ideal than the present, that we forget all that is actual. It is as though the creatures of another sphere, not subject to the lot of mortality, formed a factitious alliance (as all alliances must be that are not in all respects equal) with the creatures of this earth, and, being exempt from its sufferings, turned their thoughts to brighter regions, leaving the partners of their earthly existence to suffer alone. But, let the object of affection be snatched away by death, and how is all the pain ever inflicted on them avenged! The same imagination that led us to slight, or overlook their sufferings, now that they are for ever lost to us, magnifies their estimable qualities, and increases en-fold the affection we ever felt for them—

'Oh! what are thousand living loves,
To that which cannot quit the dead?'

How did I feel this when Allegra, my daughter, died! While she lived, her existence never seemed necessary to my happiness; but no sooner did I lose her, than it appeared to me as if I could not live without her. Even now the recollection is most bitter, but how much more severely would the death of Teresa afflict me with the dreadful consciousness, that while I had been soaring into the fields of romance and fancy, I had left her to weep over my coldness or infidelities of imagination. It is a dreadful proof of the weakness of our natures, that we cannot control ourselves sufficiently to form the happiness of those we love, or to bear their loss without agony.

The whole of this conversation made a deep impression on my mind, and the countenance of the speaker, full of earnestness and feeling, impressed it still more strongly on my memory. Byron is right; a brilliant imagination is rarely, if ever, accompanied by a warm heart; but on this latter depends the happiness of life; the other renders us dissatisfied with its ordinary enjoyments.

(To be continued.)
BEETHOVEN.

To the genius of Beethoven is instrumental music indebted for the high and intellectual character which it has assumed in Germany during the present century, and particularly within the last fifteen years. Haydn, and after him Mozart, were, as we have observed in a preceding paper, the founders of modern concerted instrumental music, both chamber and orchestral; but neither ever looked forward to the immense range of power and effect, to the imposing sublimity and poetic grandeur subsequently imparted to this beautiful art, by the immortal composer whom we have selected as the subject of the present sketch.

When Haydn first began those noble productions which gave the impetus to modern instrumentation, the powers of his mind were cramped by the severe and unmeaning rules of composition laid down by the contrapuntists of preceding ages, and adopted by their successors; and by a strict adherence to which, he was unable to give to his conceptions the warmth of life and poetry. But the stimulating energy of his genius impelled him to burst these fetters, imposed by ignorance in the early stages of the art, and afterwards maintained by a mistaken prejudice in favor of things gone by. The rules to which musical composition was then strictly confined, and which, even to the present day, form the subject of scientific study in the theorist, were in general arbitrary, deduced from no consistent premises, and supported upon no philosophical principles. As the infancy of music merged into imperfect adolescence, its early lisplings, ere it had yet left the cradle, were mistaken for the matured voice of manhood, and, under an assumption that the art had already reached its culminating point, were made the basis of a defective system which was to cramp the genius of future ages, but which had fortunately no power to enslave minds like those of Haydn, and his two great successors, Mozart and Beethoven.

These rules of composition, although the only ones taught in all the schools of our own times, are unsatisfactory, because all musicians know that nothing good can be produced without violating them. But no one has ever thought of inquiring into their origin; no attempt has ever been made to relieve the art from a thraldom, whose effects tend to stigmatise as faults the brightest coruscations of genius, and to term licenses, those marvellous combinations which impart to sound its most exalted powers of imaginative poetry, and high intellectual excitement.

The truth is, that the elements of musical composition which we have received from the contrapuntists, and whose application produces effects much more pleasing to the eye than agreeable to the ear, derive their origin from a cause purely physical. They were in principle intended to apply only to the voice, because in the primitive stage of music there were no instrumental accompaniments. From the untutored state of the ear at those periods, much care was requisite in composing for two or more voices in conjunction, because it was found very difficult for the human voice to produce certain intervals perfectly in tune, whenever the chant or melody proceeded by skips, or the performers were taken by surprise. Some intervals in consecutive were found intolerable to the ear, and could not therefore be sung twice in succession, without some other interval intervening; whilst others, abstractedly disagreeable, but which, under certain combinations, produced a beautiful effect, could only be obtained in tune by the note forming them being prepared, that is to say, previously sounded in some agreeable interval, and retained for the disagreeable one through the next chord; by which means the voice, having first sounded the note in tune, was able to keep it to the same pitch through the succeeding harmonic combination. Hence the rules that consecutive fifths must be avoided, that a fourth must be prepared as likewise all the intervals which musicians so improperly and paradoxically
term discords. These primitive elements of composition were rational, because founded upon experience—the ear naturally indicated them; but as the principles upon which they rest, in a theoretical sense, were then unknown, and indeed are so still, except to a few men of science and research, these rules were followed up by the absurd theory which has prevailed from that time, and which, as music has progressed since the first success of Haydn, is studied only to be violated and forgotten.

We shall adduce a single example to show how much dependence is to be placed upon this theory. One of its fundamental maxims is borrowed indeed from the mathematicians, and erroneously applied to music, establishes, that intervals form perfect consonances in proportion to the smallness of their ratios; that therefore an octave is the most perfect consonance, because it is, with regard to its fundamental note, as two are to one; that the fifth is the next perfect, because it is in the ratio of three to two; and that the major third is an imperfect consonance, because its vibrations are as five are to four. Now the octave is nothing more than a unison, or repetition of the same note, one degree higher or lower; and fifths are pleasing to the ear only in certain positions, and cannot be tolerated in succession. How then can either of these intervals be termed perfect, in contradistinction to the third, so flattering to the ear, so beneficial in composition, and so exquisitely harmonious, and which is termed imperfect?

But is the maxim itself correct? Are consonances in music really perfect in proportion to the smallness of their ratios? In the diatonic scale are to be found six perfect fifths, but all do not bear the same ratio; for only three of them, namely, that upon the tonic, that upon the dominant or third note of the scale, and that upon the subdominant or fourth note, in the ratio of thirteen to nine; that upon the subdominant or fourth note, in the ratio of sixteen to eleven; and that upon the submediant or sixth note, in the ratio of twenty to thirteen. In the same scale there are only three major thirds, two of which, that upon the tonic and that upon the subdominant, give the ratio of five to four, whilst the third upon the dominant, is as thirteen are to eleven. Now, if the smallness of the ratios be the test of perfection, it necessarily follows, that the major thirds upon the tonic and dominant are more perfect consonances than the fifths upon the subdominant and submediant; and the third upon the subdominant, a more perfect consonance than the last of these fifths. There is something still stronger. Seconds, sevenths, and ninths, are termed discords. But the ratio of the minor seventh upon the tonic, is as seven are to four; that of the ninth upon the tonic, as nine to four; and that of the second upon the tonic, as nine to eight. Therefore, if consonances be perfect in proportion to the smallness of their ratios, the second, seventh, and ninth, upon the tonic, must be more perfect consonances than three of the perfect fifths above enumerated, and one of the major thirds—which is absurd.

This maxim, however, has been taken for granted, and a host of inferences drawn from it, which serve with it, and some other maxims equally fallacious, as the groundwork of a superstructure, termed the theory of music, forming the only scientific study for musicians during the last three centuries. The rules of composition deduced from such palpable errors are, as may naturally be supposed, fallacies in principle, and hostile to the attainment of excellence of the art. A non-observance of them is now considered so lawful, that many composers of the present day, trusting entirely to instinctive tact and perception, neglect to study them, and for want of a fixed principle of guidance, leave spots and blemishes upon the brightest emanations of genius.

Let it not however be imagined, that we are here condemning the study of counterpoint; quite the reverse; we consider its study, even under its severest forms, absolutely necessary for the attainment of excellence in musical composition. It accustoms the mind to classic purity and correctness, and gives wonderful facility in the construction of compact and flowing melodies in the intermediate parts of harmony; thus imparting great powers to imitation, which, blended with broad masses of effect—with all the beauty of light, shade, and color, forms one of the most imaginative and powerful resources of modern composition. We could, however, wish that counterpoint was divested of those difficult and uncertain rules, which discourage the young artist, and deter him from its study. It
might, and we say so with certainty, be reduced to its natural elements; each of its rules might rest upon a simple and self-evident principle, and the road to its attainment be considerably abridged.

But in recommending the practice of counterpoint, we are bound to add, that its intricacies ought to be mere objects of study. Nothing is more heavy, ungraceful, and displeasing to a sound ear, than those elaborate specimens of science, wonderful in the ingenuity and knowledge they display, but devoid of life and poetry. Double, triple, and quadruple counterpoints at the octave, the tenth and the twelfth—double, triple, and inverted figures, and the vast family of canons, may be compared with the elaborate studies of the painter, whereby he gradually acquires excellence in drawing and beauty of form. They are the car upon which genius rides triumphant;—but they constitute only the car—they partake not of the triumph.

When the progress in the mechanical powers of musical instruments led Haydn to burst through the bonds with which the theory of the contrapuntists had cramped and confined his earlier inspirations, the new effects he produced were as little understood and relished, as, at the present day, are the posthumous quarters of Beethoven. The mind being warped by the stiff, hard, and cold melodies, formal modulations, and dry, monotonous counterpoint of the old composers, was unprepared for that fulness of effect, that force of coloring, those intellectual beauties, which suddenly burst upon it. Thus some time elapsed ere it could resume its natural bias, and appreciate the new creations of Haydn's genius.

Much more merit is due to that great composer than the mere excellence of his compositions; for had he not possessed enough of energy and firm determination to trample under foot the prejudices of his age, and raise a noble edifice upon their ruins, the world would, perhaps, never have possessed a Mozart, or a Beethoven. Certain it is, that had not Haydn led the way, Beethoven would never have been thrown off the trammels of the old school. It is true, that the whole organization of Mozart vibrated to music—to beautiful and intellectual music, full of melting paths, and exquisite tenderness,—and, at the same time, teeming with the noblest elevation and dignity. But his mind was not formed of materials stern enough to make him an innovator—it soared not to the creation of a new art. If Haydn had not lived, Mozart would have been a mere contrapuntist, but the first of contrapuntists; he would have excelled Palestrina, and Leo, and Pergolesi, and, in some points, have surpassed even Handel; but finding the ice already broken, and with Haydn's innovations and orchestral effects before him from his very infancy, his mind was naturally directed to the use and study of those new beauties. Thus, besides the elegance and classic purity of his compositions, he brought instrumentation and orchestral power to a degree of perfection which surpassed even the wonderful results of Haydn's labors.

But it was reserved for a still more powerful mind to give life and being to those high and energetic powers which constitute the beauty of the modern German school of music. It was reserved for Beethoven to discover, and bring forth, that endless variety of effects and resources, which render modern excellence in music a thing of the mind, not of sound or matter. He is who has opened an interminable field for future generations to explore; exhaustless, even after the parts of it which he has himself cultivated.

Beethoven was early initiated by his master, Albrechtsberger, into the mysteries of severe and free counterpoint, but without being subjected to the trammels, which, before Haydn's time, were the forced concomitants of all musical composition. With this study he combined that of instrumentation, both chamber and orchestral, from the works of Haydn and Mozart; so that at the very outset of his musical career, he was enabled to obtain a glimpse of those beauties which he has since so wonderfully developed. But even at this early period of his life, the results of his art were not sufficiently perfect to meet his ideas of excellence, and this naturally led his mind to seek for new and more powerful effects. Already bursting with its mighty conceptions, it looked forward to an increase of power to give them vent; and when that power was found, those marvellous productions which, until they were properly executed, excited surprise, and even ridi-
ule, and then admiration and surpassing delight, burst successively forth, like the wonders of Nature's creation.

It has been thought by some, that Beethoven was a man of other ages, not of his own. He was of such opinion himself, as he has often stated to the writer of this sketch. He used to say, in the confidence of friendship, that he was born two centuries before his time. Great as are the works he has left to posterity, his grandest conceptions are forever lost, because, consistently with his fame, he found it impossible to put them into a shape so as to preserve them. In the present state of instrumental mechanism, and the present constitution of orchestras, even with all the powers of the brass harmony, he knew that their execution was impossible. Future generations alone could bring instrumental performance to a sufficient degree of perfection for the attainment of effects incomprehensible to the present race of men. In his day-dreams, Beethoven had dived into the thoughts and feelings of future ages—he had anticipated the improvements of times to come, and his inspirations corresponded with such improvements. His favorite speculation was an orchestra composed entirely of such men as Paganini—all of surpassing excellence in mechanism, in accentuation, in conception, and in the poetry of execution. The lamentable deafness which embittered the latter years of his life, and shut him out not only from communion with his fellow-men, but from the enjoyment of his art, gave a permanent character to these creations of his fancy; and under the terrible visitation which cast a darkness over his existence, he was happy in the imaginative enjoyment of that sublime and wonderful harmony—of those highly-wrought and astounding effects—of those darkly tragic and terrific associations—and of those melting strains of tenderness and love, which he alone could conceive, but which, had he embodied them in a form to come before his contemporaries, would have encountered the scorn and ridicule of men unable to comprehend the workings of his great mind, or to catch a single spark of that enthusiasm which imparted a prophetic instinct to his genius. The works he has left show what he could have done had he found mind and mechanical powers to give utterance to his thoughts. They will ever remain as the most powerful productions of the art, and as such descend to the most distant ages.

The peculiar organization of Beethoven's mind, led him to the dark and the terrible. In his loftier inspirations, he was the spirit of the air; he could ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm; roam through the gloomy recesses of the haunted glen and forest—rake up the pangs of the conscience-stricken wretch, and hurl upon him the shafts of hopeless despair. In his other moods, he was mild and gentle, though always forcible and energetic in the utterance of his feelings. He would then contemplate the sunny and glowing landscape in nature's loveliest forms;—the verdant hill, and dell, and lawn, and coppice,—reflecting the streamy rays of light in a thousand colors, ever vivid, yet ever changing; the murmure of the rippling brook, the humming of insects, the chirping of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the village bell; the sun when he washes his disk in the western ocean, sending forth fiery streams of gold and purple, which recede into indistinctness as they gradually mingle with the colder azure of the evening sky; and the broad, pale moon, shedding her beams of gentle light over the repose of the world. It was such contemplations as these which led to his beautiful pastoral symphony—a work we have never yet heard executed, even by the Philharmonic band, in a manner perfectly corresponding with the highly-wrought notions, perhaps fastidious and unreasonable, with which our enthusiasm for the master has inspired us. In our humble judgment, there still remains much to study—much to understand and develop in this noble production.

It was conceived and composed at a secluded village near Vienna, to which Beethoven was accustomed to walk by a winding and unfrequented path. Here he would sit upon a stile, and enjoy the landscape before him; and it was on this seat that he imagined the extraordinary work, in which he has attempted to describe by sounds all that he saw, heard, or felt. The music conveys a wonderful picture of a beautiful and living landscape, acting upon an imagination imbued with the most powerful perception of poetry. Amid the tranquil beauty of the scenery before him, he could not resist the delineation of a thunder-storm, with which he was one day overtaken in returning from this favorite spot.
With a mind which harmonised so closely with the darkest kind of sublimity—gloomy, powerful, energetic, and terrible—the heart of Beethoven yearned with the gentlest and most lovely feelings. He was formed for affection, friendship, and philanthropy; and the streamy and bright melodies which pervade his works, depict a nature flowing with kindness. They are gleams of sunshine bursting through the murky darkness of the prison-house, and bringing relief and consolation to its suffering occupant. In the poetry of Beethoven’s mind, a feeling or tenderness was mixed up with the wildest and most terrific of his imaginings; and it bursts forth in melting strains of exquisite melody, even in the midst of his most sombrous modulations.

In the grandeur of his conceptions, Beethoven may be compared to Michel Angelo; but with the same loftiness of imagination, the same vastness of thought, his mind was more picturesque—he presented his ideas in a more attractive form, though with equal vigor and energy. There was a harshness, a cast-iron severity, in the soul of Michel Angelo, from which Beethoven was exempt; and in the terrestrially sublime subjects of the latter his most powerful effects are associated with kindly and amiable feelings. In the development of his thoughts, he calls to his aid the most striking sounds of the animated world—the most picturesque associations of nature’s loveliest, as well as her grandest forms; and there breathes throughout his great masterpieces, a loftiness of virtue, and philanthropy, which tramples the spirit of evil in the dust.

With powers so constituted, and a genius struggling to give utterance to things bitter and unutterable, and beyond the conception of his contemporaries, it is not surprising, that Beethoven should have found the orchestra which had served to express the thoughts of Haydn and Mozart, inadequate to convey his mighty imaginings. This led to his employment of the brass instruments, and gave birth to those marvellous effects of his creation, which have since had so strong an influence upon modern instrumentation.

Beethoven has tried every branch of his art, and in each has been equally successful. Instrumental music was evidently the bent of his mind, for to it he applied his greatest energies; and he conveys by the effects which he imparts to it, sentiments more powerful than words could express. Words he considered an obstruction, because they necessarily restricted the utterance of his thoughts to the compass and power of the human voice. His church music, consisting chiefly of masses and motets, is cast in the loftiest mould; it raises the soul above all earthly things, and brings it into communion with its Creator. His oratorio of the Mount of Olives, is one of the most magnificent creations in the art; it bears down every thing of the kind that has preceded it, even the sublime works of Handel. The chorus, ‘Hallelujah to the Son of God,’ contains an elevation of thought, a power and dignity of design, a full and flowing majesty of effect, which places it incomparably above every chorus by Handel; and if this oratorio were performed as Beethoven conceived it, which has certainly never been the case in this country, it would throw every other composition of the same nature at an inmeasurable distance.

Words always acted as a damper upon the genius of Beethoven; for they checked the flights of his exuberant fancy, which he found it somewhat difficult, at first, to sober down to the compass of vocal music. Thus, when he attempted the musical drama, and produced the wonderful opera of Fidelio—his sole dramatic work—he was at a loss from the beginning, to adapt words to his conceptions, or rather to make his melodies correspond with the words of his libretto. Before he began, he examined the dramatic works of Mozart, and other writers, to see how they managed their vocal effects; and in the first act of Fidelio may be found palpable imitations of Mozart in this particular. But in the first finale, and throughout the last act, Beethoven is again himself—original, wonderful, and surpassing all his competitors in beauty and vigor of thought, and in power of expression. Though this is the only opera he ever wrote, it will remain one of the standard dramatic compositions of his country; and it has laid open those marvellous powers of dramatic instrumentation, of which Weber, Meyerbeer, and Spohr have since so successfully availed themselves.

Beethoven’s earliest inspirations were directed to chamber music. The first
work which he brought before the public, was a set of three trios for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello. The new and striking effects contained in these trios, and the sweetly-flowing melodies which pervade them, have preserved their high pre-emminence over all subsequent compositions of the same description. Those of Hummel and Oslow, which stand next in rank with equal claims in point of merit, remain at an immense distance below those of Beethoven.

The next publication of this great composer, was his three sonatas for the piano-forte, dedicated to Haydn, containing effects equally novel and splendid, and such as had never before been imagined on that instrument. He afterwards produced several sonatas for violin and piano-forte, and three or four for piano-forte and violoncello, one of which, in G minor, he afterwards executed with Dragonetti, who played the violoncello part on the double bass. This was the first contact of these two great artists; and it was this performance that gave Beethoven a first conception of those magnificent effects of bass, by which he imparts such extraordinary power to his symphonies.

Mozart might have been supposed to have exhausted, before Beethoven appeared, all that was intellectual in quartet and quintet writing, and Haydn’s quartets contained such endless variety in the same branch of art, that nothing original seemed left to be done. But Beethoven, who had before tried his skill upon a set of trios for violin, viola, and violoncello, and upon a grand trio for the same instruments, in imitation of Mozart’s grand trio, next appeared as a quartet, and afterwards a quintet writer. His quartets, so original, so totally dissimilar from those of Boccherini, Haydn, Mozart, or any preceding composer, burst upon the world as a new light, and raised emotions never before experienced. There is a vividness of thought and energy of expression, which excites in the mind sensations of a novel and delightful kind. The three quartets dedicated to Prince Rosenmontzsky, teem with intellectual beauties, and would alone be sufficient, as would any single one of Beethoven’s works, to transmit his fame to the remotest generations of man.

His quintets are of a more gloomy and penitential cast. They express the workings of dark and superstitious minds, acting under the impulses of remorse and fanaticism, and yet yielding, in spite of themselves, to the most amiable feelings of human nature. There is a prodigious power of mind in these quintets; but to hear them to our heart’s content, they must be performed by five professors, possessing not only the talent of mechanical execution, but gifted with poetry and enthusiasm. Such music as this was not composed for vulgar minds; to feel it as it ought to be felt, the soul must be warmed at the fire of genius. They who are insensible to the creeping thrill which vibrates upon all the nerves at once in a sudden burst of delight, are not formed to understand these masterpieces.

The most magnificent efforts of Beethoven’s imagination have been applied to his grand symphonies. When the first of them appeared, it excited as much surprise and opposition as did those of Haydn thirty years before. The author was called a madman; the execution of the music was said to be impossible; but by dint of rehearsals and perseverance, its beauties were at length understood, and its performance became much less difficult than was at first imagined. All these symphonies are master-pieces; but there are bright and sunny effects about the one in A, and an expression of plaintive and dignified tenderness in its andante in A minor, which, in our estimation, place it above those in C, D, and B flat.

No orchestra in Europe has succeeded better in performing these symphonies, than the Philharmonic band of this country, if we except only the pastorals, in which, as we have before ventured to observe, there is yet much to improve.

The grand battle symphony, requiring the power of two distinct orchestras, is not calculated for a concert-room, where its effects would be lost for want of space. We have been present at several performances of this symphony on the continent, but we never heard it so well executed, as some ten or twelve years ago, at one of our own theatres, under the direction of Sir George Smart.

On Beethoven’s posthumous works we shall offer but very few observations. They were evidently conceived and written down in that spirit in which he indulged during the latter years of his life, and which, however well it may be understood in after ages, is at present incomprehensible, except to a chosen few,
who cannot now bring such productions forward, because their effects appear so wild and singular, that they bewilder the performers. The real truth is, that there is no production of the human mind so magnificent, so sublime, so truly and awfully religious, as his grand posthumous mass. The more we study it, the greater the beauties—and beauties of a kind almost miraculous—that open upon our mind; but some years must elapse, and the present generation of performers be swept from the face of the earth, before it will be executed so as to be generally understood.

The same may be said of his posthumous quartets, which we have heard tried by some of the greatest performers of Europe, who certainly cannot yet comprehend them. The one in C sharp minor, is the most severely criticised, though, with due deference, we venture to assert, that it teems with beautiful poetry and intense feeling; and we have no hesitation in predicting that, twenty or thirty years hence, it will stand as the highest and most intellectual chamber composition ever penned.

As a performer on the piano-forte, Beethoven was superior to most; but as an improvisatore on that instrument, he was unrivalled. In this branch of the art, Hummel and Mendelssohn will strive in vain to equal him. The strains which he elicited from the piano-forte, even after a veil of darkness had been interposed between him and the art he loved, were more than earthly. But he was seldom heard, because he never played to any body, seldom even to himself; and it was only when some accidental circumstance of very rare occurrence brought him into contact with an instrument, that he instinctively pounced forth, through its medium, the ardent workings of his imagination.

Beethoven died very poor. He received not in his own country, during his life, that high patronage and encouragement to which his transcendent talents gave him so just a claim. He was too often neglected in favor of individuals, between whom and Beethoven there was as great a distance as between Raphael and a sign-painter. But he lived and died a philosopher, little moved by the jealousy of his contemporaries, and leaving the care of his fame to posterity. His death occurred in 1827, during a thunder-storm—an incident so congenial to the dark sublimity of his imagination; and in the midst of its terrors, his soul was wafted to heaven, his name remaining upon earth, with his immortal works, as an eternal monument of his glory.

ON ITALY.

From the Italian of Felicea.

Paraphrased by Lord Byron, in the 4th Canto of 'Childe Harold.'

ITALY! my own dear Italy! thou who hast
That fatal boon, beauty, to all below
A funeral dower; but most to thee whose brow
Is diademed with misery—would thou wast
Nor so fair, or mightier, so that they
Might fear thee somewhat more, or love thee less;
Who, basking in thy beams of loveliness,
Doom them to perish daily—ray by ray.
Then, not as now, in torrents down would pour
Armed multitudes from thine Alps; nor should we see
Quaffed by fierce Gallic hordes, nor run with gore
The Po; nor in the stranger's hand would be
The sword, not thine, nor to defend thee, nor
Conquer'd or conquerors, wouldst thou hang thy slavery.
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'C Music has charms,' &c.

Congreve! you live. Music had no charms for some of the greatest men that ever lived; for instance, Burke, Fox, Windham, Swift, Johnson; and what is more, Mr. Congreve, it has none for me. To be plain with you, I hate it more than Hotspur hated poetry; and am of opinion that Collin's 'heavenly maid' was no very distant relative of the three Furies. No music for me but that of the spheres, which has one pleasing peculiarity I never yet met with in any of the melodies of earth—it is imperceptible to the sense of hearing.

Now, dear Mr. Editor! do not give yourself the trouble: I know what you are about to say—

'The man that has not music in his soul, And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, &c.'

Why, there is not a boarding-school miss of all my acquaintance that has not dinned that luckless quotation into my ear at least one hundred times; and it happens to be remarkably ill-chosen; for in the first place I have no objection to any gentleman or lady having as much music in their souls as they like, provided they keep it there, and do not try to force it into mine; and, secondly, I can solemnly assure you, there is not in the world a person who has been more moved by the 'concord of sweet sounds,' as you call it, than I myself; for pianos, barrel-organs, and ballad-singers have not only moved my choler, but compelled me to move my residence oftener than I could tell you in a long winter's night.

The best and greatest king that England ever had was decidedly Edward I. He did exactly as I should do, had I the crown on my head, and the sword of justice in my hand, for one month: he made a general persecution and havoc of all the bards and minstrels, in other words, of all the musicians, vocal, and instrumental, in his dominions. He did well; and I honor him with all my heart and soul. Heavens! how I should rejoice to see the return of those days. Then should I be revenged on the Barnetts, and the Bishops, and the Brahaus, and the Paganinis, and the Pastas. What a glorious sight it would be to see a regiment of heavy dragoons amongst the Russian horn-band, hewing and cutting the miscreants down in every direction; or to see a battalion of the Guards with fixed bayonets charge the orchestra of the King's Theatre, and in the middle of one of their internal overtures, put them to indiscriminate slaughter, from the first violin down to the last bagpipe! Companies of light-horse might be employed to massacre all stragglers and street-performers, while the police might break into the boarding schools and academies, strangle all the young ladies they find at the harp or piano-forte, and take the masters and professors alive to be put to death at leisure by the slowest and most ingenious tortures. Were I a monarch, I would order all this and more; so utterly do I loathe and abhor the whole singing, scraping, blowing, thumping fraternity. I would inspire another Gray with another

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!' and delight in imagining some future Scott, whining over a solitary
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ballad-singer, escaped the general carnage, and exclaiming in pitiful 
strains,

'The bigots of the iron time
Pronounced his harmless art a crime.'

Harmless art! the art of a fiddler, or an organ-grinder, a harmless art! 
Pray, Sir Poet! what may be your opinion of the profession of a cut-
purse and incendiary?

Suppose we were to try our hand at the 'Lay of the last Thief'; we 
have no doubt we could make an excellent ditty of it.

'The way was long, the wind was cold,
The thief was hungry, weak, and old;
The last of all the thieves was he
Who filched a watch, or forged a key;
For, well-a-day! their date was sped,
His nimble brethren all were dead,
And he discouraged and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.'

Sir, my wrath at music and musicians is not without reason. It is my 
lot to have a large circle of friends and relations, and my life is not worth 
a pin's fee, because of the perpetually oeslaught made on my tympanum, 
not only with the human voice, but with a greater variety of musical in-
struments than Nebuchadnessar had in all his band. What vexes me 
most is, that they take infinite pains and spare no expense to make them-
selves perfectly expert at this branch, for such it is, of the science of in-
geniously tormenting. The young ladies get up at six, and practise 
ten hours a-day, to inflict their rondos and sonatas upon me as adroitly 
as possible. Their brothers will actually leave the billiard-tables and 
racket-courts to master the German flute or key bagle with the same 
kind purpose. And then I am obliged to listen to the parents and aunts 
commending the execution—how happily does that word execution ex-
press the true character of a musical performance of these amiable young 
people; and what is still more gallant, speaking of singing and playing 
as—as what do you suppose—as elegant accomplishments—elegant ac-
complishments—bless the mark!

I will tell you my sentiments, sir, on the subject of accomplishments; 
I have no objection to French and Italian; German is no harm, pro-
duced the pupil confines himself to the language, and contracts no liking 
for the flute; the skipping-rope is not to be spoken against, nor do I 
impugn the respectability of battle-door and shuttle-cock. Then there 
is drawing in all its branches—a quiet, offensive amusement as any I 
know of—it hurts nobody's nerves; it disturbs nobody's nap after din-
ner; it neither prevents the lawyer from studying his brief, nor the poor 
dog of a contributor—the 'carnis imprimatus' of your Literary Zoological 
Garden—from composing his article. I respect extremely those ladies 
and gentlemen who wield the pencil or the brush. Their work goes on 
as smoothly as their own oils; and there is no more noise in the studio 
than if the artist were asleep on his own pallet. But the pastime of the 
musician is selfish and cruel; he gratifies his ruffianly taste at the cost 
of incalculable suffering to five-sixths of the miserable beings within the 
range of his instrument of torture; for such every musical instrument 
is !!!!

Like Cassius, I do not know what you or other men think, but for 
myself I never see a lady at a harp or a harpsichord, or a gentleman 
(gentle, forsooth!) at a violin or guitar, but I fancy the instrument some
species of a rack; and the performer some bloody-minded executioner;" a Trois Echelles, or an Abhorson. Seven years in Botany Bay! What punishment is that? Sentence a rogue to a year of the piano-forte, and take my word for it, crime will diminish at the rate of a fox-hunt. Music appears to me to be convertible to no possible use but this, and I really wonder the plan has not been hit upon before this by the Utilitarians, or the speculators on a new system of secondary punishments. A scale of musical inflictions might easily be graduated according to the varying enormity of offences. The newspaper wits would call them sound corrections; but never mind the newspaper wits; the thing would answer, depend upon it. For murder I would have a concert for life, or a perpetual oratorio; for homicide ten years perhaps of the Italian Opera; for highway robbery a musical festival, or two, if there should be aggravating circumstances; shop-lifting and picking of pockets might be punished with a certain number of tunes on a barrel-organ or dulcimer, at the discretion of the court; usury might appropriately be restrained by the Jew's harp; housebreakers by the dread of being sent to the house robbed, and kept chained to the leg of the pianoforte until the musical education of the young ladies of the family is completed; treason and blasphemy—what should we have for these?—I have it—the traitor, if a male, I would marry to a Prima Donna; if a female, I would give her such a husband as Paganini: the blasphemer should suffer a torture which would satisfy even Captain Gordon. I would inflict on him Mozart's Creation. Pray, Miss, why do you stare at one in that way?

Really, Mr. Editor, it is quite shocking in you to allow a person to contribute to your Magazine, so barbarously ignorant as to say it was Mozart composed the Creation.

Now shall I be even with the young lady:—rub for rub is fair play.

Might I make so bold with you, fair mistress! as to ask you who it was that invented the tread-mill?

There it is—I know it—she has not a word to say. Now, sir, if a young lady is not obliged to remember the author of one device for torturing mankind, why should I be flouted for being equally oblivious of the author of another?

It is certainly for my sins—I have scarcely a friend or acquaintance who is not either a vocal or instrumental executioner—performer, I mean—executioner is not the word, it is only the thing: I grant you, therefore, it was wrong to use it. Nothing can be more impolite than to call things by their proper names; it is quite unaristocratic—the infallible characteristic of a plebeian. But as I said, I move for my sins in the most musical circle in , no matter where. Madame, I hate nothing so much as curiosity—what have you to do with my latitude and longitude?

Well, you shall have a sample of my sufferings. 'Ex uno disce omnes,' as Machiavelli remarks.

I call upon a friend—a young barrister rising in his profession. You would suppose he was to be found drawing a declaration, searching Peere William's reports, or immersed up to the eyes in Fearne or the Touchstone; if not professionally occupied, why then you would expect to find him at some such work as Ricardo's Political Economy, Hallam's Middle Ages, or at least a new novel:—no such thing—nothing in the world like it. I find him at the tip-top of a pair of sonorous lungs—practising a speech for a trial at nisi prius?—No,—practising an orna-
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tion for a Political Union? No—no—practising what, think you?

There she lay

All the day,

In the Bay of Biscay, oh!

I ask a question—tis about a matter in which I am much interested.

Instead, however, of stemming the tide of song, I make matters fifty times worse. The only answer I get is,

'A sail, a sail!'

My vocal friend at the same time throwing his muscular frame, which is at least six feet in altitude, into the position of Braham, and looking as if he actually saw a tall frigate on the opposite shelf, amongst the Reports and Statutes. I try politics; it is the same thing—

'A sail, a sail!'

A sail, a sail appears!

I try literature, shooting, the weather, my new coat, which being a rarity, I expect will command prompt attention. All in vain: that infernal chant is the only reply I can extract, and this continues until the executioner's—that is the performer's—lungs are exhausted, or I am forced by business to leave him, the object of my call unattained, and without a single syllable of rational, christian-like conversation. Frequently when I am more than a hundred yards from the house, muttering deep curses on songs and songsters, I still hear, 'mellowed by distance,' the same horrid sounds—

'A sail, a sail!!'

I then clap my fingers into my ears, and run as if for my life, determining, with an awful imprecation, to pay no more visits to a practising barrister.

Another, and I have done. I took a second floor in John-street, Adelphi. The first time I slept there I was disturbed in the morning by what seemed to my horrified imagination the screaming of ten thousand charity children. Upon inquiry, I found that I had pitched my tent exactly opposite that of Mr. Hawes, the master of the singing boys at the Chapel Royal, who gave his neighbors a similar treat every morning before breakfast! Well, I had scarcely recovered from that, and was seated comfortably at my morning meal, when my ears were regaled with the vibration of an accursed piano-forte, accompanied by a screaming that might have set the last trump at defiance. I inquired again and found the first floor was occupied by Mr. John Barnett, the musical director at Madame Vestris' theatre, who practised his professional pupils every day, from eleven till three.

This is not all. Four o'clock had scarcely arrived, when I verily believe all the vagabond bands in London began to congregate in the street, to regale the country visitors at Osborn's Hotel with their most sweet harmony. Bugpipes, panspipes, and pipes of all descriptions were there. Every instrument of name, sound, and torture, from a German flute to a penny whistle, choked the highway!

Wrought into a frenzy, I rushed from the house, and have taken lodgings at the top of the shot tower, across Waterloo Bridge. I shall have no music there, or the devil's in it.
THE PRUSSIAN KING, HIS COURT, AND KITCHEN.


I cannot conceive why you dun me so perseveringly for sketches of what is to be seen here—of the court, you say, and its eminent personages. How can that, which is dulness itself to behold, become entertaining upon the page? And yet since you do set me thinking upon the subject, the dull scene and the dull beings are curious enough—curious the twelve millions of subjects should look up to such a centre of government and influence, and that such a centre should not be more worthy of the epoch and of Germany.

The King of Prussia himself, is just what you saw him at Paris and London; good, simple, honest, strict in his morals and in his ideas of honor, economical in his expenditure, and generous at times—just when and where it is required. He likes his old generals, the sufferers or the heroes of his campaigns, and none can vie with them in his favor. Frederick is the most indolent-minded, active-bodied man in the world—the character, say you, of a million of country squires—true, and a good country squire the monarch would have been. A never-failing attendant would he have been to hound and horse, for to no other excitement does he seem so much alive as to that of quick locomotion. But I was speaking of his mind. It is like the Prussian soil, bleak, barren, and little capable of cultivation, bearing little in the shape of root or fruit—nought, indeed, save here and there some sturdy fig-trees, finding the firmest root, like prejudices, in the shallowest crevice. He has few ideas, but those are fixed ones; and to these, as principles, all his acts are referred.

The routine of his day spent, is, perhaps, the best portraiture of Frederick's character. He sleeps in summer at Potsdam; in winter at Charlottenberg. I will not say, he dwells, for as the greater part of his time is spent on the road between those places and his capital, he lives more on the high road than any where else. Potsdam is six leagues from Berlin; Charlottenberg two. And yet he will always make two journeys in the day, from the former place twice during the day, and perhaps, four or five from the latter. Two hours of the morning are always devoted to his ministers, who are stationary in the capital, and he never fails to come in for these two hours. Then he returns. And then comes back again to Berlin in the day, to go about the town, attend parades, reviews, inspections—and then be off again for Potsdam in the evening.

One of his singularities is, that his entire family follow him in this eternal succession of comings and goings. Princes, princesses, chamberlains all form a queue after him, the old dowagers and the young children not excepted. It would be the highest affront for one of the family to remain behind; and even the princesses, in an inconvenient stage of pregnancy, are not exempted. What is still more odd, the entire culinary establishment of the monarch follows himself in the day backwards and forwards. The court kitchen is on wheels; cooks and saucepans, fires and spits are whirled along in rapid accompaniment to majesty; and the king's dinner roasts in close attendance upon him. Wherever, therefore, hunger overtakes him, food is ready. At Potsdam, Charlottenberg, or Berlin, the word dinner instantly produces it. And the plan
has this advantage, that in case of war breaking out, the king’s kitchen and its inhabitants are so trained, that a campaign need not derange or diminish a dish of the king’s table. Frederick, himself, frequents the theatre in the evening. He stays but a very short time—never more than two hours.—without the variety of a gallop either on horseback or in caleche, it being impossible for him to spend more in one place. Yet, even whilst at the theatre, tea and cakes make their appearance in the royal box. And supper waits him at Charlottenberg. I should say that it awaits him at the theatre door, for there stands and smokes his supper and his kitchen, enclosed in an ample berline, ready to accompany him back to be served on his arrival.

The Prince Royal promises better than this, notwithstanding his increasing corpulence. He has read, and is erudite, having been educated by certain a first-rate preceptor, Ancillon. This preceptor the prince has not long since succeeded in advancing to the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs at Berlin. The prince was said to have had little influence, until this appointment came to contradict such reports. They were generated by his indolence, which may be argued more from his dress and habits, than from his mind. He admires Russia and war, it is said, and laughs at the absurdity of representative governments, and regards a monarch but in the light of a generalissimo.

There are really but two distinguished men at the Prussian court, now that Hardenberg has retired. These are Ancillon and Humboldt. The former is a Frenchman of the old school, but with the German grafted on him. Full of information and instruction, for he re-educated himself to be a preceptor, he is more of the pedant than the courtier. He has continued to set despotism to the tune of Plato, that is, established its necessity and virtue upon mystical and transcendental principles, and makes a religion thereof. Hence he is venerated as a prophet, or as a kind of high priest of royalty and aristocracy.

When Humboldt appears, however, Ancillon is dumb. Who, indeed, would not be dumb before Humboldt? that eternal talker, that living fountain of all tongues and all ideas, the most fluent utterer on earth? The Prussian court, silent and dull, has given him the habit of this. It drinks in his words with delight too pleasing to interrupt.

‘What was your conversation after dinner, at Potsdam?’ was asked of a certain frequenter of this high circle.

‘Oh! a soliloquy of Monsieur De Humboldt,’ was the reply.

Frederick considers Humboldt as a general officer, a hero; such glory does he reflect upon Prussia. He feels his royal self illustrated by the connection, and rendered resplendent by the halo of Humboldt’s name. He has at least the merit of so much discernment. And Humboldt pays for his consideration by amusing and instructing court and king. He is their gazette, their jester—like one of Shakspeare’s fools, his folly being all sheer wit. He is to Frederick’s intellect what the trunk is to the elephant’s head, the great feeder, conductor, masticator. Frederick, when free to converse, has taste, science, judgment, anecdote, and stranger would say, he had esprit. But it is all Humboldt’s.
LE LIVRE DES CENT-ET-UN.

Volume Seventh of this popular work has appeared. It contains several excellent papers, far exceeding, generally, in worth and merit, the articles in the two preceding volumes. The names of the contributors to this are T. Lenormand, Léon Guérin, Delécluze, Brazier, D'Outrepont, the late Benjamin Constant, Fouinet, Edmond Mennechet, Felix Bodin, Jal, the elder Dupin, Gaillartet, Fontaney, the poet Victor Hugo, and the ex-minister and captive De Peyronnet. The overwhelming interest which naturally attaches to the Fortress of Ham, this grave of the living, renders everything connected with the fate of its prisoners interesting and important. Peyronnet has written a paper, which is as singular in its conceptions as it is able in its execution. The ex-minister imagines one of his descendants to be addressing to his own children and grandchildren, in 1900, an account of the prison and captivity of his ancestor. The paper is entitled HAM.

I, primo
Omine; et nostri memores sepulchro
Svalpe querelam.—Hor. iii. ode xi.

'Three generations had passed away, since the standard of France floated over the turrets of the Kremlin, and over the Pyramids—that age of military royalty, parliamentary royalty, and royal democracy, had run its course, and passed the fatal gates which open upon the abyss of eternity, and which time itself passes not twice.

On the eastern bank of a muddy and rapid stream, at some distance from the sea, and near to a wealthy and populous city, stood a seigneurial, though modest mansion, of graceful and almost modern architecture, sheltered from the west winds by the luxuriant foliage of thickly studded avenues of ancient elm and poplar trees. Two long iron rods, placed according to the principles of Franklin's marvellous science, rose above the roof, and preserved it from lightning. At the extremity of each rod, glittered and creaked at the same time a light weathercock of gilt copper. The pediment of the building was adorned with broad escutcheons filled with initials, instead of armorial bearings designating the family to whom this ancient inheritance belonged.

'It was a dwelling of a smiling, and at the same time stern aspect. Its proximity to the river, of whose animated navigation it commanded an uninterrupted view, the variety of the scenery which surrounded it, the fertility of the soil on which it stood, and the luxuriance of the vegetation around it, rendered it a unique spot. It was a perfect solitude, but neither isolated nor dull in monotonous uniformity.

'Numerous inhabitants occupied this mansion; but none were strangers to each other. They consisted of the old Count Richard, (he had no other name in the country,) his children, and his children's children.

'The Count had already reached an advanced age; but his simple and mild manners, the habitual calmness of his mind and temper, and the strength of a naturally healthy constitution, upon which excess had never proved its baneful influence, retarded in him that sad and inevitable debility, which, in the midst of life, is the commencement of death.

'Each evening, when the last gleam of day-light had disappeared, the whole family had assembled round the Count, in the drawing-room of the mansion. This apartment was large, lined with plain gray wainscot, and a bronze lamp was
suspended from the ceiling. On one side of a chimney of white marble was an immense arm-chair of green morocco leather; it was old, mutilated, and worm-eaten; but the Count, who always punctually occupied it, held it in great veneration; for it was the chair of his grandfather.

Opposite to this precious family relic was hung a large picture; the brilliant but incorrect work of a painter who had enjoyed some celebrity. The principal figure was habited in a flowing purple robe with pendant sleeves. Near him, and on a stool of black velvet, was a small chest of chased gold of exquisite workmanship. Nearer still, stood a rich and elegant table, upon which a roll of parchment half unfolded, disclosed the word ANXEmY, coupled with the date of 1635. Below was the sign-manual of the then reigning monarch, Charles X., and under it the signature of his keeper of the seals.

This picture was an object of great veneration to the inhabitants of the mansion. It perpetuated recollections dear to the family; and Count Richard, anxious that the tradition of the events which it recorded should not be lost, often made it the subject of conversation with his grandchildren.

He was old enough to have witnessed the reverses of fortune which his grandfather had undergone. He was born during the first administration, of which the latter was a member, when all seemed to prosper and succeed with him. He afterwards saw him struggling against parties, retreating before them, then returning to his high office; always a devoted and self-immolated victim, whenever the extreme of peril threatened prince and state.

Richard's precocious intellect, cultivated with the most assiduous care, was already developed and matured, when a dreadful reverse of fortune justified the forebodings of the faithful minister, by overturning the frail edifice of his fortune, and throwing him, proscribed and a captive, among the fragments of a soiled and broken throne. Richard had penetrated into Vincennes, the Luxembourg, and Ham. He had seen the sufferings of his grandaître, and felt the profound emotions which they inspired. He had played upon the platform of the donjon, and had set upon the knees of his captive ancestor. The conversation, exhilarations, and animated countenances of the latter, were deeply impressed on his memory, and he thought that while he had escaped since that period, had not effaced the most minute circumstance.

"He spoke little of himself," would Count Richard say to his assembled children, "but a great deal of France. He never ceased exhorting us to submission; he entreated us not to disgrace our misfortune with unworthy lamentations. All his regrets were centered in his benefactors. When their names issued from his lips, his voice would falter, his eyes fill with tears, and his language become more penetrating and more elevated. It was then alone that his heart was accessible to grief. "Shame! shame, my son! (he would exclaim,) upon those who have forgotten all! Old rights, old titles, and old misfortunes! Deeds of renown, and benefactions of past and present times; all, all have been forgotten! But when Providence gives lessons to man, it always selects virtue to afflict with misfortune!"

"Yes, certainly," my grandfather would say, "the evil was deep, inveterate, perhaps, incurable. If ever extreme attempts were legitimate, it was at that period. Only there was still room for delay. Who knows that if the enemy had not been attacked, he would have risked anything; or, risking everything, whether his rashness would not have facilitated his defeat and confusion? But these are now useless mysteries, which the period that could unravel them, is no longer able to disclose.

"Noble race of kings, give not way to despair! Future ages love to recall old things. Let the wind of adversity pass by!"

It was of the castle of Ham, that the Count had the most numerous and vivid recollections, because he had seen it at a much later period. He related old stories of this castle, which his young grandchildren often made him repeat.

Sometimes he described the building. "It was a fortress," he would say, "built by the Constable Saint-Pol, during the last half of the fifteenth century, upon the site of the old castle. It formed a parallelogram, flanked at the angles with round towers, connected by very narrow ramparts. A square tower at the
north-west, defended the only entrance; another tower of the same form stood on the opposite or south-east side. Two half-moons from west to east, were the only external works. Parallel to the south-east rampart, and at its foot, flowed the canal of the Duke of Angouleme. The river Somme, upon whose banks the town is built, was not far off. In the court-yard were two shabby brick buildings, used as barracks. The state prison was at the extremity of one of these buildings. It was there, my dear children, that, in a small and dismal room, I used to see your great grandfather, calm, patient, asking for nothing, complaining of no one, and forgetting none of the misfortunes of his country, save those which appertained to himself only; he had graven above his mantel-piece the simple and mysterious device of Philip the Bold—Moult me tarde!

45 Under the old monarchy, this castle was long used as a state prison. Louis XVI., who abolished the state prisons, changed its destination; but under the republic it was resumed, and again altered by Louis XVIII. When Charles X. descended from the throne, state prisons came once more into use, and the castle of Ham was applied to its former purpose.

"At the extremity of the court grew, in beautiful luxuriance, an immense lime-tree. This was the only tree that could be seen by the prisoners, and that only at a distance.—"Look at that tree," said my grandfather to me one day; "it was planted by a celebrated man, called Bourdon, one of the founders of the French Republic, and whom that same republic rewarded by incarceration in this prison. Captive as he was, he still obstinately adhered to his political creed, and planted on that spot a young tree, which, in conformity with the folly of times, he consecrated to liberty. Nature in its turn, in cruel derision, chose that the tree of liberty, withered and dead everywhere else, should flourish in a prison. It still flourishes, my son; but when will liberty flourish?"

"You will no doubt ask me, (he continued,) what the tree of liberty was. It was a lime tree, and it was without recollection, excited no emotion, and had in it itself nothing to inspire enthusiasm. But that tree could not kill the tree of the cross, which alone is the true symbol of liberty upon earth."

"At other times the old Count repeated to his grandchildren some of the maxims and sayings of their ancestors.

"If any one spoke to my grandfather (would the Count say) of those who had done him so much injury, he would reply—"We must pity and not hate them. When they were masters, you could perceive my danger, and not theirs. Revolutions are ungrateful masters to those who serve them; they often expect more than can be performed. Think ye that it was in hatred of me that these men assigned to me my present lot? No such thing. They were more occupied with their own safety than with my ruin. They sacrificed me to the errors of others, the effects of which they thought to avert from themselves.

"We must not confound politics with the base passions of ordinary life. He who in the former, thinks he is doing you an injury may do you a service; whilst he who purposes to serve you, may do you an injury. Often when an individual is attacked, he is the last person aimed at. In his person, a number of ideal beings are pursued, themselves comprehending a host of others. In opposing him you contend against a principle, a theory, or a power, of which he is the expression and image. You would love him, perhaps, if he was but himself; but in crossing him, you crush that into which he is transformed; his enemies are not his own, but the enemies of those whose friend he is.

"Let your thoughts and feelings soar then above personalities: I have no quarrel of my own; do you have no resentments or regrets. Let all your animosities merge in the love of your country. The future is deep and impenetrable, it will perhaps be as favorable to you as the present is fatal to me; and should you ever obtain power, remember my sufferings or try to avoid making others endure them. To avenge me, would be a treachery to myself.

"Revenge is often an injustice, but often a fault; for one enemy of whom you rid yourself, how many new ones do you raise up against you? If it be true that generosity does not disarm hatred, rigor irritates and revolts, and such irritation is contagious.
""It is only because we are weak that we revenge ourselves; it is only when our heart is arid and our intellect contracted, that we do not pardon. Nations have an admirable instinct in detecting those weaknesses; the voice that first pronounced that dead men tell no tales, propagated a cruel error. The most dangerous enemies a man can have, are those whom he has deprived of life.""

"One day a plan of escape was proposed to him: "I might accept your offer," said he, "if my sentence were just and legal; but as it is, I am well pleased with it, and would deprive it of none of its effects. Who cares about the iniquity of a sentence, when its execution is eluded? Were I to accede to your wishes, I should destroy its wickedness by my own fault; I should almost efface its injustice by putting an end to its operation. I must remain here, to bear daily testimony of its violence; it is right that my sufferings should be prolonged, that they may imprint upon my existence a deep and lasting memory. It is for them upon whom its responsibility weighs to get rid of me if they can. I shall certainly not save them the trouble."

"Besides, my children, reflect a moment. Plans of this description are not executed without exposing to some risk those who favor them. God forbid that I should ever expose any one to the least danger! The few years I have to live are not worth such a price.

"The greatest philosopher of antiquity refused to escape even from death. So noble a determination would, at present, perhaps elicit surprise. True, it is scarcely comprehensible; and who would even imagine that it could be imitated in these days? But, without aspiring to such an act of heroism, which I least of any have the pretension of doing, I may nevertheless take from this example, that which is suited to an humble life and an ordinary courage.

"Sometimes Count Richard would relate facts connected with the history of the castle, such as his grandfather was wont to entertain him with."

"Ham," said he at another time, "was one of the banks of the Somme, engaged by the treaty of Arras, to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and which that prince, equitable as he is represented, had no wish to restore, although he was repaid the four hundred thousand crowns of gold which he had advanced. This became a great subject of dissension and ill-will between him and the artful Louis XI. What a king was this Louis XI! What a strange and indescribable compound of contradiction was this monarch! He was haughty, censured, dreaded and despised, all at the same time. He threw off, after the manner of the times, the yoke which the nobles tried to fix upon his neck; he made use of the people without subjecting himself to them, and of religion without its preventing the commission of a single crime. He was a politician, though superstitious; or rather he was superstitious because he was a politician. It was said of him that he wanted courage; but it was forgotten with what bravery he had fought before Liége, and at Monthery. He bears the odium of the slaughters into which he drew Charles the Bold, without placing in the opposite scale the criminal league against him, or the poisoner Hardy sent by his vassal of Burgundy to destroy him. On the suspicious evidence of Brantome, the death of his brother is rashly imputed to him, although the latter died seven months after the supposed period of his being poisoned; and made a will a few days before his death, appointing Louis XI. then absent, his heir. Louis was parsimonious, cruel, implacable; but he once repented not having pardoned. He was an unnatural son, and a bad father. He took vengeance, by the death of Agnes, of the influence won by her beauty, and punished by an atrocious death, the doubtful crime of Nemours. He was a king according to the spirit of his people and of the age in which he lived; displaying still more ability in adverse fortune than in prosperity. If he laid many snares for others, many were also laid for him. He never made a mistake but at Peronne; he put an end to the invasions of the English, acquired Provence, recovered Burgundy, obtained by inheritance Anjou and Maine, brought under his control Guienne and Normandy, and prepared the union of Brittany with France, which was effected by his successors. In fine, he was great by the great things he effected—but despicable from the culpable means he employed."

"To these my grandfather added other details. "Vade," said he, "was born at..."
Ham. He was a free and easy writer of songs, at a period when songs were only gay and pretty. Berenger had not yet made them serious and beautiful.

"But Ham has still a higher claim to celebrity, for it is the birth-place of General Fay. I knew him well; I have often seen him, and had long conversations with him, far from the tumult of popular assemblies. I know not, if he were now in being, whether he would do me the same justice as he did then; but for my part, I shall ever render him the tribute due to his high character. He was a man of talent and sincerity, who followed only from afar those who influenced his opinions. He was perhaps the only one among the many orators of the same party, who was not below the reputation he had acquired."

"An Earl of Oxford, a brave and loyal servant of the house of Lancaster, was eleven years a prisoner in the castle of Ham. He escaped at last, accompanied by the governor, Sir Walter Blount, whom he had succeeded in seducing. This was the same Earl of Oxford who fought so valiantly for Henry and Margaret at the terrible battle of Barnet, and who would have won the day, had it not been lost by a fatal mistake of the Earl of Warwick. But the fortress in which he so cruelly expiated his fidelity, was not, as is supposed, the castle of Ham, situated on the banks of the Somme. The historian is wrong; it was another castle of the same name.

"There exists a tradition in the country, that an unfortunate capuchin friar, whose crime has always remained unknown, lived many years in a narrow dungeon in the tower, and died there with a great reputation for sanctity. The faithful long went to pray by the side of the stone which served for his pillow; and female votaries touched it with their garments. This was a simple and affecting devotion, paid to misfortune; and a marvellous virtue was attributed to it, and not without reason.

"Another tradition is prevalent, of more recent date and less uncertain in its details. A young man of the name of Lautrec, handsome, ardent, and formed for extremes—qualified for excess of virtue or excess of vice—had met with a young girl, graceful and handsome as himself, but chaste, pious, full of candor and modesty, who was not below the whole array of his soul—with furious and extravagant passion. The young girl was also surprised by love; but her love, though strong, was pure and innocent.

"Her condition was obscure, and she had no fortune to make up for it. He for a time imagined that her love for him would overcome her virtue. He was mistaken. The poor girl, surprised and humiliated at his offers, found an inexhaustible resource in her purity. She would have ceased to love him, had her will alone sufficed.

"Lautrec had no hope of overcoming the pride of his father, and therefore did not attempt it. The useless passion which consumed him, became a deep-seated and obstinate disease. The hue of health fled from his cheek, his features became thin and sharp, and his eyes lost their brilliancy. He lived apart, gloomy, morose, and taciturn. He scarcely heard those who addressed him, and replied only with moans.

"Lautrec had an uncle, still young, who had arrived at the highest dignities in the church, and had always evinced great affection for him. This uncle remarked the change in his person and character, and put many pressing questions to him. The young man eluded and dissembled; but the uncle, in nowise discouraged, continued his importunities. Lautrec, yielding at length, allowed his secret to escape.

"The morals of this period were not of the purest kind; and it was not usual to treat love so seriously. The uncle undertook to plead for his nephew. He saw the young girl, and exhausted every artifice, every means to shake her resolution. Sometimes he besought her, for Lautrec's sake to renounce her love for him, in order that the object of her affection might be freed from an engagement which was fast destroying him. At others, he offered, if love were not sufficient, to add immense wealth, as an indemnity for the sacrifice he solicited for his nephew. Another time, seeing that her affection was so deeply rooted, that she had not the courage to sacrifice it, he offered her advice of another kind; giving her to understand, that any hope of a legal union being impossible, she had no remedy but to yield, if she could not conquer her passion.
"But the virtue of the young girl was not less strong than her affection. The inflexible simplicity of her youthful mind defeated every attempt to undermine her principles. The heart of the uncle was shaken in its turn, and a perverse, dreadful, and fatal idea took possession of his mind. He had attempted to seduce, but was himself seduced. So much beauty had overcome him—such extraordinary virtue had existed in him the most uncontrollable passion. The unhappy man felt the power of love, and dared to disclose it. A cry of horror and alarm was the only answer he received from the young girl;—and he fled in confusion.

"At the same instant Lautrec arrived. The object of his love shed abundant tears, and gave marks of the most violent despair. The young man, in affright and despairing, asked the cause of such agitation. He would know it, and that immediately, without reserve or concealment. At the same time supplicant and imperious, he besought and insisted—weep and commanded. What, under such circumstances, could the poor girl do? Overcome by her own emotion and Lautrec’s impetuosity—unable, in her astonishment and indignation, to calculate or foresee the consequences, she suffered some imprudent words to escape her lips, and Lautrec either learned or guessed the treachery of his uncle.

"Thunderstruck, his mind became troubled, and his reason fled. He ran and seized his arms, followed his uncle, found him at the altar, covered with the emblems of his priestly dignity, struck him to the earth, and left him wallowing in his blood.

"A dungeon in the castle of Ham was long the refuge allotted him for his crime and madness. He had been there forty years, when the revolution of 1790 broke out; he was then set at liberty: but forgotten, reputed dead, and disowned by his family, he no longer found food or shelter. The town of Ham took pity upon him, and paid a poor woman to take care of him, and procure him food. He survived his freedom but three months. Perhaps he might have lived longer, if liberty, so long a stranger to him, had not too suddenly broken in upon the habits of life acquired in his dungeon.

"But if the revolution deprived the castle of Ham of some of its inmates, it soon supplied their places with other victims. The time came when the Convent’s friends justly feared the vengeance of the revolution upon them. They were at last surprised on one day of Barrere, Billaud-Varennes, and Collet-d’Herbois, by transportation; and of Boudon, Hugues, Chales, Faussedoisse, Duhem, and Chiodieu, by conSIGNing them to the castle of Ham.

"Soon," continued Count Richard, "this castle received inmates of another character and another rank: certain emigrants driven back to the coast of France by storm—a Vibrage, a Choiseul, and a Montmorency, victims before ourselves of civil discord—and who were about to suffer death for the crime of being shipwrecked, the commutation of which punishment only changed the species of iniquity committed by the government, which had dared to order its infliction.

"Almost at the same period came that other victim, the same Prince Polignac, whom fate has again brought hither; an unhappy prince, whom an inexorable fatality seems to pursue. He was then implicated in the catastrophe of Moreau, Pichegru, and George Cadoudal; he has since been implicated in still greater misfortunes. He began life with a long captivity, and has again become a captive in his declining years."

"The old Count’s memory was inexhaustible. The recollections of Ham pleased him. There was one point, however, upon which no one presumed to ask him any questions. He had often begun the recital of the actions of his unfortunate grandfather, and each time he had undertaken it, his emotion had prevented him from proceeding. An agitation of this kind was now considered too dangerous for his advanced age. But one day, the youngest of his grandchildren having innocently exclaimed, “But grandpapa, the history of our great-grandfather.”—Ah! true, I will tell it to you. But what need is there of many words? This history is written, dear child. I composed and wrote it. It is engraved upon the stone which covers the remains of that man so madly cursed and prosecuted. You must visit his old and modest tombstone. It is a pious pilgrimage, which children ought to undertake, and which brings them good fortune. Kneel and meditate when you are near it. Do as I have so often done:
Life of Balboa.

pull the moss from the stone; and if impious hands have not perpetrated upon it such mutilations as I have seen elsewhere, you will find what you seek—you will read this short epitaph, which contains the whole history of the chief of your family:

PROSCRIBED
BECAUSE HE WAS FAITHFUL,
AND CONDEMNED
AS IF HE HAD NOT BEEN SO.

LIFE OF BALBOA.*

Columbus had first seen land in the new world on the 12th of October, 1492, when he landed on the island of Guanahani, after a voyage of little more than two months, he having sailed from the port of Palos in Spain on the 3d of August. It was six years later, when he surveyed the coast of the continent by Paria and Cumana. With the nobler mind of Columbus, territory was the grand object, and colonization the means. With the fierce and narrow spirit of the times, gold was the object, and the sword the means. But the natives of the islands first discovered were found poor; their gold was chiefly confined to the ornaments of their persons. The Spaniards who landed on the continent were equally disappointed. They saw before them a magnificent country, yet nearly in a state of nature, vast forests, mighty rivers, ranges of mountains; all the features of a dominion wide enough for the widest ambition of conquest, or the richest enjoyment of life; but no treasure. Still their avarice was kept in a perpetual fever by the Indian stories of gold in profusion, farther to the west, and beyond a sea which stretched to the extremities of the globe. Yet all the various expeditions which were sent to penetrate into these lands of opulence, were defeated, and the chief part of the adventurers perished by the diseases of the climate, by the inclemency of seasons, alternately the most tremendous storms and the fiercest sunshine, or by the perils of the seas, which to this hour severely try the skill of the seamen. But the ‘empires of the west’ were still the cry of the Indians, and fresh troops of daring adventurers hurried forward year by year, to throw away their lives on the swamps and shoals of the New World. Time, however, produced experience, and the vigor of discovery was gradually turned to the means of reaching those golden regions by sea. The Indians persevered in the report, that the nearest access to this great highway to the treasures of America was across the mountain range of Darion, and at length a Spaniard was found bold enough to attempt once more, and fortunate enough to achieve, a task which had baffled so many of his intrepid countrymen, and which was destined to give a well-deserved immortality to his name. Vasco Nunez de Balboa was born at Xeres de los Caballeros. His family was of the order of Spanish gentry. He commenced his career, at an early age, in that mingled character of trader and soldier, which characterised all the first voyages to America. After some experiments in the general pursuit of wealth, which failed, he settled in Hispaniola,


29°
where he cultivated a farm. But Balboa was not of the order of spirits who are content with the quiet indulgence of life. A new expedition was announced for the west. He determined to follow it. But he was loaded with debt, and the governor had published an express ordinance that no debtor should be suffered to leave the island. Balboa was rolled on board one of the brigantines in a cask, and made his appearance on deck only when the ship was far out at sea. The commander of the expedition was indignant, and threatened to send him back; but Balboa, handsome and active, intelligent and plausible, was not a man to be repelled, in the day when every Spaniard had his value, and he soon rose into favor. A colony had been already established at the celebrated Isthmus, on its eastern side. Balboa within a short period became its governor, and there he distinguished himself by all the talents of command. His position singularly required them. Columbus had found the Islanders a timid and innocent race, being in a state of primitive simplicity. But the adventurers who had pierced the continent often found themselves encountered by daring tribes, with some knowledge of discipline, and sometimes capable of returning their losses by bloody revenge. The tribes which surrounded the colony of Darien were the most daring, disciplined, and vigorous, which the Spaniards had ever met; and nothing but incessant vigilance, and the display of the most desperate intrepidity in the field, could secure the invaders.

It is curious to trace the similitude of these tribes, in customs and conceptions, to the Islanders of the South Sea, who are probably their descendants. The Darien Indians fought with the club, the wooden sword, and the arrow. But they neither poisoned their arrows, nor devoured their prisoners; habits which distinguished them, to their honor, from the Indians stretching along their surrounding coasts. They simply extracted a tooth from the captive, who was thenceforth a slave. Severe wounds in battle rendered the sufferer honorable. He became a noble; and was rewarded with a portion of land, a wife, and rank among their warriors. They had chieftains, to whom they paid a higher deference than was customary among Indians. They had physicians; priests, who delivered a kind of oracles, and a deity, Tuira, whom they worshipped with offerings of bread, fruits, and flowers. They built houses of curious workmanship. Their chieftains wore mantels of cotton. They lived much on fish; and both sexes were remarkable for their skill in swimming, and their fondness for the exercise.

The darker side of the picture, in which, however, the similitude still holds, was the moral corruption of the people. Abortion, procured by herbs, was common. Drunkenness, by a liquor extracted from maize, was a favorite vice; and parties for dancing and intoxication were the great delight of the people. The dead were preserved from decay by drying the remains, and were placed in a room dedicated to the purpose, with their ornaments and arms. A dance, or perhaps a society for the dance, called arice, was national and licentious; and combined with this mixture of savage good and evil, and throwing some color of European civilization over all, was the remarkable courtesy of the people.

Indian rumors of the golden country continued to inflame the Spaniards, and all hearts were at length stimulated to attempt the conquest of a king, Dabaibie, who was said to be living in a city filled with treasure, and who worshipped an idol of solid gold. Distance, disease, mountains covered with eternal snows, and oceans tossed by perpetual storms, could not now restrain the adventurers; and Balboa put
himself at the head of his countrymen, whose prize was to be the measureless plunder of this king and his temple. But the surrounding caciques must be first conquered; and their daring and continued resistance cost long hostilities. Still, the Spaniards advanced; and even from their encounters with the natives, they derived new stimulants for their frenzy of gold. An alliance with Comogre, a gallant mountain chief, at the head of three thousand warriors, gave them additional confidence. His son met the Spanish troops with a present of sixty slaves, and four thousand pieces of gold. A picturesque incident now occurred. Balboa, after deducting the fifth of the treasure for the King, ordered the rest to be weighed and distributed among the troops. Some dissatisfaction arose, and swords were drawn. The young Indian looked on, first with astonishment, and then with scorn. Advancing to the scales, with a contemptuous smile, he threw them on the ground, exclaiming, 'Is it for this trifle that Spaniards quarrel? If you care for gold, go seek it where it grows. I can show you a land where you may gather it by handfuls.'

This intelligence brought all the Spaniards round him, and he proceeded to detail his knowledge.

'A cacique, very rich in gold,' said he, 'lies to the south, six suns off.' He pointed in the direction. 'There,' said he, 'you will find the sea. But there you will find ships as large as your own, with sails and oars.'

If this announcement made the Spaniards pause, his next must have kindled them into all their original flame.

'The men of these lands,' said he, 'are so rich, that their common eating and drinking vessels are of gold.'

This was their first knowledge of Peru!

The time was now come, when the second great discovery of the Western World was to be made. Balboa, formally appointed governor of the Darien, determined to ascertain for himself and the world the wonders that lay beyond the mountains. He rapidly collected a hundred and ninety Spanish soldiers, a thousand Indians, and with some bloodhounds, which were deemed a necessary part of an Indian enterprise, and which sometimes proved a formidable one to the unfortunate natives, he marched into the wilderness.

The Indian tribes were instantly roused; and the Spaniards had scarcely reached the foot of the Sierra, when they found their warriors, headed by their caciques, drawn up in a little army. The Indians, like the ancient Greeks, first defied the enemy by loud reproaches and expressions of scorn. They then commenced the engagement. Torecha, their king, who, if the Indians had found a bard or historian, might have been a Hector or a Leonidas, stood forth in front of his people, clothed in a regal mantle, and gave the word of attack. The Indians rushed on with shouts; but the Spanish crossbows and muskets were terrible weapons to their naked courage. The Indians were met by a shower of shafts and balls, which threw them into confusion. They saw before them the bearers of what to their conceptions were the thunder and lightning, followed by a more certain and sweeping death than was ever inflicted by those weapons of angry Heaven. Their heroic king, and six hundred of their warriors, were soon left dead on the spot; and over their bodies Balboa marched to the plunder of their city.

Balboa now commenced the ascent of the mountains. The distance
from sea to sea is, at its extreme width, but eighteen leagues, and, at its narrowest, but seven. The distance to the Pacific from Careta, the commencement of their march, is but six days' journey; but with them it cost twenty days. The great mountain chain, which forms the spine of the New World from north to south, composes the Isthmus; and the march of the Spaniards was impeded by all the difficulties of a mountainous region, in a burning and unhealthy climate, and in a soil overgrown with the wild and undisturbed vegetation of ages. But the moment that was to repay, and more than repay, all these fatigues, was at hand. Of all the strong and absorbing pleasures of the human mind, there is none equal to the pleasure of new knowledge. Discovery, in whatever form of science, fills the mind with something more nearly approaching to an ecstasy, than any other delight of which our nature is capable. The sudden opening of these portals, which have hitherto hopelessly excluded us from the peculiar knowledge that we longed to possess—the vast region of inquiry, feeling, fame, and truth, that often seems to be given for our especial dominion by a single fortunate step—the new and brilliant light that flashes over the whole spirit of man, in the sudden seizure of one of those great principles which are the key to knowledge, all together make a combination of high and vivid impulses, unrivalled in the history of human enjoyment. Philosophers and kings might envy the feelings of Balboa, when, after toiling through forests that seemed interminable, his Indian guides, the Quarequones, pointed out to him, among the misty summits of the hills before him, the one from which the object of all his toils, the Pacific, was visible. Balboa proudly reserved the honor of this magnificent discovery for himself. He commanded his troops to halt at the foot of the hill. He ascended alone, with his sword drawn, like a conqueror taking possession of acitadel, won after some arduous siege; and, having reached the summit, cast his eyes around. The Pacific spread out before him.

The fierce religion of the Spaniards mingled in all the transactions of the time, and they were superstitious in the midst of massacre. But the view which now opened on the heroic discoverer's eyes—the multitude of visions and aspirations of grandeur, dominion, and honor, called up with that view—the sight of these waves, which led to realms richer than all that the Old World had dreamed of wealth, and teeming with strange and splendid products of every kingdom of nature—the waves, on whose borders lay Mexico and Peru almost at his feet, on whose remoter shores lay China and Hindostan, countries which nature and fable had alike delighted to fill with wonders, the seats of mysteries, of wealth, religion, kingly state, and fantastic, yet high-toned superstition—all justified the influence of a noble feeling, the gratitude of a heart astonished and overwhelmed by his high fortunes. Balboa fell on his knees, and weeping, offered his thanksgiving to Heaven, for the bounty that had suffered him to see this glorious sight. His troops had watched his ascent of the mountain with the eager ness of men who felt their fates bound up in his success, but when they saw his gestures of delight and wonder, followed by his falling on his knees, and prayers, they became incapable of all restraint; they rushed up the hill, exultingly, saw the matchless prospect for themselves, and, sharing the spirit of their leader, offered their thanksgivings along with him. Balboa's address to the troops was worthy of his vigorous mind; brief, bold, and powerful, it touched upon all the true points of excitement, and was the sounding of the trumpet to those victories which were
yet to transfer the wealth of Mexico and Peru into the hands of his country.

'Castilians,' exclaimed he, 'there lies the object of all your desires, and the reward of all your labors. There roll the waves of that ocean of which you have so long heard, and which enclose the incalculable wealth that has so long been promised to you. You are the first who have reached these shores, and looked upon these waves. Yours alone, then, are the treasures; yours alone the glory of bringing these immense and untravelled dominions under the authority of our king, and to the light of our holy religion. Onward, then, and the world will not see your equals in wealth and in glory!'

This stately ceremonial was not yet at an end. A great tree was cut down upon the spot, stripped of its branches, formed into a cross, and fixed on the summit of the mountain, in sign of the faith of Spain.

But the coast was still to be reached. Balboa fought a battle with the Indian chief who defended the lower passes of the Cordillera, defeated him, and at last stood upon the shore of the ocean. On the rising of the tide, the Spanish leader, in complete armor, with his unsheathed sword in one hand, and a banner in the other, on which was painted the Virgin, with the armes of Castile at her feet, marched into the surges, crying out, 'Long live the high and mighty sovereigns of Castile! In their names I take possession of these seas and regions; and if any other prince, whether Christian or Infidel, pretend any right to them, I am ready and resolved to oppose him, and assert the just claims of my sovereigns.'

Balboa had still one brilliant moment of life to come, the reception by his countrymen. On the 19th of January, 1514, he reached his colony of Darien; his expedition had occupied four months and a half; his triumph was complete. The whole population poured down to the shore to meet him, to hail him as the honor of the Spanish name, as the author of their fortunes, as less a man than a gift of Heaven, to guide them into the possession of glories and riches incalculable. All the titles of Spanish admiration were lavished on the hero, and a popular homage, never more nobly employed, proclaimed him Conqueror of the Mountains, Pacificator of the Isthmus, and Discover of the Austral Ocean; not, like other warriors of the Old World or the New, the vanquisher of men, but the conqueror of nature.

It is but justice to this celebrated man, to acknowledge that he exhibited himself worthy of his splendid popularity. Success only invigorated his high natural qualities; prosperity never made him arrogant, power tyrannical, nor wealth avaricious. He was singularly respected by his people, and beloved by the Indians, during his whole career. Long after its close, it was said of him, that in conciliating the general esteem, 'no Captain of the Indies had ever done better than Vasco Nunez.'

But the jealousy of the court of Spain, at all times the most incapable of governing by the generous qualities of power, soon marked Balboa for its vengeance. His virtues and talents were his accusers. His authority was now superseded by the arrival of Pedrarias, a man of singular craft and cruelty. Whether his indignation at this insult was his crime, or the determination of the Court to ruin him drove him into treason, is still doubtful. But after a long train of angry remonstrance on his side, and sullen artifice on that of the new governor, in the course of which Pedrarias even gave him his daughter, Balboa, with some
of his principal friends, was beheaded as a traitor, and usurper of the dominions of the Crown. He died at forty-two. His country, with the usual tardiness of public gratitude, did him honor when it was too late, and Spain has ever since reckoned him among the most memorable of those memorable men who gave her a new world.

LETTER FROM PARIS, BY HENRY PELHAM, ESQ.

You ask me, my dear ——, to tell you something of our dear Paris. Very well—anything to oblige you—even to the writing a letter. Having had a great desire to visit those scenes in which I once played so notable a part, I landed at Calais about six weeks ago. Being, as you know, of a very conjugal turn of mind, and wishing to save my dear wife the fatigue of a journey undertaken only for amusement, I very considerately left Mrs. Pelham at home. I transported myself from Calais to Boulogne,—a very charming place, filled by persons of distinction who live chiefly upon the interest of the debts they owe to other people. The men have established a singular sort of Freemasonry in costume at this town,—to wit, a cap and moustaches,—a white fustian coat and a black velvet waistcoat;—ornaments,—chain, walking-stick, and cigar. Another set, chiefly literati, wear little blue jackets without skirts,—the trowsers very tight in the quartier de Linton; probably these gentlemen, being scholars, retain the immemorial system of our friend Dr. Keates,—that there is an affinity between the two human extremes, and a sympathetic electricity communicating from the seat of honor to that of learning. It is pleasant to see early impressions thus practically displayed in the habits of later life.

I was informed at the library that some malicious papers in your periodical, entitled 'Asmodeus at large,' had been very severe on the good people of Boulogne,—and that there had been a violent dispute whether or not the New Monthly should not, therefore, be excluded the reading room—a proposition somewhat after the ingenious device of the bird that shuts its eyes that it may not be seen. To banish the New Monthly from the reading-room at Boulogne, would of necessity prevent its being read by the rest of the world.

I entered Paris at the most fortunate hour in the whole day for the end of a journey,—viz. about half an hour before dinner-time. I paid a visit to the Bains Chinois—and thence took a solitary excursion to the Rocher!—Quantum mutatus ab illo Rochero!—Ah! my dear friend, the d—d revolution has not even spared that consecrated spot. These modern commotions are terribly devastating,—even Demetrius made no war on the Fine Arts.—He spared Protogenes—the glorious three days have been less merciful to the Chef of the Rocher. You remember the escalopes de gammon,—you remember the lattances de carpes,—you forget not, I am sure, the exquisite rôtis of Chevreuil. Fancy the first smoked, the second sour, the third having a slight resemblance to broiled leather.

'Mon brave homme!' said I to the garçon, tearfully, 'things are very much changed since I was at Paris.'

'Monsieur is very right.'

'Your cook has been a great sufferer.'
Letter from Paris.

'There are so few English, sir!' 'What, you were in the habit of roasting them, were you?'

'Point d'argent, point de cuisine!'—'but,' continued the garçon, with that stupid vein of philosophy the French are so fond of,—'but Monsieur's palate is five years older than it was.'

'And the brown cat?—said I, changing a subject capable of producing such uncivil observations,—'I see him not.'

'Ah, sir, he has been poisoned.' 'Oh, le cher chat! le chat du bon goût!—doubtless he took some of these lalances by mistake!'

But, seriously and sadly—fancy the brown cat dead!—there expired the genius loci. What the Oread was to the mountain—the Naiad to the wave—the Brown Cat was to the Rocher,—and he is dead! In these matter of fact times, there is no spot which can retain the spirit of its ancient poetry! As I could not, like honest Syrus, look 'in the patinas' for pleasurable observation, I turned from the dead to the living.

A stout gentleman had just brought his son, a tall youth, to Paris. 'Bob,' said he, 'they say this be the best place in the world for grub. Let's have the carte!'

'Now, damn it, Bob,' quoth he, hitting the table a thump that woke the saltcellar from that patent reverie peculiar to the saltcellars of France, 'we'll try these French fellows—Gargon, a beefsteak,—a perdrix avec du pain sauce—et—et—plusieurs pommes de terre tres bien bouillies.'

After all, the gentleman showed his judgment. He did not, like Diderot, try mortality by too severe a standard. We three were alone. The stout gentleman was disposed to be sociable.

'I see, sir,' said he, 'that you know this place.'

'It is certainly among my acquaintance.'

'And pray, sir, may I make bold to ask what are the dishes you most recommend?'

'Why, sir,—for something substantial—grenouilles aux poulet—and a saute de limaons.'

'La, father,' quoth the youth, grinning, 'the gentleman jests—that means frogs and snails.'

'You are quite right, sir,—frogs and snails—they form an agreeable contrast to our light English fare!'

The old gentleman looked at me very suspiciously, but I was gravity itself. 'In fact, sir,' continued I, wishing to give the gentleman an appetite for his pommes de terre, which I saw at that moment arriving, 'they generally boil a few snails with the potatoes, in order to give them a flavor.'

I did not wait to see the effect I had produced—the benevolent man loves not to witness painful emotions—accordingly I sauntered out of the room, and left my countrymen to their gastronomic experiments.

But the change in the Rocher is not that trifling occurrence which it would seem to the inconsiderate—when her restaurateurs grow careless, the posterity of Paris trembles. The moment money is plentiful in France—the moment the négociant—the tradesman—the workman gets something to spare—he considers it as something to enjoy, not something to save. He treats his family to a dinner at a celebrated restaurants—or a trip to Tivoli—or a play at the Théâtre des Variétés. And thus the condition of all places of entertainment—restaurateurs among the many—
is an index of the current poverty or prosperity of Paris. It is in vain to attempt giving you any idea of the comparative desertion of the Cafés—the Restaurateurs—the Boulevards—the Tuileries—the Théâtres. I scarcely recognized Paris—a ghost-like dreariness floats over the old places of enjoyment, and Ennui, the French word, is become the French deity. Talking of the theatres, it is right that I should give you some notion of the exquisite sort of taste that prevails there. The play the most à la mode is the Tour de Nesle. In this piece the heroine is a Queen of France, who gives secret assignations to all the good-looking foreigners who arrive at Paris; and, for fear they should boast of the bonne fortune, has them afterwards murdered and thrown into the Seine. Ah, my dear friend, what a good thing for Henry Pelham that this kind of royal condensation is no longer in vogue! This charitable lady has two sons—twins—of whose existence she knows nothing—one of these she loves, assassinates, and drowns—like the rest of her sissones—and for the other, she forms,—guess what?—is it not French?—a Platonic attachment! The Platonism does not, however, save the young gentleman, and he receives the death wound intended by the Queen for her first lover—(his own father.)

Such is the plot and the catastrophe. Certainly, the literary world of Paris do well to sneer at Corneille, and laud the pure taste of the romantic. The worst of it is, that the play evinces great vigor, and even genius, in the cast of the dialogue. When a clever man conceives such trash, there is no hope for him. In order to make their religion of a piece with their drama, they have brought the Père Enfantin into fashion—a handsome man, with such a beard! and the best made inexpressible in the world. The Père Enfantin has evidently no objection to be the Père des Enfants. With the 'Tour de Nesle' for a popular tragedy, and St. Simon for a founder of religion, it must be confessed, that the French intellect is in a flourishing state of progression. What a wise device in the French to abandon their ancient standards of opinion! They sneer at Helvétius!—They are right: have not they got Cousin? They call Voltaire 'little,'—how can they think otherwise with so gigantic a genius as Victor Hugo? They shrug their shoulders at your old-fashioned notions, when you praise the tales of Marmontel, and point, with a triumphant Voilà, Monsieur, to the Peau de chagrin! The French running after the German genius is excellent. French grafted on German!—what a mixture! It is a reunion of all the horrors—a medecrine of extravagances: they have one excuse, however,—so much folly is not their own. Their books are abominable—but they may thank Heaven that, at least, they are not original.

I went to spend the evening at the house of a great French politician—a liberal—I wanted to know what notion French liberals have of good government. I found the whole company very abusive of the ministers, and very facetious upon Louis Philippe. 'So far so good: Heaven forbid I should differ from them on those subjects!—But,' said I 'change the men as you will, what principles do you wish to establish?' My host was for nothing short of a republic. 'Very well—you will alter the government—you will extend the number of rulers; will you extend also the number of the freemen?—will your republic have more free citizens than your king has free subjects?—in a word, will you extend the elective franchise?'

'Ah! the French did not care about that: the republic—voilà—the fine system for the deputies; but as to the number of electors, it was a bagatelle.'

Thus you see how little the more patrician of their liberals know of the
real evil of the French system: the real evil is surely this—they have a very small number of electors—a very large number of men shut out from the constitution—these latter have no vent for their political enthusiasm—they are always discontented, fretful, ripe for change—and if they had a republic to-morrow, would have a despot the next day. It is your quacks who think only of changing a government—your legislators should first make a people. A republic, with a handful of electors, is an oligarchy. I recommended these gentlemen to Paul Louis Courier and the 'Examiner': they assured me, with a satirical smile, that the first (though a clever man) was no doctrinaire, and that the latter wrote very well about England!

But the young men of a lower rank—the young politicians, who as yet are little known, are wiser than their elders, and discover where the shoe really pinches. Two things are quite certain—first, that the middle class of Paris, all those who live by commerce and have anything to gain, are desirous of quiet—above all things quiet; their revolution and their choler have played the deuce with their trade. It is said that poor Lafayette always talks of the Three Glorious Days by the epithet of maudit. The second, certainly, is that quiet they can't, by any possibility, have—the immense number of idle young gentlemen, noble and penniless—the crowds of men who, with beaucoup d' instruction, have point de sous—are resolved not to have an incapable and unpopular government, for the sake of putting money into the tradesmen's pockets; they see, and they urge, all the faults of the present system, and the present men—the honest folks, who have something to lose by new changes, see the faults too—but they look to the streets, emptied of foreigners, and the jolies maisons a louer in every corner, and the il faut viert terribly damps all their patriotism.—'Cela m'aurait mieux valut que tous les droits du monde pour avoir le fauteuil, et pour garder le bien,' so says the inimitable Courier—so say messieurs his disciple in the Rue St. Honoré. But who can doubt which will ultimately win the day, the active mass or the inert?

You see, too, the messieurs of the press at Paris have a personal interest in siding with the movement: in the first place, they have been most villainously treated—in the second place, they see, by experience, that if France the journalists are the chief persons to rise by every change; the redacteur of an able paper to-day may be a minister to-morrow. Were England like France, the editors of the Examiner, the Times, and the Chronicle, would have the offer, at least, of succeeding Lords Palmerston and Melbourne and Mr. Stanley. This prospect of power constantly urges on the ambition of the journalists; and whatever its disadvantage, it has at least this striking counterbalance of good,—the men whom even a selfish and impure ambition would throw uppermost, are men of knowledge and of talent; they have been compelled to make themselves masters of the intricate questions of government—they are not, like our English lords, dragged from the Boottian ease of 'domestic tranquillity,' without a single notion of sound knowledge in their heads; they become powerful solely from talent,—and by talent only can that power be preserved. Thus, journalism is really the Empire of Intellect—often honest—often dishonest—but intellect always; a better empire, at least, than that of military insolence or aristocratic stolidity.

The Ministers will, I feel assured, have a majority in the next Chamber—and the Press will render the majority unavailing;—from these prophecies draw your conclusion.

I ordered a lock in my portmanteau to be mended. They brought
me in a bill of nine francs for it. 'Diable!' said I, 'is this the way you treat foreigners at Paris?'

'But Monsieur,' said the artificer, with a benevolent smile, 'will recollect that there is scarcely a foreigner to be met with at present!'

The day after my arrival at the hotel, I had the satisfaction of seeing from my window the drop noir, which is a sign of death in the house.

'Doubtless the cholera,' thought I. 'What an agreeable prospect!'—I summoned the frotteur in a hurry—

'Who is dead?'

'The master of the hotel.'

'Of the cholera, of course?'

'No, sir,—of his own act.'

'Ah, that's all!—you relieve me wonderfully;—and how did he destroy himself?'

'By a pan of charcoal,' (a favorite mode of suicide at Paris.)

'And for what?'

'The poor gentleman had had—des malheurs—he had several houses on his hands, which he could not dispose of.'

'Certainly, he did right then in disposing, a bon marché, of the only tenement he could get rid of.'

'But what completed the tragedie,' said the frotteur, which much pathos, was that his son, a most amiable young man, was so shocked at the sight, that he retired to his chamber and opened—his veins!'

What a happy union of the classic school and the romantic!

The frotteur omitted to tell me that this good son had been recovered by the surgeons. Two days afterwards this most amiable young man paid me a visit.

He announced himself as the son of my late landlord.

'Pardon me, sir, I thought you were dead?'

The good son wiped his eyes—No! le bon Dieu had restored him to life;—my rooms, in the confusion of his father's petit malheur, had been let for five francs a-day—he came to inform me that they ought to be eight.

From these two anecdotes you may see that an Englishman at Paris is become a rara avis, whom it is necessary to pluck to the last feather—they indemnify themselves on one for the desertion of the rest. Even in the despair of a house of death—with a charcoaled father yet fresh from the pan—this most amiable young man—who had opened his veins in filial sympathy with his sire—could yet rise from the couch of debility to bleed his unfortunate lodger;—perhaps he thought that the best way of replenishing his own veins.

Return, O return, my countrymen, or your unfortunate representative will be ruined!

Adieu, my dear friend. I amuse myself with examining with my own eyes the modes of taxation in France—preparatory to my final arrangement of that financial scheme, on the details of which you have so often given me your advice. An interesting and light occupation, you say—very true—but at last it is better than walking about the depopulated Tuileries, with a score of hungry Frenchmen, anxious to eat up the little bien of 'the last of the Mohicans.'—Adieu,

Your affectionate Friend,

HENRY PELHAM.
MADAME JUNOT'S MEMOIRS.*

This volume opens with the commencement of the present century, when the scattered fragments of society were just beginning to unite in Paris, and to gather round the government of a leader, who promised public security and prosperity. Fêtes began to be given as usual before the revolution; foreigners began to crowd into France; the women had thrown off the red cap, that emblem of subverted civilization and of contemned religion; and families began to meet at stated festivals, to kiss the hand of the aged grandmother, to march in procession to the mother's room with bouquets of flowers, on the day of her patron saint; private balls were renewed; and the populace, no longer dreading the guillotine, were seen upon the boulevards, reviving their almost forgotten sports. The terrible tempest of fire and blood, that had for nearly ten years desolated France, had passed over; the blue skies were again beginning to be perceived; and when we remember how dreadfully the French had suffered, how rapaciously they must have hailed the return of serenity, and how much reason they had to attribute it, under that Providence whom they had deserted, to the commanding genius of Napoleon, we ought not to be surprised at the excessive admiration with which his name and his rising glory were received in every quarter of the country which he had saved.

What a splendid fame might Buonaparte have left behind him, had he been content to remain for life the First Consul of the Republic!—It was in his power to have planted free institutions, which by this time might have struck deep root in the heart of the new generation; to have cultivated peace; to have substituted the empire of law for that of men; to have restored the finances to prosperity; to have freed commerce from ignoble restrictions; to have made France the vineyard of Europe, and the favorite temple of the sciences and arts. Instead of doing this, he gave the bridle to his ambition, deluged many fields with human blood, brought back upon France the Bourbons, deprived her of the only good fruits which her revolution produced, and caused her to retrograde to a position, from which she has not even yet succeeded in extricating herself. These reflections are almost common-place: but they have been prompted by those pages of Madame Junot's Memoirs which describe Napoleon's personal character; for they show that, great as were his talents for war, his abilities for peace, and for the execution of projects subservient to the welfare of a peaceful community, were, if possible, still greater. Free from prejudices of every description, his unclouded and comprehensive intellect, majestic in its severe simplicity, lighted upon the true and the useful on all occasions, and might have accomplished miracles in the way of legislation, had it not been, unfortunately for himself, and still more unfortunately for France and for all Europe, too soon engrossed by his military propensities.

The home feelings, the hearty kindness, the thorough familiarity of friendship which appear throughout the following scene, display Buonaparte's personal character in the most favorable light.

1 was now in momentary expectation of my confinement, and notwithstanding the efforts of my mother-in-law to support and reassure me, looked forward to the moment with dread. In the night of the 4th of January we had an alarm, which called up my mother-in-law, who had not undressed for a week past. Marchais was summoned, and pronounced that twenty-four or forty-eight hours would settle the business, and left me, recommending composure and sleep.

1 was out of spirits during a part of the succeeding day; I performed my religious duties, and wrote to my mother, because she had forbidden me to leave the house; I then arranged my baby-linen and basket, and in the little cap, with its blue ribbons; and in the shirt, the sleeves of which I drew through those of the flannel waistcoat, I thought I could see the soft and fair head, and flat little-motted arms; in my joy, I imagined the pretty clothes already adorning my promised treasure, and pressed them to my bosom, longing to clasp and to see my child, to feel its breath, while I said to myself:—And this little being, whom I expect, will be all my own! Oh! what days of joy were before me!

Junot found me leaning over the candle in a sort of ecstasy, and when I explained to him the cause of an emotion which his heart was well formed to understand, he embraced me with a tenderness which I felt prouder of than I should have done six months earlier.

My thoughts now took a quite different direction; I not only did not fear, but desired the decisive moment; and when my friends met me in my drawing-room, they found me as gay and as happy as any young wife or young girl could be. Madame Hamelin formed one of our party. She was then young, gay, lively and a most ready assistant in promoting that easy confidence which forms the great charm of intimate association. She had an original and striking wit; bordering a little on the maliciousness of the cat, and sometimes, it is true, showing that she had tolerably long claws; but I believe that, like puss also, she did not put them out, unless her paws or her tail were trodden on.

The evening passed off very cheerfully; my mother-in-law was delighted to see me in perfect oblivion of the critical moment, which, however, she knew could not be far distant. We sat down to table, and the turkey, the cake, the madeira, and champagne, reddoubled our gaiety. In half an hour we laughed so heartily that, at this moment, I cannot think of it without pleasure. At length came the moment of drawing; General Suchet sat beside me; I do not exactly recollect whether the prize of royalty fell to him or me; since that time so many sovereignies, which seemed vastly more solid, have sunk into crowns as fantastic, that my memory may well be excused its want of accuracy on this point. But whether this general had received his crown from me, or whether he had made me his queen, he addressed me in a compliment so absurd that it provoked a violent fit of laughter, with which the room resounded, and which was echoed with equal noise by seventeen or eighteen persons who surrounded the supper table. I stood up to answer with my glass of water, for I never in my life could drink wine, to the numerous glasses filled with sparkling froth which were extended towards me, when I fell backwards in my chair, a frightful cry escaped me, and my glass dropped from my hand. But the sudden attack which had caused this commotion was over in an instant, my cheeks recovered their color, and I looked up. Junot, still paler than I had been, still holding his glass of champagne, was looking at me with an air of consternation. The rest of the company seemed nearly equally alarmed, and the grotesque expression of so many countenances, hardly recovered from a fit of hilarity, while, as in duty bound, they were assuming, on the other side of their faces, the solemnity which the circumstances appeared to require; these masquerade countenances, resembling at once—Jean qui pleure and Jean qui rit, produced so visible an effect, that I relapsed into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. My mother-in-law now came behind my chair and whispered,

"Take my arm, my dear daughter, and come to your room."

"No, no!" said Gabriel Suchet, "we cannot spare our queen!"
Hereupon he began to relate a story so absurd that I laughed again as immediately as before, and was again interrupted in the same manner; my mother-in-law told her son that I must be removed, and a carriage sent for Marchais. Junot came to me, took me in his arms, and almost lifted me from the chair. This time the general interposed, offered to bet upon the sex of my child, and would with difficulty permit my husband to carry me away. He led me, however, to my room, obeying all his mother’s behests with as much simplicity as any honest bourgeois, any M. Guillaume, or M. Dennis, of the Rue de la Perle, or Rue St. Jaques. He busied himself in regulating the heat of the room; in calling my women together, giving them fifty orders at once, which neither they nor he understood; ordered the horses, and returned to my side, already expecting to hear the cries of my child; but I was in no such hurry.

As followed to my chamber by ten or eleven female friends, whose presence and discordant advice, given in tones louder and louder as it became more difficult to obtain a hearing in the general confusion, did not certainly tend to calm the agitation of my nerves. Scarcely, indeed, was there room to move in the chamber, crowded by so many assistants, my bed, the cradle, and all the apparatus of a lying-in room; in vain the nurse remonstrated; nor was it till Marchais arrived, and was really angry, that all this disturbance was put an end to. My friends, to whose anxiety and good will alone it was to be attributed, at length took their leave, embracing me with the kindest wishes, and left me to pass a terrible night.

During this tedious season of watching and anxiety, Junot was almost distracted; he threw himself at intervals on the mattress which had been laid for him in the parlor; then got up, walked the room with hasty steps; crept to my bed-room door and tried to get in, which I had positively prohibited; and returned to his apartment, where his aid-de-camp, General Lallemand, sat up with him all night, endeavoring with all the arguments and consolations of friendship to calm a little the violence of his agitation, and to restore something like composure to his mind.

At ten in the morning Marchais himself, very much fatigued, came to seek Junot; he told him that I was still very ill, that there was no immediate prospect of relief, but that he had no fears for my life. On his return to my room I felt assured that he had seen my husband; I called to him and entreated him to bring Junot to me, to which he immediately consented. My husband, on seeing me so pale and weak, burst into tears, and as he embraced me I shared his emotion. Marchais, whose eyes were anxiously fixed upon me, now led the General away, telling him that he hoped more from my tears than any effort of his art.

Junot, on leaving me, by no means recovered his self-possession; he wandered through the rooms all opening into each other, which at both extremities brought him to one of the doors of my chamber; found repose in none of them; and at length, unable longer to endure his confinement, snatched up a round hat which happened to meet his eye, and sallied forth into the street. Without once considering which way he was going, habit or instinct led him to the Tuileries, and he found himself in the great court without knowing how he had got there. Before ascending, however, the staircase leading to the First Consul’s apartments, the consideration of his dishabille crossed his mind; but no matter, said he, as he looked down his brown coat, I am sure of finding here a heart which will understand my feelings.

All his comrades in the ante-chamber were astonished at the expression of his countenance and the disorder of his dress; but none of them felt any disposition to ridicule: and the First Consul, as soon as he heard that Junot wished to see him, sent for him into his cabinet.

“Good God! what is the matter, Junot?” he exclaimed in surprise on seeing him.

“General, my wife is in labor, and I cannot stay at home,” was the answer, but in a voice almost smothered with tears.

“And you are come to me to seek courage; you are right, my friend, Poor Junot! how you are upset! Oh, woman, woman!”

He required a relation of all that happened from my first seizure, and though
Madame Junot's Memoirs.

Junot dared not give utterance to his apprehensions, yet Napoleon gathered from all the facts he described, that my life was actually in danger; and his conduct in this moment of anxiety, when his discernment penetrated into a mysterious horror, was that of the tenderest and best of brothers.

"My old friend," said he to his faithful and devoted servant, pressing his hand—a very rare caress, "you have done right in coming to me, at this moment, as I hope to prove."

So saying, he left his cabinet, and leaning upon Junot's arm, stepped into the saloon, where the statue of the great Conde stands, and walked up and down talking of the only subject which interested his companion, for he was too well versed in the management of the human heart to interrogate chords, which would certainly have been mute at such a moment. Amongst other things he asked my husband how he came to the Tuileries.

"On foot," was the answer, "a species of desperation drove me from home, though my heart is still there; and I wandered hither without knowing which way I came."

"And may I ask you then," said Napoleon, "why you look out of that window ten times in a minute, to see if any one passes the gate? How should they come here to seek you, if your servants do not know where you are? If your officers saw you come out in plain clothes, it seems to me that they are more likely to suspect you of throwing yourself in the river than of coming here."

He called and gave his orders. "Send a footman immediately to Madame Junot's, to learn whether she is put to bed; and if not, let the family know that General Junot is here."

He again took my husband's arm, and continued to converse with him with such affecting kindness that Junot could not repress his tears. He was attached to his General, to that vision of glory which commanded admiration; but in such moments as the present, Napoleon's conduct could not fail to subject to him the whole heart and affections of the individual whose sufferings he thus alleviated, even if he had not been already devoted to him body and soul. This day riveted, if I may say so, the chains which bound Junot to Napoleon.

But Junot had also those about him who were devotedly attached to him. Seeing him leave the house in a state bordering on distraction, Helat, his German valet-de-chambre, an honest and faithful servant, if ever there was one, followed him at first with his eyes; then seeing him take the road towards Pont Royal, ran after him without his hat, watched him into the Tuileries, and on his return home informed the aide-de-camp, Laborde, where the General was to be found.

Junot had not been three quarters of an hour with the First Consul, whose arm rested on his, obliging him to remain a prisoner, when he would rather have been at large, and have had the power to come and learn the result of all his uneasiness; the footman could not yet be returned; when Junot, emboldened by the First Consul's goodness, begged to be allowed to inquire for him.

"I should have been told," answered the First Consul, "if he was returned. Remain quiet." Then dragging him still further on, they were presently in the gallery of Diana. There Junot's uneasiness became so violent that Napoleon several times looked at him with astonishment, and with an accent to which it is impossible to do justice, repeated: "Oh! woman, woman!"

At length, at the moment that Junot was about to escape without listening to anything further, M. de Laborde appeared at the further end of the gallery; he had run with such haste that he could scarcely speak, but his countenance was full of joy.

"My general," he said, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "Madame Junot is safe in bed, and as well as possible."

"Go then and embrace your daughter," said the First Consul, laying stress on the word daughter; "if your wife had given you a boy, they would have told you at once; but first of all embrace me," and he pressed him affectionately in his arms.

"Junot laughed and cried, and thoughtless of everything but the event which had occurred, was running away, when Napoleon said to him, "Stay, giddy head; are you going to run through the streets without your hat?"
Madame Junot mentions, with excusable pride, that Napoleon stood sponsor for one of her children, on which occasion Josephine sent her a splendid pearl necklace, and the godfather the receipted purchase contract of her hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, which cost two hundred thousand francs. He soon after added to this sum another hundred thousand for furniture. These are little marks of a friendly disposition, which ought not to pass unnoticed. Madame Junot would fain have us believe, that Napoleon hesitated to accept the consulate for life, when it was offered him. He certainly did hesitate to take that step, but it was in order to see his way more clearly to the throne. He desired to have the sense of the people taken upon the subject; and when he found himself supported by the votes of three millions five hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety individuals, out of the three million five hundred and seventy thousand who voted upon that occasion, he need not be blamed for resolving to assume the crown which they were already willing to place upon his head. It is a curious coincidence mentioned by Madame Junot, that the same day on which the consulate for life was offered to Napoleon, a decree was passed, sanctioning the definitive reunion of Elba to the republic. But we shall not proceed farther with politics. We more willingly revert to those domestic scenes in which Napoleon appeared in his most gracious demeanor.

'Some days afterwards I received an invitation from Madame Buonaparte to breakfast at St. Cloud, and to bring my little Josephine. I went alone, because Junot was confined to his bed by indisposition. Napoleon, it is well known, never breakfasted with Madame Buonaparte, and never appeared in her room in the morning, except occasionally, when he knew that he should meet some persons there to whom he was desirous of speaking without exciting observation. This morning he came into the room just as we were rising from the breakfast table, and on advancing towards us, at once described in the midst of the group, the charming figure of my little Josephine, with her pretty light hair, curling round a face that beamed with grace and intelligence, though she was only eighteen months old. The First Consul, immediately on seeing her, exclaimed—

"Ah! ah! here is our god-daughter, the cardinless! Good morning, ma'amselle—come, look at me—there, open your eyes! Why the devil, do you know that she is prodigiously pretty—the little thing resembles her grandmother—yes, faith, she is very like poor Madame Permon. And what a pretty woman she was—she was really the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"As he was saying this, he pulled the ears and nose of my little girl, who did not approve of it all; but I had taken the precaution to tell her, that if she did not cry at St. Cloud, we should stop at a toy-shop on our way home, and she should have whatever she liked. Napoleon, who did not know this promise, remarked how very good-tempered the child was, while I was secretly reminding her of the toy-shop ten times in a minute.

"That is what I like children to be," continued Napoleon, "not perpetually crying or fretting; there is that little Léotitia, who is as beautiful as an angel: well, she cries so violently, that I make my escape as if the house was on fire."

'As he was talking, the party had removed to the blue saloon, which was Madame Buonaparte's morning room. A circular balcony, upon which this room opened, passed along the whole suit of apartments. The First Consul stepped out of the window and made me a sign to follow. I was about to deliver the child to her nurse, but he prevented me, saying:

"No, no, keep your daughter; a young mother is never so interesting as when
she has her child in her arms. What is the matter with Junot?" he added as soon as we were on the balcony.

"He has a fever, General; and it is so violent as to oblige him to keep his bed."

"But this fever is of some kind or other; is it putrid, malignant, or what?"

"Neither the one or the other, citizen Consul," I replied with a little impatience, for I was provoked at the petulant tone of his question; "but Junot is, as you know, very susceptible, and a pain which goes to his heart affects his health. You know, General, that such complaints are beyond the power of medicine."

"I see that Junot has been telling you of the sort of quarrel we had the other day. He made himself quite ridiculous."

"You will give me leave, citizen Consul, not to confirm what you have just been saying with my assent; you are no doubt jesting. All that I can do, is to affirm that, having probably misunderstood Junot, you have given him serious pain. That he has suffered severely, has been manifest to me, because neither my cares, nor this child's caresses, have been able to calm his mind. Also, I concluded, General, that in reporting to me the conversation you are speaking of, he did not tell me the whole." This, as I afterwards learned, was the truth.

The First Consul looked at me some moments without speaking; then took my right hand which held my little girl upon the left arm; then suddenly rejecting it with a very singular movement, seized Josephine's little white and mottled arm, kissed it, gave a pretty hard tap upon her cheek, pulled her nose, embraced her, all in a minute; then disappeared like lightning.

Another scene of this kind, and we shall have done. Junot was at this period very ill, in consequence of the quarrel here alluded to. He was of a very irritable temper, and his nerves were much agitated. Upon Madame Junot's return home, she found him in her apartment upon a sofa, where he fell fast asleep; and drawing a chair near him, she sat in a kind of reverie, without ordering any lights to be brought. From Napoleon's manner, it was evident that he felt he had hurt Junot in the most sensitive part, and that he was now determined to repair the injury. The sequel reflects honor upon his memory.

Suddenly, I heard a quick step on the little staircase, which led from the breakfast room into the court. Accustomed to watching by a sick bed, I was on foot in an instant, and heard Heldt, the first valet-de-chambre, running up stairs, and calling, "Madame! Madame!"

A light struck upon my still half-closed eyes, but a well-known voice effectually roused me; the First Consul presented himself before me.

"Good evening, Madame Junot; you did not expect me, I imagine; well, where is your dying patient?"

As he spoke, he entered the small cabinet, which served as an ante-room between Junot's apartments and mine, and in which he had just been sleeping.

"Well! M. Junot, what is the matter with you, then? Hey? What does this fever mean? Well, what are you crying for, great baby? Ah, I shall mimic you presently myself." Here he pulled his ears; and his poor nose; pinched his checks, and lavishs all his expressions of favor on him. Junot, meanwhile, was suffocating; I, perhaps, never knew him so deeply affected. He took the First Consul's two hands; alternately pressed them to his bosom, and looked at him with an expression such as the heart only can paint upon the countenance. He could not speak: he took the hand of the good Duroc, that excellent friend, whom for some time he misunderstood, but who never ceased to be the truest and most valuable of his brothers in arms.

"I guess you are no longer ill," said the First Consul, taking the chair I had been offering him ever since he came in, "Hey! hot brain."

"He was scarcely seated, before he stood up again and began walking round the room, saying—"
"'Ah, so this is what they call your palace; I should be glad to see it! They all tell me it is a marvel, and a folly; but this room seems simple enough.'

"Hereupon he went into Junot's room, and his cabinet: then returned, and passed into my apartment. "Ah! ah! so this is the sanctuary," said he, in a tone of kindness, though rather joking; "but, what the devil is this? Do these happen to be your grandmothers?"

"They are not even relations, General," replied I. "It is a piece of Junot's gallantry, who chose to ornament my room with portraits of all the celebrated females of antiquity, and of the last century: he was willing that I should not be too humble in my character of a woman."

"Oh! he might have dispensed with the portrait gallery for that purpose. But he was right not to admit into it the women of the present day; for all pretend to be celebrated: it is the folly of all countries."

"He continued to walk on as he talked; while I looked at him with a fixed attention, and a smile which I could not suppress. At first he did not remark this, but in the end guessed the cause, which was the singular style of his costume, always absolutely laughable, when he assumed the dress of a private citizen. From what cause I can scarcely tell, but all the illusions of glory which surrounded him, could not make his appearance imposing, when not attired in civil or military uniform. It might arise from his being wholly unaccustomed to this undergarment; but, at all events, he was totally different in it, even in its very eccentricity, from other men. On this occasion, his great coat was of superfine cloth, and his hat was remarkably fine beaver; but it was still of the same unfastionable make, and still was set on the head in the same peculiar manner, with the difference only from his former appearance, that his hair was not powdered, and the dog's ears had disappeared.

"Well! Monsieur Junot," said he, after having made the tour of my apartments, the only portion of the house yet furnished, "I hope this little journey round your domains has radically cured you."

"Junot seized the hand which the First Consul presented to him, pressed it between both his, and wept without answering. At this moment he was neither the man of strong mind nor the courageous soldier, but a feeble child.

"To prove that you are quite cured," continued the First Consul, "you will breakfast with me to-morrow, at St. Cloud. Good night, my old friend. Adieu, Madame la Commandante."

"We attended him to the street door. No one knew that the First Consul was in our house: he had imposed silence upon Heldt, the only one of our servants who had seen him; and it is well known that Napoleon was not one of those persons who might be disobeyed. He was right in this privacy; the knowledge of his visit would but have created jealousies: he had crossed the Tuileries on foot, and at the entrance of the Champs Elysées, a chaise, or sort of cabriolet, drawn by two horses, which Duroc generally used, was waiting for him.

"Whether there was a little magic in what I am about to say or not, I am not able to decide; but certain it is that there was literally no more time enough for descending the staircase, and crossing the hall, before Junot, who had disappeared at the head of the stairs, returned in his uniform, with his sword at his side, and wrapped in his military cloak.

"What does this mean, Monsieur Junot? I do not permit you to go out, understand that: it is a military order."

"My General, you know me. You know that I should be seriously ill if I did not see you safe in your carriage, with the certainty that your goodness to a faithful friend has not exposed you to danger. Then, do not insist, my General, for I am resolved.

"And as I must watch my patient," added I, "the First Consul will permit me to accompany him?"

"Oh! oh! an Amazon! you have been reading Clorinde, I suppose."

"Certainly, General."

"We reached the first trees of the avenue of Neuilly, and found the chaise in waiting. The first Consul threw himself into it; Duroc took his seat by his side, and they were off like an arrow."
CHARLES X, THE ROYAL FAMILY AND SUITE.

I was fortunate enough, as a special favor, and only through great interest, to procure a passage in the United Kingdom steamer, which was engaged for the conveyance of the ex-royal family of France to Altona. The following is my log-book of the voyage:

We left Newhaven, the harbor of Leith, on Tuesday, the 18th, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, having on board the following distinguished passengers:

The King of France, Charles X; Monseigneur le Dauphin, Duc d'Angouleme; the Duc de Bordeaux, Henry V; the Duc de Blacas, the Baron de Damas, the Marquis de Forasta, the Abbé de Martigny, the Abbé de Bourdeville, the Abbé de Tocard, Mons. de Baroude, the Chevalier de Savillale, Mons. Guignard, the Duc de Polignac; Auguste de Grammont, and Eugene de Grammont (brothers, and sons to the Duc de Guiche); the Docteur Bougon; seven servants to the King, three servants to the Dauphin, two servants to the Duc de Bordeaux, one servant to the Baron de Damas, one servant to the Duc de Blacas.

After a delightful passage we reached Altona on Friday, the 21st, at two o'clock, where our distinguished fellow passengers, to our great regret, landed, and took up their quarters at Rainville's Hotel.

His Majesty is a tall thin man, about six feet high; stands very upright for his age, which is about 76. He had ever a smile on his face, which has a very pleasing expression. He was quite delighted with the attentions shewn to him by all on board, and entered into conversation with any person in the most friendly manner, and without the least hesitation. He sometimes apologized and expressed his regret for speaking English so imperfectly; nevertheless, although a little hesitation is discernible, as well as a defective pronunciation, he is far from speaking it amiss, especially when we consider that it was only late in life that he found himself in circumstances to oblige him to study it. The etiquette of the service of the table was kept up while he was on board, the same almost as if he had been at the Tuileries. Mr. Mills, son of the principal owner of the United Kingdom, and Capt. Turner, had the honor of dining with his Majesty on the Thursday.

The Duke d'Angouleme appeared to be about 50, and rather under the middle size; extremely affable and agreeable, but by no means so superior a looking man as his father the King.

The Duke de Polignac is a very gentlemanly and conversable man, of the middle size, rather stout and good looking, and about sixty years old. He speaks English very well.

The Duke de Blacas is a tall, thin, and genteel looking man, with an expressive countenance, about sixty years of age. He was rather affected by the voyage, and was very little on deck. He landed at Stade, but rejoined the party at Altona in the course of the day.

The young Duke of Bordeaux was above all the most interesting object among this deeply-interesting group. He is really an enchanting
The Album's Neglect.

youth—a fine fellow, as the sailors called him—and carries the princely honors of his birth on his forehead. He is tall for his age, with a most intelligent countenance, features exceedingly handsome—beautiful—with the Bourbon cast so legibly stamped on them, that no one can fail to recognize him at once as one of the family. There is a little weakness about the eyes, very probably owing to too great application, for this gifted youth speaks four languages fluently—French, Italian, German, and English. He has a charming gaiety, and all the delightful playfulness of infancy about him, notwithstanding; he gambolled with any and every body, and became the pet and favorite of the whole vessel's company.

THE ALBUM'S NEGLECT.*

My name is an Album; I am fitted to grace
A lady's boudoir; but never ye my leaves—
They are as fair and as clear as a lady's face,
Ere ever the print of care it received;
For where I have ventured to make a trial
For Friendship's donation I've met a denial—
No one would write in me.

The first was an old maid, both wrinkled and gray—
"Would she give me a stanza?" 'Oh no!' she was vexed;
"Things had come to a terrible pass now-a-day."
She exclaimed with surprise, "What will they have next?"
And I thought of the tale of the fox and the grapes,
When she called me a trap set to catch the men apes.
Oh! she would not write in me.

The next was a lawyer: he questioned my title;
He thought 'twas as plain as the nose on his face—
It wanted no proof, nor any recital—
That my name of an Album was quite out of place.
He cited the statutes and Black versus White,
To shew his assertion was perfectly right;
And he would not write in me.

I turned my attention the next to a parson:
He very demurely read me a lesson
On whom I should choose, and on whom I should pass on
A silent contempt—and he gave me his blessing;
But as he had renounced all such nonsense and gaiety,
My pages he'd leave to be filled by the laity.
Well, he would not write in me.

The next was a lordling, the son of a peer;
I praised up his pedigree, talked of his wit,
In hopes to entrap him: he answered, 'Hear, hear!'
My notion, he said, was a capital hit;
But I must allow 'twould be heterodoxy
For his lordship to write—he would do it by proxy.
So he did not write in me.

* The whim of this piece recommends it to a place, in spite of faults of verification.
Mis{c}ellanea.

I then asked a reformer: 'Twas shameful he said,
That gold should be spent in adorning a book,
When the poor were starving for lack of some bread;
And he thought I should have a more elegant look
Were my pages outside and my envelope in—
Books certainly wanted a reforming.
And he would not write in me.

A Tory the next, of the Wellington school;
He told me I was an innovation;
For our wise grandmothers made it a rule
Only to ask the pride of the nation;
While if I gave way, in their radical age,
To such universal suffrage,
No Tory would write in me.

Thas an old maid, a lawyer, a parson, a peer,
A reformer, a tory, and others, refuse
To place a slight token of friendship here,
Each urging a frivolous plea for excuse;
But the last that I asked was a rustic yeoman;
He would not write in me, no, not for no man—
For he never learnt to write.

Baron Cuvier.—The following is related by Dupin of the celebrated Cuvier, whom he has just succeeded as one of the forty members of the French Academy. 'The labors, by which Cuvier immortalized himself, required immense powers of memory. His mind was stored not only with several thousand generic and specific names of animals of every species, but with the names and complicated genealogies of every leading family in Europe, both of times past and present. Nay, as if there were a craving after eastern luxury in this play of the memorative faculties, he could quote off hand the dynasties of every Asiatic prince and tribe, little as they seem deserving of the toil. He was probably the best informed scholar in Europe; and yet his memory humbled itself to the meanest subjects, and, as one who sought no other kind of scholarship, it heaped to gather all sorts of curious anecdotes, not forgetting the names of the parties concerned; and over and above all these recreations, faithfully husbanded the very text of any lampoon, epigram, or occasional poem, which was likely to acquire historical importance.'

True Nobility.—Euripides was the son of a fruit woman; Demosthenes of a blacksmith; Virgil of a baker; Horace of a freed man; Terence of a slave; Amyot of a currier; Vortumne of a publican; Lamoth of a hatter; Fletchier of a Chandler; Sextus-Quintus of a swine-herd; Tamerlane of a shepherd; Romilly of a goldsmith; Quinault of a journeyman baker; Rollin of a cutler; Moliere of an upholsterer; Massillon of a turner; J. B. Rousseau of a shoemaker; J. J. Rousseau of a watchmaker; Galland of a cober; Beaumarchais of a watchmaker; Ben Jonson of a mason; Shakespeare of a butcher; Rembrandt of a miller; Sir T. Lawrence of a publican; Collins of a hatter; Gray of a scrivener; Beattie of a farmer; Tom Moore of a grocer; Sir Edward Sugden of a haircutter.
Allan Cunningham

Author of "The Lives of the British Painters" &c

Pub. by Kane & Co., 127 Washington St., Boston.
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

Honest Allan Cunningham! Such is the flattering sobriquet by which the worthy fellow who sits on the opposite page is generally known; and no title is better deserved. We think that his very face is almost a sufficient guarantee for its justice.

Allan's biography is sufficiently known, to excuse us from the task of writing it over again. Like Ben Jonson, he began with trowel and mallet, which he abandoned for divine poetry;—not, however, abandoned as completely as Rare Ben, because he has wielded them, or superintended their wielding, in a higher department; and, instead of helping to build up houses for the savages of Nithsdale and the adjoining districts, acting now as aid-de-camp to Chantrey, it is his province to assist in bringing forth the features of those distinguished individuals whom the public delighteth to honor, or who delight to honor themselves, by setting up graven images of heads, frequently as brainless and impenetrable as the marble out of which they are hewn, for no small consideration. In this post we believe that Allan has found a resting-place for his maturing years, more comfortable than those in which the Muses are too often fond of quartering their votaries.

He has himself expressed his dissatisfaction with his own Scotch novels, as compared with those of Sir Walter Scott; but we must not allow him to make a comparison so odious. 'Who,' says the Greek proverb, 'is to compete with Apollo in the bow?' We admit with, or rather without pleasure, that we do not exactly recollect what all the novels of our friend Allan are about; but we have a misty recollection of their being very fine matters, full of chivalry, and Scotland, and clouds, and warriors, and Cameronians, in the most approved Caledonian fashion; and of Paul Jones we have already recorded a most favorable opinion, which we have no idea of retracting in this our infallible magazine. Nor, though we have reviewed his Maid of Elbar, and read with singular delight his Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, and other dramatic compositions, full, as Sir Walter says, of 'fine passages that lead to nothing,' are these more lengthy compositions impressed with much vivid distinctness upon our mental retina. But his songs, who shall forget? Who that has any taste for ballad poetry will have let slip from his memory those beautiful specimens of that style of composition in its most exquisite perfection, which, under the pretence of being fragments of Galloway and Nithsdale songs, were published by an especial ass of the name of Cromek, on whom Allan—in that particular, not honest Allan, but about as dishonest as Chatterton—palmed them as genuine. They are simply chefs d'œuvre, and are almost, but not entirely, equalled by the Jacobite relics, which he at another period, but in a similar mood of humbug and inspiration, gave to the not-altogether-unsuspecting, nor the altogether-in-such-arts-unpractised Hogg. It is foolish to compare either him or Hogg with Burns—they are all three Scotch, and all three makers of verses; but there the similarity ends. Cunning-
ham has his own merits—he will never be able to write a song with Burns; but Burns never could have turned off a ballad like him.

So far for Allan's inner man. In his outer, he is one of the Anakim of literature—Doric in the proportions of his frame as in his poetry—a strapping specimen of Caledonia stern and wild, who, if he be not a great deceiver, would be as well able to maintain his claim to the crown of the causey as Dandie Dinmont himself; and, if we do not mistake, he takes care that every one of his heroes, in all his works, both of prose and verse, should be as ably built as himself—all well-qualified members of the six-feet club, et supra. In all other matters he is a good-natured, good-humored, good-hearted fellow, jogging on through the world with merited good fortune, increasing every year, and, we are happy to say, seeing those who are to follow him in his name raising themselves to well-won honors, and launching in the career of life with every hope and prospect of deserved success.

And sue gude night, my bonny man!
And sue gude night, quo' she:
And a stouter chief in a' Scotland
Ye'll never live to see.

LIFE OF PIZARRO.*

Francisco Pizarro was born of an unknown mother, and his birth, the old birth of the founders of kingdoms, was, like that of an ancient hero, adorned with romance. It was said that he had been left exposed at the gate of a church in Truxillo, and in that state was found and suckled by a sow. His first occupation was that of a swineherd; but it is more certain that his education was totally neglected. To his last hour he could not write his own name; he probably could not read. It was said, too, as an extraordinary instance of the chances of life, that his first idea of the Western World arose from his fear of returning to the owner of the swine which he tended, some of them having strayed. He found four travellers on the road, who were going to Seville, then the emporium of all Spanish discovery. He followed them, formed his resolution, embarked for St. Domingo, and commenced his sanguinary but splendid career.

But Garcilosa, more jealous for the fame of his distinguished countryman, declares him to have been the son of Captain Pizarro, by a known mother, though a dishonored one, Francisca Gonzales, a native of Truxillo. It is also affirmed that he began his career in the Italian wars. Like many of the famous men of Europe in his birth, he was unlike them in his long obscurity. Pizarro, though involved in the most enterprising of all services, was unheard of till he was past thirty; when, in the last expedition of Ojedo to Terra Firma, he was appointed to command, as his lieutenant, in the colony of Urabá. He was now

Life of Pizarro.

at length emerging, for the trust implies known fidelity and courage. Still, for fourteen years, he continued active, acquiring experience, unconsciously fitting his mind for his great achievement, but still subordinate.

The Spaniards, as we have seen, had already crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and, under Balboa, one of the most gallant adventurers of a time of universal adventure, had looked down from the mountains upon the mighty expanse of the Pacific. The discovery of a new ocean was next in grandeur to the discovery of a new world; but the romantic imagination of the time had filled this ocean with wonders. The Spaniards now looked upon waters which washed the golden shores of Cathay. India, the mother of splendid monsters, lay under the setting sun which they daily saw covering the sky and the deep with an effulgence before unknown to European eyes, and of itself filling the mind with visions of unmeasured opulence and beauty. The land of silk, diamonds, and pearls, lay only awaiting the first bold prow that plunged into the noble expanse beneath their feet, and whose singular serenity was a new wonder, and pledge of those new laws of nature which seemed to govern all this enchanted region. An old tradition of the settlement of the Ten Tribes in the mountains and valleys of Hindostan, the masters in a region which was described as formed in the prodigality of nature, but guarded from the unhallowed feet of the surrounding paganism by something of a Divine protection, increased the mystery with which all ages had delighted to invest India. A tradition, still more interesting to the fierce faith of the Spaniards, placed a mighty empire in the North, governed by an imperial priest, professing Christianity, and combining in his government the pomps of the East with the policy of Europe and the principles of Rome.

But what was to set bounds to the imagination of men once let loose to wander among the dreams of the New World? Far to the west, among a group of islands worthy of the primeval innocence of man, lay a central island, in whose depths, embosomed in groves of indescribable beauty and perpetual fragrance, an Eden in the midst of an unstained creation, glittered a fountain that recalled the lost paradise, a fountain of immortality. The lips that tasted of its waters, instantly felt a more delicious sense of existence from the touch; the frame, in the last stage of decay, suddenly felt a more vivid life rushing through its veins. Unfading youth, beauty superior to time, and existence which defied the grave, were the gifts of this mysterious draught; and mankind were at last within reach of a true treasure, worth all gold and gems, which extinguished all that was painful in the casualties of human nature, ennobled and elevated the human form, and transmuted the troubled, disordered, and brief career of life, into exhaustless tranquility, delight, and duration.

In this tradition, said to have been derived from the Indians themselves, we may recognise the native knowledge of those groups of islands studding the Southern Pacific, which we attribute to modern discovery. The old Platonic visions of the Atlantic Island, added their share to the description of this region of enchantment, if even those visions were not the result of those rumors of another world in the west, which seem to have reached Europe in the earliest ages of navigation. The question of the first discovery of America is still involved in the clouds that have fallen on almost the whole of ancient science; but some new explorer of the records of Phœnicia or Carthage, or the opening of
some tomb of the Hannos and Hamlicars, may yet put us in the pos-
ession of the truth, and give a rival even to Columbus.

The Pacific Ocean, and the path which led through it to the shores of
India, was the grand object of all Spanish aspirations; but gold was
the first essential to their immediate existence. The Indians whom Bal-
boas found on the western side of the hills of Darien, pointed to the im-
mense sweep of country visible from their summits as filled with gold;
the course of adventure instantly rushed towards this famous and for-
tunate region. But the barriers which guarded the treasure were for-
midable. The Spanish sword was irresistible against the rude weapons,
and ruder discipline of the natives; but they found stern enemies in the
climate, the soil, and the storms of a region which seems made to dis-
play all the beauties and all the terrors of nature. They were withered
by intolerable sunshine, concealed by cold, against which no contrivance
of man could find a defence; tempests, that seemed to mingle heaven
and earth, blasted, deluged, and slew them; diseases of the most hideous
kind lurked round them at every step; and fatigue and famine follow-
red them. A multitude of the boldest explorers of the time thus perish-
ed, until even Spanish intrepidity became disheartened, the love of fame
died away, and the love of gold, the most inattractive and indefatigable
passion of the human heart, and the especial idol of the Spanish heart
in America, seems to have slept. Mammon saw his altar almost left
without a worshipper. But the flood-gates of gold and gore were to be
speedily thrown open, and for ages.

Pizarro, who had retired to Panamá, after years of thankless service
was suddenly roused from his obscurity by the proposal of a 'contract'
for a voyage of adventure in the south. His partners were an eccle-
siastic, Hernando du Lucque, who supplied the money for the expedi-
tion, 20,000 ouzas of gold, and Diego de Almagro, a soldier of remark-
able spirit, sagacity, and daring. A few volunteers were soon procured
among the disbanded adventurers who still lingered on the shores of
Darien; but their first attempts were baffled by a succession of storms,
which reduced them to the extremities of famine. The governor of
Panamá, moved by the remonstrances of the sufferers, sent a vessel to the
Island of Gallo, to bring back all who were willing to return.

On this occasion Pizarro proved himself, by one of those striking acts
which characterise the man, made for great enterprises. He stood in
front of the soldiers, already tumultuous with the hope of escaping the
horrors of their situation.

'Go!' he exclaimed, 'to Panamá, you who desire the labor, the in-
digence, and the contempt, that will there be your portion. I grieve
that you should thus cast away the fruits of your struggle, at the mo-
ment when the land, announced to us by the Indians of Tumbez, awaits
your appearance to load you with wealth and glory. Go, then, but never
say that your Captain was not the first to confront all your dangers
and hardships, and was not always watchful of your safety at the ex-
 pense of his own.'

This gallant appeal failed. The recollections of the islands were fear-
ful. Pizarro saw that he was on the point of being abandoned, and he
made a last effort, at least to save himself from being involved in the
general shame. Unsheathing his sword, he drew a line with it on the
sand from east to west, and pointing southward, exclaimed, 'This way
leads to Peru and to gold—that to Panamá and beggary. Let all good
Castilians make their choice.'
With these words he strode across the line. Thirteen only followed. There are few facts more striking in history, than the simple means by which an imperishable fame may sometimes be obtained. The names of these thirteen obscure men are recorded as those of heroes; to this hour they share the homage of their country.

At the close of a year spent in desperate effort, in unparalleled hardship, and continual anxieties from the restless and disaffected spirit of his crews, Pizarro returned to Panamá as poor as at the commencement of his voyage, but with all the merit due to skill and courage, and with the incomparable hope of having at length achieved the discovery of the true land of the precious metals, Peru.

The narratives of those eccentric and stirring days spread rapidly through Europe, and formed a substitute for the decaying glories of the tales of chivalry. The human imagination has seldom been left without a supply of its natural banquet, from the earliest periods of mankind. Even the first settlers in the Assyrian plains had the terrors and changes of the Deluge for their recollection, and, mingling with those the rich conceptions of the antediluvian world, they formed a mythology at once the most vivid and appalling, the most magnificent and the most mysterious, ever transmitted to man. The second era of human progress, the discoveries of the Phcenician voyagers, combining with the wild adventurera of the first colonists of Greece, half Asiatic, and half Egyptian, formed a tissue of traditions pre-eminently subtle, captivating, and susceptible of poetic beauty. When these perished under the influence of a new religion, the Crusades once again reinforced the mind of Europe with the achievements, the voluptuousness, and the barbarian grandeur of Eastern despotism; yet all turned into fantasy and loveliness by the Persian traditions of fairies and genii. But the age of reality was approaching. The East was exhausted, the new stream of imagery was to flow from the West, and the romancers of Europe, weared with the languid repetitions of Oriental dreams, found a vigorous and animated refreshment in the stern trials, bold ambition, and boundless discovery, that characterised the career of the Spaniard in the New World.

It may be hopeless now to trace the fictions on which the most illustrious of all bards raised his eternal temple; but on what treasure of fancy did not Shakspeare seize, and transmute it into the material of immortality? Yet, in his Tempest, of all the sports of his genius, the fullest of the most delicate and picturesque loveliness, the very caprice of poetic beauty, he probably had in view the Isle of the South Seas, and for its inhabitants some of those unsettled and insubordinate beings, of whom every voyage to the South supplied examples, and of whom every Spanish story of the time is full. Pedro Alcon probably gave the first idea of Trinculo.

On Pizarro’s return along the coast towards Panamá, he had been received with signal hospitality by the Indians of a tribe bordering on the ocean. Their queen, Capillana, welcomed Pizarro, the chieftain, and his companions, with delight and wonder; and, as it was his policy to avoid offence for the time, he repaid their courtesy with all the resources of European gratitude. But the scene maddened one of his warriors, Pedro Alcon, a man of some personal attractions, which he cultivated with a care that had often excited the ridicule of his fellow-adventurers. On his landing, he instantly fell in love with the Indian queen, by whom he imagined that his passion was returned. To leave a queen to despair was
forbidden by all the laws of gallantry, and Pedro Alcon demanded that he should be suffered to take up his residence in her dominions. Pizarro was inflexible, and the brain of the man of gallantry instantly took fire; but his flame was now changed from love to ambition. He declared against all further obedience, flourished round the shore with a broken sword, with which he threatened to conquer his companions, and pronounced them 'villanous usurpers of the land which belonged to him and the king his brother.' But his sceptre was remorselessly wrung from his hand; his royal person was seized in all its finery of velvet doublet, gold-net head-dress, and medalliard cap; he was fettered and placed under the deck. This judicial treatment, which might have been advantageously tried with many a candidate for empire, cured Alcon of both love and glory. He returned with his companions to Panama, was 'vicecy over the king' no more, and the reign of Trinculo was at an end.

Pizarro was now to re-enter the world on a statelier scale. He sailed for Europe, armed with the rights and fame of a great discoverer, the most resistless claim of the age to the respect of kings and people. His demands were high in proportion. He required the government of the newly-discovered lands for himself, the Captaincy for his companion Almagro, and the Bishopric for his partner, Hernando Lucque.

His first reception in Spain was an ill omen. He was arrested at the suit of an individual, for a debt incurred by the settlers of Darien; but Pizarro had not sailed across the Atlantic to perish in a Spanish prison. He applied to the government, by whom he was released, and when free he journeyed direct to the presence of Charles the Fifth at Toledo. There was no sovereign of his day on whom fortune had so long, so steadily, and so munificently poured her favors. But this period found Charles at the height of his prodigality. France had just fallen before him at the battle of Pavia; Italy was his conquest, the French king his prisoner, the Pope his vassal; and he was on the point of receiving the imperial crown at Bologna. At this moment Pizarro came, to confer on this Master of Europe, and its iron strength, the supremacy of a kingdom, almost its equal in size, and overflowing with the richest produce that earth offers on its surface, or in its bosom. Cortes and Pizarro, the brother-conquerors, had come to deposit at the foot of the throne the keys of Mexico and Peru. Pizarro's handsome figure, bold countenance, and dignified demeanor, won for him the universal admiration of a court crowded with all that was noble, brave, or lovely in Europe. His address to the Emperor was full of the grave magnificence that habit and nature have taught the Spaniard to feel beyond all other men. Charles suffered his reserve to give way, and the hero was named Pacificator of the new empire, without a superior, and without an equal.

Pizarro, now at the fountain-head of honors, determined to slake his thirst to the full, if the ambition of such a man was ever to be satisfied. To obtain for himself the order of St. Jago, and a coat of arms which exhibited in a singular degree his conception of his own high merits, he adopted the imperial device of the Black Eagle grasping the two Pillars of Hercules; and as an emblem of his South American triumphs, the city of Tumbez, walled and towered, with a lion and tiger at its gates, and in the distance the sea on one side, with the rafts of the country, and on the other the flocks and herds. Round the blazon was the inscription—"Caroli Casaris auspicio, et labore, ingens, ac impensa Ducis Pizarro, inventa, et pacata." This extraordinary stream of fortune, flowing in upon an obscure individual, may entirely excite our wonder. But there was a moment
of his triumph which may justly excite our envy. In the interval of preparation for his return to Peru, Pizarro made a visit to the place of his birth. His parents were still living, and their gallant and fortunate son had the rare delight of giving them honor in the sight of mankind. He found his four brothers in Truxillo, offered them all appointments, and subsequently took them all with him to Peru, in chase of wealth and honors like his own.

Still, those honors were for a conquest that existed only in anticipation. And when Pizarro at last sailed from Panama, he could muster, for the conquest of one of the mightiest regions of the globe, but three small ships and 183 men.

The empire which Pizarro now sailed to conquer, was the most extensive, powerful, and civilized of the south; extending from north to south along the Pacific more than 2000 miles. All the nations of Paganism begin their history by a fable, yet the fable has some features of strong resemblance in them all. A legislator, a soldier, or prophet suddenly appears, from some unknown region, suddenly reconciles the people to civilization, instructs them in the useful arts, furnishes them with a government and laws, and then as suddenly takes wing, leaving the world to wonder whence he came, or whither he goeth. Manco Capac and Mama Oello were thus the beneficent Genii of Peru. They came from an unknown country. Manco taught the people to till the ground, and Mama taught them to spin flax. They founded the city of Cuzco. The tradition went further, that they built a temple to the Sun, established his worship, and gave a code of laws. They transmitted the kingdom to a line which pronounced themselves to be the pure blood of the Sun, and preserved the purity of their blood by the extraordinary precaution of marrying their own sisters, the offspring of those unnatural unions being alone eligible to the throne.

In the course of four centuries from the days of Manco Capac, the Peruvians counted twelve princes, who continued to conquer the provinces adjoining to Cuzco, until Huayna Capac, the prince contemporary with the arrival of the Spaniards in America, completed the empire by conquering Quito. The empire now extended from Chili to Quito, and the vigorous administration of the Inca promised to civilize the rude tribes which composed the chief population with great rapidity. His reign was said to have been the means of establishing three great features of civilization—a common language, a chain of posts for the conveyance of the government orders through his kingdom, and high-roads, two great lines of communication which reached from Cuzco to Quito, a distance of more than 1500 miles, passing over mountains, through marshes, across deserts, and furnished at intervals with caravanseras large enough to contain thousands of troops; and so far was this system of accommodation carried, that in some instances these caravanseras were furnished with the means of repairing the equipments and arms of the troops and travellers.

One of the most curious questions of the antiquarian, though one with which the present volume does not perplex itself, is the origin of those vast nations. That America was peopled from the north of Asia seems now beyond all doubt. The discoveries in the higher latitudes, by our own immortal Cook, and by his adventurous and scientific followers, establish the perfect facility with which a navigation, even by canoes, could be carried on between the northern dominions of Russia and the west coast of North America. The intercourse even now is common
as it has probably been from the earliest ages. The Russian colonist settles as freely on the American shore as in Siberia; and the Equi-
maux is in every feature, in every habit of life, and perhaps in every traditional remembrance, the twin brother of the Tartar. The common stimulant of early emigration, hunger, might easily drive successive hordes of the Siberian wanderers to seek for food on a coast covered with the beauties of nature, and which they continually reached in their fishing excursions; and the settlement once made, the young fertility of the continent must have drawn them constantly towards the south.

But America seems palpably to have owed its inhabitants to at least two distinct races of progenitors, as it contains two totally distinct classes of mankind; one portion exhibiting the most invertebrate rudeness, savage ferocity, and repulsion of all improvement; the other, inventive, luxurious, plastic. The former poor, hating the cultivation of the soil, and living in a state of fierce disunion; the latter opulent, covering the soil with produce, and assembling in great politic communities. Nothing can be a stronger contrast than the whole scale of manners, pursuits, and principles of the Americans of the North, and the Americans of the regions bordering on the line, and to the south of the line; the Red man, athletic, violent, and sanguinary, living in the forest, incapable of living in community, making perpetual war, but making it on the almost isolated and individual scale, a wanderer, destitute of a settled place of worship, of a legislature, or of a king; and the sallow son of Mexico and Peru, slight, patient, and peaceable, living in large quiet villages, or regularly ordered cities, seldom making war, but then making it by armies, and not for revenge, but for conquest; building great temples, with a numerous priesthood, and observances of public sanctity; with known codes of law, and with hereditary successions of kings, held in the most solemn and Oriental reverence. Their passion for personal ornament, the gaudier parts of painting and sculpture; their religion, the worship of the heavenly bodies; their writing, hieroglyphic; all are full of the evidence of an Oriental origin; but of an origin derived from nations of the south of Asia. Humboldt quotes an old Chinese tradition of a tribe of their nation, which, having revolted, had marched to the north, and had never been heard of after. The South American visage is certainly not Chinese; but in the convulsions of the immense and unknown territories which lie to the east and south of China, and which have shared in the convulsions of that empire, nothing is more probable than the total emigration of one of the nations of Birmah, Pegu, Malacca, or even of the Japanese territories to the north, where no enemy would be likely to pursue them, from the north with its snows and tempests to the new region on the opposite shore of the ocean, and from the north of that new region down successively to Russia, and the regions below the Isthmus. By this conduit, the arts, laws, and worship of Asia might have gradually passed through the New World, until they found their establishment in the fertile, and especially the metalliferous regions of the south. The interior of North America still contains evidences of the dwelling, or rather of the passage of great multitudes of men, in a land long almost destitute of inhabitants; the mounds and remnants of intrenchments in the country west of the Mississippi, are indications of the sojourn, though probably a brief one, of nations who were making a progress to the south. There are no remnants of the massive and formal architecture of cities. All is the temporary fortification, the rough mound, which was necessary for the defence of the settlement against
rival migrations, or, in some instances, was raised as barriers against the inundations of the numerous lakes and rivers. The descendant of the Tartar remained in the forest, both because he there found the location best suited to his original savagery, an easily formed habitation, and food for the trouble of killing it, and because; at the moment of emerging from the forest, he found himself in the presence of nations, his superiors in civilisation, his masters by discipline, and possessing resources for war to which his rude and dislocated assaults were utterly unequal. The more intelligent Asiatic, on the contrary, continually passed on from region to region establishing kingdoms, until he had reached that point beyond which he must again descend into a wilder, poorer, and more repulsive country. Thus, as the Mexican founded his empire in the rich region to the north of the Isthmus, the Peruvian fixed his royal seat on the table land to the south, and there, under a horizon of clouds, which, by one of the simplest, yet most singular contrivances of nature, perpetually shields him from the fervor of the vertical sun, and on an elevation which gives him health and freshness, in the midst of a region of pestilential vapors and airs of fire, he has built cities which rival some of the noblest in the Old World.

Among the traditions of the original settlements is one, that the lost tribes of Israel, after the fall of the Babylonian dynasty, had revolted, marched in a body to the north-east of Assyria, plunged into the vast inscrutable deserts and forests of the polar circle, and disappeared only to emerge in North America. A considerable number of observances, in which the Jews and the Indians curiously coincide, have furnished a groundwork for speculations on the subject, which seem, however, destined to rest forever in conjecture. But here antiquarianism finds what it best loves, an endless field for its labors, a history without facts, to substantiate a theory without foundations, obscurities that defy all research, and probabilities that no investigation can strengthen, and no reasoning overthrow.

The long delay of the Spanish invasion was among the most memorable instances of that fortune which gave the New World into the hands of the old. A few years earlier would have found Peru under the government of a vigorous, sagacious, and warlike king, by whom the adventurers might have been extinguished at a blow. But they came in at the time of a disputed succession. The mighty empire of Peru was laid open to them by a civil war. An inexperienced sovereign, a doubtful title, and a divided allegiance, broke down the chief barriers against the foreign enemy, and Spanish arms, and Spanish thirst of gold, did the rest.

The history of the succession and the overthrow, alike prove that man is the same everywhere, and that the same causes will produce the same disasters at the Line as at the Pole. Huayna Capac, the conquering monarch, in whose reign the empire had risen to its greatest height, left at his death the sceptre to Huascar, his son, by the Coya or empress; and the province of Quito to Atahualpa, an elder, but illegitimate son by the daughter of the chief Cacique of Quito. Atahualpa raised the standard of rebellion in Quito, was overthrown, and flung into chains. From these he got free, pretending that the Sun, father of his fathers, had changed him into a lizard, and thus enabled him to escape. He now raised an army, marched to Cuzco, and took Huascar prisoner. At this period the usurper received the first intelligence of the approach of the Spaniards, against whom he marched without delay. Pizarro, after two months, occupied in a march, which, in later times, has occupied scarcely more than a week,
entered the Peruvian city of Caxamalca on the 15th of November, 1532. A formidable vision now rose before him on the range of the mountains; the army of the Inca lay encamped to bar his progress to Cuzco, and encamped with a regularity that told him he was at last to encounter an army that might task all his powers.

But Pizarro had probably even now intended to trust to a more effective weapon with a simple and generous people than the sword. Establishing his quarters in the principal square of the city, which, from its being surrounded with a high wall, served as a citadel, into this fortress he formed the design of alluring the Inca; and the steps by which he proceeded are well calculated to exhibit the remorseless craft and dexterous audacity of this celebrated man. Sending two of his officers with detachments of cavalry to bear his homage to the Inca, Atahualpa came forth in his pomp to meet those warlike envoys. Seated on a throne of gold and jewels, he sent to demand the purpose of their entering his country. They answered, that their captain, Don Francisco Pizarro, greatly desired to be admitted to his presence, to give him an account of his reasons for coming to Peru, and to entreat him to sup in the city on that night, or dine with him on the following day. The Inca replied, that it was then late, but that he would enter the city on the following day; that he should enter with his army, a measure, however, which ought not to disconcert the Spaniards.

That day was a memorable one in the annals of the Incas. Atahualpa, probably excited by a hazardous curiosity, proceeded to the city at the head of 20,000 of his warriors, attended by a multitude of women, as bearers of the luggage. The person of the sovereign was a blaze of jewels. He was borne on a litter plated with gold, overshadowed with plumes, and carried on the shoulders of his chief nobles. On his forehead was the Borla, the sacred tuft of scarlet which he wore as the descendant of the Sun. The whole moved to the sound of music, with the solemnity of a religious procession. At this moment there was remaining a chance of averting the fall of the empire. The slowness of the procession had brought it late into the evening, and the Peruvians began to pitch their tents, in evident preparation for halting for the night. But Pizarro had made preparations for treachery, which could scarcely fail of being discovered by a multitude suffered to remain so close to the spot. He had placed musketry in ambush, planted his cannon so as to command the gates, divided his cavalry into squadrons, under his principal officers, for the attack; and, forming a body-guard of twenty shield-bearers, prepared to capture, or destroy, his unhappy guest. Some of the Spanish historians, solicitous for the honor of their country, argue, that the Inca was only caught in his own snare, that his object was to destroy the Spaniards, and that his request that the horses and dogs might be tied up, was a proof that he contemplated violence. But Spanish honor ought to be sustained on firmer grounds. The Inca's request that these animals should be kept out of sight, which most alarmed his people, and of course most easily disposed them to retaliation, was a perfectly natural one. His dismissal of three-fourths of his escort was a sign of peace, when he might have brought his whole army with him. His personal entrance within the walls was an obvious risk, which he must have felt, and might have avoided by awaiting Pizarro in his camp. And the true place for practising any violence against the Spaniards would as obviously have been the open field; for, defective as Peruvian warfare might be, the Inca was a soldier, and must have known how much more important numbers are in the open field, than in narrow streets and among walls. The natural conclusion evidently is,
that the unfortunate Indian was stimulated to his ruin by his curiosity: that he put himself in hazard to see a race of men who appeared to the In- dian eye the most powerful, strange, splendid, and exalted of mankind; a race who, coming from the rising sun, were the direct inheritors of his fire, his lustre, and his supremacy.

On the Inca's entering within the fatal gates from which he was never to return, this curiosity was his chief emotion. Forgetting the habitual Oriental gravity of the throne, he started up and continued standing as he passed along, gazing with marked eagerness at every surrounding object. Valverde, the Dominican friar, now approached; bearing a cross and a bible. The friar commenced a harangue which must have been singularly repulsive to the native ear. He declared that the Pope had given the Indies to Spain; that the Inca was bound to obey; that the book which he carried, contained the only true mode of worshipping Heaven; and that the new Governor of Peru offered its Inca peace, unless he would see his country the victim of war.

'Where am I to find your religion?' said the Inca.

'In this book,' said the priest.

The Inca declared that whatever might be the peaceful intentions of the Spaniards, 'he well knew how they had acted on the road, how they had treated his Caciques, and burned his cottages.' He then took the bible, and turning over some of the leaves, put it eagerly to his ear.

'This,' said he, 'has no tongue; it tells me nothing.'

With these words, he flung it contemptuously on the ground. The friar exclaimed at the impiety, and called on his countrymen for revenge. The Inca soon felt the danger of his situation; and turning, spoke some words to his people, which were answered by murmurs of indignation and vengeance. At this moment Pizarro gave the signal to the troops; a general discharge of cannon, musketry, and crossbows, followed, and smote down the unfortunate Peruvians. The cavalry were next let loose, and they broke through the King's guard at the first shock. The time was now come to consummate this bloody treachery. While the Inca was in the first terror and astonishment, Pizarro rushed forward at the head of his shield-bearers to seize him. He found the unfortunate sovereign surrounded by a circle, singularly displaying the passive fortitude and devoted loyalty that characterize the Indian of the East to this hour. They never moved, except to throw themselves upon the Spanish swords. They saw that their prince was doomed; and they unresistingly gave themselves up to his fate. The circle rapidly thinned, and the Inca must have perished by the happier death of combat. But Pizarro felt the importance of such a prize in his hands, and determined to seize him alive. Calling aloud to his soldiers to lift no hand against the Inca, he forced his way to the litter, and grasping Atahualpa's mantle, suddenly dragged him to the ground. The Peruvians, seeing his fall in the midst of a crowd of Spanish lances, conceived that he was slain; and, by another similarity to Oriental customs, instantly gave up the battle. With the supposed death of the sovereign, all struggle was at an end. The only effort now was for flight. The multitude, in the force of despair, burst through one of the walls, and fled over the open country. Two thousand lay dead within the gates. The surprise had been so complete, that not a single Spaniard had fallen; and but one was wounded, Pizarro himself, whose hand had been struck by the lance of one of his own soldiers, in the general rush to seize the person of the Inca.

The scene of triumph, plunder, and glittering anticipation that fol-
The dreams of Spanish avarice were now to be dreams, no more. They had played a sanguine and most guilty game; but they were now to enjoy its gains, to a degree never enjoyed by man before. The captive prince, at length learning the true purpose for which the invaders came, began to treat for his ransom. He offered to cover the floor of the chamber, in which the Spaniards had assigned his quarters, with wedges of gold and silver; but on seeing that his jailors received the offer with the laughter of incredulity, which he construed into the laughter of contempt, he started haughtily on his feet, and stretching his arm as high as it could reach, told them that he could give them that chamber full, to the mark which he then touched with his hand. It is still remembered that this chamber was twenty-two feet long, and sixteen wide, and that the point which he touched on the wall was nine feet high. The offer implied a quantity of wealth almost indescribable. Pizarro hesitated no longer, but instantly despatched three of his soldiers with the Inca's messengers to hasten the arrival of this unparalleled ransom.

The chief treasure of the land had been stored in the temples, and the prince's order had been directed to the priests, to send it without delay to Caxamalca. The Spanish collectors were received, through the long route of six hundred miles to Cuzco, with all but divine honors. And their own astonishment was not less excited by the contrast of the noble and lovely country through which they now travelled, with the rude deserts and inhospitable tribes on the borders of the empire. They were compelled perpetually to admire the breadth and excellence of the roads, the neatness of the cottages, the richness of the cultivation, and the magnificence, regularity, and wealth of the cities. All these impressions must have derived a part of their force from the memory of the rude parts of Spain, and of the desolate and death-dealing regions through which the early adventurers had toiled their way to the barriers of Mexico and Peru. But nothing can account for the recorded sustenance of the multitudes of Peru, their wealth, their laws, their fabrics of cotton, and even their attempts in science and literature, but the existence of a wise and ancient frame of government; the recollections of a civilized origin, and the intelligence of a sagacious, peaceful, and active public mind.

The profligacy of the Spanish messengers defeated their mission. The Indians had no sooner discovered that their new gods were less than man, than they buried their treasures. The ornaments of the temples were concealed by the priests, and the messengers were eluded, until Pizarro was compelled to send his brother Hernando with twenty horse to secure the performance of the treaty. Even this resolute and keen plunderer was comparatively baffled. But he brought back with him twenty-six horse loads of gold, and a thousand pounds weight of silver. Additional treasure was brought by some of the captive caciques and generals of the Inca, and Pizarro at length proceeded to make the first division of this magnificent spoil.

After deducting the fifth for the king, the portion to each horse-soldier was 9000 pesos (ounces) of gold, and 300 marcas (eight ounces each) of silver. The share allotted to the commander-in-chief amounted to 57,320 pesos of gold; and 2350 marcas of silver, besides the gold tablet from the litter of the Inca, valued at 25,000 pesos. This was the full triumph of avarice; the next crisis was to be the struggle of ambition; a fierce, fruitless, and gloomy struggle, which, after cheating these dar-
Life of Pizarro.

ing men with gleams of success, and compelling them to feel the whole misery of precarious power, laid them all in succession in a bloody grave. The government of the empire was next to be seized. Pizarro had hitherto practised the dexterous policy of governing by a fallen king; but ambition blinded him, and he resolved to seize the empire in his own name. The Inca was charged with fomenting insurrection, and by a foul blot upon even the blotted name of Spanish honor, he was put to death. His Caciques and nobles shared his fate, or were scattered through the continent. A boy, the son of the Inca, was substituted a puppet on the throne; and Pizarro, after a series of battles, in which the Peruvians proved at once their despair, their devotedness, and their inferiority to the Spanish discipline and arms, in the November of 1533, took possession of the royal city of Cuzco.

A new scene of riot and plunder ensued on this new triumph. But the spoil of Cuzco was to be divided among 480 claimants. Still, each individual received 4000 pesos; enormous opulence! but the curse of guilty gain was upon it. The value of the treasure, of course, rapidly diminished, with its accumulation. It was soon given into the hands of the multitude who follow in the skirts of an army to plunder the plunderers. The common necessaries of life became beyond the power of purchase; and the Spaniard was seen at once tottering under loads of gold, and perishing for want of bread.

Avarice, had now been banqueted on the most lavish feasts ever offered to the love of gold. Ambition, too, had been banqueted on a mighty empire. Personal honor, the third great stimulant of minds capable of being influenced by the feelings of the world, were now to be lavished on Pizarro and his associates. Never were obscure men so long and magnificently indulged by fortune. Hernando brought back for himself the order of St. Jago, the title of Admiral, and a patent for raising a new army; for the Marshal Almagro, the government of a territory of six hundred miles along the coast; and for his brother the title of Marquis, and an extension of sixty leagues to his government, including the city of Cusco. The friar, Valverde, was appointed Bishop of Cuzco by the Pope.

Pizarro had now ascended the height from which all change must be descent. He quickly felt the calamity of having nothing more to hope, and having everything to fear. Sudden and desperate discontents broke out in the empire, which continued to put him in peril, and hazard the extinction of his entire authority, at a period when he longed only for rest. A still more formidable peril arose from the indignation of his associate, Almagro, a man of great sagacity and bravery, but an unequal match for Pizarro in craft and self-command. Civil war commenced, and the Indians saw with delight the rival lances couchèd, which were to avenge them on their tyrants. In the decisive battle, in which Almagro, incapacitated by illness, gave the command to Orgonez, the troops of Pizarro, commanded by his brother Hernando, totally defeated those of the Marshal. Almagro, unable to sit upon his horse, was the unhappy spectator of the defeat from the side of the mountain, and flying to Cuzco, was taken prisoner, tried for treason, and strangled in prison at the age of sixty-three. But there were other spectators of this memorable engagement—the Indians, who crowded the hills, and as the two armies advanced against each other, expressed their joy by wild gestures and shouts which rent the air. And at the close of the battle, when the field was left silent, and covered with the fallen Spaniards, they poured down, like troops of wild beasts, to make
havoc of the corpses, and insult and mutilate the remnants of those whom they knew only as murderers and oppressors. A still deeper vengeance was at hand. Hernando Pizarro had been sent to Europe with a new instalment of treasure for the King. But the reports of the civil war had already reached the royal ear—the ambition of his family probably sharpened the sense of royal justice—and it became politic to coerce the most powerful and daring brother of a man, who might take the first advantage of his situation to place himself on the throne of Peru. Hernando was ordered to stand his trial at the demand of Diego de Alvarado, the friend of the dead Almagro. His sentence was that of imprisonment. He was removed from prison to prison, until at length he was placed in the castle of La Mota de Medina, where he languished forgotten till the year 1560.

Pizarro, now Marquis de las Chacazas, unmoved by the fate of his brother, proceeded in a course of violence and haughtiness, which hourly increased the hostility of his enemies and the disgust of his friends. Diego, the son of Almagro, was growing into reputation, and his sword already longed to avenge the blood of his father. A conspiracy was formed in Lima among the partisans of Almagro, and the discontented soldiers of the governor. Pizarro was in vain warned of designs, which soon became obvious to every eye but his own. The conspirators, at noonday, rushed into his house, found him with but two of his friends and two pages, and killed all who were in the room; after a long struggle, Pizarro, who had been brought to the ground by a thrust in the throat, and found himself dying, asked only for a confessor. His only answer was a pitcher of water violently flung in his face. He fell back and died, closing his famous career at the age of sixty-five—a course of the most memorable fortune, sustained by the most heroic daring, the most dexterous sagacity, and the most persevering determination; but degraded by the most unhesitating fraud, and stained by the most remorseless cruelty. In the age of paganism, Pizarro would have been ranked among the immortals as a hero. In the middle ages, he might have been characterised as possessed by a fiend. In our more sober time, we can only lament the perversion of noble powers, and still nobler opportunities, the waste of genius and valor in the service of rapacity and crime.

The volume which has led us to these notices of the early exploits of discovery, is the Spanish history of Quintana; for the translation of which, the public are indebted to Mrs. Hodson, a lady well known to literature as Miss Holford, author of 'Wallace,' and other very spirited and graceful performances. It must be almost superfluous to speak of the translation by such a pen, as being intelligent, animated, and accurate; the Spanish idiom is purified, without being altogether extinguished; the narrative is conducted with the ease of an accomplished English writer; and the translator is entitled to all the gratification of knowing that she has added to our literary treasures a volume which singularly combines the genius of romance with fact; and, while it supplies us with curious details of countries already rising to the rank of European civilization, and bearing a sudden and important influence in European affairs, gives us examples of energy and intrepidity, vigor of enterprise, and force of character, that elevate the standard of the human mind.
MEMOIR OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Biography," says Fuseli, "however useful to man, or dear to art, is the unequivocal homage of inferiority offered to the majesty of genius." This I feel to be true, as regards Sir Walter Scott: I write of him, however, less from a sense of this inferiority, than from an earnest love and an enthusiastic admiration of the subject—or rather from a desire to afford some relief to my own feelings. The task of truly delineating his life and genius requires an abler pen than mine, and the world need not be told, that such is to be found in the great poet's own household. I shall content myself, therefore, with throwing hastily together such notices of his life and writings, as I think will be acceptable, till something worthier can be done. I must trust, sometimes, to printed statements which have remained uncontradicted; sometimes, to written memoranda, by the poet's own hand, or the hands of friends; and often to my own memory, which is far from treacherous in aught connected with men of genius.

Sir Walter Scott could claim descent from a long line of martial ancestors. Through his father, whose name he bore, he reckoned kin with those great families who scarcely count the Duke of Buccleuch their head: and through his mother, Elisabeth Rutherford, he was connected with the warlike family of Swinton of Swinton, long known in the Scottish wars. His father was a writer to the Sigzaet, in Edinburgh, and much esteemed in his profession, but not otherwise remarkable: his mother had great natural talents, and was not only related to that lady who sung so sweetly of the 'Flowers of the Forest,' but was herself a poetess of taste and genius, and a lover of what her son calls 'the art unteachable, untaught.' She was acquainted with Allan Ramsay, and intimate with Blacklock, Beattie, and Burns. Sir Walter, the eldest of fourteen children, all of whom he survived, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. Before he was two years old, he received a fall out of the arms of a careless nurse, which injured his right foot, and rendered him lame for life: this accident did not otherwise affect his health; he was, as I have been informed by a lady who chanced to live near him, a remarkably active and dauntless boy, full of all manner of fun, and ready for all manner of mischief. He calls himself, in one of his introductions to Marmion—

A self-willed imp; a grandam's child.

And I have heard it averred, that the circumstance of his lame foot prompted him to take the lead among all the stirring boys in the street where he lived, or the school which he attended—he desired, perhaps, to show them, that there was a spirit which could triumph over all impediments. He was taught the rudiments of knowledge by his mother, and was afterwards placed under Dr. Adam, of the High-School: no one, however, has recorded any anecdotes of his early talents. Adam considered him rather dull than otherwise; but Hugh Blair, it is said, at one of the examinations, for told his future eminence. I have not heard this confirmed by any thing like good authority; the author of the 'Belles Lettres' was not reckoned so very discerning. The remark of Burns is better authenticated; the poet, while at Professor Ferguson's one day, was struck by some lines attached to a print of a soldier dying in the snow, and inquired who was the author: none of the old or the learned spoke, when the future author of Marmion answered, 'They are by Langhorne.' Burns fixed his large bright eyes on the boy, and striding up to him, said, 'It is no common course of reading which has taught you this—this lad, said he, to the company, will be heard of yet.' Of his acquirements at school, I can say little: I never heard scholars praise his learning; and his Latin has been called in question where he had only some four lines to write; if he did not know that well, he seems to have known everything else.

That a love of poetry and romance should have come upon him early, will not be wondered at by those who know anything of the lowlands of Scotland—more particularly the district where his maternal home lay, and where he often lived
during vacation time. The whole land is alive with song and story: almost every stone that stands above the ground, is the record of some skirmish or single combat; and every stream, although its waters be so inconsiderable as scarcely to moisten the pasture through which they run, is renowned in song and in ballad. 'I can stand,' said Sir Walter one day to me, 'on the Eildon Hill, and point out forty-three places, famous in war and verse.' How the muse who loves him who walks by himself.

Along some wimping burn's meander, found out Scott, among the hills and holms of the border, need not, therefore, form any part of our inquiry; it will be more difficult to discover how a love of delineating landscapes came to him—I do not mean landscapes copied from the works of the professors, but scenes copied from nature herself; this bespeaks a deeper acquaintance with art than I could have given him credence, and such, however, I am told, is the fact, and though he never made much progress in the art, it is my duty to relate it, were it but to show the spirit and bent of the boy. With regard to his inclination for song and story we have his own testimony. 'I must refer,' says Sir Walter, 'to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-writer—but I believe some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness, that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred, for being idle himself; and keeping others idle during hours that should have been employed on their tasks. 'The chief enjoyment of my holidays, was to escape with a chosen friend who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to write to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight errantry, and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it required all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look upon. This singular talent he retained while he lived: he was the most skilful relation of any anecdote, and the cleverest teller of a story of all men I ever met; he saw all the picturesque points, and felt all the little turns and twists which give character and life to a tale,—and had his words been written down, they would have been found as correct in all things, as one of his novels. Once, when he made me laugh heartily at one of his innumerable stories, he said, 'Ah! had you heard my friend James Watt tell a story, then you might have laughed.' He had day and date and name to all his, and one of the great beauties was, that if one tried to tell the same story with the alteration of either name or date, the charm was gone, and it wrought no enchantment.

The graver cares of life were to be attended to, and Scott had given up his solitary rambles, and his interminable tales of enchantment and dialektie, with the intention of preparing himself for the bar, when a severe illness, which hung long about him, threw him back, as he observed, on the kingdom of fiction. 'My indisposition,' he says, arose in part at least, from my having broken a blood vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced dangerous. For several weeks, I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time, I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed, that I was at that time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised, that I was abandoned to my own discretion, as far as reading, my almost sole amusement, was concerned; and still less so, that I abused the indulgence, which left my time so much at my own disposal. To the oral lore of the house of Scott, and the legends of nurses wet and dry, he now added those of the circulating library; he had access to the one founded by Allan Ramsay, and
finding it rich in works of fiction, he read, or rather devoured, all he could lay
his hands on, from the rhyming romances of chivalry, including the heavy folios of
Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the more vulgar labors of later times. ‘I was
plunged,’ said he, ‘into this great ocean of reading, without compass or pilot;
and unless, when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allow-
ed to do nothing, save read, from morning to night. Accordingly, I believe I
read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable
collection, and no doubt was unconsciously assimilating materials for the task in which
it has been my lot to be so much employed. Familiar acquaintance with the
specious mirages of fiction, fraught with it some degree of satire, and I regained
by degrees, to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like, events
nearly as wonderful as those which were the works of imagination, with the ad-
ditional advantage, that they were, at least, in a great measure, true.’ This
course of study—for so in fact it proved—together with a two years’ residence in
the country, re-establishing his health, where he found traditions good store,
both romantic and historical, brought the elements together of that splendid
species of fiction in which he has surpassed all mankind.

With returning health Scott came back to Edinburgh, and resumed his studies
in the law. He is said to have been an indolent student: he says otherwise
himself, and no one need doubt his assertion; indeed, his works of fiction are all
more or less impressed with the stamp of law: and Gifford, the sarcastic editor
of the Quarterly Review, made it a matter of reproach, that his plots were law
pleasing, and that he had too much of the Court of Session in his compositions.
This was by way of requital for having drawn the critic’s character in that of
Sir Mungo Malagrowther, and, therefore, ought not to be considered as an
objection of much weight. ‘The severe studies,’ Scott observes, ‘necessary to ren-
der me fit for my profession, occupied the great part of my time, and the society
of my friends and companions, who were about to enter life alone with me, filled
up the interval with the usual amusements of young men. I was in a situation,
which rendered serious labor indispensable; for neither possessing on the one
hand, any of those peculiar advantages, which are supposed to favor a hasty
advance in the profession of the law, nor being on the other hand exposed to un-
usual obstacles, to interrupt my progress, I might reasonably expect to succeed
according to the greater or less degree of trouble which I should take to qualify
myself as a pleader.’ He seems not to have been aware that two angels—that
of darkness, Law, and that of light, Poesie—had at this time possession of him,
and were contending for mastery; nor would he ever allow that his life had
anything remarkable in it. In one of his many letters, he says, ‘There is no
man known at all in literature, who may not have more to tell of his private life,
than I have: I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor
have I been favored by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void
of incidents of importance, as that of the weary knife-grinder.

Borry! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir.’

This was said in one of his uncommunicative moods. The story of his life,
when it comes to be fully written, will be found as remarkable as any in the list
of literary biographies, with the exception of that of Burns. Was it nothing to
triumph over what seemed a predestined calling, for he was some of two races of
lawyers?—was it nothing to collect such stores from all quarters, as enabled him
to give a new tone to the romance and the poetry of Europe?—and was it nothing
to sit unseen, and for a series of years work enchantments, compared to which
his namesake’s eleving the Eildon Hills in three cannot be regarded as wonder-
ful? To speak in this way, was being modest overmuch; indeed, whenever he
spoke of his works, he would never allow himself a tithe of the merit in anything
which the world allowed, which was certainly not more than courteous to his
admirers.

For a while, it seemed as if law had succeeded, and that the muse had given up
the contest. Scott was called to the bar as an advocate, on the 11th of July, 1798,
and attended to the duties of his station with such seeming good will, that he was
generally considered in the fair road to success and independence: to strengthen
his resolutions, and furnish himself with a reason for laboring in his profession,
he married Miss Carpenter, a young lady of the Isle of Jersey; took a house in North Castle Street, Edinburgh; and through the influence of his family—some have added, from a sort of dawning notion of his coming greatness,—he had the office of Sheriff Depute for Selkirkshire conferred upon him, 16th of December, 1799. This added a little to the fruits of his professional industry, which, I have heard, where never large. Of his eloquence, and his skill and dexterity, in the conducting of a case in Court, I have heard various and rather contradictory accounts; while one represented him as hesitating and embarrassed in his mode of address, another told me he was acute and clear headed, and above all, had the art in which the late Sir William Garrow so much excelled, of extracting exactly so much truth from any witness as suited his purpose. As a sheriff, he was kind and just; he took an equitable view of everything, and if he had any partialities, as James Hogg avers, it was towards poachers by water and land, which induced the bard of Ettrick to surmise, that the poet of Abbotsford had fished and shot in prohibited places himself. He had a high notion of the dignity which belonged to his post, and sternly maintained it when any one seemed disposed to treat it with more familiarity than was becoming. On one occasion, it is said, when some foreign prince or other,—I rather think it was the Archduke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia,—was passing through Selkirk, the populace, anxious to look on a live prince, crowded round him so closely, that Scott in vain attempted to approach him; the poet’s patience failed, and exclaiming, ’Room for your Sheriff! Room for your Sheriff!’ he pushed and elbowed the gazers impatiently aside, and apologized to the prince for their curiosity.

To those, however, who were intimate with Scott, all this attention to law, and desire to be distinguished at the bar seemed but as a sort of mask to conceal the real purposes of his heart. If his hand was with the Court of Session, his heart was in the temple of the Muses; and though he appeared by day in all the externals of one deep in the mysteries of jurisprudence, he allowed nature to take her course in the evening and morning. ’To his friend William Erskine alone, it is said, he opened the purpose of his heart—to secure a small competence, and then dedicate all the time he could command to literature. In his introduction to 'Marmion' there is something like evidence of this; at least, Erskine appears there as a friend and adviser, and as one, too, who thought differently from the poet. It would seem that the admonisher entertained all the current classic notions respecting composition, and desired the muse of his friend

Still to be neat, still to be best,
As she were going to a feast.

Scott, on the other hand, had no desire to dance in fetters, or carry weight in a race of his own choice: he stood up for the license and freedom of the muse, and exclaimed, wisely:

Nay, Erskine, nay; on the wild hill
Let the wild heath flower flourish still.

Jeffrey afterwards wrote in the same strain in which Erskine talked; but Scott felt that within which could not be schooled down, and said with the pithy proverb, ’Let ilk man wear his ain belt his ain gait.’ It was, however, with the advice of Erskine, that, in 1796, he published a poem called 'The Chase,' and the ballad of 'William and Helen' from the German. 'In this little work, (says a northern authority,) indications were to be found of that leaning towards romantic incident and parade of chivalry, which has since characterized Mr. Scott’s greater works, and given a new tone to the public feeling in matters of poetry. In 1799 he published 'Goetz of Berlinkingen,' from the German of Goethe. None of these productions was of such moment as to carry his name beyond the circle of his more immediate acquaintances; the German literature, with many brilliant things from nature, is too startling and grotesque, though sobered down by the taste of such excellent translators as Carlyle, Lord Francis Gower, and Coleridge. Even the two fine ballads of 'Glenfinlas,' and the 'Eye of St. John,' were thought to have a touch too much of the German spirit;—to be sure, they appeared in unnatural company; the 'Tales of Wonder' came out like a will-o'-wisp, to flash and astonish; but men soon saw that the light was of evil, and not of good, and would have no more of it. Sir Walter told me, the proudest hour of
his life was when he was invited to dine with Monk Lewis: he considered it as a sure recognition of his talents; and as he sat down at the table he almost exclaimed with Tamlane—

He's owned among us a'!

A work which has not the merit of originality laid the foundation of Sir Walter's fame: this was the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' in three volumes; two of which contained genuine old ballads, and the third imitations; the whole illustrated with notes more valuable, and infinitely more amusing, than the ballads themselves; nor is it unworthy of remark, that they came from the press of Ballantyne at Kies—names since grown famous for beautiful type and elegant arrangement. It was received with universal approbation. His mode of illustration was in a bolder style than that of Percy; and none, save antiquarians, and not many of them, could perceive the liberties which the editor had taken with the rude and mutilated chants of our military ancestors. He was too fond a lover of antique verse, and too dexterous a poet, to permit the Border Ballads to go in 'looped and windowed raggedness' from his hand. Indeed, had he not done so, few would have bought his work. 'They were sadly disfigured by bad rectors, and spoiled by ignorant transcribers. The 'Lochmaben Harper,' 'Lord Maxwell's Good Night,' and a few others, are untouched and entire; but over most of the others, like the love-letter which Tom Pipes undertook to carry, the heel of the ignorant multitude had trodden, and reduced them to tatters which shook in the wind. Ritson could no more have edited such a work than he could have flown over Olympus: none but a true and a good poet like Scott was fit for it;—your right natural ballad will bear a gentle polishing; it is not like the gilt shield of Scriblerus, which, by frequent furnishing, grew down to the lid of a saucepan. I consider the 'Minstrelsy of the Border' to be a great national work, which will do for Scotland what Percy's 'Reliques' has done for England—keep a love of truth and nature living amongst us.

In collecting these traditionary ballads, Sir Walter met with what any one but himself would have deemed adventures. He visited lonesome valleys and shepherd蒂es, paid his respects to all the old people; and in an art which showed at once his knowledge of human nature, and his affection for the dying strains of our ancestors, he led their memories back to other days, and caught at the fragment of an old verse as a creature drowning would catch at a twig. It happened that James Hogg, in those days, watched sheep in Ettrick: in one of his excursions, Scott made an inroad upon the Shepherd's establishment, and summoned him from the hills. 'I accordingly went homewards,' says Hogg, 'but before reaching it, I met the Sheriff and Mr. William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of 'Old Maitland,' with which Mr. Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy: but I thought he had some dread of a part being forged, and that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it, he was quite satisfied; and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed; and her answer was, 'Oh na, Sir, it was never pretitt i' the world; for my brothers an' me learned it free auld Andrew Moor; an' he learned it, an' mony mae, free auld Babie Maitland, that was housekeeper to the first laird o' Tushielaw.'—'Then that must be a very auld story indeed, Margaret,' said he.—'Ay, it is that!—it is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never aye of my sungs pretitt till you prntit them versel. (The two first volumes of the 'Minstrelsy' were published separately.) An' ye huv spoilt them a'thegither. They were made for singing, an' no for reading; an' they are nother right spelled nor right setten down.'—'Heh, heh! take ye that, Mr. Scott,' said Laidlaw. Mr. Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse; but I have forgot what it was; and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said, 'It's true enough, for a' that.'

The remark that these old ballads were made to be sung, and not to be printed, may be applied to Sir Walter's early verses. Any one who reads the letters which he received from Monk Lewis, on the important affair of rhyme, will see that Scott rhymed in his youthful days to please the ear, and not to satisfy the
eye; that, in fact, he imitated the old ballad where corresponding sounds only were required, and could not always be obtained. These letters show more—they prove that Lord Byron was incorrect, when he said that the 'Fire King' in the Minstrelsy was almost all Lewis'; for, in truth, it is all Scott's. 'Instead,' says Sir Walter, 'of writing the greater part of it, he did not write a single word of it. Dr. Leyden, and another gentleman who still survives, were sitting at my side while I wrote it: nor did the occupation prevent the circulation of the bottle.' Byron also said, 'When Walter Scott began to write poetry, which was not at a very early age, Monk Lewis corrected his verse: he understood little then of the mechanical part of it.' The latter part of this sentence is less accurate than it would seem: Lewis and Scott were of different schools of song: the latter had all the carelessness about nicety of rhyme which marks the olden ballad; the former all the fastidiousness of the circles of Dr. Johnson: that he understood the mechanical part with such precision as that the drama of Lewis, or his alterations to the rhyme words, and not to the construction of the verse, nor the melody of the numbers. Sir Walter himself, in speaking of the second edition of the Minstrelsy regards it as 'rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland,' said he, 'had been supplied by the first edition; and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feuds of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilized history was ignorant.' This cannot be said now of the name of Scott: it has got an airing over the wide world, and must be everywhere revered, as that of Spenser is in England.

The death of his father brought such an increase of income, that with the proceeds of the Sherifdom, which equalled three hundred a year, he was in a condition to pursue his own inclinations. 'He could now,' he somewhere says, 'take less to heart the preference which solicitors gave to his contemporaries, who thought them fitter for their work than a man whose head was filled with ballads, old and new.' But before he resolved to lean more than ever towards literature, he weighed the good with the evil of his choice; and did not shut his eyes to the circumstance, that a man of genius has to wage a continual war with captious critics and disappointed authors. It also occurred to him, that several men of the greatest genius, in the avenging of some pitiful quarrel, had made themselves ridiculous during their lives, and objects of pity to future times. I can understand his confusion rather than that it draws in of Lewis's favor; namely, that, as he had no pretension to the genius of those eminent sufferers, he was not likely to imitate them in their mistakes. What he felt, however, is one thing: what he did is another: he seemed, on many occasions, prone to underrate, in a prodigious degree, his own talents;—one resolution is, however, worthy of noting: he determined, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed on too many occasions to have bestridden his eminent predecessors: it need not be told how well he kept this resolution, and with what courtesy he demeaned himself to all mankind. At the same time it may be added, that such gentleness was part of his natural character, and not assumed for the sake of tranquility and repose.

The first fruit of his defection from the weightier matters of the law, was the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,'—a poem of such beauty and spirit, as more than justified his choice, had any one been disposed to censure him for forsaking 'law's dry musty arts,' and entering into the service of the muse. This I look upon as one of the noblest of his works: there are probably more stirring and high-wrought scenes in some of the succeeding poems; but with all their martial ardor, there is a certain wildness which lifts the 'Lay' high into the regions of imagination, and ever and anon are passages of the most exquisite loveliness and repose. There is more of quiet beauty about the work, than the great poet indulged in afterwards. The spirit of Scotland acknowledged at once the original vigor and truth of the poem: every paper was filled with the favorite passages—every mouth was filled with quotation and praise; and they who lamented the loss of Burns, and persisted in believing that his place could not be supplied, were constrained to own that a poet of another stamp had appeared, whose strains echoed as truly and fervently the feelings of their country as the songs of the Bard of Ayr. The history of the rise and progress of this poem, the author has himself related.
It chanced that the young Countess of Dalkeith came to the land of her husband; and as she was desirous of becoming acquainted with its customs and traditions, she found many willing to satisfy her curiosity; amongst others, Mr. Beattie, of Mickledean, who declared he had a memory for an old-world idle story, but none for a sound evangelical sermon, was ready with his legends, and, with some others of a less remarkable kind, related the story of Gilpin Horner. 'The young Countess,' said Scott, 'much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me, as a task, to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics, as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.' How the goblin page could have been spared out of the poem, no critic took it upon him to say: his presence or his power prevails every part: much that is done in war or love is influenced by him; and we may as well require the sap to be taken out of a tree in spring, with the hope that it will live, as take away the page and the book of grammar: the interest of the poem depends, in short, upon the supernatural; and the supernatural was the belief of the times, of which the poet gives so true an image.

Having got a subject from the lips of a lady, the poet says, he took, for the model of his verse, the 'Christabel' of Coleridge, and immediately wrote several passages in that wild irregular measure, which he submitted to two friends of acknowledged taste; they shook their heads at verses composed on principles they had not been accustomed to: they looked upon these specimens as a desperate departure from the settled principles of taste, and as an insult to the established maxims of the learned and the critical. They made a full pause at the starting line—

Jemmapa, shield us well!—

took up their hats, and went on their way. It appeared, however, that on their road home they considered the matter ripely, and concluded that, though both the subject and manner of verse were much out of the common way, it would be best for the poet to go on with the composition. Thus cheered, the task proceeded; but the author, still doubtful, or perhaps willing, like Pope, to soothe the churlish criticism, submitted it to Mr. Jeffrey, who had been for some time distinguished for critical talent; the plan and verse met his approbation; and now, says Scott, 'the poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at the rate of about a cantus a week. It was finally published in 1808; and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original writer, amongst those who smiled on the poet and his labours to be numbered Pitt and Fox; but neither of them had much taste for poetry; and I must therefore place their approbation to the account of public opinion.'

'Marmion,' the second great work of Scott, followed close—to too close, the critics averred—on the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' as if a work of genius can be written too fast, when the author's heart and mind are in trim. The poet now left his little cottage on the side of the Esk, for Ashiesteel on the pleasant banks of the Tweed, a place of picturesque beauty, and in a land ripe with song and story. Such a step the duties of his station as sheriff required; but there is no doubt that Tweed's silver stream, with its fine fisheries, its ancient woods, green glades, and a loffer house and more extensive gardens, had each and all their influence. I visited this place last year in the great poet's company, and looked with an interest, which it was vain to conceal, on the groves of birch, and on the gable walls of the house itself, where the Author of Waverley had lived and walked. He seemed the better for a sight of the place; and as we passed the river and ascended the opposite bank, looked back at the house, rising tall amid the trees on the precipitous seashore. I consider 'Marmion' the least happy in its story, and the most fiery and impetuous in its narrative, of all the poet's compositions. If we dislike the detail of the fortunes of Clare and De Wilton, and feel little interest in the conversation of Sir David Lindsay, it is quite otherwise with Marmion, villain though he be, and with old Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus, and even with the squires, one of vulgur and the other of high degree. But whoever can resist being pleased with these personages, and I think few can—who is not
kindled up, as with a trumpet, when Surrey crosses the Till, and James descends from the heights of Flodden to attack him? I know of no poetic description of a battle, in either ancient or modern times, to compare with that of Flodden Field: the whirlwind of action, the vicissitudes of a heated and desperate fight, with the individual fortunes of warriors whom we love or fear, are these; yet all is in keeping with history. James was a chivalrous prince, Surrey a romantic warrior; they could not, nor did they, fight in a common way: the poet has painted us a picture, and imposed the ideal scene upon us for the reality of truth. The applause of the world on its appearance was loud and long; it lay upon every gentlemans table, in round his full in every ladys treasury; and pleased all, save certain of the critics. Jeffrey, who, perhaps, had not been consulted before publication, wrote a review at once bitter and complimentary, and it is said had the hardihood to carry the proof-sheets to Scott's dinner-table, and lay them before him. The poet, acting upon his own maxim of forbearance and gentleness, read the article, and saying 'Very well—very well,' returned it to the author. The poet's wife snatched it out of his hand, and glancing over it, exclaimed, 'I wonder at your boldness in writing such a thing, and more at your hardihood in bringing it to this table!' The review, though friendly in many places, did nothing like justice to the merits of the poem, while it dwelt with relentless severity where haste or carelessness, real or imaginary, were presumed.

If I condemn the injustice of Jeffrey, what shall I say of Lord Byron, who made the circumstance of Scott's receiving a thousand pounds for the poem a matter of reproach to the author? His Lordship, with all his talents and his property, was more solicitous about a high price for his works than all the poets of his day and generation put together, and penned the most urgent letters for high prizes and prompt payments that ever a bard wrote.

I have said that Pitt and Fox smiled on the minstrel and his works: the former, it appears, expressed a desire to William Dundas to be of service to the poet; and the situation of a principal clerk in the Court of Session having been pointed out as likely to be soon vacant, arrangements were made by which the incumbent was to resign his place, and the office was filled with himself so as to satisfy the public. Pitt died before he could sanction this arrangement, though the commission lay in the office ready for the signature of His Majesty. What was left undone by Pitt was fulfilled by his successor Fox, for Earl Spencer, in the handsomest manner, gave directions that all should be completed as Pitt had planned. For five or six years the poet labored without remuneration; at last all obstacles were removed, and he obtained the emoluments of his situation. For these marks of ministerial kindness, Whig and Tory, Scott speaks with the most humble thankfulness: he was certainly the best judge, at least, of his own feelings; but when we consider that the Court of Session requires such services, and that the places are filled up with men who cannot have a tithe of his talent, our admiration of government patronage will be lessened.

I have omitted, or rather delayed to mention till now, a new edition which the poet gave us of the romance of Sir Tristrem,' accompanied by a dissertation sufficiently ingenious and speculative upon the poetry of the century preceding Chaucer. It is professedly a learned work; but on no production, however barren, could Scott labor without turning sterility into fruitfulness, and barrenness into beauty. I shall not say anything of the author's theory, that the Scotch minstrels of the Border wrote a more poetic and elegant English in the reign of Alexander the Third, than the English themselves, because, though he seems to make good his assertion, I cannot at all believe it: I turn with more pleasure to his edition of Dryden, which, in 1809, followed 'Marmion.' Of the dramas and prose of Dryden—the latter the best part of his works—the world knew little; and the editor made it his business to arrange all that he wrote in the order of composition, illustrate the text with such notes as distance of time rendered necessary, and add a new life, written with much care and knowledge, into which were admitted such anecdotes and incidents as had come to light since the days of Johnson. This, which to other men would have been the work of a life-time, he completed in the compass of a twelve-month, and set his hand
at liberty for a poem which he always, I am told, regarded as the best of his poetic compositions.

The 'Lady of the Lake,' written in 1809, and published in 1810, I have always considered as the most interesting of all the epic stories, which Scott told in verse; nor is this all the merit; it is very various and picturesque, full of fine situations, and incident, and character. I suspect that its great success arose mainly from the sort of set-on, which the highland tartan made against the hoddin gray of the lowlands; the semi-barbarous heroism of the mountains, against the more polished generosity of the vales. All this was new to the world, and novelty is an attractive commodity, and rather a scarce one. The poems of Ossian gave us the feelings and manners of a remote era, but did not contain a single picture of what could be confirmed by tradition or by history; they were also reckoned spurious by very sensible men. Scott had therefore no rival to remove from the people's love; nor had any poet arisen, whose song was so agreeable to the world as his own. Regarding the composition of this poem, he says, 'I had read a great deal, and heard more, concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. A lady to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do, to rise so early in the morning, (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition). At last, I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than I can even fairly allow to your merits. You stand high; do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for depend upon it, a favorite will not even be allowed to stumble with impunity.' I replied to this affectionate expostulation, in the words of Montrose,

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

If I fail, I said, it is a sign I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life; you shall see no change in my temper, nor shall I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

"Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk and the feather ae's!"

If I remember right, the critics were pretty unanimous in their commendation of the 'Lady of the Lake'; but such was the popularity of the poet, that the public may be fairly said to have taken up the matter for themselves, regardless of the admiration of the learned, or the colder cautions of critics. It has many and various beauties: the retreat of Ellen Douglas in her Bower in the Loch Katrine isle, may be read any time along with the fine retreat of Erminia in Tasso; the rising of the Clans at the signal of the Fiery Cross, is more poetical than any arsenal by message or by trumpet; the highland ambush rising at the signal of Roderick Dhu, and then disappearing at a wave of his hand; the single combat between the Chief and Fitz-James, and the 'chains and warders for the Grane' scene at the conclusion, are all in the truest spirit of chivalry and heroism.

Scott had other pursuits which he set as much store by as poetry; indeed, he generally wished us to understand, that he was not an over-zealous worshipper of the muse—one who sometimes paid her a visit, rather than belonged to her household. He resolved to avoid living upon the bounty, as he refused to wear the livery, of her Parthenian ladyship; and he was right in this; for her bounty, as some of our best poets, were they living, could safely affirm, is seldom equal to the purposes of life; in short, he resolved to make literature a staff and not a crutch. It followed, therefore, that literary men were not alone to be
his friends and companions. 'It was my first resolution,' he says, 'to keep as far as was in my power, abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement of life.' The world is always willing enough to think lightly of intellectual works, and it is not perhaps very becoming in one who owed his fame and importance to these matters, which he calls 'amusements,' to help the world to pull them down. Literary men form a portion of the society, and it was his wish to matter of taste like any other commodity; they are at least, therefore, entitled to be ranked with those who not only embellish life, but perform some of its business. Among other things, the poet prided himself not a little on his services in a squadron of volunteer cavalry, at a time when thousands, and hundreds of thousands, appeared on horse or on foot,—when Pitt, to use the poet's own language—

Armed the freeman's hand to guard the freeman's laws.

'My services,' he says, 'were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study, indispensable to success in the juridical profession.' These I consider as not unpleasing traits in the life of this illustrious person: one is amused to think, how useful the poet of 'Marmion' appeared in his own eyes, riding out to the Links of Leith, marshalling the equestrian heroes of the year of grace 1810, and how pleased he was, to think that he could sit in his saddle, and shake his sword in the sun as well as the best of the band.

Between the appearance of the 'Lady of the Lake' and 'Rokeby,' three years elapsed, and these were dedicated to other matters. Of Ashiesteel, he was his property; and it was his wish to make a settlement which was fair and pleasant spot, where he could build a house according to his own notions, plan an orchard and garden in keeping with his own fancy. He found the place which he wanted in Abbotsford, six or seven miles farther down the Tweed. 'It did not,' said Scott, 'possess the romantic character of Ashiesteel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape gardener, 'considerable capabilities.' Above all, the land was my own. It had been an early wish of mine, to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments, by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. He wished too, he said, to be able to take the quaint counsel of the old writer, who advised his friend, for health's sake, to take a walk of a mile or two before breakfast, and, if possible, to do it on his own land. The house of Abbotsford—called by a travelling Frenchman, a Romance in stone and lime, and by the poet himself a dream-like mansion—is in a sort of castellated gothic style, and stands closely embowered in woods of its great owner's own planting; the library contains many rare and valuable works; the armory, many arms which belonged to heroes, or otherwise remarkable men: nor is painting or sculpture wanting to add the charms of art to the beauty of the place. There is beauty without, and plenty of accommodation within. The Tweed runs broad and fair past the walls; the Cowdenknowes may be seen from the turrets; the Eildon Hills cloven in three, by the magic of old Michael, tower up so stately and high, that they almost overlook the house; the Huntley Burn, where True Thomas had his adventure with the Fairy Queen, and the magnificent ruins of Melrose Abbey are in the neighborhood; and on the whole,

It is, I see, a lovely spot of ground.

Having built his house, planted his lands, and laid out his garden—of which he superintended himself, and was, I have been told, somewhat difficult to please, he turned his attention to verse once more, and in the year 1813 an-
announced 'Rokeby.' Public expectation was raised very high; and Scott had yet to prove that his old works might be the greatest rivals his new had to encounter. The story of 'Rokeby' is not so well told as that of the 'The Lady of the Lake'; it has not such stirring trumpet-tongued chapters as 'Marmion,' nor has it so much tranquil grace as may be found in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' neither are his English Buccaneers so captivating as his Highland Chiefs; yet, it is a noble poem, abounding with spirit and originality. I am disposed to think the characters of Bertram Risinghame, and the Knave-Minstrel, are superior to any other which the poet had yet drawn; they more than approach the heroes of the Waverley Novels. On the day of publication, I met the Editor of a London Journal with the volume under his arm, and inquired how he liked it; he gave his shoulders a shrug, and said, 'So, so! -- a better kind of ballad-style! -- a better kind of ballad-style!' A light and sarcastic poem by Moore, makes one lady ask another,

Pray here you got Rokeby? -- for I have got mine --
The mail-coach edition, prodigiously fine.

Booksellers, it seems, had found it profitable to hurry the volume from Edinburgh by the mail-coach. When Scott was writing 'Rokeby,' another subject, he says, presented itself -- this was the adventures of the Bruce, as related in the 'Lord of the Isles.' He now took up the Scottish story; finished and produced it to the world: it was not even so warmly welcomed as 'Rokeby.' The author found out the error which he had committed: 'I could hardly,' he says, 'have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland, than anything connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace; but I am decidedly of opinion, that a popular or what is called a taking title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author.' He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity, has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and grows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. The author seems to be of the same opinion as the world, respecting this poem; yet it would be difficult to show in what it is inferior to the best. There is the same fire and impetuosity of diction and narrative, and a higher heroic dignity of character than in any of the other poems. The two Bruces are drawn with fine historical skill; the death of the page is one of the most touching episodes ever written; the voyage from Arran Isle, under the influence of the supernatural light, is sublime in an eminent degree; and the Battle of Bannockburn may almost vie with that of Flodden. It is inferior, because it is not better: the world is not satisfied with an author unless he be continually surpassing himself. 'The sale of fifteen thousand copies,' says Scott, 'enabled the author to retreat from the field with the honors of war.'

I may class the 'Don Roderick,' and 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'Harold the Dauntless,' together; not because they have any resemblance to each other, but I consider them as inferior works in conception and execution, and not quite worthy of being named with the five noble romances which preceded them. 'Don Roderick' was sharply handled by the critics; it did not suit with the aim of the poem, which was to arouse the spirit of resistance against an usurper in Spain and Portugal, to describe repulse and defeat. Had the poet related the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, he would have destroyed the unity as well as the propriety of his poem. The chief fault of the work was the strange long step which the author took, from the days of King Roderick to those of Lord Wellington; the olden times mingled ungracefully with latter events; the story seemed like a creature with a broken back -- the extremities were living, but there was no healthy or muscular connexion. 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'Harold the Dauntless,' require no lengthened examination; they were chiefly remarkable for the vigorous images which they gave, particularly the latter, of times which we have no sympathy in, and for being published anonymously. There was something of an imitation, it seems, attempted in the 'Bridal of Triermain,' of the manner of William Erskine, 'As he was more than suspected,' says Scott, 'of a taste for poetry, and as I took care in several places to mix something which

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might resemble my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold.' Scott, in other words, perceived that his poems were not selling in tens of thousands as formerly: he was, therefore, desirous of trying whose fault it was: the moderate sale of 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and the far more moderate sale of 'Harold the Dauntless,' showed him, that either a change had happened in the public taste, or that readers had found another entertainer who varied the cheer, and gave them, as it were, a pleasant dessert after his substantial dinners.

In one of his late introductions, Sir Walter seeks to account for the failure of these poems. 'The manner or style (he observes) which by its novelty attracted the public in an usual degree, had now, after having been so long before them, begun to lose its charms. For this there was no remedy: the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and from the original idea he had fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favor.' He also attributes the decline of his poetic popularity to the imitations of his irregular measure and manner by other poets, to whom he had taught the trick of fence, and who could handle their weapon nearly or quite as well as himself. 'Besides all this (he observed), a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in attracting popularity, in which the present writer* had preceded better men than himself. The reader will see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little variatation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate in the first canto of 'Childe Harold.' There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed.'

Had Lord Byron preceded Scott, the novelty of his style, and the influence of his far-fetched subjects, would have worn off, and Sir Walter, with his romantic epics, might have taken the wind out of his Lordship's sails in the midst of his voyage. Byron added the advantages of a traveller, who had strange stories to tell about Turks bearded like the bards and maritime desperadoes who infested the ruined temples of the land where Sappho died and Homer sung, to the attractions of a poetry singularly bold and original: he was also considered as a young man who had been rated on the Kialto most ungenerously by one of those critical pests who have much wit and little understanding; and moreover, had the man reeked in his veins, and the element around him, the softer part of the titled population. Against this manifold charm Scott had nothing to offer but what he had offered already, and I think he acted wisely in retiring from the contest: to say the truth, he had continued it as long as the combat was not desperate. There was something of a mystery about Lord Byron, as well as about all the characters which he drew, and which the public, always a-gape for novelties, sought in vain to penetrate; his poems came, therefore, like a devilled fowl, or a curried lark, or any other of those spiced dishes by which that arch sorcerer the cook renews a man's appetite after he has been gorged like a boa-constrictor. I may add to all this, that the age had been particularly prolific of poets and poetry: in truth, the land was deluged with verse, and much of it of a high order; and as the island, for these hundred years, has not much encouraged works of imagination, there was scarcely room for two great manufacturers of epic song.

Scott was believed to be at work on a new poem, when the world was suddenly astonished at the appearance of a warrior in the lists of literary adventuress, who, like the Black Knight in 'Ivanhoe,' chose not only to fight with his beaver down, but refused to raise it and show himself, when he had overcome all opponents. This was the author of Waverley. Many, it is true, were quite satisfied who the magician was, who wrought these marvels, though he continued invisible amid the circle where he performed his enchantments. In ten thousand whispers, it was stated to be Scott: one remembered a story, which he related to the poet, now wrought into Waverley; another had told him a curious story of wit, and here it was embalmed for ever and ever; while others, had helped him to incidents equally strange and extraordinary. Another class were content to point out the quarry and the grove, where he had found stone and timber, for the new gods of

* Sir Walter Scott.
public idolatry. Some, however, were heard to argue against the probability of Sir Walter being the author, because, said they, 'Waverley' followed too close upon the 'Lord of the Isles,' to be the offspring of the same hand; nay, when one of these positive gentlemen insisted that it was not even a Scotchman who wrote the novel, and his friend pointed out touches of character, which required a long residence in the north to muster, he smartly answered, 'Not at all necessary, Sir, to go to Scotland to study the character—did Milton go to Hell to study devils?'

The origin of these magnificent fictions is curious. 'In the year 1805,' says Scott, 'I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of Waverley. It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, under the name of 'Waverley;' or, 'Tis fifty years since,' a title afterwards altered to 'Tis sixty years since,' that the actual date of publication might correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavorable; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. This portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawer of an old writing-desk, which on my first coming to Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumbous garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance, yet, as I could not find what I had already written, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature. Still the subject had hold of his fancy, and it was with no small pleasure that he discovered accidentally, whilst seeking for fishing tackle for a friend, the long-lost manuscript: he thought, he said, without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness and admirable tact of his friend Miss Edgeworth, that he might be able to do something for Scotland, like what that lady had accomplished for Ireland; and he hoped to make up for want of talent, by his knowledge of the land and the people. A conclusion which he wrote for Strutt's 'Queen-Hoo-Hall' had also, it seems, a share in this new inspiration. In truth, Scott appears willing to impute these romances to any cause save the true one—namely, a burning desire for higher fame, and a wish to soothe down the spirit within him, which raged like a chained demon, till tranquillized by a fresh work.

When Napoleon escaped alone from Elba, and appeared at Paris with a hundred thousand men at his back, the world was scarcely more confounded, than the people of Britain were, when Waverley burst out upon them. The more learned and critical portion of the country did not seem to relish it much at first; and I heard a gentleman affirm, who is now loud in its praise, that the only humorous passage in 'Waverley,' is where Mrs. Macleary cries out to the Baron of Bradwardine and Balmawhapple, 'Will ye fight, Sirs, in a poor widow's house, and see muckle gude lae land in the country?' Nay, Hazlitt, of whom I hoped better things, assured me that he had not read any of the Waverley Novels till Rob Roy came out, when he found that he could no longer carry on conversation without quoting or alluding to them. Critics examined the work by rule, and finding that all the parts were not proportioned to a sort of epic scale, which serves them instead of natural good judgment, pronounced it defective, while the less learned portion of the community, who consider all excellent which delights them, admitted Waverley to their bosoms at once. It was no difficult matter to perceive the high qualities of the work. The scenes on which he displayed his dramatic person, were the mountain and the flood; the characters which he introduced were generally of a poetic or heroic order; the incidents which he related, had the double charm of a domestic and public interest, and the whole was grouped and thrown together with singular freedom and truth. The Baron of Bradwardine, Fergus Mac Ivor, Colonel Talbot, Madame Nosebag, Duncan Macwheeble, Davie Gellatly, Donald Bean Lean, and gifted Gilfillan, seem all personal acquaintances: we never think of them as airy abstractions. 'I have seldom felt more satisfaction,' says Sir Walter, 'than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found 'Waverley' in the zenith of popularity, and public
curiosity in full cry after the name of the author. To preserve the incognite, Ballantyne had the original manuscript transcribed; the corrections by Scott were copied by his friend, for the printers, and so the work went on; nor was there a single instance of faithlessness on the part of those who, from their situation, possessed themselves of the secret.

The public admiration was nothing abated about 'Waverley;' when 'Guy Mannering' made its appearance. The characters were of a different stamp—the story was of a domestic nature—and the true heroes and heroines were shepherds, and gipsies, and smugglers. The country claimed Andrew Dimont, Dirk Hattrack, Sheriff Pleydell, and Meg Merrilies, as familiar acquaintances; they had hunted and fought with the first—dealt with the second—played at high jinks, or taken down a deposition with the third—or bought horn spoons and had their fortune told by the fourth;—nay, they knew Gilbert Glossin himself; had partaken of ale and toasted cake at Mrs. Macandlish's; and were certain as the sun shone of having heard the story of the birth of young Bertram from Jock Jabos, as he drove them in a post-chaise along the wild roads of Galloway. Many a fair sheet has been printed on the subject of the prototype of Meg Merrilies; and the author himself relates the story of a gipsy wife who ravished Meg herself in generosity. I think I see something like the outward woman of the Galwegian aibyl in the beggar woman of Wordsworth:

Her skin was of Egyptian brown;
Lanty's eyes had been
Its own light to a distance thrown,
She towered—fit person for a queen
To head those ancient Amazonian files,
Or ruling bandit's wife among the Grecian isles.

It is a note-worthy matter, that while Scott was pouring out romance after romance, Lord Byron was pouring out poem after poem: the prose of the one and the poetry of the other were so popular, and at the same time so excellent, that no other author could obtain a hearing. It was also curious to remark, that as Byron had certainly beaten Scott by song, so assuredly Scott was vanquishing his Lordship by prose; for I think no one will contend, that the poems of the one 'were ever so popular with all ranks as the novels of the other. The title of 'The Antiquary' puzzled the public a little when announced; and I am not sure that it was so general a favorite at first as it became afterwards, when the fever of a first perusal was over, and a second reading and reflection came. The Antiquary himself, the Mucklebuckets, and Edie Ochiltree, are all masterly originals: there is less bustle and less action than in 'Waverley;' but there is the same living life, the same truth of nature, and now and then something more lofty and sublime than aught the author had hitherto done. The scene in which Miss Wardour is rescued from the tide, and more particularly the chanting of the ballad of the Harlaw by the Mucklebucket hag, are without a parallel in the language, unless the latter may be matched with that terrific scene in 'Old Mortality,' where Morton is condemned to death by the Cameronians, and Habakuk Mucklewraith anticipates the hour of execution by setting forward the clock.

To conceal the hand that penned so rapidly these charming fictions, Scott still openly kept the field as an author, and not only wrote a poem on the battle of Waterloo, but a prose account of that memorable strife, which far excels the description he afterwards inserted in his 'Life of Napoleon.' The poem, though full of the whirlwind of battle, and vivid and animated in an extreme degree, met with a sharp reception from the critics;—not so Paul's prose relation, which, coming without a name, and evidently the work of one who had made inquiries among the chief officers, and mastered all the incidents and localities of Waterloo, was greeted with much cheering and many welcomes. During this busy period all writers seemed busy save Scott;—to those friends who visited him he was seldom invisible. He performed the duties of a friend to his friends—of a father to his children—of a master to his household—and of a sheriff to the county soothing differences and healing discord; and did not at all appear oppressed with these duties: he was still at leisure, and found time to arrange and publish
the Poems of Anna Seward, the Life and Works of Swift, Lord Somers' Tracts, Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, and the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland. All this strengthened the arguments of those—and they were many—who refused to believe that he was the author of the Waverley Novels. Several persons, to whom, either in seriousness or derision, they were attributed, put on a look of reserve and mystery, and talked in the manner of men embarrassed by a secret, of which they dreaded the discovery. All this must have been amusing in a high degree to such a man as Scott, who had an eye and an ear for the ridiculous, and could enjoy the absurdities of his friends and acquaintances without seeming moved.

It was a new pleasure to the tourist, in the enjoyment of the scenery of the 'Lady of the Lake,' the 'Lord of the Isles,' and 'Waverley,' to have 'Rob Roy' put into their hands. With his foot once more on the heather, and the bonnet on his brow, the author seemed inspired with fresh spirit; Rob Roy himself, Bailie Jarvie, Andrew Fairervise, the Dougal creature, and the Osbaldstones, one and all, were welcomed as additions to the great national stock of imaginary characters. One of the charms of the work was Diana Vernon, the heath-flower of Cheviot: her extreme loneliness—her singular boldness and freedom of character—her wit and her inimitable playfulness—and, more than all, her fine sense and warmth of heart captivated even critics, who could not help confessing that, though she had too much boldness of manner, she was the sweetest and best of all the author's female creations. I remember, after her appearance on horseback, all our London ladies, who could trust themselves off their feet, turned equestrians, and the drives and roads were filled with trotting and galloping Danias.

'Old Mortality' followed 'Rob Roy.' There is perhaps finer discrimination of character in it than in any of its companions: the author felt that he had a difficult game to play: the Camerons still existed as a body, with many old prejudices, and were likely to resent any deviation from historic accuracy; and, what was still more important, the whole body of Presbyterians, though disliking the exclusive tenets of Cameron and Cargill, believed them right in resisting persecution; in fact, they look upon the battles of Airds-Moss and Bothwell Brigg as fought in the great cause of Calvinism against Lutheranism; and are disposed to be touchy, whenever such matters are otherwise than gently handled. When I add to all this, that Scott himself was a member of the suffering remnant of the episcopal church, and was consequently considered as no great lover of those who preferred to drink at the well-spring of Calvin, I have said enough to show that a story, which involved the characters of the chief leaders, was likely to be keenly and even curiously examined. He has, however, delineated the characters of Burley on the one side, and of Claverhouse on the other, with wonderful life and truth;—both shedders of blood without mercy or remorse, at the call of mistaken honor, or misunderstood religion: both eminently brave and skilful; one fighting for princes, who merited no such support—and the other for a party who afterwards disowned him; and both perishing according to character—Burley in a bloody, but obscure skirmish, and the fiery Grene in a stern battle, with the sound of victory in his ear. Lord Evandale and Morton represent the more generous and amiable qualities of the factions; while Niel Blane stands between both, and decants his ale, and plays on the pipes to either. Poor meek and generous Bessy Maclure qualifies the more fiery and eloquent Mause Headrigg, and Jenny Denison and the gallant Cuddie keep up an image of true love and domestic attachment, seasoned with matchless humor and satiety and selfishness. The figure of that intrepid preacher, Macbriar, is ever before us, when we think of scorns in the fields; and the eloquent madness of Habbasuk Mucklewraith rings frequently in our ears. The Camerons were not at all offended at the notice taken of their leaders, and the sentiments imputed to them: they recognized the perfect truth of the picture, and rejoiced that they had found an historian to bid them live and not die. The wild scene where Burley maintained his imaginary combat with Satan, is Creehope Linn, near Dumfries. Sir Walter informed me, that he was a visitor of the Linn in his youth, when one of his brothers was at Wallace Hall school; and that the singular chambers, which the busy stream had fashioned out of the freestone rocks, and in which the persecuted
Covenanters found refuge, were quite familiar to him. The wandering Inscription Cutter was also a native of the same parish; and the old kirkyard of Dalgarrock, beautifully situated on Nithside, is the place of the imaginary interview between him and the author. I may also add, that part of the narrative was colored by a long conversation which Sir Walter held with an Annandale Johnstone, on the subject of free will, effectual calling, and predestination.

It is supposed that the complaints which some captious Presbyterians made regarding the injustice done to the Covenanters in 'Old Mortality,' induced Scott to resume the subject in his next great work, the 'Heart of Midlothian,' and show, in the family of the Deans, the softened features of the sect. Douce David is certainly a most delightful oddity: his disputes on the great litigated point of patronage with Duncan Knockdunder, whose notions were not at all scriptural; and his various counsellings concerning rotations of crops, with poor widow Butterly, are alike excellent. But with his daughter, by different hues, and with Madge Wildfire, the interest of the fiction abides. Jeanie Deans is copied from a young woman of humble degree in Dumfriesshire, who obtained the queen's pardon for an erring sister by her own eloquent intercession; in token of which, it was one of the last acts of Sir Walter's life, to erect a monument to her memory in Irongray kirkyard;—and Madge Wildfire is little more than a faithful delineation of poor Peggy Macdonald, who went mad about a natural child, and wandered through Dumfries and Galloway singing snatches of old songs, uttering quaint witty sayings, and drawing the characters of all who annoyed her with words of aquafortis rather than of honey: moreover, she was usually known by the name of Mrs. Casey, from frequently singing a song of that name; but the author who created her Margaret Macdonald. She was a tall slim person, with a Roman nose, and a look, in her lucid hours, beaming with sense and wit. To take a heroine out of a prison, and select characters from among cow-feeders and smugglers, was a bold step; and over such materials no one could have triumphed but Scott.

It was thought the author wished to show that high life had its miseries too, when he wrote the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' There is an air of sadness shed largely over this whole composition: though we dislike the touchy haughtiness of Ravenswood, we give him our sympathy largely, as the last of his race, and one whose fate has been settled by prophecy before, as the witch-wife said, 'the dark head o'er his head.' There is a poetic, a tragic, by different hues, and which lifts it high into the regions of imagination: the approaching fate of the Master is shadowed out in almost every page; the croaking of the old crones; the conversation with John Mortshaeugh, it is needless to particularize more— all indicate coming destruction. With the exception of 'Kenilworth,' it is the most melancholy of all the works of Scott. The scene is laid on property belonging to the family of Hall; and I was present when Captain Basil Hall purchased sixty-one pages of the original manuscript for fourteen guineas: it is generally known that the outline of the story is true: and that this great domestic tragedy was wrought in a family of respectability and name. The 'Legend of Montrose' accompanied the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' and is chiefly remarkable for the character of Sir Dugald Dalgetty, whose exact resemblance to the Scottish chief—the Leslies, Hamiltons, Ramsays, Munros, and Cunninghames, who led the seven thousand Scottish warriors under Gustavus Adolphus—I would not have any one to assert, unless they can bring forward better proof of the fact than what I think my illustrious friend had to offer. The truth is, these men were mostly religious enthusiasts; and though there were some among them,—one of the Ramsays, for instance,—who thought of earthly state and dignity a little too much,—they were a high-souled and chivalrous band, who prayed and fought till they saw freedom of conscience restored to the whole of Germany. We have no other quarrel with Sir Dugald: we like his eternal speeches about Gustavus—the pleasing glimpses which he gives us of foreign service—his quaint pedantry—his bravery, ruled by the amount of pay—and, above all, his behavior in the dungeon, when he escapes from his fetters, and leaves Maccullamore in his stead. We like him too when the ball penetrates his thigh, and he exclaims, 'I always told the great Gustavus that talets should be made musket-proof!'
And we like him too that he is willing to be executed, rather than enter upon a new engagement for a year, with a week of the old one to run: he was a military morfist.

The first time that I had the happiness of being introduced to the author of Waverley, was soon after the publication of Ivanhoe, when he came to London, and the king made him Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Baronet. This was in the early part of the year 1820. I had seen him in Edinburgh in the year of Marmion's appearance, and, to tell the truth, I went there almost on purpose to see him. He lived then in North Castle Street; he was full cheeked and fair to look upon; but a slight built, and seemed in every respect one of the most powerful men of the North. He was much changed when I met him again in London; his face was grown thin, his brow wrinkled, and his hair grey; during the period of the composition of Ivanhoe, a grievous illness attacked him, which brought him nigh the grave, and he was not even then quite recovered. It was during those days of suffering, that his neighbor, Lord Buchan, waited, it is said, on Lady Scott, and after talking of the light which was too soon to be removed from the land, begged her to intercede with her illustrious husband, to do him the honor of being buried in Dryburgh. 'The place,' said the Earl, is very beautiful—just such a place as the poet loves, and as he has a fine taste that way, he is sure of being gratified with my offer.' Scott, it is reported, smiled when this was told him, and good-humoredly promised to give Lord Buchan the refusal, since he seemed so solicitous: the vain Lord was laid in Dryburgh Churchyard first, and his illustrious neighbor has followed. The owners of Abbotsford and Dryburgh, I have heard, conversed upon all subjects, save one—namely, the death of the Duke of Clarence: his lordship averred, that his ancestor killed the Prince, at Beauge, with a tramcheon: Scott knew that his own ancestor Sir Allan Swinton slew him by a stroke of his spear in the face.

When I went to Sir Walter's residence in Piccadilly, I had much of the same palpitation of heart which Boswell experienced when introduced to Johnson: he welcomed me with both hands, and with such kind and complimentary words, that confusion and fear alike fled. He turned the conversation upon songs, and said, he had long wished to know me, on account of some songs which were reckoned old, but which he was assured were mine: 'At all events,' said he, 'they are not old—they are far too good to be old: I dare say you know what songs I mean.' I was now much embarrassed; I neither owned the songs nor denied them, but said, I hoped to see him soon again, for that, if he were willing to sit, my friend, Mr. Chantrey, was anxious to make his bust—as a memorial, to preserve in his collection, of the Author of Marmion.' To this he consented. While Sir Walter remained in London, we had several conversations, and I was glad to see that he was sometimes pleased with what I said, as well as with what I did. So much was he sought after while he sat to Chantrey, that strangers begged leave to stand in the sculptor's gallery, to see him as he went in and out. The bust was at last finished in marble; the sculptor labored most anxiously, and I never saw him work more successfully: in one long sitting of three hours he chiselled the whole face over, communicating to it the grave humor and comic penetration for which the original was so remarkable. This fine work is now in Abbotsford, with an inscription, saying, it is a present to Sir Walter Scott from Francis Chantrey:—I hope it will never be elsewhere.

One morning Chantrey asked me how I liked Ivanhoe; I said, the descriptions were admirable, and that the narrative flowed on in a full stream, but I thought in individual portraiture it was not equal to those romances where the author had his foot on Scottish ground. 'You speak like a Scotchman,' said Chantrey: 'I must speak like an Englishman: the scenery is just, and the characters in keeping: I know every inch of the ground where the tournament was held—where Front de Bœuf's castle stood, and even where that pious priest the Curial Friar had his cell by the blessed well of St. Dunstan's—what Rob Roy is to you, Ivanhoe is to me.' Sir Walter smiled; he neither shunned the subject nor seemed desirous to discuss it: I remarked, however, that he did not praise the novels, and this exactly agreed with a review of Old Mortality, which ap-
peared in the Quarterly, written, as I have good reason to know, by the hand of Scott himself. This was at the urgent desire of the editor, who probably thought to detect the real writer of the romances by this stratagem: he contrived to pen a review which contains much collateral illustration, and little or no criticism. The nearest approach to admission, that I ever heard him make, was once when I was describing to him a sort of wandering mendicant, who declared he earned his bread and clothes by telling queer stories—he said, with a laugh, 'O Allan, don't abuse God's gifts—we live by telling queer stories ourselves.' When he dined with the King, one of the company asked him, 'was he not the author of the Waverly Novels?' Sir Walter who had made up his mind against all such emergencies, eluded the question.

He spoke of my pursuits and prospects in life with interest and feeling; and of my attempts in prose and verse, in a way which showed that he had read them; and inquired what I was doing with my pen: I said I was collecting into four volumes the Songs of Scotland—such as were most remarkable for poetic feeling—for their humor or their pictures of manners. 'I can help you,' he said, 'to something old—did you ever hear the old song sung, which says—'

There dwelt a man into the west,
And O, sin he was cruel,
For on his bridal night a e'en,
He sat up an' grat for gruel;
They brought to him a good sheep-head,
A lassan, and a bower;
Gae take the whim-whams far frae me,
I won't want my gruel.'

After having dictated several other curious old verses, he said, 'But you ought to write something original. There's the 'Mermaid of Galloway.' You might make that into a dramatic piece with songs, and try it on the stage.' I answered, 'But what shall I do with her tail?'—'The tail, indeed,' said he—and laughed. I wished I had followed his advice; the subject is a fine one, and much according to my own fancy, and with regard to the scaly train, a Mermaid has no more right to such an encumbrance, than the Devil has to horns and hoofs. I said, that I had made the resemblance of a drama, and if he would look at it, it would be kind: he not only looked at 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' but wrote me a letter respecting it, in which he says,

'I have perused twice, my dear Allan, your interesting manuscript, and that with no little interest. Many parts of the poetry are eminently beautiful, though I fear the great length of the piece, and some obscurity of the plot, would render it unfit for dramatic representation. There is also a fine tone of supernatural action and impulse spread over the whole work, which, I think, a common audience would not be likely to adopt or comprehend: though I own on me it has a very powerful effect. Speaking of dramatic composition in general, I think it is almost essential (though the rule be most difficult in practice) that the plot or business of the piece should advance with every line that is spoken. The fact is, the drama is addressed chiefly to the eyes; and as much as can be by any possibility represented on the stage, should neither be told nor described. Of the miscellaneous part of a large audience, many do not understand, and many cannot hear either narrative or description, but are solely intent upon the action exhibited. It is, I conceive, for this reason, that very bad plays, written by performers themselves, often contrive to get through, and not without applause; while others immeasurably superior, in point of poetical merit, fail merely because the author is not sufficiently possessed of the trick of the scene, or enough aware of the importance of a maxim pronounced by no less a performer than Punch himself—at least he was the last authority from whom I heard it—Puck on, keep moving! Now, in your dramatic effort, the interest not only stands still, but sometimes retrogrades. It contains, notwithstanding, many passages of eminent beauty; many specimens of most interesting dialogue, and on the whole, if it is not fitted for the modern stage, I am not sure that its very imperfections do not render it more fit for the closet, for we certainly do not read with the greatest pleasure those plays which act best.

'If, however, you should at any time wish to become a candidate for dramatic
laurels, I would advise you, in the first place, to consult some professional person of judgment and taste. I should regard friend Terry as an excellent Mentor, and I believe he would concur with me in recommending, that at least one-third of the drama be retrenched, that the plot should be rendered simple, and the motives more obvious; and I think the powerful language, and many of the situations, might have their full effect upon the audience. I am uncertain if I have made myself sufficiently understood—but I would say, for example, that it is ill-explained by what means Comyn and his gang, who land as shipwrecked men, become at once possessed of the old lord’s domains, merely by killing and taking possession. I am aware of what you mean, namely, that being attached to the then rulers, he is supported in his ill-acquired power by their authority. But this is imperfectly brought out, and escaped me at the first reading. The superstitious motives also, which induced the shepherds to delay their vengeance, are not likely to be intelligible to the generality of the readers. It would seem more probable that the young Baron should have led his faithful vassals to avenge the death of his parents; and it has escaped me what prevents him from taking this direct and natural course. Besides, it is, I believe, a rule, and it seems a good one, that one single interest, to which every other is subordinate, should occupy the whole play, each separate object having just the effect of a milldam, sluicing off a certain portion of the interest and sympathy, which should move on with increasing fervor and rapidity to the catastrophe. Now, in your work, there are several divided points of interest—there is the murder of the old Baron—the escape of his wife—that of his son—the loss of his bride—the villainous artifices of Comyn to possess himself of her person, and finally the fall of Comyn, and acceleration of the vengeance due to his crimes. I am sure you own your excellent sense, which I admire as much as I do your genius, will give me credit for my frankness in these matters: I only know, that I do not know many persons on whose performances I would venture so much criticism. Adieu, my feal and esteemed friend—yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

I have, at the risk of being thought vain, inserted my illustrious friend’s letter at full length; the dramatic directions in composition, which he lays down, are natural, and had I been able to have followed them, my success might have been greater. How Comyn kept possession after the murder, rose not only from the strength of his party, but from his being the lineal heir, supposing his kinsmen removed; this relationship I did not make plain enough, and so the objection is good. A writer satisfies his own mind, that his story is simple and clear, and wonders sometimes that the eyes of his friends are not so penetrating as his own; but, whenever an objection of obscurity is raised, I would advise the writer to clear it up at once. I made a number of alterations, but could not get rid of the original sin of the performance—namely, a certain perplexity of plot: when I published it, no one was altogether unkind, save, I was told, the Rev. Mr. Smedley, who treated it in the Critical Review with much contempt: he could see no poetry in the language, nor originality in the characters. On the same day that this—not very charitable attack on the new writer was published, the ‘Fortunes of Nigel’ appeared, in the introduction to which, it was the pleasure of the author to speak of my dramatic attempt in the spirit of his letter: this far more than compensated for the severity of the other, and gave me some sort of rank as a poet, which, I am glad to know, the giver believed I have since maintained. When the manuscript of the ‘Fortunes of Nigel’ was sold by auction, I was vain enough to wish to possess a work, in which my name stood embalmed in the hand-writing of Scott; but that, as well as others, brought prices beyond my means; it would have been well had some generous person purchased the whole Waverley Manuscripts, and placed them in the British Museum—or, in a fitter sanctuary still—the library of Abbotsford.

While Sir Walter was busied with his second series of National Romances, he found time to write ‘Halidon Hill,’ a dramatic sketch of great beauty; full of heroic feeling and heroic character, and which, for pathos, may take rank with the most touching labors of the serious Muse. The story of Sir Allan Swinton
and young Gordon, is one of the most chivalrous and moving scenes in all the compass of tragic song. It was not very warmly received: indeed, whenever Sir Walter Scott wrote anonymously, praise of the truth and beauty of his productions was on every lip, and in every review: when he added his name, the mercurv of public admiration fell nearer the freezing point. "Let clerks explain." I am afraid the anecdote is not to the honor of human nature. Constable gave him, it is said, a thousand pounds for 'Halidon Hill;' and the applause which he was commanding anonymously, no doubt soothed him for the caprice of the world, and for the capriciousness of criticism.

I saw Sir Walter during the visits which he afterwards paid to London. He conversed with singular ease, and whatever he said was so clearly expressed, and so graphic withal, that it might have been printed at once. This reminds me of what a bookseller told me—that Scott related to him some particulars about the origin of one of the characters in the Waverley Novels, with which he was so much struck, that he begged him to write it down. He did so, and the whole was, he was sure, word for word with what had been spoken. I have said that I informed him of my intended collection of the Songs of Scotland: in one of my letters to him, I told him I had commenced the work. 'I am glad (he thus wrote) that you are about Scottish song; no man has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich it. Here and there I would pluck a few flowers from your posie, to give what remains an effect of greater simplicity; but luxuriance can only be the fault of genius, and many of your songs are, I think, unmatched.' I put down these passages from his letters, of which I have upwards of a score, to show that he always mixed sound critical counsel with his commendations, and how well he merited the eulogium of James Hogg, that he was a most honest and conscientious adviser in all matters, literary and otherwise. This is yet more plainly set forth in another letter: 'I am very much unaccustomed to offer criticisms, and when I do so, it is because I believe in my soul that I am endeavoring to pluck away the weeds which hide flowers which are well worthy of cultivation. In your case, the richness of your language and fertility of your imagination are the snares against which I would warn you: if the one had been poor, and the other coarse, I would never have made remarks, which could never do good, while they only gave pain. Did you ever read Savage's 'Wanderer'? If not, do so; and you will see distinctly the fault which I think attaches to 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell'—a want of distinct precision and intelligibility about the story, which is so common, especially with ordinary readers, the effect of beautiful, forcible diction, poetical imagery, and animated description.' I would vainly persuade myself that all this good counsel, and thrice as much more from the same excellent friend, was not utterly thrown away upon me.

When I next saw Sir Walter, King George was about to be crowned, and he had come to London to make one in the ceremony. This was an affair which came within the range of his taste: with the processions of the old religion, and the parade of chivalry, he was familiar; and when he called on me, he talked of the magnificent scene which Westminster Abbey would present on the morrow, and inquired if I intended to go and look at it. Now, I happen to be one of those persons who are not at all dazzled with grand processions and splendid dresses, and the glitter and parade of either court or camp; and when I said that I had no curiosity that way, having, when I was young, witnessed the crowning of King Cæsar, in Dumfries, he burst into a laugh, and said, 'That's not unlike our friend Hogg: I asked him if he would accompany me, and he stood balancing the matter between the Coronation and St. Boswell's Fair, and at last the fair carried it.' Scott, since I had seen him last, had given the world several fresh works of great beauty and variety; his genius had driven all other competitors out of the market, and though some of the critics said they saw a falling off, this was not perceived by the multitude, who expressed nothing but impatience to devour every work, which wore the Waverley stamp. It is remarkable, that in 'The Abbot,' and also in 'The Monastery,' he introduced supernatural agency, and sometimes, in my opinion, with wonderful effect; he had tried it slightly in Waverley, where the vision of the Bodach Glas announces the approaching fate of Fergus Mac Ivar; a passage which I could never read without a shudder.
The White Maid of Avenel is a spirit of a more lively kind, and performs her ministering in the matter of Christy of the Clinthill, and the Sacrast, with not a little dexterity as well as malice. I, however, think the burial and raising of Percie Shafton, a clumsy affair; in truth, whenever the supernatural descends to deeds, our belief begins to fail. The rise of Halbert Glendinning, from his low estate by bravery and by valor, is in the author's best manner; the vale of Glendeaeg lies near Abbotsford, on the other side of the Tweed. The sharp admonitions of the critics induced Sir Walter to forbear for the future the supernatural.

Of all the succeeding romances of Scott, those most to my liking, are the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' for the sake of King James, Richie Monilies, and Sir Mungo Malagrowther; 'Quentin Durward,' as showing how fortune and rank may be achieved by discretion, and bravery, and promptitude of soul, not to speak of King Lewis, and La Balafrè, and the Maugrabin: 'The Talisman,' for the characters of Richard, Saladin, and Prince David; and 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' for the lesson which the author has taught us, how to make a hero worthy of the days of chivalry, out of a misshapen blacksmith, and yet leave him a blacksmith still. Some of his critics remarked, that Scott had gone to all countries for characters, save Ireland: to Ireland he sailed in 1825, and scenes were pointed out and characters indicated in vain for the expected romance. Through the kindness of a gentleman of that country, I have obtained an account of his visit; the brevity of this memoir allows me but to say, that he was received everywhere with acclamations; he visited with much emotion the scenes of Swift's early life, and the magnificent scenery of Killarney. He returned by the way of the Cumberland Lakes, and, with Wordsworth for his companion, visited the hills and dales made classic by his strains; nor did he omit to pay his respects to Southey, whom he ever admired for his gentleness of heart.

Soon after his return, that crushing misfortune befell the house of Abbotsford which reduced its lord from affluence to dependence. Sir Walter, owing to the failure of some commercial speculations, in which he was a partner, became responsible for the payment of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; he refused to become a bankrupt, considering, like the elder Osbaldistone of his own immortal page, commercial honor as dear as any other honor, and undertook, within the compass of ten years, to pay capital and interest of that enormous sum. At that time he was hale and vigorous, and capable of wondrous exertions: he gave up his house in Edinburgh, now less necessary for him, on account of the death of Lady Scott, and singling out various subjects of interest, proceeded to retrieve his broken fortunes, with a spirit calm and unsubdued. The bankruptcy of his booksellers rendered longer concealment of the author of the Waverley Novels impossible: the copyright of these works was announced for sale, and it was necessary for the illustrious unfortunate to reveal his secret in the best manner he might. Accordingly, at the Annual Dinner—24th February, 1827—of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, in answer to an allusion by his friend Lord Meadowbank, Sir Walter said, he had now the task of acknowledging before three hundred gentlemen, a secret, which, though confided to twenty people, had been well kept. 'I am the author,' he said, 'of all the Waverley Novels, the sole and unaided author; with the exception of quotations, there is not a single word which is not derived from myself, or suggested in the course of my reading. The wand is now broken and the rod buried.' This declaration was received with loud cheers, and made a stir in all circles; the great mystery was now solved, and though all lamented the cause of the disclosure, all were glad at heart, to find that they were indebted to a man so mild and benevolent as Sir Walter, rather than to any other spirit who might have presumed more than was meet, after such an assumption of glory.

When these sad distresses took place, Sir Walter had made considerable progress in his 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte:' he was composing it as the Author of Waverley; but, with the disclosure of his name, his situation was altered; and the first men, military and civil, in Europe, readily made communications to him concerning that world's wonder, the Emperor of the French. To step from imaginative romance to true history, was to him a matter of perfect ease: he had
already, in 'Waverley,' and elsewhere, shown us how well they mingled together; and with such singular skill had he blended them, that an ingenuous friend wrote a clever dissertation, treating 'Waverley' as current history, and pointing out sundry slight deviations from the truth. Besides, to write the life of Napoleon was to delineate the career of a man whose actions had outstripped all ordinary flights of imagination, and involved the destinies of the world. For this new task Sir Walter had high qualities besides those necessary to compose a romance: he had as much of the warrior in his nature, as enabled him to enjoy the movements and deeds of those dread campaigns, in which the end of the old march was trampled under foot by the fervent spirit of republicanism; and he had a power of description by which, like the genius of Napoleon, he could unite the distant with the near, and lay the combined movements of a wide-spread campaign before the reader, as he would lay a map on the table. He seems to have studied his subject deeply; indeed, the sword of the conqueror had forced this upon him; —a war which gave to France the land, and to Britain the sea, could not pass over such a mind as his without making deep impressions. He was familiar with the rigid routine and stately tactics of the old school of warriors, who wrought according to rules learned by heart, and would rather have lost a campaign than gone into battle with whiskers not cut by the Prussian regulations. In Napoleon he saw a soldier who conquered, not by despising routine rules, but from inventing a system of military mathematics, which, by its new combinations, rendered old wisdom obsolete; and yet enabled him to vanquish as much by rule as by rapid motion and fiery bravery. The great Napoleon and his great biographer, were bred in different schools of political feeling: with the former all old things were too old—all matters of etiquette ridiculous; the princes of Europe he looked on as dotards; and his delight was to overturn them like mushrooms, and give their thrones to his comrades; the latter had all the chivalry of the old school, united with that reverence for princes of long-standing renown imputed to poets; he loved old institutions and hereditary attachments; and the principles which sought to tread down rank, that martial talent might rise and reign in the old, he regarded with proper horror. In spite of these discordant feelings, the 'Life of Napoleon' is one of the noblest monuments of Scott's genius. The volumes, third, fourth, and fifth, are written in a spirit free, unprejudiced, and affectionate: he seems to enjoy the splendid march of the almost beardless adventurer from Paris to Vienna; for he had to conquer at home before he could conquer abroad; and he is ever willing to do justice to the generous qualities of his nature, and show him alike dutiful as a son and a friend, as he was unequalled as a general. The descriptions of the battles are clear and graphic—all other men's accounts are confused compared to his: they have fine words—he has fine images: they have plenty of smoke—he is all fire. I wish it had pleased the author to have condensed his two volumes on the Revolution into a single chapter, and to have dismissed the captivity of Napoleon with more brevity.

I saw him in London on the day after the publication of the 'Fair Maid of Perth:' the first romance of all that splendid file, to which he had put his name, or at least publicly acknowledged. He asked, what I was doing with my pea; I said, at present I am doing nothing but fighting and wooing with Harry Wynd. He gave me one of his peculiar glances, and said, 'Ay! and how do ye like him?' I said I was struck with two things, which to me were new—the skill with which he had made a blacksmith into a hero—and a youth of a martial race a coward, through his nurse. He smiled, and seemed pleased with my remark. We talked of romance-writing; 'When you wish to write a story,' he said, 'I advise you to prepare a kind of outline—a skeleton of the subject; and, when you have pleased yourself with it, proceed to endow it with flesh and blood. I remember (I said) that you gave me much the same sort of advice before. 'And did you follow it? ' he said, quickly. I tried (I answered,) but I had not gone far on my way till some will-o'-wisp or another dazzled my sight; so I deviated from the path, and never got on it again. 'Tis the same way with myself,' he said, smiling: 'I form my plan, and then in executing it I deviate.' 'Ay, ay!' (I said) I understand; but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity—I amused him with an account of how I felt when his kind notice of my drama,
appeared in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' I said I was in the situation of that personage in Scripture, who, unknown yesterday, heard the people cry to day, 'Behold the man whom the king delighteth to honor!' He said some kind things; and then I spoke of the public anxiety to see him. I told him, that when he passed through Oxford, a lady, at whose house he took breakfast, desirous of doing him all honor, borrowed a silver tray from her neighbor, who lent it at once, begging to be allowed to carry it to the table herself, that she might look upon the Author of Waverley. 'The highest compliment,' said Sir Walter, 'I ever received, was paid me by a soldier of the Scots Greys: I strove to get down to Abingdon Street on the Coronation day, and applied for help to a sergeant who guarded the way: he shook his head, saying, 'Countryman, I can't help you.' I wholed up, and bade him, 'Then, by G—d, Sir, you shall go down!' he instantly gave me an escort.'

Among the latter works of Sir Walter, the one from which I have derived as much pleasure as any, is his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' where he has related all that is poetic or picturesque, or characteristic, in the History of Scotland. The second series particularly, comprehending the period between the accession of James to the throne of England, and the Union of the whole Island—is above all interesting. It contains all the episodical occurrences, which such a history as Hume's was too stately to admit; and, indeed, no one will find elsewhere such a lively image of the domestic state of the country, or such an impartial and dramatic account of the jealousies, heart-burnings, and fatal encounters that took place between two proud, high-spirited kingdoms, before they became, in every sense of the word, as one: I have no wish, however, to attempt a delineation—nor even to enumerate all the works which this eminent man poured upon the world, thick and fast, during his latter days. It may be sufficient to say, that in his lastest effusions a spirit was visible, with which no living man could cope, and that, in the least popular, there were passages in abundance, equaling his earliest works, when he first began to give the world the advantage of his musings. We must consider, too, that he was now in his declining years, working both against time and fortune: that his whole heart was applied to the colossal task of retrieving himself, and satisfying his creditors, and that it was his duty to do the best he could to face an engagement, which seemed to all but himself too great for his strength. On this, he feelingly touches in his last preface, written on his birthday, in 1831, and says, when he found himself involved in the sweeping catastrophe of 1826, he surrendered on the instant every shred of property which he had been accustomed to call his own. Among other works which occurred to his fancy, was that of a new edition of his Novels, illustrated with engravings—and, more valuable still, with notes, indicating the sources of story and of character; Cadell, of Edinburgh, an old and tried friend, became the publisher, and this beautiful edition is now to be seen on every table, and found in every land.

Some time in the beginning of the year 1831, a sore illness came upon him; his astonishing efforts to satisfy his creditors, began to exhaust a mind apparently exhaustless; and the world heard with concern that a paralytic stroke had affected his speech and his right hand, so much as to render writing a matter of difficulty. One of his letters to me, of this period, is not written with his own hand; the signature is his, and looks cramped and weak. I visited him at Abbotsford, about the end of July, 1831; he was a degree more feeble than I had ever seen him, and his voice seemed affected, not so his activity of fancy and surprising resources of conversation. He told anecdotes, and recited scraps of verse, old and new, always tending to illustrate something passing. He showed me his armory, in which he took visible pleasure; and was glad to hear me commend the design of his house, as well as the skill with which it was built. His heart seemed bound to the place: it is said, that he felt more pleasure in being thought the builder of Abbotsford, and the layer out of the grounds and plantations around it, which certainly seemed most tastefully done, than to be thought the author of the Waverley Novels. This I am unwilling to believe. Of Abbotsford, and its fine armory and library, he might well, indeed, be proud: they contained presents from the first men of the world, either for rank or talent: the collection of volumes relating to
the history, poetry, and antiquities of Scotland, is extensive. In a small room, half library and half armory, he usually sat and wrote: here he had some remarkable weapons, curious pieces of old Scottish furniture, such as chairs and cabinets, and an antique sort of table, on which lay his writing materials. A crooked headed staff of Abbotsford oak or hazel, usually lay beside him to support his steps as he went and came. Those who wish to have a distinct image of the illustrious poet, seated at his ease in this snuggery, may look at Allan's portrait lately exhibited; or those who wish to see him when, touched with ill health, he felt the approach of death, will also, I hear, be satisfied: a painting is in progress from the same hand, showing Sir Walter, as he lately appeared—lying on a couch in his principal room: all the windows are closed save one, admitting a strong central light, and showing all that the room contains, in deep shadow, or in strong sunshine.

When it was known that Sir Walter's health declined, the deep solicitude of all ranks became manifest: strangers came from far lands to look on the house which contained the great genius of our times; inquirers flocked around, of humble and high degree, and the amount of letters of inquiry or condolence was, I have heard, enormous. Amongst the visitors, not the least welcome was Wordsworth, the poet, who arrived when the air of the northern hills was growing too sharp for the enfeebled frame of Scott, and he had resolved to try if the fine air and climate of Italy would restore him to health and strength. The following fine sonnet was composed by the poet of Rydal, beneath the roof of his illustrious brother in song; the kindness of the editor of the 'Literary Souvenir' enables me to work it into my narrative.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light,  
Exaggerated, hangs o'er kindred's triple height;  
Spirits of Power assembled there complain  
For kindred Power departing from their sight;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,  
Saddens his voice, again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the night  
Of the whole world's good-wishes with him goes;  
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retribue  
Than sceptred kings, or laurelled conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,  
Waiting your charge to soft Parthenope!

When government heard of Sir Walter's wishes, they offered him a ship; he left Abbotsford, as many thought, forever, and arrived in London, where he was welcomed as never mortal was welcomed before. He visited several friends, nor did he refuse to mingle in company; and, having written something almost approaching to a farewell to the world, which was published with 'Castle Dangerous,' the last of his works, he set sail for Italy, with the purpose of touching at Malta. He seemed revived, but it was only for a while: he visited Naples, but could not enjoy the high honors paid to him: he visited Rome, and sighed, amid its splendid temples and glorious works of art, for gray Melrose and the pleasant banks of Tweed; and, passing out of Italy, proceeded homewards down the Rhine.

Word came to London, that a dreadful attack of paralysis had nearly deprived him of life, and that but for the presence of mind of a faithful servant he must have perished. This alarming news was closely followed by his arrival in London: a strong desire of home had come upon him: he travelled with fatal rapidity night and day, and was all but worn out, when carried into St James' Hotel, Jermyn Street, by his servants. As soon as he had recovered a little, he ordered his journey to be resumed, and on Saturday, July 7th, 1832, departed by sea to Scotland, reached Abbotsford, and seemed revived. He recognized and spoke kindly to several friends; smiled when borne into his library; listened with patience amounting to pleasure, to the reading of passages from the poems of Crabbe and Wordsworth; and was always happiest when he had his children around him. When he was leaving London, the people, wherever he was recognized, took off their hats, saying, 'God bless you, Sir Walter!' His arrival in Scot-
and was hailed with the same sympathetic greetings; and so much was his spirit cheered, that hopes were entertained of his recovery. But the cloud gradually descended upon him; he grew weaker and weaker—and, on the 21st of September, 1832, died amidst his family, without any appearance of pain. On his head being opened, part of the brain was found injured; several globules of a watery nature were pressing upon it. He was buried at Dryburgh, on Wednesday, September 25th: the hills were covered, and the villages filled with mourners: he was borne from the hearse by his own domestics, and laid in the grave by the hands of his children.

In person, Sir Walter Scott was nearly six feet high, well formed, strongly knit and compactly built; his arms were long and sinewy; his looks stately and commanding, and his face as he related a heroic story flushed up as a crystal cup, when one fills it with wine. His eyes were deep seated under his somewhat shaggy brows; their color was a bluish grey: they laughed more than his lips did at a humorous story: his tower-like head, and thin white hair, marked him out amongst a thousand, while any one might swear to his voice again who heard it once, for it had both a touch of the lipt and the burr; yet, as the minstrel said of Douglas, 'it became him wonder well,' and gave great softness to a sorrowful story; indeed, I imagined that he kept the burr part of the tone for matters facetious or humorous kind, and brought out the lip part in those of tenderness or woe. When I add, that in a meeting of a hundred men, his hat was sure to be the last, and would fit no one's head but his own, I have said all that I have to say about his appearance. He delighted in manly exercises: in his youth, he was foremost in all sports and matters of harmless mischief: his health, as he wrote to Sir Andrew Halliday, continued excellent till the year 1820, when stitches in his sides and cramps in his stomach attacked him, and were mastered with difficulty. He loved to ride in a short coat, with wide trousers, on a little stout galloway, and the steepest hill did not stop him, nor the deepest water daunt him; it was his pleasure moreover to walk out frequently among his plantations, with a small hatchet and hand-saw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree, when it was marring the growth of others.

He was widely and generally beloved—his great genius hardly equaled the kindliness of his heart, and the generosity of his nature. I do not mean that he stood foremost in all subscriptions which were likely to be advertised: I mean that he aided the humble and the deserving; he assumed no patronizing airs, and wished rather to be thought doing an act of kindness to himself, than obliging others. To his friendship I owe so much, that I know not the extent of what I owe: through him, two of my sons are Engineer officers in the East India Company's service; and he did this, because, said he, complimenting and obliging me in the same sentence, 'One Scottish Makker (Poet) should aid another.' I never heard him say an unkind word of any one: and if he said a sharp one, which on some occasions he did, he instantly softened the impression by relating some kindly trait. The sternest words I ever heard him utter were concerning a certain poet: 'That man,' he said, 'has had much in his power, but he never befriended rising genius yet.' I could not say anything to the contrary. He delighted in looking at old ruins, and he loved to converse with old people of any station, but particularly shepherds. He had a great respect for landmarks: he knew and could describe every battle field in Britain: he had visited the scenes of the best Scottish songs, and had drinking cups from the Bash aboon Traquair, the Broom of the Cowden-knowes, and Alloway's sull haunted kirk. He disliked to see a stone displaced on an old castle wall, or a field ploughed up which was famed in story; and I was told, he was never seen moved to anger, save once, and that was against a clergyman, who unthinkingly began to remove one of the large gray stones which mark the tragic event, recorded in that mournful ballad—'The Dowie Den of Yarrow.'

Of his habits as an author, I know little, save what he happened to tell me, or what I casually gathered from men intimate with him. He told me that he was an early riser: I have since learned, that his usual hour of beginning to write was seven o'clock in the morning: that he continued it, saving the brief hour of breakfast, till one, and sometimes two o'clock; then shaved, dressed, and went
to the hills with his favorite dogs—two tall rough strong hounds, fit to pull down a stag, and, after some hours' exercise, returned to see such friends as chance or invitation brought to his door. By this mode of economizing time, he marched fast on with a romance; as he was always inspired alike when in health, he had no occasion to wait for the descent of the muse, but dashed away at the rate of sixteen pages of print daily. He wrote freely and without premeditation; and his corrections were beyond all example few. When he wrote fastest he wrote best, because his heart was in trim. Though the most accomplished author of his day, yet he had none of the arid of authorship; and when he came forth from his study, he laid aside the poet's mantle, and put on the dress of the country gentleman who knew the world, and loved to practise courtesy and indulge in hospitality. He was a proud man,—not a proud poet, or historian, or novelist; he loved to be looked on as a gentleman of old family, who built Abbotsford, and laid out its gardens and planted its avenues, rather than a genius, whose works influenced mankind and diffused happiness among millions. It was not of the builder or the planter, that the people of Glasgow thought, when they lowered their colors in the Clyde shipping half-mast high, the moment they heard of his death; but perhaps the truest compliment ever uttered, was by the west country weaver: 'the only constant which I have,' said he, 'in these times of depression, is in reading Walter Scott's novels.'

The genius of Scott was almost universal; he has shown himself great in every way that literature has displayed itself in for these hundred years: Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and Byron, have each, in their particular line, equalled or excelled him; but then he surpassed them all, save perhaps the first, in the combination of many and various excellencies. He was poet, historian, biographer, novelist and critic. As a poet, he may dispute in many things supremacy with the loftiest of his day; as a historian, he is only equalled by Southey; as a biographer, he had not the highest success, because he took up the characters of the changeable Dryden and shifting Swift; as a critic, he ranks with the best; and as a novelist, he is not only unrivalled, but he stands on the scale of excellence above all preceding writers, save Cervantes.

By his poetry he was first known to the world, though much of the prose of his 'Border Minstrel' shows the largeness and variety of his powers. The astonishing case, vigor, and vehemence of his verse captivated all Europe. His poems are a succession of historical figures, which have all the fine proportion and well-defined forms of sculpture, with this difference—they move, and speak, and act, and are inspired with love or heroism, according to the will of the poet. I have made this allusion to a sister art, to show that I think the aid of science is necessary in the conception of the characters of Epic song, and that nature must be refined and elevated. Yet, though works of art, the heroes of Scott have less of the repose of sculpture about them than any characters with which I am acquainted. No one, since the days of Homer, has with a burning and impetuous breath, sung of the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle. He remembers the precept of Punch, and keeps moving; his soldiers are not like those of the gifted Giffian, who were an angered by the way, and tarried for a word of refreshment in season; and the poet is not the

**Retired Lierses,**
Who in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
of Milton, but a leader blessed with a ready promptitude of soul, who eyes his enemy, marks a vulnerable part, and rushes to the fray at once. I know nothing, in verse, to compare with many of the passages of his historical poems;—the 'Night March of Deoraine,' and his winning the magic book, in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'; the battle scene and the quarrel with the Earl of Angus, in 'Marmion'; the ambush of Roderick Dhu, and his single combat with Fitz James, in the 'Lady of the Lake'; the deeds of Bertram Risingham, in 'Rokeby,' and the characters and different bearings of Robert and Edward Bruce, with the ambush which surprised the castle of Kildrummy, in the 'Lord of the Isles,' are alike unequalled and wonderful. Action—action—action is the fault as well as the excellence of Scott: Tasso and Spenser have indulged their heroes with
pastoral retirements and bowers of bliss; and Milton himself soothes even his devils with a sort of uneasy repose;—but Scott seldom deviates from the highway which leads to the catastrophe: his soldiers pluck no flowers by the road to decorate their arms: and save in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' the poet never allows his characters to pause and contemplate. In this he resembles Byron, and differs from all other poets. His verse is easy, flowing, and various, and, though resembling in many points that of the old romances, is decidedly original in all that is important.

Of his powers as a historian, I have already spoken. He took Froissart more for his model than he did Hume; though he speaks both to eye and mind, he chiefly consults the former. His battle scenes in his 'Napoleon,' are in a different style from those in his poems, because personal valour ruled in the elder days of war, as much as mind rules now. The Battle of the Pyramids is a moving and animated scene: the master mind of Napoleon triumphed, without much exertion, over the most magnificent body of cavalry the world perhaps ever saw: we are made to see, that individual valor is nought against the military mathematics of the new school of conquest. The same may be said of the European battles, while to the scientific beauty of the Emperor's combinations, he adds the heady whirlwind charges of Murat of the Snowy Plume; the impetuosity of the impetuous Ney; the readiness of the spoiled child of victory, Massena; the sagacity and skill of Soult, and the heavy bravery of Vandamme. Nor is he less happy in his domestic pictures, though he loves most the camp and the battle—the siege and the storm. His style is too familiar now and then, and he sometimes wants brevity; he is, however, honest and fair in his estimates of public and private character; and one may answer many of his sternest critics, by asking them, could he, with any consistency, love alike the Napoleon of the year 1796, and the Napoleon of the year 1806?

His biographies, in which I include the characters of the novelists, as well as the lives of Dryden and Swift, have many sagacious and impressive passages, and are nearly deficient in critical skill, nor in the perception and delineation of character. But they are too diffused, disconnected, and rambling. His comparison of Fielding and Smollett, is as just as it is beautiful; but his mind was too exclusive to be limited long to the contemplation of one point: he failed here, in comparison with his other works, from exuberance of fancy and over-abundance of knowledge. In criticism, he was sly and graceful, sagacious and profound, as the subject required: his estimate of Byron is nearer the truth than his estimate of Burns; the station of the former gilds his follies, and makes his wildest and most licentious sallies pass for the brave things of a nobleman; while the rash sayings and reckless wit of the latter, are set down to the nature of the man, and imputed to a sort of studied contempt for the forms of society and gentle civilities of social life. I know not that he is so profound a critic as he is a pleasant and instructive one: he leads us towards his subject through beds of lilies, and along haunted brooks; and we grow so charmed with our guide, that we nearly forget the object of our journey.

All the qualities which enchained us in his poetry and history, are united in his romances: his historical epics were addressed more exclusively to minds polished by study, and to all who had any pretence to imagination: he appeals to the same feelings in his prose romances, but adds, what the other could not from its nature admit, the dramatic drolleries and humble humanities of rustic life. He has thus seized on the hearts of all ranks: the loftiest imagination will be pleased with his flights—which often approach the clouds, but never enter them; and the humblest intellect in the scale of Sparsheim cannot resist being moved with his familiar delineations—which often touch the debatable land of propriety, but never pass the border. It is this singular union of the higher and lower qualities, which raises him in my opinion—I speak from the pleasure a work affords me, and not by any rule—above all novelists who ever wrote, with the exception of Cervantes: he lives more in the upper, and as much in the lower sir as Fielding; he has all the fertility of Smollett, but never caricatures; he has all the poetic fancy and tenderness of Wilson, brightened with sallies of wit, and the quaint, blunt humor of the clouted shoe; and he has a command over human character far more
extensive than all other novelists put together. The rapid vehemence of his narrative, which, like the morning sun, glances on the loftiest and most striking points of the landscape, is nothing compared with his portraits of individual character; he is an inexhaustible as nature: they all belong also to the places where he puts them, as naturally as an acorn belongs to its cup: he gives us their likeness in a few happy touches, and then proceeds to endow them with sentiments, and lead them into action. Some authors are happy in having imagined one successful character: Scott has raised them in battalions; all vigorous in body and soul; their speech colored somewhat by their condition and means of knowledge; and all as different as a sensitive plant is from a Scotch thistle. In this, no one is worthy of being named with him, save Shakspeare; but Scott's sympathy with human nature is more generous and wide-reaching than that of the great dramatist, who has no Dinmonts, Headriggs, Ochiltrees or Monilies—his peasants are pye-coated fools; his citizens dolts or heroes of East Cheap. All with Scott is easy: he never labors; he never seems to say the half of what he could say on any subject, while most other authors write till the theme is exhausted. No other genius ever exercised over the world so wide a rule: no one, perhaps, ever united so many great—almost god-like qualities, and employed them so generously for the benefit of the living. It is not to us alone that he has spoken: his voice will delight thousands of generations unborn, and charm his country while wood grows and water runs.

[It was stated in some of the journals that the debts of Sir Walter amounted to £60,000: a correspondent informs us that the amount is now reduced to £53,000; and, as a set-off against this sum, the trustees have between £9 and £10,000 in hand, and his life insurance for £22,000, leaving a balance of about £21,000; which, we have no doubt, will be raised in the course of a week, the creditors settled with, and Abbotsford preserved for his family.]

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON,
BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(Continued from page 209.)

He is an extraordinary person, indiscreet to a degree that is surprising, exposing his own feelings, and entering into details of those of others, that ought to be sacred, with a degree of frankness as unnecessary as it is rare. Incontinence of speech is his besetting sin. He is, I am persuaded, incapable of keeping any secret, however it may concern his own honor or that of another; and the first person with whom he found himself tête-à-tête, would be made the confidant, without any reference to his worthiness of the confidence or not. This indiscretion proceeds not from malice, but, I should say, from want of delicacy of mind. To this was owing the publication of his 'Farewell,' addressed to Lady Byron,—a farewell that must have lost all effect as an appeal to her feelings the moment it was exposed to the public—nay, must have offended her delicacy.

Byron spoke to day in terms of high commendation of Hope's 'Anastasius;' said that he kept bitterly over many pages of it, and for two reasons, first, that he had not written it, and secondly, that Hope had; for that it was necessary to like a man excessively to pardon his writing such a book—a book, as he said, excelling all recent productions, as much in wit and talent, as in true pathos. He added, that he would have given his two most approved poems to have been the author of 'Anastasius.'
From 'Anastasius' he wandered to the works of Mr. Galt, praised the 'Annals of the Parish' very highly, as also 'The Entail,' which we had lent him, and some scenes of which he said had affected him very much. 'The characters in Mr. Galt's novels have an identity,' added Byron, 'that reminds me of Wilkie's pictures.'

As a woman, I felt proud of the homage he paid to the genius of Mrs. Hemans; and as a passionate admirer of her poetry, I felt flattered, at finding that Lord Byron fully sympathized with my admiration. He has, or at least expresses a strong dislike to the Lake school of poets, never mentions them except in ridicule, and he and I nearly quarrelled to-day because I defended poor Keats.

On looking out from the balcony this morning, I observed Byron's countenance change, and an expression of deep sadness steal over it. After a few minutes silence, he pointed out to me a boat anchored to the right, as the one in which his friend Shelley went down, and he said the sight of it made him ill.—'You should have known Shelley (said Byron) to feel how much I must regret him. He was the most gentle, most amiable, and least worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius, joined to a simplicity, as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a beauideal of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. He had a most brilliant imagination, but a total want of worldly-wisdom. I have seen nothing like him, and never shall again, I am certain. I never can forget the night that his poor wife rushed into my room at Pisa, with a face pale as marble, and terror impressed on her brow, demanding, with all the tragic impetuosity of grief and alarm, where was her husband! Vain were all our efforts to calm her; a desperate sort of courage seemed to give her energy to confront the horrible truth that awaited her; it was the courage of despair; I have seen nothing in tragedy on the stage so powerful, or so affecting, as her appearance, and it often presents itself to my memory. I knew nothing then of the catastrophe, but the vividness of her terror communicated itself to me, and I feared the worst, which fears were, alas! too soon fearfully realized.

Mrs. Shelley is very clever, indeed it would be difficult for her not to be so, the daughter of Mary Wolstonecraft and Godwin, and the wife of Shelley, could be no common person.'

Byron talked to-day of Leigh Hunt, regretted his ever having embarked in the 'Liberal,' and said that it had drawn a nest of hornets on him, but expressed a very good opinion of the talents and principles of Mr. Hunt, though, as he said, 'our tastes are so opposite, that we are totally unsuited to each other. He admires the Lakers—I abhor them; in short, we are more formed to be friends at a distance, than near.' I can perceive that he wishes Mr. Hunt and his family away. It appears to me that Byron is a person, who, without reflection, would form engagements which, when condemned by his friends or advisers, he would gladly get out of without considering the means, or at least, without reflecting on the humiliation such a desertion must inflict on the persons he had associated with him. He gives me the idea of a man, who, feeling himself in such a dilemma, would become cold and ungracious to the parties with whom he so stood, before he had mental courage sufficient to abandon them. I may be wrong, but the whole of his manner of talking of Mr. Hunt gives me this impression, though he has not said what might be called an unkind word of him.

Much as Byron has braved public opinion, it is evident he has a great
deference for those who stand high in it, and that he is shy in attaching himself publicly to persons who have even, however undeservedly, fallen under its censure. His expressed contempt and defiance of the world, reminds me of the bravadoes of children, who, afraid of darkness, make a noise to give themselves courage to support what they dread. It is very evident that he is partial to aristocratic friends: he dwells with complacency on the advantages of rank and station, and has more than once boasted that people of family are always to be recognized by a certain air, and the smallness and delicacy of their hands.

He talked in terms of high commendation of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Hobhouse; but a latent sentiment of pique was visible in his manner from the idea he appeared to entertain that Mr. Hobhouse had undervalued him. Byron evidently likes praise: this is a weakness, if weakness it be, that he partakes in common with mankind in general; but he does not seem aware that a great compliment is implied in the very act of telling a man his faults—for the friend who undertakes this disagreeable office must give him whom he censures credit for many good qualities, as well as no ordinary portion of candor and temper, to suppose him capable of hearing their recapitulation of his failings. Byron, is, after all, a spoiled child, and the severe lessons he has met with being disproportioned to the errors that called them forth, has made him view the faults of the civilized world through a false medium; a sort of discolored magnifying glass, while his own are gazed at through a concave lens. All that Byron has told me of the frankness and unbending honesty of Mr. Hobhouse's character has given me a most favorable impression of that gentleman.

Byron gave me to day a MS. copy of verses, addressed to Lady Byron, on reading in a newspaper that she had been ill. How different is the feeling that pervades them from that of the letter addressed to her which he has given me! a lurking tenderness, suppressed by a pride that was doubtful of the reception it might meet, is evident in one, while bitterness, uncompromising bitterness, marks the other. Neither were written but with deep feelings of pain, and should be judged as the outpourings of a wounded spirit, demanding pity more than anger. I subjoin the verses, though not without some reluctance. But while to the public they are of that value that any reasons for their suppression ought to be extremely strong, so, on the other hand, I trust, they cannot hurt either her feelings to whom they are addressed, or his memory by whom they are written. To her, because the very bitterness of reproach proves that unconquerable affection which cannot but heal the wound it causes. To him, because who, in the shattered feelings they betray, will not acknowledge the grief that hurries into error, and (may we add in charity!)—atones it.

'TO * * * *
'And thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee;
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;
Methought that joy and health alone could be
Where I was not—and pain and sorrow here!
And is it thus?—it is as I foretold,
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
While heaviness collects the shattered spoils.
It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benum'd, and wish to be no more,
But in the after silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.'
I am too well avenged!—but 't was my right;
Whate'er my sins might be, thou wert not sent
To be the Nemesis who should requite—
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.

'Mercy is for the merciful!'—if thou
Hast been of such, 't will be accorded now.
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep!—
Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep:
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!
I have had many foes, but none like thee;
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
And be avenged, or turn them into friend;
But thou in safe implacability
Had'st nought to dread—in thy own weakness shielded,
And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,
And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare—
And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—
And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—
On things that were not, and on things that are—
Even upon such a basis hast thou built
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
And he'w'd down, with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life
Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part.
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,
Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
For present anger, and for future gold—
And buying other's grief at any price.
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,
The early Truth, which was thy proper praise,
Did not still walk beside thee—but at times,
And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,
Deceit, averments incompatible,
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus-spirits—the significant eye
Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext
Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd—
The acquiescence in all things which tend,
No matter how, to the desired end—
All found a place in thy philosophy.
The means were worthy, and the end was won—
I would not do by thee as thou hast done!'
refusing any explanation—never answering his letters, or holding out even a hope that in future years their child might form a bond of union between them, he felt exasperated against her, and vented this feeling in his writings; nay more, he blushed for his own weakness in thinking so often and so kindly of one who certainly showed no symptom of ever bestowing a thought on him. The mystery attached to Lady Byron’s silence has piqued him, and kept alive an interest that, even now, appears as lively as if their separation was recent. —There is something so humiliating in the consciousness that some dear object, to whom we thought ourselves necessary, and who occupies much of our thoughts, can forget that we exist, or at least act as if she did so, that I can well excuse the bitterness of poor Byron’s feelings on this point, though not the published sarcasms caused by this bitterness; and whatever may be the sufferings of Lady Byron, they are more than avenged by what her husband feels.

It appears to me extraordinary, that a person who has given such interesting sketches of the female character, as Byron has in his works,* should be so little au fait of judging feminine feeling under certain circumstances. He is surprised that Lady Byron has never relented since his absence from England; but he forgets how that absence has been filled up on his part. I ventured to suggest this, and hinted that, perhaps, had his conduct been irreproachable during the first years of their separation, and unstained by an attachment that could have widened the breach between them, it is possible that Lady Byron might have become reconciled to him; but that no woman of delicacy could receive or answer letters written beneath the same roof that sheltered some female favorite, whose presence alone proved that the husband could not have those feelings of propriety or affection towards his absent wife, the want of which constitutes a crime that all women, at least, can understand to be one of those least pardonable. How few men understand the feelings of women! Sensitive, and easily wounded as we are, obliged to call up pride to support us in trials that always leave fearful marks behind, how often are we compelled.to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference when the heart inly bleeds; and the decent composure, put on with our visiting garments to appear in public, and, like them, worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside; and all the dreariness, the heart-consuming cares, that woman alone can know, return to make us feel, that though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenance with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman can only understand a woman’s heart—we cannot, dare not complain—sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it; and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed—and while we nurse the grief ‘that lies too deep for tears,’ and consume alike health and peace, a man may with impunity express all, nay, more than he feels—court and meet sympathy, while his leisure hours are cheered by occupations and pleasures, the latter too often such as ought.to prove how little he stood in need of compassion, except for his vices.

I stated something of this to Lord Byron to-day, apropos to the difference between his position and that of his wife. He tried to prove to me

* With due deference to the acute narrator, may we ask if he has really done so? Is the female character itself drawn in the Medorins and Zuleikas? or are those heroines mere and dim personifications of common-place traits in the female character?—Ed.
how much more painful was his situation than here; but I effected some alteration in his opinion when I had fairly placed their relative positions before him—at least such as they appeared to me. I represented Lady Byron to him, separating in early youth, whether from just or mistaken motives for such a step, from the husband of her choice, after little more than a brief year's union, and immediately after that union had been cemented by the endearing, strengthening tie of a new-born infant! carrying with her into solitude this fond and powerful remembrance of its father, how much must it have cost her to resist the appeals of such a pleader!—wearing away her youth in almost monastic seclusion, her motives questioned by some, and appreciated by few—seeking consolation alone in the discharge of her duties, and avoiding all external demonstrations of a grief that her pale cheek and solitary existence are such powerful vouchers for. Such is the portrait I gave him of Lady Byron—his own I ventured to sketch as follows:

I did not enter into the causes, or motives of the separation, because I know them not, but I dwelt on his subsequent conduct:—the appealing on the separation to public sympathy, by the publication of verses, that ought only to have met the eye of her to whom they were addressed, was in itself an outrage to that delicacy, that shrinks from and shuns publicity, so inherent in the female heart. He leaves England, the climate, modes, and customs of which had never been congenial to his taste, to seek beneath the sunny skies of Italy, and all the soul-exciting objects that classic land can offer, a consolation for domestic disappointment. How soon were the broken ties of conjugal affection replaced by less holy ones! I refer not to his attachment to La Contessa Guiccioli, because at least it is of a different and a more pure nature, but to those degrading passion which marked the first year or two of his residence in Italy, and must ever from their revolting coarseness remain a stain on his fame. It may be urged that disappointment and sorrow drove him into such excesses; but admitting this, surely we must respect the grief that is borne in solitude, and with the most irreproachable delicacy of conduct, more than that which flies to gross sensualities for relief.

Such was the substance, and I believe nearly the words I repeated to him to-day; and it is but justice to him to say that they seemed to make a deep impression. He said that if my portrait of Lady Byron's position was indeed a faithful one, she was much more to be pitied than he; that he felt deeply for her, but that he had never viewed their relative situations in the same light before: he had always considered her as governed wholly by pride.

I urged that my statement was drawn from facts; that, of the extreme privacy and seclusion of her life, ever since the separation, there could be no doubt; and this alone vouched for the feelings that led to it.

He seemed pleased and gratified by the reflections I had made, insensibly fell into a tone of tenderness in speaking of Lady Byron, and pressed my hand with more than usual cordiality. On bidding me good bye, his parting words were, 'you probe old and half-healed wounds, but though you give pain, you excite a more healthy action, and do good.'

His heart yearns to see his child: all children of the same age remind him of her, and he loves to recur to the subject.

Poor Byron has hitherto been so continually occupied with dwelling on, and analyzing his own feelings, that he has not reflected on those of his wife. He cannot understand her observing such a total silence on their position, because he could not, and cannot resist making it the
Song of the Sea Nymphs.

topic of conversation with even chance associates: this, which an impar-
tial observer of her conduct would attribute to deep feelings, and a sense
of delicacy, he concludes to be caused by pride and want of feeling.
We are always prone to judge of others by ourselves, which is one of
the reasons why our judgments are in general so erroneous. Man may
be judged of by his species en masse, but he who would judge of man-
kind in the aggregate, from one specimen of the genus, must be often in
error, and this is Byron's case.

(To be continued.)

SONG OF THE SEA NYMPHS.

I gazed upon her silent face,
       But death had rested there,
And on her marble cheek I dropt
       A burning heart-wrung tear;
And every breast was sobbing loud,
       Within that mournful cot;
I thought my bleeding heart would break,
       But ah! they knew me not.

I saw her settled eye-lids shade
       Those orbs of softest blue,
Which beam'd a welcome when we met,
       Where dark trees closely grew;
I saw her auburn ringlets lie,
       And have not yet forgot,
How once I stole a waving tress—
       But ah! they knew me not.

I saw those lips I oft had kiss'd,
       Like faded roses lie,
I gazed upon her cold white breast,
       And gave a deep, deep sigh;
I thought how once that bosom beat
       When seated in her grot,
And I recall'd my broken vow—
       But ah! they knew me not.

I bent to kiss her placid brow,
       All eyes on me did gaze,
Save those which had forever closed
       Their brightly piercing rays;
I saw them strew around her bier
       Wild flowers, and knew the spot,
Where once they bloom'd—I saw no more:
       But ah! they knew me not.
AUTHOR OF THE EXCURSION.

THE ATHENÆUM.

JANUARY, 1833.

MEMOIRS OF LAFAYETTE.*

M. SARRANS has acted for some years in the capacity of private secretary to General Lafayette: he appears to have been thoroughly acquainted with the part which that distinguished individual took in the late revolution especially; and everything that came to his knowledge upon that subject, he has here set down, as he assures us, with the greatest fidelity, and without reserve. Indeed, he acknowledges that in the latter respect he has been 'guilty of an indiscretion, perhaps it will be said of an abuse of confidence.' We can easily understand this confession. It will be convenient for the General to say that he has not sanctioned the publication, as it discloses matter with respect to which, probably, he might have been expected to have observed a discreet silence during his life. It cannot be supposed that M. Sarrans would have sacrificed his character as a man of honor, by publishing against the avowed wishes of his friend and patron.

Passing this point over as a matter, to the public at least, of little interest, it must, we think, be admitted by every person who peruses these volumes, that they throw a flood of light upon the history of the late revolution, and upon the present confused, motley, unsatisfactory, and, indeed, portentous state of parties in France. The political arena of Paris is at this moment, and has been for upwards of two years, a stage upon which all are actors; no man appears upon it in his own natural character; every body is masked and dominoed, apparently engaged in watching the movements of those around him, with the ultimate view of pushing his fortunes as soon as the moment most favorable to his purposes shall have arrived. In other words, the active politicians, at present conspicuous in France, are little more or less than a set of gamblers, playing at dice, the stakes being places in the cabinet, instead of sums of money. There is not among them any one of a powerful and transcendent mind, capable of collecting men of ability within the shadow of his name, and of restraining them there by the attraction of his personal influence. The king has shown much doggedness, but


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no talents that can command respect, no disposition that can win regard. We believe that he is generally disliked in France, and that since the commencement of his war against the press, he is looked upon as in nowise a better Bourbon than Charles X. Lafayette was tried, and found inadequate to meet the difficulties that beset his ministry: Perier, who promised well, has fallen a victim to his new occupations; Louis Philippe has succeeded him, and plays king and minister, until he can find another Perier. Everything looks unsettled; the trade of France becomes every day more embarrassed; the government has been thrown back into a provisional state; and it is too little thought of, that during all this time of ministerial interregnum, the military spirit of the nation is becoming more and more inflamed against the autocrat of the north, and the wily diplomacy of Vienna. 'Parties vie one with another,' says M. Sarrans, 'in artifice. One affects confidence in the midst of alarm, another joy, when overwhelmed with grief; one, which lives only on its fond recollections of the past, pretends to plead for the future; and another yields to existing things, only to arrive the more surely at things which do not exist. Interested policy everywhere takes place of honesty and energy, and the spirit of expectation and disguise overrules all circumstances.' To describe this multiplicity of interests and views, is the object of the present work; a most interesting enterprise it is, in every point of view, and a very successful one, so far as we, who are placed at a distance from the scene of action, are enabled to judge.

The late revolution was so utterly improvised; it was so sudden in its origin, so rapid in its progress, so decisive in giving victory to the people, that no one had time to think of the principles upon which the popular victory might be turned to the greatest advantage of the nation. A few words pronounced by Lafayette—'a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions,' had the effect of a talisman: they afforded the hope of immediate tranquillity to the timid, who feared a republic; they flattered and directed the enthusiasm of the bold, who were fresh from the battle against the old monarchy. But though the new king accepted the throne upon the republican conditions with which it was accompanied, it has been his constant aim, under a variety of pretexts, to get rid of the conditions, and to look upon himself rather as a successor to the throne, called to it out of his turn by circumstances, than elected to it by the representatives of the people. The vice of family pride appears to be as predominant in his character, as in that of the unhappy Duchess d'Angouleme herself; and it has led him into a train of policy, which will certainly terminate in his expulsion from France, and in the establishment of republican institutions without any throne at all.

M. Sarrans commences his work with a brief review of the early life of Lafayette, into which it is not our intention to enter, as it is already sufficiently well known. It is also known, that during the combat which in Paris followed the famous ordinances, Lafayette was the first to propose the idea of a provisional government. But it is not equally
well known—at least we never heard, until we perused these volumes—that at one of the conferences held by the deputies during the earlier stages of the revolution, Perier confidentially proposed offering some millions to Marmont, to seduce him to the cause of the people; and even insisted that M. Lafayette, who had pecuniary transactions with Marmont, should undertake the negociation.' But Lafayette resisted this idea, and suggested that Marmont should be ordered to stop the firing on the people. It is a curious fact, that the first meetings of the deputies were well attended, though they had yet no notion of making a revolution: but as soon as the people received a check, not half the number of deputies attended; and, in point of fact, the declaration which was issued as if signed by sixty-three deputies, was signed only by eight, the names of the others were added without their consent being even solicited. 'Should we be vanquished,' said M. Lafayette, 'they will belie us, and prove that we are only eight: if, on the other hand, we are conquerors, he satisfied, the signatures will be matter of emulation.' One party was for bold and decisive measures; another, still for compromise with the reigning dynasty; and when it was proposed to raise the tri-colored cockade, the dissentients retired, and thus reduced the patriotic party to five!—Lafayette, Lafayette, de Laborde, Maugin, and Audry de Puyraveau. This was on the memorable night of the 28th of July; the night when the barricades were erected. Early the next day, all the probabilities of victory declared for the people: a provisional government, or rather an imaginary government, bearing the names of Lafayette, Gerard, and Choiseul, was assumed to have been formed: a rallying point was thus given to the people, and they triumphed at all points. Lafayette's house was the great centre of operations, whence were supplied cartridges, orders, commanders, and sometimes even bread. By this time the meetings of the deputies were again increased: as many as thirty or forty attended, and deliberated under the presidency of their host; but even still they lagged behind the people in their exertions. The people, in short, achieved everything; the deputies, at least the great majority of them, did nothing, until they could no longer help it. Up to this moment, Lafayette was busy everywhere, and everywhere received with enthusiasm by the people; but the deputies seemed afraid or jealous of his interference, and were anxious, if possible, to dispense with his services. But his offer at the critical moment to take upon himself the command of all the military forces, could not be refused, and from that time he became one of the principal leaders of the revolution. He was borne to the Hotel de Ville in triumph, a municipal commission having been organized at the same time. The author thus sums up the events of the momentous preceding days.

'From the moment of the publication of the ordinances, some men, devoted during many years to the interests of the house of Orleans, had conceived the project of substituting the younger for the elder branch of the reigning house, and all their proceedings, during the three days' struggle, tended towards this result.
M. Laffitte was especially the patron of this dénouement. * The Duke of Orleans was at Neully; between the court, which committed the error of not summoning him to St. Cloud, and Paris, to the insurrection of which he was a total stranger. So early as eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, M. Laffitte, who had arrived only a few hours previously, sent for M. Oudart, secretary to the Duchess of Orleans, and despatched him to Neully, with notice to the Prince, of the meeting of deputies which was to take place at noon, at the house of M. Audry de Puyraveau, and to entreat his royal highness to be careful to avoid the emissaries of St. Cloud. This opening, which no doubt was not confined to a simple message of prudent advice, was made on Wednesday morning, a period when everything was still in suspense. His royal highness, therefore, kept his thoughts close, and said little. The Duke of Orleans, however, was sensible of the tender solicitude of M. Laffitte, and in pure condescension to the recommendation of his banker, condemned himself to the inconvenience of passing the entire night in a kiosk, concealed in the middle of the park, around which vigilant and faithful friends were on the watch. On Thursday morning, M. Laffitte again sent M. Oudart to Neully; his importunities were now pressing: he informed the prince of all that had passed in the meetings of the preceding days, of the exasperation of the public spirit against the elder branch, of the singular importance of his present situation, and of the necessity in which the Duke of Orleans stood of choosing, within twenty-four hours, between a crown and a passport. It is said, that already the choice was no longer doubtful; and that this time his royal highness’s reply was such as to satisfy his partizans upon the cruel sacrifice they exacted of his patriotism; in fact, the die was cast, and the Duke of Orleans submitted to place upon his citizen head that crown of thorns, up to which, as every body knows, he had never elevated his ambition. Therefore, had M. Laffitte, who, during the whole of Wednesday, and the morning of Thursday, exchanged several messages with the Duke of Orleans, already dexterously prepared the minds of the deputies, and of several members of the provisional government, in favor of the lieutenantcy of the kingdom by the Duke of Orleans, when Lafayette and the municipal commission installed themselves in the Hotel-de-Ville.

While the military chiefs were taking measures to consolidate the victory achieved by the people alone, and the municipal commission, with the commissioners entrusted with the different departments, were re-organizing the general advice, a fraction of the chamber of deputies, in a meeting at M. Laffitte’s, were employing themselves in arranging a new order of things. A deputation, composed of M. M. d’Argout, Scionville, and Vitrolles, had presented itself at the Hotel-de-Ville, to treat in the name of Charles X., and to announce to the commission that the ordinances were withdrawn, and a new ministry nominated, which included M. M. Casimir Perier, and Gérard. These envoy’s were introduced to the municipal commission, and the presence of Lafayette was requested. The answer was not delayed: the people had fought to the cry of Down with the Bourbons, and it was too late; the Bourbons had ceased to reign. This was what M. M. Lafayette, Audry de Puyraveau, and Maugín, formally declared to the ambassadors from St. Cloud, in the presence of M. Perier, who kept silence. The royal commissioners were about to retire, when M. de Scionville having addressed himself to Lafayette, the latter asked him if the Bourbons had yet assumed the tri-colored cockade; and on his answer that it was a serious consideration, the general replied, that they might now dispense with any pain this act might cost them, as it was already too late: all was over.

The next day, M. de Sussu, the bearer of a letter from M. de Mortemart, the

* This idea was of many years’ standing. The discourse pronounced by the deputy of the Seine, on the 10th of February, 1817, on the subject of the project of law relative to the finances, and in which he maintained that the English are indebted for their liberty, to the revolution which passed the crown to William III., is still remembered. Not only was this bold opinion then made the text of the most violent attacks upon M. Laffitte by the journals of the restoration, but it gave occasion to the prime minister, the Duke of Richelieu, to demand of the honorable deputy a categorical answer, whether or no his intentions had been to excite a movement in favor of the Duke of Orleans.
new prime minister of Charles X., and an enclosure containing the recall of the ordinances, found Lafayette surrounded by his officers, and a crowd of citizens.

"We need be under no constraint," said he to M. de Susey, "I am here in the midst of my friends, and have no secrets with them;" and opening the papers, the contents of which he read in a loud voice—"Well!" said he to the people, "what answer shall we make?" "No more negotiations!" was the cry from all sides. "You hear," continued Lafayette, "it is too late."

Some time afterwards, a patriot orator, sent to some regiments which covered the court, having brought back information that the commander of the royal troops, on the bridge of St. Cloud, complained that since the recall of the ordinances, no explanation had been made to them, and asked a categorical answer; Lafayette sent him back immediately, with a billet couched in the following terms:

"I am asked for an explicit answer on the situation of the royal family, since its last aggression upon the public liberty, and the victory of the Parisian population; I shall give it frankly: it is, that all conciliation is impossible, and that the royal family has ceased to reign.

"Lafayette."

Since their propositions were obstinately rejected at the Hotel-de-Ville, the commissioners of Charles X. hoped to find a better reception at M. Lafayette's. About nine or ten o'clock in the evening, M. d'Argout presented himself to the members of the Chamber, who were sitting at the house of this deputy, and declared to them, that he was commissioned to announce to them, in the name of the king, his master, the recall of the ordinances, and the formation of a ministry composed of characters more acceptable to the country; that matters were therefore re-established as before the violation of the charter, and that Charles X. made no doubt but the national representation would interpose its mediation to bring the people back to their allegiance. The answer of M. Lafayette was as peremptory as had been that of M. Lafayette, at the Hotel-de-Ville. "War has decided," said he to M. d'Argout; "Charles X. is no longer king of France." M. d'Argout withdrew, after vainly insisting on the guarantees of inviolability with which the constitution still surrounded the person of the king. Some moments afterwards, M. Forbin Janson came to announce that his brother-in-law, the Duke de Mortemart, claimed a safe conduct, to present himself before the meeting of the deputies. This demand was acceded to, and M. Lafayette was solely charged to answer the overtures of the new president of Charles X.'s council of ministers; but M. de Mortemart did not appear.

From that moment the cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons was irrecoverably lost, not only in the will of the people, but in the thoughts of the two centres of action, which had possessed themselves of the direction of affairs. The Hotel-de-Ville, and the Lafayette meeting, were agreed as to the definite expulsion of the reigning family, but by no means as to the form of government ulteriorly to be adopted, or the new dynasty to be elected. These capital questions were subjects of warm controversy at the Hotel-de-Ville; while at Lafayette's, almost an entire unanimity prevailed upon the choice of the Duke of Orleans, or rather upon the proclamation of his choice, already prepared by the efforts and the manoeuvres of the honorable banker.

Here, then, were two parties already formed at the head of the revolution: Lafayette and his military colleagues being, as we may believe, for a republic upon the American plan, and Lafayette and the other members of the municipal commission being for placing the crown on the head of the Duke of Orleans. The latter project is described by M. Sarrans as 'a great intrigue,' brought about chiefly by the exertions of Lafayette. Neither party, we must here observe, seems to have thought of consulting the people,—the people to whom alone the victory belonged: Lafayette and his friends actually appear to have managed the whole affair, as if it had been a mere matter of business with
which they, and they only, had been entrusted. We must continue
this singular narrative.

About ten o'clock, almost all the deputies present in Paris met at M. Lafayette's;
some peers also joined them, amongst whom was the Duke de Broglie, who spoke
at length upon the popular exasperation, and the danger of a republic. These
dangers, purposely exaggerated by M. Dupin, produced a pretty general anxiety,
of which M. Lafayette skilfully took advantage, to propose the election of the Duke
of Orleans, as the only means of arresting the torrent, and fixing all uncertainties.
This opinion, now officially expressed for the first time, produced some astonish-
ment, and provoked some contradiction; but M. Dupin supported it with so much
elocution and energy, that it became immediately evident, that a measure, which
it was affected merely to offer for deliberation, was no other than a project already
agreed upon between the Prince, and a party headed by M. Lafayette. Numerous
deputies were, however, still undecided, and the discussion became more animat-
ed; when the adroit champion of the house of Orleans observed with solemnity,
that the place for the deputies of France, re-constructing the government of a
great empire, was the Palais Bourbon, and not the cabinet of a private individual.
This recommendation prevailed, and it was determined that in two hours the de-
puties should assemble in the Hall of Sitting of the Chamber. The Orleanists
made good use of this interval, in re-doubling their persuasions and seductions.

Nevertheless, at the opening of this memorable sitting, opinions appeared more
than ever divided: all systems, the republican excepted, here found partisans;
by turns the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Bordeaux, the Duke of Angoulême,
were named; and even Charles X., who, incredible fact! united the evident ma-
jority of voices. It was at this decisive moment, that M. Sebastiani was heard to
exclaim on the subject of the tri-colored flag, displayed on the Hotel-de-Ville, that
"The white flag is now the only national standard!" It was also at this moment
that M. de Sussuy, repulsed from the Hotel-de-Ville, came to present to the Cham-
ber the recall of the ordinances, and the formation of a new ministry; insisting,
but in vain, as may be imagined, that M. Lafayette should transmit these nomi-
nations to the parties for whom they were destined.

The principal object of the meeting, was to determine upon the declaration
which was to call the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenancy of the kingdom. A
committee had been directed to present a report to the Chamber on this important
measure: and some members of the Chamber of Peers had joined themselves to
it; the Duke de Broglie was one of these. A warm discussion arose in the mix-
ed committee, upon the principle on which the throne should be declared vacant;
the peers, and some deputies insisting on the absolute necessity of taking for its
exclusive basis, the abdication of Charles X. and the Duke of Angoulême.

Meanwhile, great agitation was manifested, both within and without the pal-
ace of the legislature. New and secret machinations were spoken of, for adjourn-
ing the decision of the Chamber: it was affirmed that a considerable personage,
recently elevated by Charles X., to the presidency of the Council of Ministers,
had been met on the road to St. Cloud; and, in fact, this report had been confirm-
ed at the Hotel-de-Ville, by several patriots, upon whose depositions, an order of
arrest had been issued against M. Casimir Périor. Whatever may be the truth of
this matter, the uneasiness was general, when the President of the Chamber, M.
Laffitte, informed of what was passing in the committee, and yielding to the im-
patience exhibited on all sides, sent a secretary to invite the committee to an im-
mediate return to the Chamber, and to admonish it that if it hesitated longer,
the deputies would deliberate without hearing its report. This bold and daring mea-
ure put an end to the representation of the legitimists, and to the uncertainty of
the fearful. The proclamation was drawn up, such as it appeared in the Moniteur
of the following day.

M. de Mortemart, to whom a rendezvous had been given at the Chamber, did
not appear there. The parliamentary mind, however, was still so much inclined
to Carism, that it is reasonable to believe, that the presence of this diplomatist
might yet have persuaded the majority into a determination, by which either the
Chamber or the revolution would have been irrecoverably lost. But, however
this might have been, the address of the deputies, calling the Duke of Orleans to
the office of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom was signed, and the victory remained with this prince.

A commission was charged to present this message to the Duke of Orleans, which repaired to the Palais Royal about eight in the evening; the prince was still at Neuilly. The commission wrote to him, to inform him of the nature of its mission, and to transmit the debate which had just taken place in the deputies. His Royal Highness hastened his return to Paris, where he arrived on foot, at eleven o’clock, accompanied by Colonel Berthoz, now aide-de-camp to his Majesty. At eight o’clock the following morning, the members of the deputation, composed of M. M. Gallot, Bérard, Sebastiani, Benjamin Delessert, Duchaffu, and Mathieu Dumas, were informed that the prince was ready to receive them; and at nine o’clock they were admitted to his presence.

I call the attention of my readers to all the circumstances of this interview, because they are of unexceptionable authenticity, and of a nature to throw a strong light on some ulterior events.

M. Bérard spoke first, and developed at much length the motives of general interest, as respected the nation; and of private interest, as regarded the prince himself; which, according to the orator, imposed on the Duke of Orleans the necessity of acquiescing in the proposal of the deputies, by accepting the reins of government, under the provisional title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.

M. Sebastiani was the first to maintain the contrary opinion, and contended, upon arguments drawn from the respect due to legitimacy, from the precarious situation of affairs, and from the possibility of the return of the royal family, that the Duke of Orleans should unhesitatingly decline the offer that had been made to him. M. Benjamin Delessert, adopting the opinion of M. Bérard, whose arguments he repeated more earnestly and pressingly, conjured the prince to save France from the anarchy and civil war which threatened her, and his own house from the impending ruin, of which his refusal would infallibly be the signal. M. Delessert never before spoke so convincingly, so persuasively.

Undecided, and manifestly under the alternate tyranny of hope and fear, the Duke of Orleans dwelt tediously on his family ties with Charles X., and concluded by declaring that he could come to no resolution without consulting a person who was then absent, and his Royal Highness retired to his cabinet, where M. Dupin was already waiting, and where M. Sebastiani was shortly summoned. Who was this eminently sagacious personage, to whose wisdom the destinies of France were subordinate? It was M. de Talleyrand. In fact, M. Sebastiani secretly repaired to the house of the ex-great-chamberlain of Charles X., now become, as the reader perceives, sovereign arbiter of the revolution of July. Here he also found a brave admiral, whose royalist sentiments were beyond doubt, but whose heart bled for the calamities of his country. M. Sebastiani placed the declaration of the deputies in the hands of M. de Talleyrand, who replied: "Well, it must be accepted." These facts, I repeat, are strictly accurate.

Now, let these transactions be compared with the primary motive which determined the subsequent retreat of M. Lafayette, and we shall, perhaps, find a key to many circumstances over which a fearful mystery yet hovers. Be this as it may, after an interval of three-quarters of an hour, the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by M. M. Sebastiani and Dupin, rejoined the committee, and declared that he accepted the office of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.

Had Lafayette been a younger man, and a man of more decision, he might have in the mean time easily settled the question by proclaiming a republic, which was loudly demanded by the crowds assembled at the Hotel de Ville—a republic upon the American plan, with Lafayette for its first President. Some even talked of making him king; but his ambition did not at all tend that way; and it must be admitted that, in all the great movements in which he has taken a part, no man could have shown himself more indifferent to personal aggrandizement than Lafayette. True to his old and firm attachments to the rights of the
people, he was desirous only that a provisional government should be formed, until the people should have an opportunity, in their primary assemblies, of determining upon the kind of government which they might wish to adopt, it being by him, however, understood as a condition, that it was to include a monarchy more or less restricted. But even upon this point he soon gave way, with his characteristic indecision, and acceded to the resolution of the deputies which offered the crown to the Duke of Orleans. Up to the last moment, Lafayette also received propositions for placing the Duke of Bordeaux on the throne, the regency having been offered to himself. As to the intrigue in favor of young Napoleon, Lafayette certainly never favored it. His letter to Joseph Buonaparte on that subject, which will be found in the first volume, sufficiently proves his indifference to the views of the Napoleon family; the recent death of the unfortunate young prince himself takes away all the interest that might have otherwise attached to the correspondence which took place upon this subject. It is of importance to have, from a bystander, so well informed on all points as M. Sarrans, the very words that passed on the occasion of the Lieutenant-General's installation, between His Royal Highness and Lafayette.

"You know," said he, to the Duke of Orleans, "that I am a republican, and that I consider the constitution of the United States as the most perfect system that has ever existed."

"I think so too," replied the Duke of Orleans; "it is impossible to have lived two years in America without being of that opinion; but do you think, in the situation in which France stands, and in the present state of public opinion, we can venture to adopt it here."

"No," replied Lafayette, "what the French people want at the present juncture, is a popular throne, surrounded by republican institutions."

"That is just what I think," replied the Prince.

All that passed in this interview between the Prince and Lafayette, indicated the same republican sentiments on the part of his royal highness, whose liberal professions went even beyond the expectations of the general.

Upon the influence which the revolution in France exercised instantaneously throughout all Europe, M. Sarrans is enthusiastic. He does not exaggerate it much, for undoubtedly though sudden, it struck deep into the heart of the civilized world, in both hemispheres. While considering the commanding attitude which the revolution gave in the first instance to France, M. Sarrans enters into the discussion of an important question; namely, whether after the establishment of the republican throne, there was any longer a European public law—in other words, whether it was incumbent upon the new French government to look upon itself as not bound by any treaties which had been entered into by preceding governments. It surprises us, rather, to find such a question as this gravely stated by M. Sarrans; for, there is no principle better established in international law, than that, whatever kind of government it may be, which rises out of the furnace of a revolution, it immediately succeeds to all the duties and obligations of its predecessor, as far as foreign states are concerned. It is pretty clear, therefore, that M. Sarrans is a member of the party which was desirous of seeing the boundaries of the empire restored with the tri-colored flag, and of prop-
To Richmond.

 negotiating the revolution abroad by fire and sword. He prudently abstains, however, from saying what he thinks France ought to have then done: but his sentiments may be easily gathered from the animadversions he has passed on what it has done.

Lafayette soon perceived Louis Philippe's tendency to retrograde from the popular principles of the revolution, and with his usual frankness said to him one day, 'I know only one man who can now bring France to a republic; and you are that man. Continue to disavow the principle of your origin, and I will answer for it, that the republic, or I may, perhaps, say the demagogic system, can desire no better auxiliary than your majesty.' 'Wait,' replied the king, 'until a certain time, and you will see.' 'Wait till that time!' resumed Lafayette, 'but are you sure that you will reign till then? For my part, I doubt it.' The reader will not be surprised to learn, after this, that the whole of the Doctrinaire and legitimate interest was united for the purpose of removing Lafayette altogether from public affairs.

The conflict that must again attempt, at least, to put an end to the present disquietude of France, cannot be far off. Every hour, we may say, seems to add a fresh cloud to the portentous darkness that has been for some years, indeed, ever since the Congress of Vienna and the establishment of the Holy Alliance, gradually but progressively, spreading itself over the whole political horizon of Europe. Nothing that has been done since that period, has been able to assume, even for a season, the character of stability. Everything that was meant to be unchangeable has soon become changed by circumstances, which no one state, nor any confederation of states, seems capable of controlling. The storm that has been so long gathering, must break at last; the two principles of democratic equality and aristocratic monarchy must soon appear in presence of each other, face to face, and fight, not only for present victory and preponderance, but for the annihilation of the antagonist.

TO RICHMOND.*

'Britannia rules the waves.'—THOMSON.

'By the bye, Twaddel,' said Jones to me, in one of the fine days of June, 'you and I and our set have had all sorts of parties but a water-party;—what say you to one?'—I hemmed and ha-ed a bit, and replied, 'I have no disinclination to such a trip, certainly; but can any of our friends pull an oar,—or even handle a skull?—'I can't,' said Jones candidly, 'nor, I believe, can Wilson, nor Smith, nor Tomlins; but what of that? we can learn, I presume? Rowing is easy enough.'—'Except when it is hard,' said I. Jones smiled and went

* See the direction post at Kew Green.
on. 'Tchew! what can be easier?—You have only to pull so,'—
suiting the action to the word,—' and you row.'—' But with inexperi-
enced persons,' I remarked, 'there is at least some danger.'—' Dan-
ger!' exclaimed Jones, pulling up his collar, and putting on a look
of wonder—' what is that? '—I was silenced by his superior daring,
and said, 'Well; I'll be one. Who are the selected? '—' Wilson, Tom-
lins, Smith, you and I.'—' And the indispensables—the ladies?'—
'Why, we will say the two Miss Browns, Miss Simpson, and Fanny,
and Fatima Smith.'—' Very good. When, where, and what time?'—
'To-morrow at nine, at Searle's, and Richmond our destination.'
—' Well, I will undertake to get you there, if you will yield the en-
tire command of the expedition, as I may call it.'—' It will be, if we
get there in half the usual time,' said Jones chuckling over the jest;
(Jones is not, however, by any means so dabbish at wit as he thinks
he is)—' You interrupted me,' I resumed; 'but who is to arrange the
preliminaries and accessories—the eatables and drinkables, and all
that?'—' Leave the all that to me,' said Jones. ' Well then, to-mor-
row at nine,' and we shook hands and parted.

At nine the next day I was on the Lambeth side of Westminster-
bridge, and at my leisurely pace we were all mustered, the crew
gallantly, and I may say, nautically dressed in striped shirts, white
trousers, white hats, and black neckcloths tied seaman's fashion; our
boat—a shallop with a white awning) manned in no time; the ladies
safely got on board and seated; our provisions stowed away fore and
aft, and everything ready for starting. Expectation ran high, and the
tide was about to do the same; we could not have had a finer morning;
the ladies, though timorous on the one hand, relied on the other upon
the courage and steadiness of the crew; Mr. Searle considerately said
'Now is the time, gentlemen, to start—you could not have a finer
tide;'—I took my station at the helm, Jack-of-the-water pushed us off
the roads, and we were committed to the mighty deep. Some confu-
sion as to the duties of stroke-oar, &c. followed; three of the four
wished to row on the larboard side, but that was impossible, as they
soon discovered; and then Jones very awkwardly dropped his oar with
the blade flat in the water, which flung up a spray that wetted Miss
Simpson, as thoroughly as if she had been in a shower-bath; but she
bore it with a partiality for Jones, which nothing could diminish.—
(Jones is, in many respects, a very great favorite with the ladies, and
deservedly so; for he is a young man of very good expectations, and
plays exceedingly well on the German flute with additional keys.)
Smith and Wilson, equally awkward, sat down with their foolish faces
towards each other, and began to pull, of course; different ways, which
gave rise to considerable merriment on shore: but I put them right
on this nautical point, and then placing them as they should be, di-
rected what they should do. Tomlins was my next vexation, for, be-
fore his partners had dipped their oars in the limpid stream, he began
to pull away as strong as a —— as a —— no matter what—I have
not a comparative at hand; but the effect of his obstinacy was, that
the boat's head was turned to the right about, notwithstanding my
keeping the helm hard aport. Then Jones began to put out his
shoulders:—I must confess that I felt quite ashamed of their obstinac-
y and ignorance. 'The first pull he gave, I thought he would have
drawn us under water; at the second he could not move his oar at all.
'What the devil has got hold of my oar at the bottom?' he roared out,
half laughing, and half alarmed. 'It isn't a shark, I hope!' said
Miss Simpson, and she turned as pale as her lemon kid gloves:—how
simple of Miss Simpson!—I explained to her that sharks in the Thames
were impossible—there might be such things on shore, but they were
not amphibious. And I also explained to Jones, why it was that he could
not lift his oar: he had in technical phraseology, 'caught a crab:' I
told him he should skim the top, not rake the bottom. 'Very good,'
said Jones; and the next stroke he made he missed the water alto-
gether, hit himself a most unmerciful thump in his stomach with his
double-handed oar, which tumbled him heels uppermost, with his head
in Wilson's lap, which broke poor Wilson's watch-glass, Miss Simp-
son's salt-bottle in his pocket, and knocking Wilson backwards,
pitched him with his head into the hamper at the bows, which frac-
tured two bottles of double stout, and cut his occiput clean across the
organ of cautiousness. The ladies shrieked, but Wilson, who is, in
some respects a wag, said, very gaily, 'he didn't mind it no more than
a foreigner.' Several other amusing accidents attended our starting,
but as they were of minor importance, I shall not narrate them here.

With scarcely any pulling at all—wafted along by the silver tide,—
we had reached the red house at Battersea: but now we set to in good
earnest, and our oars dropped in alternately, one, two, three, four, a
regular as the chimes. Here some of the natives on the shore, who
had been observing the gallant style with which we pulled along,
bawled out, 'Go it, tail—(I write the word with the hesitation of re-
luctance—) tailors!'—'It is written and I breathe again!—They no
doubt, mistook us for a party of tradesmen of that sort, than which
nothing could be farther from our thoughts. However, that we might
not be annoyed by such mistakes in future, I determined on putting
the boat out into the middle of the stream. 'Don't, Twaddle!' ex-
claimed the whole of the party, as with one voice, for we had hitherto
kept close in shore, because the water being shallower, it afforded us
some chance of succor if anything should happen to our daring and
adventurous crew:—as Smith observed, in his dry way, 'It would be
very disagreeable to be picked up wringing wet and very dead.' But
the command being in my hands, I was resolute on being obeyed, and
so out I steered into the dangerous bosom of the Thames.

I now, I may say, we, went on swimmingly. The rowers were atten-
tive to their duty, and perspired with pleasure at their successful ex-
terions: the ladies chatted pleasantly with each other on the fashions
and upon Miss Wilkes's expected marriage with the gallant Major
Morris of the Middlesex militia; and now and then encouraged our
endeavors to please with their lovely smiles, we had every appearance of being as happy as beauty and bravery could render us. About this time, I noticed that Jones looked somewhat deploringly at his hands: they were as red as beet-root in the palms, with symptoms of blistering. If there is anything on which Jones is sensitive it is on the whiteness of his hands: it is an amiable weakness, which even the mighty mind of Lord Byron gave way to. Smith, who has a deal of malicious humor about him, comforted him, by telling him that he would lose all the skin they had ‘to their backs,’ (his own expression) but in three months he would have in its place a new and much whiter one. Jones looked quite horror-struck!—Miss Fanny Smith then advised him to put on his gloves, which he did, and that made them considerably worse. A boat full of persons passed us at this moment, and we were again saluted with, ‘Go it, tailors!’ Jones who was sore in one respect, and in many other respects very mettlesome, was for running them aboard, and calling them to account: but I explained, that it was possible that a party of those very serviceable tradesmen were expected up the river that day, and we might probably be mistaken for them. Jones seemed pacified, and pulled on till he declared he could pull no more, his hands were so blistered; and so they were like a newly-painted shutter in the dog-days. We all sincerely pitied him, save Smith, who laughed and looked all sorts of droll things at his misery. ‘Gentlemen,’ said I, ‘to relieve you for a time from your labors, pull in your oars, and let the boat drift with the tide, which is almost strong enough to carry us to our destination.’

All hands I could see were agreeable, so that the oars were taken in, but in a very unseamalike manner, for Wilson nearly brought down the awning and brained Miss Simpson with his, and Jones hit Smith such a pat of the head with his, that it made it ring; we all set it down as a ‘trifle from Margate,’ in return for Smith’s raillery, at poor Jones’ expense. Smith, however, only laughed—nothing can disturb his good humor. Jones then produced his German flute with additional keys, and every one was restored to harmony. He played us, out of Wragg’s Perceptor, ‘In my Cottage near a Wood,’ ‘The Lass of Richmond Hill,’ ‘At Kew one Morn was Peter Born,’ ‘The Jolly Young Waterman,’ ‘Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself,’ and many other naval and national melodies, very delightful indeed. Miss Fanny Smith also kindly obliged the company by singing the first part of ‘All’s Well,’ to Mr. Jones’s second part on the German flute. Nothing in human nature could be more beautiful!—the waters seemed to glide silently past us, as if listening with every attention to their dulcet strains; and all Nature was hushed, save a west-country barge-man, who whistled responsively, as he plunged a sweep every now and then into the silver waters. After this Wilson gave us a song, set, I dare say, as he sung it, for thus ran the opening line:—

‘When forced from thee to—o—o—part;’

and then he paused. Smith, who is always alive to the ridiculous, said in his dry, droll way, ‘Try back, Wilson.’ Wilson however could not
remember the second line. 'Then,' said Smith, 'I'll sing it for you;' and he struck up—

When forced from thee to pooh—pooh—pooh—part.'

We laughed for an hour, and Wilson would not sing another note. 'A Muggins to the rescue!' Tomlins volunteered a song, and all was silence, as he struck up 'Love's Young Dream.'

But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream;
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life,

'As lump sugar!' chimed in that provoking fellow, Smith, with a vociferous jollity of voice that put all the sentiment of the song to immediate flight. Our laughter must have been heard along both shores. Wilson, being one of the Grocer's Company, thought the joke a little too personal; but who can take a lasting offence at the frolics of Smith? Throughout this memorable day he shewed himself a wag of the first water. We all, except Jones, who was rather jealous of his success, allowed him to carry away the palm of preference; the ladies' eyes, too,

'Rain'd influence, and adjudge'd the prize.'

By this time we neared Battersea Bridge—it is the Scylla and Charybdis of amateur aquarists; if you escape S. you come bump against C., and vice versa. The station of steersman is therefore one of serious responsibility, and requires the steadiest skill, an eye like a mathematician's, a hand like a watch-maker's, and the most undaunted courage. We were shooting cleanly and cleverly, and in the most seaman-like manner, through the centre arch, when Jones, perhaps over anxious for the success of this fine evolution, dipped his oar in, and giving a pull, drove our nose plump between the starlings. All was immediate confusion! the ladies shrieked in the most piercing manner—Wilson turned as white as his waistcoat—Jones trembled—Tomlins was terrified—Smith looked as if all the joke were taken out of him—and I in some measure gave up all for lost. The tide rose like a rampant beast at the stern, and our boat pitched deeper and deeper still at the head. To add to the agonies of such a moment, a savage in human form, who was coolly hanging over the balustrades, bawled out in a jeering manner, 'Say your prayers, you tailors, while I run for the drags!' 'Tailors, again!—d—n it!' said Jones, indignantly;—all his mettle was in arms—he became desperate; and, seizing an oar, with a superhuman push he set us clear again, but broke the oar short off; this, however, was of no consequence, as we had had the precaution to take an extra pair, and this accident brought them into play. Jones was blamed by all, but it was of little use, for he was so proud of his powers in getting us out of the scrape, that getting us into it seemed quite a merit in his eyes!

Somo close observer of nature has remarked, that 'after a storm comes a calm.' We were soon restored to that complacency which men feel who have done their duty in trying circumstances, and Smith, who had recovered his good humor, told us a capital story about Bat-
tersea Church, and how the Emperor of Russia wished to purchase it for Petersburg; but as the parishioners would not part with their church without he took the parson into the bargain, and the Emperor would not do that, the negotiation went off, and there the church is to this day. This amusing story was, no doubt, a piece of invention of Smith's, for he has a very happy originality in that way.—We laughed prodigiously, and Smith was satisfied.

Here I took occasion to address a few words to the gallant crew. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'as we came out with the intention of reaching Richmond by water, allow me as the commander of this expedition, to press upon you the necessity of putting your shoulders to the wheel, if you mean to complete that great enterprise. I need not remind you that in order to reach Richmond it is necessary that you should get there. (Hear, hear!) Gentlemen, the eyes of Cornhill—I may add, Cheapside, are upon us! If we succeed, we shall be crowned with success; if we fail—but no—I will not fear—that is to say, Gentlemen, I cannot.—(Here I was completely put out by that Jones, who kept winking his malicious eye at Smith, as much as to say, 'only hear the future Deputy of Dowgate Ward!' Jones, I am sorry to say, is in many respects a very envious young man. I resumed)—'In short Gentlemen, as some one has said, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will, if we faint not, bring our enterprise to a happy end. For as Mr. Shakspeare, the dramatist, has said—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which taken at the full leads on to—"

'Richmond!' was the inspiring cry of the whole crew, with the exception of the ladies—who shared, however, in our truly British ardor. Every man grasped his oar; jackets and hats were immediately thrown off, as incumbrances; Jones in his enthusiasm forgot his blisters, and we pushed along gaily and gallantly—

'Swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow,'

and Putney seemed to stare with astonishment at Fulham—Hammer­smith at Barnes, to see the rapidity of our flight. To make our labors light and cheer our way, Miss Fatima Smith, at her brother's request, read to us the 'Choice,' of Mr. John Pomfret, that divine poet: and Smith himself,

'Possess'd beyond the Muses' painting,'

broke out all over with an original sonnet, keeping time with his oar to the measure. When it was over we all expressed our regret that he did not put his high poetic powers to more use. 'If I did,' he remarked, 'how should I be known 'from many another Smith?'' 'Take another name,' I suggested. 'Call yourself Jones,' said Jones, in his very happy way, and we laughed amazingly. Jones is inimitable when he likes to be so.

Absorbed in this delightful interchange of poetry and pleasantry, we progressed agreeably along, and

'Panting time toil'd after us in vain.'
'What place is this we are athwart of?' asked Tomlins. He was informed it was Kew. 'I thought so,' he added; 'and that little gentlemen in the nook of the wall is, I suppose, Q in the corner?' We had never heard Tomlins perpetrated a pun before; but we encouraged him with our smiles. He is not a favorite with our party; I don't know why, except that he is very stupid. Tomlins makes pretensions to Miss Fatima Smith, but with very little chance of success. Miss Smith will become a Mrs. T., but it will be Mrs. Twaddell, not Tomlins, if I know her heart. 'By the by, where shall we dine?' said Jones. 'Yes, where shall we dine?' cried all. I saw that he had the sense of the company with him, so I replied, 'Where you please.' 'Why not here?' he rejoined. We were at that moment in sight of a lovely lawn, that ran with an easy slope down to the water's edge. It was one o'clock—the place was propitious—and the labors of the morning had whetted our appetites to the keenest edge. I was not, therefore, taken by surprise, when I heard the four exclaim, as with one voice, 'Here we dine!' I immediately rounded the rudder for land, and in a minute we touched the shore, and all hands leaped on the lawn. The ladies, the gibelet-pies, bottled porter, and sherry, were landed in a gigsey; and while a detachment was sent out to select a pleasant spot for our spot, Jones was as active as a harlequin, in unpacking and preparing all things. A delightful nook in a quickset hedge, and under a shady elm, was marked out for the happy occasion; and every thing being in no time removed to it, a clean cloth was spread on the green turf; the pies, bread, salt, knives and forks, plates, glasses, and every thing was in apple-pie order—the word was given, 'to your places,'—the ladies were handed to their's, and down we all squatted, like a Turkish dinner-party, hunger and expectation being remarkable in every countenance.

'Jones,' I directed, 'cut up the pie.' 'With all the pleasure in life,' he promptly replied, and began to operate. 'A cursed hard crust to begin with, and as thick as the Serpentine in skating season,' remarked Jones, as he grinned and groaned, and vainly endeavored to make an impression upon its outworks. 'Never mind its hardness,' said I.—(Miss Fatima Smith had made it with her own fair hands.)—'I shall venture on it.' 'Yes,' said Smith, 'it will bear you.'—(Roars of laughter.)—'Upon my soul,' said Jones, 'I cannot cut into it—my hands are too tender.' This set the ladies giggling, and then he threw down the knife and fork in a pet. 'Here, hand the pie to me,' said Smith; and, oh, monstrous! he made no more ado, but jobbed his elbow upon the cone of the crust, which broke it in sure enough, but at the same time sent half the gravy with a spirt into our eyes, all over Wilson's white waistcoat, and down Miss Simpson's black satin spencer. 'You awkward fellow!' exclaimed his sisters; and they blushed as beautifully as Aurora. 'Oh, never mind my spencer,' said Miss Simpson: 'I don't care about my waistcoat,' said Wilson, 'since we have got at the gibelets, which I had given up in despair.' We then laughed heartily, and heartily we eat. I never saw, at a Guildhall
dinner, such appetites and such expedition. As for Jones, he might eat his way up to the civic chair, with any map in the city who has not yet arrived at that honor: for a young liveryman, his performance was wonderful, and his promise more. In ten minutes the eatables were hors du combat; and one bottle of porter, and three of sherry, were all that was left of the drinkables. Filling a bumper of sherry, I then gave from the chair (the stump of a tree)—'The ladies, our fair compagnons de voyage!'—'(Drank with three times three, and one cheer more—a missfire of Wilson's.)—Jones was then called upon for a song: he complied, and struck up—

'Oh, nothing in life can sadden us,
Whilst we have wine and good-humor in store—'
'Holloa, there, you sirs! who gave you leave to land here, I should very much like to know?' roared out a fellow feet high, and brawny as Hercules, as he jumped over the hedge, and alighted with one foot in the pie-dish, and the other in Jones' new white beaver. 'Nobody,' said Jones, hurt at having his hat injured. 'Well, then, I warn you off these grounds,' continued the out-of-town barbarian, and laid hold of Jones by the collar. 'Stop, stop, my good friend,' said I, 'no violence, if you please: we are gentlemen, and if—' 'I don't care whether you're gentle or simple—you've none of you no business here—so bundle, bag and baggage.' At this we were all indignant; and as for Jones, I never saw him so up-ish: he was for throwing the ruffian into the creek on the other side the hedge. 'Do, Jones—it will serve him right, if he'll let you,' said Smith, laughing contemptuously at his presumption. Jones, for a slight person of five feet, is a very well-meaning young man; but this fellow, as it happened, would be a little too much for two Joneses. In many respects Mr. Jones is very conceited of his powers; but, on the other hand, his attentions to his grandmother, who will leave him all when she dies, is excellent and exemplary. I pacified the blue-aproned Cerberus, by handing him a bumper of sherry, with half a sovereign at the bottom: he swallowed the one, caught the other between his teeth, and immediately became as gentle as 'Una's milk-white lamb.' 'Well, gentlemen, all I meant to say was this here—don't pick the flowers, nor damage the shrubs, and you may stay as long as you please, because master is out; and so, good morning.' This he said very civilly, and touched his hat as he turned off.

No sooner was he gone, than Jones began to vapor about, and upbraid me, because I had made peace:—'He would have taught the cabbage-cutting rascal what it was to insult gentlemen and young liverymen—we should have seen what he would have done to him, &c. &c.' 'Yes,' said Smith, sarcastically, 'with the aid of a good microscope.' Jones looked unutterable things, but said not a word. To divert attention from these unpleasantnesses, I proposed a ramble round the grounds: agreed to nem. con.; and off we set. Jones soon recovered his temper; and, to exhibit his prowess to the ladies, wagered Smith a bottle that he would hang by his heels from the lower
limb of a tree for five minutes. The bet was taken—up jumped Jones at the branch, caught it, threw up his heels, locked his feet across, let go his hands, and there he dangled, head downwards, as pretty a calf as you'd see in Leadenhall on a market-day, as Smith sarcastically said. One, two, three, four, five minutes elapsed, and he was declared winner. 'Help me down,' cried Jones. Nobody stirred, but all laughed. 'Now, do help me down!' he beseeched rather pathetically. Not a foot moved. He then tried to help himself, but could not recover the branch with his hands. Then he began to swear, and the ladies very properly ran away. We enjoyed his quandary amazingly; but no one felt inclined to end it yet. At last, seeing him turn black in the face, with rage and his inverted position, I and Smith took pity on him, and placed him right end upwards, when he turned so giddy, that down he dropped. I thought Smith would have died with laughing; but Jones triumphed still, for he had won. It was ridiculous to see his exultation, and hear his crowing.

A rookery was overhead. Jones, bent on mischief, must now have a fling at its black tenantry. Up went stone the first—down it came with a rebound over a low wall, and a crash followed, as if a hundred hot-house panes were shivered: at the same moment a head and red night-cap popped up from the other side, surveyed us in silence, and disappeared. 'Now, for heaven's sake,' said I 'don't destroy people's property in mere wantonness!'—'Pooh!' said Jones 'I shan't hit 'em again if I try!' and up went stone the second, and fell as before, with the same awful clatter and crash. 'That makes five shillings!' said the head and night-cap, popping up again. 'Nonsense,' said Jones, 'it was an accident!'—'Well, gentlemen said the head and night-cap, 'you sha'n't go till you do pay, for I've grabbed your oars. 'Oh, pay the man,' we all advised. 'Here then you night-capped numskull,' said Jones flinging a sovereign up the wall with a munificent air, 'give me my change?'—'Break four more and that's a pound's-worth;'; and down went the head and night-cap. How that Smith did chuckle! 'Well, then, I'll have some fun for my money,' said Jones: 'here goes;' and up flew stone after stone, but not one of them told, for the wary gardener, we supposed, had covered over the remainder of his glass with matting. And now we had the laugh fairly against Jones—he was matched. He pretended, however, to admire the fellow's cunning, and tried to laugh too, but 'twas 'with a difference,' 'I never saw you look so foolish, Jones,' said Smith. This was quite enough; Jones turned quite pale with rage, and instantly walked down to the boat, Miss Simpson following him. Then up spoke Tomlins; 'Let him go, and be—'-—'Wiser,' I interposed, 'when his pride is subdued to reason by reflection.'

This incident cast a damp on the delights of the day; and the ladies looked, and were very uncomfortable; but we gallantly redoubled our attentions, and smoothed the raven down of their displeasure till they smiled, as some one, I think, has somewhere said. To show our philosophy, we sat down again to the sherry; and Smith, perfectly to
To Richmond.

restore harmony, gave us a song which he assured us was written by
the footman of a person of quality, and addressed to a hard-hearted
housekeeper who had jilted him. Smith introduced it as a genuine
specimen of the cupboard-love school of poetry.

When first my Sally Jones I knew,
   I thought her face was pretty.
I liked her eyes of Saxon blue,
   Her locks so raven jetty.
Her teeth, her lips, her hips and waist,
   Her nose that did not look awry.—
I loved her arms and charms so chaste,
   But I adored her cookery;—

And laid my person at her feet—
   (She'd put to bed the children);
She smiled consent with looks so sweet,
   Oh, love! 'twas quite bewildering!—
She did not say she would be mine—
   I thought so naturally;
She ask'd me, though, to stop and dine—
   (The Colonel was at Calais):—

I did:—it was my favorite dish,
   And dress in great perfection;
'Twas then I gave words to my wish,
   And told her my dejection:—
She said that I might live in hope;
   I left her at 11;
And, ah! I thought, without a tropes,
   Pall-Mall the path to heaven!

'Mark the passionate change in the measure,' said Smith, 'so
descriptive of the tumult of his feelings:'—

But, ah! one Corporal O'Hara,
   Of I know not what dragoons,
Went of next day with Sarah,
   Who sent me back my spoons!—
Then break, my heart! thou art betray'd,
   And in the trap art taken,
Caught by a luring bait well laid,—
   Calves' liver fried with bacon!

This unexpected climax took us all by surprise, and even the most
sentimental of our party laughed, as may well be supposed. I suspect
that the song is Smith's, and no footman's—it is beyond the powers of
the plush-breeches gentry.

'But what in the name of wonder, has become of Jones and Miss
Simpson all this while?' exclaimed Wilson, with an expression of
anxiety which I shall never forget, it was so amiable:—Wilson is,
indeed, a very amiable man in many respects. We had forgotten
them—there is no use in mincing the matter; but as we were not
quite indifferent to their welfare, we walked leisurely down the lawn
to the boat, where we expected to find them. What was our sur-
prise!—they were not on board, nor could we perceive them anywhere
around. Our anxiety now grew serious. 'He has not jumped into the river in his tantrums,' said Tomlins—'Trowsers,' said Smith, interrupting him. —'And Miss Simpson plunged in after him?' continued Tomlins. 'Cork cannot sink,' said Smith, sarcastically. —I never knew him so severe. I put an end to this unseasonable levity by remarking, that it was our duty to discover what had become of them. 'That is no hard task,' said Smith, laughing, 'for there they go in a wherry to Richmond!' —We looked, and there they were, sure enough. Jones had hailed a waterman sculling by, and had deserted us in high dudgeon.

'Man the boat, and give chase!' I commanded. The ladies were put on board—the rudder shipped—I grasped an oar, and we were once more on the bosom of the deep; but what with Wilson's wilfulness and Tomlins' awkwardness, we made little or no way for some time; and the wherry distanced us so rapidly, that we at last lost sight of it altogether. At length we got into better working trim, and pushing along, came, after an hour's hard chase, in sight of Richmond bridge. As we neared that beautiful structure, the Diana steamer pushed off from the shore, and almost ran us under water. What was our astonishment, at that trying moment, lo! behold Jones standing coolly on the paddle-box, with his hands in his pockets, laughing at us in the most insulting manner. 'This is too bad!' I exclaimed, with all that energy of which I am master. 'It is—it is!' cried one and all. 'Well, what will you do to mark your sense of Mr. Jones's unhandsome behavior?' 'I know,' said Smith—'Diana, a-hoy!' he bawled; the steamer stopped her paddle-wheels. 'You have room for eight?' inquired he of the captain. 'For eighty,' replied the fresh-water wag. 'Well, then, ladies, get on board;'—they did:—'jump on board, gentlemen;'—we did;—Smith, then, in a most masterly manner made fast a tow-rope to the Diana's stern-rails—and then jumped on board, over the cabin-windows, with the gallantry of a Nelson. Scowls of defiance were, as I expected, exchanged between Jones and him, they even went so far as to exchange cards, which I thought very unnecessary, as they live next door to one another. I took care to prevent any further collision, by tearing Smith away from him. After we had taken tea, that mild beverage, sacred to friendship and the social feelings—the smiles of the fair—the dulcet strains of the harp and violin, and the dance on deck, softened down the asperities of the belligerents, and before we had arrived at Westminster, we were all as good friends as when we started. And so ended our first trip to Richmond by water.

A BARRISTER BESIEGED.

'Deenogue.

CURRAN AND BARRINGTON WERE ON A VISIT TO A CLERGYMAN NEAR CARLOW, WHO HAD INVITED A PARTY OF JOVIAL SPIRITS TO MEET THEM. DINNER WAS APPOINTED FOR FIVE PRECISELY, AS CURRAN ALWAYS STIPULATED FOR PUNCTUALITY. THE CLOCK STRUCK—THE GUESTS WERE ASSEMBLED—EVERYTHING BESPoke A JOYOUS BANQUET—BUT THE COUNSELLOR WAS
not to be found—six, seven came—day departed, and twilight approached, people were sent in every direction, but no tidings of him could be heard, except that he had been seen in the garden at four o'clock.

Yet every now and then a messenger came in to announce, that 'an old man had seen a counsellor, as he verily believed, walking very quick on the road to Carlow.' Another reported that 'a woman was driving home her cow met one of the counsellors going leisurely toward Athy, and that he seemed very melancholy; that she had seen him at the 'aizes that blessed morning, and the people towdir it it was the great low preacher that was in it.' Another woman who was bringing home some turf from the bog, declared before the Virgin and all the Saints that she saw 'a little man in black with a stick in his hand going towards the Barrow; and a collough, sitting at her own cabin door feeding the childer, positively saw a 'black gentleman going down to the river, and soon afterward heard a great splash of water at the said river;' whereabouts, she went hot-foot to her son, Ned Cove, to send him thither to see if the gentleman was in the water; but that Ned said sure enuf nothing natural would be after going at that time of the deep dust to the place where poor Armstrong's corpse lay the night he was murthered; and he'd see all the gentlemen in the county to the devil (God bless them !) before he'd go to the said place till morning early.'

The matter became too serious to admit of any doubt as to poor Curran having met his catastrophe. I was greatly shocked; our only conjectures now being not sotather, but how, he had lost his life. As Curran was known every day to strip naked and wash himself all over with a sponge and cold water, I conjectured, as most rational, that he had, in lieu of his usual ablution, gone to the Barrow to bathe before dinner, and thus unfortunately perished. All agreed in my hypothesis, and hooks and a draw-net were sent for immediately to Carlow, to scour the river for his body.

It was at length suggested by our reverend host that his great Newfoundland dog, who was equally sagacious, if not more so, with many of the parishioners, and rivalled, in canine proportion, the magnitude of his master, was not unlikely, by diving in the Barrow, to discover where the body lay deposited—and thus direct the efforts of the nets and hookers from Carlow. This idea met with universal approbation; and every body took up his hat, to go down to the river. Mary, a young damsel, the only domestic who remained in the house, was ordered to call Diver, the dog;—but Diver was absent, and did not obey the summons. Every where resounded, 'Diver! Diver! but in vain.

Mary, the maid, was now desired to search all the rooms and offices for Diver, while we sat pensive and staring in the parlor. We were speedily alarmed by a loud shriek, immediately after which Mary rushed tottering into the room, just able to articulate:—

'O, holy Virgin! holy Virgin! yes, gentlemen! the counsellor is dead, sure enough. And I'll die too, gentlemen! I'll never recover it!' and she crossed herself twenty times over in the way the priest had taught her.

We all now flocked round, and asked her simultaneously how she knew the counsellor was dead?

Crossing herself again, 'I saw his ghost, please your reverence!'"
of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law,—trembling as if in the ague, and scarce able to utter a syllable, through the combination of cold and terror. Three or four paces in his front lay Diver, from Newfoundland, stretching out his immense shaggy carcass, his long paws extended their full length, and his great head lying on them with his nose pointed toward the ghost, as true as the needle to the pole. His hind legs were gathered up like those of a wild beast ready to spring upon his prey. He took an angry notice of the first of us that came near him, growled, and seemed disposed to resent our intrusion;—but the moment his master appeared, his temper changed, he jumped up, wagged his tail, licked the parson's hand, cast a swooping look at Curran, and then a wistful one at his master,—as much as to say 'I have done my duty, now do you yours:' he looked, indeed, as if he only waited for the word of command, to seize the counsellor by the throat.

'A blanket was now considerately thrown over Curran by one of the company, and he was put to bed with half a dozen more blankets heaped upon him; a tumbler of hot potheen punch was administered, and a second worked miracles: the natural heat began to circulate, and he was in a little time enabled to rise and tell us a story which no hermit even telling his last beads could avoid laughing at. Related by any one, it would have been good; but as told by Curran, with his powers of description and characteristic humor, was super-excellent;—and we had to thank Diver, the water-dog, for the highest seat of the whole evening.

'The fact was, that a little while previous to dinner-time, Curran who had omitted his customary ablution in the morning, went to our allotted bed-chamber to perform that ceremony; and having stripped, had just began to apply the sponge, when Diver, strolling about his master's premises to see if all was right, placed by chance his paw against the door, which not being fastened, it flew open, he entered unceremoniously, and observing what he conceived to be an extraordinary and suspicious figure, concluded it was somebody with no very honest intention, and stopped to reconnoitre. Curran, unaccustomed to so strange a valet, retreated, while Diver advanced, and very significantly showed an intention to seize him by the naked throat; which operation, if performed by Diver, whose tusks were a full inch in length, would no doubt have admitted an inconvenient quantity of atmospheric air into his esophagus. He therefore crept as close into the corner as he could, and had the equivocal satisfaction of seeing his adversary advance and turn the meditated assault into a complete blockade—stretching himself out, and 'maintaining his position' with scarcely the slightest motion, till the counsellor was rescued, and the siege raised.

'Curran had been in hopes that when Diver had satisfied his curiosity he would retire; and with this impression, spoke kindly to him, but was answered only by a growl. If Curran repeated his blandishments, Diver showed his long white tusks;—if he moved his foot, the dog's hind legs were in motion. Once or twice Curran raised his hand: but Diver considering that as a sort of challenge, rose instantly, and with a low growl looked significantly at Curran's windpipe. Curran, therefore, stood like a model, if not much like a marble divinity.'

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AN EXTRACT.

'They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but Vanity;—

* * * * *

But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.'—SOUTHEY.
THE REFUGEE IN AMERICA.*

The extraordinary avidity with which Mrs. Trollope's work on America was devoured by all parties, naturally enough makes the public eager for a sight of this forthcoming novel, the scene of which is laid in this country—we have therefore, great pleasure in offering our readers, thus early, a glimpse into its pages. With the story of the novel we need not concern ourselves—it will be enough to say, in explanation of the scenes we mean to extract, that an English gentleman of large fortune, accompanied by his daughter, a young nobleman, and two servants, are travelling in America, on the road from New York to Rochester, when the stage breaks down—all was confusion, of course, with the English party.

"Why don't you take the horses off?" said Robert.

"Ay," said the coachman, "that is a down-right Englishmen's question, and I'll just answer him like a Yankee. We never calculates to take no more trouble than what's needful. If I takes the horses off, I guess I shall have to put 'em on again; and that's what I don't reckon to do, unless I can't help it." * * *

It soon became apparent that the stage was not in a condition to proceed. In raising its ponderous body, the wheel whose sudden descent had caused the over-turn, being firmly fixed in the hole it had entered, was shattered to pieces in the effort to extricate it.

When this was done, the driver declared that there was not a shanty snug enough to shelter a possum, within five miles, "and how English folks," he added, "what wants their bread butchered on three sides, is to win through the night, is considerable beyond my comprehension to settle. What say you, Mr. Hicks?"

"If they won't be after giving themselves no memorable airs, I calculate as they may carry their truck, along with their live cargo, to Silas Burns' clearing. 'Tis not much over two miles, I expect, off this road; and if they is tolerable 'cute, they may find the way right straight, if they will turn in round that big hickory tree yonder, and just mind the notches what Silas made with his axe when he first went into the bush."

"And where do these notches begin, my friend?" said Mr. Gordon, "we have little light left for seeing them. Do you know the road?"

"Mayhap I may," replied Mr. Hicks.

"Can you not lead us to the settlement you mention?"

"I calculate, Mister, that would not take me far on my road; 'cause Silas Burns' clearing happens to lie south-east, and my business just north-west of this here spot."

"You must be aware, Mr. Hicks, that our situation is such as would render the services of a guide very valuable, and we will gladly pay for them."

"That's speaking reason, Mister, that's speaking reason; let me just not have waste of time upon my conscience, and I don't care if I do show you the way to Silas Burns' clearing myself."

"Name your price, sir, I shall make no difficulty."

"Well, then, I expect five dollars won't do more than pay me my time twixt here and there, and back again."

"They shall be yours, sir, and with many thanks. Caroline, what shall the men carry for us? I suppose, Driver, that you will undertake the charge of the heavy luggage till you get to the next post-house?"

"For that," said the coachman, "I guess you must take your chance. I don't expect that the wolves have any great liking for trunks; howsoever, I can't afford to say as they mayn't commence with yours—but if they don't steal the things, I calculate I sha'n't."

"Where then am I likely to hear of you, my friend?"

"Most generally one knows where to look for one's friends, I expect," answered the man, giving a knowing wink to his companion; but whether he was quiz-

The Refugee in America.

...ing the simple confidence of the Englishman, or only his language, it was not easy to decide. A night's shelter, however, appeared at this moment much more important than the fate of their luggage; and Mr. Gordon only added, while he assisted his daughter to arrange her dress, "I shall hope to find our trunks at Rochester."

"But Mr. Hicks having made his bargain, was not at all disposed to hurry himself.

"During these dilatory maneuvers, Lord Darcy gave the first symptom he had shown of being mentally present to the scene. His eyes kindled, he bit his lip and stepping forward, said in a voice of command, "On, fellow." But before the word was well pronounced, the feeling, or at least the expression of it, was past; and he stepped back quietly to his former position.

"Mr. Hicks followed him with his eye, and having looked at him steadily for about a minute, said," '"Was you thinking of speaking to, young Mister?"

"Lord Darcy shook his head in silence. "Ay, that's all right. I comprehend as you calculate you had better not."

"Having made this speech, he too stood like the rest of the party, as if waiting for a signal to move.

""Which way are we to go, sir?"" said Mr. Gordon.

""Why as to that, sir, I am not yet quite capable to say."

""Good God! did you not consent to be our guide?"

""I never says nothing as I don't calculate to keep to, Mister."

""Then why do you tell me that you do not know the way?"

""I expect, Mister, that you would find it considerable difficult to prove that I ever said any such thing."

""Then what did you say? and what are we to do?"

"For that, sir, you will do just what pleases yourself. Every body in this country enjoys that privilege.

"Do you mean to lead us to shelter, or not?" said Mr. Gordon, losing patience.

"Why, sir," said Mr. Hicks, "I comprehend that the case stands thus — You and I have made a bargain; and as the proposal commenced with you, I reckon, as you ought to perform your part of the pact first."

""Good heaven! " are we waiting for that?" said Mr. Gordon, drawing out his pocket-book; "I believe, sir, this note is for five dollars; but there is hardly light to see."

"I never travel without the power of lighting my segar," said Mr. Hicks; and then with a deliberate composure, which made Caroline laugh, notwithstanding her deplorable condition, he obtained a light, which, communicated to a match, enabled him to read the important words, 'United States—five dollars.' Then extinguishing the light, he deposited the note in his pocket-book, adding, with more complacency than he had yet spoken, "All right; and now, sir, I am ready to do my part."

He then turned from the road, and taken his way round the 'big hickory tree,' entered the forest, and strode forward at a pace which soon obliged those who followed to cry for mercy.

'Mr. Hicks here stopped, saying, "Now we be come to Big Mud Creek; so you must just be wary like as to where you step. There's no great matter of water, I expect, but the depth of mud is considerable."

'Lord Darcy, who had darted forward a few steps in advance, now returned, exclaiming eagerly, "You must wait, Mr. Gordon, you must wait till we can kindle a fire; here are pines that will blaze quickly and give us a light."

"It is well thought of, Edward;' and placing Caroline under shelter of the trees, Mr. Gordon, assisted by Lord Darcy and the servants, soon collected boughs sufficient for the purpose.

'Mr. Hicks stood perfectly still while this was going forward; and when they had completed the pile, he addressed Mr. Gordon in his usual measured tone:—

"It is no bad thought, that, of the youngster, as far as having a light goes. There is no denying as we shall see how to cross the Big Mud Creek all the better for a blaze; and the young woman would be in an ugly fix if she happened to fall on one side or the other. The bridge is pretty considerable narrow. But it is but right to tell you, before commencing, that stopping to pull down branches,
and lighting fire, and the like, don't in no way make part and parcel of our bargain. I said, Mister, as I guess you can't have forgot, seeing it is not much over an hour, according to my calculation, since the words was spoke, that five dollars would just pay my time 'twixt the road and Silas Burns' clearing and back again; but that did not no way include stopping to make a fire on the way."

"And will you lend us the use of the phosphorus? It may be difficult to find mine."

"In regard to the contenting of me," said Mr. Hicks, "I don't expect that you'll find no one more reasonable to content in this country than me. We are a free people, Mister, and all sets a value on ourselves. In respect of the five dollars additional, I won't say but it might be suitable enough, if the pine boughs were sure to burn kindly; but you won't deny, I expect, that if they don't, it ought to make a difference. And a good deal will rest with the young woman, as to whether she is particular as to waiting for a great blaze, or whether she will content herself with a little one."

"Charge what you will," said Mr. Gordon, inexpressibly provoked, "only for Heaven's sake make haste with your match."

"We don't much calculate in this country that haste in business is approvable: we counts that it seldom answers; and as we are all free, and speak what we conclude to be the truth, I must remark that I in no ways understood you to include the use of the matches when you commenced your new proposal."

"I have told you that you might name your own price," repeated Mr. Gordon; "ask what you will; only do not keep us here."

"I have no particular desire to stay here myself," observed the impenetrable Mr. Hicks, "for the evening is no ways agreeable; but the first duty of man is business. Now the opening matches, when the trees is drip, drip, drip, as you hears, and I calculate, feels too, sir, cannot be done without a considerable risk to the whole batch. I would on no account take advantage of a gentleman's hurry to drive a hard bargain—our country, sir, is free and fair, fair and free—but in conscience, and in justice to my family, I expect I cannot take less than a dollar, thirty seven and a half cents, for the matches, phosphorus, and trouble of fetching 'em out of my long coat pocket."

"Agreed, agreed! now let us have them, and we shall see a blaze in a moment."

"You knows my way of doing business, sir."

Again Mr. Gordon pulled out his pocket-book and again the match was kindled for the examination of the note. Lord Darcy, unable longer to control his impatience, seized the lighted match, and the wood they had collected was already in a blaze, before Mr. Hicks had at all recovered his astonishment at the suddenness of the proceeding. Having finished the important business of securing the note in his pocket-book, he said, with much solemnity, to Mr. Gordon, "If that young varment expects to make his fortune in the United States, you must learn him different ways of getting the better in a bargain, than what that is, or may be he'll get gouged before he finds his pockets full. He's got the better of me for the one dollar, thirty seven and a half, that's a fact; but he may not fare never the better for it, in the end."

Mr. Gordon then produced a handful of silver, and begged he would pay himself, which he did, slowly examining every coin, and concluded the operation with the remark that the youngster thought to have come over him."

"Would it not be possible to camp here for the night?" said Mr. Gordon, "Are there any bears, or noxious snakes likely to annoy us?"

"For the matter of bears, they have been pretty considerably driven back by the improvements; them's a cretur what hates improvement; but for the serpents, 'specially the copper-heads, and the rattlers they don't so much stand upon it; for one sees them as rife round a stump as round a tree."

Notwithstanding the imperturbable indifferenced of Mr. Hicks, and the frightful chasms at Big Mud Creek, the party contrive, at last, to reach Silas Burns' clearing.

Mr. Hicks entered first, and announced the party.
"Squire, here be a parcel of English folks what wants a night's lodging, I expect."

The family party thus broken in upon, consisted of two men, one woman, and five boys and girls. The elder of the men stepped forward to receive them, with an air of quiet civility, saying, "English be they? Well, no matter for that; sit down, sit down."

Mr. Gordon apologized politely for having disturbed the family so unceremoniously, stated briefly the accident which had befallen them, and added, that Mr. Hicks, who was their fellow-passenger by the coach, had led them to hope they might be accommodated with a night's lodging under their roof.

"That follows, sir: no one is ever turned out in the forest."

"Put on the kettle, Benjamin Franklin; fetch down the maple sugar from the shelf, Sally; bring over all the mugs, Monroe, my man. Pray make yourselves at home, gentlemen."

"Sit here, sir," said the squire to Mr. Gordon; and "sit there, sir," said his brother to Mr. Hicks.

"Set the spider here, Ophelia, and give me a spoonful of grease; Euphrosyne, hand me over that oven, my daughter. Don't be afraid, young woman, she won't hurt your head. Just run and fetch the venison, Monroe, 'tis hung in the elder bush. Here's capital coals on the hearth, and 'twill be done in no time. Stir the hominy, my daughter, and give the Johnny cakes a turn; mind the gurgle, Euphrosyne, and I'll set the table."

Though most of these orders were unintelligible to the English travellers, they seemed to give very agreeable promise of refreshment; and Caroline, whose spirits were completely restored, enjoyed exceedingly the novelty of the scene.

When the smoking venison cutlets, hominy, eggs and fried ham, were placed on the board, the whole party assembled round it. The two servants took their places behind Mr. Gordon and his daughter; and though the whole of the Burns' family looked on this arrangement with as much surprise as if it had been some mystical pagan rite, they did not interfere with it. The supper was excellent, and the entertainers soberly kind. The squire's lady could hardly be said to place herself at table, so constantly was she occupied in seeking and bringing whatever the party required. Whisky was in great abundance, being poured from a huge bottle, cased in wicker work, which was brought from the comprehensive cupboard, when the master of the mansion called for the "Demi John."

The forest family and Mr. Hicks ate with such amazing rapidity that their substantial meal was finished before the English folks had well begun. However, as the squire showed more inclination to converse than before he had refreshed himself, they continued to sit at table without scruple.

"How long may you be from the old country?" he began.

"But a short time, sir."

"Well, Mr. Gordon, you are right, sir, that's a fact. The English are counted great travellers, and for certain they could go nowheres, where there is more nor better things to see, than in the Union."

"You must doubtless have many things to interest strangers."

"You may say that, Mr. Gordon."

"You do then allow, Mr. Gordon, that we beat the old country?"

"We have really been so short a time in America, that it would be quite presumptuous to form a judgment."

"Not at all, not at all; speak freely, sir; did you ever see anything so magnificent as this here state of New York? Say."

"Indeed, sir, the country appears most beautiful."

"And the factories, Mr. Gordon, sir? and the institutions? and the buildings? don't they altogether work upon your mind in the manner of a surprise."

Mr. Gordon bowed, and smiled.

But 'Squire Burns was not to be so answered; he chuckled complacently, and, laying his hand on that of Mr. Gordon, said, "Ah, Mister, I guess I read your mind. You can't in your conscience deny us our superiority, and you are too much of an Englishman to like to confess it. Hey, Mr. Gordon? I have hit the right nail on the head, I expect?"
The Refugee in America.

"It may be so, and therefore you will kindly excuse my answering more fully."

"Surely, sir, surely; we ask no more of no man, let him come from what country he will, than just to own that we are first and foremost; and after that, we give him freedom to keep the rest of his thoughts to himself. And pray, sir, to what point may you be travelling?"

"To Rochester, sir."

"Aye? I am not sorry to hear that. I don't expect that between the poles there's another place that can ditto that. It is altogether unequalled in history, that's a fact."

"Is it a large settlement, sir?"

"A settlement? I don't know what you may call a settlement in your country—perhaps you may call it a settlement there; but in our country, which I have been learn'd in my geography is pretty considerable bigger than yours, we count Rochester a perfect glory under heaven."

During the latter part of the conversation the parties close round the fire, and we are favored with a little bye-chat between Caroline Gordon and the daughter of the family:—

"Have you lived here long, Miss Euphrosyne?" she began.

"We have been in the bush better than six years," answered Miss Euphrosyne.

"My!" interrupted Miss Ophelia. "Why, sis, 'tis seven years this fall."

"And how do you like the life?"

"I expect 'tis pleasant enough by times."

"Do you see many people?"

"My! I guess not, indeed; 'tis sometimes a month out, 'twixt time and time that we sees a human."

"Do you go to church?"

"No, we ar'n't Christians."

"You are not Christians? How is that?"

"Why, how can we be Christians, living in the bush so?"

"When Ophelia is married," said the other sister, "as she counts to be next month, then I and she will both be Christians; for she is to ride at Avon, and we shall be of the Baptist congregation."

"Sometimes, when father goes to market, we rides in the waggon with mother, to sell the spinning, and to buy coffee and the like."

"Are you not delighted to go?"

"Yes, I like it very much when I have got a good bonnet."

"Well, I think I should be delighted, if I had got no bonnet at all."

"I expect the English don't mind, but the American young ladies had rather bide at home from July to eternity, than show themselves when they ar'n't jam."

And now Mrs. Burns, having finished her putting away, joined the female group, and told Miss Gordon that the best sleeping place she had to offer her, was just to lie between Ophelia and Euphrosyne.

"This 'ere bed," she continued, "is what I, and my husband, and Sally sleeps in; and the other room, which is altogether as big as this, have got two beds in it: one will be for my two girls and you, and t'other for Benjamin Franklin and little Monroe."

To this arrangement Caroline's English feelings objected; and her father, taking Mr. Burns aside, had little difficulty, with the aid of a "United States—five dollars," of having it somewhat altered:—

"Come, wife, stir about; see to have a good blaze in t'other room. The boys is to turn out, and you is to turn in with miss and the girls; and mind to have clean linen on one of the beds, and no boys ar'n't to go in; that's the bargain, I expect, Mister?"

"Exactly, sir," said Mr. Gordon.

Mrs. Burns cast a glance of no very pleasant expression towards Caroline.

"Why 'tis as bad as a hurricane to lodge English folks. They may have some other fancy when I've done finished."
Here the squire took his lady by the sleeve, and, drawing her out of the room, conversed with her for about two minutes; after which she re-entered, and the stipulated arrangements were speedily made, without any more grumbling.

As soon as it was announced that the fire was well "a slight" in the other room, Caroline prepared to retire.

The pretty foresters willingly undertook the office of Abigails, and seemed well satisfied by being permitted to ransack the night-bag in return. The night-gown, the night-cap, the combes, the brushes, were all seized upon, and all tried. Even the little Sally would not be contented till she had seen how she looked in the "strange woman's cap." Caroline submitted to all these novelties with great resignation; nay, the fair, smiling young faces so conquered her aristocracy, that she said to Ophelia, "Either you or Euphrasyne must sleep with me; the bed is quite large enough, and I shall not mind it at all."

"But I shall, though," cried Mrs. Burns, suddenly breaking the silence she had maintained since the private conversation with her husband. "I mind it, if you don't; folks what gives five dollars to get a girl a bed to herself, must know there is some reason for it. My girls shall all three sleep with me this night, please the Lord."

"Well, then," said Caroline, smiling, "good night to you all; I am very sleepy;" and in a few minutes the fair wanderer was fast asleep.

We have used our utmost skill in abridging these scenes, yet they occupy so much room as to compel us to defer some others which we intended to extract.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON,
BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(Continued from p. 296.)

I nearly think," said Byron, "that I inherit my violence and bad temper from my poor mother—not that my father, from all I could ever learn, had a much better; so that it is no wonder I have such a very bad one. As long as I can remember anything, I recollect being subject to violent paroxysms of rage, so disproportioned to the cause as to surprise me when they were over, and this still continues. I cannot coolly view anything that excites my feelings; and once the lurking devil in me is roused, I lose all command of myself. I do not recover a good fit of rage for days after: mind, I do not by this mean that the ill-humor continues, as, on the contrary, that quickly subsides, exhausted by its own violence; but it shakes me terribly, and leaves me low and nervous after. Depend on it, people's tempers must be corrected while they are children; for not all the good resolutions in the world can enable a man to conquer habits of ill-humor or rage, however he may regret having given way to them. My poor mother was generally in a rage every day, and used to render me sometimes almost frantic; particularly when, in her passion, she reproached me with my personal deformity, I have left her presence to rush into solitude, where, unseen, I could vent the rage and mortification I endured, and curse the deformity that I now began to consider as a signal mark of the injustice of Providence. Those were bitter moments: even now, the impression of them is vivid in my mind; and they rankled a heart that I believe was naturally affectionate, and destroyed a temper always disposed to be violent. It was my feelings at this period that suggested the idea of "The Deformed Transformed." I often look back on the days of my childhood, and am astonished at the recollection of the intensity of my feelings at that period;—first impressions are indelible. My poor mother, and after her my schoolfellows, by their taunts, led me to consider my lameness as the greatest misfortune, and I have never been able to conquer this feeling. It requires great natural goodness of disposition, as well as reflection, to conquer the
corroding bitterness that deformity engenders in the mind, and which, while preying on itself, sours one towards all the world. I have read, that where personal deformity exists, it may always be traced in the face, however handsome the face may be. I am sure that what is meant by this is, that the consciousness of it gives to the countenance an habitual expression of discontent, which I believe is the case; for it would be too bad (added Byron with bitterness) that, because one had a defective foot, one could not have a perfect face.'

He indulges a morbid feeling on this subject that is extraordinary, and that leads me to think it has had a powerful effect in forming his character. As Byron had said that his own position had led to his writing 'The Deformed Transformed,' I ventured to remind him that, in the advertisement to that drama, he had stated it to have been founded on the novel of 'The Three Brothers.' He said that both statements were correct, and then changed the subject, without giving me an opportunity of questioning him on the unacknowledged, but visible resemblances between other of his works and that extraordinary production. It is possible that he is unconscious of the plagiary of ideas he has committed; for his reading is so desultory, that he seizes thoughts which, in passing through the glowing alchemic of his mind, become so embellished as to lose all identity with the original crude embryoe he had adopted. This was proved to me in another instance, when a book that he was constantly in the habit of looking over fell into my hands, and I traced various passages that gave me the idea of having led to certain trains of thought in his works. He told me that he rarely ever read a page that did not give rise to chains of thought, the first idea serving as the original link on which the others were formed;—

'A wake but one, and lo! what myriads rise.'

I have observed, that, in conversation, some trifling remark has often led him into long disquisitions, evidently elicited by it; and so prolific is his imagination, that the slightest spark can warm it.

Comte Pietro Gamba lent me the 'Age of Bronze,' with a request that his having done so should be kept a profound secret, as Lord Byron, he said, would be angry if he knew it. This is another instance of the love of mystification that marks Byron, in trifles as well as in things of more importance. What can be the motive for concealing a published book, that is in the hands of all England? Byron talks often of Napoleon, of whom he is a great admirer, and says that what he most likes in his character was his want of sympathy, which proved his knowledge of human nature, as those only could possess sympathy who were in happy ignorance of it. I told him that this carried its own punishment with it, as Napoleon found the want of sympathy when he most required it, and that some portion of what he affected to despise, namely enthusiasm and sympathy, would have saved him from the degradations he twice underwent when deserted by those on whom he counted. Not all Byron's expressed contempt for mankind can induce me to believe that he has the feeling; this is one of the many little artifices which he condescends to make use of to excite surprise in his hearers, and can only impose on the credulous. He is vexed when he discovers that any of his little ruse have not succeeded, and is like a spoiled child who finds out he cannot have everything his own way. Were he but sensible of his own powers, how infinitely superior would he be, for he would see the uselessness, as well as unworthiness, of being artificial, and of acting to support the character he wishes to play, a misanthrope, which nature never intended him for, and which he is not and never will be. I see a thousand instances of good feeling in Byron, but rarely a single proof of stability; his abuse of friends, which is continual, has always appeared to me more inconsistent than ill-natured, and as if indulged in more to prove that he was superior to the partiality friendship engenders, than that they were unworthy of exciting the sentiment. He has the rage of displaying his knowledge of human nature, and thinks this knowledge more proved by pointing out the blemishes than the perfections of the subjects he analyzes. Were he to confide in the effect his own natural character would produce, how much more would he be loved and respected, whereas, at present, those who most admire the genius will be the most disappointed in the man. The love of mystification is so strong in Byron, that he is continually letting drop mysterious hints of events in
his past life: as if to excite curiosity, he assumes, on those occasions, a look and
air suited to the insinuation conveyed: if it has excited the curiosity of his hear-
ers, he is satisfied, looks still more mysterious, and changes the subject; but if it
fails to rouse curiosity, he becomes evidently composed and sulky, stealing sten-
glances at the person he has been endeavoring to mystify, to observe the effect
he has produced. On such occasions I have looked at him a little maliciously,
and laughed, without asking a single question; and I have often succeeded in
making him laugh too at those mystifications, manquee as I called them. Byron of-
ten talks of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' and always in terms of un-
qualified praise. He says that the imitations, unlike all other imitations, are full of
genius, and that the 'Cui Bono' has some lines that he should wish to have
written. Parodies (he said) always gave a bad impression of the original, but in
the 'Rejected Addresses' the reverse was the fact, and he quoted the second and
third stanzas, in imitation of himself, as admirable, and just what he could have
wished to write on a similar subject. His memory is extraordinary, for he can
repeat lines from every author whose works have pleased him; and in reciting
the passages that have called forth his censure or ridicule, it is no less tenacious.
He observed on the pleasure he felt at meeting people with whom he could go
over old subjects of interest, whether on persons or literature, and said that noth-
ing cemented friendship or companionship so strongly as having read the same
books and known the same people.

I observed that when, in our rides, we came to any fine point of view, Byron
paused, and looked at it, as if to impress himself with the recollection of it. He
rarely praised what so evidently pleased him, and he became silent and abstracted
for some time after, as if he was noting the principal features of the scene on the
tablet of his memory. He told me that, from his earliest youth, he had a passion
for solitude; that the sea, whether in a storm or calm, was a source of deep in-
terest to him, and filled his mind with thoughts. 'An acquaintance of mine (said
Byron, laughing,) who is a votary of the lake, or simple school, and to whom I
once expressed this effect of the sea on me, said that I might in this case say that
the ocean served me as a vast inkstand: what do you think of that as a poetical
image? It reminds me of a man who, talking of the effect of Mount Blanc from
a distant mountain, said that it reminded him of a giant at his toilette, the feet in
water, and the face prepared for the operation of shaving. Such observations
prove that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step, and really
makes our disguise with the simple school.' "Requiring to fine scenery, Byron
remarked, 'That as artists filled their sketch-books with studies from Nature, to
be made use of on after occasions, so he laid up a collection of images in his mind,
as a store to draw on, when he required them, and he found the pictures much
more vivid in recollection, when he had not exhausted his admiration in expres-
sions, but concentrated his powers in fixing them in memory. The end and aim
of his life is to render himself celebrated: hitherto his pen has been the instru-
cment to cut his road to renown, and it has traced a brilliant path; this, he thinks,
has lost some of its point, and he is about to change it for the sword, to carve a
new road to fame. Military exploits occupy much of his conversation, and still
more of his attention; but even on this subject there is never the slightest elan,
and it appears extraordinary to see a man about to engage in a chivalrous, and,
according to the opinion of many, a Utopian undertaking, for which his habits
peculiarly unfit him, without any indication of the enthusiasm that lead men to
embark in such careers. Perhaps he thinks with Napoleon, that 'Il n'y a rien
qui resfroidit, comme l'enthousiasme des autres;' but he is wrong—coldness has
in general a sympathetic effect, and we are less disposed to share the feelings of
others, if we observe that those feelings are not as warm as the occasion seems
to require.

There is something so exciting in the idea of the greatest poet of his day sacri-
ficific his fortune, his occupations, his enjoyments,—in short, offering up on the
altar of Liberty all the immense advantages that station, fortune, and genius can
bestow, that it is impossible to reflect on it without admiration; but when one
hears this same person calmly talk of the worthlessness of the people he proposes
to make those sacrifices for, the loans he means to advance, the uniforms he in-
tends to wear, entering into petty details, and always with perfect sang froid, one's admiration evaporates, and the action loses all its charms, though the real merit of it still remains. Perhaps Byron wishes to show that his going to Greece is more an affair of principle than feeling, and as such, more entitled to respect, though perhaps less likely to excite warmer feelings. However this may be, his whole manner and conversation on the subject are calculated to chill the admiration such an enterprise ought to create, and to reduce it to a more ordinary standard.

Byron is evidently in delicate health, brought on by starvation, and a mind too powerful for the frame in which it is lodged. He is obstinate in resisting the advice of medical men and his friends, who all have represented to him the dangerous effects likely to ensue from his present system. He declares that he has no choice but that of sacrificing the body to the mind, as that when he eats as others do, he gets ill, and loses all power over his intellectual faculties; that animal food engenders the appetite of the animal fed upon, and heinstances the manner in which boxers are fed, as a proof, while, on the contrary, a regime of fish and vegetables served to support existence without pampering it. I affected to think that his excellence in, and fondness of swimming, arose from his continually living on fish, and he appeared disposed to admit the possibility, until, being no longer able to support my gravity, I laughed aloud, which for the first minute discomposed him, though he ended by joining heartily in the laugh, and said,—Well, Milady, after this hoax, never accuse me any more of mystifying; you did take me in until you laughed. Nothing gratifies him so much as being told that he grows thin. This fancy of his is pushed to an almost childish extent; and he freely avowed,—Don't you think I get thinner?—or 'Dick, you think I'm thinner, don't you?—The monarch is so thin as I am, who was not ill? He says he is sure no one could recollect him were he to go to England at present, and seems to enjoy this thought very much.

Byron affects a perfect indifference to the opinion of the world, yet is more influenced by it than most people,—not in his conduct, but in his dread of, and wincing under its censures. He was extremely agitated by his name being introduced in the P— trial, as having assisted in making up the match, and showed a degree of irritation that proves he is as susceptible as ever to newspaper attacks, notwithstanding his boasts to the contrary. This susceptibility will always leave him at the mercy of all who may choose to write against him, however insignificant they may be.

I noticed Byron one day more than usually irritable, though he endeavored to suppress all symptoms of it. After various sarcasms on the cant and hypocrisy of the times, which was always the signal that he was suffering from some attack made on him, he burst forth in violent invectives against America, and said that she now rivalled her mother country in cant, as he had that morning read an article of abuse, copied from an American newspaper, alluding to a report that he was going to reside there. We had seen the article, and hoped that it might have escaped his notice, but unfortunately he had perused it, and its effects on his temper were visible for several days after. He said that he was never sincere in his praises of the Americans, and that he only extolled their navy to pique Mr. Crocker. There was something so childish in this avowal, that there was no keeping a serious face on hearing it; and Byron smiled himself, like a petulant spoiled child who acknowledges having done something to spite a playfellow.

Byron is a great admirer of the poetry of Barry Cornwall, which, he says, is full of imagination and beauty, possessing a refinement and delicacy, that, whilst they add all the charms of a woman's mind, take off none of the force of a man's. He expressed his hope that he would devote himself to tragedy, saying that he was sure he would become one of the first writers of the day.

Talking of marriage, Byron said that there was no real happiness out of its pale. If people like each other so well (said he) as not to be able to live together; this is the only tie that can ensure happiness—all others entail misery. I put religion and morals out of the question, though of course the misery will be increased tenfold by the influence of both; but, admitting persons to have neither (and many such are, by the good-natured world, supposed to exist,) still liaisons, that are not cemented by marriage, must produce unhappiness, when there is refinement.
of mind, and that honorable fœte that accompanies it. The humiliations and vexations a woman, under such circumstances, is exposed to, cannot fail to have a certain effect on her temper and spirits, which robs her of the charms that won affection; it renders her susceptible and suspicious; her self-esteem being diminished, she becomes doubly jealous of that of him for whom she lost it, and on whom she depends; and if he has feeling to conciliate her, he must submit to a slavery much more severe than that of marriage, without its respectability. Women become exigants always in proportion to their consciousness of a decrease in the attentions they desire; and this very exigance accelerates the flight of the blind god, whose approaches, the Greek proverb says, are always made walking, but whose retreat is flying. I once wrote some lines expressive of my feelings on this subject, and you shall have them. He had no sooner repeated the first line, than I recollected having the verses in my possession, having been allowed to copy them, by Mr. D. Kinnaird, the day he received them from Lord Byron. The following are the verses:

Composed Dec. 1, 1819.

COULD Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavor
Be tried in vain;
No other pleasure
With this could measure,
And as a treasure
We'd hug the chain.
But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, formed for flying,
Love plumes his wing;
Then, for this reason,
Let's love a season,

But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted
Feel broken-hearted,
And, all hopes thwarted,
Expect to die;
A few years older,
Ah! how much colder
They might behold her
For whom they sigh.
When linked together,
Through every weather,
We pluck Love's feather
From out his wing;
He'll sadly shiver,
And droop for ever,

Without the plumage that sped his spring.

[Shorn of the plumage which sped his spring.]

Like chiefs of Faction
His life is action,—
A formal passion,
Which curbs his reign,
Obscures his glory,
Despot no more, he
Such territory
Quite with disdain.
Still, still advancing,
With banners glancing,
His power enhancing,
He must march on.
Repose but cloys him,
Retreat destroys him;

Love brooks not a degraded throne!
Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron.

Wait not, fond lover!
Till years are over,
And then recover
As from a dream;
While each bewailing
The other's falling,
With wrath and railing
All hideous seem;
While first decreasing,
Yet not quite ceasing,
Pause not till teazing
All passion blight:
If once diminished,
His reign is finished,—
One last embrace then, and bid good night!

So shall Affection
To recollection
The dear connexion
Bring back with joy;
You have not waited
Till, tired and hated,
All passion sated,
Began to cloy.
Your last embraces
Leave no cold traces,—
The same fond faces
As through the past;
And eyes, the mirrors
Of your sweet errors,
Reflect but rapture; not least, though last!

True separations
Ask more than patience;
What desperations
From such have risen!
And yet remaining,
What is 't but chaining
Hearts which, once waning,
Beat 'gainst their prison?
Time can but cloy love,
And use destroy love:
The winged boy, Love,
Is but for boys;
You'll find it torture,
Though sharper, shorter,
To wean, and not wear out your joys.

They are so unworthy the author, that they are merely given as proof that the greatest genius can sometimes write bad verses; as even Homer nods. I remarked to Byron, that the sentiment of the poem differed with that which he had just given me of marriage: he laughed, and said, 'Recollect, the lines were written nearly four years ago; and we grow wiser as we grow older: but mind, I still say, that I only approve marriage when the persons are so much attached as not to be able to live a saunter, which ought always to be tried by a year's absence, before the irrevocable knot was formed. The truest picture of the misery unhallowed liaisons produce (said Byron) is in the 'Adolphe' of Benjamin Constant. I told Madame de Staël that there was more sordere in that book than in all she ever wrote; and that it ought always to be given to every young woman who had read 'Corinne,' as an antidote. Poor de Staël! she came down upon me like an avalanche, whenever I told her any of my amiable truth, sweeping every-
thing before her, with that eloquence that always overwhelmed, but never convinced. She, however, good soul, believed she had convinced, whenever she silenced an opponent; an effect she generally produced, as she, to use an Irish phrase, succeeded in bothering, and producing a confusion of ideas, that left one little able or willing to continue an argument with her. I liked her daughter very much (said Byron:) I wonder will she turn out literary?—at all events, though she may not write, she possesses the power of judging the writings of others: is highly educated and clever; but I thought a little given to systems, which is not in general the fault of young women, and, above all, young French women.'

One day that Byron dined with us, his chasseur, while we were at table, demanded to speak with him; he left the room, and returned in a few minutes in a state of violent agitation, pale with anger, and looking as I had never before seen him look, though I had often seen him angry. He told us that his servant had come to tell him that he must pass the gate of Genoa (his house being outside the town) before half past ten o'clock, as orders were given that no one was to be allowed to pass after. This order, which had no personal reference to him, he conceived to be expressly levelled at him, and it rendered him furious: he seized a pen, and commenced a letter to our minister,—tore two or three letters one after the other, before he had written one to his satisfaction; and, in short, betrayed such ungovernable rage, as to astonish all who were present; he seemed very much disposed to enter into a personal contest with the authorities; and we had some difficulty in persuading him to leave the business wholly in the hands of Mr. Hill, the English Minister, who would arrange it much better.

Byron's appearance and conduct, on this occasion, forcibly reminded me of Rousseau; he declared himself the victim of persecution wherever he went; said that there was a confederacy between all governments to pursue and molest him, and uttered a thousand extravagances, that proved that he was no longer master of himself. I now understood how likely his manner was, under any violent excitement, to give rise to the idea that he was deranged in his intellects, and became convinced of the truth of the sentiment in the lines—

'Great wit to madness sure is near allied,
And this partitions do their bounds divide.'

The next day, when we met, Byron said that he had received a satisfactory explanation from Mr. Hill, and then asked me if I had not thought him mad the night before—'I assure you (said he,) I often think myself not in my right senses, and this is perhaps the only opinion I have in common with Lady Byron, who, dear sensible soul, not only thought me mad, but tried to persuade others into the same belief.'

Talking one day on the difference between men's actions and thoughts, a subject to which he often referred, he observed that it frequently happened that a man who was capable of superior powers of reflection and reasoning when alone, was trifling and common-place in society. 'On this point (said he,) I speak feelingly, for I have remarked it of myself, and have often longed to know if other people had the same defect, or the same consciousness of it, which is, that while in solitude, my mind was occupied in serious and elevated reflections, in society it sinks into a trifling levity of tone, that in another would have called forth my disapprobation and disgust. Another defect of mine is, that I am so little fastidious in the selection, or rather want of selection, of associates, that the most stupid men satisfy me quite as well, nay, perhaps better than the most brilliant, and yet all the time they are with me I feel, even while descending to their level, that they are unworthy of me, and what is worse, that we seem in point of conversation so nearly on an equality, that the effort of letting myself down to them costs me nothing; though my pride is hurt that they do not seem more sensible of the condescension. When I have sought what is called good society, it was more from a sense of propriety and keeping my station in the world, than from any pleasure it gave me; for I have been always disappointed, even in the most brilliant and clever of my acquaintances, by discovering some trait of egotism, or futility, that I was too egotistical and futil to pardon, as I find that we are least disposed to overlook the defects we are most prone to. Do you think as I do on this point?' (said Byron.) I answered, 'That as a clear and spotless mirror re-
flects the brightest images, so is goodness ever most prone to see good in others; and as a sullied mirror shows its own defects in all that it reflects, so does an impure mind tinge all that passes through it." Byron laughingly said, 'That thought of your's is pretty, and just, which all pretty thoughts are not, and I shall pop it into my next poem. But how do you account for this tendency of mine to trifling and levity in conversation, when in solitude my mind is really occupied with serious reflections.' I answered: 'That this was the very cause—the bow cannot remain always bent; the thoughts suggested to him in society were the reaction of a mind strained to its bent, and reposing itself after exertion; as also that feeling the inferiority of the persons he mixed with, the great powers were not excited, but lay dormant and supine, collecting their force for solitude.' This opinion pleased him, and when I added that great writers were rarely good talkers, and vice versa, he was still more gratified. He said that he disliked every day topics of conversation, he thought it a waste of time; but that if he met a person with whom he could, as he said, think aloud, and give utterance to his thoughts on abstract subjects, he was sure it would excite the energies of his mind, and awaken sleeping thoughts that wanted to be stirred up. 'I like to go home with a new idea (said Byron); it sets my mind on fire, and it often gives birth to many others; this, one can only do in a tête-à-tête. I felt the advantage of this in my rides with Hoppner at Venice; he was a good listener, and his remarks were acute and original; he is besides a thoroughly good man, and I knew he was in earnest when he gave me his opinions. But conversation, such as one finds in society, and, above all, in English society, is as uninteresting as it is artificial, and few can leave the best with the consolation of carrying away with him a new thought, or of leaving behind him an old friend.' Here he laughed at his own antithesis, and added, 'By Jove, it is true; you know how people abuse or quiz each other in England; the moment one is absent: each is afraid to go away before the old; knowing that, as is said in the School for Scandal, he leaves his character behind. It is this certainty that excuses me to myself, for abusing my friends and acquaintances in their absence. I was once accused of this by an ami intime, to whom some devilish good-natured person had repeated what I had said of him; I had nothing for it but to plead guilty, adding, you know you have done the same by me fifty times, and yet you see I never was affronted, or liked you less for it; on which he laughed, and we were as good friends as ever. Mind you (a favorite phrase of Byron's) I never heard that he had abused me, but I took it for granted, and was right. So much for friends.' I remarked to Byron that his scepticism as to the sincerity and durability of friendship, argued very much against his capability of feeling the sentiment, especially as he admitted that he had not been deceived by the fine he had credited in, consequently his opinion must be founded on self-knowledge. This amused him, and he said that he verily believed that his knowledge of human nature, on which he had hitherto prided himself, was the criterion by which I judged so unfavorably of him, as he was sure I attributed his bad opinion of mankind to his perfect knowledge of self. When in good spirits, he liked badinage very much, and nothing seemed to please him more than being considered as a mauvais sujet; he disclaimed the being so, with an air that showed he was far from being offended at the suspicion. Of love he had strange notions: he said that most people had le besoin d'aimer, and that with this besoin the first person who fell in one's way was contented. He maintained that those who possessed the most imagination, poets for example, were most likely to be constant in their attachments, as with the beau ideal in their heads, with which they identified the object of their attachment, they had nothing to desire, and viewed their mistresses through the brilliant medium of fancy, instead of the common one of the eyes. 'A poet, therefore (said Byron,) endows the person he loves with all the charms with which his mind is stored, and has no need of actual beauty to fill up the picture. Hence he should select a woman who is rather good-looking than beautiful, leaving the latter for those who, having no imagination, require actual beauty to satisfy their tastes. And after all (said he,) where is the actual beauty that can come up to the bright imaginings of the poet? where can one see women that equal the visions, half-mortal, half-angelic, that people his fancy? Love, who is
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painted blind (an allegory that proves the uselessness of beauty,) can supply all deficiencies with his aid; we can invest her whom we admire with all the attributes of loveliness, and though time may steal the roses from her cheek, and the lustre from her eye, still the original beau ideal remains, filling the mind and intoxicating the soul with the overpowering presence of loveliness. I flatter myself that my La Père, Zuleika, Cynthär, Mardora, and Hira, will always vouch for my taste in beauty: these are the bright creations of my fancy, with rounded forms, and delicacy of limbs, nearly so incompatible as to be rarely if ever united; for where, with some rare exceptions, do we see roundness of contour accompanied by lightness, and those fairy hands and feet that are at once the type of beauty and refinement. I like to shut myself up, close my eyes, and fancy one of the creatures of my imagination, with taper and rose-tipped fingers, playing with my hair, touching my cheek, or resting its little snowy-dimpled hand on mine. I like to fancy the fairy foot, round and pulpy, but small to diminutiveness, peeping from beneath the drapery that half conceals it, or moving in the maze of the dance. I detest thin women; and unfortunately all, or nearly all plump women, have clumsy hands and feet, so that I am obliged to have recourse to imagination for my beauties, and there I always find them. I can so well understand the lover leaving his mistress that he might write to her, I should leave mine, not to write to, but to think of her, to dress her up in the habiliments of my ideal beauty, investing her with all the charms of the latter, and then adoring the idol I had formed. You must have observed that I give my heroines extreme refinement, joined to great simplicity and want of education. Now, refinement and want of education are incompatible, at least I have ever found them so: so here again, you see, I am forced to have recourse to imagination, and certainly it furnishes me with creatures as unlike the sophisticated beings of civilised existence, so to the still less tempting, coarse realities of vulgar life. In short, I am of opinion that poets do not require great beauty in the objects of their affection; all that is necessary for them is a strong and devoted attachment from the object, and where this exists, joined to health and good temper, little more is required, at least in early youth, though with advancing years, men become more exigents. 'Talking of the difference between love in early youth and in maturity, Byron said, 'that, like the measles, love was most dangerous when it came late in life.

Byron had two points of ambition,—the one to be thought the greatest poet of his day, and the other a nobleman and man of fashion, who could have arrived at distinction without the aid of his poetical genius. This often produced curious anomalies in his conduct and sentiments, and a sort of jealousy of himself in each separate character, that was highly amusing to an observant spectator. If poets were talked of or eulogized, he referred to the advantages of rank and station as commanding that place in society by right, which was only accorded to genius by sufferance; for, said Byron, 'Let authors do, say, or think what they please, they are never considered as men of fashion in the circles of haut ton, to which their literary reputations have given them an entrée, unless they happen to be of high birth. How many times have I observed this in London; as also the awkward efforts made by authors to trifle and act the fine gentleman like the rest of the herd in society. Then look at the faibleasse they betray in running after great people. Lords and ladies seem to possess, in their eyes some power of attraction that I never could discover; and the eagerness with which they crowd to balls and assemblies, where they are as déplacés as ennuyés, all conversation at such places being out of the question, might lead one to think that they sought the heated atmospheres of such scenes as hot-beds to nurse their genius.' If men of fashion were praised, Byron dwelt on the futility of their pursuits, their ignorance en masse, and the necessity of talents to give lustre to rank and station. In short, he seemed to think that the bays of the author ought to be entwined with a crown to render either valuable, as, singly, they were not sufficiently attractive; and this evidently arose from his uniting, in his own person, rank and genius. I recollect once laughingly telling him that he was fortunate in being able to consider himself a poet amongst lords, and a lord amongst poets. He seemed doubtful as to how he should take the parade, but ended by laughing also.
Byron has often laughed at some repartie or joke against himself; and, after a few minutes' reflection, got angry at it, but was always soon appeased by a civil apology, though it was clear that he disliked anything like ridicule, as do most people who are addicted to play it off on others; and he certainly delighted in quizzing and ridiculing his associates. The translation of his works into different languages, however it might have flattered his amour propre as an author, never failed to enrage him, from the injustice he considered all translations rendered to his works. I have seen him furious at some passages in the French translation, which he pointed out as proof of the impossibility of the translators understanding the original; and he exclaimed, "Il traditore! Il traditore!" (instead of Il traditore,) vowing vengeance against the unhappy person. But he had declared that every translation he had seen of his poems had so destroyed the sense, that he could not understand how the French and Italians could admire his works, as they professed to do. It proved, he said, at how low an ebb modern poetry must be in both countries. French poetry he detested, and continually ridiculed; he said it was discordant to his ears.

Of his own works, with some exceptions, he always spoke in derision, saying he could write much better, but that he wrote to suit the false taste of the day, and that if now and then a gleam of true feeling or poetry was visible in his productions, it was sure to be followed by the ridicule he could not suppress. Byron was not sincere in this, and it was only said to excite surprise, and show his superiority over the rest of the world. It was this same desire of annihilating that led him to depreciate Shakespeare, which I have frequently heard him do, though from various of his reflections in conversation, and the general turn of his mind, I am convinced that he had not only deeply read, but deeply felt the beauties of our immortal poet.

I do not recollect ever having met Byron that he did not, in some way or other, introduce the subject of Lady Byron. The impression left on my mind was, that she continually occupied his thoughts, and that he most anxiously desired a reconciliation with her. He declared that his marriage was free from every interested motive, and if not founded on love, as love is generally viewed, a wild, engrossing and un govorable passion, there was quite sufficient to bind him. He declared that every new scene he passed he entered with a pleasure that led him to depreciate Shakespeare, which I have frequently heard him do, though from various of his reflections in conversation, and the general turn of his mind, I am convinced that he had not only deeply read, but deeply felt the beauties of our immortal poet.

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of being thought to want mental courage, than from the existence of the quality itself. This operated also on his actions as well as his writings; he was the creature of impulse; never reflected on the possible or probable results of his conduct, until that conduct had drawn down censure and calumny on him, when he shrunk with dismay, 'frightened at the sounds himself had made.'

This sensitiveness was visible on all occasions, and extended to all his relations with others; did his friends or associates become the objects of public attack, he shrunk from the association, or at least from any public display of it, disclaimed the existence of any particular intimacy, though in secret he felt good will to the persons. I have witnessed many examples of this, and became convinced that his friendship was much more likely to be retained by those who stood well in the world's opinion, than by those who had even undeservedly forfeited it. I once made an observation to him on this point, which was elicited by something he had said of persons with whom I knew he had once been on terms of intimacy, and which he wished to disclaim; his reply was, 'What the dence good can I do them against public opinion? I shall only injure myself and do them no service.' I ventured to tell him, that this was precisely the system of the English whom he decried; and that self-respect, if no better feeling operated, ought to make us support in adversity those whom we had led to believe we felt interest in. He blushed, and allowed I was right; 'Though (added he) you are singular in both senses of the word, in your opinion, as I have had proofs; for at the moment when I was assailed by all the vituperation of the press in England at the separation, a friend of mine, who had written a complimentary passage to me, either by way of dedication or episode (I forget which he said), suppressed it on finding public opinion running hard against me; he will probably produce it if he finds the quicksilver of the barometer of my reputation mounts to beam fast; while it remains, as at present, at variable, it will never see the light, save and except I die in Greece, with a sort of demi-poetic and demi-heroic renommée attached to my memory.'

PETE R SIMPLE.

The master was the officer who had charge of the watch to which I was stationed; he was a very rough sailor, who had been brought up in the merchant service, not much of a gentleman in his appearance, very good-tempered, and very fond of grog. He always quarrelled with the boatswain, and declared that the service was going to the devil, now that warrant officers put on white shirts, and wore frills to them. But the boatswain did not care for him; he knew his duty, he did his duty, and if the captain was satisfied, he said that the whole ship's company might grumble. As for the master, he said, the man was very well, but having been brought up in a collier, he could not be expected to be very refined; in fact, he observed, pulling up his shirt collar—it was impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The master was very kind to me, and used to send me down to my hammock before my watch was half over. Until that time, I walked the deck with O'Brien, who was a very pleasant companion, and taught me everything that he could connected with my profession. One night, when we had the middle watch, I told him I should like very much if he would give me the history of his life. 'That I will, my honey,' re-

* Continued from p. 165.
plied he, "all that I can remember of it, though I have no doubt but that I've forgotten the best part of it. It's now within five minutes of two bells, so we'll heave the log and mark the board, and then I'll spin you a yarn, which will keep both of us from going to sleep." O'Brien reported the rate of sailing to the master, marked it down on the log-board, and then returned.

"So now, my boy, I'll come to an anchor on the topsail halyard rack, and you may squeeze your thread-paper little carcase under my lee, and then I'll tell you all about it. First and foremost, you must know that I am descended from the great O'Brien Borru, who was a king in his time, as the great Fingal was before him. Of course you've heard of Fingal."

"I can't say that I ever did," replied I.

"Never heard of Fingal!—murder! Where must you have been all your life! Well, then, to give you some notion of Fingal, I will first tell you how Fingal bothered the great Scotch giant, and then I'll go on with my own story. Fingal, you must know, was a giant himself, and no fool of one, and any one that affronted him was as sure of a bating, as I am to keep the middle watch to-night. But there was a giant in Scotland as tall as the main-mast, more or less, as we say when we a'nt quite sure, as it saves telling more lies than there's occasion for. Well, this Scotch giant heard of Fingal, and how he had beaten every body, and he said, "Who is this Fingal? By Jasus," says he in Scotch, "I'll just walk over and see what he's made of." So he walked across the Irish Channel, and landed within half a mile of Belfast, but whether he was out of his depth or not I can't tell, although I suspect that he was not dry footed. When Fingal heard that this great chap was coming over, he was in a devil of a fright, for they told him that the Scotchman was taller by a few feet or so. Giants, you know, measure by feet, and don't bother themselves about the inches, as we little devils are obliged to do. So Fingal kept a sharp look out for the Scotchman, and one fine morning there he was sure enough, coming up the hill to Fingal's house. If Fingal was afraid before, he had more reason to be afraid when he saw the fellow, for he looked for all the world like t.e monument upon a voyage of discovery. So Fingal ran into his house, and called to his wife Shaya, "My vourneen," says he, "be quick now; there's that big bully of a Scotchman coming up the hill. Kiver me up with the blankets, and if he asks who is in bed, tell him it's the child." So Fingal laid down on the bed, and his wife had just time to cover him up when in comes the Scotchman, and though he stooped low, he hit his head against the portal. "Where's that baste Fingal?" says he, rubbing his forehead; "show him to me, that I may give him a bating." "Whist, whist!" cries Shaya, "you'll wake the babby, and then him that you talk of bating will be the death of you, if he comes in." "Is that the babby?" cried the Scotchman with surprise, looking at the great carcase muffed up in the blankets. "Sure it is," replied Shaya, "and Fingal's babby too; so don't you wake him, or Fingal will twist your neck in a minute." "By the cross
of St. Andrew," replied the giant, "then it's time for me to be off; for if that's his baby, I'll be but a mouthful to the fellow himself. Good morning to ye." So the Scotch giant ran out of the house, and never stopped to eat or drink until he got back to his own hills, foreby he was nearly drowned in having mistaken his passage across the Channel in his great hurry. Then Fingal got up and laughed, as well he might, at his own 'cuteness; and so ends my story about Fingal. And now I'll begin about myself. As I said before, I am descended from the great O'Brien, who was a king in his time, but that time's past. I suppose as the world turns round, my children's children's posterity may be kings again, although there seems but little chance of it just now; but there's ups and downs on a grand scale, as well as in a man's own history, and the wheel of fortune keeps turning for the comfort of those who are at the lowest spoke, as I may be just now. To cut the story a little shorter, I skip down to my great-grand-father, who lived like a real gentleman, as he was, upon his ten thousand a-year. At last he died, and eight thousand of the ten was buried with him. My grandfather followed his father all in good course of time, and only left my father about one hundred acres of bog to keep up the dignity of the family. I am the youngest of ten, and devil a copper have I but my pay, or am I likely to have. You may talk about descent, but a more descending family than mine was never in existence, for here am I with twenty-five pounds a-year, and a half-pay of "nothing a day, and find myself," when my great ancestor did just what he pleased with all Ireland, and every body in it. But this is all nothing, except to prove satisfactorily that I am not worth a skillagalee, and the reason which induced me to condescend to serve his majesty. Father McGrath, the priest, who lived with my father, taught me the elements, as they call them. I thought I had enough of the elements, then, but I've seen a deal more of them since. "Teague," says my father to me one day, "what do you mane to do?" "To get my dinner, sure," replied I, for I was not a little hungry. "And so you shall to-day, my vourneen," replied my father, "but in future you must do something to get your own dinner: there's not pratties enow for the whole of ye. Will you go to the say?" "I'll just step down and look at it," says I, for we lived but sixteen Irish miles from the coast; so when I had finished my meal, which did not take long, for want of ammunition, I trotted down to the Cove to see what a ship might be like, and I happened upon a large one sure enough, for there lay a three-decker with an admiral's flag at the fore. "May be you'll be so civil as to tell me what ship that is," said I to a sailor on the pier. "It's the Queen Charlotte," replied he, "of one hundred and twenty guns." Now when I looked at her size, and compared her with all the little smacks and hoys lying about her, I very naturally asked how old she was; he replied, that she was no more than three years old. "But three years old," thought I to myself; "it's a fine vessel you'll be when you'll come of age, if you grow at that rate; you'll be as tall as the top of Bencrow (that's a mountain we have in our parts.)" You see, Peter, I was a fool at that time, just
as you are now; but by-and-bye, when you've had as many thrashings, you may chance to be as clever. I went back to my father, and told him all I had seen, and he replied, that if I liked it I might be a midshipman on board of her, with nine hundred men under my command. He forgot to say how many I should have over me, but I found that out afterwards. I agreed, and my father ordered his pony and went to the lord lieutenant, for he had interest enough for that. The lord lieutenant spoke to the admiral, who was staying at the palace, and I was ordered on board as midshipman. My father fitted me out pretty handsomely, telling all the tradesmen that their bills should be paid with my first prize money, and thus by promises and blarney he got credit for all I wanted. At last all was ready; Father McGrath gave me his blessing, and told me that if I died like an O'Brien, he would say a power of masses for the good of my soul. "May you never have the trouble, sir," said I. "Och, trouble! a pleasure, my dear boy," he replied, for he was a very polite man: so off I went with my big chest, not quite so full as it ought to have been, for my mother cribbed one half of my stock for my brothers and sisters. "I hope to be back again soon, father," said I, as I took my leave. "I hope not, my dear boy," replied he; "a'n't you provided for, and what more would ye have?" So after a deal of bother I was fairly on board, and I parted company with my chest, for I stayed on deck, and that went down below. I stared about with all my eyes for some time, when who should be coming off but the captain, and the officers were ordered on deck to receive him. I wanted to have a quiet survey of him, so I took up my station on one of the guns, that I might examine him at my leisure. The boatswain whistled, the marines presented arms, and the officers all took off their hats as the captain came on the deck, and then the guard was dismissed, and they all walked about the deck as before, but I found it very pleasant to be astride on the gun, so I remained where I was "What do you mane by that, you big young scoundrel?" says he, when he saw me. "It's nothing at all I mane," replied I; "but what do you mane by calling an O'Brien a scoundrel?" "Who is he?" said the captain to the first lieutenant. "Mr. O'Brien, who joined the ship about an hour since." "Don't you know better than to sit upon a gun?" said the captain. "To be sure I do," replied I, "when there's anything better to sit upon." "He knows no better, sir," observed the first lieutenant. "Then he must be taught," replied the captain. "Mr. O'Brien, since you have perched yourself upon that gun to please yourself, you will now continue there for two hours to please me. Do you understand, sir? you'll ride on that gun for two hours. "I understand, sir," replied I; "but I'm afraid that he won't move without spurs, although there's plenty of metal in him." The captain turned away and laughed as he went into his cabin, and all the officers laughed, and I laughed too, for I perceived no great hardship in sitting down an hour or two, any more than I do now. Well, I soon found that, like a young bear, all my troubles were to come. The first month was nothing but fighting and squabbling with my messmates; they called me a true Irishman,
and raw I was sure enough, from the constant thrashings and coltings I received from those who were bigger and stronger than myself; but nothing lasts forever—as they discovered that whenever they found blows I could find back, they got tired of it, and left me and my brogue alone. We sailed for the Toolong fleet.'

'What fleet?' inquired I.

'Why, the Toolong fleet, so called, I thought, because they remained too long in harbour, bad luck to them; and then we were off Cape See-see (devil a bit could we see of them except their mast-heads) for I don't know how many months. But I forgot to say that I got into another scrape just before we left harbor. It was my watch when they piped to dinner, and I took the liberty to run below, as my mates had a knack of forgetting absent friends. Well, the captain came on board, and there were no side boys, no side ropes, and no officers to receive him. He came on deck foaming with rage, for his dignity was hurt, and he inquired who was the midshipman of the watch. 'Mr. O'Brien,' said they all. 'Devil a bit,' replied I; 'it was my forenoon watch.' 'Who relieved you, sir?' said the first lieutenant. 'Devil a soul, sir,' replied I, 'for they were all too busy with their pork and beef.' 'Then why did you leave the deck without relief?' 'Because, sir, my stomach would have had but little relief if I had remained.' The captain, who stood by, said, 'Do you see those crosstrees, sir?' 'Is it those little bits of wood that you mane, on the top there, captain?' 'Yes, sir; now just go up there, and stay until I call you down. You must be brought to your senses, young man, or you'll have but little prospect in the service.' 'I've an idea that I'll have plenty of prospect when I get up there,' replied I, 'but it's all to please you.' So up I went, as I have many a time since, and as you often will, Peter, just to enjoy the fresh air and your own pleasant thoughts all at once and the same time.

'At last I became much more used to the manners and customs of say-going people, and by the time that I had been fourteen months off Cape See-see, I was considered a very genteel young midshipman, and my mates, (that is, all that I could thrash, which didn't leave out many,) had a very great respect for me.

'The first time that I put my foot on shore was at Minorca, and then I put my foot into it, (as we say,) for I was nearly killed for a heretic, and only saved by proving myself a true Catholic, which proves that religion is a great comfort in distress, as Father Mc'Grath used to say. Several of us went on shore, and having dined upon a roast turkey, stuffed with plum pudding, (for every thing else was cooked in oil, and we could not eat it,) and having drunk as much wine as would float a jolly boat, we ordered donkeys, to take a little equestrian exercise. Some went off tail an end, some with their hind quarters uppermost, and then the riders went off instead of the donkeys; some wouldn't go off at all; as for mine he would go—and where the devil do you think he went? Why, into the church where all the people were at mass: the poor brute was dying with thirst,
and smelt water. As soon as he was in, notwithstanding all my tugging and howling, he ran his nose into the holy water fount, and drank it all up. Although I thought, that seeing how few Christians have any religion, that you could not expect much from a donkey, yet I was very much shocked at the sacrilege, and fearful of the consequences. Nor was it without reason, for the people in the church were quite horrified, as well they might be, for the brute drank as much holy water as would have purified the whole town of Port Mahon, suburbs and all to boot. They rose up from their knees and seized me, crying upon all the saints in the calendar. Although I knew what they meant, not a word of their lingo could I speak to plead for my life, and I was almost torn to pieces before the priests came up. Perceiving the danger I was in, I wiped my finger across the wet nose of the donkey, crossed myself, and then went down on my knees to the priests, crying out culpa mea, as all good Catholics do—though 'twas no fault of mine, as I said before, for I tried all I could, and tugged at the brute till my strength was gone. The priests perceived by the manner in which I crossed myself that I was a good Catholic, and guessed that it was all a mistake of the donkey's. They ordered the crowd to be quiet, and sent for an interpreter, when I explained the whole story. They gave me absolution for what the donkey had done, and after that, as it was very rare to meet an English officer who was a good Christian, I was in great favor during my stay at Minorca, and was living in plenty, paying for nothing, and as happy as a cricket.

So the jackass proved a very good friend, and to reward him I hired him every day, and galloped him all over the island. But at last it occurred to me that I had broken my leave, for I was so happy on shore that I quite forgot that I had only permission for twenty-four hours, and I should not have remembered it so soon, had it not been for a party of marines, headed by a serjeant, who took me by the collar and dragged me off my donkey. I was taken on board, and put under an arrest for my misconduct. Now, Peter, I don't know anything more agreeable than being put under an arrest. Nothing to do all day but eat and drink, and please yourself, only forbid to appear on the quarter deck, the only place that a midshipman wishes to avoid. Whether it was to punish me more severely, or whether he forgot all about me, I can't tell, but it was nearly two months before I was sent for in the cabin, and the captain with a most terrible frown, said that he trusted that my punishment would be a warning to me, and that now I might return to my duty. "Plase your honor," said I, "I don't think that I've been punished enough yet." "I am glad to find that you are so penitent, but you are forgiven, so take care that you do not oblige me to put you again in confinement." So as there was no persuading him, I was obliged to return to my duty again; but I made a resolution that I would get into another scrape again as soon as I dared—"

'Sail on the starboard-bow,' cried the look-out man.

'Very well,' replied the master; 'Mr. O'Brien—where's Mr. O'Brien?"
'Is it me you mane, sir?' said O'Brien, walking up to the master, for he had sat down so long in the topsail-halyard rack, that he was wedged in and could not get out immediately.

'Yes, sir; go forward, and see what that vessel is.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' said O'Brien; 'and Mr. Simple,' continued the master, 'go down and bring me up my night-glass.'

'Yes, sir,' replied I. I had no idea of a night-glass: and as I observed that about this time his servant brought him up a glass of grog, I thought it very lucky that I knew what he meant. 'Take care that you don't break it, Mr. Simple.' 'O then, I'm all right,' thought I; he means the tumbler, so down I went, called up the gun-room steward, and desired him to give me a glass of grog for Mr. Doball. The steward tumbled out in his shirt, mixed the grog, and gave it to me, and I carried it up very carefully to the quarter-deck.

During my absence, the master had called the captain, and in pursuance of his orders, O'Brien had called the first lieutenant, and when I came up the ladder they were both on deck. As I came up the ladder I heard the master say, 'I have sent young Simple down for my night-glass, but he is so long, that I suppose he has made some mistake. He's but half a fool.' 'That I deny,' replied Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant, just as I put my foot on the quarter-deck. 'He's no fool.' 'Perhaps not,' replied the master. 'O, here he is. What made you so long, Mr. Simple—where is my night-glass?'

'Here it is, sir,' replied I, handing him the tumbler of grog; 'I told the steward to make it stiff.' The captain and the first lieutenant burst out into a laugh—for Mr. Doball was known to be very fond of grog; the former walked aft to conceal his mirth; but the latter remained. Mr. Doball was in a great rage. 'Did not I say that the boy was half a fool,' cried he, to the first lieutenant. 'At all events, I'll not allow that he has proved himself so in this instance,' replied Mr. Falcon, 'for he has hit the right nail on the head.' Then the first lieutenant joined the captain, and they both went off laughing. 'Put it on the capstan, sir,' said Mr. Doball to me, in an angry voice: 'I'll punish you by-and-bye.' I was very much astonished, I hardly knew whether I had done right or wrong; at all events, thought I to myself, I did for the best: so I put it on the capstan and walked to my own side of the deck. The captain and first lieutenant then went below, and O'Brien came aft. 'What vessel is it?' said I.

'To the best of my belief, it's one of your bathing machines going home with despatches,' replied he.

'A bathing machine,' said I; 'why I thought that they were hauled up on the beach.'

'That's the Brighton sort; but these are made not to go up at all.'

'What then?'

'Why, to go down, to be sure; and remarkably well they answer their purpose. I won't puzzle you any more, my Peter, I'm spaking helligorically, which I believe means telling a hell of a lie. It's one of your ten-gun Briggs, to the best of my knowledge.'

I then told O'Brien what had occurred, and how the master was
angry with me. O'Brien laughed very heartily, and told me never to mind, but to keep in the lee-scuppers and watch him. 'A glass of grog is a bait that he'll play round till he gorges. When you see it to his lips, go up to him boldly, and ask his pardon if you offended him, and then if he's a good Christian, as I believe him to be, he'll not refuse.'

I thought this was very good advice, and I waited under the bulwark on the lee side. I observed that the master made shorter and shorter turns every time, till at last he stopped at the capstan and looked at the grog. He waited about half a minute, and then he took up the tumbler, and drank about half of it. It was very strong, and he stopped to take breath. I thought this was the right time, and I went up to him. The tumbler was again to his lips, and before he saw me, I said, 'I hope, sir, you'll forgive me; I never heard of a night telescope, and knowing that you had walked so long, I thought you were tired, and wanted something to drink, to refresh you.'

'Well, Mr. Simple,' said he, after he had finished the glass, with a deep sigh, 'as you meant kindly, I shall let you off this time; but recollect, that whenever you bring me a glass of grog again, it must not be in the presence of the captain or first lieutenant.' I promised him very faithfully, and went away quite delighted with my having made my peace with him, and more so that the first lieutenant had said that I was no fool for what I had done.

At last our watch was over, and about two bells I was relieved by the midshipman of the next watch. It is very unfair not to relieve in time, but if I say a word, I am certain to be thrashed the next day upon some pretence or another. On the other hand, the midshipman whom I relieve is also much bigger than I am, and if I am not up before one bell, I am cut down and thrashed by him; so that between the two, I keep much more than my share of the watch, except when the master sends me to bed before it is over.

The next morning I was on deck at seven bells, to see the hammocks stowed, when I was witness to Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant, having recourse to one of his remedies to cure a mizen-top-boy of smoking, a practice to which he has a great aversion. He never interferes with the men smoking in the galley, or chewing tobacco; but he prevents the boys, that is, lads under twenty or thereabouts, from indulging in the habit too early. The first lieutenant smelt the tobacco as the boy passed him on the quarter deck. 'Why, Neill, you have been smoking,' said the first lieutenant. 'I thought you were aware that I did not permit such lads as you to use tobacco.'

'If you please, sir,' replied the mizen-top-man, touching his hat, 'I've got worms, and they say that smoking be good for them.'

'Good for them!' said the first lieutenant; 'yes, very good for them, but very bad for you. Why, my good fellow, they'll thrive upon tobacco until they grow as large as conger eels. I wonder that you are not dead by this time. Heat is what the worms are fond of;
but cold—cold will kill them. Now I'll cure you. Quarter-master, come here. Walk this boy up and down the weather gangway, and every time you get forward abreast of the main-tack block, put his mouth to windward, squeeze him sharp by the nape of the neck until he opens his mouth wide, and then keep him and let the cold air blow down his throat, while you count ten; then walk him aft, and when you are forward again, proceed as before.—Cold kills worms, my poor boy, not tobacco—I wonder that you are not dead by this time.'

The quarter-master, who liked the joke, as did all the seamen, seized hold of the lad, and as soon as they arrived forward, gave him such a squeeze of the neck as to force him to open his mouth, if it was only to cry with pain. The wind was very fresh, and blew into his mouth so strong, that it actually whistled while he was forced to keep it open; and thus he was obliged to walk up and down, cooling his inside, for nearly two hours, when the first lieutenant sent for him, and told him that he thought all the worms must be dead by that time; but if they were not, the lad was not to apply his own remedies, but come to him for another dose. However, the boy was of the same opinion as the first lieutenant, and never complained of worms again.

A few nights afterwards, when we had the middle watch, O'Brien proceeded with his story. 'Where was it that I left off?'

'You left off at the time that you were taken out of confinement.'

'So I did sure enough; and it was with no good will that I went to my duty. However, as there was no help for it, I walked up and down the deck as before, with my hands in my pockets, thinking of old Ireland and my great ancestor Brien Borru. And so I went on behaving myself like a real gentleman, and getting into no more scrapes, until the fleet put into the Cove of Cork, and I found myself within a few miles of my father's house. You may suppose that the anchor had hardly kissed the mud, before I went to the first lieutenant, and asked leave to go on shore. Now the first lieutenant was not in the sweetest of tempers, seeing as how the captain had been hauling him over the coals for not carrying on the duty according to his satisfaction. So he answered me very gruffly, that I should not leave the ship. "O bother!" said I to myself, "this will never do." So up I walked to the captain, and touching my hat, reminded him that I had a father and mother, and a pretty sprinkling of brothers and sisters, who were dying to see me, and that I hoped that he would give me leave." "Ax the first lieutenant," said he, turning away. "I have, sir," replied I, "and he says that the devil a bit shall I put my foot on shore." "Then you have misbehaved yourself," said the captain. "Not a bit of it, Captain Willis," replied I: "it's the first lieutenant who has misbehaved." "How sir?" answered he, in an angry tone. "Why, sir, didn't he misbehave just now, in not carrying on the duty according to your will and pleasure! and didn't you save him out just as he deserved—and isn't he sulky because you did—and ain't that the reason why I'm not
to go on shore? You see, your honor, it's all true as I said; and the first lieutenant has misbehaved, and not me. I hope you will allow me to go on shore, captain, God bless you! and make some allowance for my parental feelings towards the arthers of my existence." "Have you any fault to find with Mr. O'Brien?" said the captain to the first lieutenant, as he came aft. "No more than I have with midshipmen in general; but I believe it is not the custom for officers to ask leave to go on shore before the sails are furled and yards squared." "Very true," replied the captain; "therefore, Mr. O'Brien, you must wait until the watch is called, and then if you ask the first lieutenant, I have no doubt but you will have leave granted to you to go and see your friends." "Thank'e kindly, sir," replied I; and I hoped that the yards and sails would be finished off as soon as possible, for my heart was in my mouth, and I felt that if I had been kept much longer, it would have flown on shore before me.

'I thought myself very clever in this business, but I never was a greater fool in my life; for there was no such hurry to have gone on shore, and the first lieutenant never forgave me for appealing to the captain—but of that by-and-bye, and all in good time. At last I obtained a grumbling assent to my going on shore, and off I went like a sky rocket. Being in a desperate hurry, I hired a jaunting car to take me to my father's house. "Is it the O'Briens of Ballyhinch that you mean?" inquired the salpœn who drove the horse. "Sure it is," replied I; "and how is he, and all the noble family of the O'Briens?" "All well enough, batting the boy Tim, who caught a bit of confusion in his head the other night at the fair, and now lies in bed quite insensible to mate or drink; but the doctors give hopes of his recovery, as all the O'Briens are known to have such thick heads." "What do you mane by that, bad manners to you?" said I; "but poor Tim—how did it happen—was there a fight?" "Not much of a fight—only a bit of skummage—three crown'er's inquests, no more." "But you are not going the straight road you thief," said I, seeing that he had turned off to the left. "I've my reasons for that, your honor," replied he; "I always turn away from the Castle out of principle—I lost a friend there and it makes me melancholy." "How came that for to happen?" "All by accident, your honor; they hung my poor brother Patrick there, because he was a bad hand at arithmetic." "He should have gone to a better school then," said I. "I've an idea that it was a bad school that he was brought up in," replied he, with a sigh. "He was a cattle-dealer, your honor, and one day, somehow or another, he'd a cow too much—all for not knowing how to count, your honor—bad luck to his schoolmaster!" "All that may be very true," said I, and pace be to his soul; but I don't see why you are to drag me, that's in such a hurry, two miles out of my way out of principle." "Is your honor in a hurry to get home? Then I'll be thinking they'll not be in such a hurry to see you." "And who told you that my name was O'Brien you baste?—and do you dare to say that my friends won't be glad to see me?" "Plase your honor, it's all an idea of mine—so say
no more about it. Only this I know; Father M‘Grath, who gives me absolution, told me the other day that I ought to pay him, and not run in debt, and then run away like Teague O’Brien, who went to say without paying for his shirts, and his shoes and his stockings, nor any thing else, and who would live to be hanged as sure as St. Patrick swam over the Liffey with his head under his arm.” “Bad luck to that Father M‘Grath, cried I; “devil burn me but I’ll be revenged upon him!”

By that time we had arrived at the door of my father’s house. I paid the reparaee, and in I popped. There was my father and mother, and all my brothers and sister, (bating Tim who was in bed sure enough, and died the next day,) and that baste Father M‘Grath to boot. When my mother saw me she ran to me and hugged me as she wept on my neck, and then she wiped her eyes, and sat downs again; but nobody else said “How d’ye do,” or opened their mouths to me. I said to myself, “Sure there’s some trifling mistake here, but I held my tongue. At last they all opened their mouths with a vengeance. My father commenced—“Ain’t you ashamed on yourself, Teague O’Brien?”—“Ain’t you ashamed on yourself, Teague O’Brien?” cried Father M‘Grath.—“Ain’t you ashamed on yourself, cried out all my brothers and sisters in full chorus, whilst my poor mother put her apron to her eyes and said nothing. “The devil a bit for myself, but very much ashamed for you all,” replied I, “to treat me in this manner. What’s the meaning of all this?” “Haven’t they seized my two cows to pay for your toggery, you spalpeen?” cried my father, “Haven’t they taken the hay to pay for your shoes and stockings?” cried father M‘Grath. “Haven’t they taken the pig to pay for that ugly hat of yours?” cried my eldest sister. “And haven’t they taken my hens to pay for that dirk of yours?” cried another. “And all our best furniture to pay for your white shirts and black cravats?” cried Murdock, my brother. “And haven’t we been starved to death ever since?” cried they all. “Och hone!” said my mother, “The devil they have!” said I, when they’d all done. “Sure I’m sorry enough, but it’s no fault of mine. Father, didn’t you send me to say?” “Yes, you rapparee; but didn’t you promise—or didn’t I promise for you, which is all one and the same thing—that you’d pay it all back with your prize-money—and where is it? answer that, Teague O’Brien.” “Where is it, father? I’ll tell you—it’s where next Christmas is—coming, but not come yet.” “Spake to him, Father M‘Grath,” said my father. “Is not that a lie of yours, Teague O’Brien, that you’re after telling now?” said Father M‘Grath; “give me the money.” “It’s no lie, Father M‘Grath; if it pleased you to die to-morrow, the devil of a shilling have I to jingle on your tombstone for good luck, bating those three or four, which you may divide between you,” and I threw them on the floor.

“Teague O’Brien,” said Father M‘Grath, “it’s absolution that you’ll be wanting to-morrow, after all your sins and enormities; and the devil a bit shall you have—take that now.”
"Father M'Grath," replied I, very angrily, "it's no absolution that
I'll want from you any how—take that now."
"Then you have had your share of heaven; for I'll keep you out of
it you wicked monster," said Father M'Grath—"take that now."
"If it's no better than a midshipman's birth," replied I, "I'd just
as soon stay out; but I'll creep in in spite of you—take that now, Father
M'Grath."
"And who's to save your soul, and send you to heaven, if I don't,
you wicked wretch? But I'll see you d—d first—so take that now,
Teague O'Brien."
"Then I'll turn Protestant, and damn the Pope—take that now,
Father M'Grath."

At this last broadside of mine, my father and all my brothers and
sisters raised a cry of horror, and my mother burst into tears. Father
M'Grath seized hold of the pot of holy water, and dipping in the little
whisk, began to sprinkle the room, saying a Latin prayer, while they
all went on squalling at me. At last, my father seized the stool, which
he had been seated upon, and threw it at my head. I dogged, and it
knocked down Father M'Grath who had just walked behind me in full
song. I knew that it was all over after that, so I sprang over his car-
case and gained the door. "Good morning to ye all, and better man-
ners to you next time we meet," cried I, and off I set as fast as I could
for the ship.

I was melancholy enough as I walked back, and thought of what
had passed. "I need not have been in such a confounded hurry,"
said I to myself, "to ask leave, thereby affronting the first lieutenant;"
and I was very sorry for what I had said to the priest, for my con-
science thumped me very hard at having even pretended that I'd turn
Protestant, which I never intended to do, nor ever will, but live and
die a good Catholic as all my posterity have done before me, and as I
trust all my ancestors will for generations to come. Well, I arrived
on board, and the first lieutenant was very savage. I hoped he would
get over it, but he never did; and he continued to treat me so ill, that
I determined to quit the ship, which I did as soon as we arrived in
Cawsand Bay. The captain allowed me to go, for I told him the
whole truth of the matter, and he saw that it was true; so he recom-
manded me to the captain of a jackass frigate, who was in want of
midshipmen."

What do you mean by a jackass frigate?" inquired I.

I mean one of your twenty-eight gun ships, so called because
there is as much difference between them and a real frigate, like the
one we are sailing in, as there is between a donkey and a race-horse.
Well the ship was no sooner brought down to the dock-yard to have
her ballast taken in, than our captain came down to her—a little, thin,
spare man, but a man of weight nevertheless, for he brought a great
pair of scales with him, and weighed every thing that was put on
board. I forget his real name, but the sailors christened him Captain
Avoirdupois. He had a large book, and in it he inserted the weight
of the ballast, and of the shot, water, provisions, coals, standing and running rigging, cables, and every thing else. Then he weighed all the men, and all the midshipmen, and all the midshipmen's chests, and all the officers with everything belonging to them; lastly, he weighed himself, which did not add much to the sum total. I don't exactly know what this was for; but he was always talking about centres of gravity, displacement of fluid, and Lord knows what. I believe it was to find out the longitude, somehow or other, but I didn't remain long enough in her to know the end of it; for one day I brought on board a pair of new boots, which I forgot to report, that they might be put into the scales which swung on the gangway; and whether the captain thought that they would sink his ship, or why, I cannot tell, but he ordered me to quit her immediately—so there I was adrift again. I packed up my traps and went on shore, putting on my new boots out of spite, and trod into all the mud and mire I could meet, and walked up and down from Plymouth to Dock until I was tired, as a punishment to them, until I wore the scoundrels out in a fortnight.

One day I was in the dock-yard, looking at a two-decker in the basin, just brought forward for service, and I inquired who was to be the captain. They told me that his name was O'Connor. Then he's a countryman of mine, thought I, and I'll try my luck. So I called at Goud's Hotel, where he was lodging, and requested to speak with him. I was admitted, and I told him with my best bow that I had come as a volunteer for his ship, and that my name was O'Brien. As it happened, he had some vacancies, and liking my brogue, he asked me in what ships I had served. I told him, and also my reason for quitting my last—which was because I was turned out of it. I explained the story of the boots, and he made inquiries, and found that it was all true; and then he gave me a vacancy as master's mate. We were ordered to South America; and the trade wind took us there in a jiffey. I liked my captain and officers very much; and what was better, we took some good prizes. But somehow or other I never had the luck to remain long in one ship, and that by no fault of mine; at least, not in this instance. All went on as smooth as possible, until one day the captain took us on shore to a ball, at one of the peaceable districts. We had a very merry night of it; but as luck would have it, I had the morning watch to keep, and see the decks cleaned, and as I never neglected my duty, I set off about three o'clock in the morning, just at break of day, to go on board of the ship. I was walking along the sands, thinking of the pretty girl that I'd been dancing with, and had got about half way to the ship, when three rapproces of Spanish soldiers came behind a rock and attacked me with their swords and bayonets. I had only my dirk, but I was not to be run through for nothing, so I fought them as long as I could. I finished one fellow, but at last they finished me; for a bayonet pressed through my body, and I forgot all about it. Well, it appears—for I can only say so to the best of my knowledge and belief—that after they had killed me, they stripped me naked and buried me in the sand, carry-
ing away with them the body of their comrade. So there I was—dead and buried.'

'But, O'Brien,' said I.

'Whist—hold your tongue—you've not heard the end of it. Well, I had been buried about an hour—but not very deep it appears, for they were in too great a hurry—when a fisherman and his daughter came along the beach, on their way to the boat; and the daughter, God bless her, did me the favor to tread upon my nose. It was clear that she had never trod upon an Irishman's nose before, for it surprised her, and she looked down to see what was there, and not seeing anything, she tried it again with her foot, and then she scraped off the sand, and discovered my pretty face. I was quite warm, and still breathing, for the sand had stopped the blood, and prevented my bleeding to death. The fisherman pulled me out, and took me on his back to the house where the captain and officers were still dancing. When he brought me in, there was a great cry from the ladies, not because I was murdered, for they are used to it in those countries, but because I was naked, which they considered a much more serious affair. I was put to bed, and a boat despatched on board for our doctor; and in a few hours I was able to speak, and tell them how it happened. But I was too ill to move when the ship sailed, which she was obliged to do in a day or two afterwards, so the captain made out my discharge, and left me there. The family were French, and I remained with them for six months before I could obtain a passage home, during which I learnt their language, and a very fair allowance of Spanish to boot. When I arrived in England, I found that the prizes had been sold, and that the money was ready for distribution. I produced my certificate, and received £167 for my share. So it's come at last, thought I.'

'I never had such a handful of money in my life; but I hope I shall again, very soon. I spread it out on the table as soon as I got home and looked at it, and then I said to myself, now, Teague O'Brien, will you keep this money to yourself, or send it home? Then I thought of father McGrath and the stool that was thrown at my head, and I was very near sweeping it all back into my pocket. But then I thought of my mother, and of the cows, and the pig, and the furniture, all gone: and of my brothers and sisters wanting pratties, and I made a vow that I'd send every farthing of it to them, after which father McGrath would no longer think of not giving me absolution. So I sent them every doit, only reserving for myself the pay which I had received, amounting to about £30; and I never felt more happy in my life than when it was safe in the post-office, and fairly out of my hands. I wrote a bit of a letter to my father at the time, which was to this purpose—

'Honored Father;

'Since our last pleasant meeting, at which you threw the stool at my head, missing the pigeon and hitting the crow, I have been dead
and buried, but am now quite well, thank God, and want no absolution from father M'Grath, bad luck to him. And what's more to the point, I have just received a batch of prize money, the first I have handled since I have served his majesty, and every farthing of which I now send to you, that you may get back your old cows and the pig, and all the rest of the articles seized to pay for my fitting out; so never again ask me whether I am not ashamed of myself: more shame to you for abusing a dutiful son like myself, who went to sea at your bidding, and has never had a real good potato down his throat ever since. I'm a true O'Brien, tell my mother, and don't mane to turn Protestant, but uphold the religion of my country; although the devil may take father M'Grath and his holy water to boot. I sha'n't come and see you, as perhaps you may have another stool ready for my head, and may take better aim next time; so no more at present from your affectionate son,

' Teague O'Brien.'

'About three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my father, telling me that I was a real O'Brien, and that if any one dared hint to the contrary, he would break every bone in his body; that they had received the money, and thanked me for a real gentleman as I was; that I should have the best stool in the house next time I came, not for my head but for my tail; that father M'Grath sent me his blessing, and had given me absolution for all I had done or should do for the next ten years to come; that my mother had cried with joy at my dutiful behavior; and that all my brothers and sisters, (bating Tim, who had died the day after I left them,) wished me good luck, and plenty more prize money to send home to them. This was all very pleasant; and I had nothing left on my mind but to get another ship; so I went to the port admiral, and told him how it was that I left my last; and he said, "That being dead and buried was quite sufficient reason for any one leaving his ship, and that he would procure me another, now that I had come to life again." I was sent on board of the guard ship, where I remained about ten days, and then was sent round to join this frigate—and so my story's ended; and there's eight bells striking—so the watch is ended too. Jump down, Peter, and call Robinson, and tell him that I'll trouble him to forget to go to sleep again as he did last time, and leave me here, kicking my heels, contrary to the rules and regulations of the service.'

(To be continued.)
OLD SAWS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—No II.

BY ANDREW PICKEN.

Finding that these old saws and quaint morsels of colloquial didactics, which I have been able to gather from among the musty records of literature, have been considered peculiarly suitable to the necessities of young ladies at this particular juncture, and that the world is, after all its experience, disposed for a moment to go back to old-fashioned things, and to pull a thread out of the web of our forefathers' wisdom, I sit down to spin out a few more of these pithy scraps of proverbial mother-wit, which, though apt to be forgotten, are never entirely out of season, and to which my fair readers will do well to take heed.

Indeed, I consider it a great charity to do something of this sort at this time; for, as I took the liberty of hinting in my last paper, the making of young ladies clever only (after a manner,) and accomplished only (after a system,) being the sole object of modern female up-bringing, old common sense, with all her wise maxims and far-seen experience, has no chance whatever against everlasting fine ladyship; and so she has for a long time past been banished out of all genteel society, and sent a begging for her bread into the remote corners of the kingdom.

But as, amongst all this 'progress of society,' there is an universal cry in the land, of want of money among the men, and want of husbands among the ladies, and of other necessities of life among all classes, it is evident that something must be wrong, after all, which wise men (if there be any) would do well to look into. Upon this subject, I confess I have my own opinion, which nobody perhaps would thank me for expressing; but, in the mean time, I shall proceed with a few more of those old proverbs which used to form the floating literature of former days, merely to remind young ladies and others, that once on a time there did exist such a personage as common sense, whose directing assistance, notwithstanding all their fine accomplishments, they may yet come sorely to need. Not that I would discourage young ladies from being well accomplished, as it is called, in certain matters, under certain circumstances; for, although I could wish that every one of them were able to dance like Taglioni, or play pianos as brilliantly as Monsieur Jiggfallero (I forget his name,) the Frenchman, or work as many other wonders as Monsieur Katterfelto, the conjurer—yet, as the real duties of life consist neither primarily in dancing quadrilles and boleros, nor in playing Italian wonderments on stringed instruments, I am only desirous
that the one should not be entirely lost sight of for the other, and
that in giving young ladies what is called education, we should not
entirely forget that they are rational beings. In all this, it may
be seen that I blame more the parents than the children. How
can I help this, unless I should deny the truth of the proverb, that

' 'The church stands in the churchyard.'

which it was never a sin to assert, when it is visible before our
eyes. But parents, as well as children, are very apt to be carried
away with a fashion; and now the fashion is in, to spend all a
daughter's dowry in teaching her to perform a dozen things like a
professor, and all in order to decoy a high husband. This is very
well known to sensible mothers; and yet the fashion of shaping
out everything in a lady's rearing for mere expense and show, is
become so universal even to the daughters of the meanest trades-
men, that husbands who have not large incomes are banished en-
tirely out of the market, and thus three-fourths of the women are
left to be old maids by the gentlemen, merely in self-defence.

Another evil that grows out of this state of things is, that girls
are taught, tacitly at least, and by implication, that the great busi-
ess of life is to catch a husband—to obtain a high, or at least a
wealthy match—and that by means, not of the solid virtues of the
female character, nor even of beauty, but by perfection in those
drawing-room arts, and meretricious and showy accomplishments,
which, in many instances, actually tend to corrupt the heart, and
bring into operation pride, presumption, emulation, envy, scorn,
and strife,—qualities which it ought to be the aim of a really ju-
dicious education to curb and repress. It is certainly quite na-
tural that, when parents have spent a large sum upon their daugh-
ters' education, both they and she should entertain nothing but
the most lofty notions for her, although the lady has not a penny
of dowry; for who else is she suited for but a gentleman of high
degree, who can keep her dancing gallopades and harping on
harps all her life.

Without further introduction, we now go on to preach a need-
ful sermon against this superfine gentility and tinsel of modern
female education, by the help of the proverbs of our fathers; being
convinced that is the source of many evils, much false ambition,
and a world of folly—according to the saying,

Golden dreams make us wake hungry.

All this, however, shows the necessity of increasing, instead
of diminishing, a mercenary spirit on the part of parents in mak-
ing for their children the bargain of marriage; for, if the young
ladies are reared in a way to increase their wants, and extend

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their capacity for mere enjoyment, the danger is the greater of
their marrying where these wants are not likely to be supplied.
Thus, all the maxims which the prudence of our ancestors has
erected into common proverbs, tending to impress upon the
young the necessity of sacrificing the affections of the heart to
the considerations of money, for the upholding of fictitious wants
become doubly imperative in a state of society, such as we are
now in. I therefore begin by quoting the maxim,

Ne'er marry a penniless maiden who is proud of her pedigree,
unless you wish to take home to your house a regular sinking fund;
or, as Dean Swift would say, unless you would put, on your ten-
derest part, 'a perpetual blister.' In short, in all cases of highly
refined society, or, where there are high pretences of any sort,
money must ever be the chief and most important desideratum.

In all cases of marriage, indeed, it cannot be too much im-
pressed upon young ladies, to be wary and circumspect in their
choice; and rather to incur the risk of losing a chance, than rush-
ing into so new a condition without good consideration; more
than any other act in life the rhyming proverb will apply, which
says,

Haste makes waste,
Waste makes want—and
Want makes strife
Between the good man and the good wife.

Still, in marriage, more than aught else, ladies are apt to de-
ceive themselves; and, saith another proverb,

Honey is sweet, but the bee stings.

Considering, then, the state of manner, which makes money
more necessary than ever, it is no wonder that parents and guar-
dians are anxious that girls under their care should, at all events,
get it by the bargain of marriage, want what they may; for it is
quite true, that, however worthy or handsome a man may be,
according to the proverb,

A gentleman without a living, is like a pudding without suet.

and it is matter of experience, that married people cannot

Live upon love as larks do upon lecks.

for there are a great many things that may come afterwards; and,
as the Scots-woman sung,

Wallie, Wallie, bairns are bonnie,—
One's enough, and twa's o'er mony;

at least for the means that many have for doing the poor 'childer'
justice. In the common anxiety of parents to get their daughters
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

off their own hands, also, I cannot but think there is much want of consideration, if not actual selfishness; for they must know, from the number of unwise marriages that they see on every hand, that very often the only really happy time that poor women enjoy is, during the free and lightsome days of youth; and it is a miserable proof of the frailty of human nature, to see parents so ready to make merchandize of their children. If men were all good, and tempers were all fitting, and money were always plenty, to keep peace in the house, then the sooner young women were married the better; but as all these things are not always met with in one person, sensible girls are much better as they are; and so advises George Crabbe, the poet, who died the other day—

A lover lost is not a fortune,
One goes, another comes; and which is best,
There is no telling—set your heart at rest;

and don't let novel reading and nonsense make you, my dear young madam, work yourself into love and discontentment with your condition as long as you have a loose foot and little to care for. Meditation upon this, and the subjects connected with it, and upon all the sad cases that the world presents, of dear and lovely young women throwing away their whole life's happiness at the shrine of twenty follies, and passions, and fatal mistakes, of themselves or parents, would make any man serious if not melancholy; and induce him to write, line upon line, and proverb upon proverb, if, by any means he might prevent any sweet tender unexperienced creature's tears and sorrows. How prettily and quaintly sings the amiable, and himself unfortunate, author of the Fairy Queene—

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassioune of mind,
Than beauty, brought t' unworthy wretchedness,
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I—whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast teality—
Which I do owe unto all womankind—
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

But of all the sad 'haps that, in a woman's life, are to be lamented, is that when, under the influence of some of the powerful but less amiable passions for the moment, as resentment, pride, jealousy, &c., she rashly throws herself away, where she knows she never can love; and thus wilfully wedds herself to misery and regret. A woman is the victim of her own feelings; and cannot be too often guarded against any rash step, when under their immediate influence; for, saith Crabbe, the poet again,
Old Saws for Young Ladies.

When evil fortune works on Folly's side,
And rash resentment adds a spur to pride;
Then life's long troubles from these actions come,
In which a moment may decide our doom.

And where all this may end, forms a saddening tale, particularly as the finest and noblest spirits are most liable to it; for, saith the proverb,

The finest metals soonest break.

I conclude, by recurring somewhat solemnly to my former advice, to cultivate a spirit of rational and virtuous humility of aim, and soberness of views, as to the future, which will both prevent the heart-burnings, so frequently arising from the vain emulations of showy accomplishments. How prettily and wisely old Sir Henry Wotton, the poet, thus moralizes the question of personal humility, and worldly vanity—

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind,
Dig deepest sorrows in the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud.

Surely it was of women, untortured by ambition or envy, that the proverb was made, which saith,

A blyth heart maketh a blooming visage;

and long may the heart of the virtuous female be blyth, and dance in its own lightness! and long may her lovely visage bloom! reflecting the calm sunshine of quiet thoughts; and long may her eyes sparkle with the lightsome joy of Nature's contentment, while they look up upon the bright sun, and abroad over the green earth, which rejoices in her joy, and is made almost holy by her presence. And no wonder that I am careful to indite these things concerning her; for truly, as Otway says in the play,

There's in her all that we believe of heaven,
Love, beauty, brightness, purity, and truth.
THE SPY AND THE TRAITOR.

But in mere spite
To be full quit of this foul, thankless land,
Stand I before ye here—for I will fight
Against my canker'd country, with the spleen
Of all the under lends.

Yet he shall have a mournful memory—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully—
Trail your steel pikes.

It is now hardly two-score and ten years, since a gallant bark was seen anchored on these very waters, through which we are now urging our rapid course.* She was armed—and an enemy. The quiet moonlight was sleeping all around her, and an unusual stillness pervaded every part, as she lay there between the guarded shores. It was a time of trouble in the land. There was a warlike stir on both sides of this deep river; and the heights that you see rising up there like giants over its placid bosom, were then alive with the glancing of bayonets, the gleaming of swords, and the noise of warriors. Red-handed oppression was urging her vengeful way amidst these fair hills with bare steel and a scowling front: and over these waves boomed the deadly shot, carrying destruction into ranks of hardy men who stood every where here to guard the passes to their native mountains. Daily, the struggling reports of skirmishers, and scouting parties, sent their distant echoes round these borders, and often did the night glitter with the blaze of riven and desolate dwellings. It was when hope was low, and energy almost paralysed among this stricken people—when their councils were low-voiced and the stoutest who stood in the halls of deliberation grew pale—when resource seemed about to fail, and the hero who led them felt his heart quake with doubt and dismay. It was indeed the time of trial: the spirit of the Revolution was retreating to its fastnesses, and from the highlands of the Hudson, it looked out with a determined, but a despairing devotion over the world it had vowed to redeem, or to expire in redeeming. The presence of an armed ship, therefore, so far up the waters of the North River, could not, at any time, fail of being an object of interest, though it was not particularly calculated to excite suspicion at the period to which I refer. There had before been hard contests and bloody struggles in these glens and upon these headlands. The intrepid Wayne had wrested a strong hold here from the unguarded enemy, and these fortresses of nature had sent the thunder of their cannon far into the hills; while below them, in these waters, tall ships hung out their flags, and displayed their embattled sides to the shores, which they at once menaced and protected. It was not matter of serious alarm, then, that a boat might be seen, on the night my story commences, shooting silently from the ship above-mentioned, to the eastern shore of the Hudson. It was near midnight, and a slow, gray mist was floating along the indented banks of the river; and for some distance off upon the water it rested like a thin veil, rendering everything indistinct that lay beyond it, or approached through the dim medium which it constituted. The vapor, while it was not dense enough to hide objects between the vessel and the land, thus served to deaden the lustre of the moonlight,

* Off Stony Point, near Tarrytown, on the Hudson.
and afford a partial protection to those whose intention might be to gain
the shore in secrecy.

Such evidently appeared to be the object of the barge which was now
approaching. With equal caution and alacrity it was dropped in by
the low black rocks, and drawn by the projecting points, into a small
cove, which offered a convenient and secluded landing place. An indi-
vidual stepped hastily from the boat, and after a few words between
him and those that remained on board, uttered in a rapid but low tone,
it drew out of the cove and disappeared. The person that now stood
alone in the dull moonlight, was apparently quite youthful, of a slight
frame, and, as far as could be discovered, of an easy carriage, and a mil-
itary air. He was dressed plainly. A dark surcoat enveloped his person
almost entirely, and was buttoned to his throat, and his neck was muf-
fled in a slight silk handkerchief. Perhaps the keen observer might
have discovered under its folds slight indications of a crimson color, but
the particular dress was admirably concealed by the external garment.
The stranger stood some moments, as if listening; he then looked up as
though to see how the night was going—and around him, with a visible
air of anxiety. But his suspense was destined to last but a short time.
He had paced the ground he occupied but a few times, when a person
appeared leading a horse, himself mounted on another. Hardly a word
was passed, and the stranger mounted, and both rode rapidly away to-
wards the hills. They went on in silence—the one evidently with the
sagacity of a guide—the other, as though he was only interested to fol-
low. Not even a whisper was exchanged, and nothing but the fall of
the horse's hoofs broke upon the stillness of the night. Their course lay
through a part of the country extremely wild and romantic: and sleeping
as it did under the calm light of the moon, at midnight, it was hard al-
most for the riders themselves to believe that it was a land, at that mo-
ment frowned upon by ruin, and trampled over by an unremitting and
exterminating foe. Many spots by which they wheeled in their rapid
way bore deep marks of the rude spirit and the scathing hand of war—
war in which they bore a part, and in the midst of whose momentary
slumbers they were hastening to deeds of high import. But those ri-
ders had little to think of, and much to effect. Still urging forward
their horses with all the speed which the path would admit of, they soon
arrived at the point of their destination, and now halted before a small
and solitary building, just without the American posts, on the borders of
one of those ravines which reach away between the towering highlands
of the Hudson.

Following the example of his conductor, the stranger dismounted. The
horses were led away, and for a short time he was left alone, within the
shade of the building. It seemed to be an uninhabited building; no
light gleamed from its windows, and everything about it was gloomy.
The stranger appeared to be impatient. His companion, however, soon
joined him, and silently led the way towards a low door. Having en-
tered, he made it secure, and requesting him to follow, he conducted the
stranger along a narrow passage, by the side of the dwelling, faintly light-
ed by the moon, whose beams fell in by the small windows. Descend-
ing a few steps, he carefully opened a door, drew respectfully back, still
holding it in his hand, and motioned the stranger to enter. He did so,
and it was gently closed upon him. He now stood in a low square room,
slightly furnished, and with an unpainted wainscot, and a sanded floor.
Here and there a coarse picture, in a black frame, under a triumphal
arch of asparagus or evergreen, hung against the white wall; a few durable and heavy-fashioned chairs were stationed about, and over one of them was flung a dark military cloak. The rich hilt of a sword projected from it on one side, and over it hung a hat, such as was commonly worn at the period. Before the hearth sat a substantial table, and on it were scattered confusedly, papers that looked like documents—bundles of letters—and some separate, as though just opened, or about to be dispatched; and in the midst lay small rolls in the shape of maps and plans, that served to lend a grave and business-like air to the place. On one corner of the table, just separated from the papers, lay a brace of richly mounted pistols, and in close companionship stood a half emptied wine-glass, that seemed to proclaim some enterprise in hand, that required more effectual support to the spirit, than secrecy and arms together could afford. A fire blazed cheerfully in the tiled chimney, and threw a look of comfort over the whole room, as it played with a brilliant light against the ceiling, while the firm-closed shutters confined every particle of its rays to the four walls of the apartment. In front of the fire, and beside the table, sat an elderly personage, in deep study over one of the charts I have mentioned, which he had spread out before him, and gazed upon with an intense look of abstraction and anxiety. He looked up, with a start, as the stranger entered, and, hastily rising, approached him with an air of open satisfaction. A dark smile passed over his face as he extended his hand, and requested him to be seated. There was something striking about this individual. His countenance was that of a man who has long since surrendered himself to the sway of his passions, without the least resistance; and deep traces of their power upon him could be discerned as the light fell upon his features. There was about his expression the severity of one used to command, with the recklessness and abandonment which we cannot reconcile with good principles or a good heart. The contraction about his mouth, and the quick furtive glances of his dark eye, argued rapidity and determination, but betrayed a restless and designing spirit. Dark hair lay upon his pale temples, and curled round his low and crafty brow, while, over the whole mien, you could distinctly trace the furrows worn there by evil and ungoverned feelings, partially losing themselves in the flushed and bloated expression of the libertine. The face was indeed in vivid contrast with that of the young stranger who sat opposite, whose noble and handsome countenance proclaimed at once the intelligent mind and the high and unsuspecting spirit. There was something even beautiful in his manly yet delicate features, and his lofty and expanded brow. His full eye beamed steadily and directly onward; and in his pale and anxious look you could trace all those effects which highly cultivated feeling and generous sensibility convey to the human countenance, and mingle with its minutest expressions. There was that about his face, moreover, which we have all observed, but can hardly define—something that unconsciously and yet immediately assures you that you are in the presence of a gentleman.

Both personages appeared to be officers of distinction. The elder wore the full uniform of an American general, and dashed his martial air with a good deal of the careless demeanor of fashionable life; while the younger, with much more elegance of manner, still retained a degree of military precision, that served to give fuller effect to the symmetry of his figure. He had now thrown aside his muffler, and sartorially, and discovered the glittering dress of a British aide-de-camp. As would
be expected of persons who had daring and desperate matters to employ them, the first salutations had hardly passed, when they came at once to the important occasion which had demanded their interview. 'We are so far secure,' said the elder officer, after having cautiously examined the apartment; 'and now,' continued he, seating himself again, 'now we must be free.'

'Ve My office first is to listen, then, I believe,' said his companion, with a faint smile.

'I might tell you a long tale, I think,' returned the other, with a quick and scornful glance, 'were this the time and place; but it does not, hardly, best: I will tell it at the head of armies, and not only to you, but to the world; meanwhile, let me say how much better I feel this to be, than this dangerous, dull work of correspondence by pen and ink, despatching letters in haste and fear, and waiting for them in doubt; indeed, I have hardly felt till this moment that the plan would carry: is Sir Henry sanguine?'

'He believes you sincere, and has every confidence in your courage and skill,' returned the young Englishman.

'As to the last, let time and the event prove it,' said the other hastily; 'but as to the first,' continued he, losing himself at once in the dark and revengeful passion which seemed to actuate him like a demon, 'as to that, would to God he knew how much there has been to make me so in this business! Would that he knew the extent of that damnable injustice which has made me forget this land, and only remember the injuries I have received in it: I have but told him my feelings in my correspondence with him; he knows nothing of the history of my career hitherto. Sincere! if there is any sincerity in a despairing spirit, I have it. How have my services been repaid! by a scanty starving pittance, called national bounty. I have thrown away my fortune, my blood, and almost my life, in fighting you, my former enemies; and, when I turned to ask remuneration, how was I answered? by a trial for misconduct, and a public reprimand for my generosity. I have been frowned upon for doing my duty; and my exertions, the best I could make, have been paid for in revilings. I have been insulted with office, for I have been laughed at when I asked for the humble means of supporting its dignity. I have traversed this thankless land from one end to the other, with a tireless step and zeal unquenchable, to do it service; and I have been paid in sneers, and told to hope for oblivion. I have been driven out from among them because I was not puritanical, and yet they talk of freedom and independence! Sincere! they have turned the milk of human kindness within me into gall, and now they shall find it out. The cursed ingratitude of this country will not be forgotten by me, while my arm has nerve enough to strike home to the heart where it originates!'

The young Englishman gazed in silence on the vehement manner of his elder companion. His heart could never respond to the sentiments he had listened to, or own the principle which had engendered and threw them forth. But it was not a part of his business to repel them, or to alter the determination, to which the indulgence of them had brought their victim. On the contrary, he was there, to give direction to, and aid the execution of schemes, which had been conceived and ripened under the influence of those dark and revengeful and desolating passions. 'If your plans,' said he, addressing his companion, 'are as well matured as your determinations of retaliating upon your ungrateful country, we have, indeed, every thing to hope from your agency—the stronghold must be ours.'
‘Draw up, then—here I have it, palpably, on paper; and you shall hear my proposals in detail.’

So saying, he threw more wood upon his fire, offered to fill a glass for his companion, which was refused—replenished his own, and tossed it off; and having arranged his lights and papers, so as to give full survey of the ground, he spread out his plan, motioned the British officer to his side, and in a low voice, accompanying his finger as it travelled over the surface before him, entered deep and devotedly into an explanation of his arrangements, and the modes he had employed of effecting the grand object of their interview.

Long and busy was their conference. Dark questions were raised that it took time and fore-thought to answer; and objections rose as they went deeper into the subject, which it was no slight task to do away to mutual satisfaction. Often did both parties gaze, in a dreamy state between perplexity and abstraction, over the paper before them. Silent and undecided, they frequently dismissed one point to make way for another of equal difficulty, until the hours rolled insensibly away, and, before they were aware, night was disappearing before the gray light of the morning. At length, after a tedious and protracted examination of some particular which seemed to have a most important bearing upon the enterprise in contemplation, when the elder officer rose to look forth and see how time had been improved, and what was still left for their disposal, he announced to his startled companion, that day-break had surprised them in the midst of their deliberations. To put the matter beyond question, he threw open the little shutter enough to admit the cold light against the walls.

It streamed into the apartment, as the obstacle was removed, and threw around it, and all the objects it contained, that dull equivocal glare which always accompanies the sudden transition from darkness or lamplight to the beams of morning. The tapers, already dim, faded to a sickly color as the rays of day poured upon them, and the fire was desolately sinking in its ashes. But with a still more singular effect did the light fall upon the worn and anxious faces of those who had there sat out the weary night, in those high vigils that task the spirit, and bear heavily upon the frame. There was the exhausted look, the pale brow, and the clouded eye. Their occupation had been trying. It was the occupation of men who have undertaken a design fraught with important issues, and seriously involving the fortunes of a nation. Thiers had been an interchange of thought, between the fiery spirit, bent on base revenge, and ready for bloody and unlimited sacrifice, and the elevated soul, that acknowledged no feeling paramount to its duty—between traitorous purpose and high resolve—between unprincipled hate and unqualified bravery. It can hardly seem strange that their deliberations were slow, where their sympathies were so distant.

‘This is indeed unfortunate,’ said the younger, at last rising, and looking out where the horizon was already kindling with the coming sun; ‘this looks rather foully upon the enterprise.’

‘There is no alternative, till night gathers again,’ said the other, with the readiness of one who seemed prepared for all events.

‘You must remain in concealment, sir; the obscurity of evening will favor your retreat, and crown matters to our wishes. Meanwhile, under the protection of your pass, you may remain secure within the American posts.’

‘No,’ returned his companion; ‘you will not urge it—you must al-
low me to remain without the posts. I will remain where I am, till I
can take the boat.'

'But this neutral ground will be our ruin,' answered the elder officer;
you are aware that every rod of it is trampled daily by scouts on either
side—our retreat must be immediate.

'I ask security of you, sir,' replied the other, in a calm but decided
tone, 'as near to the American lines as you will—but not within them.
Even at this crisis, my feelings lead me to urge this request. I will
consent to abide only within reach of your protection—otherwise I re-
main here with myself, and good chance to befriend me.'

'There is no time to lose,' answered his companion, after a moment's
consideration. 'I think it may be done—your request shall be complied
with: and, with an air of dissatisfaction, he thus closed the interview,
and led the way into the morning light. Objects were still indistinctly
visible around them, and the land yet lay in deep shadow under the hills.
In a few moments they were prepared for departure. 'We must return
here to-night,' said he who had last spoken; 'but at present we must
say, 'Good horses, bear us,' and yonder mist is all in our favor.' So
saying, they set forward over the uneven ground at a needless and rapid
rate. Where the British adjutant was secreted that day, it matters not
to tell. It is enough to know that he lay concealed within the American
lines, and that the faith of the American officer was forgotten, or disre-
garded. That crafty and evil-minded personage was not formed to appre-
ciate the high and honorable principles which influenced his coac-
tutor; and when he heard him deny all considerations of danger, and saw
him reject what to him appeared to be the only sensible proposal that
could be started under the emergency, he could refer his reluctance to
no higher motive than obstinacy or fear. He did not conceive that one
who had gone so far in the legendarium of war as to become an instru-
ment of communicating with a disaffected officer of the enemy, in stealth
and darkness, would hesitate to compromise his honor, as easily as him-
self did his principles—and he conceived it impossible that one who was
deemed fit to become the channel of treasonous confidence, should re-
volt at the thought of becoming a spy. It was therefore with impatience
he listened to his objections; and when he found he could not shake his
resolution by appealing to his selfish considerations, he abruptly conclu-
ded with those hasty promises, which, when he made, he coolly determin-
ed never to fulfill.

The lingering day passed on. The sun at last sunk behind those hills,
whose freedom was already bartered for, and its farewell light played
on the sentinel's bayonet, as he traversed the walls of that fortress,
whose surrender had been prompted by hate, and purchased by gold.
The traitor looked towards them and smiled. His revengeful spirit was
now reconciled. His bitter passions had feasted themselves on his al-
ready perfected retaliation. He saw glorious reward for his treachery,
and hopeless confusion to the black ingratitude, which had called down
this more glorious vengeance. He saw himself advanced for his perfidy,
and the cause of liberty stricken here, to the heart, with a Brutus-like
virtue, by one who had felt proudly, and fought bravely for it—but who
s gloried more than all in the hellish satisfaction with which he inflicted
the blow. 'I will bid you farewell to-morrow,' said he, turning his
kindling eyes towards the mountains, as these thoughts hurried through
his bosom—but I will leave a new standard to wave over your forests
and waters.'

It was now night; and again the lonely dwelling without the posts,
which I have mentioned, became the scene of secret movements. The British officer was now alone in the same secluded apartment, where he had passed the preceding night, in busy and trying duties. The appearance of the room had changed essentially. The table was swept of its contents, and a few burnt fragments of paper were scattered upon the ashes. There was no fire, and a solitary lamp shed a feeble light, from the hearth where it stood, against the walls, where it flickered and flared, as the wind stirred the flame. The officer was now muffled in his sur-
tout, so that his dress was hidden as before under the covering it afforded. He seemed like one prepared for travel, but waiting the arrival of something before his departure. As, with measured steps, and in thoughtful mood, he paced the floor, he sometimes appeared to recollect himself, and would stop, and listen, as though he were expecting the sudden approach of another. He then resumed his tread. But every succeeding pause became longer, and accompanied with an expression of anxiety which argued a delay in the expected person, that could not be accounted for, as well as apprehension in the mind of the listener. At length, finding there was no sound to be heard in the dreary stillness, his own footfall became wearisome, and he seated himself at the table, and, clasping his hands wearily before him, gazed with much earnestness upon a beautiful and brilliant ring that glittered upon his finger. A kind of melancholy expression went over his face, as his full and steady eye rested on the jewel; and his intelligent features brightened for a moment, as milder memories flowed back upon him. It was one of those looks that the sensitive heart sends up to the countenance, when the recollection of those things that have gladdened it revisits it again—like the gentle wind that stirs deep fountains in their solitude. It was the look that plays round the fine brow, and the fine lip, when associations that are tender and dear are called mournfully from their slumbers, to hallow some of the desolate or desperate moments of our life.

The youthful officer still continued to gaze upon the brilliant, and sometimes closed his eyes, like one lost in the depth of his meditations. He then drew forth a small tablet, and busied himself in alternately turning its leaves, and perusing lines that seemed to command an unusual interest, from the long time and pensive manner in which he hung over them. Once, with a rapid pencil, he traced a few words, but immediately closed its pages, returned it to its place, and reclined his head thoughtfully upon the table. His mind was still occupied with far and pleasing remembrances, when he was roused from his reverie by the trampling of a horse, and the immediate approach of steps towards the house, and then along the passage leading to the room in which he was seated. The door opened, and the American commander hastily entered, with his brow contracted to an unusual frown, his lips firmly compressed, and his whole mien indicative of suppressed passion and disappointment. "You have been detained," said the other, rising suddenly; "and I began to imagine some unforeseen difficulty; but you see I am ready."

"But others are not," returned his companion; "and there is an unforeseen difficulty. Fate seems determined to try our inventive talent, as well as our temper, this time."

"What has happened now?" said the Englishman quickly, but with collectiveness; "must we make up for desperate measures? or is it merely delay that startles you?"

"Both, major, both," replied the officer; "your steps must be direct and decided. The hazard must be run. I feel that delay, in the execution of this scheme, is worse than death. Every minute of delay is a
year to my hurrying hopes. You cannot embark to-night; it is impos-
sible that you return to New York by ship.

'Impossible!' returned the other, in astonishment.—'But I will make
it possible; I will on board this instant.'

'I would to God it were practicable,' answered his companion; 'I
would to God it were so for you—for me—for the cause; but it is out
of the question: the vessel cannot be reached in safety.'

'This must not be,' was the reply; 'I can reach the ship as easily as
I came from it. You speak of no new danger, sir; and, if there be any,
I can only say, I am ready to face it as I can; and, if it be a desperate
case, we must take desperate measures to meet it.'

'Such was the remedy, sir, I was about to propose, and which I must
eventually urge upon you,' returned the other. 'The case is desperate,
as there is no boat to put off, and the measure must now be desperate,
as you must return to the British posts by land. You will perceive the
absolute necessity of this step, when I inform you, that, in seeking for
and arranging the means to convey you on board, I was told that the
ship had dropped down the river so far, that the boatman now utterly
refuse to row to her moorings. Some of our cannon were drawn to
the shore and brought to bear upon her; and she was thus compelled to
shift her position. Of this movement I was ignorant till it was too late
to interpose; and now—the foul fates take their unstable souls!—these
men conspire with this cursed mischance to drive us to extremities!
There is, therefore, but one course to be taken; and I submit to you
whether there is room for a moment's hesitation, or a moment's delay.
I say, on, at once; let the plot speed, and your departure be instant!'

The speaker fixed his restless eye for a moment on the person he ad-
dressed, and his fame dilated under the struggle of his imprisoned
and conflicting passions, as he awaited his answer.

The young Briton needed no spur to his bravery or his resolves.
Neither was he a person to be effectually influenced by the hasty op-
inions, or urgent representations of another, where his course was plain
and his duty pointed the way. His sense of that duty was superior to
the loudest argument. But, on the present occasion, there seemed to be
peculiar weight and meaning in the reasons he had listened to, and their
tendency was to give additional influence to his own convictions. There
appeared to be no resource open, but the one solitary step which had
been suggested. He was aware that, now the plan was perfected, to
delay its execution was weakness—and, worse than that, was impolitic
and dangerous. He at once saw the hazard to which this unexpected
issue subjected him; but, with a spirit that threw indignantly aside all
considerations of his individual fate, he made up his heart boldly to en-
counter it. If he succeeded, it would give a brilliancy to the adventur-
ous deed that fortune compelled him to undertake; if he failed, he
would be supported by the recollection that he failed in fulfilling one
of those desperate duties which the chance of war sometimes devolves upon
the most honorable as well as the boldest. During these reflections,
his companion stood gazing intently upon the cheerless hearth, and often
slowly passed his hand across his brow, thus throwing into deeper shade
his harsh and varying features; he turned as the younger officer address-
ed him:—

'I believe you are in the right, general; it is a heavy chance; but I see
the fitness of the course you urge upon me. This plan must not—shall
not, prove abortive; the business must not end here, nor must it cool. The
step, dark as you say it is, must be taken. I must take measure of this
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fair ground between us and our garrison, and see what a fleet horse can
do in an exigency. It must be done: the case requires it, and I am ready
to proceed."

"Note yet," returned the other, brightening, "not yet, speedy as we
must be. That dress will betray you; you must become half republi-
can to keep me in countenance, and change this rich uniform for the
sober coat of a yeoman."

"Never!" was the firm and serious answer. "I will return even as I
came; and, if I fall, I will fall in mine own harness. It is needless to
waste words or time on such things. This garment will afford me am-
pale disguise. Besides, by my pass, I am a soldier on public service,
from this spot to our outposts. Indeed, my dress will defy common
scrutiny."

"But it is against more than common scrutiny I wish you to guard,"
answered his companion.

"Press me no farther, said the other, "but let us to horse, and com-
mend each other to the night."

"Be it so, then, since so you are resolved," returned his companion, as
he led the way to the door. "Headlong and unsuspecting boy! mut-
tered he, "be the issue of this step on your own head; and, as for mine,
why I have long since set my life upon a cast; and, if it turn against
me, I shall not be the only loser in the game." and they issued together
into the dim moonlight. The night looked favorable for their purpose.
The clouds lay in a still and compact mass against the heavens, save in
that part of the horizon where the "pale queen" was ascending. As it
was, she would soon be veiled, and an uncertain light, at best, would
then leave objects half visible over the landscape. One full star blazed
in the west, and was just sinking over one of the soaring summits.
"There is the beacon of our good fortune; see where it smiles upon our
enterprise," said the American officer, pointing towards the planet.
"May it not prove a poetic omen that good fortune still brightens over
that fortress, while thick clouds hang over us?" returned the other,
doubtfully. "But you see it is gone!" continued he, quickly changing
his tone—"even while we speak, it is gone!"

"So sink the prospects and hopes of America!" said the other, as he
turned away, with a withering smile. "But here stand our horses, and
seem to chide us by their uneasiness; but let us to their backs, for the
sooner we part the quicker comes our meeting. I can only say, good
night, and God speed ye!" They accordingly mounted, and the grace-
ful Englishman, bowing with inimitable ease, and in fine military style,
waved his hand in parting salute, and immediately put his horse into a
rapid gallop. The person he left, remained there gazing after him,
till his form was lost in the mist of a valley into which he had plunged.
He then turned his horse in another direction, and soon disappeared
among the hills.

How it sped with that young horseman, and how he bore him on his
way, it now remains to tell. The animal he bestrode was fleet and
powerful, and went forward as though he was familiar with the path.
There was light enough to bring into view the dark outline of the coun-
try he traversed, and to give him a vivid impression of its wildness
and variety. Here the road wound among rocks and woods that clus-
tered round and above him in every frowning and fantastic form which
nature loves to display in her solitary places, and here it ran far off into
plains where it was lost in obscurity. Now he directed his rapid course
into deep and dark ravines, and now mounted lofty ridges, where every
sound that was going upon the night wind seemed to come up to him. Here he shot along its dark side, till the high land again sunk in the low land, and the slight-worn path again precipitated itself into woods and glens. Though the movement of the rider was too rapid for deep and calm reflections, still his was not a mind to remain passive in a situation which, if not actually poetical, had still enough of the wild and adventurous about it to tinge it with romance. It was a situation calculated to produce powerful, and even tumultuous excitement, in a bosom shaken by strong feelings, and trained to grand and startling associations. It was one to make the heart throb loud, and the eye glance quickly. It was fitted to call up the spirits of the imagination, and to throw over those minds that have owned, and loved to own, their peculiar influences, that spell which has bound them in their boyhood, and which, to this time, they had only read of, but never realized. Upon a spirit constituted like that of our solitary horseman, these associations poured themselves with an intensity that was new to him. The consciousness of his situation thrilled to his soul; but there was a sense of the high daring, the hazardous nature, and the wild uncertainty of the important service he was engaged in, which lent a nameless interest to the chance, and even gave attraction to the danger. Sometimes the possible issue would shoot across his fancy, and her ready pencil sketched upon the very air before him, a sad premature death and weeping friends—bright ambition expiring in its ashes—young glory sinking in dishonor! Then his thoughts sprung to his country—beyond the seas—and, for an instant, he saw those that he gloried in and loved, and the recollection of danger vanished before the vision of an honorable return, and a welcome of smiles and praises! These momentary illusions served somewhat to beguile the way, but were not strong enough to draw the young soldier from his self-recollection. There was enough around him to warn him, at times, that he was in the country of an enemy, and on a path beset with difficulties, and guarded by suspicion. Sometimes the lonely cry of the sentinel, or the stroke of a drum, as he drew near an outpost, suddenly recalled his wandering attention, and his noble animal erected his head, and pricked his ears, as the sound broke on the stillness, while his own heart beat audibly as he reined up to listen. Then, when the challenge was answered, and the password given, it seemed as though a new flood of life was poured through his heart, while he bounded forward on his way, and left the echoes of 'All's well!' far behind him on the wind. The rush of the night-air by his fevered face, the diminished vigor of his horse, and the recollection of all he had thus far surmounted, served to inspire him with fresh animation, and he looked back on every post passed as a victory won. 'Forward! forward bravely, as you have done, my noble fellow;' said he to his charger, 'and we will come in view of the spires ere many hours have followed on reveille.'

Alternately exercised by feelings of such opposite excitement, he rode out the long watches of the night. The moon went down, and morning began to redden the east with her coming. The situation of the rider became more perilous as he advanced, and he felt the necessity of exercising all the self-command as well as all the caution that he was master of. He perceived that additional observation was bestowed upon him at each remove. The examination of his credentials was more deliberated, and his person was more closely scanned, as the morning light brought it into fuller survey. Still he passed forward without suspi-
tion; but he became particularly sensible of the vigilance of his enemies, and their resoluteness in guarding every avenue, where approach might be anticipated, or through which any impression might be made upon their positions above. Nor were the steps taken, or movements made, by the American party along the banks of the Hudson merely precautionary. Scouts might frequently be seen traversing the country, to prevent the execution of schemes of depredation or secret intercourse, which the foe and the disaffected were not backward to attempt; and it often happened, that something in the nature of an onset followed, when the soldiers fell in with such marauders in their act of foray.

So far as such movements might be called military, they were sometimes made from the encampment at North Castle, then a post of importance held by the Americans. A principal object of the scouting parties was to cut off the communication of the North River post, and come down on the cow-boys, as they swept that way with their supplies. At the time I speak of, such excursions were common; for the occasion that demanded them was of daily occurrence. But I must return to my story:—The sun was now well risen, and threw his broad golden light far over the landscape, gladdening the hills, and brightening the waters. A deep flush shot through the wood tops, beneath which our traveller pursued his lonely course, and the dewy branches shook down their huge glittering drops across his path, as the early wind began to stir among them. As he issued into open ground, the roadside sparkled with a thousand gems,—brilliant emblems, as he thought, of his prosperity and his fortunes! But, like them, alas! though he knew it not, they were at that moment withering and vanishing, under an influence stern as fate, and from which there was no possibility of escaping. But now, as the fresh air, mingling with the healthful exhalations of the morning, circled around him, and reinvigorated his lately sinking spirits; and when he strained his view towards the point of his destination, and fancied he could almost see the flag of his country waving in welcome to his weary coming; when he felt a consciousness of security stealing upon, and gradually mastering the painful sense of danger by which he had been so long and so constantly exercised, his thoughts and feelings at once and irresistibly concentrated.

Success, the one thing he had hoped for, and prayed for; for which he had trembled alternately with fear and with delight; for which life interposed, and honor and good fame besought in the tears that became a soldier; success the only thing he now asked of Heaven; brilliant success sat on his helm, and spoke on his brow, and in his fine lip, and his eloquent eye. His heart expanded, his countenance lighted with the warmth of hope, and his very arteries, in their loud pulsations, seemed like voices, passing the good watchword of safety from the joyous citadel to the outposts. Still, as hill and vale were left behind him, his assurances grew stronger, and his doubts disappeared like the young dew he had but just gazed on; till at length certain was he of the vicinity of the British lines, all apprehension subsided, and a delightful calm settled upon the deep waters of his spirit. It was like the halcyon descending upon a mirrored sea!

Day had now advanced so far, and the conviction that toil was nearly over, and danger well nigh past, had become so effectual with our rider, that both policy and pleasure caused him to relax his speed: and he travelled on with an ease and almost carelessness of motion, to which he had before been a stranger. There was even a gaiety mingled itself with
his contemplations, and a beaming smile went over his face, and a flush
of delighted satisfaction spread to his throbbing temples, as his eye
glanced perchance on that little gem that sparkled in the sunlight, and
thence over the fields that lay before him. He saw, here and there, the
blue smoke of the husbandman's home, as it curled into the clear morn-
ing air! and at times he rode gently by the rude yeoman himself, as he
went on his quick and silent way from house to house, casting his in-
quiring eyes for an instant on traveller and horse, and seeming to say,
whoever rode in that direction passed not unread or unremembered.
But the hour of alarm had passed by—the hazard was over—there was
no room for longer apprehension.

At this moment the destiny of the adventurer was sealed. His dream
of enchantment was broken—his best, last, bright hope was blasted for
ever!

It was on the borders of Tarrytown, while day was yet early, that he
descrived before him three persons loitering beneath the huge trees that
overhung the roadside. Their appearance was sudden, and startled
him from his pleasing security. As he drew near, a single glance con-
vincing him that they were awaiting his approach; and movements on
their part manifested the excitement of uncommon and unexpected
attention. There was no possibility of passing unquestioned, and his
immediate determination was to dispel suspicion, by riding up to meet
and salute them, with bold and gay demeanor. That they were armed,
was now beyond question. The rapid glistening of steel, as they shifted
their positions while watching his approach, and the peculiar air of
preparation among them, gave token of men who had the means of
challenging every stranger with effect, and who had every disposition
to challenge. Their object was now apparent; for, as our traveller
reined up and addressed the party with a degree of hilarity and uncon-
cern, his fine countenance brightening with benevolence, and in a tone
of eager animation, bade 'God bless them,' his bridle was seized, and a
polished rifle glittered at his side. It was a moment of terrible trial.
The brave and fearless might blush under it. As it was, that brave
and fearless spirit lost its mastery. In the confusion of the moment, its
self-command was betrayed—and a few words placed it beyond the hope
of recovery. 'Pray God, my friends,' said he hastily, stooping among
them, 'pray God, you are of our party!' 'We are from below,' was
the immediate answer, as they gathered closer round him—'And so am
I,' followed on the echo of the words, and fixed the fate of the speaker
for ever! It was too late; he saw his error; but he saw it, as does the
rider, who, having trusted to the goodness and generous speed of his
animal, in a dark and dangerous way, beset with enemies, suddenly
finds himself, unexpectedly, in the midst of his foes, unarmed and un-
prepared, from the very rapidity which he hoped might have insured
his escape. A cold smile passed over the faces round him, as they ex-
changed glances; and, as pale as death, he obeyed the order to dismount
and surrender himself to the custody of his captors. The hope of
liberty, however, was not so to be given up. There is a spirit in man
which grasps at possibilities, when certainty, with all its golden prom-
ises, has vanished, and the chance of life is left to struggle with some
solitary and doubtful event. If we cannot appeal with success to the
generosity and sympathies of our fellow men, in extremities, we some-
times hope to bend them to our purposes, and even to bring them to a
forgetfulness of duty, by applying ourselves to their interests and their
passions. This is the exertion of despair; it is the trial which despera-
tion makes, to steal in by some foul and secret entrance, when every attempt at the citadel by the nobler avenues of the heart has been turned back with indignation.

There was but one resource, therefore, which fortune seemed to have left within the power of our traveller; and, like a 'soul in bale,' he felt himself called to the despairing effort which it inspired. He would tempt their avarice.

He then announced himself as an officer of distinction—an adjutant general in the British service, intrusted with business of high import, and urged the necessity of his immediate departure for New York—his detention was pregnant with difficulties, and his arrival anxiously awaited in the capital. This disclosure was accompanied with all the eloquent expression which he could throw into his manner, and, as he ended, he drew from his side a watch of splendid workmanship and material, and held it broad in his hand before his attentive listeners. They gazed on it coldly, as they leaned upon their bright rifles. 'Put me to horse, instantly,' said he, 'and this shall be yours; nay, more,' continued he with vehemence, as he observed them shake their heads, in disdain at his offers, 'this, and this,' drawing handfuls of gold from his pockets; 'even this—and ten times the amount—shall be yours, only let me once more put spurs to my horse; nay, answer me, take it—with the promise of my country for thousands more: you cannot hesitate.' But they did hesitate; they did more—they stood firm. The trinket and the gold still lay in the outspread hands of the prisoner, untouched and hardly looked upon. The eyes of his guards were glancing upon each other: there was no need of words, where there was so much of more than Castilian integrity. 'Put up your gold,' said one of those soldiers; 'it may find a better market; we have no want of it here: you have taken from our country half the joys it would purchase; and, as for luxuries, we have none: put up your gold—and keep your watch, for your high company over the water—we kept time by the sun.'

Astonished and confounded, again he held forth the heap of coin. The mass glittered in the sunshine, but it could not dazzle the plain undaunted soldiers who surrounded him. 'But ye shall live to your hearts' content—ye shall have fortunes and honors with us—ye shall have every thing you wish for; only put me to that good black charger, and bid me God speed. Do you hold back? Why, can ye hesitate?' 'It is in vain,' said he who had last spoken, with a wave of his hand. 'Look ye, sir! this ground we stand on here, is our country; we must not betray it. That you should want to escape from us, is well enough; but you have mistaken your men; and, as for fortunes and honors, our honor must be to remain honest soldiers—and we are willing to go along with the fortunes of our land. You will please to follow.'

'This good black horse must come within the bars,' said one of the party, as he led the animal forward, and commanded his rider once more to pass in. He was accordingly conducted so far within the thicket, that the presence of the soldiers, as well as all their movements, were screened from observation. The unfortunate prisoner remained silent and passive in the hands of his captors, and while they exchanged their short and half-suppressed sentiments in his hearing, preparatory to their search, and during the operation, their gay and reckless indolences struck upon his mind with a sense of pain and anguish that was almost insupportable. It was a feeling allied to that which a spirit of extreme sensibility endures when subjected to the harsh, rude trials of a world that laughs at and mocks it, alike in its hours of fine elevation and harrowing depression—like
that by which high feeling is tortured when it comes in contact with the cold, paralysing severities of life, in the shape of unrelenting duty, which knows nothing of sympathy, and mere force, which despises the thought of a sensitive mind or a suffering heart.

'This looks like playing our cards to some effect,' said one of the party to his companions, as the hopeless gentleman stood waiting the orders of his enemies. 'Yes,' said the other; 'it looks like to turn out a fortunate game enough, though our comrade who stood sentry must have the honor of winning it. But I told ye,' continued he, laying his hand on the shoulder of the other, 'it was best to keep one rifle upright, for fear of what might ride within its range.' 'Nay,' said the third, who had not yet spoken, 'if you think this has anything to do with the matter of the cards, I say it counts one most capital; and, if our good dame's morning milk and an early hour send such prisoners to our care, I should say, our scouts are more profitable than all the battles we are like to fight. So, sir, with your leave, I will divest you of this garment.'

'It was a surrender without conditions—our right to plunder is unquestionable,' said the other; 'but discovery comes hard, I think.' 'This trump settles the game!' cried the first, as he ended the search, and held up a package of letters, which he had drawn from the silk stocking of the unfortunate captive.

'Now then, you have all,' said he, as he folded his arms calmly before those he addressed, and looked on them with a steady eye, but a blanched cheek, 'all, as God is true—the treason is out. Now lead forward.'

During the conversation that had passed between the soldiers, our young prisoner had stood in a state of complete subjection before them, apparently lost equally to his misfortune and himself; and it was not till the discovery of the secreted papers, and the consequent exclamation, that he was sufficiently recalled to himself to pass particular attention upon the liberties taken with his person. So completely was he overwhelmed by the misery of his sudden fate, that he remained insensible to events, the bare consideration of which, a few moments before, would have carried to his mind confusion and alarm. To describe the sensations that hurried through his bosom, the recollections that rushed over him, and the fearful, terrible anticipations that rose up in those troubled moments; to describe the abandonment of feeling with which he stood there—the pale, helpless being of crushed hopes and ruined life, is more than can be told, or, if told, can never be conceived of.

The search had been satisfactory and severe. The generous, brave demeanor of the young captive impressed his foes with a respect and regard that insensibly glided into compassion, as they gazed on him. When he found himself in their custody, without hope of escape, or prospect of averting his destiny, his manner became that of an ardent mind, reduced to complete surrender under the failure of every honorable resource. Insult, therefore, was as far as injury from the hearts and lips of those who detained him; and if, in the performance and prosecution of their duty, their language manifested an exhilaration with their good fortune, every word addressed to the subject of their interest was uttered in kindness, and the firm but respectful tone of generous and high-minded enemies.

Having accomplished their object, the prisoner was led out, and ordered to mount his horse. He was permitted to ride a short distance ahead of his keepers. Slowly and despondingly he passed on. His head dropped on his breast, and deep and stirring thoughts were busy in his
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rankling and agitated bosom. With fixed eyes and a heaving heart, he rode forward and pondered upon his fate. 'It was written in letters of blood before him. He thought of his present condition: there was no retreat. He thought upon the future: there was no relief in the dark picture of his coming days. Few they were to be; and he felt they would be but few. There was no hope of lengthening them out beyond the common period of a felon's probation. Possibility fled before the discovery of his person and his title, and the black blank of life spread out before him with a terror next to that of annihilation. As he rode, the big cold sweat streamed down his pallid face, exhibiting terrible proof of a tried but still a proud spirit. As he faintingly wiped it from his brow, the deep working of his imagination would drive it again to his countenance, in large drops, to tell how much he suffered, and how fearfully he looked forward. The lone abstraction of the unfortunate prisoner was not broken in upon by his guard; and it was a striking mark of the unqualified respect which true greatness, and fair honor, whether in prosperity or trouble, is invariably sure to inspire, to see this young, gallant, but hopeless personage, left to the unobstructed indulgence of his solitary reflections, at such an instant, when his capture was of the utmost moment, and his escape from his guard would have been of disastrous consequence to the cause and country which they had so faithfully and so fortunately served.

The prisoner himself spake not a word. He merely took the short and simple directions of the scouts, and bent his slow, sad steps towards the outpost, where he was told he was to be surrendered to the commander of their parties. On receiving this information, his recollection seemed to return, and an expression of momentary satisfaction seemed to brighten his face; but it instantly subsided, and he only begged them to hasten forward, and deliver him, as soon as might be, to his fate—while the mild, conciliating air with which he received directions, and submitted his few requests, together with the dignified and martial bearing which distinguished him, when roused from his searching and desolate thoughts to his immediate situation, impressed his brave companions still more favorably as to his rank and importance in the service to which he was attached.

As he was mounted, and his guard on foot, their progress was naturally slow. To him it was tedious, and seemed to be interminable. In addition to this evil, it became necessary to take a desolate and unfrequented path, to reach their position undiscovered and unsuspected; and as they wound their wild and solitary way among the low hills, and through the still untrodden woods, the low voices of his guard, now rising to the tone of confidential security, and now sinking to a precautionary whisper, convinced him, that the charge, as well as the disposition of his person, was matter of high moment among them. The dry leaves rustled round him, as his horse trode through the tangled way, and now they showered about him from the sighing and changing trees.

Falling like Hope's fair blossoms to the earth.

The party now issued into clear ground; and, from the movements of his guards, who suddenly advanced from behind him to his side, and the free and unsuppressed tones in which they conferred together, our prisoner deemed that they were in the vicinity of the post, where he was to be surrendered. Nor was he mistaken; for, in a few moments, one of the scouts went rapidly forward, as they were ascending a small mound, and disappeared below the brow of the hill. As they rose, he again
joined them; and they were now in full view of the position to which they were hastening. Urging forward with all the speed they could command, they soon entered the lines with their prisoner. He was immediately dismounted, and quietly conducted into the presence of the general officer. He entered with the firm step of a soldier, and his changed, though still collected countenance alone manifested signs of disquiet. It was not possible for such a spirit to conceal such powerful feelings. The story, however, was soon told by his captors; he had been taken as a spy, and as such he now stood before their superior, to abide his decision and disposal. This said, he was left alone with the commander of the post.

It was at this moment, that the recollection of his companion in treachery, and the thought of his inevitable fate, should he remain unapprized of his arrest, rushed upon the prisoner. He must be saved! and it must be a desperate effort to rescue him. It is enough to say, that, by unequalled artifice, operating with the singular security of his unsuspecting enemy, he succeeded; and that upon full and unhesitating confession made, at last, before the leader of the scouting parties, the same confession, together with the circumstances of his capture, were laid before the commander-in-chief, and the unfortunate Englishman was ordered into strict custody, to await his destiny under the stern rules of war. Left to himself, his ardent and sensitive mind concentrated itself upon his forlorn condition. In the utter silence of his imprisonment, fancy went to and fro, arrayed in all her tender and terrific colors. Home, friends, and honor—suspense, death, and ignominy, passed in palpable personification before him, until his soul heaved like the troubled deep, when the storm is on it in power, and the light of heaven is withdrawn forever.

In this peopled solitude, this fearless stillness, we shall leave him, till the voice of martial justice call him to his last trial. We return to him whom our prisoner might well regard as the author of his fate, and who was now waiting the issue of his treasonous purposes, in the strong post which he had already devoted as the first sacrifice to his unrelenting spirit. It was nearly night. The day had set goldenly; and its last beams blazed on the summits that soared round the fortress, and faintly tinged the tall staff from which floated the beautiful ensign of liberty, with its stars and bands. The waters blushed in the calm reflection of the glowing hills, while, in the deep shadow of the highlands, they lay dark as futurity. On that midnight shadow thelouring eye of the commander rested; his spirit found something congenial in the murky silence and frowning blackness that centered there. The mild beauties of that scene—the kindling glories of the hills and waters had no charms for a heart like his. It was lost to the charities of life—how could it find delight in the kindness of nature? It was abandoned to the gloomy reveries of revenge—what could it not find in that dim deep shadow to revel in?

The triumph was now almost at hand; there was but one step more, and it was done. The perfidy was then developed, the crime then rose to the importance of completion. His heaving bosom felt still a small void, but it was fast filling up; and he gloried as he thought how soon

The head and front of his offending
would be unveiled to his confused and astonished country. At such a fervid moment he rose, flushed and agitated, from his seat, and strode
through his low apartment in the height of his malicious satisfaction, while a grim smile went over his face, already kindling with the glow of perfected hopes, and perfected revenge. Darkness stole into the room, and still he trode the floor, unconscious of the lapse of time: and in his excited fancy he already saw his companion in this dangerous hazard bounding happily away in the exulting buoyancy of hope and delight, and entering the garrison of his friends, dwelling with the important tidings of his mission. Full of these high fancies, he at last seated himself at a small window that looked out upon the deep Hudson, that now lay below him in stillness and indistinctness. It was a beautiful night. He looked upon the glancing bayonets, as the sentinels went their weary rounds upon the ramparts, and upon the flag, as it lay lifeless upon the staff. It was indeed a scene ill suited to a state like his—of wild and tumultuous passion. 'A few hours,' muttered he to himself, 'a few hours, and all this fair scene shall be changed! These waters shall be broken and ploughed by the boats of hostile ships, and these heights shall be echoing to strange sounds. The fortress of which they are so proud, and where they feel so safe, shall ring to the cries of a glad enemy, and they shall find a foe here at their sides, before they are aware that friends are gone. This very heart of their hopes shall be reached, and it shall bleed to its core. Ay—sound on,' cried he, as the lone bugle wound its beautiful note, till hill and valley echoed to the summons; 'a few hours, and the hoarse trumpet shall drown your fair voice in its roar, till an armed host is round this wretched people, and their white hearts are confounded.' The moon was now rising full and unclouded above the highlands, and its beams fell upon the strong hold in calm and brilliant beauty. As she came up, a slight breeze began to move among the hills, and to stir the huge folds of the ensign that hung over the walls, till its broad stripes floated out lazily on the night air. A dismal smile sent over his face. 'Another night,' said he, 'shall see another banner in your place, and that shall be torn, to steep in the wounds of those that fall beneath it. Those stars must come down—and they shall come down! I have no love of them—they have been evil ones to me. But ye shall no longer augur desperately of me. Ye shall light me this once to victory at least; and in that ye shall see the fulfilment of my own destiny, and the ruin of this accursed land.' 'All's well!' went round the ramparts. He listened. 'Yes,' cried he, 'it is well now; but it shall not be so long—it shall be either the better or the worse ere many hours, or my arm shall be pained, or my reason lost. There shall be another watchword upon these rocks; and, though they are among the mountains, they shall not remain in such proud security, if my hate can keep pace with my faith. Yes—yes—I have ye in my hands, and ye shall find I know how sweet it is to be ungrateful.' Such was the course of thought, now mounting into soliloquy, and now dying into the sullen murmur of discontent, as it alternately agitated the bosom of the speaker. He at length became silent; but the ever-varying motion of his lips would have convinced the beholder, that his feelings were exercised by unholy, as well as unusual excitement. He gazed out, beneath his contracted brows, upon the unbroken expanse of the river. As the long moonbeams stretched far over the waters, even to the foot of the embattled rock below him, he thought he could discern in its bright flickering line, an object moving upon their surface. It was so still that he could soon hear the noise of oars, as they regularly dipt into the sparkling tide; and in a few moments he could easily discern a boat
rapidly making its way to land, and just disappearing under one of the bold projections of the shore.

He rose, and paced the apartment with unequal steps, stopping frequently to listen, and sometimes approaching even to the door in his anxiety. But there was short time for his foreboding good or bad. Some one was heard advancing in haste, and a soldier entered, presented a carefully sealed note, and was about retiring. But the eye of his master was quicker than his steps; and, ere the subaltern had reached the door, the wary traitor had caught the import of the letter, and exclaimed in confusion, 'Stay! man the barge instantly—death if you delay—fly!' Then, lowering his voice, and muttering to himself as the man retired,—'This looks like danger; perdition rest upon it, it will be a failure! Taken—captured—so near home too! Fool! madman! why didn't he spring in spite of their bullets?—the chance was a good one! Folly—fool! This is desperate indeed,' continued he, as he hurriedly thrust his pistols into his bosom, and threw his cloak about his shoulders; 'but one bold step must save me, and save all.' As he stood at the entrance of the apartment, he hesitated. 'Nay, she must find her way to me; as my wife, she will be protected—as a woman, at least, she will be safe. And these small coins,' murmured he, as his eye fell on some few paltry pieces, 'these may not be left behind.' As he spoke, he swept them from the table to his pocket, and, drawing his beaver low over his brow, departed with hasty steps. Muffled in his cloak, he passed within the shadow of the tents, and sprang along the steep path that led to the rocks below, where the barge was already in waiting. His motions betrayed the state of his conscience, and he seemed himself to have forgotten he was commander there, in the stern consciousness of his traitorous designs. Arrived at the water's edge, he leaped on board the boat, and ordered the oarsmen to pull down the river at the top of their strength. It was but short time before the post he had deserted faded in obscurity, and the gleam of bayonets along its ramparts was lost in the mist, as it curled up from the river. The boatmen, continuing to ply their oars with diligence, soon bore their freight of treason beyond the immediate scene of danger; and, by the time the commander-in-chief entered the garrison he had fled from in terror, the object of his signal indignation was within full view of the British ship, from which the unfortunate young Englishman had debarked to meet his ruin. In another moment he was alongside, and upon deck—upon the gun-deck of his country's enemy—an outcast and a deserter! Flushed with the success of his escape, he declared himself a renegade to his bargemen, and held forth promise of splendid reward, would they join him in his defection. But the same untainted virtue which their noble countrymen had so recently displayed on the outposts, before the tempting offers of foreign gold, again manifested itself in these heroic fellows, even in the very grasp of their foes, when brilliant hopes of aggrandizement were whispered them, and their commander, by his example, first taught them how to be traitors! They spurned his promises, and tramped on his offers; and, ere the unrighteous proposal was repeated, they left him with a stinging rebuke, to direct their way to the highlands in the miserable boat, to which his magnanimous spirit commended them. The barge in which he had effected his escape, he retained for the pittance it might somewhere command of the gold of his idolatry. The ship then flung out her topsails, and, ere the moon was down, she was anchored before the metropolis, and the prize she bore was transferred to the garrison, to glitter in and glorify the ranks of the oppressor.
We now return to our unfortunate captive. The wise and the brave had sat in judgment upon him. His case had been the subject of high and deliberate and affecting consideration. The circumstance of his capture—his unqualified confessions—his earnest, though dignified requests, had been maturely but sternly weighed. The nobleness of his nature, the lofty disinterestedness of his demeanor, the winning amenity of his manners, the importance of his rank, were all appreciated as they should be by soldiers—tried soldiers—when sitting under the severe sanctions of a war-council. When they issued from that council, the desolate doom of the prisoner was irrevocably fixed: he was to die; before another sun should go down, his ties on earth were to be severed.

Meanwhile, the subject of this melancholy decision was awaiting the result with all the calm and elevated feelings of a generous and undaunted soldier. He was ignorant of what might be the issue; but his knowledge of the rules of war led him so far to anticipate it, that he had in some degree become reconciled to his probable doom, from the very hopelessness of escaping from it. The agitation consequent upon the suddenness of his arrest, had subsided; and, though his saddened mind reverted again and again to the scenes and associations we have seen him cling to from the beginning, yet there was less poignancy in his recollections, and less acuteness in the trials of his high and masculine sensibilities. The thought of death was a vain thought to him. He was prepared to meet it, in every honorable shape, in which a soldier expects and hopes some time to meet it. It was the stigma upon his fame—the memory he should leave with man, that preyed upon his soul. It was this that paled his cheek, and dewed his brow; it was this made his heart beat till he could hear it, in his solitude. If sometimes his sad, glistening eye rested again on that precious gem, which before had absorbed, as it seemed, his very life, the kindest and bravest heart would spare him there, if a tear was seen to drop upon it; and the thought, possibly, of sacred and devoted passion, of long and holy love, with all its blessed hopes, and all its desolate bereavements, would accompany it as it fell, and hallow it forever.

There was yet one consolation that bore up the prisoner, even when he thought upon the memory he should bequeath to the world and to posterity. He hoped and trusted that he should meet an honorable death, and that his country would never blush at his epitaph. He had asked, he had besought, with a bursting heart, that, if he must die, he might die like a man of honor. He had addressed the American chieftain, in proud petition, for this last little boon of the condemned soldier. He had addressed him in all the beautiful eloquence of his lofty mind, urged by a heart almost breaking in the intensity of its emotions. Need it be said that he roused all the sympathies of a bosom kindling with godlike purposes, and alive to every heavenly character that can sanctify our nature? Can it be said that the heart he appealed to would not have bid him God speed, even with a father's blessing, to the arms of his country and his home, did that heart beat alone for himself, or did the fate of the victim involve only the single destiny of that great and devoted being? But there were stern duties arrayed against the kind spirit of forbearance and forgiveness. The voice of his suffering land was imperious with him who guarded her in council, and led her in battle. That voice now called for justice, and demanded that the crisis should not be forgotten. It was the cry of liberty, and the sacrifice must not be withheld; it was the summons of justice, and his death must accord with the crime of which the prisoner stood convicted.

During the days of his confinement, not a murmur escaped the captive,
in the presence of his guard. A dignified composure distinguished his deportment, and the serenity of his mind was depicted in the tranquility of his countenance. The last hours of his solitude were employed in those holy offices which friendship claims of us when the sands of life are running low. There were a few words to be said, a few prayers to be uttered for those who were now dreaming of him on his path to glory. There were a few sad, sacred words to be breathed to a fond mother, to sisters that loved him, to some perhaps for whose sake alone life was yet desirable, and to whose bosom he would now, as a last duty to himself, commit the reputation that was dearer to him than the air of heaven.

It was in the midst of this latest and holiest occupation, that the prisoner was interrupted by the entrance of the guard officer. He came to announce the hour of execution. The young soldier looked up hastily from his paper. His eyes were fixed a moment on his visitor, then slowly fell again, and he passed his hand across his brow without betraying the least emotion. 'Is it indeed so soon?' said he; 'then I must hasten.' He finished the letter in perfect calmness; and, having made all the little arrangements that he had anticipated, previous to the important event, he declared to the officer his readiness to attend him at the moment of his summons. He was then left once more alone.

Firm in the belief that he was now to die like a soldier, he felt the weight of his misfortune passing from his spirit. As he was relieved of this iron load, an unnatural elasticity seemed to be imparted to his bosom. His heart beat almost to suffocation, and the tumultuous motion of that fountain of his system, certainly manifested an extraordinary degree of excitement. His last wish had been granted; his last hope was about to be realized; he was to find an honorable grave! Even that was enough to be thankful for; a few years, at best, and the same destiny would be his. 'The pang,' thought he, 'is but the common one that man is heir to—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—

and if my young existence must be thus hastily sealed, thus severed forever, let fate do her worst, and finish her work with speed;' and he paced the apartment with an unaltering step, and a lofty and unbending air.

The silence that had been observed by the commander-in-chief towards the respectful but ardent solicitations of the prisoner, had led him to augur favorably of his success. His requests had not, indeed, passed unheeded; they had sunk deep; they had touched the finest and tenderest chords that ever vibrate in the bosom of virtue and bravery; they had appealed to the master-feeling of a great heart, and they wrought upon it with a living power! The solicitation was listened to with a deepening interest; but that noble delicacy that actuates and animates none but elevated minds, forbade the answer. To grant the prayer was impossible—such was the iron law of those who came up to battle; to deny it was a sorrowful duty; and it was equally a trial to the soul of a generous enemy to throw back a solitary denial, or to wound the spirit of a devoted prisoner, by recapitulating the story of his dishonor in justification of his sentence. It was ordained, therefore, that he should remain in ignorance of his doom. From that very uncertainty, the unfortunate victim was now drawing his last and only consolation. The guard officer had now returned to accompany him forth, and we shall leave them together while we join the scene of preparation, in which the spy was so soon to become conspicuous.

It was deep in the afternoon, when shadows threw themselves long over the earth, and the sun was about to sink into a thick, dull mass of clouds,
when movements, preparatory to the execution began to manifest themselves within the post. There was hurrying to and fro along the lines: and sad faces went by continually, and downcast looks were seen there; and every countenance wore the livery of deep and sorrowful feeling. It was evident that something mournful was about to transpire. The soldiers paced along the esplanade with low words and rapid steps, and now and then a tear might be seen to glister—it was but for a moment—in the eye of the veteran. A large detachment of troops was paraded, and many of the general officers were already on horseback. Great multitudes of people flocked in to witness the melancholy spectacle; but a wide silence pervaded the immense collection. With slow and struggling steps, the confused and intermingled crowd of citizens and soldiers bent their way towards the appointed place, just beneath the brow of a green hill, that sloped towards the river. There, clustered round the dim spot devoted to destruction, or sauntering over the adjacent ground, they awaited the approach of the unhappy victim.

When the prisoner was led out, each arm locked in that of a subaltern, his step was uncommonly firm, and his expression unusually calm, and even exhilarated. The eloquent blood glowed to his temples, and a bright smile of satisfaction beamed from his countenance on all whom he recognized. The thought of death was dealing powerfully but kindly with him; for he saw that an honorable end was to be his—that his dying prayer was about to be granted. He thought—and the reflection sent yet new vigor into his throbbling arteries—he thought that he saw some pledge of a kind and heroic memory, in the sympathy that was breaking all around him, in the gaze of admiration that was fixed upon him, in the tearful eye, the agitated countenance, the respectful salutation, the sad farewell, and the low and suppressed murmur, as he passed on, as though something went by which it was sacrilege to disturb in its course through the thronging multitude. He saw the high tribute that was paid to his fortitude, in the silent look with which he was regarded; and he felt that his premature fate was not unwept, even by his foes. Buoyed up by these lively demonstrations of feeling, he fancied himself a martyr in the cause he had undertaken to advance, and pressed forward with mounting emotions, as though in haste to seal his pilgrimage here, and commence the stainless career of his future fame. ‘The report,’ thought he, ‘that lays me low, will send forth an echo that shall never die.’

The detachment, with their prisoner, had now reached the summit of the hill, and came suddenly in view of the ground which had been set apart for this distressing occasion. It was occupied by a gallows! With the rapidity of light every eye was turned upon the victim. His was fixed in frenzy on the dismal object that rose portentously out of the multitude. He spoke not a word—some powerful, rending emotion had taken possession of his bursting bosom. His hand flew to his heart—one look of anguish passed like a shadow over his face, and he fell lifeless into the arms of his guards. There was no voice heard in that immense crowd—but a confused trampling, as of a vast concourse of people, when they are rushing together.

The clouds had now cleared off from the horizon, and the sun was about going down, when the last rites were performed over the departed soldier. There was no pomp, or noise, or show. A small escort of troops marched quickly over the gravel, and stood before the door of the stone building, from which the remains were to be carried. A single drum beat out a
hollow note, at distinct intervals, and the sife sung sharp and mournfully. The coffin was at length borne out; and, with slow step, inverted bayo-
nets, and downcast eyes, the procession moved on. Many who cared not to join, stood behind in silent contemplation; and many, out of idle curios-
ity, lingered round, scarcely knowing why they were there. Behind some
low, white, desolate buildings, which would scarcely shelter it from the
storms of winter, the solitary grave was dug. Round this, the soldiers
crowded in silence. On either side they leaned upon their muskets, and
hardly a breath was heard, as the book of prayer was opened, and the ser-
vent supplication went up to Heaven. The scene was singularly impres-
sive. Immediately round the grave, in the rear of the soldiers, stood some
wrapt in gloomy attention; others, still behind, were seen eagerly gazing
over the shoulders of those who had closed up before them. Every cap
was off, and every eye fixed. Still beyond, the sick were seen peeping
out of the half-opened door; and women and boys stood, with arms cross-
ed upon their bosoms, before the miserable huts from which they had just
issued. There, there was no moving—no noise—no roving of the looks—
all were bent upon the speaker, who stood on the brink of the cold grave,
with his eye raised in adoration to Heaven, and calling on the Father of
Spirits with an eloquence so full, so commanding, that his very soul seemed
to mount up with his words. He ended. Then came the hurrying of the
ceremony. At the quick command of the officer, the coffin was lowered—
the guns were brought down—the steel rung—and in a moment it glitter-
ed again in the last sunbeam. At a word the death- volley was fired off
in the air—another followed—and then another—and the last was discharg-
ed into the grave. It was all over—the smoke curled slowly among the
wet gravel, and settled down upon the coffin—it was the war-smoke em-
balmimg the soldier! The drum beat merrily—and the files wheeled into
the lines, just as the sun went down in his glory.

How it fared with the traitor can be told in a few words. He won high
place in the ranks to which he came, covered with the leprosy of his trea-
son. He was received with open arms by an enemy to whom he brought
undaunted courage, leagued with unprincipled hate. If it was honor to
hold distinguished place in any service, while his very life was tainted with
the worst contamination that can stain it—the contamination of a betrayer
of his land—then he had honor, high and glorious. If it was happiness to
live in all the splendor of existence, while his memory, like the felons of
old, who, while living, were chained to the dead, was doomed to linger
only on events that colored all his magnificence with guilt, and tortured
his heart, if he had any, with the worst torments that can fall on man, the
torments of a harrowed conscience, then he had happiness, unequalled and
unqualified. For a season, he walked in a foreign clime, covered with the
stars and badges that had been purchased by the gold of defection and re-
venge. For a season, his way, perhaps, was bright with honors, adulation,
smiles, perchance with giddy joy, attendant on a giddy elevation. He saw
sunshine in faces that passed him in the day; but his heart was frowned
upon through the long night. For a season the music of flattery lulled
him into forgetfulness, while he walked in the crowded mart, among the
children of men; but solitude woke upon his ear the far voices of con-
science; the tale of a betrayed country was loud in the night watches, and
his dreams were peopled with the phantoms of a soul lost to truth on earth,
and despairing of forgiveness in Heaven. He sunk in silence to his pil-
low, and died, an old man, in the stillness of his chamber; but there was a
A Lady's Advice.

summons ringing through the ruins of his soul, that the world knew not of; there were voices round his head that his friends heard not; there were forms hovering there that his attendants saw not. Misery and everlasting woe pressed their iron hands upon his brow, and he yielded up his life in the torments of a being, without even the hope of annihilation to smooth his pillow.

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A LADY'S ADVICE.

Why, love in a cottage, my dear,
Is all very well for the young—
But when you've been married a year,
A different song will be sung;
And flowers (if they suit the complexion)
Are all very well for the hair,
But jewels (a pretty selection)
Have a vastly superior air.

It's all very pleasant for girls
To prate about beautiful eyes,
Dark hair, and its masses of curls,
Love-kisses and moonlight's soft sighs;
But Spring with its lilies and roses,
For ever, my love, will not last,
And bowers where perfume repose,
Must yield to December's cold blast.

I confess for myself when I married
I deemed that no pleasure could dwell,
Unless in a garden I tarried,
With dew-drops on violets to swell;
But dew-drops, and garden, and flower,
And incense, and light, and perfume,
Words of love, and a soft star-lit bower,
Passed away with the violets bloom.

And as for the poetry of Fred,
Why, every one writes in these days;
Believe me, my love, if you wed,
You will not be the star of his praise:
Remember the old man may die,
Just think on your jointures, dear girl;
What a portion you'll have by and by,
How many a jewel and pearl.

You may then marry Fred if you like,
Or wherever your fancy may lead;
Ah! I see now my argument strike—
(The last was a strong one indeed).
There, like a sweet girl, dry your tears
(They do make you look such a fright),
And, despite of your sighs and your tears,
We'll go and hear Pasta to-night.
THE EXCURSION.

Dear Harry, I'm making a party
To go up to Richmond by water—
As I know that your appetite's hearty,
We shall dine at the Star and the Garter:
There'll be Frederic Scheer from the city,
There'll be Adelaide Rose from the west;
And Mr. and Mrs. Van Chitty
Are sure to go with us if pressed.

And I have in my head such a scheme,
I have got such a sweet girl to go—
Like the visions which come when we dream,
Like the thoughts of a young poet's brow;
You must quit, my dear brother, your books,
And come up from your studies to town:
Pray put on your very best looks—
I shall put on my very best gown.

I have managed the matter so well,
There will not be one man fit to talk with her;
You are certain to bear off the belle,
If you take but one nice quiet walk with her:
And you shall sit next her at table,
You shall breathe your soft tones in her ear;
(Make love to her while you are able—
She has got fifteen hundred a-year.)

You must praise all Madonna-like faces
(For she fancies that her's is that style);
You must touch on her delicate graces,
You must vow how adored is her smile;
You can give her a stanza from Byron,
With a melody out of Tom Moore;
But don't say that you think her a syren,
Or she'll possibly point to the door.

You must speak about mutual affection,
You must talk about beauty and blight,
You must hint at your fear of rejection,
You must touch upon love at first sight;
You must give her a look of the tender,
You must talk about hearts that are fading—
If at that she declines to surrender,
I should try with a gentle upbraiding.

But, Harry, I dare say you're smiling,
To think of my lecturing you;
Who all these fine nights are beguiling,
By keeping such lessons in view:
All I say is, my dear brother, come,
And I'll wager a dozen of gloves
That when you go back again home,
You'll be murmuring of angels and loves.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq.

'There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon,'

—as the poet of Peter Bell says; and we may add, there's something in an easy chair—for in one, as our readers will observe by casting their eyes on the opposite picture, sits that poet aforesaid, namely William Wordsworth himself, in proprià persona.

No man of his generation has been so much praised and abused. He truly prophesied, in his preface to Lyrical Ballads, that these poems would be enthusiastically admired, or consigned to the uttermost contempt. Not long after their publication, the cackling brood of the Edinburgh reviewers came into existence, and they were determined to crow down Wordsworth. Some local Westmoreland spite actuated Brougham; and Jeffery was from the beginning, as he will be to the end, a mean and petty creature. Accordingly, the Lyrical Ballads, and all that ever fell from Wordsworth's muse, were decried as the most unmeaning nonsense that ever emanated from the brain of a driveller; and though they fought their way gallantly up in the world, in the teeth of this adverse criticism, and much more founded upon it (for of hack critics it is true, as of dogs, that the filth of one acts as an incentive to the filth of another), yet, to the very last of Jeffery's career, Wordsworth was set down as an ass, great as that belabored by Peter Bell. A criticism even on the Excursion, the greatest didactic poem in our language, commenced with 'This will never do.'

He may now despise the Edinburgh reviewers, and all that to them appertains; but they had their effect in their day. Even Lord Byron, when attacking the crew in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, fell into their slang; and the strictures which he poured forth so unsparingly on Wordsworth—simple Wordsworth—were taken from the Edinburgh Review. It will be seen, by the edition of his works now editing for Murray, that his lordship repented afterwards of his injustice, and described his sarcasms as unfair and illiberal. Without this testimony, we might have inferred the fact from the circumstance of his having imitated the great Laker in some half dozen of his poems, and transferred some of the most striking passages of him whom, in Don Juan, he stigmatised as 'mad beyond all hope,' into the most celebrated of his own productions.

The reaction which took place in Lord Byron's mind, has taken place in the mind of the reading populace in general, and people are now good enough to admit that the author of the Sonnets to Liberty, Laodamia, Dion, the Song in Brougham Castle, the Old Cumberland Beggar, the 'Sweet Highland Girl,' Yarrow Unvisited, the White Doe of Rylstone, and fifty other things, any of which would immortalise an ordinary writer, is something of a poet, to be named in the days which have produced an Alaric Watts or a Robert Montgomery. His fame will increase, and the more steadily the more such productions as the
The Wreckers of St. Agnes.

Idiot Boy, and Alice Fell, and all the rest of that tribe of compositions, are forgotten.

This he will not believe. Talk to Wordsworth of the Idiot Boy, at which all mankind have laughed, and he will tell you, with a most solemn intonation of voice, and great magniloquence of style, that Charles Fox was most particularly struck with admiration of that very poem, and caution you against committing the rash act of censuring a production written by such a poet as Wordsworth, and panegyrised by such a critic as Fox. The various other pieces of nonsense which he has published are furnished with sponsors equally famous; and as parents are generally strenuous in defence or patronage of their rickety children, so does the of our poet shine most conspicuously in favor of those compositions which, to eyes not parental, appear the most deformed and unsightly. Any man of common sense in half an hour would, by blotting a couple of dozen pages from Wordsworth's works, render them secure from criticism; but these very couple of dozen are the pages which he would most strenuously insist on retaining, stunning you with oratory to prove them the most superb things ever composed.

For the rest, he is a good sturdy Tory, a most exemplary man in all the relations of life, and a stamp-master void of reproach.

THE WRECKERS OF ST. AGNES.

There are few parts of England more wild and desolate than the mining districts of Cornwall. Nature, as a counterpoise to the treasures which she has lavished on this region of her bounty, has imparted to its features a most forbidding aspect. Bleak and barren plains, enlivened by vegetation, with neither tree nor shrub to protect the traveller from the wind that sweeps across their surface, and danger in every step, from the innumerable shafts by which they are intersected.

It is truly an inhospitable country; and the nature of the inhabitants seems quite in accordance with its unfriendly characteristics—repulsive and ungainly in appearance, disgustingly and ferocious in manner, cruel by nature, and treacherously cunning. Not a step have they gained from the barbarous state of their savage ancestors. I allude more particularly to the town and district of St. Agnes, near Truro, and its people. St. Agnes is a small place, situated on the coast of Cornwall, about ten miles from Truro, across one of those sterile plains, almost covered with the refuse of mines, and perforated in every direction, like a gigantic rabbit-warren. The road, so called, through this waste, is little better than a track, which it would be difficult and dangerous to traverse, without a guide. Many a wanderer has found a nameless grave, by venturing rashly across those dreary moors.
It was late in the autumn when I visited St. Agnes, and it was
towards the close of a gloomy day that I found myself at the residence
of Captain Thomas, so I shall call him, whose acquaintance I had made
in London, and who had succeeded in persuading me, that the only
sure way to make a fortune was, by investing a trifle of ready money
in a copper-mine. He held the rank of captain by the custom of the
country, as a mine is conducted, like a ship, by a captain and officers.
The Captain was rather a decent specimen of his caste; for, where
all are combinations of the miner, smuggler, wrecker, and, conse-
sequently, ruffian, a man even of decent manners is something. He
had one fault, however, which I afterwards discovered:—he would
have considered it a most meritorious employment, to have robbed even
his own father, rather than not to have robbed at all.

Our repast being over, and I, like a witless booby, having invested
my bank-notes in his pouch, in exchange for certain bits of paper he
was pleased to call shares; and having received from him, in addition
to such valuable considerations, the most flattering congratulations on
the prospect of immediate wealth, he proposed an adjournment to the
' Red Dragon,' or red something; I almost forget, it is so long since;
where he assured me I should meet a most respectable society, and
where I might pick up much valuable information. They were all
particular friends of his—captains and pursers of mines.

It was a dismal night. When we sallied out, a thick mist was
gathering around: the sea was breaking against the huge rocky cliffs
of the adjacent coast, with a deafening roar; and at intervals was
heard the distant thunder. It was with no uncomfortable feeling,
that I felt myself safely housed at the rendezvous of the choice spirits
of the mines.

The party to which I was introduced was seated at a long deal
table, in a spacious apartment, half kitchen, half tap-room; at the
upper end of which appeared a blazing fire, beneath a chimney-porch
of a most ancient and approved formation. On one side of the room,
a door opened into a small parlour, and in the corner was a little bar,
for the host to dispense to his customers their various potions from
his smuggled treasures. For, although it was not a trifle of Schidam
or Cogniac that would satisfy these congregated worthies, I question
whether the king could afford to pay the salaries of the commissioners
of excise, if the greater portion of his lieges were not more considerate
customers than our friends of the 'Red Dragon.'

The arrival of Captain Thomas was hailed with marked satisfaction.
We were soon seated, and in a twinkling a large tumbler of hot brandy-
and-water was placed before me, and a pipe thrust into my hand.
The conversation, which was rather loud when we entered, was now
suddenly hushed, and intelligent glances were quickly interchanged,
which I saw related to myself. Thomas understood it, and said, 'You
need not be afraid; that gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and
a great patron of the mining arts.'

I then begged to assure the company of my veneration for miners
and mines, and all connected with them. There was a visible brighten
ning up at this declaration, and doubtless at that moment various
were the plans of swindling and rascality which shot through the
stolid brains of that pleasant coterie to put my devotedness to the proof.
A likely night this, Captain Thomas," said a beetle-browed, shock-
headed, short, muscular man, whose small dark eyes peered from
beneath a brow of peculiar ferocity.
Uncommon likely!" returned the other, 'and if we should have a
bit of luck to-night, it would not be a bad beginning this winter.'
Ah!" said the former, who answered to the name of Knox, 'my
wife says she thinks Providence has deserted our coast; we haven't
had a godsend worth telling about these two years. I've seen the
time when we've had a matter of a dozen wracks in a season.'
'Well, never mind, Master Knox,' said a pert-looking, snub-nosed
fellow, named Roberts, who I at first glance took for an attorney, but
afterwards found that he was a mining-agent. From his more con-
stant intercourse with Truro, he was rather better dressed than some
of his companions; but his town breeding gave him no other advan-
tage than a conceited saucy air. 'Never mind, Master Knox,' said
he, jingling a bunch of seals which peeped from beneath the waist-
coat of that worthy, 'you have made the most of your luck, and if you
don't get any more you won't harm.'
'Why, yes,' said the fellow, drawing out a handsome gold watch,
which accorded curiously with his coarse attire. 'I don't complain of
the past; and yet I had a narrow escape with this; if it hadn't been
for my boy Jem, I should have lost it.'
'He's a cute child, that boy of yours,' remarked one.
'There never was a cuter. I'll tell you, sir,' said he, addressing
me. 'Its two years ago come December, on a Sunday, when we
were all in church, that we had news of a wrack. Well, off we all
started you may be sure, and the parson not the last, to see what it
had pleased God to send us. We found on coming up, that it was a
French Indian-man. She had gone to pieces off the rocks, and the
goods were floating about like dirt. I wasn't long in making the
most of it; and Jem was just going off for the cart, when I 'spied,
half-covered with weed, and hidden by a piece of rock, the body of a
Frenchman. I soon saw I had got a prize, for he was loaded with
money and trinkets. These I quickly cased him of, seeing as he'd never
want 'em; but to make sure, I hit 'un a good slap over the head just
to see whether the life was in 'un or no.' [Here one or two of the
auditors grinned.] 'Well, I was just going away, when I see'd a
diamond ring on his finger, and the finger being swelled with the water,
I cuts it off' [displaying at the same time a knife of rather formidable
proportions] 'and walks off with my goods. I hadn't gone far, when
little Jem runs after, crying, 'Dad, dad! hit 'un again dad! he
grin' th, he grin' th!' I looked back, and sure enough that rascally
French thief—whether it was drawing the blood or not, I don't know
—but he was moving his arm about, and opening his eyes, as though
he were bent on taking the bread out of my mouth. This put me in a precious rage—these Frenchmen are always a spiteful set, and hate Englishmen as they hate the devil. So I makes no more ado but I hits 'un a lick with the tail of a rudder laying close by, and I'll warrant me he never come to ask for my goods.'

The miscreant chuckled over this horrid recital with all the self-satisfaction that another might feel at the recollection of a virtuous action; whilst his companions, to whom no doubt the story was familiar, felt no other sensations of uneasiness at its recapitulation than from the recollection that they had not been able to do the same thing. Knox was evidently the ruffian par excellence. I beheld others around me, the expression of whose countenances would have hung them at any bar in England without any other evidence; yet none ventured to boast of crime; Knox was the only open professor of villany, and seemed to claim his right of pre-eminence. I have been in many parts of the world, and have encountered ruffians of every country and grade; but never before did I have the fortune to hear depravity, and of such a revolting character, so freely confessed, so unblushingly avowed.

'Well, Knox,' said Thomas, after a short pause, 'so you have seen Hibbert Shear. How's poor Bill Trecuddick?'

Knox placed his finger significantly on his cheek.

'How,' said the other, 'dead!'

'Dead as mackerel,' returned Knox; 'you know I was in it, and a sharp brush we had. Poor Bill had three balls in him: he died the same night.' A universal expression of sympathy followed this announcement, and various were the questions put by different individuals as to the details of his death. It appeared that he was killed in an engagement with a revenue cruiser.

'He was as likely a lad that ever run a cargo,' said Thomas; 'where did you bury him?'

'Along side of the gauger, I s'pose,' said Roberts, who ventured a sidelong glance of malicious meaning, though apparently half-doubtful of the consequences. I never saw so speedy a change in any human being as that remark produced in Knox. In an instant his brow became as black as the storm which now raged with appalling violence from without.

'What hast thee to do with that, thou pert meddling coxcomb?' said he, as he fixed his black eyes, almost concealed by their overhanging brows, on the object of his wrath. 'Now mark me, Master Roberts; play off no more of thy jokes on me. This is not the first time I have warned thee; but it shall be the last.'

I learned afterwards that the gauger alluded to was Knox's half-brother, who was supposed to have met with his death by the hands of his relation, and his body flung down a shaft near the sea, now known by the name of the Gauger's Shaft. What confirmed the suspicion was that he was known to have frightful dreams about his murdered brother, and some said that he was known to tremble like a
child if left alone at night. Be that as it might, however, a ferocious altercation was now proceeding between Knox and a friend of Roberts, who had replied to the other's threats, which appeared likely to proceed to serious consequences, had not the attention of all parties been diverted by a loud and continued knocking at the outer door. This seemed so unusual an occurrence that the host hesitated to unbar, for never was a stranger known to arrive at St. Agnes at such an hour, and on such a night too; for we heard the rain descend in torrents, and the thunder howling at intervals.

The knocking continued vehemently, and although we were too many to fear anything like personal danger, yet I could see an evident though undefinable fear spreading throughout the party, sufficiently expressed by their anxious glances. In no one was such an expression more visible than in Knox. It was the result of some superstitious feeling, which the conversation of the night, and the awful storm now raging about them, had called into play.

The knocking was now fiercer than ever, and the host was at last constrained to unbolt and unbar: the guest, whoever he was, would take no denial. As the door opened, in stalked a tall, weather-beaten looking man, enveloped in a huge shaggy great-coat, and a broad oil-skin hat on his head.

'What the devil dost thee mean by this?' he said, dashing his hat upon the floor, and shaking the rain from his coat like a huge water-dog,—'keeping a traveller outside your gates on such a night!' At this moment, during a lull in the storm, was heard a heavy booming sound from the sea.

'A wrack! a wrack!' shouted Knox; and instantly a dozen fellows were on their legs ready to rush forth like thirsty blood-hounds on their prey. 'Keep your places, you fools!' cried the stranger, 'if she goes ashore it will be many miles from here, with the wind in this quarter.' They all seemed to acknowledge the justice of the remark, by sulkily resuming their places. 'I've heard the guns some time continued the stranger; 'but she has good offing yet, and she may manage to keep off. I'd lay my life she is a foreign craft, they're always in such a plaguey hurry to sing out.' The company had leisure by this time, to seat themselves and resume their pipes. They likewise, seeing he was no ghost, took the liberty of scanning their guest. He was not very remarkable further than being a tall muscular man with short curling black hair, immense bushy whiskers, meeting under his chin, and large black eyes. Altogether it was not an unpleasant countenance. He did not apologize for his intrusion, but called at once for his pipe and his glass.

'Did you come from Truro side?' asked Knox. The stranger took a huge whiff, and nodded assent.

'Who might have brought you across the moors?'

'Dost thou think no one can tread the moors but thyself and the louts of St. Agnes?'

'None that I ever heard of, except Beelzebub;' said Knox, peering from beneath his brows suspiciously on the new comers.
The stranger laughed.
'The path is dangerous by night,' said Thomas; 'few strangers find the way alone.'
'Then I am one of the few, for here I am,' said he.
'I've lived here man and boy these forty years,' said Knox, 'and I never knew a stranger do that before. And thou must be a stranger, for I've never seen thee.'
'Art sure of that?'—Knox again scanned him attentively.
'I never saw thee before.'
'You see then a stranger can find his way in these parts. I came by the gauger's shaft. 'Thou know'st the gauger's shaft,' said he significantly.
'Hell!' said the other furiously, 'dost thou come here to mock me, if thou dost thou'dst better return afore harm comes of thee.'
'Thou'rt a strong man;' said his opponent; 'but I'm so much a stronger, that I would hold thee with one arm on yonder fire till thou wert as black as thy own black heart. Come, thou need'st not frown on me man, if thou hast a spark of courage I'll put it now to the test.'
'Courage! I fear neither thee nor Beelzebub!'
'I'll wager thee this heavy purse of French louis d'ors against that watch and ring that befits thy finger so oddly, that thou durst not go into yonder room alone, and look on the face that shall meet thee there.'
'Thou'rt a juggler and a cheat—I'll have nothing further to say to thee.'
'There's my gold,' said he throwing a heavy purse on the table; 'look at it; count it; a hundred as bright louis as ever were coined in France, against thy watch and ring, not worth the half.' The eyes of the wrecker glistened at the bright heap of gold. 'What is the wager?' he demanded.
'If thou durst go into yonder room, that I will raise the form of one whom thou wouldst most dread to see.'
'I fear nothing, and believe thee to be a cheat.'
'There's my gold.'
'Take the wager!' cried several of Knox's friends; we'll see thou hast the gold.'
'Done!' cried Knox, with a sort of desperate resolve, which the cheers of his friends, and the sight of the gold helped him to assume; and he placed the ring and watch on the heap of louis.
'I must have arms and lights.'
'Take them;' said the stranger: 'but before you go, I will show you a portion of your property you have never discovered.' He took up the ring and touching the inside with the point of a pin a small aperture flew open, and disclosed a small space filled with hair. It was not till that moment it was discovered that the stranger had lost the little finger of the left hand! For a moment all was still as the grave. A frightful feeling seemed to pervade the breast of every one
around. It was as though the murdered stood before them to claim his own! The stranger broke into a loud laugh. 'What the devil ails you all? are you afraid of a man without a finger?' and his laughter was louder than before.

'I'll not go into the room,' said Knox, in a low broken voice.

'Then the watch and ring are mine,' said the stranger. 'You have forfeited the wager;' and he began to fill the bag with the coin.

'It's a base juggle to rob me of my property,' cried Knox, whose courage returned as he witnessed the unghostlike manner in which the stranger fingered the money.

'Keep to your wager, man,' cried Thomas, we'll see you rightly dealt with. He can no more do what he says, than raise the prince of darkness himself.'

'Will you stand to your bargain?' asked the stranger.

'I will; and defy the devil and all his works.' He took a candle and a loaded pistol, and went towards the room. If ever the agony of a life were condensed into the short space of a few minutes, that was the time. Ruffian as he was, he was a pitiable object. Pale and trembling, without making an effort to conceal his distress, he paused and turned irresolute even at the threshold of the door. Shame and avarice urged him on. He entered the room and closed the door.

If I say that I looked on as a calm spectator of these proceedings, I should say falsely. I began to grow nervous, and was infected with the superstitious feeling which had evidently taken possession of my companions. The only unconcerned person was the stranger; at least, he was apparently so. He very coolly tied up the money, watch, and ring in the bag, and placed them on the table. He then took two pieces of paper, and wrote some characters on both; one he handed to Thomas: it was marked with the name of the gauger: the other he kept himself. He advanced to the fire, which was blazing brightly, and, muttering a few words, threw into it a small leaden pacquet, and retired at the same moment to the end of the room. The flames had hardly time to melt the thin sheet-lead, ere our ears were greeted with the most terrific and appalling explosion that I have ever in my life heard, and as though the elements were in unison, a deafening thunder crash shook the house to its very foundation. Every man was thrown violently to the ground; the chairs and tables tumbled about, as though imbued with life; every door was burst open by the shock, and hardly a pane of glass remained entire. This, with the screams of the women, and the groans of the men, if any one could withstand, without actual terror taking possession of his heart, he must be a bolder man than I was. For several minutes (for so it appeared to me) did we lie on the floor in this state, expecting, momentarily, the house to fall over us in ruins. All was, however, silent as death, except the pealing of the thunder and the roaring of the storm; so that when the sense of suffocation was somewhat removed by the fresh air forcing through the open doors and windows, we ventured to hail each other.
It was some time, however, before we could get a light; and that accomplished, our first care was to look to our friend in the back parlor. We found him lying on his face quite insensible, and bleeding from a wound in the head, which he must have received in falling. We brought him into the large room; and after a time, when people could be brought to their senses, we procured restoratives. I never shall forget the wild and ghastly look with which he first gazed around him. He looked around, as though seeking some horrid object. 'It's gone,' he cried; 'thank God!—what a horrid sight!—who saw it?' 'Saw what? who?' asked Thomas. 'Just as bloody and ghastly, as when I pitched him down the shaft,' cried he incoherently.

'Hush! hush!' said Thomas; 'collect yourself—you don't know what you're talking of.'—'Who says I murdered him?' cried the miserable being before us. 'Who says I got his money? He's a liar, I say a liar. His money is sunk with him. Let 'em hang me—I am innocent. They cannot prove it.' It became too distressing. Fortunately for the feelings of all, the unhappy man, or rather maniac, relapsed into insensibility, and in that state was conveyed home.

It was not till then that we thought of the stranger. No trace of him could be found. The money, ring, and watch, had disappeared.

Strange were the rumour's abroad the next day at St. Agnes. Some men going very early to work, averred they saw a horseman flying over the moors, crossing shafts and pits, without once staying to pick his way. It could have been no human horseman, nor steed, that could have sped on such a wild career. There was another report, which accounted for the appearance and disappearance of the stranger in another way. Some smugglers reported, that on that night they saw a beautiful French smuggling lugger sheltering from the gale in a little unfrequented bay along the coast. It might have been one of the crew, who had made himself acquainted with the circumstances he mentioned, and which was no secret, and made this bold dash for a prize: but this version of the story was scouted, as quite unworthy of the slightest credit. The former was the popular belief.

If any one of the *dramatis personae* of the above sketch should happen to cast his eye over it, which, by the way, is the most unlikely thing possible, seeing the great probability that they have all been hanged long since; but if by *alibi*, or any other convenient means, only one should have escaped from justice, he will bear witness to the faithfulness of my narrative; and acknowledge, with gratitude, the obligation of immortality in the *Monthly Magazine*. 
Supposed to be Mungo Park's Soliloquy.

While from the forest frowning down the steep,
O'er half the plain noon's changing shadows sweep,
Cheerless and sick, and wearied and alone,
Beneath this hanging rock I sit and moan!
Whose moss-grown canopy, on high o'erspread,
From the fierce rays shall shield my throbbing head:
Kindly it bids me to its shelter trust,
Or, kinder still, 'twill crush me into dust.
Friendship! revered, but yet afflicting name,
This thirsty desert nursed the quickening flame,
With that warm cement joined our kindred hearts,
Which mutual suffering, mutual hope, imparts;
But, oh! delusive, like the vapory beam
That lures the stranger to his fabled stream,
To add excitement to the pangs of thirst;
On me 'tis well its vengeance shed the worst!
Thy couch the wild flowers, on whose scented air
Thy soul rose joyful to her God in prayer,
When flashed conviction on this erring mind,
Who rears a flower, will he neglect mankind?
There art thou laid! affection's fostering care
Sank o'er the toils too fondly asked to share—
Cheered by fresh hopes, fresh scenes, we blithely stayed,
'Neath the tall palm or sweet minossa's shade.

With features rude as when the world began,
Here nature ranges uncontrolled by man;
So wild and wondrous all my soul to fill,
The landscape brightens from each lonely hill,
Fantastic cliffs that pierce my bleeding feet,
With horrid glare reflect the burning heat,
From whose high pinnacle I dimly view
A sandy ocean and horizon blue;
Where not the acacia strikes her tapering root,
Nor zebra browses mid her golden fruit;
Encircling forests to the glowing skies
Blend their rank foliage in a thousand dyes.

No friendly negro bids the stranger stay—
The Bushman's voice hath charmed his heart away;
The swarthy Moor with a vindictive zeal,
Spurs his proud steed, and grasps his angry steel,
Better to fall exhausted on the waste,
Than the lone captive's cup of sorrow taste;
Than lingering pine upon this sun-worn shore,
Where shapeless caves swing back the hyena's roar;
And see on sails of speed the ostrich roam,
That will not waft me to a happier home.

Ye bright sands, rippling with inconstant wave,
That soon may drift o'er mine unhonored grave—
Ye foes that hunt me with religious hate—
I spy relief, nor that at Ali's gate,
Where insult cannot gibe, nor faith betray,
But living fountains for the thirsty play;
Glare, mid-day's heat, or evening vapor's fly!
The friendless Christian does not fear to die.
Lines written at Sea.

Scared from the swampy dingle far below,
Spreads the wild pelican her wings of snow,
And on her tender errand as she flies,
To my strained sight what long-lost forms arise?
Of love and friendship, as in act to part,
Pressed their warm fingers to my withering heart,
But could not calm the fever of unrest,
Th' impassioned pulse that played within my breast;
That undefined, perchance, celestial fire,
Which still shall glow, till worlds themselves expire.
Yes, let the dreary wilderness extend
On the dark thicket, blackest clouds descend,
Or envious sand-hills guard the secret spring,
Yet check not Enterprise his early wing.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

Upon the wide and wintry seas
As desolate I roam,
My throbbing spirit, ill at ease,
Sighs for its native home;
For all the nameless blandishments
That grace the cherished spot:
Discomfort shines through wind worn rents
The sailor's rugged lot.

I raise my head and clear my brow,
And strive not to repine,
And the heart's sickness disavow,
And view the eddying brine:
But with the heaving billows' swell,
My heart seems heaving too;
And thoughts that tears forbid to tell
Come crowding fast to view.

I fancy whilst the hissing urn
Its cheering chorus gives,
Some ask when next will he return?—
Thy Where now his vessel lives?
My sister, I thy hand did press,
When her fresh sails were set—
As thy young eyes of tenderness
They now are dripping wet.

And driving with the weltering tide
On Afric's rugged shore,
Returns my boyhood's cherished pride,
In that dark country's lore.
But when return the envied days
Together we have spent?
Yet shall, between the ocean's lays,
Each wish towards home be sent,

Each fairy dream of happiness,
Each web of fancy spun,
Thither recline, all consciousnessless.
As shadows to the sun;
And though the breeze my mirror break,
Love, Debt, Ostentation, Marriage.

Another still succeeds—
The idea won't the soul forsake,
O'er which it freshly bleeds.

Yes, tropic suns may drink the blood
Of young life to the lees,
But cannot crisp the changeless flood
Of thoughts so prized as these;
Nor tropic gales more fierce can blow
Within their viewless sphere,
Than this lone bosom's ever glow
For those more doubly dear.

ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR LAING.

I wish I were laid upon Zara's sand,
Where thou art so calmly lying;
And the speaking eye, and the firm-set hand,
But an ebb to its wane supplying.

For short is the pang of the murderous arm,
And soon does the life-blood thicken;
And a noble cause sheds a sunset charm,
As the ambushed arrows quicken.

Almost I could envy thine early fate,
Where it not for one forsaken,
Where yon Roman archery rears its state,
And the Syrtes' currents waken.

And nobler by far than the battle-field
Is the couch were thou art lying—
The wild horizon's purple shield,
And the Simoom's blazon flying.

SYMPTOMS.

LOVE, DEBT, OSTENTATION, MARRIAGE.

When a young man of fashion is rarely seen at Crockford's of a
night, seldom at Tattersall's of a Monday, and only for a few minutes
at White's, it is a symptom of a disease of the heart or the purse, and
requires peculiar treatment. Diseases of the heart, though violent for
the time, are of much shorter duration, and are much more easily cured,
than those of the purse; as many patients have lived to certify. Though
the first symptoms of both maladies resemble each other, all that follow
are different. The man far gone in love or in debt, leaves his accustomed haunts, the Beau window in St. James' street, that cynosure
of lustrous eyes; no longer exhibits himself in a nonchalant posture,
with looks that mock the passers by; two newspapers in one hand,
while the other plays with the hair that has escaped from his hat, or 
careses the whiskers; the feet reposing on the next chair. No longer 
does he echo the laugh caused by the good natured effusions of Copley, 
the erudite puns of Tom Raikes, or the trice told bon-mots of Chin 
Grant; his place is vacant, and 'Oh no, they never mention him,' 
except to bet on the probable results of his disease. When the patient 
is seen, day after day, riding by the side of a particular carriage in the 
Park, and on Sundays escorting a particular lady at the Zoological Gar-
dens, or riding in the retired parts of fashionable resorts, and always 
with the same 'fair and unexpressive she;' when he never leaves her 
at balls and routs, and looks sulky when other men approach her, the 
symptoms are decided, and nothing short of a visit to St. George's, 
Hanover square, that hospital for desperate love-cases, can offer relief, 
except it come in the shape of a special license, administered by some 
fashionable practitioner, in a private asylum, where a splendid dejeuné, 
white favors, orange flowers, with a veil which, like that torn aside 
by Psyche, is soon to destroy the last illusions of love, supply the place 
(and ah! how well,) of a cooing regime and a strait waistcoat, and soon 
bring the patient to his senses.

The symptoms of a man in debt, though they sometimes vary, are in 
general as follows:—A distaste to public streets; a shyness of being 
touched on the shoulder by friends; a habit of looking in at money-lend-
ers; a recklessness of expense where ready money is not expected, 
and a strict economy where it is; a forced gaiety, with relapses into 
glooms that presage, if they do not betray, the secrets of a prison house: 
for these symptoms, a trip to Boulogne-au-Mer is advisable, or a retire-
ment to the purer air of the Surrey side of the Thames;—from which 
last the patient comes forth, not only freed from debt, but from credit 
also.

When Ostentation attacks a man, the disease may be known by 
these symptoms: a love of show, fondness for great people, and shyness 
towards untitled and common-place acquaintances. A frequent refer-
ce to self, and a more than ordinary complacency, when dwelling on 
his own possessions. A philanthropic hospitality and generosity, to 
those who require neither, and a philosophic abstinence from both, to 
those who stand in need of them. For these symptoms there is but one 
cure, and that is difficult to obtain: let the patient be placed in a con-
venient, but unsuspected hiding place, at White's, Boodle's, Brooks', 
or Crockford's, where he may overhear the real opinions of his supposed 
friends and acquaintances, their comments on his house, dinners, and 
avove all, on him; and if, after this, his distemper continues, he must 
be pronounced incurable.

When men who have been a year married, are seen at Melton en 
garcon, at White's half the morning, and on the pavé the other half, 
in cabriolets or on horseback, and are to be found winding up their 
evenings at Crockford's, such symptoms of Conjugal Indifference leave 
no longer any doubt as to the extent of the disease. For this malady,
which leads to so many others, there is but one remedy, a speedy retire-
ment to Italy, where the attack subsides into a calm torpor, from the
want of the excitement that England more than any other country
affords, to relieve the *tedium vitae* which the re-action of love produces.
And from this torpor the patient gradually recovers, without any of the
dangerous effects that so often follow the same cause at home. We
recommend to our fair countrywomen, in particular, a strict attention
to the above symptoms.

THE ST. SIMONIANS AT A FÊTE,

IN THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

*Paris, Nov. 10.*

Imagine my stumbling upon a St. Simonian fête last Sunday, and
in company, moreover, with a very devout friend. We had been pay-
ing a visit to Père Lachaise,—which, by the bye, is losing its beauty
fast, at least to my eyes. The cypress-trees have grown up so tall and
so thick, that the view, which used to be so charming, is every where
shut out; whilst the flowers and ornamented tombs, which were wont
to look so gay in the sun, are now completely thrown into a veritable
sepulchral shade. The lofty mausolea of Foy, Massena, and their
military brethren, still tower above the trees; but another year, if the
axe or pruning-hook do not intervene, will consign them with the rest,
to the shade of gloom, if not of oblivion.

Wandering around the environs of the cemetery, with the intention
of dining, after the fashion of Parisian cockneys, *hors barrière*, we
met the whole posse of St. Simonians, full forty in number, descending
from their establishment at Menilmontant, in order, as it appeared, to
dine and mingle with the popular crowd that fills the taverns and
guinguettes of the outside boulevard every Sunday. We followed, to
satisfy our curiosity; and they, seeing we were strangers, despatched
a brother to invite us to fraternize. We acquiesced, and actually
dined with those gentry,—paying our own *écot* however;—so that I
can give you a full description of them.

Their dress, you are aware, is exceedingly picturesque, consisting
of a short frock, or blouze of blue cloth (a blue-coat boy’s frock, short-
tened and dandified). This, opened before, displays a white tunic.
The neck is bare, the beard full grown, well combed, curled, and
essenced. On my word, sitting at table with two score of beards wag-
ging, had an odd effect upon me; one time I was seized with an invinc-
ible inclination to laugh—at another to believe myself in such ban-
quetting scenes as old books and pictures tell of.

Enfantin, the chief, is hugely admired. He struck me as a model
of that once admired but now exploded being, the Irish chairman.
He is a lubberly, broad-shouldered fellow, and cuts a singular figure.
Enfantin has a bronzed, dull, handsome countenance, ‘aussi animal qu’un homme peut être,’ observed a lady; and the sex may be allowed to pronounce judgment in these matters. From my observation, I can only assert, that he is superlatively bête and incapable of any other fanaticism than vanity. Upon some question as to the viands at table he replied, “We each live the life of prolétaires at present, never expending more than twenty-five sous a day. I like the idea of an essenced gentleman, in superfine cloth, and a cashmere shawl round his neck, saying that he led the life of a workman at a shilling a day. On the breast of Enfantin’s white tunic was embroidered the words Le Père. I scarcely dare to write, though I certainly remarked that this audacious fool endeavored to imitate, in dress, and aspect, and affected sauvity of manner, the traditional portraits and descriptions of the Saviour.

Yet there are clever men amongst the St. Simonians who swear by this presumptuous fool. Barrault, for example, was a professor of considerable talent, who, though married, gave up his situation and prospects, to enroll himself amongst the community. The ten chief members have contributed about 4000l. a piece, which is the utmost of their means. The most singular convert amongst these is Fournel, an old élève of the Polytechnic school, and a man who was at the head of the iron mines of Creugot, the most considerable in France. He has sacrificed a full 1000l. a year, besides 4000l. to the society. On their trial, great stress was laid by them upon the conversion of this Fournel, a man of science, of habits positive rather than imaginative,—to use their terms,—a man from nature and profession cold, calculating, and reserved. The assumption upon which this argument was founded, is, perhaps, entirely false; I doubt much, if it requires heat either of temperament or imagination, to become a fanatic. Personal vanity seemed to me the all-absorbing idea of Fournel, as of Enfantin. The latter, by the bye, was caisier, or treasurer of the Caisse Hypothécaire, a man of waste-book and ledger.—The last place where we should have looked for a self-announced prophet, is certainly the stool of a counting-house.

Duveyrrier is another eminent member of the society. He is the most eloquent, and the truest fanatic. For Barrault, though he speaks well, is but a rhetorician. He has very little common sense or judgment, however, since it was his glowing eulogium upon the virtue, or at least the harmlessness, of carnal pleasures, that elicited from the jury a condemnation of a year’s imprisonment. It was Duveyrrier who headed the unsuccessful mission to England.

The most talented professor now lecturing in Paris is decidedly Lerminier. He was altogether a convert to the St. Simonians at one time, and was only preserved from ‘taking the frock’ by his friends, who, perforce, packed him off to Italy. A short tour there brought him to his senses. We had hoped, that these gentlemen would expound their doctrine, and so they did; for a dandy next me, explained very fully the different colors of their gay shawls, and gave the par-
HABITS OF ANIMALS.

It has been asserted, from old, that the river falcon (Falco halietus, Linn.) seizes at times upon fish of so large a size, that he is unable to carry it away with him, and is dragged under water by his prey, and drowned. Nor is it an uncommon thing to find the skeleton of this bird adhering to fish, which inhabit those pieces of water, to which he resorts. But, says the celebrated German naturalist, Brehm, I never could succeed in obtaining a proof of the fact, until the autumn of 1856. On the 7th of October in that year, a countryman, who was walking near a pond, observed a large bird sitting on the edge of it: he approached the bird, and, to his great astonishment, found her perched upon a fish of very large size, from which she could not extricate herself. He crept as gently as he could close up to her, and threw his stick at her with so much force, as to break one of her wings. He then killed her, but found it an extremely difficult task to disengage her claws from the gills of the captive fish. The falcon was a female, of the Pandion albiceps species, and I have given her a place in my collection, in common with a record of the extraordinary circumstances of her death. The same naturalist, when speaking of the wasp buzzard (Ferina, Cuvier), which draws out the sting of the insect before he swallows it, communicates an interesting extract from a letter, which he had received from a noble friend. 'I was informed,' says Baron de Seyffertitz, 'that a large bird had been for some time sitting in my garden, hard at work. The next morning he returned to the spot as soon as it was light, and taking up my gun, I crept, under cover of a current bush, to within twenty paces of him. I now perceived that he was at work on a wasp's nest, which lay under ground, and laboring at it might and main. With a view to prevent too many wasps from coming out at a time, he closed the opening into the nest with one of his wings, sprang after the wasps, which were getting away with great nimbleness, beat them to the ground with his other wing, and then despatched them. He pursued this game until he had reached the nest itself; this he gradually pulled to pieces, devouring the poor insects as they turned up. My patience was by this time exhausted, and I shot him dead.' This, adds Brehm, is an incontrovertible proof, that the wasp buzzard, as well as the fox, dig up wasp's nests from below the surface, and are each, in their way, very useful animals.
John Nelson

THE EDITOR OF "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE"

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THOUGHTS ON THE SEA.

The joy of song, which hath such deep control,
Now on my mind a shadowy world hath brought,
Stirring the hidden depths of heart and soul
With glorious thought;
For it brings with it images of thee,
IMMEASURABLE SEA!

The mind in its immensity expands
To take within its range so vast a theme,
And clothes the thoughts with hues of other lands,
As in a dream;
Giving to words a light, a power, a sense,
Of passionate influence.

Shadows that dwell within th' unfathom'd deep!
Spirits that ride upon its angry wave!
Ye fearful shapes and dreadful things that creep
In rock and cave!
Why should the secrets of your home be known
Unto the Dead alone?
But has not oft the wond'ring seaman heard
The witching song of mermaids in their caves;
And in the storm, many an awful word
Borne o'er the waves?
Have not th' uninhabited rocks given birth
To sounds unknown on earth?
Has not the shipwreck'd sailor often seen
Sights which have curdled his impetuous blood,
Where'er the wings of the strong winds have been
Upon the flood?
Does not the drowning mariner behold
What tongue hath never told?
Have not the pearl-fishers discern'd the forms
Which people thy blue depths, the fearful things
That bear the spirit of a thousand storms
Upon their wings;
Shapes unimaginable, with looks that tell
Of horror and of hell?
Thoughts on the Sea.

Have not the awful women of the Isles
Held dread communion with thy viewless powers,
And promised, by the aid of spells and wiles,
Fair winds and showers?

Then give the secrets of the dead to me,
Impenetrable Sea!

'Tis fabled in a verse of Grecian tongue,
Oceanus thy waters ruled of old,
From whom the Oceanides were sprung,
Who, we are told,

Gave the unsandali'd foot and naked limb
Free to the water's brim.

And from the silvery foam which on thee lay,
Like the chaste purity of falling snows,
Shewing the glory of the God of Day,
Love's Queen arose.

With that immortal beauty which should bind
The hearts of all mankind.

But thou hast roll'd from chaos, cre the Word
The mighty Word! through realms of ether came;
When the vast depths of thy dark waters heard
Jehovah's name,

Creation started into life, and earth
Rose proudly into birth.

Thou hast thy mountain-waves resistless hurl'd
O'er the devoted ones of every land,
Taking within thy breast a sinful world
At His command:

And human littleness and human pride
Thou wert condemn'd to hide.

Oh! thou art lovely, when the golden smiles
Of the warm sunbeams on thy surface rest,
Giving to life and light a thousand isles
Which thy breast,

And send delicious odors in the breeze,
From groves of spicy trees.

But thou art glorious when the tempest howls,
Like a roused tigress springing to the fight;
And the black sky grows blacker as it scowls
Upon the night:

When thunder roars, and the red lightning leaps
Over thy foaming deeps.

Changes have fallen on the earth, but thou
Hast been the same from the first age of men;
The same eternal glory decks thy brow
As it did then.

Though storms rush over thee, thou flowest on
As calmly when they're gone.

Thou takest from the continents, to add
To wave-girt islands an extended space;
And by degrees bare rocks with earth are clad
For a new race;
Till a Columbus sees with wond'ring eye
    New worlds before him lie.
Thou hast been chosen for a prince's bride;
    Yearly Venetian doges, wise and brave,
The jewell'd ring, with kingly pomp and pride,
    Cast in thy wave.
Ah! 'tis a glorious thing to wed with thee,
    O, thou Unchanging Sea!

Mighty have been the armaments that swept
    Thy waters for dominion of its waves,
Since that day when with thee great Pharaoh slept
    With all his slaves;
Since the innumerable Persian host,
    And the Armada's boast.
How was their glory clouded with thy frown!
    How before thee their boasted strength grew weak!
How did the proud 'Invincible' bow down
    When thou did'st speak!
And then the warring myriads on thy breast
    Were hush'd in sleepless rest!

Man talks of thy obedience to his sway,—
    O, let the vain and babbling thing talk on!
Who ever bore his sceptre for a day,
    But it was gone?
For who can put a bridle upon thee,
    Ungovernable Sea!

What were to thee the Persian's stripes and chains?
    What was to thee the Roman's idle boast?
What was to thee the vaunt of the proud Danes
    Upon thy coast?
On did'st thou glide, in calm contempt of blows
    And threats from such vain foes.

For thou hast armes stronger than of old
    The Macedonian to Hydaspes led,
Form'd of the great, the noble, and the bold,
    Who've fought and bled:
What are the nations of the world to thee,
    Unconquerable Sea!

O, might I but possess the precious store
    Which thou hast gather'd to thy hoards of old,
Composed of riches brought from ev'ry shore;
    Silver and gold,
And gems, from Heathen, Christian, Jew, and Moor,—
    Then no man should be poor!

For thou hast jewels of uncounted price,
    Gather'd from older worlds as rich as ours,
When, numerous ages since, the glittering vice
    Had all its powers;
And man allow'd his heart to be a clod,
That gold might be his god.

The mighty Babylon her tribute sent,
And princely Tyre, and gorgeous Sidon too;
From wond'rous Thebes the fated vessels went
To pay their due:
And gold of Ophir, cunning hands had wrought,
The ships of Tarshish brought.

But thy exchequer flourishes as high
Almost as once it did; within thy deeps
The El Dorado stores neglected lie
In mountain heaps;
And India has poured forth her millions there
Of treasures rich and rare.

And wave-girl Venice, thron'd upon the sea,
Whose merchants have been conquerors and kings,
With Genoa the superb, pour'd fast and free
Their precious things,
And costly fabrics wove of silken twine,
As off'ring on thy shrine.

Yet thou'rt a miser with thy riches,—still
Adding fresh treasure to thy hidden store;
Though frequent argosies thy caverns fill,
Thou seest more;
Hungering for wealth, of little use to thee,
In satiable Sea!

Oft when a boy upon thy breast I lay,
Changing my many motions with my whims,
To let the light of the warm sunbeams play
Upon my limbs;
Or dashing through the waves with glee as wild
As an unconscious child.

And I have stray'd thy yellow sands along,
Mid scenes most stirring to poetic minds,
To hear the hollow sea-shell's mimic song
Of waves and winds;
And garnering up a store of fond delights
From many pleasing sights.

Alone I've stood beside thy sounding shore,
Listening to the wild music of thy voice;
And while the moaning winds would sigh and roar
I would rejoice.
I loved to be familiar with each sound
Which echo'd far around.

But soon I had a boat with swelling sail,
And many a day repos'd beneath the sky,
Courtling the breeze until it proved a gale,
And waves were high;
And when the storm was raging in its height
I felt a deep delight.
Thoughts on the Sea.

My joy was in the long-continued roll
Of the fierce thunder, when it bellowing came;
But there seem'd deeper glory for my soul
In the red flame,—

To watch the dazzling flashes that were sent
To light me as I went.

I've heard the sea-gull screaming o'er my head,
I've seen the stormy petrel on my track;
But none had power to stop me where I led,
Or keep me back;

And I maintain'd companionship with thee,
Unfathomable Sea!

Of those who held dominion on thy waves,
Who is there that hast sway'd it long, or well?
Thou dost not truckle to the power of slaves,—
But let me tell—

'Tis to the free, and to the free alone,
Whose power thy waters own.

The island-born have swept thy billow since
The Sea-Kings bore their proud dominion there,
Though Europe leagued, and oft some powerful prince
The fight would dare;

Holland and Spain, and France, have many a day
Felt a superior sway.

They were as chaff before the rushing wind,
As dead leaves scatter'd by an autumn shower:
They throng'd in arms, were conquer'd and resign'd
Their useless power.

What flag waved triumph o'er thy foaming brine?—
My island-home, 'twas thine!

And now shall we our former fame forget,
And let our barks rot idle on the wave?
No!—do we not possess a Sea-King yet,
As good and brave

As ever free-born men were glad to own
Upon an ocean-throne.

Deeds might be done worthy our glorious isle—
Arise, ye relics of the mighty dead!
The fame of Trafalgar and of the Nile
Is not yet fled;

A shame upon our bravery remains
While Poland is in chains.

Send o'er the wave the British flag unfurl'd,
Where Nelson, Drake, and Hood, the way have shewn;
Then Freedom o'er the nations of the world
Shall raise her throne,

And let her sway remain unchanged like thee,
Thou Eternal Sea!
MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHÈSSE D'ABRANTES.*

We hail the appearance of the seventh and eighth volumes of this work with much satisfaction, and we commence our translations with the meeting of the fair Duchess and one of the principal actors in the French revolution. It is related with spirit.

'Just before I left Madrid, I met with an adventure at the ambassador's, singular enough to induce me to give it a place in these Memoirs.

'I dined every day at the ambassador's when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much at home there as I should have been in my own family. I was generally very late, because my excursions of curiosity so fully occupied my mornings that I was never at home until five o'clock, after which I had to dress; so that I always arrived after the third bell had rung. But Madame de Beurnonville, always indulgent, readily excused this. One day I came just as the party were entering the dinner-room. General Beurnonville offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady before we were seated at table. Next to me was a man, of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a morose and bilious complexion. His look was sombre; and something made me think he had but one eye, but I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not however blind him. As he was so singularly taciturn, nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the ambassador's lady was very attentive to him. At the second course, I could no longer restrain my curiosity; and, although I was conscious of the rudeness of the question, I could not help asking General Beurnonville, in a whisper, who my silent neighbor was.

"What?" he replied, with an air of surprise, "do you not know him?"

"I never saw him."

"Impossible!"

"I declare that much is the fact."

"But you have often heard his name mentioned, particularly when you were a child."

"You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is he then?"

"Shall I send you some spinach, Tallien?" said a well known voice.

It was that of Junot, who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, which he had guessed.

I almost started from my chair. . . . Tallien . . . . I looked obliquely at the horrible man, who, having perceived the effect he produced upon me, became of the color of the spinach which my husband had offered him. The latter had known him in Egypt, without however being intimate with him; for the General-in-chief was not very friendly to those who had any connexion with Tallien.

This name, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression upon me. . . . My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination fed with the most horrible recitals connected in the most particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, as I have already stated, which he must have perceived; for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus.

The wretch! How did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Bournonville the question; and also how it happened that one of our decoys was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

"I am as much surprised as you," the General replied, "and the more so, because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified this dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so true, that, when in Egypt, Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe towards such officers as were intimate with Tallien. Laussus and his brother were never welcome at head-quarters on this account." * * *

After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow travellers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed consul, I believe at Malaga; at all events I am certain that it was somewhere in Andalusia.

The name of Tallien is famous in the bloody page of our revolution-ary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th of Thermidor, he deserves honorable mention in history. I am not one of those kind creatures determined to find good in everything; nor can I agree with those who now attribute good intentions to Robespierre, and pretend that, had it not been for what occurred on the 9th of Thermidor, we should have had a return of the golden age. It may be so, and I am willing to believe it rather than differ in opinion from those persons who, even at the present day, say—Be my brother, or I will kill thee. And yet I am a good patriot. I was brought up during the dawn of that glorious revolution; I imbied its principles, and my young years were spent under the shade of the tricolor flag and the wide-spreading tree of liberty!

Our next anecdote relates to M. de Limoges—and we really know not which most to admire, the gentleman or the thief.

M. de Limoges was then a banker, and was to set out for Bordeaux the next day upon business. In the evening he went to the play, with a tortoise-shell snuff-box set in gold, upon the cover of which was a beautiful miniature of his wife holding her son in her arms, painted by Augustin. The child was then about two years old, and remarkable for its beauty. Madame de Limoges was also a beautiful woman, and the execution of the picture was admirable. On leaving the theatre with a lady of his acquaintance, he felt some one press against him, and having turned suddenly round, a handsome young man, of seemingly elegant manners, apologized for having pushed him. He ought, perhaps, to have apologized for something else; for scarcely had M. de Limoges entered his house than he discovered that he had been robbed; his snuff-box was gone. This loss was doubly felt, because, independently of the subject, the painting was one of great value. He lodged a complaint at the police office; and in an advertisement, which he had inserted in all the papers, he promised ten louis to any person who would bring him back the miniature only. On his return from Bordeaux, two months after, he found a packet addressed to him, which, to his great delight, enclosed, not the snuff-box, but the miniature. It was accompanied by the following letter, of which I have seen the original:—

Sir,—I can easily imagine your regret at losing the miniature, which I have the honor to return to you. So charming a child, and so
beautiful a wife, must necessarily be the pride and delight of him who has a right to have them painted. But permit me, sir, to offer a word of advice. A man who has such a wife and child, painted by Augustin, and carries them upon the lid of a snuff-box, should have the latter of gold, and should surround the miniature with brilliants of the first water. Had you done so, it would have been more honorable for you, and more profitable to me.

"I have the honor, &c.
"The Thief.

"P. S. You have promised ten louis to any one who should return the miniature into your hands. This is something like the promise of a Gascon, for you could not suppose that I am such a simpleton as to put you to the test. If, however, you really meant to keep your word, put the ten louis into your pocket, and come to the Pavart theatre the day after to-morrow—I will then pay myself with my own hands."

This singular epistle was left at the house of M. de Limoges during his absence. On the night after his return, he put the ten louis into his pocket and went to the theatre, but he met not the thief. The latter perhaps had been more unfortunate with another than with him, and might have been in the hands of justice. Be that as it may, M. de Limoges never heard any more of him.

The next anecdote which we shall translate, is the account of an attack made by robbers, in Spain, upon M. d'Aranjo, the Portuguese minister at Berlin.

M. d'Aranjo preceded us by some weeks. An adventure, à la Gil Blas, occurred to him on the road. He was attacked by banditti, who plundered and ill-treated him. He was of a very mild, but firm character. As soon as the robbers had opened the carriage-door, they brutally dragged him out, and demanded where his money was. The Count d'Aranjo had with him a secretary, who was a coward of the first water. Him the robbers had thrown into a dry ditch, just after they dragged his master from the carriage. There the poor fellow lay, with his nose to the ground, in a state of agony, which excites no commiseration when it is produced by cowardice. As for M. d'Aranjo, he was as calm as such a situation would allow, and was considering how he should save a watch which Madame de Talleyrand was sending to the Duchess of Osuna, and another valuable trinket, of which he had taken charge for the Marchioness of Ariza, mother of the Duke of Berwick. The watch was of blue enamel, with diamond hands; and each hour indicated by a superb brillian. The other trinket was a chain of diamonds and pearls set by Fancier. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, and must have been invaluable at Madrid, where stones are always so badly set. M. d'Aranjo was considering, in the midst of the bandoleros, how he should conceal these things. The watch soon found its way into one of his boots, and the chain into that part of his habiliments which no person had ever thought of examining, since he was whipped as a truant schoolboy. The robbers expected a rich booty; for what they wanted, was these very jewels, which had been seen at Bayonne, with several others; and a report was prevalent that M. d'Aranjo had been entrusted with the crown jewels of Portugal, to have them re-set. His over-prudence had done all the mischief. He always carried this watch and chain about his person lest he should lose them; and at this period the Spanish police were so inefficient, that you could not walk a league from Madrid without incurring the danger of being carried off by a fine troop.
of brigands, well dressed, well armed, and whose appearance was a thousand times more splendid than the king's troops, who had neither bread, shoes, nor money. Thus, when the latter met the brigands face to face, they always sustained defeat. No one ever travelled without an escort of seven or eight men at least. The men most to be depended upon as guards were natives of Arragon, or Asturians. M. d'Aranjo had taken this escort; but, as he was not timid, and fancied there was no danger, he had that morning gone on before his escort, who were to meet him at the place where he intended to dine. He had scarcely gone a distance of six miles when he was attacked, as I have before stated. The robbers immediately plundered the carriages, and broke open all the boxes in that in which the minister travelled; but not finding what they expected, they drew their knives, and threatened to kill M. d'Aranjo, who, having secured the watch and chain, bid them defiance, told them that they were a set of villains, whom he would give orders to have hanged. This was rather imprudent; but it was right, he said, always to endeavor to intimidate such men by an attitude to which they were not accustomed under such circumstances.

"But you braved death," said I, "which, permit me to say, was an act of madness; and, indeed, with a poignard at your throat, you were not far off."

"Oh, no... I cannot think so... Besides," he added, after having reflected an instant, "it is all the same thing. I could not lower myself to such scoundrels... They might take, but it was not for me to give!"

"It seems that the secretary was not so absolute as his master in his ideas of personal dignity, for he made the most humble supplications to the robbers. But when he heard the Count peremptorily refuse to deliver up the money and jewels, all his respect for his patron merged in his fears.

"My lord! my lord!" he cried, in a voice of despair, "you do not consider what you are about.—My good gentlemen, I will tell you where the money is." Then raising himself half up in the ditch where he lay—"Gentlemen," he said, "look there, on the left side of the carriage, there is a small brass knob in the panel,—press that, good gentlemen, and take all, but pray do not kill us.... The jewels are there likewise.

"And he uttered every word in a tremulous and doleful voice, and accompanied with a frightful chattering of the teeth... The poor man was as pale as a ghost, and during several months after was like one bewildered.

"But my lord," said he, after the robbers were gone, "you could not have been in earnest." He was then informed that the watch and chain had been saved; which alarmed him so much that he wanted to call back the brigands and give up these trinkets. "For depend upon it," he said, "they expected to get them."

We conclude, for the present, with a ludicrous account of a scene on the heights of Boulogne.

"Madame B—r, the mother of Madame Laplanche-Mortier, had never been so near the Emperor; and nothing could prevent her from leaving the barracks, that she might get a better sight of him. As she was the mother-in-law of an officer of the palace, the Emperor could not be angry if he met her on his road. Being, however, in an ill-humor,
be might, perhaps, give her a specimen of it; but Madame B—r feared nothing, and boldly ventured forth.

It required more courage than people would imagine, to go out at this moment. One of the gales of the autumnal equinox was blowing in full fury, and the whirls of the flags above the throne indicated to Madame B—r that a similar effect would be produced upon her petticoats. On my making the observation to her, she replied that she would hold them down with her hands; and, in fact, we saw her for some time manoeuvre so as to preserve things in decent order. The Emperor, occupied with what was passing eighty or a hundred feet below him, continued to walk rapidly up and down the terrace, without, however, passing a certain limit on either side. Madame B—r, who could not see him from the place where she stood, determined to go boldly round to the other side of the barrack, facing the throne. In this undertaking she exposed herself to the fury of the wind, which had increased in violence, and threatened this day of pageantry with a termination not very agreeable to the legionnaires who were to dine under an awning. The Emperor, much vexed, spoke very loud, and in a manner sufficiently energetic to excite in the highest degree the curiosity of a woman capable of appreciating Napoleon; and who must have been desirous of seeing him at a time when he evinced that he was not exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. She forgot the storm, and, as I have already stated, turned the corner of the barrack. At this instant she was struck by a sudden gust, which got into her large bonnet, and loosened the ribbons with which it was fastened. Madame B—r wore a wig, which she felt would follow the bonnet; she therefore let go her petticoats to secure the head-gear; but the wind beat upon having its own way, twirled and twisted about Madame B—r, who, by the bye, was of immense size, and without any ceremony began to lift up her gown and petticoats. It then became necessary for the hands to go to the assistance of the lower extremities. Thus the bonnet abandoned to the caprice of the storm, was carried away, together with the wig, and poor Madame B—r saved the honor of her legs at the expense of her naked scalp, which stood confessed before Napoleon, who at that instant turned round to speak to the Minister of Marine, whom he thought to be close behind him. It must be confessed that such a spectacle was a difficult ordeal for the Emperor's gravity. It was impossible to help laughing at the sight of an immensely fat woman presenting a fat, white, round head, close shaved; her countenance expressing wildness and terror; and her whole body strained by her exertions to keep down her petticoats. The Emperor, however, behaved very well: his smile as he passed her was scarcely perceptible.

MEDITATION.

'A sweet and melancholy face, that seems
Haunted with earnest thought; the dark midnight
Has given its raven softness to her hair;
And evening, starry eve, half clouds, half light,
Is in the shadowy beauty of her eyes.'

How quietly has night come down,
Quiet as the sweet sleep she yields!
Meditation.

A purple shadow marks yon town,
A silvery hue the moonlit fields;
And one or two white turrets rise
Glittering beneath the highest ray—
As conscious of the distant skies,
To which they teach and point the way.

The river in the lustre gleams,
Where hang the blossomed shrubs above—
The flushed and drooping rose, whose dreams
Must be of summer and of love.
The pale acacia's fragrant bough
Is heavy with its weight of dew;
And every flower and leaf have now
A sweeter sigh, a deeper hue.

There breathes no song, there stirs no wing—
Mute is the bird, and still the bee;
Only the wind is wandering—
Wild Wind, is there no rest for thee?
Oh, wanderer over many flowers.
Have none of them for thee repose?
Go sleep amid the lime-tree bowers,
Go rest by yon white gander-rose.

What! restless still? methinks thou art
Fated for aye to bear along
The beating of the poet's heart,
The sorrow of the poet's song.
Or has thy voice before been heard,
The language of another sphere,
And every tone is but a word
Mournful, because forgotten here?

Some memory, or some sympathy,
Is surely in thy murmur brought:
Ah, all in vain the search must be,
To pierce these mysteries of thought!
They say that, hung in ancient halls,
At midnight from the silent lute
A melancholy music falls
From chords which were by daylight mute.

And so the human heart by night
Is touched by some inspired tone,
Harmonious in the deep delight,
By day it knew not was its own.
Those stars upon the clear blue heaven—
Those stars we never see by day—
Have in their hour of beauty given
A deeper influence to their sway—

Felt on the mind and on the soul—
For is it not in such an hour
The spirit spurns the clay's control,
   And genius knows its glorious power?—
All that the head may e'er command,
   All that the heart can ever feel,
The tuneful lip, the gifted hand,
   Such hours inspire, such hours reveal.

The morrow comes with noise and toil.
   The meaner cares, the hurried crowd,
The culture of the barren soil.
   And gain the only wish avowed:
The loftier vision is gone by—
   The hope which then in light had birth,
The flushing cheek, the kindling eye,
   Are with the common things of earth.

Yet all their influence is not gone:
   Perchance in that creative time
Some high attraction first was known,
   Some aim and energy sublime.
In such an hour doth sculptor know
   What shapes within the marble sleep;
His Sun-god lifts the radiant bow,
   His Venus rises from the deep.

And imaged on the azure air
   The painter marks his shadows rise—
A face than mortal face more fair
   And colors which are of the skies.
The hero sees the field his own,
   The banners sweep o'er glittering spears,
And in the purple and the throne
   Forgets their cost of blood and tears.

And he who gave to Europe's sight
   Her sister world till then unseen,
How long to his inspired night
   Familiar must that world have been!
All Genius ever yet combined,
   In its first hour could only seem,
And rose embodied in the mind
   From some imaginative dream.

O beauty of the midnight skies!
   O mystery of each distant star!
O dreaming hours, whose magic lies
   In rest and calm, with Day afar!
Thanks for the higher moods that wake
   Our thoughtful and immortal part!—
Out on our life, could we not make
   A spiritual temple of the heart!
We had to beat up for three days before we could weather the east end of Jamaica, and tearing work we had of it. I had seen bad weather and heavy seas in several quarters of the globe—I had tumbled about under a close-reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail, on the long seas in the Bay of Bistay—I had been kicked about in a seventy-four, off the Cape of Good Hope, as if she had been a cork—I had been hove to by wind and weather, by the short jumble of the North Sea, about Heligoland, and the shoals lying off the mouth of the Elbe, when everything over head was black as thunder, and all beneath as white as snow—I had enjoyed the luxury of being torn in pieces by a north-wester, which compelled us to lie-to for ten days at a stretch, under storm stay-sails, off the coast of Yankee-land, with a clear, deep, cold, blue sky above us, without a cloud, where the sun shone bright the whole time by day, and a glorious harvest moon by night, as if they were smiling in derision upon our riven and strained ship, as she reeled to and fro like a wounded Titan; at one time buried in the black trough of the sea, at another cast upwards towards the heavens by the thunders of the tornamented waters, from the troubled bosom of the bounding and roaring ocean, amidst hundreds of miniature rainbows, (say, rainbows by night as well as by day,) in a blessing storm of white, foaming, seething spray, torn from the curling and rolling bright green crests of the mountainous billows. And I have had more than one narrow squeak for it in the neighborhood of the 'still vexed Bermuothes,' besides various other small affairs, written in this Book; but the devil such another tumbflification had I ever experienced, not as to danger, for there was none except to our spars and rigging, but as to discomfort, as I did in that short cross, splashing, and boiling sea, off Morant Point. By noon, however, on the second day, having had a slant from the land-wind in the night previous, we got well to windward of the long sandy spit that forms the east end of the island, and were in the act of getting a small pull of the weather braces, before edging away for St. Jago, when the wind fell suddenly, and in half an hour it was stark calm—a furiosa calma, as the Spaniards sailors quaintly enough call it.

We got rolling tackles up, and the topgallant masts down, and studding sails out of the tops, and lessened the lumber and weight aloft in every way we could think of; but, nevertheless, we continued to roll gunwale under, dipping the main yard-arm into the water, every now and then, and setting everything adrift, below and on deck, that was not bolted down, or otherwise well secured.

When I went down to dinner, the scene was extremely good. Old Yerk, the first lieutenant, was in the chair—one of the boys was jammed at his side, with his claws fastened round the foot of the table, holding a tureen of boiling pease-soup, with lumps of pork swimming in it, which the aforesaid Yerk was bailing forth with great assiduity to his messmates. Hydrostatics were much in vogue—the tendency of fluids to regain their

* Continued from page 155.
equilibrium (confounded them, they have often in the shape of claret destroyed mine) was beautifully illustrated, as the contents of each carefully balanced soup-plate kept swaying about on the principle of the spirit level. The Doctor was croupier, and as it was a return dinner to the captain, all hands were regularly figg'd out, the lieutenants, with their epaulets and best coats, and the master, purser, and doctor, all fittingly attired. When I first entered, as I made my obeisance to the captain, I thought I saw an empty seat next him, but the matter of the soup was rather an engrossing concern, and took up my attention, so that I paid no particular regard to the circumstance; however, when we had all discussed the same, and were drinking our first glass of Teneriffe, I raised my eyes to hob and nob with the master, when—ye gods and little fishes—who should they light on, but the merry phiz—merry, alas! no more—of Aaron Bang, Esquire, who, during the soup interlude had slid into the vacant chair unperceived by me.

"Why, Mr. Bang, where, in the name of all that is comical—where have you dropped from?" Alas! poor Aaron—Aaron, in a rolling sea, was of no kindred to Aaron a-shore. His rosy gills were no longer rosy—his round plump face seemed to be covered with parchement from an old bass-drum, cut out from the centre where most brouzed by the drumstick—there was no speculation in his eyes that he did glare withal—and his lips, which were usually firm and open, disclosing his nice teeth in frequent grin, were held together, as if he had been in grievous pain. At length he did venture to open them—and, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, "it lifted up its head and did address itself to motion, as it would speak." But they began to quiver, and he once more screwed them together, as if he feared the very exertion of uttering a word or two might unsettle his monoplies.

The master was an odd garrulous small man, who had a certain number of stated jokes, which, so long as they were endured, he unmercifully inflicted on his messmates. I had come in for my share, as a new comer, as well as the rest; but even with me, although I had been but recently appointed, they had already begun to pall and wax wearsome; and blind as the beetle of a body was, he could not help seeing this. So poor Bang, unable to return a shot, sea-sick and crestfallen, offered a target that he could not resist taking aim at. Dinner was half over, and Bang had not eaten anything, when, unseasonable as the hour was, the little pot-valiant master, primed with two tumblers of grog, in defiance of the captain's presence, fairly fastened on him, like a remora, and pinned him down with one of his long-winded stories, about Captain David Jones, in the Phantom, during a cruise off Cape Flyaway, having run foul of a whale, and thereby nearly foundered; and that at length having got the monster harpooned and speared, and the devil knows what,—but it ended in getting her alongside, when they scuttled the Leviathan, and then, wonderful to relate, found a Greenlandman with royal yards crossed in her maw, and the captain and mate in the cabin quarrelling about the reckoning.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Bang—as well they might, Mr. Bang—as well they might?" Bang said nothing; but at the moment—whether the said Aaron lent wings to the bird or no, I cannot tell—a goose swimming in apple sauce, which he was, with a most stern countenance, endeavoring to carve, fished way right over the gunwale of the dish; and taking a whole boat of melted butter with it, splashed across the table during a tremendous roll, that made everything creak and groan.
again, right into the small master’s lap who was his vis-a-vis. I could hear Aaron grumble out something about—Strange affinity—birds of a feather.’ But his time was up, his minutes were numbered, and like a shot he bolted from the table, sculling or rather clawing away towards the door, by the backs of the chairs, like a green parrot, until he reached the marine at the bottom of the ladder, at the door of the captain’s cabin, round whose neck he immediately fettered locked his fins.

He had only time to exclaim to his new ally, ‘My dear fellow, get me some brandy and water, for the love of mercy’—when he blew up, with an explosion like the bursting of a steam-boiler—‘Oh dear, oh dear,’ we could hear him murmuring in the lulls of his agony—then another loud report—there goes my yesterday’s supper—hot grog and toasted cheese—another roar, as if the spirit was leaving its earthly tabernacle—‘Dinner—claret—maderia—’ all cruel bad in a second edition—‘Cheese, teal, and ringtail pigeon—black crabs—calapi and turtle-soup’—as his fleshly indulgencies of the previous day rose up in judgment against him, like a man’s evil deeds on his death-bed. At length the various strata of his interior were entirely excavated—‘Ah! I have" got to my breakfast—to the simple tea and toast at last.’ Brandy and water, my dear, N—-brandy and water, my darling, hot, without sugar—and Brandy and water died in echoes in the distance as he was stowed away into his cot in the captain’s cabin. It seemed that it had been all arranged between him and N—- that he was to set off for St. Thomas in the East, the morning on which we sailed, and to get a shove out in the pilot-boat schooner, from Morant Bay, to join us for the cruise; and accordingly he had come on board the night previous when I was below, and being somewhat qualmish he had wisely kept his cot; the fun of the thing depending, as it seemed, on all hands carefully keeping it from me that he was on board.

Next morning we got the breeze again, when we bore away for Santiago de Cuba, and arrived off the Moro Castle on the fifth evening at sunset, after leaving Port Royal harbor. The Spaniards, in their better days, were a kind of coral worms; wherever they planted their colonies they immediately set to covering themselves in with stone and mortar; applying their own entire energies, and the whole strength of their Indian captives, first to the erection of a fort; their second object (postponed to the other only through absolute necessity) being then to build a temple to their God. Gradually vast fabrics appeared, where before there was nothing but one eternal forest, or a howling wilderness; and although it does come over one, when looking at the splendid moles, and firm built bastions, and stupendous churches of the New World—the latter surpassing, or at the least equaling in magnificence and grandeur those of Old Spain herself—that they are all cemented by the blood and sweat of millions of gentle Indians, of whose harmless existence, in many quarters, they remain the only monuments, still it is a melancholy reflection to look back and picture to one’s self what Spain was, and to compare her, in her high and palmly state, with what she is now; with what she was, even when, as a young midshipman, I first visited her glorious transatlantic colonies.

Until the Peninsula was over run by the French, Buenos Ayres, La guayra, Porto Cavello, Maracaibo, Santa Martha, and that stronghold of the west, the key of the Isthmus of Darien, Cartagena de las Indias, with Porto Bello, and Vera Cruz, on the Atlantic shores of South America, were all prosperous and happy—’Lienas de Plata,’ and on the western
coast, Valparaiso, Lima, Panama, and San Blas, were thriving and increasing in population and wealth. England, through her colonies, was at that time driving a lucrative trade with all of them; but the demon of change was abroad, blown thither by the pestilent breath of European liberalism. What a vineyard for Abbe Sieyes to have labored in! Every Capitaneo would have become a purchaser of one of his cut and dried constitutions. Indeed he could not have turned them out of hand fast enough. The enlightened few, in these countries, were as a drop in the bucket to the unenlightened many; and although no doubt there were numbers of the former who were well meaning men, yet they were one and all guilty of that prime political blunder, in common with our Whig friends at home, of expecting a set of semi-barbarians to see the beauty of, and conform to their newfangled codes of free institutions, for which they were as ready as I am to die at this present moment. Bolivar, in his early fever of patriotism, made the same mistake, although his shrewd mind in his later career, saw that a despotism, pure or impure—I will not qualify it—was your only government for the savages he had at one time dignified with the name of fellow patriots. But he came to this wholesome conclusion too late; he tried back, it is true, but it would not do; the fiend had been unchained, and at length hunted him broken hearted into his grave.

But the men of mind tell us, that those countries are now going through the political fermentation, which by and by will clear, when the sediment will be deposited, and the different ranks will each take their acknowledged and undisputed stations in society; and the United States are once and again quoted against us of the adverse faction, as if there was the most remote analogy between their population, originally composed of all the cleverest scoundrels of Europe, and the barbarians of Spanish America, where a few master spirits, all old Spaniards, did indeed for a season stick fiery off from the dark mass of savages amongst whom their lot was cast, like stars in a moonless night, but only to suffer a speedy eclipse from the clouds and storm which they themselves had set in motion. We shall see. The scum as yet is uppermost, and does not seem likely to subside, but it may boil over. In Cuba, however, all was at the time quiet, and still is; I believe, prosperous, and that too without having come through this said blessed political fermentation.

- During the night we stood off and on under easy sail, and next morning, when the day broke, with a strong breeze and a fresh shower, we were about two miles off the Moro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago de Cuba.

I went aloft to look round me. The sea breeze blew strong, until it reached within half a mile of the shore, where it stopped short, shooting in cat's paws occasionally into the smooth belt of water beyond, where the long unbroken swell rolled like molten silver in the rising sun, without a ripple on its surface, until it dashed its gigantic undulations against the face of the precipitous cliffs on the shore, and flew up in smoke. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow, and looked from my perch like a zig-zag chasm in the rock, inlaid at the bottom with polished blue steel, so clear, and calm, and pellucid was the still water wherein the frowning rocks, and magnificent trees on the banks, and the white Moro, rising with its grinning tiers of cannon, battery above battery, were reflected veluti in speculum, as if it had been in a mirror.

We had fired a gun, and the signal for a pilot was flying, when the
Captain hailed me. "Does the sea-breeze blow into the harbor yet, Mr. Cringle?"

"Not yet, sir; but it is creeping in fast."

"Very well. Let me know when we can run in. Mr. Yerk, back the main-topsail, and heave the ship to."

Presently the pilot canoe, with the Spanish flag flying in the stern, came alongside; and the pilot, a tall brown man, a Morena, as the Spaniards say, came on board. He wore a glazed cocked hat, which was rather an out of the way finish to his figure, which was rigged in a simple Osnaburg shirt, and pair of trowsers. He came on the quarter-deck, and made his bow to the captain with all the ease in the world, wished him a good morning, and taking his place by the quartermaster at the cunn, he took charge of the ship. "Senor," quoth he to me, "is de harbor blow up yet? I mean, you see de viento walking into him. De Terral—dat is land-wind; has he cease?"

"No," I answered; "the belt of smooth water is growing narrower fast; but the sea breeze does not blow into the channel yet. Now it has reached the entrance."

"Ah, den make sail, Senor Capitan; fill de main-topsail." We stood in, the scene becoming more and more magnificent as we approached the land.

The fresh green shores of this glorious island lay before us, fringed with white surf, as the everlasting ocean in its approach to it gradually changed its dark blue color, as the water shoaled, into a bright joyous green under the blazing sun, as if in sympathy with the genius of the fair land, before it tumbled at his feet its gently swelling billows, in shaking thunders on the reefs and rocky face of the coast, against which they were driven up in clouds, the incense of their sacrifice. The undulating hills in the vicinity were all either cleared, and covered with the greenest verdure that imagination can picture, over which strayed large herds of cattle, or with forests of gigantic trees, from amongst which, every now and then, peeped out some palm-thatched mountain settlement, with its small thread of blue smoke floating up into the calm clear morning air, while the blue hills in the distance rose higher and higher, and more and more blue, and dreamy, and indistinct, until their rugged summits could not be distinguished from the clouds through the glimmering hot haze of the tropics.

"By the mark seven," sung out the leadsman in the starboard chains. —"Quarter less three," responded he in the larboard; showing that the inequalities of the surface at the bottom of the sea, even in the breadth of the ship, were at least as abrupt as those presented above water by the sides of the natural canal into which we were now running. By this time, on our right hand, we were within pistol shot of the Moro, where the channel is not above fifty yards across; indeed there is a chain, made fast to a rock on the opposite side, that can be hove up by a capstan until it is level with the water, so as to constitute an insurmountable obstacle to any attempt to force an entrance in time of war. As we stood in, the golden flag of Spain rose slowly on the staff at the Water Battery, and cast its large sleep'y folds abroad in the breeze; but instead of floating over mail-clad men, or Spanish soldiers in warlike array, three poor devils of half naked mulattoes stuck their heads out of an embrasure under its shadow. "Senor Capitan," they shouted, "una Botella de Roma, por el honor del pais." We were mighty close upon leaving the bones of the old ship here, by the by; for at the very instant of entering
the harbor's mouth, the land-wind checked us off, and very nearly have us broadside on upon the rocks below the castle, against which the swell was breaking in thunder.

'Let go the anchor,' sung out the captain.

'All gone, sir,' promptly responded the boatswain from the forecastle. And as he spoke, we struck once, twice, and very heavily the third time. But the breeze coming in strong, we fetched way again; and as the cable was promptly cut, we got safely off. On weighing the anchor afterwards, we found the water had been so shoal under the bows, that the ship, when she stranded, had struck it, and broken the stock short off by the ring. The only laughable part of the story consisted in the old cook, an Irishman, with one leg, and half an eye, scrambling out of the galley nearly naked, in his trousers, shirt, and greasy night-cap, and sprawling on all fours after two tubs full of yams, which the third thump had capsized all over the deck.

'Oh you scurvy looking tief,' said he, eyeing the pilot; 'if it was running us ashore you were set on, why the blazes couldn't ye wait until the yams were in the copper, bad luck to ye—and them all scraped too! I do believe, if they even had been faties, it would have been all the same to you.' We stood on, the channel narrowing still more—the rocks rising to a height of at least five hundred feet from the water's edge, as sharply and precipitously, as if they had only yesterday been split asunder; the splintered projections and pinnacles on one side, having each their corresponding fissures and indentations on the other, as if the hand of a giant could have closed them together again.

Noble trees shot out in all directions wherever they could find a little earth, and a crevice to hold on by, almost meeting overhead in several places, and alive with all kinds of birds and beasts incidental to the climate; parrots of all sorts, great and small, clomb, and hung, and fluttered amongst the branches; and pigeons of numberless varieties; and the glancing woodpecker, with his small hammerlike tap, tap, tap; and the West India nightingale, and humming birds of all hues; while cranes, black, white, and grey, frightened from their fishing-stations, stalked, and peeped about, as awkwardly as a warrant-officer in his long-skirted coat on a Sunday, while whole flocks of ducks flew across the mast-heads and through the rigging; and the dragon-like guans, and lizards of many kinds disported themselves amongst the branches, not jazily or loathsomely, as we, who have only seen a lizard in our cold climate, are apt to picture, but alert, and quick as lightning, their colors changing with the changing light, or the hues of the objects to which they clung, becoming literally in one respect portions of the landscape.

And then the dark, transparent crystal depth of the pure waters under foot, reflecting all nature so steadily and distinctly, that in the hollows, where the overhanging foliage of the laurel-like bushes darkened the scene, you could not for your life tell where the elements met, so blended were earth and sea.

'Starboard,' said I. 'I had now come on deck. 'Starboard, or the main-top-gallant-masthead will be foul of the limb of that tree. Foretop there—lie out on the larboard fore-yard arm, and be ready to show her off, if she shears too close.'

'Let go the anchor,' struck in the first lieutenant.

'Splash—the cable we brought up in paradise,' quoth the doctor.

'Curukity coo—curukity coo,' sung out a great bushy-whiskered sail-or from the crows' nest, who turned out to be no other than our old
friend. Timothy Tailtackle, quite juvenilized by the laughing scene.

"Here am I, Jack, a booby amongst the singing-birds," crowed he to one of his messmates in the mizzenmast, as he clutched a branch of a tree in his hand, and swung himself up into it. But the ship, as old Nick would have it, at the very instant dropped astern a few yards in swinging to her anchor, and that so suddenly that she left him on his perch in the tree, converting his jest, poor fellow, into melancholy earnest. "Oh Lord, sir!" sang out Timotheus, in a great quandary. "Captain, do have a head a bit—Murder—I shall never get down again!" Do, Mr. York, if you please, sir!" And there he sat twisting and craning himself about, and screwing his features into combinations evincing the most comical perplexity.

"The captain, by way of a bit of fun, pretended not to hear him.

"Maintop there," quoth he.

"The midshipman in the top answered him, "Aye, aye, sir."

"Not you, Mr. Reefpoint; the captain of the top I want."

"He is not in the top, sir," responded little Reefpoint, chuckling like to choke himself.

"Where the devil is he, sir?"

"Here, sir," squealed Timothy, his usual gruff voice spindling into a small cheep, through his great perplexity. "Here, sir."

"What are you doing there, sir! Come down this moment, sir. Rig out the main-topmast-studding-sail-boom, Mr. Reefpoint, and tell him to slew himself down by that long water-withe."

To hear was to obey. Poor Timothy clambered down to the fork of the tree, from which the withe depended, and immediately began to warp himself down, until he reached within three or four yards of the starboard foretopsail-yardarm; but the corvette still dropped astern, so that, after a vain attempt to hook on by his feet, he swung off into mid air, hanging by his bands.

"It was no longer a joke. "Here, you black fellows in the pilot-boat," shouted the captain, as he threw them a rope himself. "Pass the end of that line round the stump yonder—that one below the cliff, there—now pull like devils, pull."

They did not understand a word he said; but, comprehending his gestures, did what he wished.

"Now haul on the line, men—gently, that will do. Missed it again," continued the skipper, as the poor fellow once more made a fruitless attempt to swing himself on to the yard.

"Pay out the warp again," sung out Tailtackle—quick, quick, let the ship swing from under, and leave me scope to dive, or I shall be obliged to let go, and be killed on the deck."

"God bless me, yes," said N.; "stick out the warp, let her swing to her anchor."

In an instant all eyes were again fastened with intense anxiety on the poor fellow, whose strength was fast failing, and his grasp plainly relaxing.

"See all clear to pick me up, messmates."

Tailtackle slipped down to the extreme end of the black withe, that looked like a scorched snake, closed his legs close together, pointing his toes downwards, and then steadying himself for a moment, with his hands right above his head, and his arms at the full stretch, he dropped, struck the water fairly, entering its dark blue depths without a splash, and instantly disappeared, leaving a white frothy mark on the surface.
‘Did you ever see anything better done?’ said Yerk. ‘Why he clipped into the water with the speed of light, as clean and clear as if he had been a marlinespike.’

‘Thank Heaven!’ gasped the captain, for if he had struck the water horizontally, or fallen headlong, he would have been shattered in pieces—every bone would have been broken—he would have been as completely smashed as if he had dropped upon one of the limestone rocks on the iron-bound shore.

‘Ship, ahoy!’ We were all breathlessly looking over the side where he fell, expecting to see him rise again; but the hail came from the water on the other side. ‘Ship, ahoy—throw me a rope, good people—a rope, if you please. Do you mean to careen the ship, that you have all run to the starboard side, leaving me to be drowned to port here?’

‘Ah Tailtackle! well done, old boy,’ sung out a volley of voices, men and officers, rejoiced to see the honest fellow alive. He clambered on board, in the bight of one of twenty ropes that were hove to him.

When he came on deck, the captain slyly said, ‘I don’t think you’ll go a birdnesting in a hurry again, Tailtackle.’

Tim looked with a most quizzical expression at his captain, all blue and breathless and dripping as he was; and then sticking his tongue slightly in his cheek, he turned away, without addressing him directly, but murmuring as he went, ‘A glass of grog now.’

The captain, with whom he was a favorite, took the hint. ‘Go below now, and turn in till eight bells, Tailtackle. Mafame,’ to his steward, ‘send him a glass of hot brandy grog.’

‘A northwester,’ whispered Tim aside to the functionary; ‘half and half, tallow chops—eh!’

About an hour after this, a very melancholy accident happened to a poor boy on board, of about fifteen years of age, who had already become a great favorite of mine, from his modest, quiet deportment, as well as of all the gunroom-officers, although he had not been above a fortnight in the ship. He had let himself down over the bows by the cable, to bathe. There were several of his comrades standing on the forecastle looking at him, and he asked one of them to go out on the spritsail-yard, and look round to see if there were any sharks in the neighborhood; but all around was deep, clear, green water. He kept hold of the cable, however, and seemed determined not to put himself in harm’s way, until a little wicked urchin, who used to wait on the warrant-officers’ mess, a small meddling snipe of a creature, who got flogged in well behaved weeks only once, began to taunt my little mild favorite.

‘Why, you chicken-heart, I’ll wager a thimbleful of grog, that such a tailor as you are in the water, can’t for the life of you swim out to the buoy there.’

‘Never you mind, Pepperbottom,’ said the boy, giving the imp the name he had richly earned by repeated flagellations. ‘Never you mind. I am not ashamed to show my naked hide, you know. But it is against orders in these seas to go overboard, unless with a sail underfoot; so I sha’n’t run the risk of being tattooed by the boatswain’s mate, like some one I could tell of.’

‘Coward,’ muttered the little wasp, ‘you are afraid, sir;’ and the other boys abetting the mischief-maker, the lad was goaded to leave his hold of the cable, and strike out for the buoy. He reached it, and then turned, and pulled towards the ship again, when he caught my eye.
Who is that overboard? How dare you, sir, disobey the standing order of the ship? Come in, boy; come in.

My hailing the little fellow shoved him off his balance, and he lost his presence of mind for a moment or two, during which he, if anything, widened his distance from the ship.

At this instant, the lad on the sloop's yard, sung out quick and suddenly, 'A shark, a shark!'

And the monster—like a silver pillar, suddenly shot up perpendicularly from out the dark green depths of the sleeping-pool, with the waters sparkling and hissing around him, as if he had been a sea-demon rushing on his prey.

'Pull for the cable, Louis,' shouted fifty voices at once—'pull for the cable.'

The boy did so—we all ran forward. He reached the cable—grasped it with both hands, and hung on, but before he could swing himself out of the water, the fierce fish had turned. His whitish-green belly glanced in the sun—the poor little fellow gave a heart-splitting yell, which was shattered amongst the impending rocks into piercing echoes, and these again were reverberated from cavern to cavern, until they died away amongst the hollows in the distance, as if they had been the faint shrieks of the damned—yet he held fast for a second or two—the ravenous tyrant of the sea tug, tugging at him, till the stiff, taught cable shook again.

At length he was torn from his hold, but did not disappear; the animal continueing on the surface crunching his prey with his teeth, and digging at him with his jaws, as if trying to gorge a morsel too large to be swallowed, and making the water-flush up in foam over the boats in pursuit, by the powerful strokes of his tail, but without ever letting go his hold. The poor lad only cried once more—but such a cry—oh God, I never shall forget it!—and, could it be possible, in his last shriek, his piercing expiring cry, his young voice seemed to pronounce my name—at least so I thought at the time, and others thought so too.

The next moment he appeared quite dead. No less than three boats had been in the water alongside, when the accident happened, and they were all on the spot by this time. And there was the bleeding and mangled boy, torn along the surface of the water by the shark, with the boats in pursuit, leaving a long stream of blood, mottled with white specks of fat and marrow in his wake. At length the man in the bow of the gig laid hold of him by the arm, another sailor caught the other arm, boat-hooks and oars were dug into and launched at the monster, who relinquished his prey at last, stripping off the flesh; however, from the upper part of the right thigh, until his teeth reached the knee, where he nipped the shank clean off, and made sail with the leg in his jaws.

Poor little Louis never once moved after we took him in. I thought I heard a small still stern voice thrill along my nerves, as if an echo of the beating of my heart had become articulate. 'Thomas, a fortnight ago, you impressed that poor boy, who was, and now is not, out a Bristol ship.' Alas, conscience spoke no more than the truth.

Our instructions were to lie at St. Jago, until three British ships, then loading, were ready for sea, and then to convey them through the Caiques, or windward passage. As our stay was, therefore, likely to be ten days or a fortnight at the shortest, the boats were heisted out, and we made our little arrangements and preparations for taking all the recreation in our power, and our worthy skipper, taught and stiff as he was at sea, always encouraged all kinds of fun and larking, both amongst the
men and the officers, on occasions like the present. Amongst his other pleasant qualities, he was a great boat-racer, constantly building and altering gigs, and pulling-boats, at his own expense, and matching the men against each other for small prizes. He had just finished what the old carpenter considered his chef-d’œuvre, and a curious affair this same masterpiece was. In the first place, it was forty-two feet long over all, and only three and a half feet beam—the planking was not much above an eighth of an inch in thickness, so that if one of the crew had slipped his foot off the stretcher, it must have gone through the bottom. There was a standing order that no man was to go into it with shoes on. She was to pull six oars, and her crew were the captains of the tops, the primest seamen in the ship, and the steersman no less a character than the skipper himself.

Her name, for I love to be particular, was the Dragon-fly; she was painted out and in of a bright red, amounting to a flame color—oars red—the men wearing trousers and shirts of red flannel, and red net nightcaps—which common uniform the captain himself wore. I think I have said before, that he was a very handsome man, and when he had taken his seat, and the gigs, all fine men, were seated each with his oar held upright upon his knees ready to be dropped into the water at the same instant, the craft and her crew formed to my eye, as pretty a plaything for grown children as ever was seen. 'Give way, men,' the oars dipped as clean as so many knives, without a sparkle, the gallant fellows stretched out, and away shot the Dragon-fly, like an arrow, the green water foaming into white smoke at the bows, and hissing away in her wake.

She disappeared in a twinkling, round a reach of the canal where we were anchored, and we, the officers, for we must needs have our boat also, were making ready to be off, to have a shot at some beautiful cranes that, floating on their large pinions, slowly passed us with their long legs stuck straight out astern, and their longer necks gathered into their drops, when we heard a loud shouting in the direction where the captain's boat had vanished. Presently the Devil's Darning Needle, as the Scotch part of the crew loved to call the Dragon-fly stuck her long snout round the headland and came spinning along with a Spanish canoe manned by four negroes, and steered by an elderly gentleman, a sharp acute looking little man, in a gingham coat, in her wake, also pulling very fast; however, the Don seemed dead beat, and the captain was in great glee. By this time, both boats were alongside, and the old Spaniard, Don Ricardo Campana, addressed the captain, judging that he was one of the seamen. 'Is the captain on board?' said he in Spanish. The captain, who understood the language, but did not speak it, answered him in French, which Don Ricardo seemed to speak fluently. 'No, sir, the captain is not on board; but there is Mr. Yerk, the first lieutenant, at the gangway.' He had come for the letter-bag he said, and if we had any newspapers, and could spare them, it would be conferring a great favor on him.

He got his letters and newspapers handed down, and very civilly gave the captain a dollar, who touched his cap, tipped the money to the men, and winking slightly to old Yerk, and the rest of us, addressed himself to shove off. The old Don, drawing up his eyebrows a little, (I guess he rather saw who was who, for all his make-believe innocence,) bowed to the officers at the gangway, sat down, and, desiring his people to use their broad-bladed, clumsy-looking oars, or paddles, began to move awkwardly away. We, that is the gunroom-officers, all except the second
lieutenant, now had the watch, and the master, who got into our gig also, rowed by ourselves, and away we all went in a covey; the purser and doctor, and three of the middies forward, Thomas Cringle, gent., pulling the stroke-oar, with old Moses York as coxswain;—and as the Dragon-flies were all red, so we were all sea-green, boat, oars, trowsers, shirts, and night-caps. We soon distant the cumbrous-looking Don, and the strain was between the Devil's Darning Needle and our boat, the Watersprite, which was making capital play, for although we had not the bottom of the topmen, yet we had more blood, so to speak, and we had already beaten them, in their last gig, all to sticks. But Dragon-fly was a new boat, and now in the water for the first time.

We were both of us so intent on our own match, that we lost sight of the Spaniard altogether, and the captain and the first lieutenant were bobbing in the sternsheets of their respective gigs, like a couple of souple Tams, as intent on the game as if all our lives had depended on it, when in an instant the long black dirty prow of the canoe was thrust in between us, the old Don singing out, "Deza mi lugar, payanos, deza mi lugar, mis hijos." We kept away right and left, to look at the miracle;—and there lay the canoe, rumbling and splashing, with her crew wallowing about, and grinning and yelling like incarnate fiends, and as naked as the day they were born, and the old Don himself, so staid and sedate, and drawley as he was a minute before, now all alive, shouting, "Ti- ra diabatos, tira," flourishing a small paddle, with which he steered, about his head like a wheel, and dancing and jumping about in his seat, as if his bottom had been a haggis with quicksilver in it.

"Zounds," roared the skipper,—"why, topmen—why, gentlemen, give way for the honor of the ship—Gentlemen, stretch out—Men, pull like devils; twenty pounds if you beat him."

We pulled, and they pulled, and the water roared, and the men strained their muscles and sinews to cracking; and all was splash, splash, and whiz, whiz, and pech, pech, about us, but it would not do—the canoe beaded us like a shot, and in passing, the cool old Don again subsided into a calm, as suddenly as he had been roused from it, and, sitting once more, stiff as a poker, turned round and touched his sombrero, "I will tell that you are coming, gentlemen."

It was now the evening, near nightfall, and we had been so intent on beating our awkward-looking opponent, that we had none of us time to look at the splendid scene that burst upon our view, on rounding a precipitous rock, from the crevices of which, some magnificent trees shot up—their gnarled trunks and twisted branches overhanging the canal where we were pulling, and anticipating the fast-falling darkness that was creeping over the fair face of nature; and there we floated, in the deep shadow of the cliff and trees—Dragonflies and Watersprites, motionless and silent, and the boats floating so lightly that they scarcely seemed to touch the water, the men resting on their oars, and all of us wrapped with the magnificence of the scenery around us, beneath us, and above us.

The left or western bank of the narrow entrance to the harbor, from which we were now debouching, ran out in all its precipitoussness and beauty, (with its dark evergreen bushes overshadowing the deep blue waters, and its gigantic trees shooting forth, high into the glowing western sky, their topmost branches gold-tipped in the flood of radiance shed by the

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* 'Leave me room, countrymen—leave me room, my children.'

† Equivalent to 'Pull, you devils, pull!'
rapidly sinking sun, while all below where we lay, was gray cold shade,) until it joined the northern shore, when it sloped away gradually towards the east; the higher parts of the town sparkling in the evening sun, on this dun ridge, like a golden tower on the back of an elephant, while the houses that were in the shade, covered the declivity, until it sank down to the water's edge. On the right hand the haven opened boldly out into a basin about four miles broad by seven long, in which the placid waters spread out beyond the shadow of the western bank; into one vast sheet of molten gold, with the canoe tearing along the shining surface, her side glancing in the sun, and her paddles flashing back his rays, and leaving a long train of living fire sparkling in her wake.—It was now about six o'clock in the evening; the sun had set to us, as we pulled along under the frowning brow of the cliff, where the birds were fast settling on their nightly perches, with small happy twitterings, and the lizards and numberless other chirping things began to send forth their evening hymn to the great Being who made them and us, and a solitary whitesailing owl would every now and then flit spectrally like from one green tuft, across the bald face of the cliff, to another, and the small divers around us were breaking up the black surface of the waters into little sparkling circles as they flashed for their suppers. All was becoming brown and indistinct near us; but the level beams of the setting sun still lingered with a golden radiance upon the lovely city, and the shipping at anchor before it, making their sails, where loosed to dry, glance like leaves of gold, and their spars and masts, and rigging, like wires of gold, and gilding their flags, which were waving majestically and slow from the peaks in the evening breeze; and the Moorish-looking steeples of the churches were yet sparkling in the glorious blaze, which was gradually deepening into gorgeous crimson, while the large pillars of the cathedral, then building on the highest part of the ridge, stood out like brazen monuments, softening even as we looked into a Stonehenge of amethysts. One half of every object, shipping, houses, trees, and hills, was gloriously illuminated; but even as we looked, the lower part of the town gradually sank into darkness, and faded from our sight—the deepening gloom cast by the high bank above us, like the dark shadow of a bad spirit, gradually crept on, and on, and extended farther and farther; the sailing water-fowl in long lines, no longer made the water flash up like flame; the russet mantle of eve was fast extending over the entire hemisphere; the glancing minarets, and the tallest trees, and the topgallant-yards and masts of the shipping, alone flashed back the dying effulgence of the glorious orb, which every moment grew fainter and fainter, and redder and redder, until it shaded into purple, and the loud deep bell of the convent of La Merced swung over the still waters, announcing the arrival of even-song, and the departure of day.

'Had we not better pull back to supper, sir?' quoth Moses Yerk to the captain. We all started, the men dipped their oars, our dreams were dispelled, the charm was broken—'Confound the matter-of-fact blockhead,' or something very like it, grumbled the captain—'but give way, men,' fast followed, and we returned towards the ship. We had not pulled fifty yards, when we heard the distant rattle of the muskets of the sentries at the gangways, as they discharged them at sundown, and were remarking, as we were rowing leisurely along, upon the strange effect produced by the reports, as they were flitting away amongst the overhanging cliffs in chattering reverberations, when the captain suddenly sung out, 'Oars! All hands lay on them. 'Look there,' he continued—'There—between
Tom Cringle's Log.

the gigs—saw you ever anything like that, gentlemen?" We all leant over; and although the boats, from the way they had, were skimming along nearer seven than five knots—there lay a large shark; he must have been twelve feet long at the shortest, swimming right in the middle, and equidistant from both, and keeping way with us most accurately.

He was distinctly visible, from the strong and vivid phosphorescence excited by his rapid motion through the sleeping waters of the dark creek, which lit up his jaws, and head, and whole body; his eyes were especially luminous, while a long wake of sparksles streamed away astern of him, from the lashing of his tail. As the boats lost their speed, the luminousness of his appearance faded gradually as he shortened sail also, until he disappeared altogether. He was then at rest, and suspended motionless in the water; and the only thing that indicated his proximity, was an occasional sparkle from the motion of a fin. We brought the boats nearer together, after pulling a stroke or two, but he seemed to sink as we closed, until at last we could merely distinguish an indistinct halo far down in the clear black profound. But as we separated, and resumed our original position, he again rose near the surface; and although the ripple and dip of the oars rendered him invisible while we were pulling, yet the moment we again rested on them, there was the monster, like a persecuting fiend, once more right between us, glaring on us, and apparently watching every motion. It was a terrible spectacle, and rendered still more striking by the melancholy occurrence of the forenoon.

"That's the very identical, damnable baste himself, as murdered poor little Louis this morning, yeer honor; I knows him from the torn flesh of him under his larboard blinker, sir—just where Wiggins's boat-hook punished him," quoth the Irish captain of the mizzentop.

"A water-kelpie," murmured another of the Captain's gigs, a Scotchman.

The men were evidently alarmed. "Stretch out, men; never mind the shark. He can't jump into the boat, surely," said the skipper. "What the deuce are you afraid of?"

We arrived within pistol-shot of the ship. As we approached, the sentry hailed, "Boat, ahoy!"

"Firebrand," sang out the skipper, in reply.

"Man the side—gangway lanterns there," quoth the officer on duty; and by the time we were close to, there were two sidesmen over the side with the manropes ready stuck out to our grasp, and two boys with lanterns above them. We got on deck, the officers touching their hats, and speedily the captain dived down the ladder, saying, as he descended, "Mr. York, I shall be happy to see you and your boat's-crew at supper, or rather a late dinner, at eight o'clock; but come down a moment as you are. Tail-tackle, bring the gigs into the cabin to get a glass of grog, will you?"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Timothy. "Down with you, you flaming thieves, and see you don't snort and snivel in your grog, as if you were in your own mess, like so many pigs slushing at the same trough."

"Lord love you, Tim," rejoined one of the topmen, "who made you master of the ceremonies, old iron-fist, eh? Where learnt you your breeding? Among the cockatoos up yonder?"

Tim laughed, who, although he ought to have been in his bed, had taken his seat in the Dragon-fly when her crew were piped over the side in the evening, and thereby subjected himself to a rap over the knuckles from the captain; but where the offence might be said to consist in a too assiduous discharge of his duty, it was easily forgiven, unfortunate as the issue of the race had been. So down we all trundled into the cabin, masters and men
It was brilliantly lighted up—the table sparkling with crystal and wine, and glancing with silver plate; and there on a sofa lay Aaron Bang in all his pristine beauty, and fresh from his toilet, for he had just got out of his cot, after an eight-and-forty hours’ sojourn therein—nice white neckcloth—white jean waistcoat and trowsers, and span-new blue coat. He was reading when we entered; and the captain, in his flame-colored costume, was close aboard of him before he raised his eyes, and rather staggered him a bit; but when seven sea-green spirits followed, he was exceedingly nonplussed, and then came the six red Dragon-flies, who ranged themselves three on each side of the door, with their net bags in their hands, smoothing down their hair, and sidling and fidgeting about at finding themselves so far out of their element as the cabin.

‘Mafame,’ said the captain, ‘a glass of grog a-piece to the Dragon-flies’—and a tumbler of liquid amber, (to borrow from my old friend Cooper,) sparkled in the large bony claw of each of them. ‘Now, drink Mr. Bang’s health.’ They, as in duty bound, let fly at our amigo in a volley.

‘Your health, Mr. Bang.’

Aaron sprung from his seat, and made his salam, and the Dragon-flies bundled out of the cabin again.

‘I say, N——, John Canoeing still—always some frolic in the wind.’

We, the Watersprites, had shifted and rigged, and were all mustered aft on the poop, enjoying the little air there was, as it fanned us gently, and waiting for the announcement of supper. It was a pitch-dark night, neither moon nor stars. The murky clouds seemed to have settled down on the mast-heads, shrouding every object in the thickest gloom.

‘Ready with the gun forward there, Mr. Catwell?’ said Yerk.

‘All ready, sir.’

‘Fire!’

Pent up as we were in a narrow channel, walled in on each side with towering precipitous rocks, the explosion, multiplied by the echoes into a whole broadside, was tremendous, and absolutely deafening.

The cold, grey, threatening rocks, and the large overhanging twisted branches of the trees, and the clear black water, and the white Moro in the distance, glanced for an instant, and then all was again veiled in outer darkness, and down came a rattling shower of sand and stones, from the cliffs, and of rotten branches, and heavy dew from the trees, sparkling in the water like a shower of diamonds; and the birds of the air screamed, and frightened from their nests and perches in crevices, and on the boughs of the trees, took flight with a strong rushing noise, that put one in mind of the rising of the fallen angels from the infernal council in Paradise Lost; and the cattle on the mountain side lowered, and the fish, large and small, like darts, and arrows of fire, sparkled up from the black abyss of waters, and swam in haloes of flame round the ship in every direction, as if they had been the ghosts of a shipwrecked crew, haunting the scene of their destruction; and the guamas and large lizards which had been shaken from the trees, skimmed and struggled on the surface, in glances of fire, like evil spirits watching to seize them as their prey. At length the screaming and shrieking of the birds, the clang of their wings, and the belowing of the cattle, ceased; and the startled fish subsided slowly down into the oozy caverns at the bottom of the sea, and becoming motionless, disappeared; and all was again black and undistinguishable, the deathlike silence being only broken by the hoarse murmuring of the distant surf.

‘Magnificent!’ burst from the captain. ‘Messenger, send Mr. Portfire here.’ The gunpowder functionary, he of the flannel cartridge, appeared.
'Gunner, send one of your mates into the maintop, and let him burn a blue light.'

The lurid glare blazed up balefully amongst the spars and rigging, lighting up the decks, and blasting the crew into the likeness of the host of Sennacherib, when the day broke on them, and they were all dead corpses. Astern of us, indistinct from the distance, the white Moro castle re-appeared, and rose frowning, tier above tier, like a Tower of Babel, with its summit veiled in the clouds, and the startled sea-fowl wheeling above the higher batteries, like snow-flakes blown about in a storm; while, near at hand, the rocks on each side of us looked as if fresh splintered asunder, with the sulphureous flames which had split them, still burning; the trees looked no longer green, but were sickled o'er with a pale ashy color, as if sheeted ghosts were holding their midnight orgies amongst their branches—cranes, and water-fowl, and birds of many kinds, and all the insect and reptile tribes, their gaudy noon-tide colors merged into one and the same fearful deathlike sameness, flitted and sailed and circled above us, and chattered, and screamed, and shrieked; and the unearthly-looking guanas, and numberless creeping things, ran out on the boughs to peer at us, and a large snake twined itself up a scathed stump that shot out from a shattered pinnacle of rock that overhung us, with its glosey skin, glancing like the brazen serpent set up by Moses in the camp of the Israelites; and the cattle on the beetling summit of the cliff, craned over the precipitous ledge to look down upon us, and while everything around us, and above us, was thus glancing in the blue and ghastly radiance, the band struck up a low moaning air; the light burnt out, and once more we were cast, by the contrast, into even more palpable darkness than before. I was entranced, and stood with folded arms, looking forth into the night, and musing intensely on the appalling scene which had just vanished like a feverish dream—'Dinner waits, sir,' quoth Mafame.

'Oh! I am coming,' and kicking all my romance to Old Nick, I descended, and we had a pleasant night of it, and some wine and some fun, and there an end—but I have often dreamed of that dark pool, and the scenes I witnessed there that day and night.—Now, devil take you, old Kit North, this is not ending abruptly, is it?

'What?' said Consby; 'go to yer bed now, Tam—ye're fou, man.'

'Oh! Buenos Noches.'

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**LADY BETTY'S POCKET-BOOK.**

Into it, Knight, thou must not look.—Scott.

I passed my five-and-twentieth birth-day at Oakenshade. Sweet sentimental age! Dear deeply regretted place; Oakenshade is the fairest child of Father Thames, from Gloucestershire to Blackwall. She is the very queen of cottages, for she has fourteen best bed-rooms, and stabling for a squadron. Her trees are the finest in Europe, and her inhabitants the fairest in the world. Her old mistress is the Lady Bountiful of the country, and her young mistresses are its pride. Lady Barbara is black-eyed and hyacinthine, Lady Betty blue-eyed and Madonna-like.
In situations of this kind it is absolutely necessary for a man to fall
in love, and in due compliance with the established custom, I fell in
love both with Lady Betty and Lady Barbara. Now Barbara was a
soft-hearted, high-minded rogue, and pretended, as I thought, not to
care for me, that she might not interfere with the interests of her
sister; and Betty was a reckless, giddy-witted baggage, who cared for
nobody and nothing upon earth, except the delightful occupation of
doing what she pleased. Accordingly, we became the Romeo and
Juliet of the place, excepting that I never could sigh, and she never
could apostrophize. Nevertheless, we loved terribly. Oh, what a
time was that! I will just give a sample of a day.—We rose at seven
(it was July), and wandered amongst moss-roses, velvet lawns, and
sequestered summer-houses, till the lady-mother summoned us to the
breakfast-table. I know not how it was, but the footman on these
occasions always found dear Barbara absent on a butterfly chase,
gathering flowers, or feeding her pet robin, and Betty and myself on
a sweet honeysuckle seat, just large enough to hold two, and hidden
round a happy corner as snug as a bird’s nest. The moment the
villain came within hearing, I used to begin, in an audible voice, to
discourse upon the beauties of nature, and Betty allowed me to be the
best moral philosopher of the age. After breakfast we used to retire
to the young ladies’ study, in which blest retreat I filled some hundred
pages of their albums, whilst Betty looked over my shoulder, and
Barbara hammered with all her might upon the grand piano, that we
might not be afraid to talk. I was acknowledged to be the prince of
poets and riddle-mongers, and in the graphic art I was a prodigy
perfectly unrivalled. Sans doute, I was a little overrated. My riddles
were so plain, and my metaphors so puzzling—and then my trees
were like mountains, and my men were like monkies. But love had
such penetrating optics! Lady Betty could perceive beauties to
which the rest of the world were perfectly blind. Then followed our
‘equestrian exercises.’ Now Barbara was a good horsewoman, and
Betty was a bad one; consequently, Barbara rode a pony, and Betty
rode a donkey; consequently, Barbara rode a mile before, and Betty
rode a mile behind; and consequently, it was absolutely necessary for
me to keep fast hold of Betty’s hand, for fear she should tumble off.
Thus did we journey through wood and through valley, by flood and
by field, through the loveliest and most love-making scenes that ever
figured in rhyme or on canvass. The trees never looked so green, the
flowers never smelt so sweetly, and the exercise and the fears of her
high-mettled palfrey gave my companion a blush which is quite beyond
the reach of a simile. Of course we always lost ourselves, and
trusted to Barbara to guide us home, which she generally did by the
most circuitous routes she could find. At dinner the lady-mother
would inquire what had become of us, but none of us could tell where
we had been excepting Barbara. ‘Why Betty, my dear, you under-
stood our geography well enough when you were guide to our good
old friend, the General!’ Ah, but Betty found it was quite a different
thing to be guide to her good young friend the captain; and her explanation was generally a zigzag sort of performance, which outdid the best riddle of her album. It was the custom of the lady-mother to take a nap after dinner, and having a due regard for her, we always left her to this enjoyment as soon as possible. Sometimes we floated in a little skiff down the broad and tranquil river, which, kindled by the setting sun, moved onward like a stream of fire, tuning our voices to glees and duets, till the nightingales themselves were astonished. Oh, the witchery of bright eyes at sunset and music on the water! Sometimes we stole through the cavernous recesses of the old oak wood, conjuring up fawns and satyrs at every step, and sending Barbara to detect the deceptions, and play at hide and seek with us. At last our mistress the moon would open her eye and warn us home, where, on the little study sofa, we watched her progress, and repeated sweet poesy. Many a time did I long to break the footman’s head when he brought the lights, and announced the tea. The lady-mother never slept after this, and the business of the day was ended.

Things went on in this way for a week or ten days, and Lady Betty appeared to have less spirits, and a more serious and languid air than heretofore. There was nothing now hoydenish in her behavior, and instead of the upper lip curling with scorn, the under one was dropping with sentiment. Her voice was not so loud, and fell in a gentler cadence, and the Madonna braid was festooned with a more exquisite grace. When I besought her to let me hear the subject of her thoughts, the little budget was always of so mournful a description, that I could not choose but use my tenderest mode of comforting her. She had, she knew not why, become more serious. She supposed it was because she was growing older, she hoped it was because she was growing better. In fine, she had determined to mend her life, and appointed me master of the ceremonies to her conscience, which, sooth to say, had been in a woful state of anarchy.

I could not, of course, have any doubt that my sweet society had been the cause of this metamorphosis, and I congratulated myself with fervency. She was becoming the very pattern for a wife, and I contemplated in her the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children. It was cruel to postpone my declaration, but though I have no Scotch blood in my veins, I was always a little given to caution. Lady Betty had been a sad madcap, and might not this be a mere freak of the moment? Besides, there was a charm about the very uncertainty which a declared lover has no idea of, so I determined to observe, and act with deliberation.

Our pastimes continued the same as before, and our interchanges of kindness increased. Amongst other things, Lady Betty signalized me by a purse and pencil-case, and in return was troubled with an extreme longing for a lilac and gold pocket-book, in which I was sometimes rash enough to note down my fugitive thoughts. It had been given me by—no matter whom—there was nothing on earth that I would not have sacrificed to Lady Betty. She received it in both
her hands, pressed it to her bosom, and promised faithfully that she would pursue the plan I had adopted in it; casting up her delinquencies at the end of the year to see what might be amended.

Alas! the pinnacle of happiness is but a sorry resting-place, from which the chief occupation of mankind is to push one another headlong! Of my own case I have particular reason to complain, for I was precipitated from the midst of my burning, palpitating existence, by the veriest blockhead in life. He came upon us like the simoom, devastating every green spot in his progress, and leaving our hearts a blank. In short, he was a spark of quality, who drove four血液, and cut his own coats. His visage was dangerously dissipated and cadaverous, his figure as taper as a fishing-rod, and his manner had a _je ne sais quoi_ of languid impertinence which was a great deal too overwhelming. Altogether, he was a gallant whose incursion would have caused me very considerable uneasiness, had I not felt secure that my mistress was already won.

I shall never forget the bustle which was occasioned by the arrival of this worthy. He was some sort of connexion of the lady-mother, thought himself privileged to come without invitation, and declared his intention of remaining till he was tired. He ordered the servants about, and gave directions for his accommodation precisely as if he had been at home, and scarcely deigned to tender his fore-finger to the ladies, till he had made himself perfectly comfortable. When I was introduced from the back-ground, from which I had been scowling with indignation and amazement, he regarded my common-place appearance with careless contempt; made me a bow as cold as if it had come from Lapland, and, in return, received one from the North Pole. I considered that he was usurping all my rights in the establishment; perfect freedom with Betty and Barbara was a violation of my private property, and I even grudged him his jokes with the lady-mother. We were foes from first sight.

Lady Betty saw how the spirit was working within me, and hastened to prevent its effervescence. She gave me one of her overpowering looks; and besought me to assist her in being civil to him; for, in truth, the attentions of common politeness had already completely exhausted her. I was quite charmed with the vexation she felt at his intrusion, and loved her a thousand times better because she detested him. His visit, indeed, had such an effect upon her, that, before the day was over, she complained to me, in confidence, of being seriously unwell.

From this time, the whole tenor of our amusements was revolutionized. Lady Betty’s illness was not fancied; she was too weak to ride her donkey, too qualmish to go inside the barouche, which was turned out every day to keep the bloods in wind, and nothing agreed with her delicate health but being mounted on the box beside Lord S——. The evenings passed off as heavily as the mornings. Lady Barbara used to ask me to take the usual stroll with her, and Lady Betty, being afraid to venture upon the damp grass, was again left to
the mercy of Lord S——, to whom walking was a low-lived amusement, for which he had no taste. The lady-mother, as usual, had her sleeping fits; and when we returned, we invariably found things in disorder. The candles had not been lighted, the tea-things had not been brought in, and Lord S—— had turned sulkily with his bottle, and was sitting quietly with Lady Betty. I felt for her more than I can express, and could not, for the life of me, conceive where she picked up patience to be civil to him. She even affected to be delighted with his conversation, and her good breeding was beyond all praise.

With such an example of endurance before me, and the pacific promises which I had made, I could not avoid wearing a benevolent aspect. Indeed, though the enemy had effectually cut off the direct communication of sentiment between us, I was not altogether without my triumphs and secret satisfactions. The general outline which I have given, was occasionally intersected with little episodes which were quite charming. For instance, Lady Betty used constantly to employ me upon errands to her mother, who was usually absent in her private room, manufacturing cauddle and flannel petticoats for the workhouse. When I returned, she would despatch me to her sister, who was requiring my advice upon her drawing, in the study; and thus Lord S—— could not fail to observe the familiar terms we were upon, and that we perfectly understood each other. What gave me more pleasure than all was, that he must see I had no fears of leaving my liege lady alone with him, which must have galled him to the quick. When she had no other means of showing her devotion to me, she would produce the lilac pocket-book, and pursue the work of amendment which I had suggested to her; indeed, this was done with a regularity which, when I considered her former hair-brained character, I knew could only be sustained by the most ardent attachment.—My pride and my passion increased daily.

At last, by a happy reverse of fortune, I was led to look for the termination of my trials. Lord S—— was a personage of too great importance to the nation to be permitted to enjoy his own peace and quiet, and his bilious visage was required to countenance mighty concerns in other parts. His dressing case was packed up, and the barouche was ordered to the door, but poor Lady Betty was still doomed to be a sufferer: she was, somehow or other, hampered with an engagement to ride with him as far as the village, in order to pay a visit for her mother to the charity-school, and I saw her borne off, the most bewitching example of patience and resignation. I did not offer to accompany them, for I thought it would have looked like jealousy, but engaged, in answer to a sweetly whispered invitation, to meet her in her walk back.

When I returned to the drawing-room, Barbara and the lady-mother were absent on their usual occupations, and I sat down for a moment of happy reflection on the delights which awaited me; my heart was tingling with anticipation, and every thought was poetry.
A scrap of paper lay upon the table, and was presently enriched with a sonnet on each side, which I had the vanity to think were quite good enough to be transferred to Lady Betty's most beloved and lilac pocket-book. I raised my eyes, and, lo! in the bustle of parting with Lord S——, she had forgotten to deposit it in her desk. What an agreeable surprise it would be for her to find how I had been employed! How fondly would she thank me for such a delicate mode of showing my attention! The sonnets were written in my best hand, and I was about to close the book, when I was struck with the extreme beauty of Lady Betty's calligraphy. Might I venture to peruse a page or so, and enjoy the luxury of knowing her private thoughts of me? Nay, was it not evidently a sweet little finesse to teach me the secrets of her heart, and should I not mortify her exceedingly if I neglected to take advantage of it? This reflection was quite sufficient, and I commenced the chronicle of her innocent cogitations forthwith. It began with noting the day of the month on which I had presented the gift, and stated, prettily, the plan of improvement which I had suggested. The very first memorandum contained her reasons for loving her dear M——. I pressed the book to my lips, and proceeded to

'Reason the First.'—A good temper is better in a companion than a great wit. If dear M—— is deficient in the latter, it is not his fault, and his excellence in the former makes ample amends.

How! As much as to say I am a good-natured fool. Was there no other construction? No error of the press? None. The context assured me that I was not mistaken.

'Reason the Second.' Personal beauty is not requisite in a husband, and if he is a little mistaken in his estimate of himself in this respect, it will make him happy, and save me the trouble of laboring for that end.

Conceited and ill-favored! My head began to swim.

'Reason the Third.'—I have been told that very passionate attachments between married people are productive of much disquietude and jealousy. The temperate regard, therefore, which I feel for dear M—— argues well for the serenity of our lives—Heigh-ho!

Furies!

'Reason the Fourth.'—I have sometimes doubted whether this temperate regard be really love, but, as pity is next a-kin to love, and I pity him on so many points, I think I cannot be mistaken.

Pity!

'Reason the Fifth.'—I pity him because it is necessary that I should place him on the shelf during Lord S——'s visit for fear S—— should be discouraged by appearances, and not make the declaration which I have so long been expecting.

Place me upon the shelf! !

'Reason the Sixth.'—I pity him, because, if S—— really comes forward, I shall be obliged to submit poor dear M—— to the mortification of a dismissal.

!!!
Lady Betty's Pocket Book.

"Reason the Seventh."—I pity him, because he is so extremely kind and obliging in quitting the room whenever his presence becomes troublesome.

"Reason the Eighth."—I pity him, because his great confidence in my affection makes him appear so ridiculous, and because S—— laughs at him.

"Reason the Ninth."—I pity him, because, if I do ultimately marry him, S—— will tell everybody that it is only because I could not obtain the barouche and four—Heigh—heigh—ho!'

"Reason the Tenth."—I pity him because he has so kindly consented to meet me in my return from the charity-school, without once suspecting that I go to give S—— a last opportunity. He is really a very good young man—Ah well—a-day!

And ah, well—a-day ! ! ! ! ! ! &c. &c. —Let no man henceforth endeavor to enjoy the luxury of his mistress's secret-thoughts.

I closed the book, and walked to the window. The river flowed temptingly beneath. Would it be best to drown myself or shoot myself? Or would it be best to take horses after the barouche, and shoot Lord S——? I was puzzled with the alternatives. It was absolutely necessary that somebody should be put to death, but my confusion was too great to decide upon the victim.

At this critical juncture of my fate, when I was wavering between the gallows and 'a grave where four roads meet,' Lady Barbara came dancing in to request my assistance upon a drawing. She was petrified at my suicidal appearance, and, indeed, seemed in doubt whether the act of immolation had not been already effected. Her fears rushed in crimson to her cheeks, as she inquired the cause of my disorder; and her beauty and the interesting concern she expressed, cast an entire new light upon me. I would be revenged on Lady Betty in a manner far more cutting than either drowning or shooting. Barbara was the prettiest by far—Barbara was the best by infinity. Sweet, simple, gentle Barbara! How generously had she sacrificed her feelings, and given me up to her sister! How happy was I to have it in my power to reward her for it! She now should be the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children; and as for Lady Betty, I renounced her. I found that my heart had all along been Barbara's, and I congratulated myself upon being brought to my senses.

The business was soon opened, and we were all eloquence and blushes. I expressed my warm admiration of her self-denial and affection for her sister; hinted at my knowledge of her sentiments for myself; explained every particular of my passion, prospects, and genealogy, fixed upon our place of residence, and allotted her pin-money. It was now Barbara's turn. 'She was confused—she was distressed—she feared—she hoped—she knew not what to say.' She paused
for composure, and I waited in an ecstasy—'Why,' I exclaimed, 'why will you hesitate, my own, my gentle Barbara? Let me not lose one delicious word of this heavenly confession.' Barbara regained her courage. 'Indeed, then—indeed, and indeed—I have been engaged to my cousin for more than three years!'

This was a stroke upon which I had never once calculated, and my astonishment was awful. Barbara then was not in love with me after all, and the concern which I had felt for her blighted affections was altogether erroneous! I had made the proposal to be revenged on Lady Betty, and my disappointment had completely turned the tables upon me. Instead of bringing her to shame, I was ashamed of myself, and my mortification made me feel as though she had heaped a new injury upon me. What I said upon the occasion, I cannot precisely remember, and if I could, I doubt whether my reader would be able to make head or tail of it. I concluded, however, with my compliments to the lady-mother, and an urgent necessity to decamp. Barbara knew not whether she ought to laugh or to cry. I gave her no time to recover herself, for Betty would be home presently, and it was material to be off before they had an opportunity of comparing notes. In three minutes I was mounted on my horse, and again ruminating on the various advantages of hanging, drowning and shooting.

I thought I had got clear off; but at the end of the lawn I was fated to encounter the bewitching smile of Lady Betty, on her return to the village. Her words were brimming with tenderness, and her delight to be rid of that odious Lord S—— was beyond measure. It had quite restored her health, she was able to recommence her rides, and would order the donkey to be got ready immediately.

So then, it appeared that the drive to the charity-school had not answered the purpose after all, and I was to be the locum tenens of Lady Betty's affections till the arrival of a new acquaintance. I knew not whether my constitution is different from that of other people. A pretty face is certainly a terrible criterion of a man's resolution; but for the honor of manhood, I contrived for once to be superior to its fascinations. To adhere strictly to truth, I must confess, however, humiliating the confession may be, that this dignified behavior was very naturally sustained by the transactions with Lady Barbara, for the consequence of whose communications there was no answering. I declined the donkey ride, looked a most explanatory look of reproach, and declared my necessity of returning to town. Lady Betty was amazed—remonstrated—entreated—looked like an angel—and finally put her handkerchief to her eyes. There was no standing this.—'I go,' said I, 'I go, because it is proper to quit whenever my presence becomes troublesome—I will not oblige you to put me on the shelf—I will not be too encroaching upon your temperate regard—Heigh—heigh—ho!' With that I plunged my spurs into my steed, and vanished at full gallop.

It was long before I heard anything more of Oakenshade or its
inhabitants. In the middle of the following December I received a
piece of wedding-cake from the gentle Barbara, and in the same
packet a letter from Lady Betty.
She had written instead of mamma, who was troubled with a gouty
affection in the hand. She spoke much (and I have no doubt sincerely)
of the cruel separation from her sister. Touched feelingly upon the
happiness of the time I had spent at Oakenshade, and trusted she
might venture to claim a week of me at Christmas. She was truly
sorry that she had no inducement to hold out beyond the satisfaction
of communicating happiness, which she knew was always a paramount
feeling with me. She was all alone, and wretched in the long even-
ings when mamma went to sleep; and reverted plaintively and pret-
tily to the little study and the ghost stories. As for the lilac pocket-
book, she had cast up her follies and misdemeanors, and found the
total, even before the end of the year, so full of shame and repentance,
that she had incontinently thrown it into the fire, trusting to my kind-
ness to give her another with fresh advice. Dear Lady Betty! my
resentment was long gone by—I had long felt a conviction that her
little follies were blameless and not all uncommon; and I vow, that
had her happiness depended upon me, I would have done any thing
to ensure it. I was obliged, however, to send an excuse for the present,
for I had only been married a week.

LA BELLA TABACCAIA.

LEIGH HUNT.

I wish this tale had more of the romantic, or was more akin to the
every day occurrences of domestic life. As it is, it may chance to
please nobody. There are none of these wonderful incidents, which,
without the aid of genii and fairies, prove that the tighter we stretch
the chord of possibility, the more it vibrates to our extraordinary hopes
and fears. Nor has it any thing like a misdirected letter, creating a
volume of dilemmas, and then lost, and then getting, in worse hands,
worse and worse interpreted: or a lady not at home on that unfortu-
nate Monday, when affairs might have been set on a right footing; or
the seeing of a loyal servant-maid, quite by mistake, with a bad sove-
reign; or the doubts, deliberations, and delays of lawyers over a plain,
straightforward last will and testament; or an amorous gentleman
blundering on the aunt's name for the niece's; or a husband seeing
his wife embrace a long-lost brother, and calling to Thomas for pistols
for three; alas! I can offer nothing of this interesting nature. It
is merely one of those tales, the best parts of which, for the honor
of human nature, ought to happen oftener; and perhaps they may be
in fashion when men and women grow a great deal wiser. The ut-
most I can say in its praise is, that it is as true as affidavits and a
court of justice can make it. By the by, being somewhat allied to the
favorite Newgate Calendar, it strikes me it may be twisted, with
considerable additions, into a tolerable melo-drama, and that is no
mean recommendation. Let Drury and Covent-Garden look to it.
They can get it crammed full of 'good sentiments,' so palpable, a
child may pen them down. And if at a loss for a title; to prepare the
audience for a stronger dose than usual, why not call it 'The Queen
of Hearts'? Besides, they can introduce an Italian vineyard, the best
that can be had in London.

Nina was an orphan, and, at the age of fifteen, mistress of a snuff
and tobacco shop in Pisa, under the discreet guidance of an aunt,
who boarded and lodged with her by virtue of her experience. The
stock in trade, a little ready money, and two houses in the suburbs of
Leghorn, were her patrimony. She had the fairest complexion with
the darkest ringlets that ever were formed together; and though no
one ever criticised her lips as rather too full, yet some fastidious ad-
mirers objected to the largeness of her eyes—but they could not have
remarked their lustre and expression, nor the beautiful jet lashes which
shaded them. She was called La Bella Tabaccaia. The students of the
University, as they returned from lecture, always peeped in the
shop, to see if Nina was behind the counter; and, if she was, nine
out of ten walked in and asked for segars. There they lighted them
one after the other at the pan of charcoal, and by turns, puffing awhile
for invention, ventured on some gallant compliments. If these were
received with a smile, as they generally were, and often more roguishly
than would be considered within the rules of a bench of old English
ladies, then away they went to strut on the Lung'arno with a much
gayer notion of themselves. The grave ones of the neighborhood
thought it a pity she could encourage such idle talk; and the aunt
constantly advised her to go into the inner room, whenever those wild
young fellows made their appearance. But Nina had all the vivacity,
the joyousness of youth, almost of childhood, and defended herself by
saying, 'La! aunt, there can be no harm in their merriment: for my
mother used to tell me, young men with serious faces were the only
dangerous ones.' And the mother's authority never failed in silencing
the aunt.

Late one evening, a student entered while Nina was alone in the
shop. After a single glance, he sat down by the side of the counter,
took up a knife that lay there, and began seemingly to play with it,
but with a countenance that betrayed the most violent agitation. The
poor girl, never having witnessed any thing like despair, imagined he
was intoxicated; and, as the safest means of avoiding insult, remained
firmly in her place. On a sudden, the youth, grasping the knife in
his hand, seized her by the hair, and threatened death if she did not
La Bella Tabaccaia.

immediately, and without a word or a scream, give him her money. Instead of complying, quietly and on the instant, in her fright she shrieked for help, and struggled with him. Had not the youth felt a touch of pity, even in that moment of frenzy, she would have been destroyed. For her struggles were in vain, and the knife was at her bosom, when some passengers, hearing her cries, together with the neighbors from the adjoining houses, ran in and seized him. Without further question, they placed him in the hands of the Schirri, who led him directly to the police, and Nina was required to follow. Her evidence was written down, and she was ordered to sign a paper. To this she complied, with no other thought than that she had not been guilty of the slightest exaggeration. As she laid down the pen, the officer assured her she might rely on the utmost redress for such an outrage; as her evidence was not only the clearest, but it completely tallied with the prisoner’s confession; and ended with—'Be under no apprehension, my good girl, for you will shortly see him in yellow,' alluding to the color which those convicts wear who are sentenced to hard labor for life. It was not till these words were uttered that she, still trembling in her fears, had once reflected on the punishment; when starting as she heard them, she looked pitiously in the officer’s face, and said, 'I hope not, sir; he has not robbed me—not hurt me—not in the least. Pray let me have that paper again; and I—I am sorry I came here—indeed I am!' She was told he was now in the hands of the law, and it was neither in her power, nor in theirs, to release him; and that as it was the law, not the individual, that punished a criminal, she need not accuse herself, in the slightest degree, of severity, whatever his sentence might be. Incapable of replying to this argument, she could do nothing but repeat her request for the paper, when she was answered by a smile, and told she was quite a child. 'Do, do give me that paper,' she continued; 'let nothing more happen; if I can pardon him, why cannot you?' At this she was called a silly child. Nina looked round for the prisoner; but he had been led to his dungeon. 'O God!' she cried, 'how unhappy does this make me! I know, sir, I am, as you say, a child, but can you make a child so miserable?' The officer then spoke with greater kindness, reasoning on the impossibility of his yielding, and thus she was dismissed.

The aunt was waiting at home in a thousand ecstasies at so providential an escape from a robber and a murderer; to all which Nina scarcely replied, but went to her pillow weeping, 'and pity, like a naked new-born babe,' lay in her bosom. Thus in two short hours was the laughing gaiety of this young creature gone forever. She was the means, it mattered not how innocently, of driving a fellow being into wretchedness and infamy. That her sorrow was unreasonable, few, perhaps, will deny. However, Nina had never learned to take enlarged views of the duties of citizenship: nor did it once enter her head to ask herself whether she was right or wrong. Before sun-
rise the old lady was surprised at being wakened by her niece, and to see her hastily dressing herself to go once more to the police. This created a long discussion. 'Well, well,' said the niece, 'I will go alone; but then I can have little hope. You, aunt, that know the world, may find some method of softening the hearts of these cruel officers. I have but one friend, now that both my parents are dead; and sure she will not refuse the first earnest prayer I make!' This appeal could not be withstood. Nina ran to the looking-glass, to put on her bonnet, when she perceived several bruises on her neck, the marks of his rude hands,—they would be observed, and could not be mistaken. Instantly inquiring if it was not rather chilly that morning she at the same time, without waiting for an answer, took up a large shawl, pinned it close under her chin, and then waited, in the mildest manner in the world, for her friend.

At a very early hour the convicts employed to clean the streets begin their labor. When Nina arrived at the corner of the Borgo, she heard the clanking of their chains; and clinging with both hands on her aunt's arm, remained motionless while they slowly passed. Though accustomed to the sight from her infancy, she now, for the first time, regarded them attentively. They were accompanied, as usual, by their guards, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and came heavily chained together in couples; the two first with brooms, followed by those who drag on a cart, and then two others with their shovels. One was clothed in yellow; the girl looked at him with tears in her eyes. 'I never thought,' said she, 'these men were so wretched!' 'Santa Maria!' exclaimed the aunt, 'and what did you think? Would you have them as comfortable as good Christians like ourselves?' You will see, as I told you before, the gentlemen of the police will call me a simpleton for going to them on such an errand.' In this she was mistaken; nobody noticed her. Nina's earnestness astonished the officers. They had never seen or heard of any thing of the like, and could not understand it. That she should be in love with the prisoner was out of the question, as it appeared in her evidence his person was unknown to her until the evening before; and a young woman never makes a present of her heart (so they argued) to a ruffian who comes to take it with a knife. In the absence, therefore, of this suspicion, she seemed of a more human, if not a more heavenly nature, than any saint in the calendar. And as they sympathised in her distress—for how could they help it?—their compassion was startled into something favorable to all sorts of criminals. The worst was, they could not grant her request.

It is high time to talk of our student—poor Gaetano in his dungeon! He had been noted by the professors for his application at the University, and endeared to his companions by his never-failing cheerfulness and good temper. What a dreary change! And he was the favorite of his father, who, though not rich, still represented, with some attempts at dignity, an ancient family in Pistoia. Young Gaetano's story, I am sorry to own it, is a very bad one; as it bears a
resemblance to that doleful tragedy, George Barnwell. Italians, to
t heir praise be it spoken, seldom put faith in that love which is to be
purchased by costly presents—they know better; yet when guilty of
such folly, their extravagance is often boundless. It was so with this
youth. After having, on every possible pretence, obtained money
from his father, and lavished it on his Milwood, she began to put on
her cold looks; then, in a short time, her door was closed against a
penniless suitor. Why he attacked Nina seemed inexplicable. Had
Pisa no respected Signor, with a heartful of self-complacency as his
pockets were of money, walking in his own orchard, and moralizing
on his own goodness? It is certain, however, none but this innocent,
defenceless girl struck his brain at that desperate moment. Perhaps
there was a feeling of revenge against the sex. Your only true wo-
m an-hater is he who becomes trammelled in the magic of one whom
his reason bids him despise. If this hint at an explanation should be
objected to, I willingly refer the whole case to a general assembly of
Scotch metaphysicians—they can settle every thing. My business is
with facts. When Nina heard the story, she pitied him more than
ever; and if this is sneered at as an immodest kind of pity among
the cruelly virtuous, let her inexperience in their ways be considered in
her favor. So deep an impression did it make on her mind, that it
stamped her character for ever. Instead of a laughing, thoughtless
girl, she became, at once, a woman. Her brow was more tranquil, a
milder brightness shone in her eyes, a far sweeter smile played upon
her lips. Happiness, she thought, should not be divided; and, as the
thought came over her, not a living being but shared in her sensibility.
There is not a greater mistake than to imagine the characters of either
sex are formed solely by the first impulses of love. Any of the pas-
sions, if thoroughly roused, or even pain of body, will have the same
effect, and sometimes at a very early age. Grief, as I myself have
witnessed, will act like inspiration; suddenly converting a childish
docility in a lad into a manly fortitude and self-decision. The soul
of Nina was awakened by the throbs of pity.

The trial came on; Gaetano's father hastened to Pisa, busy with
his advocates in the defence of his son, but without seeing him. In-
sanity was attempted to be proved. Every effort availed nothing.
When pronounced guilty, the father returned to Pistoiia, thanking
Heaven he had yet another son, and he should be his heir—a boy
whom hitherto he had scarcely noticed, and who was at that time edu-
cating for the Church. Nina did better; she privately went to the
houses of the Judges, and knelt before them, and implored the most
lenient sentence. Whether her intercession was of some value, or
whether there appeared to be more of passion than deprivity in the
prisoner, the sentence was certainly milder than was expected—three
years' hard labor.

When Gaetano appeared among the other convicts, every body ran
to Nina and officiously pointed him out. Without some information it
is probable she never would have recognised him. He passed before
La Bella Tabaccaia.

her door with that dull eye which those who have any shame instinctively acquire, seeing, as it were, every thing and nothing at the same time. She gazed at him fearfully and solemnly by turns, but did not utter a syllable. Always to see, or what is the same thing to the imagination, always to be liable to see, a fellow-creature who has injured us, suffering for his crime in toil and in chains, must, after awhile, excite the compassion of the sternest. It may be supposed that Nina's humanity could not have endured it. Not so; instead of avoiding him, she would walk through those parts of the city where he was employed, and frequently cross before him, in the hope of attracting his attention, merely that he might see how sorrowful she was, and then, she thought, she would be happier. But when, after some time, she suspected—and the reader cannot but be prepared for so natural a transition—there were other emotions in her bosom of a more tender nature than pity, she feared to watch him but from a distance. It ought not to create surprise, that as she could never drive him from her mind, he should win her heart even in a convict's clothes; though possibly in the gayest dress, and with the handsome lively countenance for which he was once admired, he might not have raised the slightest interest in her affections.

Still she retained the name of La Bella Tabaccaia; yet it was commonly followed by a whisper that once she was far more beautiful; and indeed her cheeks and her lips grew paler every day. This, together with the change of expression in her features, and her always choosing the earliest hour to go to mass, gave rise to many rumors. Some asserted she had been shamefully deserted by some one whom nobody knew; others, that she looked forward in terror towards the day when her enemy was to be released; and others, that she lived in constant dread of assassination—among which last was her wise aunt. Only one person, a lover of Nina's, discovered the secret; and he, as he has often declared, traced in her artless conduct the gradual progress of her love for Guetano, from the first moment she saw him in the street. This may be going too far back; —yet it is no matter. He behaved generously, nobly to her; carefully avoiding to hint at his discovery, and offering his services to alleviate the hardships of his rival's fate. What a delight to speak of him! I wish I might give his name! Money is sometimes slipped into the hands of the convicts by their friends, while the guards pretend not to observe it, or turn their eyes another way. This was attempted by that young man with Guetano, but nothing could induce him to receive it. To every offer of kindness he neither replied, nor evinced by his manner that the words were understood. He was told that Nina was unhappy, and still he retained the same lethargic look. Every sense, his very soul, appeared to be fettered more heavily than his limbs. Failing in this, the young man visited the prison, and hoped to afford some relief to Nina in speaking of the attention paid to their health and cleanliness; and he described the discipline within the walls, not more severe than the mildest government could suggest;
and Nina, as she listened to him, silently laid her cheek upon his hand. She, too, in her evening walks, would lead her aunt towards the Ponte a Mare, and there lean upon the parapet, as if watching the rushing of the Arno through the arches. The prison stands at the end of the bridge. At the Ave Maria she heard them at their prayers; and sometimes her ear was startled at loud singing and laughter through the barred windows; for men, whether in a prison or a palace, however wretched their crimes or their follies ought to make them, will still, as in defiance, give loose to a wild jollity; and alas! it is the only enjoyment that remains for them.

The three years crawled drearily away, and at last the hour arrived for Gaetano to be set at liberty. A parcel was left for him at the prison door, with a message that it came from his father. Gaetano seized it from the keeper's hands, and throwing himself passionately on the ground, pressed it to his breast, for he had feared he was abandoned by every one he loved, and then he covered his face with it, and bathed it with his tears, the first he had shed within those walls. Suddenly he started up and tore open the parcel, eagerly searching for a letter—there was none—it contained nothing but a common sailor's dress. The cruel meaning in this present could not be misconstrued, and the son looked at it with a mixture of grief and indignation. 'Yes,' he shall be obeyed!' he muttered to himself; and at that instant Nina's lover, with his unwearied goodness, came in to warn him of his father's anger, and to advise not to seek a reconciliation too hastily. 'Besides,' he continued, 'your father is ill and weak—bed-ridden for these five months—in great pain,—and, it is thought, his disease is incurable.' 'Then,' replied Gaetano, 'I must see my father ere he dies, and he shall bless me—I know he will; and then since he commands it, I will fly my country!' He hurried to put on the sailor's clothes, and instantly, with his free unfettered feet, speeded towards Pistoia.

When the news was carried to Nina, she trembled with apprehension. From all she could learn, the father's rage was implacable, and the crime of staining his family pride was never to be pardoned. She dreaded that Gaetano might be driven to some other act of despair, worse than before—suicide perhaps—and therefore, quietly avoiding observation, resolved to follow. A coach, similar to a stage-coach in England, was on the start for Lucca. There was yet a single place vacant, and when she entered it, the driver gladly whipped his horses forward. 'Have I not done wrong?' she asked herself, 'for no doubt he has taken the nearer path across the mountains. This silly coach—how it loiters! My own feet were better!' At Lucca she impatiently left her company, forgetting all ceremony, to the astonishment of a gentleman with a ribbon in his button-hole. She sought not for another conveyance, certain that her pace would be quicker than the lazy trot of such horses as had borne her from Pisa; and somewhat touched with shame at riding at her ease while Gaetano toiled on foot. On she walked, and in a few minutes came to that tedious part of the road, where the eye sees, in a straight line, and on a flat, full three miles in prospect, between two double rows of trees. She strained her
sight, but could distinguish no one in a sailor's habit. She quickened her steps. The road then takes a slight turn, and there is again a similar prospect, and for the same extent. Still not seeing him, she cried out—"Oh! where is he? Dear Madonna, Queen of Heaven, do but preserve him in his right mind, and I will be content! Let his father's arms receive him, and I will return—happy—and he shall never know that he might find a home in mine!" Coming into Pescia, she observed some children building their clay-houses on the side of the bridge; and perceiving that their work must have lasted from the morning, she hoped they could give her some information. From them she learnt that such a one had passed, though they disagreed as to the time, and described him very doubtfully; however, one among them, a little creature with a sharp thin face, satisfied her it could be no other but Gaetano, by his wonder at his long quick strides. Now she felt more light of heart, and gazed upon the mountains, clothed in a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, and forming a kind of amphitheatre above the city, and her eyes wandered over the rich, luxuriant plain, till her soul was elevated by the beauty of nature, and, forgetting the Madonna, she prayed direct to the Creator.

At that moment, Gaetano knocked at his father's door. The servant who opened it, though a stranger to him, looked confused, as if he had been taught to expect such a visitor; and without asking any questions, left him on the threshold. Presently he returned, and in a low voice told him he was threatened to be dismissed from the house, if he did not immediately close the door upon him. 'Then do your duty,' said Gaetano, 'and shut me out,'—and as he spoke he retired one step backward,—'but tell my father I only desire to touch his hand before I leave him forever.' No reply was brought, and the son waited there without motion, like a statue. At last the window of the room where the father lay, was opened. The wretched old man, on a sick bed, his bed of death, with a voice scarce human, shrieked at his once beloved boy in curses. His fury was exasperated, instead of being subdued by his own sufferings—I will not, I cannot repeat his words. Gaetano stood firmly, and heard them with a painful smile. But when they ceased, and there was silence, he sunk upon his knees, with his body supported against the door-post. The window was closed. Passengers stopped in their way, and whispered, and knew not how to act. At last a little girl from a neighbor's was sent with food, and as she said 'Dear Signor, eat! eat!' Gaetano laughed. One circumstance I must not omit: his brother, the now favored son, stole softly round from the garden door, and kissed him, but for a short moment, and then fled swiftly back, lest his love should be noticed by any one in the house. Towards night-fall, the sympathy of the town's people increased, and collecting there in a crowd, they began to talk loudly and impatiently. This still more enraged the father: he ordered the window to be opened again, but his curses were answered by a cry from the people in the street; and a poor cripple, a beggar, exclaimed, 'Peace! peace! irreverent old man!' and they heard him no more.
Nina was then forcing her way through the crowd. She had just arrived, pale and heartsick, but not weary. Regardless of the bystanders, or rather, not giving them a thought, she knelt down close to Gaetano, with her arms crossed upon her breast, like one of Raphael's angels, and prayed to him to forgive her. He heard her gentle voice as a voice from heaven, and lifting his feeble eyelids, saw who it was. 'Forgive you!' he replied, 'I forgive all—all—even my father! every one but myself!' And striving to raise himself from the door-post, he sunk senseless into her arms. She believed his heart was burst—that he was either dead or dying—and screamed for help. The window above her head closed against her cries.

Many among the crowd sprang forward to her assistance, and they bore Gaetano to an inn, while Nina walked by his side without a word, his hand fast locked in hers. On the following morning he was in a high fever, which, after a few days, became so violent, it threatened speedily to destroy him. All the while Nina was his kind nurse; and in spite of the restraint laid upon unmarried women in Italy, she alone attended him. 'Entire affection scorneth nicer hands.' The brother often visited him, but secretly, and at night, with all the circumspection of a gallant to his mistress. At length Nina had the joy to see his health return, hanging over him with her sweet, quiet smiles, till he gazed upon her, forgetting he was unhappy. In a few days he wondered if it was possible to be unhappy again. And the roses began to blush on her cheeks more beautifully than ever they had blushed before. Yet they never talked of loving each other—it was a waste of words—neither of them had a doubt of it. One evening, the brother, as he paid his stolen visit, was not in the least surprised to hear they were married—why should he? And he wished them joy, and embraced Gaetano, and kissed the hand of his sister-bride, with a happiness almost equal to their own.

There was a good opportunity for opening a snuff-shop at Pescia, so the young couple resolved to fix themselves there. The aunt, and all the stock in trade, were removed from Pisa in the same cart to the new shop. Gaetano was presently initiated into the mysteries of weights and scales and canisters, delighted with his industry as his wife stood by his side. Yet at times a pang came across him as he thought of his father. At the end of six months a priest called, and said his genitore had forgiven him. This was merely effected by the horrors of his faith; and, therefore, the greatest bigot could have received but little comfort from it. In fact, he did no more than forgive him as a Christian; with this proviso, that he would never see him or leave him a farthing. Soon after this the old man died. Immediately the brother offered to divide the property, and upon his repeated entreaties, Gaetano did receive a part. 'I cannot take half,' said he, 'because you, with a large house and no shop, are a poorer man than I am.'

The aunt is more demure than ever. There are so many stories abroad of the infamy of an Illustrissimo becoming a shopkeeper, and
of a respectable girl marrying a convict, that she is nervous. She goes about protesting she had no hand in the matter, that nothing of the kind ever entered her head, and thus gets suspected, most undeservedly, as a sly, good-for-nothing, wicked woman.

True love, they say, must be "itself alone," not the offspring of any other passion; and that affection springing from gratitude or pity is by no means love: with many more wise sayings, which I forget. To all this I have nothing to reply,—I only refer such dogmatizers to the principal snuff-shop in Pescia. Gaetano and Nina have now three children. The youngest is the most beautiful infant I ever saw, 'especially at the mother's breast;'—mind, reader, these are the husband's own words, and you are not to make me accountable for so dainty an observation.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

The wind is high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos daughter.

'Bride of Abydos.'

'She will come at last: I am sure she will come, though all the bolts and bars in Brittany should intervene to keep us asunder. On such a night—the last I shall pass in France for many, many months—she cannot, will not, disappoint me. O Renée, dear and long-loved, Heaven speed the ship that bears me back to bear you away from this shore for ever!'

The soliloquist, a young Englishman, was pacing impatiently to and fro under the shadow of a high wall which surrounded an extensive garden in the environs of St. Servan. He was closely muffled in a boat-cloak; but the outline of a manly and symmetrical figure was distinguishable: and the glance which he ever and anon directed to a small casement in a summer-house that commanded a view of the spot he was traversing, expressed the independence and fire of a lofty character. The last gleam of day yet lingered in the west; but towards the zenith the stars sparkled in multitudes. A thousand lamps glimmered among the dusky roofs of St. Malo, which, in that dim twilight, resembled a mighty mural pyramid piled up on the bosom of the sea. The monotonous lashing of the billows on the seaward ramparts smote mournfully on the ear; but blended with their incessant roar were many cheerier sounds. The shouts and laughter of the groups of merry boatman, who beset the Dinant gate, swept over the still waters of the inner basin; the watch-dog's faithful bark came encouragingly from many a distant orchard and tobacco field: and the faint tinkling of a guitar floated at intervals on the breeze. But the young Englishman lingered not there to watch for star or lamp, nor to listen for watch-dog's bay or guitar's tinkle. A pair of bright eyes, looking down from the
casement of the summer-house; a sweet voice murmuring 'Edward,' was the only sight or sound that his soul desired. He was to depart on the morrow for his native land. His absence from France, the country of his beloved, must, he knew, necessarily be protracted; and his heart bled to think that he had no alternative but to leave his beautiful Renée behind him, exposed to the homage of his many rivals, and the machinations of a cross old duenna, who very cordially hated England and all its inhabitants.

Renée Duchastel, the object of his regard, had pledged herself to grant him a brief interview on this evening. Actuated by the fervor of his feelings, which were not easily subdued at any time, he had repaired to the place of meeting long before the appointed hour, and had consequently sufficient leisure to practice the art of self-tormenting. He was meditating the hazardous enterprise of vaulting over the wall into the garden, when a slight noise in the summer-house occasioned him to pause; and, shortly after, the casement was cautiously unclosed. The starlight enabled the keen glance of the impatient lover to recognize the face of his mistress, though half concealed by the thick veil in which prudence had induced her to envoke it; and he pressed his hand on his heart with a rapturous gesture. Words of passionate endearment flowed like a torrent from his lips; and it is hard to say when the fountain of tenderness would have been exhausted, had not the melodious voice of his lady-love entreated him to subdue his transports, unless he wished her instantly to fly his presence.

'I will, I will, Renée,' he exclaimed: 'Yet how is it possible for a heart burning with love like mine to reduce its expressions to the cold standard of maidenly propriety? I have been loitering here a full hour, conjuring up for my torment a host of images sufficient to drive any man, save a Dutchman, to distraction. Even now though I hear your sweet voice, and see about a fifth part of one of your eye-brows, I hardly feel secure of your presence. What, in the name of every thing adverse to a devoted lover, detained you, gentlest?'

'A barrier that threatens to separate me for ever from Edward,' replied Renée,—'the watchfulness of my suspicious old aunt. But for her lynx eyes, I had kept my engagement to the moment. Just at sunset when I was thinking of you and the summer-house, she bethought herself of a long prosing tale about the dungeons of Mont St. Michel; and scarcely was it finished, when in dropped M. Caignon with his guitar.'

'Death to the trifler!' exclaimed the Englishman; 'was it his crotchets and quavers that robbed me so long of your sweet society? But let me not vitify an absent man—though I do wonder how smiles like thine should ever fall to the share of such a lover?'

'Is it not much more surprising, Edward,' said Renée, 'that I should bring myself to bestow a smile, and something more than a smile, on a strange Englishman, whom I have known only a few weeks? M. Caignon is not the trifler you represent him. He plays and sings to admiration, has the gift of ventriloquism to a wonderful degree, and, besides, has served in Spain.'

'From which I assisted to drive him and his compatriots,' said the Englishman; 'but I shall turn Gasconader, like himself, Renée, if you extend your enumeration of his accomplishments. I admit that Caignon is well enough in his way, but certainly not a man worthy of one kind glance from those beautiful eyes.'
A Legend of Brittany.

'You are jealous, Edward, and without cause,' said Renée. 'I neither care for M. Caignon nor his guitar.'

'But your aunt may wish you to look kindly on him!' said Edward.

'And when I am gone, who can promise that you will not forget me?'

'Forget you for the sake of M. Caignon!' said Renée. 'Keep your mind quite easy on that point; for my aunt entertains no such friendly intentions toward him as you seem to apprehend. It is that old cross tempered vision of dry bones, Duchesnois, who has her entire approbation.'

'The scarecrow!' exclaimed the Englishman. 'If I had him but for five seconds in my grasp, I would squeeze him into a mummy, to which, as it is, he bears no distant resemblance. But what of him, Renée? Surely he cannot have the unpardonable audacity to aspire to the hand of my fair girl.'

'You have guessed it,' said Renée; and my worldly minded aunt, who worships him for his riches, abets his suit with all her influence. In two months, according to her decision, I must choose between him and a novice's cell in the convent of Saint Anne. Now which alternative would you recommend?'

'Unfortunate that I am,' said the Englishman. 'how can I decide? I dare not encourage you to calculate on my return for many months; and whether you choose the gloom of a convent or the arms of a dottad, you are equally lost to me.'

'No very serious loss Edward,' whispered Renée.

'An unkind insinuation at such a moment,' said Edward. 'Do not trifle with me, dear one! Inform me in pity, what answer you returned to this barbarous proposition?'

'That I would commence my noviciate to-morrow, if such were her pleasure.'

'O Renée!' said the youth, 'and must our sincere and ardent attachment be thus extinguished? Am I to be cast a wanderer on the world, banished forever from the presence of my soul's chosen? Must that fair face fade, that warm heart burn prematurely cold, within the cheerless walls of a convent? Early death to both were a kinder destiny.'

'Hear all I have to say, Edward,' said Renée, 'before you give yourself up to despair. You have sworn a thousand times that you love me, and I—believe it. Go to your own country,—to your father's home; tell him that a young girl of Bretagne, not very rich, but of a noble ancestry, holds your heart in pledge, and entreat him to agree to our union. When you have obtained his consent return with all speed, in some brave English harque, to San Malo. Anchor far off in the bay; and when the mantle of night falls on the shore, steer your small boat into the Rance, and land under the steep cliffs near the gardens of the convent of Saint Anne. At the extremity of those gardens, there is, as you well know, for I have pointed it out to you from the river, a hollow tree, which I discovered when a boarder in the convent. You are brave, and have agility sufficient to enable you to clamber up the rock, and leap the garden wall. Have a letter previously prepared, suggesting some mode of escape, and deposit it in the hollow tree. Trust to my finding it within twelve hours after you have placed it there, and also to my strictly adhering to any instructions it may obtain. I shall visit the tree every day during your absence; and when you come at last, neither wall nor rock shall intimidate me. Your boat will quickly bear us beyond the batteries of San Malo; and once on board your gallant
ship, I shall bid my cross aunt, old Duchesnois, and even dear Bretagne itself, farewell with a joyful heart. England and Edward shall then be all the world to me. 'But'—and her voice faltered—'if you return not, Edward, before the leaves of next spring are seen on the hollow linden, return no more. I shall then be a nun, or in my grave.

'If Heaven grants me life,' said the Englishman vehemently, 'I will return long, long before that period. It is a romantic project, my Renée; but fortune leaves us none more feasible. In the convent, you will, in the interim, be exempted from the persecution of Duchesnois; and mine be the care to rescue you from a living death within its walls. Often, often, when far away, rocked on the salt sea, or lingering perforce in merry England, shall I think of the linden tree, and the grate of Sainte Anne!'

'And of the chapel at the vespers hour, Edward,' said the simple girl; 'and the beautiful shrines, with their many tapers burning lonely and silently; and the choral hymn and solemn responses, that rise night and morning from behind the dark bars that interpose between a nun and the world, forever.'

'Of all, of all,' said the Englishman. 'They shall constantly be present to my mind. At matin and at vespers hour, my heart shall be inseparably with Renée.'

'And now,' said Renée, 'since we fully understand each other, I must hasten back to my chamber without delay. To tarry longer with you would only risk discovery of our plans, and perchance lead to a perpetual separation. Hark! I am sure I hear my name shouted by some one in the garden. It is that prying minion, Jeanette; I must fly. Adieu, friend of my heart! Remember Renée!'

'One kiss of that white hand,' said the lover, 'and then I vanish.' He waited not for permission, but made a sudden spring, and caught hold of the frame of the window. Renée was startled, but not displeased, and not only granted the boon he desired, but a still more indubitable token of affection. A shrill voice, at the very door of the summer-house, calling on Mademoiselle Renée, warned him not to linger, however great might be the temptation; and he dropped down from the window as suddenly as he had vaulted up to it. Ere he had time to recover himself, the casement closed, and Renée had vanished.

Time rolled on. The leaves on the hollow linden-tree opened under the genial influence of the spring; lived through a long parching summer, and, in the first days of autumn, began to turn sear and die. All was bustle and triumph in the convent of Sainte Anne, as a novice of great beauty and rank was about to dedicate herself to the special service of Heaven, at its altar. No news could have been more interesting to the inhabitants of St. Servan—no ceremony cause a greater exultation among the antiquated sisterhood, who one and all derived a malicious, perhaps it ought in charity to be called a holy gratification, from witnessing an addition to their number. Old Baron Dugas, who had eaten horse-flesh in Russia, in the absence of better fare, along with the Emperor, and who regularly displayed his star of the Legion of Honor and Cross of St. Lazare once a day in the Grand Place, had his faded uniform brushed up for the occasion. Monsieur Le Bruu, the wine-merchant sent to St. Heliers for a new bonnet for his English lady, in order that she might appear as gay as her more recently expatriated countrywomen, and Madame Le Roi, who lets chambres garnies during her
husband's absence at the Newfoundland cod-fishing, was full twenty-four hours in arranging her coif. Multitudes poured in from the adjacent country: some from Dinan, on the opposite bank of the Rance; some from Cancale, of oyster-gorging celebrity; some from St. Suliac, St. Jouan, and St. Pierre; and some even from Dol and Chateauneuf, with the venerable marquis at their head. The English, heretics though they were, did not escape the infection. Madame Banco, with a galaxy of beauty in her wake, swept down like a bird of paradise from the princely chateau of Versailles: some scores of captains, naval and military, followed, each with a wife, and some with a couple of daughters tucked to their skirts. Even honest Pat Healy himself was routed out of his den in the college, where, being but a 'boy' of fifty, he had voluntarily incarcerated himself for the purpose of completing his education. It was a fete-day, in short, at St. Servan; and the whole population, natives and foreigners, were equally on the alert to partake of the amusement which the immolation of a beautiful girl at the shrine of bigotry was expected to afford.

All hearts however are not equally selfish and cold. There were individuals, who, notwithstanding their respect for an intolerant creed, did not scruple to lament that one so young, and so eminently formed to shed joy around her, should be destined to pine her life away in conventual solitude. Some even went so far as to aver, that she would not approach the altar a willing victim—that her heart was sad even unto death at the prospect before her,—and that at vespers, her low and plaintive voice echoed through the dim aisles like the song of a imprisoned bird. Whether such were really the case the austere sisterhood best could tell; but though they might suspect that she bewailed her destiny, they could not comprehend the extent of her grief. They knew not, that, early and late, she had visited the hollow linden-tree—that she had watched with humid eyes the leaves on it unfold and perish; but had watched in vain for the return of her English lover. She thought him cruel-hearted—faithless: and, with the gloomy resignation of despair, prepared to take the vows that were to rend asunder every link that bound her to the world.

But on the day preceding which had been appointed for her profession, a wonderful change took place in her deportment. Some friends who attended in the chapel at vespers, affirmed, that they could distinguish her voice in the choir behind the grate, much fuller and sweeter than they had ever heard it before; and this of course was sagaciously attributed to inspiration, and a foretaste of that solemn and uncloying happiness, which the priests described as awaiting her in her sanctified vocation. Even the cunning sisterhood, albeit deeply experienced in the art of fathoming the depths of unsophisticated hearts, knew not how to account otherwise for so miraculous a change. Little did they dream that the novice, instead of contemplating with holy serenity and joy the approaching ceremony, was actually meditating flight with her English lover, and perpetual exile from her native country. On that morning she had paid what she had intended should be her last visit to the hollow linden-tree. She went to it with a faltering pace and desponding heart, for the idea of Edward's inconstancy and cruel desertion filled her fond breast with unutterable grief; but she returned to her cell with a bounding step, and joyously-panting bosom; for, in the cavity which she had so often searched in vain, she had found the long-expected letter from her truant knight. Her Edward—and tears
filled her beautiful eyes while she read his fond epistle—was as devoted and faithful a woman could desire. Insuperable obstacles had occurred to prevent him from returning sufficiently soon to redeem his promise,—and bitterly had he bewailed them: but he had arrived at last with a stout vessel in the offing; and, provided she were still contented to share his fortunes, would be at the linden-tree at midnight to bear her away.

Renée laid the blessed letter close to her beating heart,—that pure heart whose every beat was love. Never had the hours appeared so leaden-winged as on this eventful day. She thought the lazy sun was miraculously arrested in his course, and that he would never sink beyond the bluff precipices of Cape Frehel. Her little head was half crazed by the many plans successively invented and rejected, as to the manner in which she was to elude the vigilance of the sisterhood, and effect her liberation; for a huge door intervened between the cloister and the gardens, which was regularly locked at vespers, and the key as regularly consigned to the custody of the lady abbess. Renée was a favorite with the old lady, and frequently remained in her apartment, for the purpose of talking and reading her asleep, long after the less favored sisterhood had retired to repose. On this evening, she prayed with fervency that her services might not be dispensed with; and fortune for once proved propitious. The abbes was more than usually garrulous,—talked over the levities in which she had indulged when a belle at the court of Marie Antoinette, with more pleasure than repenuance,—sipped an extra demi tasse of undiluted eau-de-vie, and then dropped into a lethargic doze. Renée felt the crisis of her fate had arrived, for the important key was now completely at her discretion. She took possession of it the moment the old dame began to sound her nasal trumpet; and, without lamp or taper, stole noiselessly from the room, along the dark passages that led to the oaken barrier. The loch of the door was obdurate; but love lent unusual strength to her delicate fingers, and the key at length revolved in the wards. To prevent immediate pursuit, in case her flight should be discovered before she had time to descend the cliffs, she relocked the door on the outside, and then darted like a newly-liberated dove towards the hollow linden-tree. As she approached it, a dark figure reared itself on the other side of the garden wall, which was built on the verge of a lofty cliff overhanging the Rance. "Edward!"—"Renée!"—were the only words that passed between them, ere the arms of her wandering lover were twined around her.

Alas, that such a tale should end in tears! They held but short colloquy in the garden, for every moment was pregnant with danger, as lights were already blazing in every window of the convent. Edward assisted her to scale the garden-wall, and supported her, not without eminent peril to both, down the precipitous steep, to the brink of the river. The wind blew fiercely from the south; the thunder rattled in interminable peals directly overhead; and the Rance, hurrying to the sea with the rapidity of a torrent, sent forth an ominous moan. Renée shuddered at the fury of the wind and the irresistible gush of the water. She knew they must venture in a frail boat far into the open bay, and her womanly heart foreboded disaster; but she dared not, wished not, to falter in her progress. The Englishman, though seriously apprehensive himself, endeavored to reassure her, and in some measure succeeded. Two stout British sailors manned the boat, and a dear friend and countryman, who had been his companion in many an enterprise of danger,
sat at the helm. Edward lost no time in lifting the shrinking girl into the boat; and the rowers instantly stretched to their duty.

Though the wind blew tempestuously, there was neither foam-bell nor billow on the Rance. The stream shot down like an arrow; and no sooner were they fairly exposed to its strength, than they were borne along with frightful velocity. Edward knew that rocks were scattered in their course, and he whispered to the steersman to hold nearer to the western bank, while, at the same time, he endeavored to keep a sharp look-out ahead; but the helm was powerless in such a current; and no human glance could penetrate the murky chaos into which they were darting. In the mouth of the harbor of St. Servan, there lies a low rock, round which the outsetting tide sweeps with terrific violence. On that rock the unfortunate boat was dashed. The sentinel who on that night kept watch at the arsenal, heard one loud, long shriek, rise from the bosom of the river, and mingle with the blast. He looked steadfastly over the swelling waters, and beheld by the lightning’s gleam, human faces lifted for an instant above the flood. He listened and looked again; but heard only the sullen gush of the river, as it rolled on in blackness, and saw only the ragged rocks that shoot up through its bosom.

At an early hour on the following morning, the chapel of Sainte Anne was crowded with hundreds of spectators, anxious to witness the profession of the young novice. Many a fair face was turned up in prayer at the minor shrines: many a young Breton endeavored to penetrate with his keen glance, the sanctuary that lay beyond the grand altar. The chapel was fitted up with unusual splendor. Relics of miraculous virtue covered every shrine: massive crucifixes of silver were ostentatiously displayed; and innumerable perfumed tapers, and censers filled with incense, sent up a rich odor to heaven. For a time, the multitude remained in silent expectation. Several of the attendant priests, in gorgeous sacerdotal robes, knelt before the grand altar, momentarily crossing themselves with devout gestures. At length, a priest entered from the nunnery, and held some conversation, in an under tone, with his brethren. While he spoke, a general stare of surprise and dismay was visible on the countenances of all who heard him. They crossed themselves more frequently than ever, and piteously turned up their eyes in consternation and wonder. The congregation were impatient to obtain a solution of this mystery; but an habitual reverence for the place and the performers restrained any indecorous expressions. At length, the most venerable of the holy fraternity advanced, and, in a voice of trepidation, stated, that a mysterious circumstance had occurred to postpone, if not altogether to prevent, the ceremony which his bearers had congregated to witness. The novice had been spirited away during the night: whether by the agents of heaven or hell he could not take upon himself to decide; but he sincerely trusted, for her own sake, and the honor of Sainte Anne, that she had been esteemed worthy of the special interposition of Heaven, as there was good reason to conclude that her sojourn on earth had terminated. Her veil, and part of her drapery had been discovered adhering to the thorns and brambles that vegetated in the crevices of the precipice at the extremity of the garden; and various other circumstances conspired to strengthen the supposition, that she had found a grave in the Rance. The congregation listened in mute amazement, to the priestly harangue;
crossed themselves sympathetically with the speaker; and then hurried out of the chapel, in order to give unrestrained vent to the conjectures and regrets which such an extraordinary incident was calculated to awaken.

The fate of Renée Duchastel remained a mystery to the inhabitants of St. Servan for ten days. At the expiration of that period, the waters of the Rance gave up their victim. Her corpse was washed ashore on the western bank of the river, near the little village of Dinar; and, on being identified, was carried, under the superintendence of the priests, to the convent of Sainte Anne. Some ungenerous doubts were promulgated respecting the mode in which she had met her death; but the sisterhood, alarmed for the credit of their establishment, declared that she had, on many occasions, manifested a tendency to somnambulism; and every sincere Christian, therefore, was bound to believe that she had wandered into the garden in her sleep, and from thence inadvertently stepped over the cliff into the river. A swarm of priests supported this asseveration with all their influence, strenuously averring, that she had died in the odor of sanctity; and, as no person who trembled at the idea of excommunication dared to gainsay them, her remains, after having received all the purification that religious ceremonials could effect, were interred in the adjacent cemetery, where a black cross still marks her grave. But of her English lover no trace was ever discovered. Man knows not where his limbs decayed: whether they gorged the monsters of the deep, in caverns covered eternally by the wave; or were stripped by birds of prey, in some solitary bay of that tide-worn coast. He who narrates their tale of love and death was a friend and confidant of Edward; the companion who, on that eventful night, acted as steersman of the ill-fated bark in which they perished, and the only one of all on board who escaped the grasp of death. The boat was staved and overwhelmed at the instant that her prow touched the rock. The survivor heard but one shriek—the shriek of Renée—where he found himself struggling companionless in the torrent. A stout and expert swimmer, he combated successfully with the tide; and by great exertion reached the shore. Apprehensive of the consequences, should the share he had in this disastrous enterprise be discovered by the authorities, he sought shelter with an English gentleman, resident at Sainte Servan, to whom he was partially known; and through this friendly interposition, was enabled to elude detection, and satisfy the police regarding his mysterious arrival in France. The melancholy termination of his friend's adventure naturally prepossessed him against the country in which it happened; and he availed himself of the earliest opportunity to depart. He remained long enough, however, to ascertain that all search for the body of Edward was in vain; and to see the last obsequies celebrated over the grave of hapless youth and beauty.
ANECDOYES OF DON PEDRO, AND HIS PROSPECTS OF SUCCESS.

Notwithstanding the very flattering statements that appear almost daily in the public prints, of the position of the Emperor Don Pedro, some of his most sanguine adherents, and those who have access to the best sources of information, begin to despair of the success of the expedition. It is easy to reason after an event, for, by placing cause and effect in juxta-position, we arrive at the wished-for result; but without resorting, in the present instance, to this mode of analysis, it must strike every one conversant with military affairs, that the execution of Don Pedro's plan of campaign has been en contresens—based as it was, on the apparently well-founded supposition of the existence of a strong party in his favor, without which it was madness to have risked the enterprise. His object should have been to have landed on a point of the coast nearest to the quarter where the elements of revolt existed in their greatest mass. Had the ex-Emperor disembarked at the back of the rock of Lisbon, the Constitutional banner might now have been floating on the forts of Belem and Sa Juliao; whereas, by proceeding to Oporto, he at once threw all his chances of success into the hands of his adversary; and if he has so long been enabled to maintain himself in his present position, it is rather owing to the blind fatuity and inconceivable inactivity of the Miguelites Generals, than to his own military resources. A very short time will now decide a question, the solution of which, Europe awaits with much anxiety: but even should the ex-Emperor be allowed to take up, unmolested, his winter-quarters at Oporto, (which we doubt, it being decidedly the policy of the Miguelites de brusquer l'Affaire) by what means are his army to be supported, and from what source is the enormous sum of 90,000£ per month to be raised? These are questions, we believe, not easily answered. In fact, if the efforts of the Constitutionalists are limited to holding Oporto, they had better far have never left the Azores. As it is, the disarming of the population of that city, indicates but too clearly that no dependence on their cooperation can be placed.

Perhaps no adequate idea can be formed of the rancorous animosity that animates the two parties, but by those who are acquainted with, and have taken part in the political events of Portugal since the year 1820. Miguel's army is composed chiefly of the corps who fought against the Emperor during the revolutionary war in Brazil, and who execute him to a man. On the ocean, too, there are many who fought in South America on opposite sides—thus we find Capt. Croabie, who holds the same situation under Sartorius that he held under Lord Cochrane, opposed to his former adversary, Joao Felix, in the old Don Joao Sexto. When we recollect that, during the campaign of 1823, Lord Cochrane, in the Pedro Primeiro, of 68 guns, with a picked crew of 600 English seamen, and several other smaller vessels, was unable, in spite of his daring gallantry and consummate skill, to effect anything of consequence against the Portuguese squadron, composed of the same Don Joao Sexto, two heavy frigates, and several corvettes, we certainly do not expect that Sartorius will succeed where Lord Cochrane failed. On the 3d of May, 1823, off the port of Bahia, his Lordship having made a signal to his fleet to keep to windward, bore down and broke the Portuguese line, and raking in, the Admiral obliged a corvette to strike her colors; but his Lordship was unable to take possession of her. On another occasion, availing himself of a very
dark night, he dashed into the harbor of Bahia, and had the wind not failed, it is probable he would have destroyed the whole squadron, as Joao Felix and most of the superior officers were on shore, and the ships were riding at anchor, without springs on their cables, although Sir Thomas Hardy forewarned them of the probability of such a visit. When, finally, the Royalist garrison evacuated the city of St. Salvador, the squadron that weighed anchor on the morning of the 2d of July, consisted of upwards of 120 vessels of all classes. Lord Cochrane, who was anchored almost within gunshot of them, weighed at the same time, and cut off, before evening, between twenty and thirty transports; but although he followed the squadron to the line, he could make nothing of their ships of war.

The Portuguese Admiral, Joao Felix, is not a dashing officer, but he is an experienced and excellent seaman, and will hold his squadron well in hand: and opposed, as he has constantly been, to the party of the Emperor Don Pedro, his fidelity is à toute épreuve. Miguel’s agents in this country have sent him out two well-appointed steam-boats. The superiority which Sartorius has hitherto derived from this arm, will consequently be neutralized: and should the Miguelite squadron risk an action, if they only fight their ships with but even ordinary skill and gallantry, so overwhelming is their force, that Sartorius, with all his skill and bravery, will have but a poor chance; for we need not mention the effect of the concentrated force of an 80-gun ship, upon the small vessels that compose his squadron.

Don Pedro has now been upwards of two months master of the second city of the kingdom, and yet not an individual has joined his ranks; while his own, by the casualties of action, sickness, and desertion, are minus some 2,000 men. But the fact is, and we say so, unbiassed by party spirit, that the ex-Emperor is not personally popular in Portugal, who may with justice lay at his door all the evils that at present afflict her; and he feels that his political career has been marked by phases as dark as even that of his unpopular brother Miguel. Cradled in despotism, Don Pedro is rather a liberal par ton que par sentiment; he has a brusquerie of manner and hauteur of character, that revolts at the slightest control, while he is totally destitute of what the French call force de caractère, the most essential quality in a prince; a deficiency that, coupled with the basest ingratitude, alienated his warmest adherents, and lost him his crown.

Shortly after his accession to the throne, the Northern provinces of the Empire revolted, and proclaimed a republic. The leader of this movement, was one Barrata, (a cognomen that equally in Brazil applies to the Cockroach) a man of considerable talent, and an ex-Deputy of the Cortes. So popular was this chief among his adherents, that it was the fashion to wear a silver barrata at the button-hole: and we have even seen the hideous emblem on the fair bosoms of the women and the cassocks of the priests. One of these singular decorations found its way to Rio de Janeiro, where it was shown to the Emperor. On receiving it, his dark eye fired with rage, and almost twisting out his moustache by the roots, he exclaimed, ‘It is very pretty, but tell them, que ha agus no Rio de Janeiro hum gallo que os comerá todos,’—there is a cock here in Rio de Janeiro, that will devour them all.

Don Pedro’s activity is wonderful, and his strength almost Heraclean, a quality inherited by his daughter, the young Queen Maria de Gloria, who when quite a child, has been known to lift the large gamela (trough) used by her father as a bath.
Contrary to Mr. Fitzgerald's expectations, the Assizes at ——— did not terminate on the day he expected; several affairs of life and death were yet upon the calendar, and the case for which he had been called as a witness, was the last but two upon the list. It is an inconvenient thing for a man to be summoned to a distance of thirty miles on an occasion in which he feels no personal interest, and when he arrives at his journey's end, to find that, at the expense of comfort and cash, he must wait the issue, although it be protracted to an indefinite period. In fact, there was no evading the matter; he was obliged to submit to the proceedings of the court; and, while he muttered some severe observations on the unfitness of a judge, who paid so little consideration to the private feelings of country gentlemen, he wrote a letter of explanation to his wife, and made up his mind, for the first time in his life, to sleep away from home.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was by no means violent in her temper. Whenever she was in a passion, her rage exhibited itself in a species of wordless convulsion—a sort of desperate hiccup—she was spasmodic in her anger. She was never known to abuse her husband, but she had a painful hysterical laugh, with which, on occasions of uncommon aggravation, she assaulted his nerves. It is the art of the sex to appeal to a man's compassion; no man can reply to a woman's scream; and should she think proper to faint—argument, remonstrance, and threat are out of the question. There are weapons peculiar to both. If a man would conquer his wife, he must affect to rely on her good sense. If a wife desire to subdue her husband, she exhibits her lowest feminine imbecility, and the pity or contempt of the strong vessel secures the victory to the weak. When Mrs. Fitzgerald received her husband's letter, she possessed no means of venting her mortification upon him, therefore it speedily suppressed itself. Had he been present, she would have fallen into an agony of swoons and shrieks. People seldom think of a vexation, unless there is somebody near them at the moment, with whom they dare be vexed. Ladies very rarely tear their caps, or burst blood-vessels when they are alone. Most young ladies choose to faint in crowded drawing-rooms.

The messenger who conveyed the letter to Mrs. Fitzgerald, departed very little wiser than he came, so far as the lady's feelings respecting its contents were concerned. The inmates of the cottage, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and a favorite and familiar servant, whose musical name was Judy, listened until the last echo of the horse's feet died away. They then closed the door, double-bolted it, (it was the first time they had ever passed a night under a roof without a man) and prepared to spend the remaining dismal hours until morning, sitting up at the fire-side.

When two females are in this situation they generally sit up all night. They think there is a security in sitting up; they have some undefined sense of safety, particularly if it be winter, which was the case on the present occasion, while they look at the fire and poke the vagrant gas-soldiers; a sense which forsakes them when they find themselves in bed alone, and the candles out. They use, also, another means of defence against ghosts and robbers, which is equally susceptible of a satisfactory solution—we mean conversation. Mrs. Fitzgerald and Judy had recourse to both.

'Now what could bewitch the master, ma'am,' said Judy, as she took her seat on a low stool by the side of her mistress, 'to stay out from you the
live-long night? Sure what has the 'siz'es to do upon him compared to his lawful wife?'

'Nothing but his weakness, Judy,' replied her mistress; 'he has no command over himself when he gets out o' my sight. I dare say he thinks to make a great friend of the judge by his condescension, just as he used to tell me he made a friend of Father Kane——'

'For the love of Heaven, Mistress, jewel, don't talk of Father Kane; myself's not myself when I hear his name; there's such stories told of him about the country.'

This Father Kane, we should premise, was an ex-communicated priest, who, having committed some nameless indiscretions, had brought himself under the ban of mother church. In such cases, the laity are forbidden to harbor or succor the outcast, and he generally lives by the profit of secret marriages and unlawful courses. Rendered desperate by the malversation that closes the communion of society against him, he abandons himself to the most criminal and wanton excesses.

'Have you heard anything lately?' inquired Mrs. Fitzgerald.

'Och! then, avich, I heard a frightful story of him last night; God save us! it would make the hairs of your head afraid of each other—'

'There can be no harm in telling what you hear, Judy,' said Mrs. Fitzgerald, as she involuntarily drew closer to the fire, and looked peeringly round the room.

'Troth, then, Mistress, honey, there's not another in the world,' said Judy, 'that I'd risk my salvation for, but yourself; and sure if you don't think there's no harm in it, I'll tell you all I know about it.'

'See is the door fast, Judy, and the shutters; ' whispered the mistress, inspired, perhaps, with a portion of the terror that filled the maid.

Judy slowly, and with trepidation obeyed; and when all was secured, drew her short gown over her head, and huddling herself on her stool close to Mrs. Fitzgerald, commenced the promised narrative.

'You know, Ma'am,' cried Judy, in a prelude, 'that it's the law that a child can turn his father out o' doors, by turning Protestant; and that no matter how much land or money he's worth in the world, it all falls as naturally as possible to the child that's bad enough to turn against his religion and his priest.* Well, poor Faudgeen Dowling, that had a sight of ground at the top of the hill beside the kiln, and that was a saving man, and paid regard to his little family, the cratures, and reared them up decent, and saved up a snug penny for the rainy day, poor Faudgeen's son, Tim Dowling, a boy that ought to have known better than to break his ould father's heart, came across Father Kane one night, God help us, in the dark glyn, just under the waterfall.

'And so they fell to talking about one thing or another, until at last Tim Dowling began to tell how he was out of his mind about Margaret White, the fourman's daughter, up in Ennis, but that she was a Protestant, and that he knew her friends would never consent to such a thing as their marriage: and so he wanted Father Kane's counsel what he should do to get Margaret White.

"Sit down here," says Father Kane, "and I'll tell you." So ma'am, *chris chresttha! † they sat down upon the very stone where Shamus Healy murdered his own brother, last Michaelmas twel vemonth!

'Well, the water was dashing about their ears, and the trees moaning

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* This law was repealed in 1793.
† Literally, the Cross of Christ—idiomatically, the Cross of Christ be about us!
just like the branches, and Tim Dowling says, "Don't sit here, Father Kane; this is a gloomy place to talk about a wedding in," but Father Kane gripped him by the arm, and desired him to stay where he was.

"Then what is your advice to me?" says Tim Dowling, and they say he shook like a leaf all the time.

"My advice to you," says Father Kane, "is this, and it's few that I'd give it to; you know you've got no house, nor home to bring her to when you marry her, so you must get that first. There's your father's nice little place, and there's plenty of room in it for Margaret White if you choose."

"But what would I do with my father, and my brothers and sisters?" says Tim.

"Why as to that," says Father Kane, "there's no trouble about them at all, for all you've to do, is just to say you're a Protestant, and all the fathers and brothers in the world can't stand against you."

"And would you have me turn rebel to him that reared me, Father Kane," says the other, and he looked at him as if he would pierce him through.

"No—not that neither," says Father Kane, "but if you just go and say you're a Protestant, you can marry Margaret, and then bring her home; nobody can turn you out then, because you see the house and place will be your own, and you may then take care of your father, who is getting too old to take care of himself."

"Faith, then, I believe you're right there," says Tim, whose love of Margaret was uppermost, "and I'll take your advice Father Kane!"

So up they both got, and come away together through the glen; and just as Tim parted from the priest, he met his poor ould father.

"Where are you going so late at night, Tim," says the father, because he always kept a watch over his children.

"I'm going home, father," says Tim: and you see he meant that he was going to take his father's home from him.

So they walked on a little way, and Tim says, "I'm a Protestant, father, and all your land is mine, and I'm going to marry Margaret White tomorrow."

"Go on, you fool," says poor Paudgeen, not thinking but that Tim was joking with him.

"Fool?" says Tim, "do you call me a fool?" and with that he turned round, and was going, the Lord save us! to strike the ould man; but as the Lord would have it, he missed his blow, and the ould man ran on to the top of the hill, and got into the house and locked the door upon him.

To be sure Paudgeen Dowling was wrong to lock out the boy all night, but then he was vexed out of his reason with him, and may be he didn't know rightly what he was doing.

Well, Tim goes off to the Protestant minister, and tells him the whole story; so the next morning a patrol of soldiers comes down to poor Paudgeen's place, and turns them all out, little creatures and all, just as they were, and wouldn't even give them time to get their little clothes to put upon them. And what do you think Pat Dowling did? He brings the whole boiling of them down to the glen, for he knew it would be no use to talk to the sassenachs, and there he makes beds for them, six of them in all, under the trees just upon the edge of the stream. The neighbors all collected to console poor Paddy, but he wouldn't hear of them at all, nor wouldn't take any comfort they gave him. So he lived there, like a wild man, for a whole week, while Tim was about at the house, pulling down and building up, and singing and drinking like as if he was to live forever. No wonder, to be sure, that no luck should come of him after such doings.
Well, at the end of the week, one morning, as one of the neighbors was going down to fetch the famishing children a bit of breakfast, he thought he saw a man lying with his feet in the water. "Now," says he, "if this should be Pat Dowling;" and sure enough, as he said the word, it was Pat Dowling that was lying in that spot. So he goes over to him, and tried to waken him, and pulled him, and shook him. "Get up, Pat Dowling," says he, "this is no place for you to be taking your sleep in." But never a stir Pat Dowling stirred. So he tried to lift him, and he found him as heavy as a log of wood. "What's the matter with you, Pat Dowling," says he; but never an answer did Pat Dowling make, until at last he began to feel his hands and his face, and—holy mother of God!—he found a cold clammy sweat upon them, and they were just like the marble. "Pat Dowling," says he, "you're dead." And poor Pat Dowling, at the word, dropped from his hands like a stone, without motion or life; and there he lay before his ould neighbor, that came to bring him nourishment, as stiff and dead as a lump of clay. "Och, wurrath! wurrath!" says the poor man, "what's to be done at all? and what'll become of them that brought you to this?"

So the story of Paudgeen Dowling's death was in every body's mouth, and people said that his heart was broke inside, and that he died in a fit. Well, when the poor all about, that loved him as if he was their father, heard of his end, they set about to think what they'd do with the son, and so they thought that he deserved a just punishment for his wickedness.

Although his poor father died that death, Tim Dowling was drunk all day yesterday, and roaring about the place, and saying that he'd bring Margaret White home to-morrow; but it wasnt to thrive with him, as I'll tell you.

Last night he had a great carousing, and it was very late when his sinful drinking was over, and his bad advisers left him; so just after they were gone, a heap of the boys from Slievegraughan gathered, and went up to the house; and there wasn't a single light in the whole place, but they brought one with them, that was better than any they could get at the kiln.

So after they looked well about them, and found that Tim was snoring in his bed, they set fire to the haggard, and then set fire to the house wherever they could get a bit of wood in it to take the flames. Well—the cross of Christ protect us!—in a few minutes the whole pile was one blaze, and they say you could see the fire for miles across the mountains over to Ballyboden, and round again for miles over Galway.

Sure enough, Tim Dowling woke with the smoke and fire that was suffocating him; and not knowing where to run, broke the window to get out. Just as he looked out the flames gathered round him, and hissed about his ears, and he was going to jump out, when he saw the boys below. "For the mercy of God, save me!" says he; and his throat began to grow stifled as he called out. "You had no mercy on your father, Tim Dowling!" says the boys; and as they spoke the word, a volley of shot came upon him from under the window where he stood.

Well, for a short time, there was no noise heard but the groaning of the fire as it forced up through the chimneys and rafters, and spread through the roof of the house. Then after that they saw a figure stagger over to the same window, and the blood was dripping from his head, and his face was black and horrid, and he tried to call out to them, but he wasn't able to speak or to hound the sash. So as the words were gurgling in his mouth, the boys fired at him again, and Tim Dowling dropped from the window down upon the stones outside.
'The fall finished him entirely. There wasn't a whole limb in his body, and his head was full of holes, and bleeding out of the eyes, and the skull was smashed, and the wretch was black dead.

'When this was done, the boys raised a shout over the body, and returned back again through the glyn, to Slievegraughan.'

This story was too horrible for Mrs. Fitzgerald, whose nerves were not a little affected in the first instance by the absence of her husband, and she entreated Judy to drop the recital. An hysterical sob relieved the intense apprehensions of the good lady, and after a pious prayer, and a great effort at composure, she retired to her room for the night; not, however, until she had made Judy bring in her little pallet, that she might sleep at the foot of her bed.

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THE LADY OF THE OAK.

A Ballad.

Sir Roland of Rood hath sought the wood,
   To chase the hart and roe;
And pacing in pride by the warrior's side,
   Fair dames and bold knights go.

Merrily borne from the hunter's horn,
   The wood-craft notes are sounding,
And the stately deer, uproused in fear,
   From the deep-mouthed dogs are bounding.

On, on! they dash like a torrent's flash,
   And Marley chase is ringing,
With many a steed at headlong speed,
   To follow Sir Roland's springing.

On, on; they sweep o'er stream and steep,
   Till turns the hart to bay;
The hounds rush in with furious din,
   And sinks the bleeding prey.

Again, and again, from their ferny glen,
   The startled deer are flying;
And the sky was bright with sunset's light,
   When the last proud stag was dying.

At the close of day, Sir Roland lay
   His panting steed beside;
No sound from behind came down the wind.
   But the forest was rustling wide.

On the broad trunks dun the setting sun
   A yellow beauty breathed;
The foliage green it flowed between,
   An old oak's ivy-wreathed.
The Lady of the Oak.

The forest ground, that knight around,
    Was in softest glory bright:
Sky, breeze, and tree, seemed all to be
    Filled with one pure delight.

Each ancient oak in murmurs spoke,
    Like a happy infant's voice;
And every bird that Roland heard,
    Said to his soul 'rejoice!'

The branches a breezy shade
    Above his wearied brows;
While his eyes still strove afar to rove
    Amid the dusky boughs.

But sudden broke from the knotted oak,
    That o'er him cast its gloom,
And stood at his feet the knight to greet,
    A form of light and bloom.

Brown was each tress in its green wreath's dress,
    As the old oak's sun-lit bark;
Her lips faint sigh was a melody,
    And her eye was wild and dark.

Up started the knight, when that damsel bright
    He saw before him stand;
And so sudden she came, that the chief of fame
    Half drew from the sheath his brand.

A cup of dew, before his view,
    With fairy hand she raised,
And softly she smiled, while in accent mild
    She spoke, and on Roland gazed:

'Here am I come, from my green-wood home,
    'Sir Roland of Rood to see;
'There lives not the Man, who, since time began,
    'Hath seen my cup or me!'

The fresh dew draught Sir Roland quaffed,
    The lady 'gan to sing,
Like the voice of a breeze in the rustling trees,
    When birds are on the wing.

Soothing and low, the sweet notes flow,
    A calm harmonious stream,
On the grassy bank Sir Roland sank;
    The world seemed all a dream;

'Sleep, Roland, sleep! the skies shall weep
    The dews of evening's close,
And every star, that gleams afar,
    Shall bless thy soft repose.

'Tis mine by day through woods to stray,
    That ne'er were trod by men;
The Lady of the Oak.

Tis mine to rove the moonlight grove,
Green hill and darksome glen.

'The summer shade, the leaf-strown glade,
Where quick the streamlet wends,
Each woodland bower, and sweet wild flower,
To me are home and friends.

'Alone I dwell, by heath and fell,
Within my tree-girt fold;
No eyes of men my home may ken,
Or pierce my forest hold.

'And I am come from that secret home,
Thy hour of rest to guard;
No harnessed knight, with sword of might,
Could keep a surer ward.'

He slept—his head on the soft moss laid;
He held his courser's reign;
And his limbs, at length, in their giant strength,
Fell loose upon the plain.

Then swelled amain that damsel's strain,
In notes that proudly rang;
And a bough she tore from the oak-tree hoar,
While thus her spell she sang:

'The work is done, the power is won,—
Now thou art mine for aye;
Here shalt thou dwell in this lonely dell,
Till time hath passed away.

'For helmet's plume, the waving gloom
Of leaves shall gird thy head;
And the ivy's twine, for steeley shine,
Around thy breast shall spread.

'The wolf and deer shall pass in fear,
Far from thy shade to lie;—
To me alone thy fate be known—
Thy queen and comrade I!'"

She smote his brow with the green oak bough,
And quicker charm she muttered:
A sudden blast through the forest past,
As her spell the damsel uttered.

When once she smote seemed all afloat
The forest foliage wide:
And far around o'erwhelmed the ground
Of leaves a rushing tide.

She smote again—the courser's mane
Upbristled in his fright,
The roebuck fled with hurrying dread,
And the lightning flash was bright.
When thrice his crest the branch had pressed
Quick rising at her hand:
A mighty tree she smiled to see,
For knight with spear and brand.

Next morn there stood, in that lone wood,
An oak that stands till now;—
A steed was tied the tree beside,
His rein hung on its bough.

The violets grow in fairest show,
Its massy trunk around;
And aye is seen spring's earliest green,
On that enchanted ground.

Yet always there, from flowerets fair,
And turf that never fades,
Starts the wild deer in sudden fear,
And flies to other glades.

And still at eve, when shades deceive,
Amid the doubtful light,
The peasants see, in Roland's tree,
The stature of a knight.

Each giant limb, in twilight dim,
To motion starts anew;
With shuddering eye they pass it by,
And hurry from the view.

EARLY YEARS OF THE LATE DUKE DE REICHSCHTADT.

[The following curious and interesting details are collected from a work at present unpublished, but on the point of making its appearance in Paris, under the title of 'Histoire Populaire et Complete de Napoleon II. &c.' This open assumption of the forbidden title of 'Napoleon II.' is somewhat singular, in the present state of the 'liberty of the press' under Louis Philippe. The details which we give are said to have been obtained from authentic sources.]

Until the year 1816 the education of the Young Duke was confided to the care of Madame de Montesquieu, under the immediate superintendence of his mother, Maria Louisa; but in April of the year just named, the whole system of his education was changed, and Count Maurice Dietrichstein was appointed his tutor, in which office he was assisted by two distinguished literary men, M. de Forti and M. Collnis. It appears that the young Duke was quite ignorant, at the time of their occurrence, of the events of 1815, including the return of his father, his abdication, &c. The only means he had of judging as to the astonishing changes which had taken place, consisted in those
immediate changes in his own personal position which were the con-
sequence of them—such as the appearance of new faces about him,
new costumes, &c. and in particular the new mode of designating him,
which became necessary on these changes. Hitherto he had been
addressed invariably as Sire, and votre Majesté; but now he was not
a little astonished to hear himself called Monseigneur, and votre Al-
tesse—a change which appears to have by no means pleased him. It
was in 1818 that the Emperor of Austria conferred on him the title of
Duke of Reichstadt, and on his first introduction to his grandfather
under this title, on hearing himself announced as 'His Highness the
Duke of Reichstadt,' he inquired of his attendant,—'Who is this new
Duke?'—on which a conference ensued that was anything but sat-
isfactory to the 'ex-King;' nor could he be appeased till the Emperor
himself took him in his arms, and after tenderly caressing him, promis-
ed that he should know all about the change in a few days, if he
behaved well in the interim. The interim, however, brought with it that
forgetfulness which had probably been reckoned upon: he became
accustomed to his new title, and made no further inquiries about it.
The Duchess of Parma was unremitting in her attention to her son
while she remained at Vienna; but on quitting it for her Italian Duchy,
the new ties which she contracted (and which, unhappily for the fame
of the widow of Napoleon, are but too well known) seemed in a great
degree to alienate her affections from her son,—who is said to have
been deeply afflicted by the loss of her society. It is but justice to
Maria Louisa to confess, however, that as soon as she heard of the
serious nature of her son's illness, she hastened to Vienna and did not
quit him till his death.

From the period of the ex-Empress quitting Vienna, the mode of
education adopted for the young Duke was entirely changed; and a
direction was given to it by no means incompatible with the claims of
any destiny, however high, that might have awaited him. It has al-
ways been generally believed in France and Italy, and also in England,
that the Duke of Reichstadt was kept in the most studious manner
from the approach of all Frenchmen, or from those persons of any na-
tion who could by possibility be supposed capable of even hinting to
him the secret of his birth, the claims and destiny of his father, and
his own possible position in connection with European politics; and it
has been said and currently believed that he owed to the ill-timed
maligne and mischief-making disposition of Don Miguel the revela-
tion of all these extraordinary events and circumstances. But this is not
true. During his infancy indeed these things, if not exactly conceal-
ed, were not absolutely revealed to him as a necessary part of his early
education; but his questions relative to them were vaguely answered,
and in a manner not inconsistent with the truth, though certainly not
explanatory of it. When, however, his infancy was passed, and it was
found that his ideas were sufficiently prepared for the reception of that
historical portion of his education which would include the knowledge
of his father's life and deeds, these were in no degree concealed from him, and the effect which the knowledge of them had upon his young heart and mind are said to have been very remarkable and highly interesting. He is said to have listened to the first recital of his father's glories, and his own early destiny, with a degree of surprise and admiration which deprived him of the power of utterance; and that, on recovering from his brief reverie, he exclaimed with eager looks, and in a tone of sudden inspiration—'Oh! tell me again! repeat to me the recital of those grand battles in which my father was so often a conqueror—tell me again of that wonderful Egyptian campaign—tell me of those pompous ceremonies of my own birth, in which the Kings of Europe were assembled round my cradle!'—And his worthy preceptor is said to have complied with this request, in a manner that he had afterwards some reason to regret—for it is believed that the flame of glory which was on this occasion lighted in his young breast was never afterwards so effectually extinguished as those about him considered desirable. He was at this time about twelve years of age; and by consent of the Emperor, his Governor, the Count Dietrichstein, conducted him over the fields of Austerlitz and Wagram; on which occasions he took the opportunity, while contemplating the grandeur and glory of his father's actions, to dwell in a marked manner on the melancholy and fatal end to which they led him. It is said however that from this moment young Napoleon contracted a habit of thoughtfulness, amounting almost to sadness, which never afterwards quitted him, and which shewed itself in a very marked manner in the traits of his countenance. This circumstance seemed to render it still more necessary to keep him from the society of those who might have turned his young feelings still more pointedly into a dangerous channel; and the insane, but for the moment successful attempt of Charles Doudnouf to gain access to him and incite him to take open part in the views of the Bonaparte faction, rendered this restriction the more natural and even necessary. This person actually obtained a private interview with him at Schoenbrun—shewed him a tri-colored cockade—told him of the glorious destinies that awaited him in France, and induced him even to accept the token, and utter some words which were naturally enough construed into a willingness to become the instrument of the remains of his father's party in France in furthering their insane views.—'Tell the French people,'—the young Duke is reported to have said—'that the sight of this emblem has caused me the most profound emotion, and assure them of my desire to prove myself worthy to be looked upon as the son of the Emperor Napoleon.'—From the period of this event, a more strict watch was kept over the young Duke, and access to the Palace of Schoenbrun became much more difficult than it had hitherto been; but it was only in the case of avowed friends of the Bonaparte dynasty that this restriction was exercised,—as in the case of M. Barthélemy, the author of 'Le Fils de l'Homme.' In the case of other persons of distinction, he enjoyed as much freedom of access as is usually accorded to persons in his station of society—witness his in-
terview with the Duc de Montebello, who was repeatedly received by
the Prince with favor as the friend of his father, and who returned to
France full of enthusiasm as to the character and acquirements of the
young Duke. He was very fond of riding on horseback, and a char-
acteristic anecdote is related of his first equestrian attempt. The ani-
mal that was first brought for his use was a little pony exactly suited to
his age and size. (He was then eight years old.) But on seeing its
small size he would not at first be placed upon it—insisting on having a
large horse, 'like that which his papa rode, in the picture.' At last,
onver, however, on being placed on the pony, he immediately, and before his
attendants were aware, gave it a cut with the whip, and caused it to
dash off at full speed across the Park. He did not fall off, however,
but clung round the neck of the animal, and kept there till it stopped
of its own accord at one of the gates.

The chief day in each year of the life of the young Duke, was the
anniversary of his father's death; and the emotion which he experi-
enced yearly on this occasion, and which increased with every return
of the day, is said to have had a considerable effect in hastening his
death.

MISLED BY A NAME.

It was my fortune to pass a portion of my youth at a celebrated
watering-place, to which it was the fashion at that time, with the faculty
in all parts of the kingdom, to consign their patients, usually in com-
pliance with the desires of the latter, when medicine could be of no
more avail; and there was such a constant influx of pale people of for-
tune, who were buried within so brief a period after the announcement
of their arrival, that I sincerely pitied persons of opulence, because
they seemed to be Death's favorite prey. Funerals occurred so fre-
cently, that at least a tithe of the inhabitants were undertakers.

It was really laughable to witness the intrigue that took place in the
event of a death. The funeral was frequently bespoke, even before the
patient had been given over by the resident physicians: the sick gentle-
man's grocer, his tailor, his shoemaker, the master of the inn where he
put up on his arrival, the person in whose house he was expiring, the
barber who shaved him when he was no longer able to shave himself,
his butler, who had become tainted with the mania of the place, and
the man over the way, whose wife was a laundress, were all under-
takers in disguise, and sighing for his dissolution. This is a true sketch
of the state of things some years ago, at ——, and doubtless, at many
other equally celebrated resorts of the afflicted. The various candidates
for a black job,—that was the technical term,—frequently formed a
coalition of interests. One of the party was nominated to bury the
deceased, and to divide the profits among all. Bribery to the domestics,
in these cases, was carried on to a shocking extent; and the resident
tradesmen of the place, rendered callous by custom, purchased the votes
of every individual who was likely to have any voice in the election of
an undertaker. Humorous mistakes frequently occurred in the ardor
of the pursuit, and in the rivalry existing between the real gentlemen of the hearse, and those who were constantly on the alert to obtain a share of their profits. A case occurs to my recollection, which may, perhaps, be deemed not altogether devoid of interest.

An undertaker who had received intelligence from one of the numerous jackals of the place, that the doctors had received their last fee from the friends of a patient, who lodged at Mr. B.'s house in a certain crescent, immediately repaired to the scene of action. He knocked at the door, but the footman (having received a bribe, and very particular instructions from a rival undertaker, who had purchased the same intelligence a few moments earlier from the same identical jackal, and who was then in the pantry, trying to buy over the butler,) told him that he had mistaken the number; that his master was perfectly well; and that, in all probability, the gentleman who was dying, lived at Mr. B.'s other lodging-house, No. 7, in the same crescent.

"Do you know his name?" inquired the undertaker.

"The Reverend Mr. Morgan," replied the footman.

"Do you know his servant?"

"Yes; he's a thick-set man, with a slight cast in his eye."

"In or out of livery?"

"Out."

"May I use your name?"

"With all my heart, on your tipping the usual."

"There's a crown; its all speculation—neck or nothing; so I can't afford more. What's your name?"

"I am Sir Joseph Morgan's under-butler."

"Thank you;— good day:—but stop, allow me to trouble you with a dozen of my cards; a judicious use of them may pay you: I come down handsomely, and you may make it worth your while, as well as mine, if anything occurs in your family. Will you do what you can?"

"With pleasure."

"Much obliged: and,—d'ye hear?—here's another: if you know of any house where the ravens roost,—you understand me?—stick it in the frame of the housekeeper's looking-glass. Good morning!"

The Reverend Mr. Morgan, to whose lodgeings the under-butler had referred the undertaker was a middle-aged gentleman, lately married, and in daily expectation of having an heir to his name and the little freehold his uncle had devised to him in the county of Brecon. He was just the sort of man that the under-butler had in his eye, when describing his servant. As the undertaker approached the door of No. 7, the reverend gentleman, in his usual neat, but homely dress, made his appearance. The undertaker, suspecting that he was the servant, accosted him the moment he had closed the door behind him, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Your most obedient, sir."

"Yours, sir;—I ask pardon, but as I am in a hurry—"

"One moment—"

"Really, sir, if you knew the situation of affairs—"

"I do, sir,—I do, indeed."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Well, it's rather odd. But I cannot stand here gossipping. Mrs. Morgan—"

"Ah! poor dear creature! but these things will happen, you know;—"
transitory life—sublunary world—sad mortality—vele of tears!—Going for the doctor?

'No, not just yet; but—'

'Ah! still the event is pretty certain, I believe.'

'Why, yes; I flatter myself it is.'

'Good. Pardon me for being intrusive, my dear friend; it lies in your power to do me a favor, I think: will you?'

'Oh! yes,—any thing;—provided it costs me nothing.'

'Not a penny;—you'll be in pocket by it. But, before I explain, allow me to ask, have you any interest with, or influence over, Mrs. Morgan? Be candid.'

'Why, sir, I think I ought to have.'

'Oh I see:—a managed matter; a candidate for dead men's shoes; eh?

—Ah you sly dog!'

'Sly dog!

'You'll soon be master, I guess.'

'I hope so, I have been long trying for it.'

'Ha, ha! I know it. Oh! I can see things.—But now to business;—the fact is, I'm a professional man.'

'Oh! are you?'

'Yes—you understand:—and as soon as anything occurs call me in; and I'll make matters agreeable to you.'

'But Mrs. Morgan,—she must be consulted: I'm just going to see a gentleman on this very business.'

'To be sure, Mrs. M. must be consulted. Far be it from me to think of intruding myself without her permission. But you can use your influence. A word in your ear: I'm empowered to mention the name of Sir Joseph Morgan's under-butler. Manage it well, and I'll tip you a five pound note.'

'Sir Joseph Morgan's under-butler! Me? Tip me?'

'Oh, honor! honor among thieves, you know. Ha, ha! Harkye;—the moment he goes off—'

'Goes off! Who?

'The parson.—I say, the moment he goes off—'

'Ah!'

'Smuggle me up to his wife.'

'To Mrs. M.? Smuggle you?'

'Oh! these things must be done with decorum, you know.'

'Well, but—'

'Leave me to manage the rest. I flatter myself that my talent and experience will ensure us the desired success. Act well your part, and depend upon it I shall be the happy man.'

'The happy man!'

'Ay; see him home, as we say.'

'See who home?'

'Why M. to be sure.'

'M?'

'Yes. Really, though, now I look at you, you don't seem to follow my ideas exactly.'

'Not with that precision which I could wish.'

'Psha! In plain English, then,—the parson being about to kick the bucket—'

'Kick the—'

'Ay,—hop the twig,—or pop off the hooks:—pick and choose, I've a variety,'
'And pray, sir, what may his kicking the bucket be to you?'
'Thirty pounds, at least, if his widow's a trump, and things turn out kindly.'
'I'm quite in a fog!—Pray, sir, who and what are you?'
'Didn't I say I was a professional man—an undertaker?'
'Oh! you're an undertaker, are you?'
'At your service.'
'Thank you!—and so you think of seeing M. home, do you?'
'Yes; box him up, as we say;—Ha, ha!'
'And I'm to have five pounds—'
'Exclusive of the usual jollification on the occasion, with the mutes and mourners; and an additional guinea, if you think proper to officiate with a black stick and hatband. Pull your hat over your eyes, hold a white pocket-handkerchief to your face, and nobody will know you—that's the way to manage. Ha, ha!'
'Very good; very good, indeed. Ha, ha!'
'Ha, ha! But come—what say you to a cheerful glass on this melancholy occasion? Sorrow is dry, you know;—I'll be a bottle.'
'You're very good. And so you're an undertaker, after all, are you?'
'To be sure I am;—come along.'
'And I'm to smuggle you up to Mrs. M. oh?—Ha, ha! I must say I admire your mode of doing business much.'
'Tact, my dear fellow,—tact and decorum: I display no other talents.'
'Your gay manner, too—'
'Yes; "we're the lads for life and joy," as the song says. I'm naturally cheerful; but when I feel pretty sure of my man—as I now do—oddsheart! I'm as merry as a grig. Take my arm.'

The undertaker marched off in triumph with his supposed prey leaning on his arm, towards a neighboring tavern; but whether the reverend gentleman blighted his hopes by an early explanation, or forgot Mrs. M. for a few moments longer, and partook of the proffered bottle, the chronicler cannot state.

THE INCOGNITO; OR, COUNT FITZ-HUM.

FREDERIC LAUN.

[The following tale is translated from the German of Schulze, a living author of great popularity, not known at all under that name, but under the nom-de-guerre of Frederic Laun. A judicious selection (well translated) from the immense body of his novels, would have a triple claim on public attention: first, as reflecting in a lively way the general aspect of German manners in the domestic life of the middle ranks: secondly, as pretty faithful evidences of the state of German taste amongst the most numerous class of readers: no writer, except Kotzebue perhaps, having dedicated his exertions with more success to the single purpose of meeting the popular taste, and adapting himself to the immediate demands of the market; thirdly, as possessing considerable intrinsic merit in the lighter department of comic tales. On this point, far our sakes, as well as to guard the reader against disappointment from seeking for more than was designed, we shall say all that needs to be said in one sentence; they have just that merit, and they pretend to that merit, neither more nor less, which we look for in a clever dramatic after-
The town-council were sitting, and in gloomy silence: alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order (that morning received,) which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one half. At length the chief burgomaster rose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, bolted the door. That worthy man, however, was not so to be baffled: old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed, they were divided on every point except one, and that was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the panels of the door outside. 'What presumption is this?' exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity: necessity has no law; and any more reverential knocking could have had no chance of being audible. The person outside was Mr. Commissioner Pig; and his business was to communicate a despatch of pressing importance which he had that moment received by express.

'First of all, gentlemen,' said the pursy commissioner, 'allow me to take breath:' and, seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead. Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grasp at it: 'Permit me, Mr. Pig,'—'No!' said Mr. Pig; 'it is the postscript only which concerns the council: wait one moment, and I will have the honor of reading it myself.' Thereupon he drew out his spectacles; and, adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows: 'We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible. His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remotest provinces of his new dominions immediately; he means to preserve the strictest incognito; and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, and will be attended only by one gentleman of the bed-chamber, viz. Mr. Von Hoax. The
carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain landau, the body painted dark blue; and for his highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course we need scarcely suggest to you, that if the principal hotel of your town should not be in comme-il-faut order, it will be proper to meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honor of his first visit; and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all the country turned upon you.'

'Doubtless: most important intelligence!' said the chairman; 'but who is your correspondent?'—'The old and eminent house of Wassermuller and Co.: and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay.'

'To be sure, to be sure: and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service.'

So said all the rest; for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old system of fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favor. To make the best use of this opportunity, however, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account, it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was on this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig, in his next sentence, made known that he must be paid for his loyalty. However, there was no remedy; and his demands were acceded to. For not only was Pig-house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion, but it was also known to be so in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read—at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of 'Treason!' was raised by a member; and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an arm-chair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him (which under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the bowstring or instant decapitation), and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first installment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. This oath, on the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, as also to the commissioner: which done, the council adjourned.

'Now, my dear creatures,' said the commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, 'without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner: in one half-hour let each and all be at work; and at work let them continue all day and all night.'
'At work! but what for? what for, Pig?'
'And, do you hear, as quickly as possible,' added Pig, driving them out of the room.
'But what for?' they both repeated, re-entering at another door.
Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the commissioner went on:—'and let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the—'
'The fiddlestick end, Mr. Pig. I insist upon knowing what all this is about.'
'No matter what, my darling. Sic volo, sic jubeo: stat pro ratione voluntas.'
'Hark you, Mr. Commissioner. Matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear then my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, the haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me this secret without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred!'

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr. Commissioner Pig; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His 'morals' gave way before 'his passions;' and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assaulted the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale: for before nightfall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child, in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the commissioner's news. Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality. Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the official news of the public journals. But then, on such occasions, the commissioner would exclaim, 'What then? Who would believe what newspapers say? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say.' Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of point-blank contradiction, uncereemoniously giving the lie to each other, he persisted in siding with the former: peremptorily refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe have long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipsic, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimera of politicians. 'Pure hypochondriacal fiction!' said he. 'No such affair could ever have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my
private letters: they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at once: none whatever.' Such being the character of the commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed, on reflection, to treat his recent communication as very questionable and apocryphal; amongst whom was the chairman or chief burgomaster; and the next day he walked over to Pig-house for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. 'I protest to you,' said he, 'that as a private individual I am fully satisfied: it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town-chest is miserably poor; and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council-table upon a false alarm. Upon my honor, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the sceptics.' The commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies. And indeed at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples: for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce, that the blue landau and the gentleman with the 'superb whiskers' had just passed through the north-gate. Yes: Fitz-Hum and Von Hoax were positively here: not coming, but come; and the profligate sceptic could no longer presume to doubt. For whilst the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright; and with him fled the shades of infidelity.

This was a triumph, a providential coup-de théâtre, on the side of the true believers; the orthodoxy of the Piggian Commercium Epistolicum was now for ever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy—not perfectly happy; something was still left to desire; something which reminded him that he was mortal. 'Oh! why,' said he, 'why, when such a cornucopia of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon; before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast-room—before the —' At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door; a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig's soliloquy; the steps were audibly let down; and the commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately, in order to do the honors of reception to his illustrious guest.

'No ceremony, I beg,' said the Count Fitz-Hum: 'for one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends!' So saying, he stretched out his hand to the commissioner; and though he did not shake Pig's hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance; whilst Pig, on his part, sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension for ever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum; and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.
The commissioner was beginning to apologize for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the count would not hear of it. 'Affection to my person,' said he, 'unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you; but for this night at least, I beseech you let us forget it.' And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that their dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign,—'Ah! what?' said the count, gaily, 'my dear commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these.' Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him; everything was right and delightful. Down went the little sofa-bed in a closet, which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high-breding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose was—At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies; and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at eleven o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air, at the same time bowing to the ladies, who sat on his right hand and left hand, and saying—'Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!' At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honor and happiness which were thus descending pleno imbre upon his family, and finding nothing left to wish for, but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

'Tears such as tender fathers shed' had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the commissioner; but before he retired to bed, he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honored by a long private interview with the count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say, his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr. Pig, should so long have remained unknown at court. 'I now see more than ever,' said he, 'the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito.' And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host. Upon this Pig wept copiously; and, upon retiring, being immediately hon-
ored by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his highness ever did these things by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace; the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word, nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labors, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city who was sleeping at the commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute. The drums awoke the count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window—bowing repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of 'Vivat Serenissimus!' ascended from the mob; amongst whom the count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service; the 'balance of five,' as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list—or, at least, not ready for 'all work,' though too loyal to decline a labor of love like the present. The count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of veteran troops. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words—'early promotion,' and 'order of merit.' In the transports of his gratitude, he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley; but this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and a deep premeditation were required; a considerable 'balance' of the gallant troops were not quite au fait in the art of loading, and a considerable 'balance' of the muskets not quite au fait in the art of going off. Men and muskets being alike veterans, the agility of youth was not to be expected of them; and the issue was—that only two guns did actually go off.

'But in commercial cities,' as the good-natured count observed to his host, 'a large discount must always be made on prompt payment.'

Breakfast now over; the bells of the churches were ringing; the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes; and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c. from the companies and guild of the city were forming into processions. First came the town council, with the chief burgomaster at their head: the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c. was naturally made the subject of a dutiful remonstrance; great was the joy with which the count's answer was received:—'On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council, that on his return to his capital his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a mea-
The Incognito; or, Count Fitz-Hum.

sure; and to take such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honor and dignity of the nation.' The council were then presented seriatim, and had all the honor of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading campanics; each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights and interests. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness—if the selfishness of the iron-trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoe-soles. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands—confining themselves to the request, that for the better encouragement of wigs a tax should be imposed on every man who wore his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations: a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hailstorms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail-stones were scandalously degenerated from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price; which was a base insinuation; all they wished for was, that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite: 'fullness of bread' being notoriously the root of jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d—— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors, the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his highness would 'lend him a thousand pounds.' The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate cases: for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favor.

The corporate bodies were now despatched; but such was the report of the prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept
crowding to the commissioner's house, and pressing for the honor of an audience. The commissioner represented to the mob, that his highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered, that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In this emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a ruse. He sent round a servant from the back-door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad-dog was ranging about the streets, and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered: the cry of 'mad dog' was set up; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade of the Pig-house was raised. Farewell, now, to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grands of the place had been present: all had now departed, delighted with the condescension of the count, and puzzled only on one point, viz. the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which however did but explain one riddle by another. The count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed such connexions; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested, that with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honor was too much for the commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harboring for one moment hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbied fresh courage; and, upon his re-ascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz. in opposing the wishes of his sovereign; and he joyfully gave his consent: upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company, who witnessed it, had the honor of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the commissioner's gate. 'A special messenger with despatches, no doubt,' said the count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box; and from a great body of papers which he said were merely petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers, he drew out and presented to the count a 'despatch from the Privy Council.' The count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.
'No bad news, I hope?' said the commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state affairs.

'No, no! none of any importance,' said the count, with great suavity; 'a little rebellion, nothing more,' smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

'Rebellion!' said Mr. Pig, loud: 'nothing more!' said Mr. Pig to himself. 'Why, what upon earth—'

'Yes, my dear sir, rebellion: a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe: truly unpleasant: and distressing to every well-regulated mind!'

'Distressing! ay, no doubt; and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of—'

'Oh, my dear sir!' interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gaiety, 'make yourself easy: nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigor, and well-timed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital: to-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field: so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay; for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient.'

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax, rolled up to the door: the count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were the words—'truly distressing,' and 'every well-constituted mind,' smiled most graciously on the whole company, pressed the commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival, stepped into the carriage, and in a few minutes 'the blue landau,' and the gentleman with 'superb whiskers' had vanished through the city gates.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, 'the rebellion' and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (especially fathers, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his serene highness was a great fool; but, as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meantime the commissioner presented his accounts to the council: they were of startling amount; and, although prompt payment seemed the most prudent measure towards the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the 'rebellion' suggested arguments for demurring a little. And accordingly the commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted ad deliberandum. On returning home, the commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax; this, he was first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on recollecting himself, 'No doubt,' said he, 'in times of rebellion ink is not safe: no doubt some important intelligence is concealed in this sheet of white
paper, which some mysterious chemical preparation must reveal.' So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an estafette, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion; and the longer the silence lasted so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state of affairs; and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following anecdote:

'A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough-town not a hundred miles from the little river P——. On the accession of our present gracious prince, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr. Von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bed-chamber to his late highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new sovereign. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W—— and Co., he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who betted against him. This agent bore the name of Von Hoax; and, by his report, the wager had been adjudged to Von Holster as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well; what follows, however, is still better. Some time ago a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital, had met with Mr. Von H., and had clandestinely formed an acquaintance which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman, however, had no fortune, or none which corresponded to the expectations of the lady's family. Under these circumstances, the lady (despairing in any other way of obtaining her father's consent) agreed, that in connexion with his scheme for winning the wager, he should attempt another, more interesting to them both: in pursuance of which arrangement, he contrived to fix himself under his princely incognito at the very house of Mr. Commissioner P., the father of his mistress; and the result is, that he has actually married her with the entire approbation of her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto, remains, however, to be seen. Certain it is, that for the present, until the prince's pleasure can be taken, Mr. Von Holster has been committed to prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign.'

Thus far the newspaper:—however, in a few days, all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr. Von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had not personated his serene highness. On the contrary, he had given him-
self out both before and after his entry into the town for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum; and it was they, the good people of that town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince; if they would kiss his hand, was it for him, an humble individual of no pretensions, arrogantly to refuse? If they would make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself rudely to refuse to listen or to answer, when the greatest kings (as was notorious) always attended and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry, the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but, when the narrator came to the final article of the 'rebellion,' (under which sounding title a friend of Von Holster's had communicated to him a general plot amongst his creditors for seizing his person) the good-natured prince laughed so immoderately, that it was easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince, Von H. had established some claims, upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis. Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favor to Von H., could not fail to pacify the 'rebels' against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr. Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved of. His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar, and there also it was, that upon hearing of the total extinction of the 'rebellion,' he drowned all scruples for a second time.

The town of—has, however, still occasion to remember the blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which they are now and then called on to parry upon that subject. Doctor B——, in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered 100 dollars to the man who should notify to him his appointment to the place of court physician, has been obliged solemnly to advertise in the gazette for the information of the wits in the capital, 'that he will not consider himself bound to that promise; seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment that it would quite beggar him to pay for them at that rate.' With respect to the various petitioners, the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, &c., they all maintain, that though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet, undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment, that he well deserved to have been a true one.
JOHN WILSON, Esq.

Professor Wilson!—What can be said of Professor Wilson worthy of his various merits?—Nothing. Were we to reprint Lockhart's graphic account of him in Peter's Letters, it would not tell half his fame. A poet who, after having had the calamity of obtaining Oxford prizes, and incurred the misfortune of being praised by the Edinburgh Review for some juvenile indiscretions in the way of rhyme, wrote the City of the Plague, which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age, and which all real critics put higher than his poetical Lordship's best productions in the way of Tragedy;—a moral Professor, who 'dings down' the fame of Dugald Stewart—a paltry triumph we own, if truly considered, over a small person, but a triumph of no trivial moment if the voice of Edinburgh be counted of any avail,—an orator who, sober or convivial, morning or evening, can pour forth gushes of eloquence the most stirring, and fun the most rejoicing;—a novelist, who has chosen a somewhat peculiar department, but who in his Lights and Shadows, &c. &c. gives forth continually fine touches of original thought, and bursts of real pathos;—a sixteen stoner, who has tried it, without the gloves, with the Game Chicken, and got none the worse;—a coocker, a racer, a six bottler, a twenty-four tumblerer—an out-and-outer—a true, upright, knocking-down, poetical, prosaic, moral, professorial, hard-drinking, fierce-eating, good-looking, honorable, and straight-forward Tory. Let us not forget, that he has leapt twenty-seven feet in a standing leap, on plain ground!—[Byron never ceased boasting of the petty feat of swimming three or four miles with the tide, as something wondrous. What is it to Wilson's leaping?]—a gipsy, a magaziner, a wit, a six-foot-club man, an unflinching Ultra in the worst of times!—In what is he not great?

'Show this to Wilson,' says the said Lord Byron, in one of his letters published by that respectable gentleman, Thomas Moore, 'show this to Wilson, for I like the man, and care little for his magazine.' Lord B. wrote this under the impression that Wilson was the editor of Blackwood; and as common fame agrees with his Lordship's conjecture, we have ventured to affix to the Professor's portrait, the title of Christopher North. We hope he will not be angry with us for so doing, because it is done honoris causa, as Sir C. Wetherell would say. Who is there that does not distinguish the Professor's hand amid the adjoining Balaam, and rejoice over the mingled mirth and melancholy, the humor and poetry, the eloquence and buffoonery, the gravity and the gaiety of those fitful
productions which, under one strange name or another, gleam forth every now and then in brilliant contrast with the lack lustre and miserable paste by which they are surrounded.

In the annexed Plate, he is depicted as he appears in his countryman Macdonald's admirable statue. Perhaps other positions less severe and stony might be more characteristic, but we had no objection that the picture of the poet should call attention to the works of the statuary. In the back ground are seen the University, of which Wilson is the most distinguished ornament—a fistic contest, such as his Boxiana sketches have embalmed—and the rudiments of a cock-fight which, coming under the general head of 'Varment,' falls within the province of his frolic pen. The Professor's wig, and the crutch of the rheumatic Mr. North, have their appropriate place in the picture; and if our readers regret that we have found no room for a symbol, emblematic of his tragedy, in our plate, they will, in all probability, have found plague enough in getting through our illustrative letter-press. Farewell!—

'Hae dictans rapit in fluctibus urbis,
Propino pocium, Wilsone care, tibi!'

EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS.*

Mr. Mac Farlane most truly observes, that 'there are few subjects that interest us more generally than the adventures of robbers and banditti. In our infancy they awaken and rivet our attention as much as the best fairy tales; and when our happy credulity in all things is woefully abated, and our faith in the supernatural fled, we still retain our taste for the adventurous deeds and wild lives of brigands. Neither the fulness of years nor the maturity of experience and worldly wisdom can render us insensible to tales of terror such as fascinated our childhood, nor preserve us from a 'creeping of the flesh' as we read or listen to the narrative containing the daring exploits of some robber-chief, his wonderful address, his narrow escapes, and his prolonged crimes, seated by our own peaceful hearth.'

This taste will be amply gratified by a perusal of these volumes, which are full of perilous adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and shocking murders; and we have only to entreat that our readers will not peruse the following extracts till after dark, that

they may have the full benefit of the horrors we are about to lay before them.

_Hungarian Horse-dealer._— On the third night after his departure from Vienna, he stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal he was asked whence he came; and when he had said from Vienna, all present were anxious to know the news. The host told them all he knew. The host then inquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards. When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested to be shown to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a little yard at the back of the house to a detached building, which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for an Hungarian hostler. In the inner of these rooms was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosed the girdle round his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly, he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgivings as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep. He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when his head like that of an open window, and the next moment a robust fellow dropped into the room, and after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse-dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once,—his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding-place, and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting-place instead of the bed of which he had been dispossessed in so singular a manner; but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps cross it—it then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host and the other his son, appeared on its threshold. "Leave the light where it is," whispered the host, "or it may disturb him and give us trouble." "There is no fear of that," said the younger man; also in a whisper, "we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—"
he is dead asleep! hear how he snores!" "Do any bidding," said the old man sternly; "would you have him wake and rouse the neighborhood with his screams?" As it was the horror-stricken dealer, under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them to screen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bed-side, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent by an increase of weight caused by one or both the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. To the bosom of this awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, "He is finished—I have cut him across the throat—take the money, I saw him put it under his bolster."
"I have it, here it is," said the son: "a purse and a pocket-book." The traveller was then relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation; and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light, and disappeared altogether from the apartment. No sooner were they fairly gone than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch, who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted him with all that had happened. In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate, and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants and the night-watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death; but as the party went round to the stables they heard a noise: cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the out-houses, the magistrate, with the traveller and some half-dozen armed men, ran to the stable-door: this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave. The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on bothaty source was intense: he was borne; they shrieked, and threw themselves on the ground; and though they were immediately seized by hard gripping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbors, denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the harder villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly; but, at length rising, he said to those who held him, "Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!" The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust. "You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate; he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm." On this the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which, when he had done, the villain exclaimed, "I am no murderer! Who says I am a murderer?"
"That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there. Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room; but when they saw by the lamps the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out, "How is this! who is this! and rushed together to the bed-side. The lights were lowered; their rays fell full upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head, and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed, and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, "My son! I have killed mine own son!" also found
a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next
minute the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who
was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and
the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and a father, ran to
the apartment, and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors
by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest town-people. She
had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her hus-
band's shriek, and was now herself shrieking and frantic carried back into the
inn by main force. The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the
town gaol, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it
appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the land-
lord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than ha-
bitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had
believed him, he had stolen out of the house, and joined a party of carousers in
the town: of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence; and two of them
deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dressing his
father's wrath, should he rouse the house in such a state, and at that late hour,
had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached
apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two had
accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window: The deceased had
reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it,
but drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back; they had then some difficulty
in inducing him to climb again, for, in the caprice of intoxication, he said he
would rather go sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effect-
ted his entrance; and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes.
The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the
crime. They had confessed every thing, and restored to the horse-dealer the
gold and the paper-money they had concealed, and which had led them to do a
deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated.'

The Spanish Brigand is a story communicated by Mr. Brook-
edon, and will be a relief to the last.

'A short time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII.,
whose conduct made many of the loose guerrilla parties continue out in the coun-
try as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town,
at the foot of the Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up
his lodgings for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure, and of a
sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance,
the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted
by his frank, spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready,
the two had established that sort of traveller-intimacy which is not perhaps the
less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties, in all proba-
bility never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it
together, each, apparently, anxious to know more of the other. They conversed
together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the
sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be
time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former
frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the
morrow. The English merchant replied across the Sierra Morena, and indicated
the road he meant to take. The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry
for this, as he had reasons to suspect that that very road at that very moment was
beset by robbers, from whose numbers and activity there was no escape. The
Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs
that called him towards Madrid were urgent. "But cannot you stay where you
are a day or two?" replied the Spaniard; "by that time they may have shifted
their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them." The
Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that
he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to
do so. "But, my good Senor," replied the Spaniard, "you will not cross the
mountains to-morrow without being robbed, take my word for that!" "Well if it must be so, let them rob me," said the English merchant; "I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and unresisting man!"

"They have never been accustomed so to act—let it be said to the honor of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins," replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself. The Englishman was beginning to call up one of the servants of the posada, to shew him to his resting-place, when his companion, raising his hand said: "Holla, Senor, not yet! listen:"

and he continued in an under-tone, "It was my fortune, some time since to have to cross the Sierra Morena alone like you; it was occupied then as now by the Salteadores; but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he had rendered the captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which should cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety." "A much better thing than a king's passport," said the astonished Englishman. "Pray what was it? and did it succeed?" "It was only a button," replied the Spaniard; "it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm—I will give it you, here it is." After searching in his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously flagged silver button, and placed it in the hand of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and to present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra. "But where you really attacked on your journey?" inquired the merchant. "The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all," said the Spaniard; "but ask no more questions, and take care of the button! to-morrow you will see whether it has lost its charm." With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was not until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. He rode before him, and the mule by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stepped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollection were disturbed, and he put his hand in his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind, and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the Salteadores were stopped at once, as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreated his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the merchant with the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they shewing him every possible attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape without the charmed button. At length they came to a low, solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for rocks that seemed never to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loath, he dismounted, and turned to the door, when his companion at the posada of the preceding evening—the donor of the magical button, met him on the threshold, with the words and gestures of an hospitable welcome. His dress was changed—he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet embroidered with gold; but the Englishman recognised his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend. "I got here before you," said the captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, "and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain, that what I gave you last night would bring you in safety under my roof." The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit's dishes were savoury and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say how astonished he was that a person of his host's manners, and one capable of such kind and generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life. The robber drew
his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said, "These are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the royal court, and the offices of government, and honest patriots are driven to the high way. As a guerrilla, I shed my blood for my country; for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter—this is no business of yours. I met you, liked your manners, and have saved you!—that is enough! say no more!" The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The captain who recovered his good humor, told him he should have an escort yet a little further, and be put in the route he wished to follow. The merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it. "You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again," said he, "and whoever has the button to produce will be respected as you have been respected! Go with God! and say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adios!" The merchant's farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigands, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain's strict commands against this—they would not accept a red, but left him, wishing him a happy journey. Some time—I believe some years after this adventure—the English merchant heard with deep regret that the Spanish robber-chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death.'

The Bandit's Test. —'A young man who had been several years an outlaw, on the violent death of the chief of the troop he belonged to, aspired to the Capo bandito in his stead. He had gone through his novitiate with honor, he had shown both cunning and courage in his calling as brigand, but the supremacy of the band was disputed with him by others, and the state of the times bade the robbers be specially careful as to whom they elected for their leader. He must be the strongest-nerve fellow of the set! The ambitions candidate offered to give any, even the most dreadful proof of his strength of nerve; and a monster among his companions proposed he should go to his native village and murder a young girl to whom he had been formerly attached. 'I will do it,' said the ruffian, who at once departed on his infernal mission. When he reached the village, he dared not present himself, having begun his crimes there by murdering a comrade: he skulked behind an old stone fountain, outside of the village, until near sunset, when the women came forth with their copper vases on their heads to get their supplies of water at the fountain. His mistress came carelessly gossiping with the rest. He could have shot her with his rifle, but he was afraid of pursuit, and wanted some time to secure and carry off a bloody trophy. He therefore remained quiet; only hoping that she might loiter behind the rest. She however, was one of the first to balance her vessel of water on her head, and to take the path to the village, whither all the gossips soon followed her. What was now to be done? He was determined to go through the ordeal and consummate the hellish crime. A child went by the fountain whistling. He laid down his rifle, as not to alarm the little villagers, and presenting himself to him, gave him the reliquary he had worn round his neck for years, and which was well known to his mistress, and told him to run with it to her, and tell her an old friend desired to speak with her at the fountain. The child took the reliquary, and a piece of silver which the robber gave him on his vowing by the Madonna to say nothing about the matter in the village before one hour of the night, and ran on to the village. The robber then retired behind the old fountain, taking his rifle in his hand, and keeping a sharp look out, lest his mistress should betray him, or not come alone. But the affectionate girl who might have loved him still, in spite of his guilt, who might have hoped to render him succor on some urgent need, or, perhaps, to hear that he was penitent and anxious to return to society, went alone and met him at the fountain, where, as the bells of the village church were tolling the Ave Maria, her lover met her, and stabbed her to the heart! The monster then cut off her head, and ran away with it to join the brigands, who were obliged to own, that after such a deed and such a proof as he produced, he was worthy to be their chief.'
We continued our cruise along the coast, until we had run down into the Bay of Arcapon, where we captured two or three vessels, and obliged many more to run on shore. And here we had an instance how very important it is that a captain of a man of war should be a good sailor, and have his ship in such discipline as to be strictly obeyed by his ship's company. I heard the officers unanimously assert, after the danger was over, that nothing but the presence of mind which was shown by Captain Savage, could have saved the ship and her crew. We had chased a convoy of vessels to the bottom of the bay: the wind was very fresh when we hauled off, after running them on shore, and the surf on the beach even at that time was so great, that they were certain to go to pieces before they could be got afloat again. We were obliged to double reef the topsails as soon as we hauled to the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In an hour afterwards, the whole sky was covered with one black cloud, which sunk so low, as nearly to touch our mast heads, and a tremendous sea, which appeared to have risen up almost by magic, rolled in upon us, setting the vessel on a dead lee shore. As the night closed in, it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried with the press of canvas which she was obliged to carry, for had we sea room, we should have been lying to, under storm staysails; but we were forced to carry on at all risks, that we might clear off the shore. The seas broke over as we lay in the trough, deluging us with water from the forecastle aft, to the binnacles; and very often as the ship descended with a plunge, it was with such force, that I really thought she would divide in half with the violence of the shock. Double brecchings were rove on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles, and strong cleats nailed behind the trunnions, for we heeled over so much when we lurched, that the guns were wholly supported by the brecchings and tackles, and had one of them broke loose, it must have broke right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant, and most of the officers, remained on deck during the whole of the night; and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the washing of the water about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the cracking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that we must inevitably be lost; and I said my prayers at least a dozen times during the night, for I felt it impossible to go to bed. I had often wished, out of curiosity, that I might be in a gale of wind, but I little thought it was to have been a scene of this description, or anything half so dreadful. What made it more appalling was, that we were on a lee shore, and the consultations of the captain and officers, and the eagerness with which they looked out for daylight, told us that we had other dangers to encounter besides the storm. At last the morning broke, and the look-out man upon the gangway, called out, 'Land on the lee beam.' I perceived the master dash his fist against the hammock rails, as if with vexation, and walk away without saying a word, and looking very grave.

'Up, there, Mr. Wilson,' said the captain, to the second lieutenant, 'and see how far the land trends forward, and whether you can distinguish the

* Continued from p. 347.
point. The second lieutenant went up the main rigging, and pointed with his hand to about two points before the beam. 'Do you see two hillocks in land?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the second lieutenant.

'Then it is so,' observed the captain to the master, 'and if we weather it, we shall have more sea room. 'Keep her full, and let her go through the water; do you hear, quarter-master?'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'Thus, and no nearer, my man. Ease her with a spoke or two when she sends; but be careful, or she'll take the wheel out of your hands.'

It really was a very awful sight. When the ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low, sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers. 'She behaves nobly,' observed the captain, stepping aft to the binnacle, and looking at the compass; 'if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather.' The captain had scarcely time to make the observation, when the sails shivered and flapped like thunder.

'Up with the helm: what are you about, quarter-master?'

'The wind has headed us, sir,' replied the quarter-master, coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass, and when the sails were again full, she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

'We must wear her round, Mr. Falcon. Hands, wear ship—ready, oh, ready.'

'She has come up again,' cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

'Hold fast there a minute. How's her head now?'

'N. N. E., as she was before she broke off, sir.'

'Pipe belay,' said the captain. 'Falcon,' continued he, 'if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed, there is so little room now, that I must run the risk. Which cable was ranged last night—the best bower?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Jump down, then, and see it double bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done—our lives may depend upon it.'

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. 'Luff now, all you can, quarter-master,' cried the captain. 'Send the men aft directly. My lads, there is no time for words—I am going to club haw! the ship, for there is no time to wear. The only chance you have of safety, is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking the ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates, ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence there, fore and aft. Quarter-master, keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.'

About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence.
Peter Simple.

to the quarter-master at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and choppings as the sails were spilling.

When she had lost her way, the captain gave the order, 'Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon,' said the captain. Not a word was spoken, the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore, and among the breakers, in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain said that he would haul all the yards at once, there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon; and I was afterwards told, that he had not agreed with the captain, but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark; and the event proved that the captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise, that I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock rails, holding by the main rigging, ordered the helm a-midships, looked full at the sails, and then at the cable, which grew broad upon the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, 'Cut away the cable.' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave, which struck us on the chess tree, and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

'My lads,' said the captain to the ship's company, 'you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly, that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr. Falcon, splice the main-brace, and call the watch. How's her head, quarter-master?'

'S. W. by S., Southerly, sir.'

'Very well; let her go through the water;' and the captain beckoning to the master to follow him, went down into the cabin. As our immediate danger was over, I went down into the berth to see if I could get anything for breakfast, where I found O'Brien and two or three more.

'By the powers, it was as nate a thing as ever I saw done,' observed O'Brien; 'the slightest mistake as to time or management, and at this moment the flat fish would have been dabbing at our ugly carcasses. Peter, you're not fond of flat fish, are you, my boy? We may thank heaven and the captain, I can tell you that, my lads; but now, where's the chart, Robinson. Hand me down the parallel, rules and compasses, Peter—they are in the corner of the shelf. Here we are now, a devilish sight too near this infernal point. Who knows how her head is?'

'I do, O'Brien; I heard the quarter-master tell the captain, S. W. by S., Southerly.'

Let me see,' continued O'Brien, 'variation 2 1-4—lee way,—rather too large an allowance of that, I'm afraid; but however, we'll give her 2 1-2 points; the Diomedes would blush to make any more, under any circumstances. Here—the compass—now we'll see;' and O'Brien advanced the parallel rule from the compass to the spot where the ship was placed on the chart. 'Bother you see it's as much as she'll do to weather the other point now, on this tack, and that's what the captain meant when he told us we had more difficulty. I could have taken my Bible oath that we were clear of everything, if the wind held.'
'See what the distance is, O'Brien,' said Robinson. 'It was measured and proved to be thirteen miles. 'Only thirteen miles; and if we do weather, we shall do very well, for the bay is deep beyond. It's a rocky point, you see, just by way of variety. Well, my lads, I've a piece of comfort for you, any how. It's not long that you'll be kept in suspense, for by one o'clock this day, you'll either be congratulating each other upon your good luck, or you'll be past praying for. Come, put up the chart, for I hate to look at melancholy prospects; and steward, see what you can find in the way of comfort. Some bread and cheese, with the remains of yesterday's boiled pork, were put on the table, with a bottle of rum, procured at the time they "spliced the main-brace;" but we were all too anxious to eat much, and one by one returned on deck, to see how the weather was, and if the wind at all favored us. On deck the superior officers were in conversation with the captain, who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our berth. The men who knew what they had to expect—for this sort of intelligence is soon communicated through a ship—were assembled in knots, looking very grave, but at the same time not wanting in confidence. They knew that they could trust to the captain, as far as skill or courage could avail them, and sailors are too sanguine to despair, even at the last moment. As for myself, I felt such admiration for the captain, after what I had witnessed that morning, that whenever the idea came over me, that in all probability I should be lost in a few hours, I could not help acknowledging how much more serious it was that such a man should be lost to his country. I do not intend to say that it consoled me; but it certainly made me still more regret the chances with which we were threatened.

Before twelve o'clock, the rocky point which we so much dreaded, was in sight, broad on the lee bow; and if the low, sandy coast appeared terrible, how much more did this, even at a distance: the black masses of rock covered with foam, which each minute dashed up in the air higher than our lower mast heads. The captain eyed it for some minutes in silence, as if in calculation.

'Mr. Falcon,' said he, at last, 'we must put the mainsail on her.'

'She never can bear, sir.'

'She must bear it,' was the reply. 'Send the men aft to the main sheet. See that careful men attend the battlines.'

The mainsail was set, and the effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under the water, and when pressed by a sea, the lee side of the quarter-deck and gangway were afloat. She now reminded me of a goaded and fiery horse, mad with the stimulus applied; not rising as before, but forcing herself through whole seas, and dividing the waves, which poured in one continual torrent from the forecastle down upon the decks below. Four men were secured to the wheel—the sailors were obliged to cling, to prevent being washed away—the ropes were thrown in confusion to leeward—the shot rolled out of the locker, and every eye was fixed aloft, watching the masts, expected every moment to go over the side. A heavy sea struck us on the broadside, and it was some moments before the ship appeared to recover herself; she reeled, trembled, and stopped her way as if it had stupified her. The first lieutenant looked at the captain, as if to say, 'This will not do.' 'It is our only chance,' answered the captain, to the appeal. That the ship went faster through the water, and held a better wind, was certain; but just before we arrived at the point, the gale increased in force. 'If anything starts we are lost, sir,' observed the first lieutenant again.

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I am perfectly aware of it,' replied the captain, in a calm tone; 'but as I said before, and you must now be aware, it is our only chance. The consequence of any carelessness or neglect in the fitting and securing of the rigging, will be felt now; and this danger, if we escape it, ought to remind us how much we have to answer for if we neglect our duty. The lives of a whole ship's company may be sacrificed by the neglect or incompetence of an officer when in harbor. I will pay you the compliment, Falcon, to say, that I feel convinced that the masts of this ship are as secure as knowledge and attention can make them.'

The first lieutenant thanked the captain for his good opinion, and hoped it would not be the last compliment which he paid him.

'I hope not too; but a few minutes will decide the point.'

The ship was now within two cables' lengths of the rocky point; some few of the men I observed to clasp their hands, but most of them were silently taking off their jackets, and kicking off their shoes, that they might not lose a chance of escape provided the ship struck. 'TWill be touch and go indeed, Falcon,' observed the captain, (for I had clung to the belaying-pins, close to them, for the last half hour, that the mainsail had been set.) 'Come aft, you and I must take the helm. We shall want nerve there, and only there, now.'

The captain and first lieutenant went aft, and took the fore spokes of the wheel, and O'Brien, at a sign made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind him. An old quarter-master kept his station at the fourth. The roaring of the seas on the rocks, with the howling of the wind were dreadful; but the sight was more dreadful than the noise. For a few moments I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again. As near as I could judge, we were not twenty yards from the rocks, at the time that the ship passed abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam, which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them, and careened with the wave, I thought that our mainyard-arm would have touched the rock: and at this moment a gust of wind came on, which laid the ship on her beam-ends, and checked her progress through the water, while the accumulated noise was deafening. A few moments more the ship dragged on, another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks, while the spray was dashed back from them, and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam ends, the foresail and mainsail split, and were blown clean out of the boltropes, the ship righted, trembling fore and aft. I looked astern; the rocks were to windward on our quarter, and we were safe. I thought at the time, that the ship, relieved of her courses, and again lifting over the waves, was not a bad simile of the relief felt by us all at that moment; and, like her, we trembled as we panted with the sudden re-action, and felt the removal of the intense anxiety which oppressed our breasts.

The captain resigned the helm, and walked aft to look at the point, which was now broad on the weather quarter. In a minute or two, he desired Mr. Falcon to get new sails up and bend them, and then went below to his cabin. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance; I did most fervently, not only then, but when I went to my hammock at night. We were now comparatively safe, in a few hours, completely so; for strange to say, immediately after we had weathered the rocks, the gale abated, and before morning we had a reef out of the topsails. It was my forenoon watch, and perceiving Mr. Chucks on the forecastle, I went forward to him, and asked him what he thought of it.
'Thought of it, sir!' replied he. 'Why I always think bad of it, when the elements won't allow my whistle to be heard; and I consider it hardly fair play. I never care if we are left to our own exertions; but how is it possible for a ship's company to do their best, when they cannot hear the boatswain's pipe? However, God be thanked, nevertheless, and make better Christians of us all! As for that carpenter, he is mad; just before we weathered the point, he told me that it was just the same 27,600 and odd years ago. I do believe that on his death-bed, (and he was not far from a very hard one yesterday,) that he will tell us how he died so many thousand years ago, of the same complaint. And that gunner of ours is a fool. Would you believe it, Mr. Simple, he went crying about the decks, "O my poor guns! what will become of them, if they break loose!" He appeared to consider it of no consequence if the ship and ship's company were all lost, provided that his guns were safe landed on the beach. 'Mr. Dispart,' said I, at last, 'allow me to observe in the most delicate way in the world, that you're a d----d old fool.' You see, Mr. Simple, it's the duty of an officer to generalize, and be attentive to parts, in consideration of the safety of the whole. I look after my anchors and cables, as I do after the rigging; not that I care for any of them in particular, but because the safety of a ship depends upon her being well found. I might just as well cry because we sacrificed an anchor and cable yesterday morning, to save the ship from going on shore."

'Very true, Mr. Chucks,' replied I. 'Private feelings, continued he, 'must always be sacrificed for public service. As you know, the lower deck was full of water, and all our cabins and chests were afloat; but I did not think then about my shirt, and look at them now, all blowing out in the fore rigging, without a part'cle of starch left in the collars or the frills. I shall not be able to appear as an officer ought to do for the whole of the cruise.'

As he said this, the cooper, going forward, passed by him, and jostled him in passing. 'Beg pardon, sir,' said the man, 'but the ship lurch-ed.'

'The ship lurched, did it?' replied the boatswain, who, I am afraid was not in the best of humors about his wardrobe. 'And pray, Mr. Cooper, why has Heaven granted you two legs, with joints at the knees, except to enable you to counteract the horizontal deviation? Do you suppose they were meant for nothing but to work round a cask with? Hark, sir, did you take me for a post to scrub your pig's hide against? Allow me just to observe, Mr. Cooper—just to insinuate, that when you pass an officer, it is your duty to keep at a respectable distance, and not to soil his clothes with your rusty iron jacket. Do you comprehend me, sir; or will this make you recollect it in future?' The rattan was raised, and descended in a shower of blows, until the cooper made his escape into the head. 'There, take that, you contaminating, stove-dubbing, gimlet-carrying quintessence of a bung-hole! I beg your pardon, Mr. Simple, for interrupting the conversation, but when duty calls we must obey.'

'Very true, Mr. Chucks. It's now striking seven bells, and I must call the master—so good bye.'

A few days afterwards, a cutter joined us from Plymouth; with orders for the frigate to proceed forthwith to Gibraltar, where we should learn our destination. We were all very glad of this; for we had quite enough of cruising in the Bay of Biscay; and as we understood that we were to be stationed in the Mediterranean, we hoped to exchange gales of wind
and severe weather, for fine breezes and a bright sky. The cutter brought
out our letters and newspapers. I never felt more happy than I did
when I found one put into my hands. It is necessary to be far from
home and friends, to feel the real delight of receiving a letter. I went
down into the most solitary place in the steerage, that I might enjoy it
without interruption. I cried with pleasure before I opened it; but I
cried a great deal more with grief, after I had read the contents—for my
eldest brother Tom was dead of a typhus fever. Poor Tom! when I
called to mind what tricks he used to play me—how he used to bor-
row my money and never pay me—and how he used to thrash me, and
make me obey him, because he was my eldest brother,—I shed a torrent
of tears at his loss; and then I reflected how miserable my poor mother
must be, and I cried still more.

"What's the matter, spooney?" said O'Brien, coming up to me.

"Who has been licking you now?"

"Oh, nobody," replied I; "but my eldest brother Tom is dead, and I
have only one other about three years old."

"Well, Peter, I dare say that your brother was a very good brother;
but I'll tell you a secret. When you've lived long enough to have
a beard to scrape at, you'll know better than to make a fuss about an el-
der brother. But you're a good, innocent boy just now, so I won't
thrash you for it. Come, dry your eyes, Peter, and never mind it.
We'll drink his health and the long life to him after supper, and then never
think any more about it."

I was very melancholy for a few days; but it was so delightful run-
ning down the Portuguese and Spanish coasts, the weather was so warm,
and the sea so smooth, that I am afraid I forgot my brother's death so-
oner than I ought to have done; but my spirits were cheered up, and the
novelty of the scene prevented me from thinking. Every one, too, was
so gay and happy, that I could not well be otherwise. In a fortnight we
anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and the ship was stripped to refit. There
was so much duty to be done, that I did not like to ask to go on shore.
Indeed, Mr. Falcon had refused some of my messmates, and I thought
it better not to ask, although I was very anxious to see a place which
was considered so extraordinary. One afternoon, I was looking over
the gangway as the people were at supper, and Mr. Falcon came up to
me and said, "Well, Mr. Simple, what are you thinking of?" I replied,
touching my hat, that I was wondering how they had cut out the solid
rock into galleries, and that they must be very curious.

"That is to say that you are very curious to see them. Well, then,
since you have been very attentive to your duty, and have not asked to
go on shore, I will give you leave to go to-morrow morning, and stay
till gun-fire."

I was very much pleased at this, as the officers had a general invitation
to dine with the mess, and all who could obtain leave being requested to
come, I was enabled to join the party. The first lieutenant had excused
himself on the plea of there being so much to attend to on board; but
most of the gun-room officers and some of the midshipmen obtained
leave. We walked about the town and fortifications until dinner-time,
and then we proceeded to the barracks. The dinner was very good, and
we were all very merry; but after the desert had been brought in, I
slipped away with a young ensign, who took me all over the galleries
and explained everything to me, which was a much better way of em-
ploying my time than as the others did, which the reader will acknowl-
edge. I was at the sally-port before gun-fire—the boat was there, but no officers made their appearance. The gun fired, the drawbridge was hauled up, and I was afraid that I should be blamed; but the boat was not ordered to shove off, as it was waiting for commissioned officers. About an hour afterwards, when it was quite dark, the sentry pointed his arms and challenged a person advancing with 'Who comes there?'—'Naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow,' was the reply, in a loud singing voice. Upon which the sentry recovered his arms, singing in return, 'Pass, naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow—and all's well!' and then appeared a soldier in his fatigue dress, wheeling down the third lieutenant in a wheel-barrow, so tipsy that he could not stand or speak. Then the sentry challenged again, and the answer was, 'Another naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow,' upon which the sentry replied as before, 'Pass, another naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow—and all's well.' This was my friend O'Brien, almost as bad as the third lieutenant; and so they continued for ten minutes, challenging and passing, until they wheeled down the remainder of the party, with the exception of the second lieutenant, who walked arm in arm with the officer who brought down the order for lowering the drawbridge. I was much shocked, for I considered it very disgraceful; but I afterwards was told, which certainly admitted of some excuse, that the mess were notorious for never permitting any of their guests to leave the table sober. They were all safely put into the boat, and I am glad to say the first lieutenant was in bed and did not see them; but I could not help acknowledging the truth of an observation made by one of the men, as the officers were handed into the boat, 'I say, Bill, if 'em were we, what a precious twisting we should get to-morrow at six bells!'
STOCK IN TRADE OF MODERN POETESSES.

Lonely shades, and murmuring founts;
Limpid streams, and azure mounts;
Rocks and caverns, ocean's roar;
Waves whose surges lashed the shore;
Moons, that silver radiance shed,
When the vulgar are 'a-bed;'
Stars and planets shining high,
Make one feel 'twere bliss to die;
Twilight's soft mysterious light;
Suns whose rays are 'all' too bright;
Wither'd hopes, and faded flowers,
 Beauties pining in their bower;
Broken harps, and untuned lyres;
Lutes neglected, unquench'd fires;
Vultures pecking at the heart,
Leaving owner scarce a part;
Doves that, frighted from the breast,
Seek in vain some sweeter rest;
Feather'd songsters of the grove,
Warbling notes of joy and love;
Hearts a prey to dark despair,
Why, or how, we hardly care;
Pale disease feeds on the cheek,
Health how feeble—head how weak—
Bursting tear and endless sigh—
Query, can she tell us why?
Pallid nymphs with fronts of snow,
Ebon locks with graceful flow;
Lips of rose leaves tender dyes,
Eyes that mock cerulean skies;
And a foot too which may pass
Over, yet not bend, the grass.
Next an hero, with an air—
Half a brigand—half Corsair;
Dark, mysterious in his life,
Dreadful in the battle's strife;
Vice and virtue in his breast,
War for empire—banish rest—
Raving still of glory—fame—
While dishonor marks his name;
Loving one, and only one—
Though he had that one undone;
A Macedoine of good and evil,
One part hero—three parts devil:
Quite an Admirable Crichton
Is the hero all now write on.—
This now is all the stock in trade
With which a modern poem's made.
VARIETY.

Sir Walter Scott.—A subscription has been opened at Glasgow for the erection of a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott in that city. Above a thousand pounds was immediately put down.

Cape de Verd Islands.—Among the uncommon phenomena of nature which have been observed during the few last years, we have to mention the almost utter failure of vegetation this season in the Cape de Verd Islands; alas, how ill applied a name! There has been no rain, and the drought has dried up everything of the earth's produce, from the lowly blade of grass to the leaf of the lofty tree. It is four years since the rains were copious enough; and the aggravated evil is now witnessed in the animals perishing, and the natives (in number from 60,000 to 70,000) in a state of famine.

Literature in Germany.—The last number of the general catalogue of books, published every six months at Leipzig, contains 2,922 new publications; and as the foregoing number of the catalogue has but 930 works fewer, the sum of the books published last year in Germany amounts to 4004! which number surpasses that of the yearly publications of England and France taken collectively.

Synopsis of Stenography.—Stenography, if we may judge from the frequent receipt of productions in that way, must be very sedulously cultivated by a number of professors. The present performance is on the face of a large sheet, by Mr. Sigston, of Leeds, has a portrait of the king, to whom it is dedicated, and contains an alphabet, rules, specimens of writing, &c. &c. The plan seems to be simple and useful.

The United Kingdom.—Among the efforts to attract popularity, to which, amid the rival contentions of periodical journals, the emulous often resort, by giving portraits, political tables, prints, extra sheets, &c. &c. to their readers, we have been struck with an ingenious device adopted by The United Kingdom newspaper, namely the presentation, to every subscriber of three months' standing, of a capital map of London, worth, we should think, more than the amount of their subscription. It is extremely well executed on a scale of above 54 inches by 20; and bordered with engravings of 35 of the principal buildings of the metropolis.

The Lady's Penny Gazette.—No. 1. has just reached us with three ladies, a cap, and a bonnet, at the top of the title-page, all of a row; and music and finery besides in other pages. We daresay it is a nice lady's bargain, but must consult some female oracle before we commit ourselves.

Captain Skinner, who was lately drowned off Holyhead, served in the navy with great distinction, and having lost an arm and an eye in the service, he was appointed to a packet, and resided at Holyhead, where his hospitality unbounded charity, and kindness of heart, won him the affection of all who came within his circle. Captain Skinner
was always chosen to convey the Viceroy to and from Ireland, and had the honor of rendering the same duty to the late King, who expressed himself highly pleased with his urbanity and attention. Captain Skinner was brother to Lady Nugent, wife of General Sir George Nugent, who with a numerous circle of relations and friends, deplore his death.

**Countess of Jersey.**—The sentiments of Lord Byron relative to the personal attractions of the Countess of Jersey (as expressed in his "Condolatory Address to her Ladyship, on the Prince Regent's returning her picture to Mrs. Mee") corresponds perfectly with that of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who declared that the Countess of Jersey was the only lady he had seen, in his triumphal march, who came up to his preconceived ideal of beauty. It is no mean praise to have won the meed of loveliness from the greatest Poet and the greatest Sovereign of her day. We may add, that the purity of her life is more universally acknowledged than that of her charms; as on the latter, the diversity of tastes might give rise to different notions, but, on the former, there can be but one opinion.

**The Jews.**—It is stated in the *Anglo-Germanic Advertiser* (but we know not if on sufficient authority, or merely a rumor picked up from an eastern attendant at Leipsic fair), that the descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel are to be found in Li-Bucharia. They are said to amount to ten millions, to speak the language of Thibet, to observe the rite of circumcision, to keep the kipour, and to have readers and elders like the original Jewish people.

**Phenomenon.**—On Monday week, in the afternoon, two or three waterspouts were visible at the same time off the North Foreland. One was funnel-shape, and estimated to be nearly 800 feet high. The wind was blowing fresh from the north, and the atmosphere surcharged with dark rain-clouds. Heavy thunder and lightning accompanied this extraordinary appearance, and the sea was affected for more than a mile.

**M. Cuvier.**—The French nation is doing for Cuvier what the British people are doing for Sir Walter Scott, raising a subscription to perpetuate his memory by a visible and lasting monument. The managing committee have invited the authors of works on natural history, and other scientific writers of celebrity, to contribute copies of their works in aid of the fund; and they make an earnest appeal to all who feel the immense void created in the literary world by the loss of their great contemporary.

**Inverkeithing.**—In the battle of Inverkeithing, between the royalists and Oliver Cromwell's troops, a foster-father and seven brothers are known to have thus sacrificed themselves for Sir Hector Maclean of Duart: the old man, whenever one of his boys fell, thrusting forward another to fill his place at the right hand of the beloved chief, with the very words adopted in the novel, "Another for Hector!"
THE ATHENÆUM.

MARCH, 1833.

LYRICAL POETRY, BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
    From the seas and from the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
    In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
    The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
    As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
    And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
    And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
    And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
    While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
    Lightning my pilot sits
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
    It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
    This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
    In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
    Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
    The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
    Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
    And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
    When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
    Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
Lyrical Poetry.

An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glistening o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the best of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the roof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and stars.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursing of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

The following exquisite lines will be acknowledged by all to belong to the class under which we have ranked them. But let the song speak for itself.
Lyrical Poetry.

Links to an Indian Air.

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark the silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Change the measure. Here is tempest and rage conjured up by impassioned words.

The Fugitives.

I.

The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing,
Away!

The whirldwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minister belfs ringing—
Come away!

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man, and worm,
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away!

II.

'Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now',—
Shouted He—

And she cried: 'Ply the oar!
Put off guilty from shore!'—
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III.

'And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?'

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low,—

While around the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather,
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As ere clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest and last
Of his name!

Beauty comes most sily after terror, like sunshine after storm.
THE ISLE.

There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven;
And its root was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun, nor shower, nor breeze,
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake’s blue chasm.

Amid the rich variety which the poet has left us, it is difficult to choose, but opening the book at random we select——

THE HYMN OF PAN.

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the line,
And all that lives in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion’s shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed;
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.
THE GRIDIRON.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants, who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his 'travels,' and in whom, a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, 'I'll turn that rascal off,' my friend Pat would say, 'troth you won't, sir;' and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the 'subject matter in hand,' he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's 'wife and children,' that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing; on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain 'approaches,' as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some 'extravaganza' of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: 'By-the-by, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest) Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of.' You remember, Pat (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself,) you remember that queer adventure you had in France.'

'Troth I do sir,' grins forth Pat.

'What!' exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, 'was Pat ever in France?'

'Indeed he was,' cries mine host; and Pat adds,—'Ay, and farther, plaze your honor.'

'I assure you, Sir John,' continues my host, 'Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French.'

'Indeed!' rejoins the baronet; 'Really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people.'

'Troth, then, they're not, sir,' interrupts Pat.

'Oh, by no means,' adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

'I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?' says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the 'full and true account' (for Pat had thought fit to visit North America, for 'a rason he had,' in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

'Yes, sir,' says Pat, 'the broad Atlantic, a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost as the Atlantic itself.

'It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home,' began Pat, decoyed into the recital; 'when the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the Colleen dhas (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

'Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps were choak'd (divil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained on us, and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and
put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cask o' pork, and a
cag o' water, and a thirfe o' rum aboard, and any other little mattters
we could think in in the mortal hurry we wor in—and faith there was
no time to be lost, for my darlint, the Colleen dhas went down like a
jump o' lead, afore we wor many strokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we drifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up
a blanket an' the ind a pole as well as we could, and then we said
illigant, for we, durn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, becase it
was blowin' like bloody musther, sayin' your presence, and sure it's
the wonder she o' the world we wor'n't swally'd alive by the ragin' sea.

"Well, away we went, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our
two good-lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—
the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sea and the sky;
and though the sea and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves,
throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a
week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would
be more welklin'. And then, soon enough throth, our provisions began
to run low, the bishkits and the water, and the rum—throth Dr that
was gone first of all—God help uz—and, oh! it was thin that starvation
began to stare us in the face—"Oh, muther, muther, captain darlins,"
says I. "I wish we could see land any where," says I.

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for sich
a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same."3

"Oh," says I, "that it may please you, sweet queen iv heaven, sup-
posing it was only a dissolute island," says I, "inhabited wid Turks,
sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a
sup."

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talking bad
of any one," says he; "you don't know how soon you may want a good
word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other
world all of a sudjint," says he.

"Thruce for you, captain darlins," says I—I called him darlins, and
made free wid him, you see, bekase distress makes uz all equal—"thro
for you, captain jewel—God be'nezu uz and harm, I owe no man any
spite," and throth that was only throuth. Well, the last bishkit was served
out, and by gor the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the
night mighty cold—well, at the brake o'day the sun riz most beautiful
out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshbaal.
But it was only the more cruelf upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel
terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor
I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and "thunder an
turf, captain," says I, "look to leeward," says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his bring-'m-near—
(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure
enough, it was.

"Hurra!" says he, "we're all right now; pull away, my boys,"
says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken," says I; "may-be it's only a fog-
bank, captain darlins," says I.

"Oh, no," says he, "it's the land in airtness."

"Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we captain?" says I,
"maybe it'll be in Roosia, Proosia, or the Garmant Oceant," says I.
"Tut, you fool," says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—
thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—"tut, you fool," says he, "that's France," says he.

"T'wre an oun's," says I, "do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France if it is, captain dear?" says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he.

"Throth I was thinkin' so myself," says I, "by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same;" and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will."

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so, says I, "Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron."

"Why then," says he, "thunder and turf," says he, "what puts a gridiron into your head?"

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger," says I.

"And sure, bad luck to you," says he, "you couldn't ate a gridiron," says he, "barrin' you wor a pelican o' the wilderness," says he.

"Ate a gridiron!" says I; "och, in throth I'm not sich a gomnack all out as that, any how. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beef-steak," says I.

"Arrh; but where's the beef-steak?" says he.

"Sure, couldn't we cut a slice off the pork," says I.

"Be gor, I never thought o' that," says the captain. "You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he, laughin'.

"Oh, there's many a true word said in joke," says I.

"Thru for you, Paddy," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) I'll and sure I can ax them for to lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I.

"Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airmst now," says he, "you gomnack," says he, "sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furiners here," says the captain.

"Well," says I, "and how do you know but I'm as good a furiner myself as any o' thim."

"What do you mane?" says he.

"I mane," says I, "what I towld you, that I'm as good a furiner myself as any o' thim."

"Make me sensible," says he.

"By dad, may be that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do," says I, and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garmant Oceant.

"Lave aff your humbuggin," says he, "I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all."

"Parley voo frongsay," says I.

"Oh, your humble servants," says he; "why by gor, your a scholar, Paddy."

"Throth, you may say that," says I.

"Why you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, jerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that," says I. "whether you joke or no."

"Oh, but I'm in airmest," says the captain; "and do you tell me, Paddy," says he, "that you spake Frinch?"

"Parley voo frongsay," says I.

*Foreigners.*
"By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows that Banagher bangs the divil. I never met the likes o' you Paddy," says he: "pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long."

"So with that, it was no sooner said nor done: they pulled away, and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand—an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got—and its stiff enough in my limbs I was, after bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cold and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or other, tow'rd a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite tippit' like.

""By the powdher's o' war, I'm all right," says I; "there's a house there," and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childer, aitin their dinner round a table, quite convainient. And so I went up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to them, as I heard the French was always mighty polite intirely; and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, "God save all here," says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopp aitin at wanst, and begun to stare at me; and, faith, they almost look'd me out o' countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty polite; but I never minded that, in regard o' wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in distresse in regard of ait, aiter, says I, "that I make bowld to trouble you, and if you could lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "I'd be intirely obleeged to ye."

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that, says I (knowin' what was in their minds,) "Indeed, it's thrue for you," says I. "I'm tatter'd to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by raison of the storm," says I, "which driv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin'," says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they took me for a poor beggar, coming to crave charity—with that, says I, "Oh! not at all," says I, "by no manner, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll drive it," says I, "if you would be pleased to lend us the loan of a gridiron," says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, thro' they stared at me twice worse nor ever; and, faith, I began to think that may be the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, "I beg pardon sir," says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver, "maybe I'm under a mistake," says I; "but I thought I was in France, sir; an't you furriners?" says I; "Partly vero frongsay?"

""We munseer," says he.

""Then would you lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "if you please?"

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and faith, myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy—and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, "I know it's a liberty I take, sir," says I, "but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you please, sir," says I, "Partly vero frongsay?"

""We, munseer," says he, mighty sharp.
"Then would you lend me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, "and you'll oblige me."

"Well, sir, the old chap began to muse me; but the devil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me; and so I began to think they were all neygar, for all their fine manners; and throt my blood begun to rise, and says I, "By my sole, if it was you was in distress," says I, "and if it was to ould Ireland you kem' it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' drinck into the bargain, and cead mile failte."

"Well, the word cead mile failte seemed to sthreck his heart, and the old chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sensible at last; and so says I, wonst more, quite slow, that he might understand, Party—woo—from say, munseer?"

"We munseer," says he.

"Then lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and bad scam to you."

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the old chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs."

"Phoo!—the devil sweep yourself and your tongs," says I, "I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to reason," says I—"Party woo from say?"

"We, munseer."

"Then lend me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and howd your prate."

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noodle as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad cesa to the likes o' that I ever seen—throt if you wor in my country it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner," says I, "the devil a longer I'll darken your door."

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relnit, and that his conscience throubled him, and, says I, turnin' back, "Well I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Christian at all at all? are you a furriner?" says I, "that all the world call so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language? Party woo from say?" says I.

"We munseer," says he.

"Then thunder an turf," says I, "will you lend me the loan of a gridiron?"

"Well, sir, the devil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, "The curse o' the hungry an you, you owld neglarly villain," says I; "th' back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yit," says I; "and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you," says I; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away; and in throt it's often sense, that I thought that it was remarkable."

* Some mystification of Paddy's touching the French n'entends.
MEMOIRS OF DR. BURNEY.*

A new work by the authoress of Evelina and Camilla! This alone were a god-send. Memoirs, too, of a very distinguished man, and of one who was the intimate personal friend of nearly all the most distinguished of the day in which he lived. Moreover, those memoirs written by the authoress of works, unique for the purity and truth of their delineation of those passions of the human heart, and movements of the human mind, the reflections of which, constitute the chief value of memoir writing. Such are some of the a priori claims of these forthcoming volumes; and from what we have hitherto examined of their contents, those claims will be fully realized in the memoirs of Dr. Burney. In the mean time, we have been favored with the means of laying extracts from them before our readers; and as the work will not be before the world for some weeks, we shall avail ourselves copiously of these means, and the more so that we meet at every page with passages singularly characteristic of the celebrated persons to which the volumes so copiously refer. A general estimate of the work itself, we shall in fairness delay till it is before us in its completed state.

We have never seen anything more capital in its way, than the following sketch of two of the flying visits sometimes paid by Garrick to his intimate friends and associates—those with whom he was himself. The various critical notices and formal descriptions that we have read of him, all united, do not convey to us a thousandth part so graphic and characteristic an impression of his person, talents, and 'humor' (in Ben Jonson's sense of the phrase) as the following scenes—to say nothing of their infinite power of amusement, and the incidental notices of others which they include:—

This visit was very matinal; and a new housemaid, who was washing the steps of the door, and did not know him, offered some resistance to letting him enter the house unannounced: but, grotesquely breaking through her attempted obstructions, he forcibly ascended the stairs, and rushed into the Doctor's study; where his voice, in some mock heroics to the damsel, alone preceded him.

Here be found the Doctor immersed in papers, manuscripts, and books, though under the hands of his hair-dresser; while one of his daughters was reading a newspaper to him, another was making his tea, and another was arranging his books.

The Doctor, beginning a laughing apology for the literary and littered state of his apartment, endeavored to put things a little to rights, that he might present his ever-welcome guest with a vacated chair. But Mr. Garrick, throwing himself plumply into one that was well-cushioned with pamphlets and memorials, called out: 'Ay, do now, Doctor, be in a little confusion! whisk your matters all out of their places; and don't know where to find a thing that you want for the rest of the day;—and that will make us all comfortable!'

* By his daughter, Madame D'Arblay. 3 vols. Svo. Moxon.
The Doctor now, laughingly leaving his disorder to take care of itself, resumed his place on the stool; that the furniture of his head might go through its proper repair.

Mr. Garrick, then, assuming a solemn gravity, with a profound air of attention, fastened his eyes upon the hair-dresser; as if wonder-struck at his amazing skill in decorating the Doctor's tête.

The man, highly gratified by such notice from the celebrated Garrick, briskly worked on, frizzing, curling, powdering, and pasting, according to the mode of the day, with assiduous though flurried importance, and with marked self-complacency.

Mr. Garrick himself had on what he called his scratch wig, which was so uncommonly ill-arranged and frightful, that the whole family agreed no one else could have appeared in such a plight in the public streets, without a risk of being hooted at by the mob.

He dropped now all parley whatsoever with the Doctor, not even answering what he said; and seemed wholly absorbed in admiring watchfulness of the progress of the hair-dresser; putting on, by degrees, with a power like transformation, a little mean face of envy and sadness, such as he wore in representing Abel Drucker; which so indescribably altered his countenance, as to make his young admirers almost mingle incredulity of his individuality with their surprise and amusement; for, with his mouth hanging stupidly open, he fixed his features in so vacant an absence of all expression, that he less resembled himself than some daubed wooden block in a barber's shop window.

The Doctor, perceiving the metamorphosis, smiled in silent observance. But the friseur, who at first had smirkingly felt flattered at seeing his operations thus curiously remarked, became utterly discomfited by so incomprehensible a change, and so unremitting a stare, and hardly knew what he was about. The more, however, he pomatiaed and powdered, and twisted the Doctor's curls, the more palpable were the signs that Mr. Garrick manifested of

1 Wonder with a foolish face of praise: 1

till, little by little, a species of consternation began to mingle with the embarrassment of the hair-manufacturer. Mr. Garrick then, suddenly starting up, gawkily perked his altered physiognomy, with the look of a gaping idiot, full in the man's face.

Scared and confounded, the perruquier now turned away his eyes, and hastily rolled up two curls, with all the speed in his power, to make his retreat. But before he was suffered to escape, Mr. Garrick, lifting his own miserable scratch from his head, and perching it high up in the air upon his finger and thumb, dolorously, in a whining voice, squeaked out, 'Pray now, Sir, do you think, Sir, you could touch me up this here old bob, a little bit, Sir?'

The man now, with open eyes, and a broad grin, scampered pell-mell out of the room; hardly able to shut the door, ere an uncontrollable horse-laugh proclaimed his relieved perception of Mr. Garrick's mystification.

Mr. Garrick then, looking smilingly around him at the group, which, enlarged by his first favorite young Charles, most smilingly met his arch glances, sportively said, 'And so, Doctor, you, with your tag-rag and bobtail there—'

Here he pointed to some loaded shelves of shabby unbound old books and pamphlets, which he started up to recognise, in suddenly assuming the air of a smart, conceited, underling auctioneer, and zapping with his cane upon all that were most worn and defaced, he sputtered out: 'A penny a-piece! a penny a-piece! a-going! a-going! a-going! a penny a-piece! each worth a pound!—not to say a hundred! a rare bargain, gemmen and ladies: a rare bargain! down with your copper!'

Then, quietly re-seating himself, 'And so, Doctor, he continued, 'you, and tag-rag and bobtail, there, shut yourself up in this snug little book-stall, with all your blithe elves around you, to rest your understanding?'

Outcries now of: 'Oh fe! ' 'Oh abominable!' 'Rest his understanding? how shocking!' were echoed in his ears with mock indignancy, from the mock-offended set, accompanied by hearty laughter from the Doctor.
Up rose Mr. Garrick, with a look of pretended perturbation, incoherently exclaiming, 'You mistake—you quite misconceive—you do, indeed! pray be persuaded of it!—I only meant—I merely intended—be sure of that!—be: very sure of that!—I only purposed; that is, I designed—I give you my word—pon honor, I do!—I give you my word of that!—I only had in view—in short, and to cut the matter short, I only aimed at paying you—pray now take me right—at paying you the very finest compliment in nature.'

'Bravo, bravo! Mr. Bayes!' cried the Doctor, clapping his hands: 'nothing can be clearer!'

Mr. Garrick had lent the Doctor several books of reference; and he now inquired the titles and number of what were at present in his possession.

'I have ten volumes,' answered the Doctor, 'of Memoirs of the French Academy.'

'And what others?'

'I don't know—do you, Fanny?'—turning to his librarian.

'What! I suppose, then,' said Mr. Garrick, with an ironical cast of the eye, 'you don't choose to know that point yourself?—Eh?—O, very well, Sir, very well! rising, and scraping round the room with sundry grotesque bows, obsequiously low and formal; quite well, Sir! Pray make free with me! Pray keep them, if you choose it! Pray stand upon no ceremony with me, Sir!'

Dr. Burney then hunted for the list; and when he had found it, and they had looked it over, and talked it over, Mr. Garrick exclaimed, 'But when, Doctor, when shall we have out the History of Histories? Do let me know in time, that I may prepare to blow the trumpet of fame.'

He then put his cane to his mouth, and, in the voice of a rare showman, squall ed out, shrilly and loudly; 'This is your only true History, gentlemen! please to buy! please to buy! come and buy! 'Gad, Sir, I'll blow it in the ear of every scurvy pretender to rivalry. So, buy! gentlemen, buy! The only true History! No counterfeit, but all alive!'

Dr. Burney invited him to the parlor, to breakfast; but he said he was engaged at home, to Messrs. Twiss and Boswell, whom immediately, most gaily and ludicrously, he took off to the life.

Elated by the mirth with which he enlivened his audience, he now could not refrain from imitating, in the same manner, even Dr. Johnson: but not maliciously, though very laughably. He sincerely honored, nay, loved Dr. Johnson; but Dr. Johnson, he said, had peculiarities of such unequalled eccentricity, that even to his most attached, nay, to his most reverential admirers, they were irresistibly provoking to mimic.

Mr. Garrick, therefore, after this apology, casting off his little mean, snivelling Abel Druggar appearance, began displaying, and, by some inconceivable arrangement of his habiliments, most astonishingly enlarging his person, so as to make it seem many inches above its native size; not only in breadth, but, strange yet true to tell, in height, whilst, exhibiting sundry extraordinary and uncouth attitudes and gestures.

Pompously, then, assuming an authoritative port and demeanor, and giving a thundering stamp with his foot on some mark on the carpet that struck his eye—not with passion or displeasure, but merely as if from absence and singularity—he took off the voice, sonorous, impressive, and oratorical, of Dr. Johnson, in a short dialogue with himself, that had passed the preceding week.

'David! will you lend me your Petrarch?'

'Yes, Sir—'

'David! you sigh?'

'Sir—you shall have it, certainly.'

'Accordingly,' Mr. Garrick continued, 'the book—stupendously bound—I sent to him that very evening. But—scarcely had he taken the noble quarto in his hands, when—as Boswell tells me, he poured forth a Greek ejaculation, and a couplet or two from Horace; and then, in one of those fits of enthusiasm which always seem to require that he should spread his arms aloft in the air, his haste was so great to debarr from that purpose, that he suddenly pronounced my poor Petrarch over his head upon the floor! Russia leather, gold border, and all.'
And then, standing for several minutes erect, lost in abstraction, he forgot, probably, that he had ever seen it; and left my poor dislocated Beauty to the mercy of the housemaid's morning mop!

Phill, the favorite little spaniel, was no more; but a young greyhound successor followed Mr. Garrick about the study, incessantly courting his notice, and licking his hands. 'Ah, poor Phill!' cried he, looking at the greyhound contemptuously; 'You will never take his place, Slapper-chops, though you try for it hard and soft. Soft enough, poor wealp! like all your race; tenderness without ideas.'

After he had said adieu, and left the room, he hastily came back, whimsically laughing, and cried, 'Here's enter'd of your maids down stairs that I love prodigiously to speak to, because she is so cross! She was washing, and rubbing and scrubbing, and whitening and brightening your steph this morning, and would hardly let me pass. Egad, Sir, she did not know the great Roscius! But I frightened her a little, just now: 'Child,' says I, 'you don't guess whom you have the happiness to see! Do you know I am one of the first geniuses of the age? You would faint away upon the spot if you could only imagine who I am!'

Another time, an appointment having been arranged by Dr. Burney for presenting his friend Mr. Twining to Mr. Garrick, the two former, in happy conference, were enjoying the society of each other, while awaiting the promised junction with Mr. Garrick, when a violent rapping at the street door, which prepared them for his welcome arrival, was followed by a demand, through the footman, whether the Doctor could receive Sir Jeremy Hillsborough, a baronet who was as peculiarly distasteful to both the gentlemen, as Mr. Garrick was the reverse.

'For Heaven's sake, no!' cried Mr. Twining; and the Doctor echoing 'No! No! No!' was with eagerness sending off a hasty excuse, when the footman whispered, 'Sir, he's at my heels! he's close to the door! he would not stop!' And, strenuously flinging open the library door himself, in a slouching hat, an old-fashioned blue runcol, over a great-cob of which the collar was turned up above his ears, and a silk handkerchief, held, as if from the tooth-ache, to his mouth, the forbidden guest entered; slowly, lowly, and solemnly bowing his head as he advanced, though quaker-like, never touching his hat, and not uttering a word.

The Doctor, whom Sir Jeremy had never before visited, and to whom he was hardly known, save by open dissimilarity upon some literary subjects; and Mr. Twining, to whom he was only less a stranger to be yet more obnoxious, from having been at variance with his family; equally concluded; from their knowledge of his irascible character, that the visit had no other view than that of demanding satisfaction for some offence supposed to have been offered to his high self-importance. And, in the awkwardness of such a surprise, they could not but feel disconcerted, any abashed, at having proclaimed their averseness to his sight in such unqualified terms, and immediately within his hearing.

For a minute or two, with a silence like his own, they awaited an explanation of his purpose; when, after some hesitation, ostentatiously waving one hand, while the other still held his handkerchief to his mouth, the unwelcome intruder, to their utter astonishment, came forward, and composedly seated himself in an arm-chair near the fire; filling it broadly, with an air of domineering authority.

The gentlemen now looked at each other, in some doubt whether their visitor had not found his way to them from the vicinity of Moorfields.

The pause that ensued was embarrassing, and not quite free from alarm; when the intruder, after an extraordinary nod or two, of a palpably threatening nature, suddenly started up, threw off his slouched hat and old runcol, flung his red silk handkerchief into the ashes, and displayed to view, lustrous with vivacity, the gay features, the sparkling eyes, and laughing countenance of Garrick,—the imitable imitator, David Garrick.

Dr. Burney, delighted at this development, clapped his hands, as if the scene had been represented at a theatre, and all his family present, joined rapturously

* Where then stood the Bethlem Hospital.
in the plaudit: while Mr. Twining, with the happy surprise of a sudden exchange from expected disgust to accorded pleasure, eagerly approached the arm-chair, for a presentation which he had longed for nearly throughout his life.

Mr. Garrick then, with many hearty reciprocations of laughter, expounded the motive to the feat which he had enacted.

He had awaked, he said, that morning, under the formidable impression of an introduction to a profound Greek scholar, that was almost awful; and that had set him to pondering upon the egregious loss of time and pleasurability that hung upon all formalities in making new acquaintances; and he then set his wits to work at devising means for skipping at once, by some sleight of hand, into abrupt cordiality. And none occurred, that seemed so promising of spontaneous success, as presenting himself under the aspect of a person whom he knew to be so desperately unpleasant to the scholiast, that, at the very sound of his name, he would inwardly ejaculate,

'"Take any form but that!"

Here, in a moment, Mr. Garrick was in the centre of the apartment, in the attitude of Macbeth at sight of the ghost.

The burlesque frolic over, which gave a playful vent that seemed almost necessary to the super-abundant animal spirits of Mr. Garrick, who, as Dr. Johnson has said of Shakespeare, 'was always struggling for an occasion to be comic,' he cast away force and mimicry, and became, for the rest of the visit, a judicious, intelligent, and well informed, though ever lively and entertaining converser and man of letters: and Mr. Twining had not been more amused by his buffonery, than he grew charmed by his rationality.

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PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE MAGDALEN.

Despised daughter of frailty! Outcast of outcasts! Poor wayward lamb, torn by the foulest wolf of the forest! My tears shall fall on your memory, as often they did over the wretched recital of sin and shame which I listened to on your deserted deathbed! Oh that they could have fallen on you early enough to wash away the first stain of guilt; that they could have trickled down upon your heart in time to soften it once more into virtue!—Ill-fated victim, towards whom the softest heart of tenderness that throbs in your sex, beats, not with sympathy, but scorn and anger! My heart hath yearned for thee, when none else knew of thee, or cared for thy fate! Yes—and above all, (devoutly be the hope expressed!) the voice of Heaven whispered in thine aching ear peace and forgiveness; so that death was but as the dark seal of thy pardon, registered in the courts of Eternal Mercy!

Many as are the scenes of guilt and misery sketched in this Diary, I know not that I have approached any, with feelings of such profound and unmixed sorrow as that which it is my painful lot now to lay before the public. Reader, if your tears start, if your heart ache as you go on with the gloomy narrative—pause, that those tears may swell into a stream, that that heart may well-nigh break, to think how common, how every-day is the story!

Look round you, upon the garden of humanity; see where the lilies, lovely and white as snow in their virgin purity, are blooming—see—see
how many of them suddenly fade, wither, fall! Go nearer—and behold
an adder lying coiled around their stems! Think of this—and then be
yourself—young man, or old—that adder if you can!

About nine o'clock on a miserable Sunday evening in October 18—,
we were sitting quietly at home around our brick fire, listening, in occa-
sional intervals of silence, to the rain which, as it had during the whole
of the day, still came down heavily, accompanied with the dreary whist-
ling of the wind. The gloom without served but to enhance by contrast
the cheerfulness—the sense of snugness within. I was watching my
good wife discharge her regular Sunday evening duty of catechising the
children, and pleasing myself with the promptitude and accuracy of my
youngest child's replies, when the servant brought me up word that I
was wanted below. I went down stairs immediately. In the hall, just
beneath the lamp, sat the ungainly figure of a short, fat, bloated old
Jewess.

'This here lady wishes to see you, sir,' said she, rising with a some-
what tipsy tone and air, and handing to me a small dirty slip of paper,
on which was written, 'Miss Edwards, No. 11, ——— Court,—
Street, (3d Floor.)' The handwriting of the paper, hasty as was the
glance I gave at it, struck me. It was small and elegant, but evidently
the production of a weak or unsteady hand.

'Pray what is the matter with this lady?' I inquired.

'Matter, sir? Matter enough, I warrant you! The young woman's
not long to live, as I reckon. She's worn out—that's all!' she replied,
with a freedom amounting to rudeness, which at once gave me an ink-
ing of her real character. 'Do you think it absolutely necessary for me
to call on her to-night?' I inquired, not much liking the sort of place I
was likely to be led to.

'She does, I fancy, poor thing—and she really looks very ill!'

'Is it any sudden illness?'

'No, sir—it's been coming on this long time—ever since she came to
live with me. My daughter and I thinks 'tis a decline.'

' Couldn't you take her to a dispensary?'—said I doubtfully.

'Marry—you'll be paid for your visit, I suppose. Isn't that enough?'
said the woman, with an impudent air.

'Well, well—I'll follow you in a minute or two,' said I, opening the
street door, for there was something in the woman's appearance that I
hated to have in my house.

'I say, sir!' she called out in an under tone, as I was somewhat un-
ceremoniously shutting the door upon her, 'You mustn't be put out of
your way, mind, if any of my girls should be about. They're noisy
devils, to be sure—but they won't meddle' —— The closing of the door
prevented my hearing the conclusion of the sentence. I stood for a few
moments irresolute. My duty, however, so far seemed clear—and all
minor considerations, I thought, should give way; so I equipped myself
quickly, and set out on my walk, which was as unpleasant as wind, rain,
and darkness could make it.

I do not see why I should mince matters by hesitating to state that
the house in which I found myself after about ten minutes' walk, was one of
ill fame—and that, too, apparently, of the lowest and vilest description.
The street which led to —— Court, was narrow, ill lighted, and noisy—
swarming with persons and places of infamous character. I was almost
alarmed for my personal safety as I passed them; and, on entering the
court, trembled for a valuable repeater I had about me. At that moment, too, I happened to recollect having read, some time before, in a police report, an account of a method of entrapping unwary persons, very similar in circumstances to those in which I found myself at that moment. A medical man was suddenly summoned to see—he was told—a dying patient; but on reaching the residence of the supposed invalid, he was set upon unexpectedly by thieves, robbed of everything he had about him, and turned into the street, severely, if not dangerously beaten. A pleasant reminiscence! Concealing, however, my watch as well as I could, and buttoning my great coat up to the chin, I resolved to persevere, trusting to the protection of Providence. The life of a fellow-creature might really be at stake; and, besides, I was no stranger to scenes of misery and destitution among the lowest orders. ——— Court was a nest of hornets. The dull light of a single lamp in the middle of it, showed me the slatternly half-dressed figures of young women, clustering about the open doors of every house in the court, and laughing loudly as they occasionally shouted to one another across the court. All this was sickening and ill-omened enough; but I resolved not even yet to give up. No. 11, I found, was the last house in the court; and just as I was going to inquire of a filthy creature squatting on the door-steps, she called out to some one within, 'Mother! Mother! Here's the Doctor come to see Sall!'

Her 'mother,' the wretch who had called upon me, presently sauntered to the door with a candle in her hand. She seemed to have been disturbed at drinking; and, a little to my alarm, I heard the gruff voice of a man in the room she had just quitted.

'Please to follow me, sir! This way, sir. The young woman is upstairs. Beet!' she called out, suddenly stopping, and turning round, 'Come and take this here gentleman's wet umbrella, and dry it by the fire!'

'Thank you—thank you—I'll not trouble you! I'll carry it with me; 'tis not very wet,' I replied hastily, as I held it dripping at every step. I did not choose, believe me, to part with what I might never see again. It might too—though God prevent the occasion!—be a small matter of defence to me, if my fears about the nature of my errand should be verified. The moment, however, that the bed-room door was opened, other emotions than that of apprehension occupied my mind. The apartment was little, if at all, superior to that which I have described in a former paper, as the residence of the Irish family, the O'Hurdles. It was much smaller, and infinitely filthier. A candle, that seemed never to have been snuffed, stood on the chimney-piece, beside one or two filthy cups and jugs, shedding a dull dismal sort of twilight over a chair or two, a small rickety chest of drawers, an old hair trunk with the lid broken in, a small circular table, on which was a phial and a tea-cup; and, along the farther extremity of the room, a wretched pallet, all tossed and disordered. There was a tolerable fire burning in a very small grate, and the inclemency of the weather seemed completely excluded by a little window, two-thirds of whose panes were, however, stuffed with rags, paper, &c. I felt disposed, immediately on entering, to remove one of them, for there was a horrid closeness in the room.

'Well, there she is in bed, poor devil, ill enough, I'll answer for it,'

* 'Rich and Poor.' No. CLXXXI. p. 957.
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said the old woman, panting with the effort of ascending the stairs. Reaching down the candle from the chimney-piece, she snuffed it with her fingers, and set it upon the table; and then, after stirring up the fire, she took up the candle she had brought, and withdrew, saying, as she went out, 'Miss Edwards said she'd rather see you alone, so I'm off, you know. If you want anything, I dare say you can call out for it; some of the girls will be sure to hear you.'

I was happy to be relieved of her presence! When the door had closed upon her, I drew one of the chairs to the bedside, together with the table and candle, which showed me the figure of a female lying on her back amidst the disordered clothes, her black hair stretched dishevelled over the pillow, and her face completely concealed beneath both hands.

'Well, madam, are you in much pain?' I inquired, gently trying, at the same time; to disengage her right hand, that I might both feel her pulse and see her countenance. I did not succeed, however, for her hands were clasped over her face with some little force; and, as I made the effort I have mentioned, a faint sob burst from her.

'Come, come, Madam,' I continued, in as gentle a tone as I could, renewing the effort to dislodge her hand, 'I'm afraid you are in much pain! Don't, however, prevent my doing what little may be in my power to relieve you!' Still her hands moved not. 'I am Dr. ———; you yourself sent for me! What is ailing you? You need not hide your face from me in this strange way!—Come——'

'There, then!—Do you know me?' she exclaimed, in a faint shriek, at the same time starting up suddenly in bed, and removing her hands from her face, which—her hair pressed away on each side by her hands—was turned towards me with an anguish'd affrighted stare, her features white and wasted. The suddenness and singularity of the action sufficiently startled me. She continued in the same attitude and expression of countenance, (the latter most vividly recalling to my mind that of Mrs. Siddons, celebrated in pictures, in the most agitating crisis of her Lady Macbeth,) breathing in short quick gasps, and with her eyes fixed wildly upon me. If the look did not petrify me, as the fabled head of Medusa, it shocked, or rather horrified me beyond all expression, as I gazed at it; for—could my eyes see aught?—I gradually recognised the face as one known to me. The cold thrill that passed through me—the sickening sensations I then experienced, creep over me now that I am writing.

'Why—am I right?—ELEANOR!' I exclaimed faintly, my hands elevated with consternation, at the same time almost doubting the evidence of my senses. She made me no reply, but shook her head with frantic violence for a few moments, and then sunk exhausted on her pillow. I would have spoken to her—I would have touched her; but the shock of what I had just seen, had momentarily unnerved me. I did not recover my self-possession till I found that she had fainted. Oh, mercy, mercy! what a wreck of beauty was I gazing on! Could it be possible? Was this pallid, worn-out, death-struck creature, lying in such a den of guilt and pollution; was this the gay and beautiful girl I had once known as the star of the place where she resided—whom my wife knew—whom in short we had both known, and that familiarly? The truth flashed in a moment over my shuddering, reluctant soul. I must be gazing on the spoil of the seducer! I looked with horror, not to say loathing, on her lifeless features, till I began to doubt whether, after all, they could real-
ly be those I took them to be. But her extraordinary conduct—there could be no mistake when I thought of that.

With the aid of a vinaigrette, which I always carried about with me, and dashing a little cold water in her face, she gradually revived. The moment her slowly-opening eyes fell upon me, she closed them again, turned aside her head with a convulsive start, and covered her face, as before, with her hands.

'Come, come, Miss B—-'—a stifled groan burst from her lips on hearing me mention her real name, and she shook her head with agony unutterable, 'you must be calm, or I can do nothing for you. There's nothing to alarm you, surely, in me! I am come at your own request, and wish to be of service to you. Tell me at once, now, where do you feel pain?'

'Here!' replied the wretched girl, placing her left hand with convulsive energy upon her heart. Oh, the tone of her voice! I would to Heaven—I would to Heaven, that the blackest seducer on earth could have been present to hear her utter that one word!

'Have you any pain in the other side?' I inquired, looking away from her to conceal my emotion, and trying to count her pulses. She nodded in the affirmative.

'Do you spit much during the day? Any blood, Miss B—?'

'Miss B—!' she echoed, with a smile of mingled despair and grief; 'call me rather Devil! Don't mock me with kind words! Don't, Doctor! No, not a word—a single word—a word,' she continued, with increasing wildness of tone and air. 'See—I'm prepared! I'm beforehand! I expected something like this!—Don't—don't dare me! Look!' She suddenly thrust her right hand under the bed-clothes, and, to my horror, drew from under them a table-knife, which she shook before me with the air of a maniac. I wrenched it out of her hand with little difficulty.

'Well, then—so—so—' she gasped, clutching at her throat with both her hands. I rose up from my chair, telling her in a stern tone, that if she persisted in such wild antics, I should leave her at once; that my time was valuable, and the hour besides growing late.

'Go—go then! Desert one whom the world has already deserted!—Yes, go—go away—I deserve no better—and yet—I did not expect it!' exclaimed the miserable girl, bursting into a flood of bitter, but relieving tears. Finding that what I had said had produced its desired effect, I resumed my seat. There was a silence of several moments.

'I—I suppose you are shocked—to—to see me here—but you've heard it all?'—said she faintly.

'Oh!—we'll talk about that by and bye; I must first see about your health. I am afraid you are very ill! haven't you been long so?—Why did not you send for me earlier?—Rely upon it, you need not have sent twice!'

'Oh—can you ask me, Doctor?—I dared not!—I wish—oh, how I wish I had not sent for you now! The sight of you has driven me nearly mad! You must see that it has—but you did not mean it! Oh!—oh!—oh!' she groaned, apparently half choked—'what I feel here!' pressing both her hands upon her heart, 'what a hell!' quivering forth the last word with an intonation that was fearful.

'Once more—I entreat of you to check your feelings, otherwise, it is absurd for me to be here! What good can I possibly do you, if you rave in this manner?' said I sternly. She made no reply, but suddenly cough-
ed violently; then started up in the bed, felt about in haste for her handkerchief, raised it to her lips, and drew it away marked with blood.

She had burst a blood-vessel!

I was dreadfully alarmed for her. The incessant use she made of her handkerchief soon rendered it useless. It was steeped in blood. She pointed hurriedly to the drawers—I understood her—drew one of them open, and instantly brought her a clean handkerchief. That, also, was soon useless. In the intervals of this horrid work she attempted to speak to me—but I stopped her once for all, by laying my finger on my lips, and then addressing her solemnly—'In the name of God, I charge you to be silent! A word—a single word—and you are a dead woman! Your life is in the utmost danger'—again she seemed attempting to speak—'if you utter a syllable, I tell you, it will destroy you; you know the consequences—you will therefore die a suicide—and, think of hereafter'!

A smile—one I cannot attempt to characterise, but by saying it seemed an unearthly one—flitted for a moment over her features—and she did not seem disposed again to break my orders. I proceeded to bleed* her immediately, having obtained what was necessary—with great difficulty—without summoning any one for the present into the room. When she saw what I was about, she whispered faintly, with a calm, but surprised air—pointing to her steeped handkerchiefs—'What! more blood!'—I simply implored her to be silent, and trust herself in my hands. I bled her till she fainted. A few moments before she became insensible—while the deathlike hue and expression of fainting were stealing over her features, she exclaimed, though almost inaudibly—'Am I dying?'

When I had taken the requisite quantity of blood, I bound up the arm, as well as I could, took out my pencil, hastily wrote a prescription on a slip of paper, and called for such assistance as might be within reach. A young woman of odious appearance answered my summons by bursting noisily into the room.

'La!' she exclaimed, on catching a glimpse of the blood, and the pallid face of my patient—'La! Sure Sall's booked!'

'Hush, woman!' said I sternly, 'take this'—giving her the prescription—to the nearest druggist's shop, and get it made up immediately; and, in the meantime, send some elderly person here.'

'Oh—her mother, eh?'

'Her mother?' I echoed with astonishment. She laughed, 'La, now—you don't know the ways of these places. We all call her mother!'

Pity for the miserable victim I had in charge, joined with disgust and horror at the persons about me, and the place in which I was, kept me silent—till the woman last alluded to, made her appearance with the medicine I had ordered, and which I instantly poured into a cup and gave my patient. 'Is the young woman much worse, sir?' she inquired, in an under tone, and with something like concern of manner.

'Yes'—I replied, laconically, 'she must be taken care of, and that well—or she will not live the night out.'—I whispered.

'Better take her to the hospital, at once—hadn't we?' she inquired, approaching the bed, and eyeing Miss Edwards with stupid curiosity.

* I have often heard people express astonishment at my bleeding a patient who has already bled profusely from a ruptured vessel. It is with a view to lessening the heart's action, so as to diminish the volume of blood that it propels through the injured vessel, which may so have an opportunity of healing before it is called upon to perform its full functions.
She is not to be moved out of her bed, at the peril of her life—not for many days, mind, woman—I tell you that distinctly.

You tell me that distinctly? And what the devil if you do? What, a God's name, is to be done with a sick young woman, here? We've something else to do beside making our house into an hospital!

I could with difficulty repress my indignation.

Pray, for pity's sake, my good woman, don't speak so cruelly about this unfortunate girl! Consider how soon you may be lying on your own deathbed.

Deathbed, be ----! Who's to pay for her keep if she stops here? I can't, and what's more, I won't—and I defy the parish to make me! But, by the way,' she continued, suddenly addressing my patient, 'Sally, you had money enough a few days ago, I know; where is it now?'

My good woman,' said I, gently removing her from the bedside, 'do but leave the room for a moment. I will come down stairs and arrange everything with you.' She seemed inclined to be obstreperous. 'I tell you, you are killing this poor girl!' said I, my eye kindling upon the old monster, with anger. Muttering some unintelligible words of ill-temper, she suffered me to close the door upon her, and I once more took my seat at the bedside. Miss Edwards' face evidenced the agitation with which she had listened to the cruel and insolent language of the beldam in whose power she for the present lay. I trembled for the effect of it.

Now, I entreat you, suffer me to have all the talking to myself for a moment or two. You can answer all my questions with a nod, or so. Do you think that if I were to send to you a nice respectable woman—a nurse from a dispensary with which I am connected—to attend upon you, the people of the house would let you remain quiet for a few days—till you could be removed? Nod, if you think so!' She looked at me with surprise while I talked about removing her, but she simply nodded in acquiescence.

If you are well enough by and bye, would you object to being taken from this place to a dispensary, where I would see to your comfort?' She shook her head.

Are you indebted to any one here?'

'No, my guilt has paid'—she whispered. I pressed my finger on my lips, and she ceased. 'Well, we understand one another for the present. I must not stay much longer, and you must not be exhausted. I shall charge the people below to keep you quiet, and a kind experienced nurse shall be at your bedside within two hours from this time. I will leave orders, till she comes, with the woman of the house to give you your medicine, and to keep you quiet, and the room cool. Now, I charge you, by all your hopes of life—by all your fears of death—let nothing prevail on you to open your lips, unless it be absolutely necessary. Good evening—may God protect you!' I was rising, when she beckoned me into my sest again. She groped with her hand under her pillow for a moment, and brought out a purse.

'Pho, pho! put it away—at least for the present!' said I.

'Your fee must be paid!' she whispered.

'I visit you as a dispensary patient, and shall assuredly receive no fee. You cannot move me, any more than you can shake St. Paul's,' said I, in a peremptory tone. Dropping her purse, she seized my hand in both hers, and looking up at me with a woeful expression, her tears fell upon it. After a pause, she whispered, 'Only a single word!—Mrs. ---,' naming
"The Magdalen."

my wife, 'you will not tell her of me?' she inquired with an imploring look. 'No, I will not!' I replied, though I knew I should break my word
the moment I got home. She squeezed my hand, and sighed heavily. I did not regret to see her beginning to grow drowsy with the effect of the
medicines I had given her, so I slipped quietly out of the room. Having
no candle, I was obliged to grope my way down stairs in the dark. I was
shocked and alarmed to hear, as I descended, by the angry voices of men and
women, that there was a disturbance down stairs. Oh, what a
place for such a patient as I had quitted! I paused, when half way
down, to listen. 'I tell you, I didn't take the watch,' shrieked the infuriate
voice of a female. 'I'll be ——, if I did.'
'I saw you with it—I saw you with it!' replied a man's voice.
'You're a liar! A —— liar!' There was the sound of a scuffle.
'Come, come, my girl! Easy there! Easy!—Be quiet, or I'll take you
all off to the watch-house!—Come, Bett, you'd better come off peaceably
at once! This here gentleman says as how you've stolen his watch, and
so you must go, of course!'—'I won't! I won't! I'll tear your eyes out!
I'll see you all —— first! I will,' yelled the voice I had first heard, and
the uproar increased. Gracious Heaven! in what a place was I! was my
wretched patient! I stood on the dark stairs, leaning on my umbrella, not
knowing which way to go, or what to do. I resolved at length to go down;
and on reaching the scene of all this uproar, found the passage and door-
way choked with a crowd of men and women.
 'What is the meaning of all this uproar?' I exclaimed, in as authorita-
tive a manner as I knew how to assume. 'For God's sake be quiet! Do
you know that there is a young woman dying up stairs?'
'Dying! And what's that to me? They say I'm a thief—He says I've
got his watch—he does, the —— liar!' shouted a young woman, her dress
almost torn off her shoulders, and her hair hanging loosely all about her
head and neck, and almost covering her face. She tried to disengage her-
self from the grasp of a watchman, and struggled to reach a young man,
who, with impassioned gestures, was telling the crowd that he had been
robbed of his watch in the house. My soul was sick within me. I would
fain have slipped away, once for all, from such a horrid scene and neigh-
borhood, but the thoughts of her I had left above, detained me.
 'I wish to speak to you for a moment,' said I, addressing the old propri-
etress of the house. 'Speak to me, indeed!' she replied, scarce vouchsaf-
ing me a look, and panting with rage. 'Here's this —— liar says he's
been robbed here; that one o' my girls is a thief! He's trying to blast the
character of my house'—and she poured such a volley of foul obscene
names upon the object of her fury, as I had scarcely thought it possible for
the tongue of man, much less of woman, to utter.
 'But, do let me have one word with you,' I whispered, imploringly—'the
poor girl up stairs—her life is at stake'—
 'Here, Moll, do you come and speak to the Doctor! I see something else
on my hands, I warrant me!' and turning abruptly from me, she plunged
again into the quarrel which I had interrupted.
The young woman she addressed made her way out of the crowd—led
me into a small filthy room at the back of the house, and civilly, but with
some agitation, arising from her having taken a part in the dispute, asked
me what I wanted. 'Why only to tell you that Miss Edwards is my pa-
ient—that I know her'—
'Lord, sir, for the matter of that, so do a hundred others'—
'Silence, woman!' said I, indignantly, 'and listen to what I am saying.
I tell you, Miss Edwards is my patient; that she is in dying circumstances; and I hold you all responsible for her safety. If she dies through being disturbed, or frightened in any way, recollect you will be guilty of murder, and I will condemn you for it!

'Very sorry for the poor thing, sir—very!' she replied; 'she's the quietest, gentlest, best-behaved of any of our ladies, by far! What can we do, sir?'

'Keep the house quiet: do not let her be spoken to—and in an hour's time I shall send a proper woman to wait upon her.'

'Lord, sir, but how's the poor creature to pay you and the woman, too? She's been laid up, I don't know how long—indeed ever since she's been here!'

'That I will see to. All I want from you is to attend to what I have told you. I shall call here early to-morrow morning, and hope to find that my wishes have been attended to. It will be a very serious business for you all, mind me, if they have not. If I do not find this hubbub ceased instantly, I shall, at my own expense, engage a constable to keep the peace here. Tell this to the people without there. I know the magistrates at Street Office, and will certainly do what I say.' She promised respectfully that all I said should be attended to as far as possible; and I hurried from such a scene as it has not often been my lot to witness. I thanked God heartily, on quitting the house and neighborhood, that I found myself once more in the open air, cold, dark, and rainy, though it was. I breathed freely for the first time, since entering within the atmosphere of such horrible contamination. A rush of recollections of Miss B—, once virtuous, happy, beautiful; now guilty, polluted, dying—of former and present times—overwhelmed my mind. What scenes must this fallen creature have passed through! How was it that, long ere this, she had not laid violent hands upon herself—that in her paroxysms of remorse and despair, she had not rushed from an existence that was hateful—buried madly from the scene of guilt, into that of its punishment! I at once longed for and loathed a possible rehearsal of all. Full of such reflections as these, I found myself at the door of the dispensary. The hour was rather late, and it was with great difficulty that I could find such a person as I had undertaken to send. I prescribed the requisite remedies, and gave them to the nurse with all fitting directions, and despatched her to the scene of her attendance, as quickly as possible—promising to be with her as early as I could in the morning, and directing her to send for me without hesitation at any hour of the night, if she thought her patient exhibited any alarming features. It was past eleven when I reached home. I told the reader, a little way back, that I knew I should break my promise, that I could not help informing my wife of what had happened. I need hardly say the shock gave her a sleepless night. I think the present, the fittest opportunity for mentioning, shortly to the reader, the circumstances under which we became first acquainted with the said Miss Edwards.

Several years before the period of which I have been writing, my wife's health required the assistance of change of scene and fresh country air. I therefore took her down, in the spring of the year, to what was then considered one of the fashionable watering-places, and engaged lodgings for her at the boarding-house of a respectable widow-lady, a little way out of the town. Her husband had been a captain in the East India service, who, as is but too frequent with that class of men, spent his money faster than he earned it; so that, on his death, nothing but the most active exertions of numerous friends and relatives preserved his widow and daughter from
little less than absolute destitution. They took for Mrs. B—— the house she occupied when we became her lodgers, furnished it with comfort, and even elegance; and, in a word, fairly set her a-going as the proprietress of a boarding-house. The respectability of her character, and the comforts of her little establishment, procured for her permanent patronage. How well do I recollect her prepossessing appearance as it first struck me! There was an air of pensive cheerfulness and composure about her features, that spoke eloquently in her favor; and I felt gratified at the thought of committing my wife and family into such good hands. As we were coming down stairs after inspecting the house, through the half-open door of a back parlor, I caught a glimpse of an uncommonly handsome and elegantly dressed girl, sitting at a desk reading.

'Only my daughter, sir,' said Mrs. B——, observing my eye rather inquisitively peering after her.

'Dear!—How like she is to the pictures of the Madonna!' exclaimed my wife.

'Yes, Madam. It is often remarked here,' replied Mrs. B——, coloring with pleasure; 'and what's far better, Ma'am, she's the best girl you'll meet with in a day's walk through a town! She's all I care for in the world!' she added with a sigh. We congratulated ourselves mutually; expressing anticipations of pleasure from our future intercourse. After seeing my family settled in their new quarters, I left for London—my professional engagements not allowing me more than a day's absence. Every letter I received from my wife, contained commendations of her hostess, and 'the Madonna,' her beautiful, accomplished, and agreeable daughter, with whom she had got particularly intimate, and was seldom out of her company. The visits, 'like angels,' few and far between, that I was able to pay to—— made Miss B—— as great a favorite with me as with my wife—as with all that know or saw her, I might better say. I found that she was well known about the place by the name of 'the Madonna,' and was so much pestered with the usual importunities of dolls, as to be unable to go about so much as she could have otherwise wished. The frank simple-hearted creature was not long in making a confidante of my wife; who, in their various conversations, heard with but little surprise, of frequent anonymous billet-doux, copies of verses, &c. &c., and flattering attentions paid by the most distinguished strangers; and, in one instance, even by Royalty itself. She had refused several advantageous offers of marriage, pressed upon her to a degree that was harassing, on the score of her mother, to whom she was passionately attached, and from whom she could not bear the thought of the most partial separation. Her education—her associations—her cast of character—her tastes and inclinations, were far beyond her present sphere. 'I once should have laughed, indeed, at any one talking of my becoming the daughter of a lodging-house keeper,' said the proud girl, on one occasion, to my wife, her swan-like neck curving with involuntary hauteur, which, however, was soon softened by my wife's calm and steady eye of reproof, as she assured her—'Eleanor, I thought it no harm to be such a daughter!' This pride appeared to my wife, though not to me, some security against the peculiar dangers that beset Miss B——.

'She's too proud—too high-spirited a girl,' she would say, 'to permit herself to tamper with temptation. She's infinitely above listening to nonsense. Trust me, there's that in her would frighten off fifty triflers a-day!'

'My view of the matter, Emily, is far different,' I would say. 'Pride, unless combined with the highest qualities, is apt to precipitate such a girl
into the vortex that humility could never have come within sight or reach of. Pride dares the danger that lowliness trembles at and avoids. Pride must press forward to the verge of the precipice, to show the ease and grace of its defiance. My Emily! merely human confidence is bad—is dangerous—in proportion to its degree. Consider—remember what you have both heard and read of the disastrous consequences attendant on the pride of a disappointed girl!

The predominant taste of Miss B— was novel-reading, which engaged her attention every spare hour she could snatch from other engagements. Hence what could she imbibe but false sentiment—what gather but the most erroneous and distorted views of life and morals? Add to this the consciousness of her own beauty, and the large tribute it exacted from all who saw her—the intoxicating, maddening fumes of flattery—ah, me! I should have trembled for her indeed, had she been a daughter of mine! The doting mother, however, seemed to see none of these dangers—to feel none of these apprehensions; and cruel, surely, and imperceptible would it have been in us to suggest them. For nearly three months was my wife a guest of Mrs. B—, and a familiar—an affectionate companion of her beautiful daughter. On leaving, my wife pressed Miss B—, (the mother was, of course, out of the question) to pay her a speedy visit in town, and exacted a promise of occasional correspondence. Long after our return to London, was 'the Madonna' a subject of conversation, and many were the anxious wishes and hopes expressed by my wife on her behalf. Miss B— did not avail herself of the invitation above mentioned, farther than by a hasty passing call at our house during the absence of both of us. One circumstance and another—especially the increasing cares of a family—brought about a slackening, and at length a cessation, of the correspondence betwixt my wife and her friend, 'the Madonna,' though we occasionally heard of her by friends recently returned from

I do not think, however, her name was once mentioned for about three years before the period at which this narrative commences. Now, I suppose the reader can form some idea of the consternation with which I recognised in 'Sally Edwards' the 'Madonna' of a former day! The very watch-pockets at the back of our bed were the pretty presents of her whose horrid story I was telling my sobbing wife! I could have torn them from the bed-head, for the sake of their torturing associations! They would not let us sleep in peace. I was startled, during the night, from a doze, rather than from sleep, by the sobs of my wife.

'What's the matter, Emily?' I asked.

'Oh!' she replied; 'what has become of poor Mrs. B—! Rely on it she's dead of a broken heart!'

For two hours before my usual hour of rising, I lay awake, casting about in my mind by what strange and fatal course of events Miss B— had been brought into the revolting, the awful circumstances in which I found her. Dreadfully distinct as was the last night's interview in my recollection, I was not wholly free from transient fits of incredulity. I could not identify the two—Eleanor B— with Sally Edwards!—All such notions, however, were dissipated by mine o'clock, when I found myself once more by the bedside of 'Miss Edwards.' She was asleep when I entered; and I motioned the nurse to silence as I stepped noiselessly towards the chair she quitted to make room for me. Oh, my God! did the heart of man ever ache more than mine on that occasion! Was the pitiable object before me Eleanor B—? Were they her fair limbs that now lay beneath the filthy bed-clothes? Was the ashy face—the hollow cheek—the sunken
eye—the matted, disordered hair—did all these belong to Eleanor B,—the beautiful Madonna of a former and happier day! Alas for the black hair, braided so tastefully over the proud brow of alabaster, now clammy with the dewy of disease and death, seen from amid the dishevelled hair like a neglected grave-stone, pressed down into the ground, and half-overgrown with the dank grass of the church-yard! Alas for the radiant eye! Woe is me!—where is the innocent heart of past years? Oh seraph! fallen from heaven into the pit of darkness and horror—how camest thou here!

Faint—vain attempt to embody in words some of the agitating thoughts that passed through my mind during the quarter of an hour that I sat beside my sleeping patient! Tears I did not—could not shed. My grief formed no other outlet than a half-smothered sigh—that rankled, however, every corner of my heart. Everything about me wore the air of desolation and misery. The nurse, weared with her night's watch, sat near me on the foot of the bed, drooping with drowsiness. The room was small, dirty, and almost destitute of furniture. The rain, seen indistinctly through the few dirty panes of glass, was pouring down as it had been all night. The wind continued to sigh drearily. Then, the house where I was—the receptacle of the vilest of the vile—the very antechamber of hell? When shall I forget that morning—that quarter of an hour's silence and reflection!

And thou Friend! the doer of all this—would that thou hadst been there to see it!

A sudden noise made by the nurse woke Miss Edwards. Without moving from the posture in which she lay—on her side, with her face away from me—as she had slept, I found nearly all the night—she opened her eyes, and after looking steadfastly at the wall for a few moments, closed them again. I gently took hold of her hand, and then felt her pulse. She turned her head slowly towards me; and after fixing her eyes on me for an instant with an air of apathy, they widened into a strange stare of alarm, while her white face seemed blanched to even a whiter hue than before. Her lips slowly parted—altogether, I protest my blood chilled beneath what I looked upon. There was no smile of welcome—no appearance of recognition—but she seemed as if she had been woke from dreaming of a frightful spectacle that remained visible to her waking eyes.

'Miss B—Miss Edwards, I mean. How are you?' I inquired.

'Ye—t—t'—she muttered, scarcely audible—her eyes fixed waveringly upon me.

'Have you been in any pain during the night?' I continued.

Without removing her eyes, or making me any answer, she slowly drew up her right hand, all white and thin as it was, and laid it on her heart.

'Ah!' I whispered softly, partly to myself, partly to the nurse—'tis the opium—not yet recovered from it.' She overheard me, shook her head slowly—her eyes continuing settled on me as before. I began to wonder whether her intellects were disturbed; for there was something in the settled stare of her eyes that shocked and oppressed me.

'I thought I should never have woke again!' she exclaimed in a low tone, with a faint sigh. 'Suicide! hereafter!' she continued to murmur, reminding me of the words with which I had quitted her over-night, and which no doubt had been flickering about her disturbed brain all night.
long. I thought it best to rouse her gently from what might prove a fatal lethargy.

'Come, come, you must answer me a few questions. I will behave kindly to you'—

'Oh, Doctor——!' exclaimed the poor girl, in a reproachful tone, turning her head slowly away, as if she wondered I thought it necessary to tell her I would use her kindly.

'Well, well, tell me then—how are you?—how do you feel?—have you any pain in breathing? Tell me in the softest whisper you can.'

'Alive, Doctor—that's all. I seem disturbed in my grave! What has been done to me?—Who is that?' she inquired faintly, looking at the nurse.

'Oh! she has been sitting by you all night—she has been nursing you.' Miss Edwards opened her hand towards the nurse, who gently shook it. 'You're very kind to me,' she murmured; 'I—I don't deserve it.'

'Every one, Miss Edwards, must be attended when they are ill. We want no thanks—it is our duty.'

'But I am such a base girl'—

'Pshaw! you must not begin to talk in that way. Have you felt any fulness—a sort of choking fulness—about your chest, since I saw you last?' She did not seem to hear me, as she closed her eyes, and gave me no reply for several minutes. I repeated the question.

'I—I can't speak,' she sobbed, her lips quivering with emotion.

I saw her feelings overpowered her. I thought it better to leave at once, and not agitate her; so I rose, and entreat the nurse to pay her all the attention in her power, and give her medicine regularly, I left, promising to return, if possible, at noon. Her state was extremely precarious. Her constitution had evidently been dreadfully shattered; everything, in short, was at present against her recovering from the injury her lungs had sustained from the ruptured vessel. The least shock, the least agitation of her exquisitely excitable feelings might bring on a second fit of blood-spitting, and then all was over. I trembled when I reflected on the dangerous neighborhood, the disgusting and disease-laden atmosphere she was breathing. I resolved to remove her from it, the instant I could do so with safety, to the Dispensary, where cleanliness and comfort, with change of scene, and assiduous medical attendance, awaited her. My wife was very anxious to visit her, and contribute all in her power, towards her double restoration of body and mind; but that of course was impossible, as long as Miss Edwards lay in—— Court.

I need not, however, delay the course of the narrative, by dwelling on the comparatively eventless week that followed. I attended my miserable patient on an average twice and thrice a day, and was gratified at finding no relapse; that she even recovered, though slowly, from the fierce and sudden attack that had been made on her exhausted constitution. During this time, as I never encouraged conversation, confining my inquiries to the state of her health, she said nothing either of interest or importance. Her mind was sunk into a state of the most deplorable despondency, evidenced by long, frequent, deep-drawn sighs. I learned from the nurse, that Miss Edwards sometimes moaned piteously during the night,—'Oh mother!—mother!—my mother!' She would scarcely open her lips from morning to night, even to answer the most necessary questions. On one occasion I found she opened a little purse that lay under her pillow, took out a solitary five-pound note, and put
it unexpectedly into the nurse's hands, which she clasped at the same time within her own, with a supplicating expression of countenance, as if begging of her to retain the money. When she found that the nurse was firm in her refusal, she put it back into her purse in silence.—'And your heart would have felt for her,' said the nurse, 'if you had seen her sad face!' I need hardly perhaps mention, that she had pressed the little relic of her wretched gains upon me in a similar manner, till she desisted in despair. On Friday morning, as I was taking my leave of her, she suddenly seized my hand, pressed it to her lips, and, with more energy than her feeble state could well bear, gasped,—'Oh, that I could but get out of bed to fall down on my knees before you to thank you!—Oh, it would relieve my heart!'

Monday, October 15th. Yesterday morning I told Miss Edwards that I thought we might venture to remove her to our Dispensary on the following day; an intimation she appeared to receive with indifference, or rather apathy. I also informed the infamous landlady of my intention, directing her to furnish me with whatever account she might have for lodging, &c., against my patient. Oh! how my soul abhorred the sight of, and sickened at speaking with that hideous bloated old monster! This morning I was at—Court by ten o'clock. Finding nobody stirring about the door, passage, or stairs, I ascended at once to the room of Miss Edwards. As I was passing the landing of the first floor, I overheard, through a half-open door, the voices of persons conversing together. No apology can be necessary for stating that on distinguishing the words 'Sall Edwards' I paused for a moment to listen what plot might be hatching against her.

'I tell you, we'd better lose no time,' said the voice of a man in a gruff undertone; 'we've been here shilly-shallying day after day to no purpose all the week, till it's nearly to o'clock. I know the——keeps it always under her pillow.'

'But that creature he has brought to stop with her,' replied a female voice—that of the hateful harridan who owned the house; 'what the——are you to do with her the while?'

'Slap her face for her—knock her down, and be off—that's my way of doing business. Do you remember old Jenkins, eh?'

There was a faint laugh.

'But why couldn't you go up, mother, under pretence of making the bed, and so slip off with the purse?—Now that would be doing it snug, as I calls it.'

'Lord—I make the bed? You know how Sall hates me; and besides, what's that woman up stairs for but to make the bed, and such like? It won't do—no, it won't.'

'Well—I suppose I must.'

'Then again, Ikey—there's that d—— officious doctor of hers.'

'Oh, of course, he's as much on the look-out after it as we is, for the matter of that! He's waiting to grab the blunt himself! He calls it his 'fee!' ha, ha! We makes no bones on it, but calls it plain robbery—don't we, mother?'

'But, mother,' said a female voice I had not heard before, 'remember poor Sall's dying.'

'Well, slut,' replied the old woman, 'and what if she is? Then the loss of a few pounds can't signify, as she's a-going to the 'spensary, where they pays nothing.'

'Well, well, mother,' resumed the man's voice; 'there's not a moment to be lost. I'd better do what I said.'
I slipped like lightning down stairs—met nobody—hurried into the street—and instinctively ran towards the police-office, which was not far off. I soon procured the assistance of an officer, with whom I hastened back to—Court. On our way I hurriedly explained to him the state of matters, and directed him to continue in Miss Edwards' room till she was removed to the Dispensary. When we reached the outer door of the house, I suppose my well-known companion was instantly recognized, for a girl at the door, no doubt on the look-out to see if the coast was clear, no sooner set eyes on him than she rushed back into the passage, followed by the officer and me. As she was setting her foot upon the stairs, the powerful hand of the officer snatched her back again into the passage. She was on the point of shouting out; but he silenced her by fiercely shaking his staff in her face.

'Aha, my lass! Only speak a word, and I'll break your head open!' said he. 'Doctor, do you go up at once; and I'll follow you before you've reached the door. I only want to keep this young woman quiet till then.'

I sprang up stairs in an instant, I met no one; but, on opening Miss Edwards's door, to my unutterable astonishment, I saw my usual seat by her bedside occupied by a burly ruffian of the lowest order. He seemed sitting quietly enough;—though the nurse was speaking to him in great agitation. On my entering the room, he turned round; then suddenly thrust his hand beneath Miss Edwards's pillow, and made for the door, with a hasty air of defiance. Before he had reached it, the officer on the stairs had thrust it open.

'Stop that man—he has stolen something,' said I, in as low a tone as my alarm would allow me; and the officer instantly collared him.

'I stolen something, you—liar?' exclaimed the ruffian, in a low furious tone, turning towards me.

'Come—none of that there jaw, Dick! Be quiet—be quiet, man!' and he presented to him a pistol ready cocked. 'Now will you come down with me quietly?—or, will you be carried down with your brains blown out? Quick.'

His prisoner appeared preparing for a struggle.

'I'm sorry for the sick lady, sir,' said the officer hurriedly to mo;

'twill frighten her—but I must fire!'

'For God's sake avoid it if possible,' I gasped in the utmost trepidation.

'Now, listen Dick—,' said the officer, furiously tightening his grasp till his bonny knuckles seemed buried in the flesh of his prisoner—'if you stop a moment, d—— me—but I'll fire at you—come what may!' The pistol was almost touching his ear, and I turned away with horror, expecting every instant to hear the fatal report. I wished to heaven the fellow had taken all the money quietly!

'Why—you devil! would you murder me?'—shouted the prisoner, dropping into a passive attitude—'where's your warrant?'

'Here!' replied the officer, pressing his pistol against his prisoner's cheek—'off with you!'

'Oh mercy! mercy! mercy!'—shrieked the voice of Miss Edwards, whom the loud voice of the thief had awoke from the deep sleep procured by sedative medicines. She started suddenly up in bed, into a kneeling posture, her hands clasped together—and her face turned towards the group at the door with the wildest terror. I hurried to her side—
implored her to be calm—and told her it was nothing but a slight distur-
ance—that I would protect her.

'Mercy! mercy! murder! mercy!' she continued to gasp, regardless of all I could say to her. The officer had by this time prevailed on his prisoner to quit the room peaceably—calling to me to bolt the door after him, and stay in the room till he came back. In a few moments all was quiet again. I passed the next quarter of an hour in a perfect ecstasy of apprehension. I expected to see a second fit of blood-spitting come on—to hear the vile people of the house rush up to the door, and burst it open. I knew not what to do. I explained to Miss Edwards, as she lay panting in bed, that the man who was taken off had entered the room for the purpose of robbing her of her five pounds.

'I saw—I saw his face!' she gasped—'they say—it is said—he mur-
dered one of the', she could utter no more, but lay shaking from head to foot. 'Will he come back again?' she inquired in the same affrighted tone. By degrees, however, her agitation ceased, and, thank God! (though I could not account for it) there was no noise, no uproar heard at the door, as I had apprehended. I gave my patient a few drops of laudanum, in water, to aid in quieting her system; and prayed to God, in my heart, that this fearful accident might not be attended with fatal consequences to her.

The drowsy effects of the laudanum were beginning to appear, when the officer, accompanied by another, gently knocked at the door for admission.

'He's safe enough, now, sir, and we've secured the money,' he whis-
pered, as I met him half-way, with my finger on my lips.

'The hackney-coach, sir, is waiting at the door,' said he in a low tone—'the coach you ordered from the Dispensary, they say. I ask your pardon, sir, but hadn't you better take the lady away at once?—the sooner she leaves such a place as this—the better. There may be a distur-
bance, as these houses swarm with thieves and villains of all kinds, and there are but two of us here to protect you.'

'How is it,' said I, 'that the people of the house make no disturbance, that they let you take off your man so easily—?'

'Lord, sir, they durs'n't! They're all at home—but they know us, and durs'n't shew their faces. They know 'tis in our power to take them off to the office as accomplices if we like! But hadn't you better make up your mind, sir, about removing her?'

True. I stood for a moment considering. Perhaps his advice was the best; and yet, could she bear it, after all this agitation? I stepped to the bed-side. She was nearly asleep (our conversation had been carried on in the lowest whisper,) and her pulse was gradually calming down. I thought it, on the whole, a favorable moment, for at least making the attempt. I directed the nurse, therefore, to make the few necessary preparations immediately. In less than a quarter of an hour's time, we had Miss Edwards well muffled up, and wrapped in a large cloak. Her few clothes were tied up in a bundle; and the officer carried her down with as much ease as he could an infant. There was no noise, no hurry: and as the coach set off with us, I felt inexpressibly delighted, that at all events I had removed her from the hateful situation in which I had found her. We had not far to go. Miss Edwards, a little agita-
ted, lay quietly in the nurse's arms, and, on the whole, bore the fatigue of removing better than could have been expected. The coachman drove through the quietest streets he could find: and by the time we
stood before the Dispensary gates, Miss Edwards had fallen asleep—for, be it remembered, the influence of the recently-given laudanum was upon her. On alighting, the nurse helped her into my arms. Poor creature! Her weight was that of a child! Though not a strong man, I carried her across the yard, and up stairs to the room that had been prepared for her, with all the ease imaginable. When I laid her on the bed, her short quick breathing, and flushed features, together with her exhausted air, and occasional hysteric starts, made me apprehensive that the agitation and excitement of the last hour or two had done her serious injury. I consoled myself, however, with the recollection, that under the peculiar exigencies of the case, we could have pursued no other or better course; and that my unhappy patient was now where she would receive all the attention that could possibly be paid to one in her melancholy situation. As I gazed at her, there seemed fewer traces than before, of what she had been formerly. See looked more haggard—more hopelessly emaciated than I had before seen her. Still, however, I did not despair of in time bringing her round again. I prescribed a little necessary medicine, and, being much behind-hand with my day's engagements, left, promising to call, if possible, again in the evening. I comforted myself throughout the day with hopes of Miss Edwards's recovery, of her restoration, even, in some measure to society—aye, even of introducing once more into the fold this 'tainted wether of the flock!'

**Monday Evening to Saturday—inclusive.** Really there does seem something almost magical in the alteration visible in Miss Edwards! I am not the only one that thinks so. Some of her worst symptoms seem disappearing. Though she eats as little as ever, that little is eaten, she says, with relish. Her voice is not so feeble as it was; the pain in her chest is not so oppressive; her spitting sometimes intermits; the fierce evening fever burns slackler; the wasting night sweats abate a little. I am not, however, prematurely sanguine about her; I have seen too many of these deceitful rallyings to be easily deluded by them. Alas! I know too well that they may even be looked upon as symptomatic of her fatal disorder! But courage! *Nil desperandum, auspice Deo*; she is in thy hands—I leave her there, and bow!

Then again, may we not hope, in turn, to 'minister' successfully to the mind diseased—to 'cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff'—which, not removed, will defy all the efforts of human art? Yes, let us hope, 'though against hope'—for methinks there is stealing over her features an aspect of serenity of which they have long been stripped—there are signs of rejoicing in the desert—of gladness in the wilderness and solitary place, and of blossoming in the rose!

Rays of her former sweetness of temper and manner are perceptible—which, with the knowledge of her sufferings, endear her to all around her. She has so won upon the attentive affectionate nurse, that the faithful creature will not hear of her place being supplied by another.

'Well, Eleanor,' said I to her this morning, 'I am delighted to find your pulse and tongue speak so well of you; that the nurse can bear witness to the good night's rest you have had! I don't hesitate to say, that if you go on in this way a little longer, I think I can hold out to you strong hopes of recovery.'

'Recovery!' she exclaimed, with a deep sigh, shaking her head, 'do you think I am glad to hear it?'

'Dear me,' exclaimed the nurse, impatiently, 'that's just the way the young lady keeps on with all the night and day through! I tell her 'tis wrong, Doctor—isn't it?
"Tis always wrong, surely; I replied, with a serious air, 'to be ungrateful to the Almighty for His blessings, especially such as Miss Edwards has received.'

'Ah, Doctor, you wrong me! I wish you could read my heart, and then tell me how it beats with gratitude towards Him I have so heavily offended! But why should I recover? What is there in life for me? Forgive me, if I say, Oh that Heaven, in its mercy, would let me die now! I am happy, yes, happy, in the prospect of death; but when I think of life, my joy fades suddenly!'

'Resign yourself, Eleanor, to the will of God? Has in His infinite wisdom must choose for you, life or death? Learn to obey, with fear and trembling?'

'But how should I be otherwise than shocked at returning to the world—the scene of my horrible guilt—my black!' she paused, and turned pale. 'Who would not spurn me with loathing? The worms would turn against me!—Even this kind woman!'

'La, ma'am—and what of me? Bless you! Do you think I hate you?' interrupted the honest nurse, with the tears in her eyes.

'And, Eleanor—remember: did my wife, at any of the times she has been here—'

'No! no! no!' murmured the poor sufferer, her tears starting—and clutching my hand to her lips—'Forgive me! but how can I help it?'

'Don't be distressed, Eleanor—if you should recover—about your future prospects,' said I, as the nurse left the room—'there are ways of securing you a comfortable though perhaps a humble retreat! The bounty of one or two kind individuals'

'Doctor—Doctor!' she interrupted me: when her emotion would not suffer her to say more.

'Don't be oppressed, Eleanor—don't over-estimate a little kindness,' said I, thinking she overstated the small services I spoke of—'It will be but little, and that little cheerfully given, among five or six persons—and those ladies'—her emotion seemed to increase. 'Well, well—if you dislike so much the sense of obligation, why cannot you lighten the sense of it, by trying to contribute a little to your own support? Your accomplishments would easily admit of it.'

'Dear Doctor—you mistake me!' she interrupted, having regained a measure of calmness—'I could tell you a secret that would astonish you!'—

'A secret!'—I echoed, with a smile—'Why, what about?'

'I will tell you,' said she; looking towards the door, as if apprehensive of interruption. I rose and bolted it.

'I am at this moment, believe me when I say it,—worth £3,000, and more than that; all—all at my absolute command!' I stared at her, first with astonishment, then with incredulity; and finally with concern—thinking her intellects disordered. I shook my head involuntarily at her.

'Doctor—disbelieve me, if you choose,' she continued calmly,—'but I am serious. I do not speak, as you seem to imagine, deliriously—No, no! This sum of money is really mine—mine alone; and every farthing of it is in the funds at this moment!'

'Ah!' I interrupted her, the thought suddenly occurring to me, 'your destroyer baited his hook splendidly'

All the color that had mantled her cheeks vanished suddenly, leaving them white as marble. She gazed at me for a few moments in silence—the silence I knew not whether of sorrow or scorn.
'No,' she replied at length, with a profound sigh, closing her eyes with her left hand. 'It has never been polluted by his touch; it should perish if it had! No, no—it is not the price of my shame! Oh, Doctor, Doctor! am I then fallen so deeply, lower than I suspected even, in your estimation? Could you think I would sell myself for money!' She said this with more bitterness of tone and manner than I had ever seen in her.

'Well, Eleanor, be calm! Forgive me! I am very sorry I spoke so foolishly and hastily. I did not, however, dream of hurting your feelings!' She continued silent. 'Eleanor, don't you forgive me?' I inquired, taking her hand in mine.

'You have not offended me, Doctor; you cannot,' she replied, in tears. 'It was the thoughts of my own guilt, my own infamy, that shocked me; but it is over! Oh, is it for such a vile wretch as me?'—She ceased suddenly, and buried her face in her hands.

'Doctor,' at length she resumed, calmer, though in tears, 'I say this large sum of money is mine—wholly mine. It came to me through the death of a cousin at sea; and was left me by my uncle. They knew not of the polluted hands it was to fall into!' Again she paused, overpowered with her feelings. 'But though I knew it was become mine, could I claim it? A wretch like me? No; the vengeance of God would have blighted me! I have never applied for it; I never will! I have often been starving; driven to the most fearful extent of crime, scarce knowing what I was about; yet I never dared to think of calling the money mine! Guilty, depraved as I was, I hoped that God would view it as a penance, an atonement for my crimes! Oh, God! didst thou, wilt thou now accept so poor, so unworthy a proof of my repentance? Even in dust and ashes it is offered!'

She ceased. My soul indeed felt for her. Poor girl,—what a proof, though a mistaken one, was here, of the bitterness, the reality, of her contrition and remorse! I scarce knew what reply to make to her.

'I have now, however, made up my mind how to dispose of it; in a manner which I humbly hope will be pleasing to God; and may he accept it at my hands! I wish.' At this moment, the returning footsteps of the nurse were heard. 'To-morrow—to-morrow, Doctor—a long history,' she whispered hastily.

I took the hint, opened the door, and the nurse entered. Miss Edwards was much exhausted with the efforts she had made in conversation; and I presently took my leave, reminding her, significantly, that I should see her the next evening. Her concluding words led me to expect a narrative of what had befallen her; but unless she proved much better able than she seemed now to undertake such a painful task, I determined to postpone it.

The next evening convinced me that I had acted imprudently in suffering her to enter into any conversation on topics so harrowing to her spirits. I found she had passed a very restless disturbed night; and one or two painful symptoms re-appeared during the day. I resolved, for a long time to come, to interdict any but medical topics; at least, till she could better sustain excitement. Acting on this principle, little of interest transpired during any of the almost daily visits I paid her for the long period of eleven weeks. I persevered in the most anxious efforts, which I also enjoined on all about her, to supply her mind with cheerful topics, in the shape, chiefly of works of innocent entertainment, chess, sewing, &c. &c.; anything, in short, that could give her mind something to prey upon, instead of itself.
But let me here make devout and thankful mention of the inestimable support and comfort she received in the offices of that best, nay, that only solace of the bed of sickness and death—Religion. Let me also bear testimony here to the honorable and unwearied exertions in her behalf made by the intelligent and pious chaplain of the institution. If he be now alive, and I have no reason for supposing he is not, I know he will feel that satisfaction in reflecting upon the services this narrative must call to his recollection, if he see it, which not even the most flattering and public acknowledgment can supply to him. He watched over her with a truly pastoral care, an untiring zeal, that found its reward in bringing her to a full sense of her mournful condition, and in softening her heart to the hallowing and glorious influences of Christianity. He was at her bedside almost every other day, during the long interval I have mentioned. She several times received the sacrament; and though she was more than once unexpectedly brought to the very margin of the grave, her confidence was not shaken. Truly, in the language of Scripture, 'a new heart was given unto her.' On one occasion of her receiving the sacrament, which she did with all the contrition and humbleness of Mary Magdalen of old, I heard from Mr. W——, that she was so overcome, poor girl, as that, in the very act of taking the cup into her hand, she burst out into hysterical weeping. The excitement increased; she described her features as wearing an expression of all but sublimity; and she presently burst into a strain of the most touching and passionate eloquence.

'Oh, Saviour of the world,' she exclaimed, her hands clasped in an attitude of devotion, and her eyes fixed upwards, 'for my polluted lips to kiss thy blessed feet! that thou shouldst suffer me to wash them with my tears! Oh, to stand behind thee, to hear thee forgive me all! Yes, to hear thee speak! To feel that thou hast changed me! Thou hast gone into the wilderness; thou hast sought out the lost sheep, and brought it home with thee rejoicing! Let me never wander from thee again! My heart breaks with thankfulness! I am thine! Do with me as thou wilt.'

Nor were such expressions as these the outpourings of mere delirium—rant, uttered in a transient fit of enthusiasm—but indications of a permanently altered state of feeling. Surely, call it what you will—enthusiasm, delirium, rant, canting—if it produce such effects as these, it must be blessed beyond all description; and, Father of the spirits of all flesh! vouchsafe unto me, when in the awful agonies of passing from time into eternity—into Thy presence—oh, wilt thou vouchsafe to me such enthusiasm, such delirium!

The little attentions my wife paid Miss Edwards in calling with me to see her, and sending her from time to time, such delicacies as her circumstances required, called forth the most enthusiastic expressions of gratitude. My pen can do no justice to the recollections that force themselves upon me, of her constant, overflowing thankfulness—of the peace and cheerfulness she diffused around her, by the unwavering serenity and resignation with which she bore her sufferings. She persisted in expressing her convictions that she should not recover; that she was being carried gently, not flung with headlong horror, into eternity. If ever a gloomy shadow would pass over her mind, and blanch her features, it was when her mind suddenly reverted to the dreadful scenes from which she had been so providentially rescued. The captive could
not look back with wilder affright upon the tortures of the Inquisition, from which he was flying in unexpected escape, his limbs yet quivering with recollections of the rack!

It was an evening in March, in the ensuing year, that was appointed by Miss Edwards for communicating to me the particulars of her history—of her sufferings and her shame. She shrunk from the dreadful task—self-imposed though it was—saying, the only satisfaction she should experience in telling it, would be a feeling that it was in the nature of an expiation of her guilt. I had promised the preceding day to spend a long evening with her for the purpose of hearing her story. I arrived about half past six o'clock, and the nurse, according to her instructions, immediately retired.

I wish the reader could have seen Miss Edwards as I saw her on that evening! She reclined, propped up by pillows, upon a couch that had been ordered for her, and which was drawn near the fire. In the beautiful language of Sterne, 'affliction had touched her appearance with something that was unearthly.' Her raven-black hair was parted with perfect simplicity upon her pale forehead; and the expression of her full dark eyes, together with that of her pallid wasted features, and the slender, finely-chiselled fingers of the left hand, which was spread open upon her bosom, reminded me forcibly of a picture of the Madonna, by one of the greatest old painters. I defy any person to have seen that unfortunate girl's face, even in total ignorance of her history, and ever to have forgotten it. On my entering the room, she laid aside a book she had been reading, and seemed, I thought, a little fluttered, aware of my errand—of the heavy task she had undertaken. I apprise the reader at once, that I fear I can give him but a very imperfect account of the deeply-interesting narrative which I received from Miss Edwards's lips. I did not commit it to paper till a week after I had heard it, circumstances preventing my doing it earlier. I have, however, endeavored to preserve, throughout, as much of her peculiar turns of expression—sometimes very felicitous—as possible.

'Doctor,' said she, speaking faintly at first, 'how I have longed for, and yet dreaded this day!' She paused, unable to proceed. I ran for a glass of wine and water; and after she had taken a little, her agitation gradually subsided.

'Take time, Eleanor,' said I, gently—'don't hurry yourself.—Don't tell me a syllable more than is perfectly agreeable to yourself. Believe me—believe me, I have no impertinent curiosity, though I do feel a profound interest in what you are going to tell me.'

She sighed deeply.

'But, Doctor, the blessed Scriptures say, that if we confess our sins—the poor girl's voice again faltered, and she burst into tears. I was affected and embarrassed—so much so, that I hesitated whether or not I should allow her to go on.

'Forgive me, Doctor,' she once more resumed, 'if I am shocked at finding myself beginning my bitter and disgraceful history. I do it in the spirit of a most humble confession of my errors. It will relieve my heart, though it may make you hate the poor fallen creature that is talking to you. But I know my days on earth are numbered.'

'Eleanor! Don't say so; I assure you I have great hopes!'—

'Doctor—forgive me,' said she emphatically, waving her arm with a serious air, 'I do not doubt your skill; but I shall never recover; and if it be the will of God, I would a thousand times rather die than live!'—Oh,
Doctor! I find I must begin with the time when you saw me both happy and virtuous, living with my mother. How little did I then think of what was before me!—how differently you were hereafter to see me! Perhaps I need scarcely tell you that my heart in those days was rank with pride—a pride that aided me in my ruin! My poor mother has often, I dare say, told you of the circumstances which led her to seek a livelihood by keeping a boarding house at a summer watering-place. I endured the change of circumstances; my mother reconciled herself to them—and a thousand times strove, but in vain, to bend the stubborn heart of her daughter into acquiescence with the will of Providence. I concealed my rebellious feelings, however, out of pity to her; but they often choked me! They said, Doctor, that at that time I was beautiful. Yes, Doctor, look at me now, said she with a bitter smile, and think that I was once called beautiful!—Beautiful!—oh! that this face had been the ugliest of the ugly—frightful enough to scare off the Serpent!—But Heaven is wise! I am not vain enough to hesitate about owning that I saw how much I was admired—and admired sometimes in quarters that made my pulse beat high with ambitious hopes—hopes framed in folly, and to be, I need hardly say, bitterly disappointed. I read daily in the hateful novels which helped to unsettle my principles, of beauty alone procuring what are called high marriages; and would you believe, Doctor—foolish girl that I was—I did not despair of becoming myself the wife of a man of rank—of wearing a coronet upon my brow!—Oh! my guilty heart aches to think of the many worthy and admirable young men who honored me with proposals I spurned with scorn—with insolence. If reason—if common-sense had guided me—had I rather listened to the will of Heaven, uttered through the gentle remonstrances and instructions of my poor mother—I might have been, to this hour, a blooming branch upon the tree of society, and not a withered bough soon to fall off—but not, oh, no, my gracious God and Father!—not into the burning!—exclaimed Miss Edwards, her voice faltering, and her eyes lifted up towards Heaven with a kind of awful hope.—I need not weary you with describing the very many little flattering adventures I met with; and which, alas! I met with too often to allow of the common duties of life being tolerable to me. Your lady, Doctor, in happier times, would listen to them, and warn me not to be led away by them.

But let me come at once to the commencement of my woes. You may recollect the pleasant banks of the—? Oh, the happy hours I have spent there! I was walking, one Sunday evening, along the river side, reading some book—I now forget what—when I almost stumbled against a gentleman that was similarly engaged. He started back a step or two—looked at me earnestly for a moment—and, taking off his hat, with a high-bred air, begged my pardon. He looked so hard at me, that I began to fancy he knew me. I colored—and my heart beat so quick and hard, that I could hardly breathe; for I should, indeed, have been blind not to see that my appearance struck him; how his affected me, let the remainder of my life from that hour tell in sighs and groans of anguish! He was the the handsomest man I think I have ever seen. He seemed about thirty years old. There was something about his face that I cannot express; and his voice was soft—his manners were kind and dignified. Indeed, indeed, it was the hour of fate to me! He said something about blaming not each other for the interruption we had experienced, but the authors, whose works
kept us so intently engaged, in such a gentle tone, and his dark eyes looking at me so mildly, that I could not help listening to him, and feeling pleased that he spoke to me. I begged that he would not blame himself, and said he had done nothing to apologize for. He said not another word on the subject, but bowed respectfully, and talked about the beautiful evening—the silence—the scenery—and in such language! so glowing, so animated, so descriptive, that I thought he must be a poet. All the while he was speaking, there was a diffident distance about him—a sort of fear lest he was displeasing me, that charmed me beyond what I could express, and kept me rooted to the spot before him.

"I presume, madam, as you are so fond of waterside scenery," said he, "you often spend your evenings in this way?"

"I replied that I often certainly found my way there."

"Well, ma'am," said he with a sweet smile, "I cannot think of interrupting you any longer. I hope you will enjoy this lovely evening."

With this he took off his hat, bowed very low, and passed on. If he had but known how sorry I was to see him leave me! I felt fascinated. I could not help looking behind me to see him, and, to be sure, caught him also looking towards me. I would have given the world for a decent pretence for bringing him to me again! My heart beat—my thoughts wandered too much, to admit of my reading any more; so I closed my book, sat down on the white roots of a great tree that overshadowed the river, and thought of nothing but this strange gentleman. I wondered who he was—for I had never seen him before in the place, and teased myself with speculations as to whether he really felt towards me any thing further than towards a mere stranger. I went home. I sat down to the piano, where I began twenty different things, but could finish none of them. My mother wished me to write a letter for her; I obeyed, but made so many mistakes, that she got angry, and wrote it herself after all. All night long did I think of this fascinating stranger. His soft voice was perpetually whispering in my ear; his bright piercing eyes were always looking at me. I woke almost every half hour, and began to think I must be surely, as they say, bewitched. I was quite alarmed at finding myself so carried away by my feelings. Can you believe all this? You may call it love at first sight—any thing you choose. Would to Heaven it had been hatred at first sight! That evening fixed a spell upon me. I was driven on I do not know how. I could not help taking a walk the next evening. It was nonsense—but I must needs take my book with me. My heart beat thick whenever I saw the figure of a gentleman at a distance; but I was disappointed, for he whom I looked for did not come that evening. The next evening, and the one after that, foolish woman that I was!—did I repair with a flattering heart to the same spot—but in vain—the stranger did not make his appearance. On the Sunday evening, however, I unexpectedly met him, arm in arm with another gentleman. Gracious Heaven! how pale and languid he looked—and his right arm in a sling! He bowed—smiled rather pensively at me—colored a little I thought—and passed me. I found soon afterwards that a duel had been fought in the immediate neighborhood, on Tuesday last, the day but one after the meeting I have described, between a Lord—and Captain——, in which the latter was wounded in the arm. Yes—then there could be no doubt—it was Captain—— whom I had talked to. And he had been in a duel! Oh, Doctor, I dropped the newspaper which told me the circumstance. I trembled—I felt agitated, as if he had been, not a stranger, but a relative. There was no concealing the truth from myself. I felt sick and faint at
the thought of the danger he had been exposed to; and such an interest
in him altogether, as I could not describe. Doctor—fool, wretched, weak
fool that I was—already I loved him.—Yes, an utter stranger—one who
had never given me even a look or word beyond the commonest complai-
sance! The absurd notions I had got from novels came into my head. I
thought of fate, and that it was possible our feelings were mutual—with
much more nonsense of the same sort. I was bewildered all day—and
told my mother I felt poorly. Poor, good, deceived mother! she was for
having advice for me!

'Two or three evenings after, we met again. My heart melted to see
his pale features, his languid air. Somehow or another—I forget how
—we got again into conversation; and I at once taxed him with having
fought a duel. What—oh what could have prompted me! He blushed, and
looked quickly at me, with surprise but not displeasure; saying, in a low
tone, something or other about his 'pride at being an object of my sym-
pathy.' Doctor ——, I can but again and again ask you to bear with me
in this history of my guilt and folly! Before we parted, I was actually
imprudent enough to accept his arm. We often met at that spot after-
wards, by appointment. I was enchanted with my new companion—
there was something so elegant, so fashionable, so refined about him. I
found he was an officer in a regiment of cavalry, and staying at ———, on
account of ill health. He must have been blind, indeed, not to have seen
that I doated—yes, sigh, Doctor—that I doated upon him: but when I
was one evening infatuated, mad enough, to beg him not to appear to
know me, if he should happen to meet me walking with my mother, or any
one else, you will surely believe that I must have been possessed by Sa-
tan! The moment the fatal words were out of my mouth, I snatched my
arm out of his, started back, and turned very pale and faint. I am sure I
must—for he instantly asked me with alarm if I was ill. Ill! I was ready
to sink into the earth out of his sight! His winning ways, however, soon
made me forget all—forget even, alas, alas! that I now stood fatally com-
mited to him! When I returned home, I felt oppressed with a guilty
consciousness of what I had done. I could not look my mother in the
face. I felt stupified at recollecting what I had said, but with great effort
concealed all from my mother. It is needless to say, that after this Cap-
tain ——— and I met on the footing of lovers; I expecting him, on each
occasion, to propose marriage; and he walking by my side, talking in a
strain that set my soul on fire with passionate admiration for him. What
a charming, what a delightful companion! Forgetting, for a moment, all
the nonsense of novels, I felt I could have adored him, and made him my
husband, had he been the poorest of the poor! When he was not with me,
he would write me sometimes two or three letters a day—and such letters!
If you—even you, had seen them, you would have owned how unequal
was the struggle! At length I felt piqued at his hesitation, in not saying
something decisive and satisfactory on the subject that was nearest my
heart; but on the very morning when I thought I had made up my mind to
tell him we must part, for that I should get myself talked of in the town,
and alarm my mother—he saved me all farther anxiety, by telling me, in
enthusiastic terms, that he felt he could not live without me, and asked
me if I had any objection to a private marriage; adding, that his father
was a haughty, selfish man, and all the other falsehoods that have ruined—
and alas, alas! will yet ruin, so many wretched girls! Woe, woe, woe is
me that I listened to them—that I believed all—that, indeed, Captain
could have scarce said any thing I would not have believed! I must have
been, alas! given over to destruction not to understand—never once to reflect on the circumstance of his refusal ever to come to our house to see my mother, or allow me to breathe a hint about what had passed between us! Alas, had but a daughter's heart glowed with a thousandth part of the love towards her mother, with which that mother's yearned towards her—a moment's sigh—an instant's confidence—would have broken the charm—would have set me free from the spoiler! 'I must keep my old father in the dark about this matter, as you your mother, Eleanor,' said he, 'till the marriage is over, and then they cannot help themselves!' He talked to me in this strain for nearly a month; for my better angel helped me to fight against him so long—flashing incessantly before me the figure of my poor, precious, heart-broken mother—and I refused to listen to his proposals. But at last he prevailed. He talked me to death on the subject; persuaded me, that if I would elope, I could leave a letter, telling my mother how soon she would see me the wife of Captain ——; and at last I began to think in the same way.

"Dear, dear Captain ——! How much I am trusting to you!" said I, one night, weeping, after he had wrung a reluctant consent from me. "Oh, don't, don't bring down my poor mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

"My dear, dear, good girl!" he exclaimed, folding me fondly in his arms, and kissing me in a sort of transport. I felt then confident of my safety! That very evening did I write the proposed letter to my mother, telling her of all. Oh how I tried to crowd my whole heart into every word! My color went and came—my knees shook—my hands trembled—my head swam round—I felt cold and hot by turns. I got the letter written, however, and stepped into bed—a sleepless one you may imagine. That night—that very night—I dreamed a dream that might have saved me; that I looked out of bed, and saw a beautiful but venomous snake gliding about under the chest of drawers, near the window. It shocked me as I gazed shudderingly at it, but I did not once think of Captain ——. Alas, I have since!

The next day, my injured, unsuspecting mother had fixed for paying a visit to a friend who lived some few miles off, from whence she would not return till the day after. Monster—monster—perfidious creature that I was! I chose the first night that my mother and I had been separated for years—the time when she had left all in my care—to forsake her and home, to elope at midnight with my destroyer in a coach and four for Gretna Green! "We set off,—oh, that horrible night—that" Here Miss Edwards turned suddenly deadly pale. Her manner had for some time shown increasing agitation, though she spoke with unimpaired energy till she uttered the last words.

'I cannot suffer you to proceed any farther this evening, Eleanor,' said I, forcing on her some wine and water, 'your efforts have exhaust-ed you!'

She nodded, and attempted to speak, but her voice failed her.

'To-morrow shall I come, if you find yourself better?' She nodded acquiescence. I called in the nurse immediately, ordered some little quieting medicine for Miss Edwards, and left the nurse to prepare her for bed.

I have omitted much that she told me—much that might have added to the powerful effect her simple and touching mode of telling it might have produced upon the reader, had I given it entire—lest I should fatigue his attention.
The next evening found us again together as on the preceding.—I entreated her not to resume her narrative, if it were painful to her—observing her in tears when I entered.

'Yes, Doctor—indeed I am pained; but, let it wring my heart as it may, I must go on with the black story I have commenced. Do but be prepared to hear with forgiveness much that will shock you—that will make you look on me with loathing—no, no then—I will say, pity!

'I cannot pain you with a particular account of the means by which my destroyer succeeded in effecting my ruin. Once in the accursed travelling-carriage, we went, I afterwards found, in a far different direction to that of Gretta Green. I think I must have been mad throughout the journey. I recollect nothing distinctly; all seems yet in a mist—a mist of excitement, of mingled apprehension and delight. Captain—was all tenderness, all persuasion. He kept me in a constant whirl. He never suffered me to be left alone for an instant—to think of what I was doing. No—that was not his plan! For two days, I do not think I had leisure to look back, and reflect on what I had left. I felt—strange, dreadful to say—no uneasiness. Oh, my very heaven was to be in the company of Captain—, to look at him, to hear him speak to me, to think he was now mine, mine for life! But on the morning of the third day—here she shuddered from head to foot, and paused—'I awoke in a fright; for I had been dreaming about the serpent I had dreamed of before we eloped. Then it glided about under the drawers at a distance; now it was writhing about on the very bed on which I lay! The vividness of my dream awoke me, as I said, in horror. Alas, my eyes were opened! Beside me lay the serpent!

'I shrieked aloud—I sprung out of bed—I tore my hair with frantic gestures. He leaped out after me in consternation, and attempted to pacify me, but in vain. My cries brought an elderly, respectable female into the room. He told her that 'his wife' was only in hysterics—that I was unfortunately subject to them. I recollect nothing more distinctly, of that dreadful day. By the next, with Belial cunning and persuasion, he had soothed and flattered me into something like my former insensibility to my situation. I felt as if it was useless to resist his influence! Before the week was over, we were in Paris. Not all the myriad gaieties of that place, however, could lull or distract the worm from gnawing at my heart! For three weeks, I was incessantly in tears—often in hysterics. Captain—behaved to me with exquisite tenderness. He spent immense sums in procuring me amusement; and, in a month longer, I found—spite of myself—my sorrow wearing off. He had accustomed me gradually to wine, and at length he was obliged to check my increasing propensity to it with anger. Once—once only, do I recollect having mentioned the sacred name of my mother. He presently produced me a letter, which he pretended to have received from a friend at ——, where I had lived; which said that my mother, on finding out what I had done, burnt the letter I had left for her—called me by an infamous name, and vowed solemnly never to receive or acknowledge me again. How I recollect one sentence he read me!

"'The old woman goes on much as usual, only very furious when her daughter's name is mentioned. She says, as the slut has made her bed, so she must lie upon it!'"

'How—oh, how could I be for an instant deceived by such a shallow—such an infamous fabrication? I know not; strange as it may seem, I wished to think it true, to pacify myself—to blunt the horrid sting of remorse. The Devil, too, had blinded me!
The Magdalen.

'From that time, I began to find my feelings dulled, and got in a manner satisfied with my situation. I had talked about marriage till he almost struck me in his fury; and I got wearied and frightened out of my importunities. We spent some time on the banks of the beautiful Rhine, and travelled over the most delicious parts of Switzerland; after which we returned again to Paris. Altogether, we spent about seven months in France. Towards the latter part of that time, stupidized as I was, I discovered a gradual but melancholy change in his manner towards me. He seemed trying, I thought, to disgust me with him! He introduced to our table some English friends of his, noblemen and others, and did not seem to care how pointedly they paid their attentions to me, nor how I received them. Then he began to get piqued at my "impropriety," he said. That gave him a handle of offence against me. Our life was one of incessant bickering. He began to talk about his leave of absence having expired—that he must return to England. He told me, at length, abruptly, that he had had ten days longer to continue in France, as his regiment was unexpectedly ordered off for India, and I must return to England with him instantly. Return to England? The thought was horror! The day before that fixed for our return to England, I eloped with Lord——, an extravagant, dissipated, but handsome young man; and we bent our course towards Rome. There I did indeed blazon my shame. I was allowed whatever dress—whatever ornaments I chose to order. I quite shone in jewelry—till I attracted universal attention. Alas, too well I knew the answer given to the perpetual inquiry—"who is she?" Bear with me, kind Doctor—bear with me in my guilty story, when I tell you that in less than three months I quitted Lord——, for the society of an Italian nobleman; his, for that of a French Count—and there I shall pause!

'Within two years of my first arrival in France, I found myself in Paris—alone. Ill health had considerably changed my appearance, and of course unfitted me, in a measure, for the guilty splendors of the life I had been leading. My spirits had fallen into the lowest despondency; so that Sir——, the man with whom I had last lived, quitted me in sudden disgust, with not more than a hundred pounds in my pocket—to manage as I could for myself.

'I lived alone at Paris for nearly three weeks, doing little else than drink wine and take laudanum. Then I began to long for England, though I dreaded to see it. The flutter of my heart almost choked me, when I thought of home.

'Restless as an evil spirit, I knew not what to do with myself, or whether to go. Still something drew me to England, and accordingly I abruptly left France, and arrived at London in December. In the packet, I happened to meet a gentleman I often met at Captain——'s table. Careless and stupid, I needed not what I did; so he had but little difficulty in persuading me to accept his lodgings in London as mine. I lived with him about a month. Is not all this frightful, Doctor? exclaimed Miss Edwards, abruptly. I shook my head, and sighed.

'Yes!' she resumed, echoing my sigh from the very depths of her bosom; 'it is an awful catalogue of crime indeed; but let me hasten through it, Doctor, while I have strength, for I sicken with the story.

'When I was left alone in London, my spirits grew more and more depressed. I felt sinking into what is called melancholy madness. I went one evening to Drury-Lane Theatre, almost stupefied with wine, which I had been drinking alone, for I should really have destroyed my—
self but for the excitement of wine. I need hardly say to what part of the boxes, a young woman, elegantly dressed, and alone, was ushered. It was that allotted to my miserable sisters in guilt. I sat at the corner of the boxes, a large shawl almost concealing me from head to foot. The orchestra was playing the overture. Oh, how sick, how faint that music made me, which all others listened to with ecstasy. It was of a pensive description, sad, but sweet beyond imagination; and it affected me so powerfully, that I was obliged to rush from the place, and seek fresh air. I returned in about half an hour. The vast house had completely filled while I was away; all was light and splendor; and the merry audience was shaking with laughter at the scenes of a favorite comedy. I—I could not laugh, but rather scream with the agonizing intensity of my feelings.

"La, how she sighs! Mighty fine, to be sure," exclaimed a rude wretch that sat beside me glaring in finery. My heart drooped under the insult. I could not resent it. I gazed languidly at the happy people occupying the private boxes. How I envied them! In casting my eye round them, it fell on a party in that nearest but one to me. Gracious God! it was Captain—— with three ladies, one of them very beautiful; and he was paying her the most anxious attentions.

I remember no more till I found myself, early in the morning, in bed at my lodgings, attended by a girl in fine clothes. I then found, on inquiry, that I had suddenly fallen back on the floor of the boxes in a swoon, and was immediately carried out, attended by a girl that sat near me, who, having found by a paper in my pocket where I lived, brought me home. The woman of the house insisted on my quitting it immediately. I owed her no rent; "But that was all one," she said; "I was a slut, and must be off!" The girl I spoke of refused to leave my room till I had a little recovered; and easily persuaded me to accompany her to her lodgings. I had about £30 with me, and a few articles of elegant and expensive dress. I lay in bed at my new residence for two days, without once rising; and no words can tell the horror that was upon me! At the end of that time my companion prevailed upon me to accompany her to the play—whither, half intoxicated, I went. But I cannot pause over the steps by which I hurried on to the vilest excesses of infamy. My money exhausted—stil the dress, except what I wore, pawned; what was to become of me? With the wages of shame and sin, I strove madly to drink myself to death; yes, Doctor, to death! I tried to live hard, that my health might fail—that I might die, if it were the death of a dog. I was soon obliged to leave my companion in guilt. She was more dreadfully addicted to drinking even than I; and in one of her sudden frenzies abused me, and at last struck me a blow with a decanter, that felled me in an instant, stunned and bleeding to the floor. See, Doctor, I have the mark of it!" said Miss Edwards, pushing aside her hair, and disclosing a large scar over the corner of her left forehead.

You may wonder, Doctor, that I have said so little about my mother; but must not suppose that I thought little of her. Her injured image was always before my eyes, and served but to drive me into deeper despair. My own shame and misery were tolerable indeed, when I thought of what her sufferings must be! I never dared to make any inquiries about her. How, indeed, could I? Suddenly, however, I resolved, I knew not why—for the thought came over me like a flash of lightning—to go down to——, come what would—to see her, if possible, in disguise, without her knowing me. I exchanged my gay clothes with a
poor woman of the town for her wretched rags; painted my face, concealed all my hair under my bonnet; and, with little more than money enough to pay my coach-hire down—careless about the means of coming up—got upon the ______ coach, by night.

"It rained and blew cruelly cold—but I had no umbrella—no protection against the inclement weather, but an old worn-out green cloak, that was comparatively useless to me. No one on the coach—indeed there were but three beside myself—would speak to such a wretched object as I looked, or offer me additional clothing! By five o'clock in the morning of the 10th of February, 18—, at about two miles' distance from the town, I told them to set me down. I was so numb with cold, that I could scarcely keep my feet, till I found my way to a very small ale-house, by the roadside, where I called for gin, and drank off two glasses of it. Indeed, by the way, you would be horrified to know how I had accustomed myself to the use of raw spirits! Without waiting, I hastened onward. It was dark and dismal, truly. The rain, and the bitter wind, chilled my very heart within me, but I saw—felt—heard—thought of nothing but my wretched—my heart-broken mother. It was nearly seven o'clock when I entered the town. How my guilty, wearied heart beat, as I recognised the places about me! I drew my bonnet over my face—fearful lest, disguised as I was, I should by any chance be recognised—and, skulked, like a thief, towards the street in which our house stood. I was often obliged to stop and lean against the walls and railings, to rest my aching limbs. At length I neared the dreaded spot. I looked—I strained my eyes till they ached. Alas! what was once our house, was now a shop, newly painted, with a strange name in great glaring gold letters over the bow-window. Oh my God! what feelings shot through my quivering heart at that moment!—I sat down upon the wet steps of a house nearly opposite. I wrung my hands—I bit my lips with the intensity of my anguish—for I was afraid of alarming the yet sleeping neighborhood with a shriek. At length an old man came slowly past, leading a horse. I asked him with a quivering voice, where Mrs. ______ (my mother) lived? He was deaf—and I was obliged to shout the name into his ear—though the effort seemed to exhaust all the little breath I had.

"'Oh—Mrs. ______?—why—let me see! Her whose daughter ran off with the officer some time since?'

'I nodded, though my eyes could no longer distinguish the person I was speaking to.

'"Why—poor old lady—she's been dead this year and a half"—

'I heard no more. I did not faint—I did not fall—I did not utter a sound—but while he was speaking, walked away steadily and rapidly. My body seemed to swell as I went on. I felt as if I hardly touched the ground. Strange lights were before my eyes. My head seemed whirling round and round. As I walked in this strange way, a coach passed me. I stopped it—found it was going up to London, and got on at once.

'"Going all the way up to London, young woman?" said the gruff guard.

'I told him I was—and spoke not a word more, till we reached the coach-office in London. I had no money about me except a shilling or two, and the fare was a pound. They helped me off the coach; and when they found I could not pay my fare, abused me dreadfully—called me an impostor—and handed me over to a constable, who took me to the
police-office as a swindler. The magistrate, who was just leaving, soon disposed of the case. The coachman made his charge; and the magistrate sternly inquired how I dared to act so dishonestly? I fell down on my knees, scarce knowing where I was, or what I was doing. He looked hard at me, and seemed to pity me.

"Is it worth while to press for sentence on such a wretched creature as this?" he said, and flung me a small piece of silver. I fell down at full length on the floor, with a faint scream; and was, in an hour or two, sent off to the hospital. There I lay for six weeks, ill of a brain fever, which had several times nearly put an end to my wretched existence. When I was discharged, I had nothing to put on, and no home to go to. At the same time, another young woman left the hospital; who, seeing my utter destitution, invited me home with her, for at least a day, till I could turn myself about. She conducted me to a regular house of infamy! I wrote immediately to a gentleman, who had promised to send me money whenever I asked him. It was my first application, and was successful. He sent me £10 immediately, begging me not to write to him any more.—Shall I go on?

With part of this sum I purchased gay clothes, and commenced—yes, the accused life of a common prostitute! I seemed altogether changed since my visit to ——, and my illness in the hospital. My poor mother now dead—murdered—murdered by her vile daughter—I had scarce a relation in England that I knew of. Society, I was shut out from forever. I lived in a state of mind that I cannot describe; a sort of calm desperation—quite indifferent what became of me—often wishing that I might drop down dead in the streets. I seldom passed three hours in the day sober; every farthing of money I could procure, was instantly changed for the most scorching spirits! But I will not torture you with describing the life I led for a year after this; it was that of a devil! A few things, however, I may mention. As I was standing at the box-entrance of the theatre one night in company with several other women like myself, I unexpectedly saw Captain ——, handing a splendidly-dressed lady out of a carriage. Without my wishing it—before, indeed, I was aware of it, his eye fell upon me, and he knew me. He turned ghastly pale; and was obliged to return back into the carriage, with the lady, his wife I suppose, and drive home. Perhaps he thought I should make myself known; but no—I turned fainter far than he, and staggered away to some steps, on which I sat down to recover myself. By means of a Court Guide, which, by some accident or other, found its way into my hands, I soon afterwards found out where he lived. I often went, late at night, when it was dark and wet, so that no one seemed likely to be stirring, and paced to and fro before the large house where he lived, with feelings none can tell. How often has my heart's fluttering half-choked me, while I have listened to the sound of the piano in the drawing-room! No doubt, thought I, his wife is playing to him, and he is leaning on the sofa looking at her fondly! Oh! the hours—the nights I have passed in this wretched way! I thought myself more like a fiend haunting him, than anything human. And yet, dreadfully as he had injured me, I would have died before I could have annoyed him! And, Doctor, I have done the same often towards another house in London. There, also, have I paced for hours—bitter hours—and that house was yours?" She burst into tears, and was several minutes before she could resume her narrative. I suggested that I would hear her proceed with her history at some future day—but she told me it was now nearly over. At length she resumed.
I once walked several streets after you and Mrs. ——, and felt as if I could have kissed the ground you walked on. I dared not draw near, lest I should pollute you—lest I might, horrid creature, be seen and recognised; and when I lost sight of you, I had nothing for it but to hurry home, and drown my agony in drink. Did you never hear of my elopement, Doctor, before now?” she inquired abruptly. I answered that I had not; that, as the air did not suit my wife, we never went again to ———; and that after she and Miss Edwards had ceased corresponding, the pressure of domestic and professional engagements prevented our inquiring after her. She sighed, and proceeded.

“I have often seen in places of amusement, and in the streets, some of the persons to whom Captain ——— introduced me in France, but they either could not, or would not, recognise me—and I never attempted to remind them of me. At length, however, even liquor was insufficient to keep up my spirits. I wandered about the streets—I herded with the horrible wretches about me—as if I was only half aware of what I did and where I was. I would have lived alone—but I dared not! The most dreadful thoughts assailed me. The guilt of my past life would often gleam back upon me in a way that almost drove me mad, and I have woke a whole house with my moanings! To occupy my thoughts, when obliged to be alone, I used to send for the papers, in one of which, while carelessly casting my eyes over the list of deaths, I saw the name of my cousin, by which I knew at once that I was entitled, as I told you before, to the sum of £3000. I instantly determined never to touch it—never to apply for it. I felt I had no business with it; that the dead would shake in their graves if I stretched out my hands towards it. Once I saw my name at the head of an advertisement, stating that by applying somewhere or other I should hear of something to my advantage! I had resolved in my own mind, to leave the whole, when I died, to a particular charity, on condition that they would not allow my name to be known. You can guess the charity I mean, Doctor?” She paused, as if waiting for an answer.

“‘The Magdalen Hospital,’ said I, in a low tone.

“Yes,” she replied with a sigh—but to return, Doctor, let me now tell you of a dreadful circumstance, marking indeed the hand of Providence, which occurred only about six months before the period when you first saw me at ——— Court. As I was walking about five o’clock in the afternoon, in Oxford street, miserable as I always was, both at home and abroad, I heard a sudden shout of alarm in the street; and, on turning round, saw everything clearing hastily out of the way of a horse galloping along like lightning towards where I stood, its rider evidently almost falling from his seat. As I stood near one of the cross-streets, the horse suddenly shot past me, round the corner, and, frightful to tell, in the act of turning round, swift as light, being, I suppose, startled by some object or other, threw its unfortunate rider over its head with stunning force against a high iron pump, and galloped off faster than before. A crowd of course collected instantly about the sufferer; and I could not help joining it, to find out whether or not the gentleman was killed. The crowd opened suddenly in the direction where I stood, making way for two men who were carrying their stunned and bleeding burden to a doctor’s shop close by. He was quite motionless, and the blood pouring from his head. The sight made me, you may suppose, sick and faint, but?”

She paused—“Doctor,” she continued with a gasp, her face blanching with the recollection, “a glance at the countenance, half covered with
blood though it was, showed me the features of Captain——! Here
Miss Edwards again became exceedingly agitated, trembling from head
to foot, and continuing deadly pale. I also felt deeply shocked at the
incident she had been telling. At length, in a broken and rather indis-
tinct tone, she proceeded, ‘I shrieked at the spectacle, and swooned,
and was helped by some bystanders to an adjoining shop, which it was
nearly an hour before I could leave, in a hackney-coach, for my lodgings.
I never recovered the shock of that terrible occurrence. The next day’s
newspaper, which you may believe I bought with sickening apprehen-
sion, announced that Captain had been killed on the spot, and that his
heart-broken widow was within only a few days of her confinement.

The moment I recognised the bleeding body as I have told you, a
strange pain shot across my breast. I felt—I knew it was my death-
stroke—I knew I had not long to live—that the destroyer and his vic-
tim would soon be once more within the dreadful sight of each other!—
My health and spirits—if it is not a mockery to call them such, soon
broke down altogether; every night was I scared with the spectre of
Captain——, every day tortured with the recollections of his bleeding
corpses, and the horrid associations of my past and present guilt! Un-
able to follow my foul, revolting line of life as before, I wandered like a
cursed spirit, from one house of infamy to another, each worse than the
former,—frequently beaten with cruel violence, half-starved, and some-
times kicked out of doors into the street, because—I would not work!—
Twice have I been dragged disgracefully before a magistrate, on false
accusations of robbing the vile wretch that owned the house in which I
lived! I have lodged in places that were filthier than hog-sties; I have
heard robberies planned—and have listened with silent horror to schemes
for entrapping the innocent of both sexes to their destruction. Once—
only once I dared a whisper of remonstrance—and it earned me a blow
from the old Jewess with whom I lived, that stretched me senseless on
the floor amid the laughter and derision of the wretches around us.
Pressed by horrid want, I have plied the detestable trade I exercised—
and been compelled to smile and caress those who chose to call for me
—to drink with them—at the moment when my heart was dying within
me! when I felt that consumption was working deeper and deeper into
my vitals!

About three weeks before you saw me, I happened to be prowling about
the streets, when my haggard appearance struck a gentleman who was
passing by on horseback. He eyed me earnestly for some moments, and
then suddenly dismounted, and gave his horse into the hands of his serv-
ant. He had recognised me—spite of the dreadful alteration in my ap-
pearance—told me he had known me in what he called, alas! my ‘earlier
and better days’—and I recognised in him the nobleman for whose com-
pany I had quitted Captain——! He could hardly speak for the shock he
felt. At length he uttered a word or two of commiseration—and taking
out a bank-note from his pocket-book, which I afterwards found was for
twenty pounds—he gave it me, telling me to look after my health—and, a
little agitated, I thought, left me, as if ashamed to be seen for an instant
speaking with such a wretched object as myself!—I, who had £3000 and
more at my command, accepted the charity—the bitter charity of this gen-
tleman, with sullen composure—or resignation—as I thought; fancying,
that by so doing, I was, in a manner, atoning for the enormity of my crimes.
At the moments of my uttermost need, when fainting beneath the agonies
of starvation—I felt a savage pleasure in thinking how much money I had
within my reach, and yet refused to touch!—Guilty—ignorant creature—as if this could be viewed with satisfaction by Him—Him whom I had most offended! With the help of this £20, which I was afraid to trust myself with in the house where I then resided, for fear of being robbed—perhaps murdered by those about me, I went over to a distant part of the town, and took up my residence—I forget how—in the filthy place from which you rescued me. I had not been there a week, when I took to my bed, finding it impossible to drag my aching—my trembling limbs more than a few steps at a time. I felt that death had at last got his cold arms completely around me; and, partly in despair—partly under an influence I knew not how to resist—kind, inestimable Doctor, I sent off the line which brought you like an angel of mercy to my bedside!—My life at that place, though for so short a period, was a perpetual Hell—worse, I found—far worse than any I had before known.

'Why did not I, you may ask, with the £20 I have been speaking of, seek out a decent and virtuous place of residence? I can only answer—ask the Devil—the Devil that never once left me! Guilty myself, I went naturally to the scenes of guilt; I could not—I dared not go to any other!—And suppose I had taken lodgings at a place of good character—that such people would have received a wretch as I too plainly appeared—what was I to do when the £20 was gone? No—I preferred keeping in the black waters of pollution, till they closed over me! But I was saying how dreadfully I was treated in the last house to which I removed, and where you found me. When too late, I discovered that it was a noted house of call, for—thieves, in addition to its other horrors; and the scenes I was compelled to witness, I cannot attempt to describe! Would you believe it, Doctor?—one morning, the woman who called at your house, actually struck me upon the mouth, till the blood gushed out, because I told her I was too ill to get out of bed and accompany the rest of her wretched flock to some place of low entertainment!—I submitted to it all, however, as to purgatory—thinking I might as well die there as anywhere else!—Believe me, Doctor—in my ignorance, my blindness to the horrors of hereafter—I looked on death, and longed for it—as a worn-out traveller looks out for the place of his evening's rest! I expected to find in the grave, the peace, the quiet, the forgetfulness which the world denied me: and as for anything beyond, my mind had grown unable to comprehend the thoughts of it—to understand anything about it. But from this long and dismal dream—this trance of guilt and horror—the Providence of God—'

Miss Edwards here paused, and languidly drew her handkerchief over her face, which showed me, alas, by its color and expression, how much she was exhausted. While I was speaking to her, in as kind a tone of sympathy as my emotion would admit of—for I need hardly say how I felt overcome with her long and melancholy narrative—she fainted. Though I used every known means, on the impulse of the moment, to recall her to consciousness, they seemed of no avail: and greatly alarmed, I summoned in the nurse, and the apothecary. As the latter entered, however, she slowly opened her eyes, and a sigh evidenced the return of consciousness. I continued by her side for nearly an hour longer, speaking all the soothing things my heart could devise—imploring her not to harrow herself with useless recollections of the past.

'But—what a wretch—what a monster must you think me, Doctor!' she exclaimed, faintly, avertimg her face. 'Is not the air I breathe, pollution?'

'Eleanor, Eleanor! The Redeemer of the world said not so to the
trembling one that washed his feet with her tears.' The poor girl, overpowered with the recollection, sobbed hysterically several times, and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of emotion—murmuring, but so indistinctly, I could scarce catch the words—'He said—go in peace!'

'That blessed history,' she continued, when a little recovered, 'is all that makes life tolerable to me. I cling to it, as an earnest of the pardon of Heaven! Oh, it was written for me—for the guilty such as me—I feel, I know it was!—Oh! world, cruel world—I can bear your scorn! I can bear the finger of contempt pointed at me! I can submit to hear you curse me—I turn from you my eyes—I look to Him, I listen only to Him that looked on Mary, and forgave her.'

'Well, Eleanor, such thoughts as these are sent to you from Heaven! He you speak of has heard, and answered you!—But I must not stay here. I see your feelings are too much excited; they will injure you. You must be got into bed immediately—and, if you wish it, the chaplain shall read a prayer beside you! Farewell, Eleanor, till to-morrow! May your thoughts this night be of happier hue! Sleep—sleep easier, breathe freely, now that so black a burden has been removed from your feelings!'

She uttered not a word, but grasped my hand with affectionate energy, and kissed it. I returned home, filled with mournful recollections of the sad story I had heard, and humble hopes that the mercy of Heaven might yet beam brightly upon the short period that was allotted her upon the earth! The next day, as indeed I anticipated, I found Miss Edwards in a very low depressed frame of mind, suffering the reaction consequent upon excitement. Poor girl, she would not be persuaded but that I only forced myself to see her, from a sense of duty; that her touch, her presence, was intolerable; that what I had listened to of her confession, had made me despise her.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, with bitter emotion, 'how I abhor and hate myself for having told you so much; for having so driven from me my only friend!' Not all my most solemn assurances availed to convince her how deeply she was mistaken. She shook her head and wrung her hands in silent wretchedness. She even despaired of the mercy of Heaven. All this, however, I saw, was only a temporary mood of feeling, which I hoped would shortly disappear. She would not allow me, but with difficulty, to shake hands with her on leaving. Her whole frame shrunk from me as she exclaimed,—'Oh, touch me not!' To my great regret, and even astonishment, she continued in this melancholy humor for a whole week, till I accused myself of imprudence and cruelty in suffering her to tell me her history. My wife, on her return to London, called upon her; and her cordiality and affection a little re-assured the sorrow-sunken sufferer, and had far more effect than all the medicine of the Dispensary and the physicians there could do for her.

We supplied her, at her own earnest wish, with a little employment, to divert her mind from preying upon her already lacerated feelings. She worked at small articles of sewing, embroidery, &c. &c., which were afterwards taken, at her desire, to a charitable bazaar in the neighborhood. The interest taken in her case by the other medical attendants at the Dispensary, was almost as great as that I felt myself. All that our united experience could suggest, was anxiously done for her. Every symptom of danger was anxiously waited for, watched, and, with the blessing of Providence, expelled. All the nourishment she was capable of receiving, was given her in the most inviting frame. My wife, the chaplain, myself, and
the resident apothecary, were frequent visitors, for the purpose of keeping her spirits in cheerful and various exercise; and, with the aid of Heaven, these combined efforts proved eminently successful. I have very rarely, in the case of consumption, known a patient recover from such a hopeless degree of bodily and mental prostration, so satisfactorily as Miss Edwards. Her whole nature, indeed, seemed changed; her gentle, cheerful, graceful piety—if I may be allowed the expression—made piety lovely indeed. Not that she gave way to what is too often found to be the exacerbations arising from mere superstition acting upon weakened powers; that she affected what she did not feel, and uttered the sickening language of cant or hypocrisy. There was a lowliness, a simplicity, a fervor, a resignation about her, that could spring from sincerity alone!

The chaplain had given her a copy of the incomparable—the almost divine Saint's Rest of Baxter. Morning, noon, and night, did she ponder over its pages, imbibing their chastening, hallowing, glorifying spirit; and would often lay down the book in a kind of transport, her features glowing with an expression that rivalled my recollections of her former beauty.

She was soon able to bear the motion of a hackney-coach, and, attended by her faithful nurse, took several drives about the airiest parts of the suburbs. In short, her recovery was marked by the most gratifying signs of permanency. How my heart leaped with joy, after so long, painful, and anxious, often hopeless, an attendance on her, to enter her neatly-arranged room, and see her, not stretched upon the bed of agony and death—not turning her pale face to the wall, her soul filled with frightful apprehensions of an infinitely more frightful hereafter, but sitting 'clothed, and in her right mind,' reading, beside the window, or walking to and fro, supported by the nurse, her figure, elegant and beautifully moulded, yet painfully slender, habited in a neat dark dress; for 'white,' she said with a sigh, 'she was now unworthy to wear,'—white—the vesture of the innocent! With what honest pride, too, did the nurse look at her,—her affectionate heart overjoyed at witnessing a recovery her own unwearied attentions had so materially conduced to ensure!

Finding Miss Edwards's convalescence so encouraging and steady, I proposed to her, seriously, to make claim, through a respectable solicitor, to the property she was entitled to, and employ a part of it in engaging a small cottage, a few miles from town, before the beautiful summer-weather passed away. I suggested my advertising in the newspapers for such a place as we wanted, to be engaged from year to year, ready furnished; adding, that at a very trifling cost, the nurse could be prevailed on to accompany and attend upon her.

'Come, Eleanor, now what possible rational objection can you have to all this?' I inquired, finding she listened to my proposal in seriousness and silence.

'Only,' she replied, with a sad, sweet smile, 'only that it would make me too—too happy!' Matters were soon arranged. A respectable solicitor was duly instructed to put her in the proper way of obtaining what was due to her. There was little difficulty in doing so. The solicitor of her uncle, when written to, came up to town, acknowledged her right, and recognised her in a moment, though he had delicacy enough to abstain from any appearance of surprise, or unnecessary inquiry. There was, consequently, no obstacle on the score of identity; and the property was at once conveyed to her absolutely. I inserted in the newspapers such an advertisement as I spoke of, and it was answered the next day by the proprietor of precisely such a place as I wanted, which, therefore, I at once engaged,
on Miss Edwards's behalf, for a year, and made arrangements for her immediate removal thither. Before quitting the Infirmary, unknown to me, the grateful girl slipped a £50 note—much more than she could afford with comfort—into the poor-box of the institution; and no remonstrance of mine could make her recall it.

I shall not soon forget the day selected for removing Miss Edwards from the Infirmary; and I cannot help telling it a little particularly. We had a large glass-coach at the Dispensary door by eleven o'clock, in which were my wife, and two of my eldest children, to whom I had granted a holiday, for the purpose of accompanying us in this happy little journey—so different, thank God, from a former one! Miss Edwards, with her nurse, filled up the inside, and I rode upon the coach-box. Oh, that happy—that bright, beautiful morning! That moral harvest-home! Never did I feel the sun shine so blessedly, the summer-breeze richer, or the country more charming. Again I say—that happy morning! Heaven! then indeed was thy smile upon us, shedding into all our hearts peace and gladness! That five miles' drive was such an one as I may never have again—

When the freshness of heart and of feeling were mine,
As they never again may be.

I wonder what the coachman must have thought of me? for I could scarcely check the exuberant spirits which animated me.

As for Miss Edwards, I learnt from my wife that she spoke but little all the way. Her feelings could scarce content themselves with the silent tears which perpetually forced themselves into her eyes—the tears of ecstasy. When my wife spoke to her, she often could not answer her.

The cottage was very small, but sweetly situated, at some little distance from the high-road. Its little white walls peeped from amid honey-suckle and jessamine, like a half-hid pearl glistening between the folds of green velvet.—As my two children trotted on before us with the basket of provisions, and my wife and I followed, with Miss Edwards between us, and the nurse behind, I felt that I was living months of happiness in a few moments of time. My good wife, seeing the difficulty with which Miss Edwards restrained her feelings, woman-like, began to help her fortitude, by bursting into tears, and kissing her. This quite overcame the poor girl. As we neared the cottage, she grew paler and paler—leaned more and more upon our arms—and as we entered the parlor door, fainted. She soon recovered, however; and gently disengaging herself from my wife and the nurse, sunk upon her knees, elevated her trembling hands towards heaven, looked steadfastly upward, in a silence we all felt too sacred to disturb; and the tears at length flowing freely, relieved a heart over-charged and breaking with gratitude. That was a solemn—a blessed moment; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I felt so overpowered myself with my feelings, that I was compelled to quit the little room abruptly, and recover myself presently in the garden.

Sneer, ye ignorant of the human heart! Laugh, ye who have never known the luxury of being an instrument chosen by Heaven to assist in relieving the wretched, and bringing back the contrite mourner to peace and happiness; smile, ye whose hearts are impervious to the smiles of an approving Providence; sneer, I say—smile, laugh on—but away from such a scene as this! The ground is holy—oh, profane it not!

My heart is so full with recollections of that happy day, that I could spend pages over it; but I leave the few touches I have given as they are.

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I add not a stroke to the little picture I have here sketched, in all the humility of conscious imperfection.

We did not quit till about eight o'clock in the evening. Miss Edwards lay on the sofa as we took leave of her, exhausted with the fatigue and excitement of the day.

'Doctor, if you should ever write to me, whispered the poor girl, as I held her hands in mine, 'call this—Magdalen Cottage!'

We paid her frequent visits in her new residence, and I found her, on each occasion, verifying our most anxious hopes of her permanent recovery. The mild summer—the sweet country air—a mind more at ease, and supported by the consolations of religion—did wonders for her. It was refreshing to one's feelings to be with her! She got worshipped by the few poor in her immediate neighborhood—for whom she was daily engaged in little offices of unassuming charity—and who spoke of her always as 'the good lady at the cottage.' She was always dressed in a simple species of half-mourning; and her pale and interesting features looked more so, by contrast with the dark bonnet and veil she wore. I understand that she passed for a widow among the poor, and others that concerned themselves with inquiring after her; and the nurse—now rather her servant—kept up the notion.

I do not wish to represent Miss Edwards as being always, as it were, on the stilts of sentiment, or perpetually in ecstasies—no such thing. She was placid, peaceful, humble, contented, pious; and all this is consistent with a pervading tone of subdued pensiveness, or even occasional sadness. Heart's ease—sweet flower! is not less heart's ease, because it may occasionally bloom in the shade!

Three years, nearly, did Miss Edwards reside at Magdalen Cottage, as she touchingly styled it: her health, though extremely delicate, was on the whole satisfactory. The nurse was a perfect treasure to her. I was almost tired of expressing to her my approbation and thanks. In the beginning of the second winter, however, I regretted deeply to hear from her, that Miss Edwards, in coming from evening service at the church, about a mile off, to which, though the weather was most inclement, she had imprudently ventured—caught a severe cold, which soon revived several slumbering and startling symptoms. She had received, in short, her deathblow. Alas! alas! how soon I began to hear of profuse night-sweats—of destructive coughing—and all the other fearful train of consumptive symptoms! Her appearance, too, soon began to tell of the harrow that disease was making with her constitution—already too much shattered to resist even the slightest attacks! I cannot pain the reader with dwelling on the early progress of her last symptoms. She soon left off her daily walks to the poor, and very soon took to her bed. Disease did indeed strike space; and by the malignant intensity of suffering he inflicted, seemed revenging himself for his former defeat! The victim was indeed smitten; but it lay calmly awaiting the stroke of dismissal. She bore her last affliction with extraordinary meekness and fortitude. I thought she was really—unaffectedly rejoiced at the prospect of her removal. The poor nurse was infinitely the more distressed of the two: and the most serious reproofs I found necessary, to check the violence of her feelings. I must now, however, content myself with a few hasty entries from my Diary.

Wednesday, January 18th. —I called on Miss Edwards about four o'clock.
in the afternoon, and found, from the nurse, that she was sitting up in bed, hearing three little girls, daughters of a neighboring peasant, their cate-
chism. I was reproving the nurse for permitting Miss Edwards to act so imprudently, when a little girl came clattering hastily down stairs into the room, with a frightened air, saying, 'Come! come!' I hastened up, and found that the poor girl had fainted in the midst of her pious task; and the two terror-struck children were standing by in silence, with their hands behind them, staring at the ghastly paleness and motionlessness of their preceptress. The book had fallen from her hands, and lay beside her on the bed. I sent the children away immediately, and addressed myself to my sweet, suffering, but imprudent patient. When I had succeeded in recovering her from her swoon, the first words she uttered, were, in a faint tone—'Go on, love—' 'My dear Eleanor—Eleanor!—It's I,—Doctor——,' said I, gently.

'Well, then, you must try it, Mary,' she continued after a pause, in the same soft tone.—'Poor lady! she thinks she's got the children—she's not sensible,' whispered the nurse, in tears. What a lovely expression was there in Miss Edwards's face, blanched and wasted though it was!

'I'm afraid, my dear,' she commenced again—her head still running on the pious duty from which she had been surprised by her swoon—'I'm afraid you've been playing, instead—'—'Come, Eleanor,' said I, gently.

'No, love, I'm better, now! Go on—that's a good girl!' My vinaigrette served at length to dispel the illusion. With a faint start, she recovered herself.

'Oh! Doctor——! How are you? But—'—she added, after a pause, 'where are the children?'

'They are gone, Eleanor! Really, really, my dear, you must not do so again! It is much more than your strength can bear! Forgive me, Elea-
nor, but I have forbid them to come again,' said I, kindly, not peremptorily. She looked at me with a little surprise, and in silence.

'Poor things!' she at length exclaimed, 'how little they thought it was the last time!'

The tears came into her eyes.

'Nurse,' said she softly, 'please did you give them the little cakes I told you of?'

The poor woman shook her head in silence.

'How do you feel to-day, Eleanor?' I inquired, feeling her pulse.

'Very, very weak; but so happy! I am sorry I heard the children, if you thought I did wrong—but——'—her face brightened, 'He that loved little children seemed with me!'

'My dear Eleanor, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but you miscon-
calculate your strength! Indeed, indeed, you don't know how weak you are! Now promise me not to do so again!'

'I will, dear Doctor, I will! For my flesh is weak! But how is Mrs. ——?' (my wife.)

'She is well, and begets her love to you. I have brought with me some

'Calves' foot jelly; she made it herself for you, and hopes you will relish

it.'

'She's very good to me—very,' sobbed the poor girl. 'I'll try to take a

little this evening. But—I shall not want it long, Doctor,' she added, with

a sad smile; 'I am going, I hope—to Heaven!'

She paused. I spoke not.
If,' she resumed, 'such a poor guilty thing as I, shall be permitted to do so—dear Doctor—I will—I will always watch over you and your'—

Her emotions were becoming too violent, and I thought it best to take my leave, promising to be with her the next day. Also, I saw her sweet and spirit was not long to be excluded from that blessed place, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!' Indeed, it was hard to part with her!

January 19th to the 24th inclusive. During this interval Miss Edwards declined rapidly; but her sufferings never once seemed to shake her firm confidence in the mercy of God. She was occasionally elevated, partly through hysterical excitement, to a pitch of inspiration; and uttered such eloquence as I have seldom heard from female lips. The clergyman of the parish administered the sacrament to her once or twice, and it was consolatory, he said, to see the spirit in which she received it.

On one day during this interval, my wife (herself indisposed) accompanied me to Miss Edwards's bed-side; and the poor, fond, grateful girl's feelings got quite uncontrollable. I was obliged to remove my wife, almost fainting, from the room; and I fear the shock of that interview—which I afterwards blamed myself much for allowing—hurried Miss Edwards more rapidly to her end. On one of the days in question, she calmly arranged about the disposal of her little property; leaving the interest of £1000 to the nurse for her life; £200 to the poor of the parish; a trifle to me and my wife, 'for rings—if they will wear them;' and the rest to the Magdalen Hospital, on condition that it was given anonymously, and no attempt made to discover from what quarter it proceeded beyond me. I put the whole into the hands of my solicitor, and he got her will duly drawn and executed.

Wednesday, January 25th. Miss Edwards was sweetly calm and composed on this visit. She spoke to me of her funeral, begging it might be in the simplest way possible—followed by the nurse, three poor women, to whom she bequeathed black dresses for that purpose—and, if 'I would honor her poor unworthy dust,' by myself; that there should be no name, no plate upon the coffin-lid, and no grave-stone in the church-yard. She repeatedly and solemnly enjoined me to observe her wishes in this respect.

'Let me not leave my stained name behind me! No one would feel pleasure in seeing it—but, I believe—I humbly hope, it is written in the Books of Forgiveness above! Let me go gently, and in silence, into my mother Earth, and be thankful for so peaceful a resting-place!' The tone in which she uttered this, echoes yet in my ear!

'I am happy, Eleanor,' said I, much affected—'I am very happy to see you so composed in the prospect of death! Rely upon it, Heaven is very near you.'

'Yes—the Friend of Publicans and Sinners—I think He will not refuse to receive me!' she replied, the tears dropping from her eyes.

'How bright—how clear is all before you!'

In a solemn, slow whisper, she looked upwards with an air of awful confidence in the truth of what she was saying, and quoted the sublime language of Scripture: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth—and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth: And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!'

'Amen, Eleanor!' I exclaimed, taking her hand in mine—'we may meet again, my love,' said I, but paused abruptly. I felt choked.

'Oh, Doctor, yes!' she replied, with thrilling emphasis, gently compressing my hand. 'You must not, Doctor, when I am gone, quite forget me!'
Sometimes, Doctor, think of the poor girl you saved from ruin—and believe she loved you! Our tears fell fast. I could not open my lips. 'I know I am not worthy to be in your thoughts—but, dear Doctor! you will be among the last thoughts in my heart!' Will you—kiss me, and promise that you will sometimes remember poor Eleanor!'

Almost blinded by my tears—unable to utter a word—I bent over her and kissed her. 'God bless thee, Eleanor,' I faltered. She spoke not, but shook her head with unutterable emotion. I could bear it no longer; so I faltered that she should see me again within a very few hours—kissed her with a second solemn—it might be final kiss, and left the room. I had ridden half way home before I could at all recover my self-possession. Every time that the pale image of Eleanor B—came before me, it forced the tears afresh into my eyes, and half determined me to return instantly to her bedside, and continue there till she died.

_Thursday, January 28th._—As I hurried up, about twelve o'clock, to the cottage, I saw an elderly woman, a stranger, in the act of closing the parlor shutters. Then my sweet patient was gone! I stepped into the parlor.

' she is dead, I suppose? I inquired with a faltering voice.

'Ah, poor, good lady, she is gone! She's hardly been dead five minutes, though! Poor nurse is in a sad way about it.'

At that moment the nurse came down stairs, wringing her hands, and crying bitterly. 'Oh—I wish I had died with her! Poor Miss Eleanor—I have lost you! I shall never'—and she cried as though her heart were breaking.

'I hope she died easily?' I inquired when she had grown calmer.

'Yes—yes, sir! She had been going fast ever since you left yesterday, though she tried, poor, dear thing! to do something for you which she had long been about—and—she died with it in her hands!'

Without uttering a word more, I went up into the bedroom. I cannot describe the peculiar feelings of awe with which I am struck on seeing a very recent corpse—before it has been touched—before anything has been stirred or altered in the room about it. How forcibly I felt them on the present occasion!

'Did she say anything before she died?' I inquired of the nurse, as we stood watching the remains.

'She sighed—and said softly—"Kiss me, nurse!—I'm leaving you!"—and died in a few minutes after, as if she was falling asleep!' replied the nurse.

She lay on her left side, her black hair half-concealing her face; and in her hand was a sampler, which she had been working at, I found, frequently during her illness, with a view of having it given to me after her death—and which was not yet finished. I gently disengaged it from her insensible grasp—and let the reader imagine my feelings, on seeing nothing but the letters—

'Mary Magdalen.——'

The other letter of her initials—'B.'—the finger of death had prevented her adding.

I shall never part with that sampler till I die!—Oh, poor Mary Magdalen!—I will not forget thee!
MONA WATER.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Oh, Mona's waves are blue and bright
When the sun shines out, like a gay young lover;
But Mona's waves are dark as night,
When the face of Heaven is clouded over.
The wild wind drives the crested foam
Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
And booming echoes drown the voice—
   The silvery voice of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side
The wrathful waves were up and beating,
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came,
With anxious brow and hurried greeting.
He bade the widowed mother send,
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging.)
Her fair young son across the flood,
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
   'Oh! yet de-ay—delay till morning,
For weak the hand that guides our bark,
Though brave his heart—all danger scorn.'
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:
   'The safety of my fortress tower
Depends on tidings he must bring
From Fairlie bank within the hour.'

'Seeest thou across the sullen wave
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
That flag a message sends to me,
Of which my foes are little dreaming!
The boy must put his boat across,
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger.)
And bring me back, with care and speed,
Three letters from the light-browed stranger.'

The orphan boy leapt lightly in;
   Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty;
And bright his smile, as thus he spoke:
   'I do but pay a vassal's duty;
Fear not for me, oh! mother dear,
See how the boat the tide is spurning;
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
And thou shalt watch me safe returning.'

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
Over those waves—the snowy crested—
Now like a dart it sped along,
Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested.
And ever when the wind sank low,
Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
As long she watched, with straining eyes,
That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.
He reached the shore—the letters claimed—
Triumphant heard the stranger's wonder,
That one so young should brave alone
The bearing lake, the rolling thunder.
And once again his snowy sail
Was seen by her, that mourning mother;
And once she heard his shouting voice—
That voice the waves were soon to smother!

Wild burst the wind—wide flapped the sail—
A crashing peal of thunder followed;
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed!
The gust swept past—the waves grew calm—
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play,
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
Where knelt his lone and aching mother;
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son, who had no brother!
She raised his arm—the hand was closed—
With pain the stiffened fingers parted,
And on the sand those letters dropped,
His last dim thought—the faithful hearted!

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse, and pain, and grief seemed blending:
A purse of gold he flung beside
That mother o'er her dead child bending.
Oh, wildly laughed that woman then!
'Glenvarloch wad ye dare to measure
The holy life that God hath gi'en,
Against a heap of golden treasure?

'Ye spurned my prayer—for we were poor—
But know, proud man, that God hath power
to smite the King on Scotland's throne,
The chieftain in his fortress tower.
Frown on, frown on! I fear ye not;
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding;
And cold he lies, for whose young sake
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

'Will gold bring back the cheerful voice
That used to win my heart from sorrow?
Will silver warm his frozen blood,
Or make my hearth less lone to-morrow?
Go back, and seek your mountain home,
And when ye kiss ye're fair-hair'd daughter,
Remember him who died to-night,
Beneath the waves of Mona's water!'
THE PHRENOLOGIST.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE 'PREY CHRONICLES.'

On the second day of the first week in January, 1890, the lord and master of Occiput House was journeying, on foot, from Ariesport to his own mansion, late in the evening.

By what designation this mansion was known, before it was the property of Dr. Kopfstirm, I never heard—nor is it matter of much importance. After the mature deliberation befitting a subject of such magnitude, he re-christened it, with all due ceremony, Occiput House; by the which name it is now known. It is an ancient edifice, modernized. Turrets, angles, and trivial conceits are stuck upon and about the massy walls, wherein our warlike ancestors took delight. In the 'days of former years,' it was doubtless a castle; but, as some of the lights of the world insist that human nature has degenerated, even so hath it fared with Kopfstirm's Castle. Its present appearance is that of a partly Chinese, partly Gothic erection; which cannot fail to remind the contemplative traveller, that the baron's coronet has been judiciously replaced by the cap and bells, common to all ranks.

This tasteful and elegant building stands within fifty paces of the lofty and precipitous cliff, about a mile east of Ariesport, a watering-place of repute, on the Kentish coast. It frowns not in the native majesty of strength and power, but resembles, more than anything under heaven, a starving wretch, meditating the fatal plunge from the aforesaid cliff.

The evening on which the Doctor is first introduced to the reader's notice, was precisely such a one as January often favors us with. The snow descended thick and fast; and the keen north-east wind howled drearily around. But being profoundly wrapped up in his own cogitations, and, what was more to the purpose, on such a night, a coat that bid defiance to the cold, he plodded on his way, heedless of the tempest.

He had traversed more than three parts of the distance which separates Ariesport from Occiput House, when he was startled from his reflective mood by a stifled groan. He stopped, drew in his breath, and assumed the attitude of one who listens; but nothwithstanding the dismal sighing of the wind, was audible. So firmly, however, was he impressed with the idea that a fellow creature was near, and in distress, that, regardless of the inclement night, he remained stationary, and called aloud. The howling of the blast was the only answer. Smiling at what then seemed an illusion, he was moving rapidly from the spot, when a second and more distinct groan fell upon his ear. Although the night was one well calculated for the wanderings of a perturbed and miserable ghost, no such fancy dwelt on the worthy Doctor's mind; but deciding, that the sounds he had heard were purely terrestrial, he commenced an examination on both sides of the fences which separated the road from the contiguous fields.
His exertions were soon crowned with the success they deserved. He perceived an object on the ground, close to one of the fences: it was the body of a human being, whose garments were thickly sprinkled with snow, as if it had lain there some time.

The stranger was as motionless and insensible, as if the spirit which once animated him had parted from its temporary imprisonment with the last deep groan. And such was Dr. Kopfstirn's first impression; but having ascertained the heart's pulsation, and being a powerful man—possessed of the will as well as the means—he lifted him up, and conveyed him to his own house. The usual restoratives in such cases were applied, which, in a short time, rewarded his active benevolence with the desired conclusion. Slight convulsive motions about the eyelids and lips, proclaimed the return of suspended animation. Presently, a pair of black, but lustreless eyes stared vacantly around. In a few minutes they assumed something of intelligence. By slow degrees entire consciousness was restored; and the patient, looking steadily at Dr. Kopfstirn, inquired, in a low, feeble tone, where he was?

'The guest of Dr. Kopfstirn,' replied he to whom the question was addressed. 'But you must remain quiet for the present, and all will soon be well. I will leave you in excellent hands.' And, turning to his housekeeper, an ancient crone, of exaggerated features and forbidding aspect, desired her to watch by the bed-side of the stranger, and left the room.

'Th' owld man's gone clone daft,'—so she grumbled the moment his back was turned,—'to pick up a beggar, or, may be, a thief—the Lord preserve us!'—out o' th' snow, as he says. How long I may keep my head on my owld shounters, who may tell, if our house is to be turned into a lodging for every strolling pedlar, or worse, that happens to take the snow for his bed—an' he has one!'

Without being aware of the amiable feelings thus vented in indistinct mutterings, the stranger presently fell into a disturbed slumber. Fever was apprehended; and the event verified the prognostication.

During this interval, we shall have time for a word or two about the owner of Occiput House.

He was indebted, partly to the bounty of nature, and partly to a good appetite and excellent digestive organs, for an ample rotundity of figure; which, however, was no incumbrance to his activity. His extension of body, and length of sinewy arms, seemed as if originally intended for a man, at the very least, six feet high; and his legs, for one, of not more than half that height. His head was certainly between his shoulders; but how it was fixed there might puzzle a conjuror; for of neck he had none—that is, none visible. It was a round, snipe-like head, covered with long, straight, light-colored hair, surmounting an equally round, but good-humored face. Its expression was peculiar, being derived from two animated, sparkling, gray, wise-looking, little eyes; which had acquired an almost perpetually twink-
ling motion, especially when either angry, or desoanting on a favorite topic.

His usual dress was a brown coat, abundantly capacious—it would have enveloped the persons of Dariel Lambert and an alderman joined together. His waistcoat evinced a propensity to dandyism. It was of black velvet, ornamented with gold embroidery. The rest of his habiliments were of leather, which had seen too many annual revolutions of the sun to have retained their original appearance. His shoes were full three inches wide at the toes, and fastened at the instep, with enormous silver buckles. Now imagine this figure, bearing on its head a clerical hat, a thick oaken cudgel in its hand, and perched on the back of a lazarus-like horse, seventeen hands high, and you have his complete picture as frequently seen riding down the principal street of Ariesport.

Humanity dwelt in the bosom of Dr. Kopstern, and he failed not to watch over the stranger, whose life he had saved, with the utmost assiduity. In a month, he was sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and four dreary weeks had they proved! The couch of sickness is ever sad, but when the sting is pointed by an affliction beyond the reach of art to alleviate—affliction of the mind—illness is exasperated into its sharpest poignancy. That his mind was not free from oppression, the gloom settled on his expansive brow too plainly indicated.

The stranger was a dark-haired, handsome-featured man; by his looks, something more than five-and-twenty; though recent fever, and a sadness that belongs not to the spring of life, might unite to make him appear older than he was. He had certainly the conversation and easy bearing, which may either be expected to accompany a greater age, or much familiar intercourse with the world. Though mild and affable, he was frequently abstracted, and a degree of contradiction and irresolution marked his conduct.

The first time he appeared out of his sleeping apartment was one day, a short time before dinner, and after the doctor had congratulated the patient on his recovery, he was anxious to try his attentions, and was leading him directly to his favorite subject, the only subject, in fact, worth discussing—phrenology.

Fortunately for the stranger, and perhaps equally, or more so, for the reader, dinner was at that moment announced; which abruptly cut short the learned Doctor's intended dissertation, and he led the way to the dining-room, exclaiming—

'There is no true happiness in this world!'—so said Quin, when he had procured some delicious fish, and the sauce was made with bad butter. 'Something or other,' added the dwarfish craniologist, 'is ever impertinently intervening to mar our happiest moments.'

The dinner was discussed after the fashion of most other dinners, save that the os frontis of an unhappy whiting served as the theme for a quarter of an hour's harangue, wherein it was clearly shown the fish was predestined to be caught and devoured.
Immediately after the repast, and with a little circumlocution, Kopf-
stirn, who was not to be put off, said—' You have not seen my sanctum
yet, young gentleman: after our wine, I shall have much pleasure
in showing you a few curiosities which I have had the happiness to
collect.'

The stranger acquiesced, and almost immediately followed his impa-
tient host through sundry dark and narrow passages, until they arrived
at a massive oaken door, studded with immense nails. This door was
secured by a couple of patent locks, of intricate machinery, to guard
the treasures within. When opened, the visitor beheld a small trian-
gular apartment, furnished with an octagon table, two arm-chairs,
covered with dog-skin, and a number of shelves stuck against the bare
walls. The back of each chair was ornamented with the representa-
tion of a skull, carved with much cunning. The arms of the same
were similarly decorated. On the shelves were displayed a vast num-
ber of skulls, large and small, round and oval, some human, some
animal, some under glass cases, some not so distinguished; it was in-
deed a Golgotha—a place of skulls! On the table were scattered a
miscellaneous assemblage of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, with
materials for writing.

The stranger could not but admire the contrivance for holding ink
—a china skull contained the immortalizing fluid. It had all the
various organs distinctly marked, not according to either Spurzheim
or Gall, but after a new system which boasted the Doctor as its inven-
tor, and which he took infinite pains to reduce to the stranger's
capacity; but like many others, he had the art of amplifying to such
an extent, and involving illustration within illustration, that what
might have been previously comprehensible was so effectually ob-
surred by his method of explanation, that not a glimpse of meaning
remained.

Having glanced at the characteristic appendages of the craniolo-
gist's triangular study, the countenance of the stranger suddenly as-
sumed an extraordinary appearance of emotion. The Doctor became
alarmed. The stranger endeavored to control it, but in vain. He sunk
on a chair, and gave way to an uncontrollable burst of laughter. Two
cats and a pug-dog were lying on the rug before the fire—with shaven
crowns!

'Experiments for the advancement of science,' said the Doctor, as
both cause and effect manifested themselves, 'are not legitimate sub-
jects for laughter;' and he looked displeased. 'I have operated on
these animals myself, to the temporary destruction of their crinose
honors, for the sake of a more minute examination.'

'And I hope your discoveries have amply rewarded you for the
trouble,' remarked his companion, composing his face to seriousness.
'Truly they have, beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have
detected an organ in the feline species which hath escaped all previous
studiers of craniology—I mean the organ of reflectiveness.'

He was about to take up one of the cats, for the purpose of point-
ing out this organ, when she unceremoniously launched forth a paw, and left deep marks of her indignation on the scientific man's cheek sinister.

'That is odd,' exclaimed he, with the utmost composure and most imperturbable gravity, 'very odd. I do not recollect to have seen it, but it must be there.' And in defiance of the cat's evident reluctance, he took her up, seated himself in one of the arm chairs, confined his victim in a sort of wooden cage, so contrived as to leave only the head at liberty, and patiently began a scrutiny.

Long and carefully did Ernest Kopfihrn search. At last he triumphantly called out, 'Well, I may exclaim with the heathen of old, 'Eureka! I have found it!' Look here—observe this slight prominence. It is, though very faintly developed, a sufficient indication that this specimen hath a pugnacious propensity.'

'I was quite convinced of that before,' remarked the stranger.

'Thus ever judge the ignorant!' exclaimed Kopfihrn. 'I know it hath, not because I see the effect, but because I see the cause.'

The cat now liberated, screaming with rage and pain, forthwith dashed through a pane of the study window, followed by the pug and the other cat, while the doctor, fully satisfied with his investigation, without taking further notice of the malcontents, said, as he took an almost shapeless mass from one of the shelves, 'This is the greatest rarity in my whole collection. It is invaluable. I purchased it from an indigent man, who dwells at Knarborough, and who found it embedded in a calcareous substance. After having bestowed the proper consideration due to such an important subject, no doubt remains on my mind but it is the skull of some aniediluvian animal, genus not known. It is therefore valuable on that account. But what is the most remarkable—you see this organ?—Well, Sir—this organ denotes, that the specimen belongs to conscientious irrationality!' You may smile, Sir, but it is evidently a skull; evidently not human. It consequently follows, that it must have appertained to the animal creation; and the organ, I have pointed out, is indicative of conscientiousness—a contradiction not easily reconciled, I grant. I am, however, commencing a treatise on the subject, which must carry conviction to the mind of the most hardened sceptic.'

Reader! the treatise already extended to six hundred folio pages, closely written!

'My dear Sir,' said the stranger, who had been attentively examining the specimen of conscientious irrationality, 'this is no more a skull than a windmill!' and, before the horror-stricken phrenologist had time to exclaim against this heresy, he continued, 'this identical specimen was offered me last summer at Knarborough as a specimen of the petrifying spring, and is nothing more than part of a duck's egg!' The indignation and secret dismay which the doctor felt at this blunt overthrow of his favorite theory he had great difficulty in restraining; but, assuming a smile anything but humorous, he said, with forced composure, 'Truly, my young friend, I admire your candor; but I pity your
discrimination. The glories of science are not yet made manifest to you: but let us change the subject. I have an affair to discuss with you on which we shall better agree. It strikes me we are not such strangers as I at first supposed. During your illness I observed the traces of a wound in your head with which I ought to be familiar; and your features, though altered, I can surely recognize. If I do not deceive myself, you are the son of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Trevor.

'You are right, Sir,' said the stranger, who seemed agitated by a variety of emotions; 'I had no idea you would have recognized me. I intended, however, this very day, to have confided to you the reason of my present situation, and asking your assistance; but I fear the reports which have doubtless reached this place to my prejudice have already deprived me of your good opinion.'

'Why, I must be candid with you,' returned the doctor; 'reports are indeed to your prejudice; you are stated to be the seducer of the daughter of that poor old woman on the beach, Mary Aldridge, with many other irregularities which—'

'They are false, Sir!' said Mr. Trevor vehemently, 'as I hope for mercy.'—'I was quite assured of that,' said the phrenologist, in a very decided tone. 'I am ready to stake my reputation that the accusations against you are wholly disproved, on scientific principles

'My dear Sir,' said Mr. Trevor, warmly, 'to whom am I indebted for your good opinion? We have met but rarely, and long ago;—I thought I was almost unknown to you.'

The doctor, with much gravity, reached a large folio, and, turning a few leaves; said, 'You are indebted to one whom you must henceforward call friend,—' I shall be indeed happy to acknowledge my gratitude—name my benefactor,' said Trevor. 'To Science—to whom you have hitherto been a stranger,' returned the doctor; 'listen.' He then read from the open page: 'Charles Trevor—moral and intellectual organs fully developed—benevolence and veneration very conspicuous—baser propensities inconsiderable, and under control—above conformation, denoting a worthy and estimable character.'—

'There, my young friend,' continued the man of science, 'can anything be more conclusive of your innocence of these diabolical inventions?' and his little eyes twinkled with triumph. 'I am sorry to say the next in my register is just the reverse: it treats of your cousin, Frank Trevor—a bad fellow, decidedly;' and he kept muttering extracts from the folio.

'My dear Doctor,' interrupted Charles Trevor earnestly, 'you will indeed make me a convert, since Science has been my friend, when I could least have expected it. My cousin, Frank Trevor, is as you describe him. I have now good reason to know that he is the secret cause of my present distress—I know he was originally my rival for the hand of Lady Emily; but I little thought him capable of such base revenge. By some means he has succeeded in fixing the guilt of the seduction of Mary Aldridge's daughter on me and the father of my
affianced wife, Lord Rickworth, has dismissed me his house with the most humiliating contempt. Maddened with grief and indignation, I mounted my horse, and fled. I knew not whither. I had some vague idea of burying myself in solitude, but I knew not how I came in the situation in which you found me.

'Animal propensities largely developed—moral and intellectual, small,—destructiveness—yes, yes, it's all clear enough,' muttered the doctor at intervals, and recounting a catalogue of vices enough to have stocked a Pandemonium.—'He is a bad fellow, my dear young friend,' said he, addressing his companion. 'You need not trouble yourself further in this affair; you may consider your reputation already established; I hold proofs sufficient to clear you from these slanders in any court in Christendom.'

'Good heavens! is it possible?' exclaimed Trevor; 'am I so fortunate?—what are the proofs?—where are they?'

'Here they are—irrefragable,' said the doctor, gravely, pointing to the folio register.

The countenance of Trevor suddenly fell when he saw the nature of the doctor's proofs. The excitement of joy suddenly vanishing, as he said, faintly, 'I very much fear—'

'Come, come,' interrupted the Doctor, 'you need not despise. Although, with the scientific, this folio would be conclusive,—for those who doubt, such testimony I have other evidence.' He then drew from his pocket-book a letter. 'I told you,' he continued, 'that I utterly scented the idea of your being the guilty person, knowing, as I did, that it was not possible,—that it was contrary to the laws of science. I have, therefore, anxiously sought for proofs to establish my opinion, which I have found. Thus, the pain you have suffered will be of signal benefit to mankind, by promoting the cause of science and truth. Read—I have received it from the mother of this unhappy individual; I have attended her in illness, brought on by grief for her daughter's conduct.'

Trevor eagerly cast his eyes over the contents of the letter, and his countenance brightened at every line. It was indeed from the unfortunate daughter of Mary Aldridge to her poor stricken mother, imploring her forgiveness, and begging her to go to Lord Rickworth, and confess to him, that, by alternate lures and threats, she had been prevailed upon to denounce Mr. Charles Trevor, as the author of her ruin and subsequent abandonment; that she had reaped no reward for such additional guilt, for that, after his object was accomplished, she had been again deserted by Mr. Frank Trevor, who had originally taken her from her home. Overwhelmed by remorse, and in utter destitution, she confessed her guilt, and implored forgiveness.

'My benefactor, my friend,' exclaimed Trevor in hurried accents, as he held in his hands this proof of his innocence, 'I must immediately hasten to town. I cannot rest till I have proved to Lord Rickworth the fabrication, which has nearly been my ruin, and again claim my Emily,—now, indeed, my own.'
'Stay, young man,' said the Phrenologist, detaining him, for he was rising to depart; 'from the formation of your cranium, I should hardly have expected such impetuosity. I do not remember to have seen the organ of——'

'But, my dear Doctor, we lose time; every moment is an age till I can explain——'

'Be calm, my young friend,' interrupted the Doctor; 'you are nearer your explanation than you think, Lord Rickworth is now at his seat in our neighborhood. I must be candid with you; I have myself spoken with Lord Rickworth, who has himself seen this letter, and examined the mother of the unfortunate girl who has been the cause of so much calamity. Need I say, that, from this document, he is fully convinced of all the other falsehoods which have been so industriously circulated, and which may be traced to the same source. In fact, Lord Rickworth is now in my house, and longs to take you by the hand, and restore you at once to his confidence and esteem.'

The emotion of Trevor prevented him from giving utterance to his thanks. He could have fallen and embraced the old man's knees—he could have done more, he could have confessed himself a Phrenologist! But little time, however, was given him to compose himself, for the door of the study opened, and Lord Rickworth entered. That day was a day of explanation and reconciliation. The party was shortly increased by the arrival of the father of Charles Trevor, who had posted from town to the Doctor's summons. Lord Rickworth had removed to his seat near Ariesport from town, only two days previous, in consequence of the health of Lady Emily, which had suffered materially, from the shock she had received at the supposed unworthiness of her lover. It was reported that he had fled to France. So artfully had the machinations of Frank Trevor been carried on against his more successful rival for the hand of the daughter of Lord Rickworth, that they had escaped the suspicion of all parties but him who they had injured; and Charles's last interview with Lord Rickworth was too hasty and angry to admit of accusation or explanation. It was now rendered shorter and more satisfactory, by the confession of the unfortunate victim of Frank Trevor's depravity.

The rest is easily told. There was a certain ceremony performed shortly afterwards, at St. George's, Hanover-square; and a paragraph went the round of the newspapers, headed—'Marriage in high life,' &c. The bells at Ariesport rung merrily—that is, as merrily as their infirmities would permit them, on the arrival of Charles Trevor, Esq. and Lady Emily, at their mansion in the neighborhood, some little time subsequent to the event mentioned above; and, within an hour after, did Charles Trevor, waving all ceremony, find himself vis à vis the Phrenologist, in his triangular study, at Occiput House.

'Now, my dear Doctor,' said he earnestly, 'to you I am indebted for my life, and to your kind services I am indebted for its greatest blessing—my wife. Suffer me to ask you in what manner I can best show my gratitude to you.'
'My young friend,' said the Doctor, kindly, 'I shall tax you very hardly. Since your departure, I have been engaged in the commencement of a treatise, in which the circumstances of your own case are brought forward, to prove the advantages of science, over every other evidence, in the cause of truth. You must assist me in this; and further,' interrupting Trevor, who was about to speak, 'not a word about the duck's egg—you were wrong there, I assure you.'

THE PARSON AND PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas very dark, as it will be,
When neither moon nor star is seen;
So how could Smoke or Baker see,
Since they all night had drinking been.
To find their way home was their trouble,
E'en had they seen, it had been double.
'I'm sure this pathway must be wrong,
You told me that you knew the road;
I feel each step I go along,
As 'neath the harrow does the toad.
Oh Baker! Baker! thou wilt be
The death both of thyself and me!'

'Hic hemet aqua,' reverend sire,
'Upon my word I've lost the way,
Tho' we get deeper in the mire,
Yet nought the righteous should dismay,
Says Horace—Purus sceleris
Non egent Mauri jactulis.'

'I wish thy Latin stuff and thou
Were in the Styx, were I in bed;
But yonder look—beneath that bough
I'm sure I saw a light a-head,
Just down within this valley's lap;
It is a hut—we'll go and rap.'

'Cur non mi domine? I see
A little twinkling light, 'tis true;
It may a jack-o'-lantern be,
To give a dance to me and you;
But cito now I see it clear—
I wish I had a mug of beer!'

As soon as they the hut had neared,
The shutters suddenly were closed;
So that the candle disappeared,
And they were one and 't'other posed
To know if they had better tap,
Before the people took a nap.

'They surely will not eat us,' said
The pedagogue; 'beside, if here
The Parson and Pedagogy.

We are condemn'd to make a bed,
I think it will become our bier,
The rheumatism will kill me,
As I am sure the gout will thee.'

They knocked; a little man in brown
Came to the door, and said his say;
Each nudged the other, each looked down,
But Baker pluck'd up courage, 'They,
Returning home had lost the road,
Were straitened for a night's abode.'

The little man from top to toe
Surveyed the pair, as if to scan
If with security or no
He might admit them: 'Well, you can
Sleep on some straw, if that will do;
'T is good enough, I think for you,
Or any other fool, who makes
A swill-tub of his belly; come,
Will you accept my offer? rakes
And drunkards ever thus are dumb
When they should speak; at other times
Their noise in every sentence chimes.'

The parson on his belly looked,
As if therefrom he sought advice;
He for one night, at least, was booked,
'Twas useless to be over nice;
So Baker said 'Perfectum est,
Sub sole nil—we'll make our nest.'

A truss of straw was giv'n to each,
And down they lay them, side by side;
The parson knew well how to preach,
But ne'er to self the text applied,
Baker was snoring in a minute,
His stomach had so much drink in it.

The thin partition was of wood,
That shut the wanderers from their rest,
So that you quite distinctly could
Have heard the whisp'ring of a ghost
From either room; the parson lay
Awake, and heard the husband say—

'Well, wife, I will to-morrow morn
Those black ones for our breakfast kill;
They will look well when cleanly shorn,
Beside, we then can eat our fill:
The one's as round as any ball—
Soon as you wake give me a call.'

The parson trembled in his shoes,
When he the mur'd'rous project heard.
And woke his friend to tell the news,
But then dared scarcely speak a word,
Lest any noise their morning's fate
Might only serve to antedate.
The Parson and Pedagogue.

Why Baker, Baker, man of sense,
How can you snore? how can you sleep?
When we are in a master's seat,
In human honour supped so deep.
That in the morning he will kill
The pair of us, to cut his fill.

"Probulator! why what do you say?"
I slept as fast as any top.
Don't wake me up again, I pray,
Unless you chance to have a drop
Of beer or any other drink—
E'en then I'd rather sleep, I think.

And so he proved, for in a trice
He snored as loudly as before.
The parson thought it was a price,
Too high to give for one nap more.
So up he gently rose, and then
Thought how to escape, the way and when.

This waken'd Baker, and when he
The dangers that assuald them knew.
Likewise arose, and strove to see,
Well as he in the dark could do.
If there could be no measures taken,
By which they still might save their bacon.

He rubb'd his eyes, and grop'd around,
There was a window, but 'twas high;
He knew not what might be the ground.
Or very wet, or very dry.
For neither might be just the thing,
According as he chance'd to spring.

Yet he resolved to dare the deed,
And to his purpose sought to win.
The parson over, who agreed,
That might not be much danger in.
A feather's fall: there was the rub;
He was just like a sugar tub.

But still the pedagogue resolv'd,
That he would rather risk his neck.
Than be by any chance involv'd.
With one, whose gluttony might deck
The table with a slice of him,
Cut off from any favorite limb.

So, thro' the window, down he flew,
And fell upon a heap of dung.
The parson watch'd his fall, and knew
'Twas safe, and so he downwards sprung.
Alighting very like a log,
Exactly on the pedagogue.

Poor Baker felt as if his breath,
From out his body had been pump'd:
The parson, too, was bruis'd to death.
In short, was so severely thump'd.
That he had rather on the stones
Have fallen, than on Baker's bones.
The Parson and Pedagogue.

But they soon rose, and found that they
Had left the gridiron for the fire.
They could by no means get away:
They were wake'd up; the wall was high.
Then was the chamber, whence they slept,
And they in shelter might have slept.

The rain would set down in torrents, where
To 'scape its fury neither knew;
A shelter now was all their care:
For they with death families grow,
And only wish'd that they might speed,
Beneath a roof, life's latter end.

Experience teaches us that man,
If he will moderately hope,
Under all circumstances, can
With every difficulty cope.
Thus Baker and the parson, Smoke,
Became as wise as other folk.

Their wishes had become subdued,
The only thing they sought to find,
Was, in their miserable mood,
A shelter from the rain and wind;
A haven by those brutes enjoy'd,
The sons of Israel avoid.

They found one, and the long-tailed swine
Rush'd by them when they open the gate;
There they in shelter did recline:
With faith and resignation wait;
The dawn, when they were doom'd to be
Endow'd with immortality.

'Consider, Baker, what's the grave?
A gate that leads us to our home;
From which no dignity can save,
To which we're all compelled to come.
Where king and slave must both pass down—
The one a wallet, one a crown.'

'Upon my Latin, parson Smoke,
I did not think that you would be
So very ready with a joke,
Thus in the midst of misery;
But quietly I'd rather die,
Than be cut up to boil or fry.

'And yet I think, that, of the two,
The worst chance, certainly, is thine;
They might make something out of you,
On me a dog could scarcely dine:
They economically mean,
With your spare fat, to lard my lean.'

Slow past the night, the morning broke,
Then on its hinges creaked a door;
The thing was now beyond a joke,
The knife was sharp'ning more and more.
'Come out, ye black ones!' cried the man;
Conceive Smoke's terrors, if you can.
The Adieu.

Up in the farthest corner crept
The person, trembling like a leaf;
Friend Baker too profoundly slept,
To feel his own or neighbor’s grief,
But Snake arous’d him: in a fit,
He cried, ‘I am not ready yet.’

The good man start’d back, and thought,
By means, or human or divine,
Another wonder had been wrought,
And Satan driven from the swine:
The person, and the pedagogue,
Resign’d their terrors to a hog.

THE ADIEU.

If, Eliza, you have ever
Felt for me affection’s thrill,
Fondly in your bosom ever
Cherish my remembrance still!

For I love you with a feeling
Warmly pure and fondly true;
Ever o’er my mind a stealing
Dreams of future bliss with you.

But, alas! imperious duty,
Calls me to a distant shore;
I must leave your worth—your beauty—
And perhaps we meet no more!

But time or space can never
Chill the glow of virtuous love;
And believe me I shall ever,
Fondly love where’er I rove.

Then, dear girl, if you have ever,
Felt for me affection’s thrill;
Though we part—perhaps for ever—
Cherish my remembrance still!
The ship remained in Gibraltar bay about three weeks, during which time we had re-fitted the rigging fore and aft, re-stowed and cleaned the hold, and painted outside. She never looked more beautiful than she did, when in obedience to our orders we made sail to join the admiral. We passed Europa Point—with a fair wind, and at sunset we were sixty miles from the rock, yet it was distinctly to be seen, like a blue cloud, but the outline perfectly correct. I mention this, as perhaps my reader would not have believed that it was possible to see land at such a distance. We steered for Cape de Gatte, and the next day were close in shore. I was very much delighted with the Spanish coast, mountain upon mountain, hill upon hill, covered with vines nearly to their summits. We might have gone on shore at some places, for at that time we were friendly with the Spaniards, but the captain was in too great a hurry to join the admiral. We had very light winds, and a day or two afterwards we were off Valencia, nearly becalmed. I was on the gangway, looking through a telescope at the houses and gardens round the city, when Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, came up to me. 'Mr. Simple, oblige me with that glass a moment, I wish to see if a building still remains there, which I have some reason to remember.'

'What, were you ever on shore there?' said I.

'Yes I was, Mr. Simple, and nearly stranded, but I got off again without much damage.'

'How do you mean,—were you wrecked, then?'

'Not my ship, Mr. Simple, but my peace of mind was for some time; but it's many years ago, when I was first made boatswain of a corvette; (during this conversation he was looking through the telescope:) yes, there it is,' said he, 'I have it in the field. Look, Mr. Simple, do you see a small church, with a spire of glazed tiles, shining like a needle.'

'Yes, I do.'

'Well, then, just above it, a little to the right, there is a long white house, with four small windows—below the grove of orange trees.'

'I see it,' replied I; 'but what about that house, Mr. Chucks?'

'Why, thereby hangs a tale,' replied he, giving a sigh, which raised and then lowered the frill of his shirt at least six inches.

'Why, what is the mystery, Mr. Chucks?'

'I'll tell you, Mr. Simple. With one who lived in that house, I was for the first, and for the last time, in love.'

'Indeed! I should like very much to hear the story.'

'So you shall, Mr. Simple, but I must beg that you will not mention it, as young gentlemen are apt to quiz; and I think that being quizzesed, hurts my authority with the men. It is now about sixteen years back, we were then on good terms with the Spaniards, as we are now. I was then little more than thirty years old, and had just received my warrant as boatswain. I was considered a well-looking young man at that time, although lately I have, to a certain degree, got the better of that.'

'Well, I consider you a remarkably good-looking man now, Mr. Chucks.'

'Thank you, Mr. Simple; but nothing improves by age that I know of except rum. I used to dress very smart, and "cut the boatswain"

* Continued from p. 485.
when I was on shore; and perhaps I had not lost so much of the polish I had picked up in good society. One evening I was walking in the Plaza, when I saw a female a-head, who appeared to be the prettiest moulded little vessel that I ever cast my eyes on. I followed in her wake, and examined her; such a clean run I never beheld—so neat, too, in all her rigging—everything so nicely stowed under hatches. And then she sailed along in such a style, at one moment lifting so lightly, just like a frigate, with her topsails on the caps, that can't help going along. At another time, as she turned a corner, sharp up in the wind—wake as straight as an arrow—no leeway. I made all sail to sheer along side of her, and when under her quarter, examined her close. Never saw such a fine swell in the counter, and all so trim—no ropes towing overboard: Well, Mr. Simple, I said to myself, "D—n it, if her figure-head and bows be finished off by the same builder, she's perfect." So I shot a-head, and yaved a little—caught a peep at her through her well, and saw two black eyes—as bright as beads, and as large as dum- cans. I saw quite enough, and not wishing to frighten her, I dropped astern. Shortly afterwards she altered her course, steering for that white house. Just as she was abreast of it, and I playing about her weather quarter, the priests came by in procession, taking the host to somebody who was dying. My little frigate lowered her top-gallant sails out of respect, as other nations used to do, and sought now, and he d—d them, whenever they pass the flag of old England.

"How do you mean?" inquired I.

I mean that she spread her white handkerchief, which fluttered in her hand as she went along, and knelt down upon it on one knee. I did the same, because I was obliged to leave to, to keep my station; and I thought that if she saw me, it would please her. When she got up, I was on my legs also; but in my hurry, I had not chosen a very clean place, and I found out, when I got up again, that my white jean trousers were in a shocking mess. The young lady turned round, and seeing my misfortune, laughed, and then went into the white house, while I stood there like a fool, first looking at the door of the house, and then at my trousers. However, I thought that I might make it the means of being acquainted with her, so I went to the door and knocked. As old gentleman in a large cloak, who was her father, came out; I pointed to my trousers, and requested him in Spanish to allow me a little water to clean them. The daughter then came from within, and told her father how the accident had happened. The old gentleman was surprised that an English officer was so good a Christian, and appeared to be pleased. He asked me very politely to come in, and sent an old woman for some water. I observed that he was smoking a bit of paper, and having very fortunately about a couple of dozen of real Havanas in my pocket, (for I never smoke anything else, Mr. Simple, it being my opinion that no gentleman can,) I took them out, and begged his acceptance of them. His eyes glistened at the sight of them, but he refused to take more than one; however, I insisted upon his taking the whole bundle, telling him that I had plenty more on board, reserving one for myself, that I might smoke it with him. He then requested me to sit down, and the old woman brought some sour wine, which I declared was very good, although it made me quite ill afterwards. He inquired of me whether I was a good Christian. I replied that I was. I knew that he meant a Catholic, for they call us heretics, Mr. Simple. The daughter then came in without her veil, and she was perfection; but I did not look at her, or pay
her any attention after the first salutation, I was so afraid of making the old gentleman suspicious. He then asked what I was—what sort of officer—was I captain. I replied that I was not. Was I 'tenente,' which means lieutenant? I answered that I was not, again, but with an air of contempt, as if I was something better. What was I then? I did not know the Spanish for boatswain, and, to tell the truth, I was ashamed of my condition. I knew that there was an officer in Spain called corregidor, which means a corrector in English, or one who punishes. Now, I thought that quite near enough for my purpose, and I replied that I was the corregidor. Now, Mr. Simple, a corregidor in Spain is a person of rank and consequence, so they imagined that I must be the same, and they appeared to be pleased. The young lady then inquired if I was of good family, whether I was a gentleman or not. I replied that I hoped so. I remained with them for half an hour more, when my cigar was finished; I then rose, and thanking the old gentleman for his civility, begged that I might be allowed to bring him a few more cigars, and took my leave. The daughter opened the street door, and I could not refrain from taking her hand, and kissing it.

'Where's Mr. Chucks? call the boatswain there forward,' hollaed out the first lieutenant.

'Here I am, sir,' replied Mr. Chucks, hastening aft, and leaving me and his story.

'The captain of the maintop reports the breast backstay much chafed in the serving. Go up and examine it,' said the first lieutenant.

'Yes, sir,' replied the boatswain, who immediately went up the rigging.

'And, Mr. Simple, attend to the men scraping the spots off the quarter-deck.'

'Yes, sir,' replied I; and thus our conversation was broken up.

The weather changed that night, and we had a succession of rain and bailing winds for six or seven days, during which I had no opportunity of hearing the remainder of the boatswain's history. We joined the fleet of Toulon, closed the admiral's ship, and the captain went on board to pay his respects. When we returned, we found out through the first lieutenant, that we were to remain with the fleet until the arrival of another frigate, expected in about a fortnight, and then the admiral had promised that we should have a cruise. The second day after we had joined, we were ordered to form part of the in-shore squadron, consisting of two line-of-battle ships, and four frigates. The French fleet used to come out and manoeuvre within range of their batteries, or if they proceeded further from the shore, they took good care that they had a leading wind to return again into port. We had been in shore about a week, every day running close in, and counting the French fleet in the harbor, to see that they were all safe, and reporting it to the admiral by signal, when one fine morning the whole of the French vessels were perceived to hoist their topsails, and in less than an hour they were under weigh, and came out of the harbor. We were always prepared for action, night and day, and indeed often exchanged a shot or two with the batteries when we reconnoitered; the in-shore squadron could not of course cope with the whole French fleet, and our own was about twelve miles in the offing, but the captain of the line-of-battle ship who commanded us, love too, as it in defiance, hoping to entice them further out. This was not very easy to do, as the French knew that a shift of wind might put it out of their power to refuse an action, which was what they would
avoid, and what we were so anxious to bring about. I say we, speaking of the English, not of myself, for to tell the truth, I was not so very anxious. I was not exactly afraid, but I had an unpleasant sensation at the noise of a cannon ball, which I had not as yet got over. However, four of the French frigates made sail towards us, and hove to, when within four miles, three or four line-of-battle ships following them, as if to support them. Our captain made signal for permission to close the enemy, which was granted, with our pennants, and those of another frigate. We immediately made all sail, beat to quarters, put out the fires, and opened the magazines. The French line-of-battle ships perceiving that only two of our frigates were sent against their four, hove to at about the same distance from their frigates, as our line-of-battle ships and other frigates were from us. In the meantime, our main fleet continued to work in shore under a press of sail, and the French main fleet also gradually approached the detached ships. The whole scene reminded me of the tournaments I had read of; it was a challenge in the lists, only that the enemy were two to one; a fair acknowledgement on their part, of our superiority. In about an hour we closed so near, that the French frigates made sail and commenced firing. We reserved our fire until within a quarter of a mile, when we poured our broadside into the headmost frigate, exchanging with her on opposite tacks. The Sea-horse, who followed us, also gave her a broadside. In this way we exchanged broadsides with the whole four, and we had the best of it, for they could not load so fast as we could. We were both ready again for the frigates as they passed us, but they were not ready with their broadside for the Sea-horse, who followed us very closely, so that they had two broadsides each, and we had only four in the Diomedes, the Sea-horse not having one. Our rigging was cut up a great deal, and we had six or seven men wounded, but none killed. The French frigates suffered more, and their admiral perceiving that they were cut up a good deal, made the signal of recall. In the meantime we had both tacked, and were ranging up on the weather quarter of the sternmost frigate; the line-of-battle ships perceiving this, ran down with the wind, two points free, to support their frigates, and our in-shore squadron made all sail to support us, nearly laying up for where we were. But the wind was what is called at sea, a soldier’s wind, that is, blowing so that the ships could lie either way, so as to run out or into the harbor, and the French frigates, in obedience to their orders, made sail for their fleet in shore, the line-of-battle ships coming out to support them. But our captain would not give it up, although we all continued to near the French line-of-battle ships every minute—we ran in with the frigates, exchanging broadsides with them as fast as we could. One of them lost her fore topmast, and dropped astern, and we hoped to cut her off, but the others shortened sail to support her. This continued for about twenty minutes, when the French line-of-battle ships were not more than a mile from us, and our own commodore had made the signal of our recall, for he thought that we should be overpowered and taken. But the Sea-horse, who saw the recall up, did not repeat it, and our captain was determined not to see it, and ordered the signal man not to look that way. The action continued, two of the French frigates were cut to pieces, and complete wrecks, when the French line-of-battle ships commenced firing. It was then high time to be off. We each of us poured in another broadside, and then wore round for our own squadron, which were about four miles off, and rather to leeward, standing in to our assistance. As we wore
round, our main topmast, which had been badly wounded, fell over the side, and the French perceiving this, made all sail, with the hope of capturing us; but the Sea-horse remained with us, and we threw up in the wind, and raked them until they were within two cables' lengths of us. Then we stood on for our own ships; at last one of the line-of-battle ships, who sailed as well as the frigates, came abreast of us, and poured in a broadside, which brought everything about our ears, and I thought we must be taken; but on the contrary, although we lost several men, the captain said to the first lieutenant, "Now, if they only wait a little longer, they are nabbed, as sure as fate." Just at this moment, our own line-of-battle ships opened their fire, and then the tables were turned. The French tacked, and stood in as fast as they could, followed by the in-shore squadron, with the exception of our ship, which was too much crippled to chase them. One of their frigates had taken in tow the other, who had lost her topmast, and our squadron came up with her very fast. The English fleet were also within three miles, standing in, and the French fleet standing out, to the assistance of the other ships which had been engaged. I thought, and so did every body, that there would be a general action, but we were disappointed; the frigate which towed the other, finding that she could not escape, cast her off, and left her to her fate, which was to haul down her colors to the commodore of the in-shore squadron. The chase was continued until the whole of the French vessels were close under their batteries, and then our fleet returned to its station with the prize, which proved to be the Narcisse, of thirty-six guns, Captain Le Pelletier. Our captain obtained a great deal of credit for his gallant behavior. We had three men killed, and Robinson, the midshipman, and ten men wounded, some of them severely. I think this action cured me of my fear of a cannon ball, for during the few days we remained with the fleet, we often were fired at when we reconnoitered, but I did not care anything for them. About the time she was expected, the frigate joined, and we had permission to part company. But before I proceed with the history of our cruise, I shall mention the circumstances attending a court martial, which took place during the time that we were with the fleet, our captain having been recalled from the in-shore squadron to sit as one of the members. I was the midshipman appointed to the captain's gig, and remained on board of the admiral's ship during the whole of the time that the court was sitting. Two seamen, one an Englishman, and the other a Frenchman, were tried for desertion from one of our frigates. They had left their ship about three months, when the frigate captured a French privateer, and found them on board as part of her crew. For the Englishman, of course, there was no defence; he merited the punishment of death, to which he was immediately sentenced. There may be some excuse for desertion, when we consider that the seamen are taken into the service by force, but there could be none for fighting against his country. But the case of the Frenchman was different. He was born and bred in France, had been one of the crew of the French gun-boats at Cadiz, where he had been made a prisoner by the Spaniards, and expecting his throat to be cut every day, had contrived to escape on board of the frigate lying in the harbor, and entered into our service, I really believe to save his life. He was nearly two years in the frigate before he could find an opportunity of deserting from her, and returning to France, when he joined the French privateer. During the time that he was in the frigate, he bore an excellent character. The greatest point against
him was, that on his arrival at Gibraltar he had been offered, and had received the bounty. When the Englishman was asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, that he had been pressed out of an American ship, that he was an American born, and that he had never taken the bounty. But this was not true. The defence of the Frenchman was considered so very good for a person in his station in life, that I obtained a copy of it, which ran as follows:—

Mr. President, and Officers of the Honourable Court;—It is with the greatest humility that I venture to address you. I shall be very brief, nor shall I attempt to disprove the charges which have been made against me, but confine myself to a few facts, the consideration of which will, I trust, operate upon your feelings in mitigation of the punishment to which I may be sentenced for my fault—a fault which proceeded, not from any evil motive, but from an ardent love for my country. I am by birth a Frenchman; my life has been spent in the service of France until a few months after the revolution in Spain, when I, together with those who composed the French squadron at Cadiz, was made a prisoner. The hardships and cruel usage which I endured became insupportable. I effected my escape, and after wandering about the town for two or three days, in hourly expectation of being assassinated, the fate of too many of my unfortunate countrymen; desperate from famine, and perceiving no other chance of escaping from the town, I was reduced to the necessity of offering myself as a volunteer on board of an English frigate. I dared not, as I ought to have done, acknowledge myself to have been a prisoner, from a dread of being delivered up to the Spaniards. During the period that I served on board of your frigate, I confidently rely upon the captain and the officers for my character.

The love of our country, although dormant for a time, will ultimately be roused, and peculiar circumstances occurred which rendered the feeling irresistible. I returned to my duty, and for having so done, am I to be debarred from again returning to that country so dear to me—from again beholding my aged parents, who bless me in my absence—from again embracing my brothers and sisters—to end my days upon a scaffold; not for the crime which I did commit in entering into your service, but for an act of duty and repentance—that of returning to my own. Allow me to observe, that the charge against me is not for entering your service, but for having deserted from it. For the former, not even my misery can be brought forward but in extenuation; for the latter, I have a proud consciousness, which will, I trust, be my support in my extremity.

Gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you to consider my situation; and I am sure that your generous hearts will pity me. Let that love of your country, which now animates your breasts, and induces you to risk your lives and your all, now plead for me. Already has British humanity saved thousands of my countrymen from the rage of the Spaniards; let that same humanity be extended now, and induce my judges to add one more to the list of those who, although our nations are at war, if they are endowed with feeling, can have but one sentiment towards their generous enemy—a sentiment overpowering all other, that of a deep-felt gratitude.

Whatever may have been the effect of the address upon the court individually, it appeared at the time to have none upon them as a body.

* This is a fact.—Editor.
Both the men were condemned to death, and the day after the morrow was fixed for their execution. I watched the two prisoners as they went down the side, to be conducted on board of their own ship. The Englishman threw himself down in the stern sheets of the boat, every minor consideration apparently swallowed up in the thought of his approaching end; but the Frenchman, before he sat down, observing that the seat was a little dirty, took out his silk handkerchief, and spread it on the seat, that he might not soil his nankeen browsers.

I was ordered to attend the punishment on the day appointed. The sun shone so brightly and the sky was so clear, the wind so gentle and mild, that it appeared hardly possible that it was to be a day of such awe and misery to the two poor men, or of such melancholy to the fleet in general. I pulled up my boat with the others belonging to the ships of the fleet, in obedience to the orders of the officer superintending, close to the fore-chains of the ship. In about half an hour afterwards, the prisoners made their appearance on the scaffold, the caps were pulled over their eyes, and the gun fired underneath them. When the smoke rolled away, the Englishman was swinging at the yard-arm, but the Frenchman was not; he had made a spring when the gun fired, hoping to break his neck at once, and put an end to his misery; but he fell on the edge of the scaffold, where he lay. We thought that his rope had given way, and it appeared that he did the same, for he made an inquiry, but they returned him no answer. He was kept on the scaffold during the whole hour that the Englishman remained suspended; his cap had been removed, and he looked occasionally at his fellow-sufferer. When the body was lowered down, he considered that his time was come, and attempted to leap overboard. He was restrained and led aft, where his reprieve was read to him, and his arms were unbound. But the effect of the shock was too much for his mind; he fell down in a swoon, and when he recovered his senses had left him, and I heard that he never recovered them, but was sent home to be confined as a maniac. I thought, and the result proved, that it was carried too far. It is not the custom, when a man is reprieved, to tell him so until after he is on the scaffold, with the intention that his awful situation at the time may make a lasting impression upon him during the remainder of his life; but, as a foreigner, he was not aware of our customs, and the hour of intense feeling which he underwent was too much for his reason. I must say that this circumstance was always a source of deep regret in the whole fleet, and that his being a Frenchman, instead of an Englishman, increased the feeling of commiseration.

A LOVER'S TRIALS.

I am the most unfortunate of mankind. These degenerate days are ill adapted for the display of those tremendous feelings with which my prodigious soul is inspired. Had I lived in the times of chivalry, when, with my lance in rest, I could have sat like a tower of pride upon my war-horse, hurling defiance against all mankind, and cherishing one only love in my heart of hearts, then, indeed, my life would have
been something worth having—then I might have given way to all my fancies, and sent those knights, whom my valor had vanquished, to plead my cause with the princess to whom my vows were plighted—then a single thrust of my spear or wave of my battle-axe would have sufficed to settle all the scruples of fathers and guardians: but now, by some strange oversight of our legislators, it is actually considered illegal to exterminate impertinent old men who talk to you about settlements and jointures; and even finishing a lawyer might subject you to a disagreeable acquaintance with the finisher of the law. Had my lot been cast in more modern times, in the glorious days of the Turpins and Duvals, I might have enjoyed myself after my peculiar fancy,—trotting gallantly up to a splendid carriage crossing the heath at midnight, when only the moon shed a dubious light upon the scene, and, with all the politeness of a gentleman, putting a pistol to the head of the ancient nobleman in the corner, stilling the fears of his two angelic daughters with some elegant compliments to their beauty, and then, clapping spurs to my nag, and riding off with the nobleman’s purse in my pocket and the ladies’ necklaces and bracelets in my bosom. Ah! that were indeed an adventure worthy of an aspiring mind; but now, even stopping an old farmer on his way home from market, might render you liable to transportation or the treadmill. Shameful degeneracy—barbarous age! Our manners are like the close-shaved hedges of the gardens of Louis the Fourteenth—one dull, dead level, extending from one end to the other; and if one sprig more aspiring than the rest soars out of the contemptible and tasteless uniformity, the hard-hearted gardener seizes it in its palmy prime, and remorselessly clips it off. But what is to become of those whose hearts, like that of Coriolanus, are ‘too big for what contains them’—of those who, ‘cheated by Nature of their fair proportions,’ are perhaps not more than five feet high, and yet have souls large enough for a captain of grenadiers? What is to become of them in these piping times of peace, when there is no way left to them to show the magnanimity of their spirits, unless by endangering their necks? Murder, I have said, is dangerous; robbery not genteel. What resource, then, is left for our bold youth to attract observation, and open a safety valve for the fierceness of their temperament? Love. Yes, beautiful reader, whom in fancy’s eye I now see weeping over my intolerable woes, love is the only method I can discover of rendering myself illustrious; and, by the soul of Hero and Leander, Petrarch and Laura, Werter and Charlotte, I swear I will render myself an illustrious lover. I will love with all my might. But, alas! even over this ennobling passion the dulness of our modern times has cast its degrading influence. Who has the courage to love now as they used to do in the golden days of that divinity, when years of tears and groans had to be passed, battles fought, castles scaled, and cataclysms descended, before a single smile could be obtained; when fiery dragons had to be overcome, enchantments broken, and kings taken captive, before the lover could expect the maiden’s hand? This is the manner in which love ought to be cultivated. But
is it so? No. Everything is settled now as a mere matter of business. A few meetings at evening parties, a few morning calls, a few quiet dinners with the family, a few tunes on the harp, a consultation between the respective solicitors, bridecake, white dresses, travelling carriage, and next morning appears the announcement, 'Married at St. George's, Hanover-square,' &c. &c.

But is it impossible to break through this formal manner of conducting the most interesting, which ought also to be the most romantic, incident of a man's life? I have tried; but hitherto with no particular success. One evening, in July last, I was quietly pursuing my way along Threadneedle-street, having filled my pockets with the incomparable biscuits of Le Mann, when luckily, at the corner of Bishopsgate-street, I saw a hackney coach filled with ladies. The driver had left his horses, or fallen off the box, and the spirited animals were swinging along at a trot of four or five miles an hour. The situation of the ladies was one of imminent danger. In a moment I resolved upon my course of action. I painted to myself the dreadful fate of those interesting females, if their vehicle came in contact with a prodigious van—if their fair limbs were mangled by a brewer's dray, or their beautiful faces disfigured by the wheel of an omnibus passing over their delicate features. Anxious to shield them from such an appalling fate, I rushed towards the carriage, in the heedlessness of my anxiety forgetting to seize the horses. I opened the door: 'For heaven's sake, ladies,' I exclaimed, 'trust yourselves to me!' They looked astonished at my appearance and language, especially as I had to run at the side of the vehicle while I addressed them. They made no answer, and I perceived they were quite unaware of their peril. 'Hesitate not a moment!' I said; 'throw yourselves into my arms. The jaws of destruction are open to receive you.' 'Jaws! jaws!' exclaimed the matron of the party, a lady of considerable age and a remarkable stoutness of configuration; 'Whose jaws are open, young man?' 'Destruction's, madam,' I continued, now getting a little out of breath with my exertions in keeping up with the coach: 'the horses are running away—an omnibus I see is approaching—fly into my arms!' At this instant I was felled to the earth in an agony of pain. The wheel had gone over my foot and squeezed some extremely sensitive corns, and the fat lady, giving a loud scream on discovering her danger, flung her gigantic weight upon my bosom, expelling every breath from my body with the impetus of a battering ram, and as I imagined at the time, dislocating my neck. When I recovered my senses, the stout lady was busily applying her handkerchief to free her gown from the stains it had contracted by immersion in the mud. She looked at me with an expression of anger, for which I found it difficult to account. Writhing with pain, and still reclining in the gutter, I opened my eyes but for an instant, and closed them again, murmuring, 'I have saved the young and beautiful from a terrific death, and I die contented.' A crowd had now collected round us, and I was speedily raised from the ground by a gentleman of the most
fascinating appearance I had ever seen. Deep dark eyes gave an expression of daring courage to his face, which was farther heightened by the unbraveous moustaches which enveloped his mouth. He supported me in his arms, and truly I needed all the support he could afford me when the stout lady commenced her address. 'Let the good-for-nothing little wagabond souse into the mud,' she began; 'hoaxing decent folks about horses running off, and spoiling my new gown of best gros-de-Naples.' And then she renewed her labors, endeavoring to cleanse it from its sable stains. 'But may be,' she continued, 'he is a thief, and took this way of picking my pocket; and really and truly I declare my ridicule is disappeared.' She now waxed very loud in her complaints, and was approaching, as I imagined, to lay violent hands upon me, when the gentleman, who still allowed me to lean upon him, whispered in my ear, 'I say, have you really nibbled the bag? You and I will go snacks; but bolt is the word in the meantime.' I did not exactly comprehend his meaning, but guessed that he inquired whether or not the lady's accusation was well founded. I answered him indignantly, 'Bag! I take the lady's bag? No; my sole effort was to save the lovely ladies from an overhanging fate.' 'We had better disperse,' resumed my kind supporter, 'or there may be a hanging fate left for ourselves. Will you share the booty?' 'I have no booty to share; my foot is prodigiously sore, and I think the fat old lady has broken every bone in my skin.' 'Served you right you spoony,' replied my friend, giving me a strong push from him, which sent me with immense force against the unfortunate lady, and squeezed her bonnet into the most frightful shape. 'I thought you was one of us; but I suppose it's Bill Filcher as has taken the old lady's ridicule.' In a moment he had disappeared, and my senses nearly left me. I have a very confused recollection of the conclusion of the adventure. I remember something about a pump, and being held forcibly under it till my clothes were saturated with water, then of being kicked and thumped for a considerable period, till at last I was rescued by a body of police, and carried home and carefully put to bed. I forgot to mention that Le Mann's biscuits, my handkerchief, and my purse, containing three and sixpence, besides one of the tails of my coat, were irrecoverably lost. My handsome friend with the moustaches probably appropriated those articles to himself as a slight reward for his interference in my behalf.

This was an overwhelming disappointment. I had raised a splendid superstructure of romance from the incident I have related. I had painted the beautiful eyes of the young creatures I had heroically saved, beaming upon me with gratitude; I had pictured to myself the bewitching modesty with which I would turn away from their protestations of obligation; but it shows what a dull prosaic age we live in, that an adventure of this kind, instead of terminating in love and marriage, led only to bumps and bruises—to being ducked on suspicion of picking other people's pockets, and to giving thieves a favorable opportunity of picking one's own. Yet perseverance is certain to be rewarded
with success. Though foiled in one attempt at commencing a 'passion' in a manner somewhat out of the common way, I was by no means discouraged. I have tried it again and again. Having seen a beautiful face at the drawing-room window of a house in Islington, I walked regularly before it for several weeks. At last, as I could imagine no other method of obtaining an interview with the object of my admiration, I resolved to work upon her compassion. Ladies I exclaimed, and especially young ones, are easily susceptible of pity—and pity, the poet tells us, is a step to love. If I could only get wounded in her defence—if I could get run through the body in saving her from the sword of an assassin—if I could get tossed twenty feet into the air in saving her from the horns of a bull—then, as she watched my gradual recovery, and my restoration to my former health and strength, compassion would easily pave the way for a deeper and warmer feeling. But there are no assassins, and very few bulls, at Islington. I resolved, however, to make an attempt to get myself under her care. Surely, I said, if I am dashed off a fiery charger at her very door, it will be impossible for her to refuse me admittance. Stunned—senseless—pale—I shall be a wonderfully interesting object; and once admitted to the same house, everything else will follow as a matter of course. I went and hired a horse: as I approached the mansion where lived 'the lady of my love,' I tugged at the rein, and inserted the spur, and plied the whip—in vain. The insensible animal would not get out of a slow trot on any account. If I ceased the most active exertions, the animal's pace degenerated into a walk. But fired with the ingenious plan I had discovered, I labored with the most astonishing perseverance, and for a few yards I thought, at one time, I had inveigled it into a canter. At last I reached the door. No effort would induce the courser to kick; and looking round to be assured that nobody observed me, I let myself slip quietly off, in hopes of reaching the ground unhurt.

Alas! I scarcely reached the ground at all. I had neglected to free one of my feet from the stirrup, and though one leg touched the stones, the other was suspended high in air. The horse continued its usual pace, and I was forced to hop as fast as I could in order to keep up with it. I saw house after house disappearing in this rapid progress, and I would have given anything I possessed to have stopped. Holding with one hand by the mane, and with the other endeavoring to ease my foot from the stirrup leather, my position was far from agreeable. I cried 'woe, woe,' as loud as I was able—I clutched at the rein, but unfortunately missed it. At length, worn out with my exertion, and despairing of ever coming to a stand, I gave up all efforts to support myself by the mane, and threw myself back in sheer despair. By some means or other, just at this moment my foot got disentangled, and as I lay in a vast quantity of mud which the scavengers had gathered into one heap, I saw the insensible brute, the cause of all these misfortunes, jogging quietly on up the Great North Road as if nothing had happened. Some boys, who saw my disaster, overtook and stopped
him. I got up and remounted as well as I was able, amidst tumultuous cries of 'twig the tailor.' 'This here is the wonderful Mosby Ducrow.' The crowd increased as I proceeded, and I found it more than ever impossible to urge my steed into a pace that would have freed me from their persecutions. On passing the door which I had expected to see opened to receive me in the character of an interesting invalid, I had the satisfaction to see the same beautiful face which had haunted my dreams for so long a time, apparently in an agony of laughter at my ridiculous situation. My cavalcade escorted me in grand procession to the stable at which I had hired my Bucephalus, and my progress was like a triumph in the saturnalia. 'This here is the wonderful Ducrow as falls off his 'oss at a walk,' was the unanimous cry. I slunk home as quietly as I could, covered about a foot thick with gray mud. I was half afraid the emissaries of M'Adam would indict me for abscending with a large portion of the road. But what are these little misfortunes when the undaunted spirit rises above them—when hope, from every new fall, receives, like the giant Antaeus, only a new stock of courage to proceed. Impossible, thought I to myself, that fortune should always delight in persecuting the aspiring. Surely there are many ladies, with souls above the miserable prejudices of the world, who would prefer an adorer, recommended to their notice by his own ingenuity in making their acquaintance, to a common-place lover, recommended to them by their sires.

I vowed, in the enthusiasm of the moment, never to fall in love with any lady whose name I was acquainted, or to whom I had been introduced. And yet it was impossible to exist without falling in love with some one or other. A heart without love, I cried, is a year without a spring—a garden without a flower; and I addressed myself with all possible diligence to discover some young lady with whom to fall in love. I watched all day, at the crossings of the streets, to be ready to save some unprotected damsel from the dangerous velocity of the cabs. On one occasion a lady was stepping across the Strand, while a coach was bearing down upon her with the rapidity of a thunderbolt: I darted like a sunbeam, to apprise her of her danger, but miscalculated my impetuosity, and, instead of propelling her gently out of the sphere of peril, I pushed her with such amazing impetuosity that she could not resist the impulse till she had broken about a dozen panes in the opposite shop. I was making many apologies, and preparing precipitately to retire, when the tradesman and all his clerks rushed upon me with the utmost fury, accused me of maliciously knocking an old woman through their window, and concluded by handing me over to the new police. The indignation of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, and it was only by the greatest exertions of the civil force that they were prevented from sacrificing me on the spot. At last I came to the resolution to allow women to be run over as often as they pleased. However, I soon discovered a really fine opportunity of falling in love. I had occasion to go to York. I went inside the mail. Sitting opposite me, in the full flush of beauty, was a young lady of extremely in-
A Lover's Trials.

interesting appearance. She did not appear to be more than eighteen years of age. What! is it possible, I thought, that fortune favors me at last? Has her malice against me ceased, and does she reward me with the company of this charming stranger for all the miseries with which she has hitherto afflicted me? My companion seemed sad. I love sad people: they are generally sentimental. I waited till we had left the city far behind us, and we were rolling along the smooth frosty road, before I entered into conversation. At last I exclaimed—'How beautiful, oh maiden, are the tints of autumn, with its seared leaves lying like withered garlands on the dead body of the year!' The lady looked at me with an expression of surprise, and only bowed in answer to my remark—'There is something,' I continued, 'that has a pleasing yet melancholy tendency to rivet youthful hearts in the chains of an undying affection in the month of December. Don't you think so?' —'Madam,' I exclaimed, 'I love that pensive melancholy which pervades your countenance, beautifying every feature, as softening moonlight pours a sombre loveliness o'er the enchanting landscape. Permit me to ask, are you sad?' My companion said a few words which I did not understand.—'Ah,' I replied, 'I see—you are quoting some foreign sentiment—tearful enough, I dare say, from the tone in which you speak; but unluckily I understand no language but my own. Yet, why, oh! loveliest of your sex make such a declaration in your presence, when my heart tells me that I understand in a moment the language of those eyes? Yes, trust to me at once. I have long been anxious to discover an object worthy of my devotion; and here, without the dull forms of courtship, let me make you an offer of my heart and hand. You are silent. Bless thee, oh! best and loveliest,' I continued: 'I take sweet silence for consent; and Gretta Green shall render us the happiest lovers that ever hallowed earth by the glory of their perfect felicity since the good old times of Adam and Eve.' In this way, enraptured with my good fortune, I continued, and poured forth a history of my thoughts and feelings for many years. My companion was still silent, or at times replied to me in the same language as before. Day flew rapidly away, evening began to deepen into night, and I was the happiest of mankind. As darkness fell upon the scene, I saw that sleep weighed upon the eyelids of the beauteous stranger, and, overcome with my own good fortune, I also surrendered myself to the poppied god. When I awoke, I heard a movement in the corner where she sat; I leant across, though it was now perfectly dark, and whispered, 'Dearest, I was dreaming of the happiness of our future days. I love you with a tenderer love than ever; and, oh! if ever pity moved thy gentle heart, tell me that my love is not unreturned, but that thou lovest me again.' 'Take the hand o' thee off my show-ther,' shouted a rough voice, jerking my hand almost through the roof of the coach: 'the young French 'ooman as got out at the last stage, tauld the landlady, who understands her lingo, as there were a crazy ugly little puppy in the mail, an' I suppose you be he. Go to sleep, you miserable little curmudgeon, and don't disturb my rest wi' thy
nonsense, or I'll sing thee out o' the window, I wool." The brute who had thus usurped the place occupied by the adorable partner of the first part of my journey, was a huge north-country grazier, who had come inside while I was asleep. I am not yet deterred. I shall persevere; and some adventure may yet befall me in my pursuit, to recompense one so thoroughly devoted, for the painful trials of his willingly mysterious courtship. 

HELEN.

BY MRS. GEORGE CROOKSHANK.

"Yet, oh! 'twas like the agony
When soul and body part,
'To break the last—fond—cherished link
That bound him to my heart.

MRS. CORNWALL BASON-WILSON.

* Mamma, darling mamma—do not cast that reproachful, sorrowful look on your own Helen. Henry Dillon is not the first, and methinks will not be the last, who finds that the lady of his love cannot nourish affection upon sighs and black looks.*

Thus spoke the beautiful Helen Montague, as she shook off the black curls from a face the Trojan beauty herself might have wished her own, and rising, she threw her arms around her mother. Neither could repress the starting tear; and the lovely girl in a moment darted from the room, singing, with apparently her usual lively manner,

"Il ne faut aimer que pour rire."

Helen was the only, the idolised daughter, of Major and Mrs. Montague. But how shall I describe this bright being when I first knew her? Her's was a face a painter would have loved to dwell on, and yet her loveliness would have pleased but few: it was too lofty to attract the crowd. Her's was a noble style of beauty: it commanded the homage of the heart; yet, in the home circle, her joyous smile was the point from which all others seemed to draw their happiness. She called herself cold-hearted; for truly she did not love, nor fall in love with all she met; but her's was a love it were happiness to secure. She had a brother whom she tenderly loved; but he was gay, and seldom at home, and his sister occupied little of his thoughts, beyond the hope that she might make a splendid marriage, and so probably furnish larger means to gratify his dissipated habits. He was a fair, handsome man, and, having wealth at command, gratified every inclination. He was little comfort to his parents, which rendered the contrast of his conduct with the endearing joy his sister diffused the more conspicuous.

At the age of eighteen, Helen had plighted her faith to Henry Dillon. He was some years older than herself, and had loved neither hastily nor easily; but his was a love which, once gained, should have been too highly prized to be cast away from levity or caprice. Helen was deeply, forcibly attached to him; but her high temper, her
indulged errors, could ill submit to control from the man who had wooed her and won her love. His was no infatuated, no transient passion, that would endure indifference or apparent contempt; and, wishing to render his beloved Helen as faultless in mind as she was lovely in person, he never allowed his attachment to blind him to those errors which in a wife would be more than tormenting. He was too noble in his nature to be jealous; yet he grieved when he saw the woman he held enshrined in his heart trifile with others, and sport with his feelings.

Mrs. Montague would frequently reason with her indulged child, and warn her not to throw a shadow or a prospect of wedded happiness so bright and fair; but a fond kiss, a laughing excuse, or her own saucy winning smile, would silence the anxious mother, and again she would yield to the conviction that so sweet a dispositioned creature must be all she or a husband could wish her.

Henry Dillon was the chosen and approved friend of Major Montague, and though much younger, a congeniality of sentiment and opinions united them. He was in the same regiment; and during a siege, in which he could not absent himself from the command, Henry saved his wife and child, the latter only ten years old, from the flames which were spreading desolation through the camp. He was then an ensign of eighteen, and from that hour became l'enfant de famille in Major Montague's happy circle.

The little Helen was his plaything, indulged and caressed by him, as by all who knew her, in every extravagant desire and whim, till at length she believed the earth and its inhabitants were, or ought to be, subservient to her will. She could not, would not bear contradiction. Thus, when, on an occasion now to be related, she was opposed with a severity, perhaps ill-judged, her fate was sealed.

Sir George Crowder, a gay but amiable young man, and a friend of Frank Montague, admired the lovely Helen with all the ardor of an enthusiastic nature. He danced well, sang well, talked well, mimicked well, rode well; in fact, he was the most perfect mirth-inspiring and laughter-loving being in existence. He knew no sorrow beyond a lame horse or a sick dog, and his ideas of happiness consisted in possessing fine hunters, fine dogs, and the beautiful Helen Montague for his wife. The two former he did possess, and the latter he resolved should be his also. He was warm-hearted, generous, and had one of those sunny tempers that no cloud could obscure.

Helen laughed with him, sometimes at him, danced with him, talked with him, mimicked with him, rode with him, and, truth must own, flirted with him; but she loved him not. He was too vain, too conscious of his own advantages, to suspect this mortifying truth; for he thought it impossible that Helen could prefer that most august piece of melancholy, as he named Captain Dillon, to himself.

Henry Dillon frequently remonstrated with Helen upon the impropriety of encouraging Sir George's attentions; and he would silently receive sometimes her laughing excuses, at others her haughty retorts, and would then wear such an air of melancholy sadness, that the amiable girl would repent her giddiness, and, by some endearing expression, or conciliative promise, regain her empire over him, which frequently seemed to totter on the brink of destruction. More than once he offered to withdraw himself and his claim upon her love and compliance, when she would pour her pretty lip and endeavor proudly to smile away the tear that his manly affection and tender remonstrances would cause. But
the tear was seen, the fault forgotten, and Helen was again the bright spot whence all his hopes of happiness were derived.

She was recovering from a sprained ankle, and had thoughtlessly accepted Sir George Crowder’s offer to take a drive in his curricle the first morning she went out: the following day was fixed. Dillon entered the room in high spirits: ‘My dearest Helen,’ he said, ‘you must no longer be an invalid; allow me to drive you to Richmond. The grounds are beautiful around the domicile I think of purchasing, and seem arranged with more than common taste: I only wish your decision; and now the time approaches when I shall claim your promise to become my own, I know few spots that can surpass this in rural loveliness.’

Helen’s dark star was in the ascendant, and shedding its baleful influence over her destiny: she had not had a sweet lover’s quarrel for a week—she had been free from contradiction for some time, and caprice was taking its turn to reign.

‘Really, Henry,’ she replied, ‘I should like to see this wonderfully pretty Elysium, as you think it, but I have made an engagement for tomorrow; so you may say soft things to me to-day, and I will go to Richmond some other day.’ Positively, it is only three weeks to our marriage, so we ought to faire Paisible to others till then, as we shall only think of ourselves, I suppose, afterwards,’ added she, blushing.

‘Thank you, thank you, my own Helen, for that dear conclusion; but, dearest, where are you going to-morrow? Knowing you did not receive visitors, and had not been out, I had, with a certainty that you would grant my request, made the appointment. Cannot you put off your engagement to another day?’

‘Why—indeed—no—I think not—I—I—Oh! do not tease me. I cannot.’

Henry could not understand her confusion. ‘Helen,’ he said, ‘what is the matter? where are you going? what to do to-morrow?’

‘You look, Henry, as astonished and horror-struck as the sudden appearance of the stocking-manufactory struck the mind of Rousseau in the lonely Valley of the Alps, when he had just congratulated himself on finding a spot where man had never been. But to convince you I am neither going to Mr. St. John Long, nor over one of the bridges, I have promised to accompany Sir George Crowder in his curricula to Oatlands.’

‘By heavens, Helen, you shall not!’ cried Henry, as determinedly as indignantly.

‘Shall not!’ repeated Helen; ‘Shall not!’ again she reiterated. ‘I may be wrooed, and I may be wooed; but I will not, never will, be compelled: so I must omit the moneysyllable not, and say, I shall go;’ and then added, haughtily, ‘You see I am not very able to leave the room—I would be alone;’ and she took up a volume lying by her, repeating, in a suppressed tone, ‘Shall not!’

‘Helen,’ said Henry, ‘bear me. I have no wish to command nor to control; but I implore you, by the love that has been my joy so long, do not trifle with me, nor drive me to madness. Prove your acknowledged affection for me, and relinquish this improper engagement. Sir George Crowder’s horses are not very safe; but that is not my only objection; I do not choose (excuse my candor)—I do not wish the woman who is to be my wife, to be paraded about by every frivolous stripling who has effrontery enough to ask, or vanity to expect, acquiescence with his presumptuous proposals.’
Harsh words would too probably have ensued, as Helen commenced defending her favored gay friend from Henry’s certainly severe remarks, but Major Montague entering the room, the matter was referred to him. He decided in favor of Henry’s wishes; and, with astonishing complacency, Helen said, ‘Well, as you wish it, papa, I will yield this point to Henry; but he must not imagine that in Helen Montague he will find a woman who has no will but her husband’s.

‘Dearest Helen,’ interrupted Henry, accepting her acquiescence as a favor to himself, ‘—

He was interrupted by the Major leaving the room, and saying, ‘Let me entreat you, my children, not to destroy happiness in useless contentions. It is a woman’s duty to yield to a husband’s wishes; and I know my Helen’s mind, and the heart I have formed, too well to believe she will childishly sacrifice her husband’s consequence to the silly fear of being suspected of being ruled and obedient to him; and it is equally inconsistent with a generous, well-regulated mind, to use the power intended for comfort, as a torture to the man she has accepted as her future husband.’

As the Major closed the door, Henry took Helen’s hand, saying—

‘Well, dearest, you will act like yourself; promise me not to go with Sir George.’

‘Oh! yes, I must promise; but do leave me now—I am tired;’ and she coldly withdrew her hand.

Dillon sighed deeply, and left the room.

At dinner the subject was not renewed. In the course of the evening, Helen observing Henry was thoughtful, spiritless, and silent, with her usual sweetness wished to obliterate the painful feelings her pride and levity too frequently excited, said—‘Heigho! my love shines not tonight; he is as cold and cloudy as the moon on a stormy night.’ This was said with an irresistible smile, as she laid her hand on his, and a shade of melancholy passed over her countenance so few could resist, that certainly it was not in the power of a man like Henry Dillon, in love with the beautiful being who was thus deprecating his displeasure.

They parted that night with the conviction that each was necessary to the happiness of the other.

At the appointed hour on the following day, Sir George was announced. Helen was busy with her flowers, yet more busy thinking how she should excuse herself from accompanying him. She rose with painful confusion, and said, in a hurried voice—‘I so much regret, Sir George, I am prevented accompanying you to Oatlands; papa insists I shall go with Captain Dillon to Richmond.’

‘Rather say, my too lovely friend, that awful piece of sentimentality has forced you into compliance.’ It was rare that the gay and really amiable Sir George ever found his temper discomposed; but he had, unavowed even to himself, thrown the chance of his success with Helen on this day’s occurrences. He meant to plead with all the warmth of his ardent nature; he meant to astonish her with his skill in horsemanship, in fact, he meant, he resolved to secure his point, and crush the high-raised hopes of his accepted rival.

He would not allow the thought of the dishonorable part he was in fact pursuing to interfere with his wishes. He had too much levity to reflect, and too much love to desist: thus he cast aside all troublesome, obtrusive, or inconvenient objections.

He had ceased speaking rather abruptly, and Helen remained silent,
but looked as she felt, haughtily displeased. He knew her weak point, and he pursued the advantage he saw he had already gained, by adding —’ Forgive, loveliest Miss Montague, the impropriety, the harshness of my expression; believe, however it may blight my proud hopes, I must admire the amiable softness that yields to a lover what a husband only should dare to command; ’ and a smile of contempt passed over his lips.

‘You little know my nature, Sir George,’ indignantly replied Helen.

‘I should neither yield to the request of a lover, nor the command of a husband, if not consonant with my own wishes and ideas of right.’

‘Excusez, ma belle amie,’ said the irritated baronet; ‘it is your own inconsistency then, not your deference for Captain Dillon, that I must reproach for your broken engagement; but you must pardon me if I feel convinced that this knight of the rueful countenance was authorised to say he was secure, and that you should not accompany me to-day, as he had marked out some other plan.’

‘Secure! Secure of me!’ exclaimed the now agitated girl, while her countenance expressed all the proud disdain she felt: ‘no man shall dare make so humiliating, so false a boast.’

‘My sweet friend,’ interrupted Sir George, ‘I have unintentionally repeated an expression that —’

‘Say no more, Sir George; my mind is fixed in its purpose.’

At this unpropitious moment, this moment big with Helen’s fate, Sir George’s beautiful Arabians were driven to the door. ‘Ah, my fellow-sufferers,’ said he, ‘your elevated spirits, like your master’s, are doomed to be humbled. We may return and brood over disappointed anticipations.’

‘No, no, Sir George,’ said Helen, ‘I will accompany you—I shall be ready in an instant, and she left the room. Sir George, in the exuberance of his feelings at his unexpected success, and satisfied that he should sufficiently mortify his correct and noble-minded rival, little heed the whispers of conscience which reproached him with so misrepresented the case to Miss Montague. He had met Captain Dillon the day previously, after Henry’s interview with Helen, and cried, ‘Ah! Captain Dillon, comment va la santé, I am practising my favorites to go a gentle pace, that Miss Montague may not be alarmed. She has promised me the honor of taking a drive with me to-morrow.’

Captain Dillon’s open countenance ill concealed the contempt he felt for his boastful tormentor, and could not resist the desire he felt to mortify his arrogance. He replied coolly, ‘I think you may be mistaken, Sir; Miss Montague accompanies me to-morrow.’

‘Nous verrons,’ tauntingly answering Sir George, and he muttered, ‘quand on n’a pas ce que l’on aime, il faut aimer ce que l’on a, and this may be proved;’ then in a louder voice, he added, ‘au revoir, and drove off, determined to obtain his wish, let it be at what cost it might; and he was but too successful, as we have seen.

‘Consume your puppy,’ said Henry to himself; I cannot imagine how the high-minded Helen can pass even an hour with this compound of French perfumery and conceit. Thus the irritated and annoyed Henry could only dissipate his fears and uneasiness by the remembrance of Helen’s promise; and so met her, as already described, at dinner.

Unfortunately for the self-devoted Helen, Major Montague was absent on military duty, and her mother, who was slightly indisposed, only saw her when equipped for her drive; and she said, ‘I will bring you, dear mamma, the beautiful flowers I ordered yesterday.’ She gave no
time for any remark; but hurried down stairs, forgetful or indifferent to
the pain her uncle caused her. She returned to the drawing-room, and
then accompanied Sir George to the carriage.
At that moment Captain Dillon drove to the door. His countenance
became pale as marble, he cast a look of defiance on the exulting Sir
George, and, springing forward, seized, rather than took Helen by the
hand, saying, 'You surely will not break your promise to me, to your
father?'
'To my father, Captain Dillon, I am certainly accountable for my
actions; and when I give you a right to demand a promise, then I may
tolerate your remonstrance: until then, excuse me questioning the pro-
priety of your present conduct. I am engaged with Sir George Crow-
der.'
'Sir George,' turning to him, she added, with a forced smile, 'I am
ready;' and allowed him to hand her with an air of triumph, to his cur-
ricle.
Helen felt she trembled at the look Henry cast upon her. It was of
love, of pity, of despair: but it was one that spoke the purpose of his
soul as fixed. He bowed, and the exulting Sir George dashed off with
the beautiful girl, who, no longer supported by pride and offended feel-
ings, leant back in the carriage and sunk into painful silence. It was in
vain Sir George exerted all his wit and flattery, all his exquisite skill in
the management of his spirited horses; all was unheeded. She spoke
little; yet thought was becoming agony. Helen felt she had done wrong:
she had disobeyed, deceived her father; she had insulted the man she
loved, and wounded every feeling of his generous and confiding heart.
The remembrance of his look chilled the blood in her veins; her heart
seemed swelling, so as to render even the slightest pressure of her dress
painful. Still she pursued her drive, and with affected vivacity endeav-
ored to rally her spirits so as to conceal her sufferings from her com-
panion.
Major Montague, as he was returning home, met Henry driving furi-
ously. He would have passed; but the Major, seeing his countenance
so haggard, so wild, cried out, 'Dillon! Henry! what is the matter? speak!'
He then drew in his horses, who, little accustomed to be driven so vi-
olently, were with difficulty restrained.
'Excuse me now, Major,' said Henry; 'I will see you in the morn-
ing.'
'Stop, stop!' cried the Major: 'my child, my Helen, is she well—
has any accident befallen her? Speak! I cannot endure this torturing
suspense.'
'She is well and —— happy,' bitterly replied Henry; and I am her
victim.'
'Explain, as you value my friendship.'
'Not now, not now, dear Sir; I cannot, dare not trust myself to
speak:' and he drove hastily away.
On entering his house, the Major inquired for his daughter, and was
informed she had not returned from her drive with Sir George. Major
Montague's brow assumed a frown rarely seen on his benignant coun-
tenance, desired to see her the instant she returned, and entered his li-
brary, sorely lamenting the inconsistency of his darling; but his sorrow
was deeply tintured with indignation, that such a man as Dillon should
be so trifled with. He resolved to strongly express his resentment and
anger at Helen's conduct; but, as she entered the room, her usual brilliant expression was fled and changed to one so full of sadness, and she looked so meekly melancholy, that the father's love quickly repressed the meditated reproof, and he said, in tender accents, 'My darling child, what ails you?'

'I am only tired, dear papa. I will lie down for half-an-hour, and shall be quite myself again at dinner.'

All Major Montague's angry feelings were revived on seeing Helen in extravagant spirits when they met at table, and he resolved she should mark and feel his displeasure. He remained silent and thoughtful, and took no further notice of her lively manner, than by looking sternly at her.

Mrs. Montague was also evidently depressed. She had heard the circumstance from her husband. Helen alone seemed herself; she had a part to act, and had wound up her feelings to the determination to act it consistently.

On the servants leaving the room, Helen, as if fearing a pause, said, 'Papa, on what are you thinking?' He replied, in the words of Lord Falkland's ancestor, Cary, when Queen Elizabeth asked kindly on what he was thinking. He answered coldly, 'On nothing, so please your highness.'

'Nothing,' repeated the Queen; 'pray, gentle coz., what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?'

'Please you, royal madam,' rejoined he, with bitter and pointed meaning, 'he thinks on a woman's promise.'

So answered Major Montague to his daughter: 'I am thinking on nothing—on your promise; but allow me to inform you, Miss Montague, I will not permit my friend to be insulted with impunity, nor do I expect my wishes, (for, Helen, you have never received commands,) to be slighted. You have broken your faith with your father, and have deeply injured a man, whose only weakness consists in being devoted to a heartless coquette; and believe me, child, that the utmost so unindefeatable a character can boast is the despicable triumph of having hardened some hearts and broken others. For what and for whom do you sacrifice the bright prospect you have? For an idle gratification, and for a gay, thoughtless young slave to fashion.'

Major Montague's emotion was visible in his quivering lip, but Helen, so unaccustomed to receive aught but affection and praise, was not yet sufficiently humble to say more than—'Indeed, papa, I meant to do, and not to do, as I promised; but positively, when that accomplished whip, with his dear beautiful horses, arrived, my good intentions yielded to their prancing attractions; and, (she added, coloring violently,) Henry's presumption and hauteur are insufferable, and I will let him know that no man shall think himself secure of me; but, dearest Padre, I am weary of confession, and —— but seeing the angry frown deepen upon her father's face, and her mother's eye filled with tears, she hastily continued, 'but do smile again upon your own Helen, and I will behave better in future, and be obedient, and say pretty things to this Hottentot lover, if he will but be more humble,' and with her own peculiar smile she expected to be forgiven; but she felt she did not entirely succeed in dispelling the displeasure from her father's brow, or the tear from her mother's eye, and she left the room, displeased with herself, vexed with her parents, and more irritated than ever with Henry, as to him she attributed all her trouble.
Things were in this state when Edward Montague returned from a sporting excursion. Helen was all heart, and possessed acute feelings. Edward was a man without a heart, the worst of all monsters, or, as was said of Attorney General N—e's, if he had one, 'it was shrunk to the size and consistency of a leathern penny purse.' He wasted his time, his intellect, his power, and his fortune, to profit by the weakness, to subjugate the reason, and play upon the passions and feelings of misguided women, merely to triumph over her fallen virtue. To pure love and its ennobling sentiments, he was an utter stranger; yet, amongst the many he had ruined, there was one poor suffering creature, who had devotedly loved this heartless being. She early met her fate. When she no longer pleased his capricious fancy, no longer suited his convenience, he left her to linger out her life in sorrow, shame and misery.

Edward Montague had no feeling in common with his family; and finding that Henry and Helen were at variance, he resolved to give every encouragement to Sir George, whose valuable stud would furnish him amusement, and would be at his command should he become Helen's husband.

Winter was now fast approaching. It was usually hailed with pleasure by Major Montague's family, as it was a season of hilarity and festivity, and of social and domestic happiness; yet its approach must awaken, in all reflective minds, emotions of a painful nature. It is the decline of another of those brief periods that mark the passing hours; and in the withered leaf, the stripped branch, the faded flower, in the sad stillness of the birds, in short, the gloom and general decay of all nature, our own fate and decline is strikingly and mournfully felt. But these were not the thoughts of the bright Helen, for bright she was. No other word can convey the idea of her sparkling, speaking smile; and had it not been for a determined look of the eye, a peculiar elevation of the head, none would have supposed her fine gipsy face could be the mirror of a temper so proud and so positive. Her thoughts were, though she would have blushed to own it to herself, occupied in fancying the serenely blissful days that would follow her marriage with Henry; and yet this infatuated, self-willed being, was preparing very different hours than those she anticipated.

The day following her fracas with Captain Dillon he sent up his name, and requested to see her alone. The proud swelling of her heart threw a look of anything but submissive affection in her countenance; and she drew up her finely formed head and neck, and looked as if she felt the earth too mean to bear her. She resolved to show no contrition, no regret; but if Henry were kind, to treat the whole as a jest—if haughty, to retort and retaliate; but her love was too firm not to induce him, before she parted from him (as she had so frequently succeeded in doing before,) to soften his reproaches and subdue his resentment, by saying something conciliatory and affectionate. But that his heart must be teased, and he punished for his arrogance, as she considered his conduct, was a fixed point.

And, alas! who ever turned Helen Montague from her own positive will?

On entering the room, Henry's face perfectly expressed the bitter conflict, the sufferings of his heart. Helen's better feelings were nearly claiming their own influence, and she would have met him kindly, and asked his forgetfulness of the ill-understood past, but in an instant, the humiliating reflection occurred, he 'thinks himself secure of me;' and
she said, with assumed indifference, 'I hope I see Captain Henry Dillon in health, and in a more lover-like and less husband-like mood than he exhibited yesterday.'

Her apparent heartlessness—her affected 'gaité de cœur,' seemed unnoticed. 'He replied in an unshaken voice, and in a resolute yet mournful tone, as if her flippancy had not affected him.

'Miss Montague I would be heard—for the last time, heard. I do not intrude upon you to remonstrate; for too well I am taught to know that my influence has passed away: I am disregarded, disclaimed—but dishonored, despised, I never will be!' and Henry proudly drew himself up, and fixed his fine penetrating eye upon her face. 'Never will be,' he repeated. 'I also feel I am not, cannot longer be necessary, or even contributory to your happiness; but if I cannot secure your respect, I will not lose my own. It is not to be my bright destiny to guard you, love you, worship you—but I will interfere with any one you may invest with these privileges. My wishes, my hopes, my plans, all that was happy centered in you. I blessed you as my guiding star on earth, and fondly dreamed you would have been my own in time and in eternity. I would have been gentle to your errors, and patient to your defects; I would have encouraged your many virtues, and hallowed your image in my soul; but you have scorned, and wrung, and broken a heart that lived for you, and would have died for you. But Helen, with all my heart's fondest devotion, my soul is superior to giving tolerance, even to the woman I would make a wife, to make a toy of me. May your many excellencies meet their reward; and may a brighter, happier love than mine sanctify and bless your union!

'Helen! I resign the proud hope of calling you mine. Yes—I resign you—and forever.'

This was uttered with so suppressed a voice, that, to one who was not prejudiced, it must have been evident the struggle was almost too agonising to endure. But the proud Helen ill could endure the humiliation of being rejected: her haughty soul was suffocating with complicated feelings; yet, fearful she should betray the anguish of her sorrowing heart, she made one desperate effort. Her eyes, had Henry sought them, would have told a truer tale than her demeanor, when she suddenly started up, singing,

'Vous ne roulez m'amour
Eh! bien ne m'aimez pas
J'aurois du regret
Mais, je n'en mourai pas.'

She then coldly and negligently added—'As it is so, Monsieur Le Capitaine, let us to dinner with what appetite we may.' She could not much longer have supported her part; and she would have left the room but he grasped her wrist with a violence that made her slightly scream. For the moment his self-command was gone. She dared not look at him; she knew his eye was fixed upon her: she felt her color vary; she dreaded the next word; she seemed bound as with a chain. At that moment Daphne's fate would have been bliss: her hands shook; she breathed with painful difficulty; she felt choking, and her agony so extreme, she was nearly fainting. She felt she was losing the man she loved, from a pride which, though it supported her now, she knew would leave her heart desolate and a wreck hereafter. The poor girl would have become insensible, had not the voice of Henry aroused her from the stupor into which she was sinking.
"Woman!" he exclaimed as he painfully wrung her little hand.

She raised not her eye. She felt his nervous grasp relax. Again he spoke.

"Helen, Helen! oh, God, is this the heart I prayed to be my own? Is this the woman I would have taken to my bosom?" Again his voice shook, his whole frame trembled; but starting, as if ashamed of his weakness, and releasing her hand, he cried, "Helen, I thank you." Again his love, the softness of his affection asserted its empire, and he clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his throbbing heart, kissed her pale cheeks and lips, and, in heart-broken accents, crying, "Bless you, bless you!" burst into tears, and wildly darted from the room, leaving almost lifeless the form of her he loved, on the sofa from which he had raised her.

Could this self-devoted, self-destroyed girl have uttered one word, one word only, it would have been to supplicate reconciliation. The pride which had succeeded his dignified resentment sunk before his manly sorrow. Tears are the natural expression of feminine grief and tenderness. The sternest mind of man disdains such indulgence of softer feelings. From the noble heart they must be wrung by the intensest agony. All this Helen felt, as a tear from his eye fell on her cheek in his farewell embrace. It was now she knew the real extent of her attachment to Henry, and the power he had obtained over her; but it was too late. He was gone,—gone forever.

Such were the occurrences which had taken place twelve months previous to the conversation with which this tale commences.

From the hour that Henry Dillon became a heart-broken exile, Helen's life was one continued scene of acting.

It is not immediately after we have determined on a great sacrifice or a painful effort, that we feel the misery and burthen we have to bear. The first feeling is satisfaction within ourselves when resolving to do what is right, and that feeling raises us for a time above our true strength. Thus it was with poor Helen, whose only refuge now was the indulgence of that pride which had been so fatal to her.

She felt her dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its bright and blissful hours to cheer her remaining life. Her youth, her beauty, her talents, her love, were scorned and abandoned by the only heart she had ever sought to gain, and which she had lost from her own unheeding pride. But she resolved to fulfil her destiny without shrinking; and well was she seconded by her heartless brother (who hated and envied Henry for his superiority) to complete her sacrifice.

Twelve months had now elapsed. Helen and her mother were sitting one morning in their favorite 'pink room,' when Major Montague entered. He had become an altered, a melancholy being; for grievously had he been disappointed. The child of his love had ceased to be his pride; she was no longer the bright endearing Helen, diffusing grace and happiness by her sweet smile; she had ceased to be the joy of her father's home.

The Major entered with his accustomed sad and slow step, and took a seat without speaking: but looked fondly, yet reproachfully, on his child.

There are in the heart, recesses so deep as to be impenetrable even to the tender searching of a parent's eye. Helen was pale and thin, and no longer gay; but no one suspected the true state of her heart; and in
the affianced bride of Sir George Crowder, no one could have thought
she was secretly pining, wasting, and suffering from love without hope.
After a silence of some moments, Major Montague said, ‘Is next
Thursday really the day fixed for your nuptials, Helen?’
She bowed her head.
‘My child, may you never repent the step. Your brother, alas! is
not the one I would have selected—is not the person to depend on in
establishing a sister’s happiness. I believe Sir George to be amiable;
but has he, do you think, the properties, the stability that will secure
my Helen’s happiness?’
‘I may be happy enough, papa,’ she answered, in a suppressed tone;
‘and you know, dearest father, in some societies hearts are useless
things. I shall seek to move in one of them; it will not be a difficult
task to find it.’ The unbidden tear started to her eye.
The distressed father left the room without further remark. He that
morning received a letter from the dying Henry. Yes, Henry Dillon
was dying. He frequently wrote to the Major, but never mentioned
Helen; and the father could not so compromise the pride of his high-
minded child as to offer his once rejected daughter again to his accept-
ance: yet he felt too surely that both were destroying their own hopes
of happiness in this life; and Henry was returning, as he said, to make
final arrangements previous to his leaving England forever.
On the Major having quitted the apartment, Mrs. Montague address-
ed her daughter. ‘My Helen,’ said she, ‘my heart’s comfort, do not cast
away your every hope by this marriage. I fear a lingering love
still exists in your bosom. Is it then like my Helen to give herself up to
one and love another? Can she hope Heaven’s blessing can sanctify
such a union?’
‘Mother, forbear; say no more, search no further. Do you think I
could bend to him. No, rather would I lay down this aching head and
resign the life he has embittered. Yes, mother, I own it, embittered; I
never shall, never can be happy: but the Henry I loved, and the Hen-
ry who cast me away when he had alarmed all a woman’s dearest pride,
(and that pride alone spoke), is not worth regretting.’
This conclusion was pride’s last triumphant effort. The wish to feel
as she spoke, raised bitter remembrance in the mind of the poor heart-
sorrowing girl: she burst into a passionate and violent flood of tears,—
a rare occurrence for poor Helen, who seldom sought this relief.
Had a propitious fate brought these two self-sacrificed lovers together
at that moment, they had never parted.
Helen soon recovered her usually indifferent manner, and resumed,
‘Mother, I will never allow Sir George to find his confidence misplaced.
In all but heart I will do the duty of a wife, and he shall never have
cause to repent having intrusted his honor to my care.’ As Helen re-
solved, so she would have kept her resolution.
Had she allowed her better feelings to conquer her ruling passion,
pride, she would have avoided the fatal error of giving a devoted and
pre-engaged heart to a man, who, though he had many faults, so truly
loved her and deserved a better fate; but her haughty spirit could not
endure the humiliating thought that the world should suppose the once
envied Helen Montague was sunk into a pitied love-sick girl. Thus she
sealed her fate.
Brightly rose the sun on the day that was to behold the beautiful
Helen a bride; yet all in seeing her, though few could surmise why, thought

"How soft is beauty's form when touched with woe."

She was truly one of nature's loveliest growth; but the caukering worm of grief, of deeply hidden sorrow, of a sadness that hope could not reach, was visible in her pale countenance, and made it sadly evident that she strove, as Barry Cornwall so beautifully expresses it,

"With that unumbering serpent, blighted love."

**And yet Helen was a bride.**

Many were the guests that accompanied this lovely being to the altar on which she was sacrificed; many and bright were the glittering jewels that adorned the victim; many the smiles that graced the faces of the surrounding beauties; many the hopes that swelled the hearts of those present.

The usual parade and pomp attended this hapless marriage. The prancing horses bore away the bride and her exulting husband, and left that blank in the desolated home of her youth, which the happiest marriages never fail to produce.

A few weeks passed rapidly away. Helen was no longer the child of nature. Art held the entire command; but it could not conceal, it was not longer to be concealed, that she was very ill. Her figure daily became more fragile, and her sweet face was pale and faded. Poor Sir George, who loved more ardently than could have been expected from his volatile disposition, was distracted. He lost no time, but without announcing their intention, returned to town, that Helen might immediately consult the physicians, and Sir George Crowder's residence not being completed, they drove to Major Montague's.

Both he and Mrs. Montague were absent when they arrived. Helen rested in the drawing-room a few minutes, and then, leaving Sir George to visit the stable, she hurried to her former apartments to hide in solitude the tide of sorrowing emotions which were agitating her heart, and, if possible, array her face in smiles long strangers to it, to meet her beloved parents as much like her former self as might be.

She opened the door, and hastily entered her former dressing-room. A sight met her gaze which transfixed her to the spot, harrowed up her very soul, and almost chilled to death every weakening faculty. On a couch, supported by pillows, lay the pale exhausted form of the dying Henry Dillon. Yes, poor proud Helen, the dying Henry!

He felt his life wasting, fast closing, and he implored and prevailed on his friend to allow him to breathe his last sighs where so many of his happiest hours had been past—in Helen's own morning room, her favorite 'pink room."

Major Montague, not conceiving that his daughter would return for some weeks, indulged his unfortunate friend in his wishes.

Thus the two so loved by each other, again most fatally met.

Nature, once again in all her force, exerted her influence over the ill-fated Helen, and she exclaimed, falling on her knees, and taking his cold thin hand in her own, 'Oh Henry! dear, dear Henry, forgive; I deserve, but do not, do not curse me.'

'Curse you, Helen! Such curses as Heaven sheds on dying saints, as mothers give their infants, and happy husbands pray for their brides. Such, such, Helen, I pray for thee.' He pressed her feebly to his heart, fell back fainting, and that hue never to be mistaken, spread over his wasted countenance.
Helen felt his fond pressure relax: she shrieked for help; she forgot all. Husband, father, mother, all were forgotten in Henry. Henry only was in her heart; and the Henry she so loved, he was dying, and that she herself had caused this blight of all most precious to her own soul.

Her mother at this moment burst into the room, in time to save the wretched girl from falling. Henry's arm could no longer support even his loved Helen. She was borne from the room insensible. Happy had consciousness never again dawned; for she awoke to a horror her nature could not sustain. Henry Dillon was dead!

Little remains to be told of my sad tale.

It was too evident Helen herself was dying. Youth, loneliness; talent, all that graces life and renders it dear and happy, were fast departing.

Her parents in fond moments called her their lily. She was now, indeed, a broken lily. A hectic tinge would occasionally revive hope, and death seemed lingering over this drooping flower, as if reluctant to take so fair and lovely a blossom to his cold embrace.

She shed no tear, and her soft sighs breathed resignation. All her earthly hopes had long left her heart in desolation; and that most direful of all feelings, remorse, gave the final blow. Her hours of trial were near a close, and she humbly trusted that in heaven she should meet the being she loved.

Scarceley six weeks had elapsed since Helen had become the wife of Sir George Crowder. She was then in the full glow of youth and beauty. She, from ill-regulated feelings and ideas, as fatal as false, of high-minded pride, had prepared that cup of bitterness which now she had drained to the very dregs.

She was reclining upon the same bed, on which, in smiling youth and health, her guiltless frame had reposed. Her sorrowing parents were supporting her nearly lifeless form. Poor Sir George, whose vivacity was subdued in sorrow, was silent with real heartfelt agony. Helen was shading her dimmed eyes with her fair wasted hand, and sunk into a momentary slumber. Then, starting from her short repose, she asked to be raised; and, after several painful efforts, said—'Sir George—dear Sir George, do not regret my death; you have been kind—always kind and indulgent to me. May some happier being deserve you, and realise the hopes I never ought to have given—oh! it is bitter to think it, only gave to afflict another. Forgive me—'

Sir George pressed her hands; he could not speak.

She resumed—'Dearest mother—dearest father—do not sorrow; I alone should grieve—I have brought all this misery on every one; I never had a wish ungratified. You both were too indulgent, and yet it is I, your favored child, who has reduced you to this grief. Bless and pardon your greatly erring child. Oh! may my fate warn the many heedless, who pursue the ruinous path I have trodden, to so sad an end. I have a wish—' She faltered; a slight blush passed over her face. 'Sir George, will you grant it? I—I—we hesitated painfully, 'I would be laid in my own family vault; for there rests the remains of him I destroyed—at Henry Dillon.'

The wretched husband started—a flush of momentary anger tinged his cheek; but he bowed assent, and a mournful silence ensued.

Helen now breathed with difficulty; her last effort seemed her last—she could add little more.

Who that now beheld this dying girl, would have recognised the gay,
the happy, the lovely Helen Montague, in the wasted, heart-broken Lady Crowder.

For an instant she revived,—'Mother—pity—mercy'—lingered on the quivering lip. She sighed softly, and the beautiful, the bright Helen, was as a clod of the valley.

'She was my friend who died.'

SONNET.

Methought, upon a sullen ocean tost,
    The batter'd hull of an old vessel lay,
    Drifting to rearward darkness far away;
Till, presently, a gallantshallop crest
Th' horizon's line, and at a moment's cost,
    Shot to the wreck with streaming pennons gay;
    Some left it and were sav'd, while others, gray
With madness clang to ruin and were lost.

'Tis well, quoth I, awaking, as the bell
    Filled with a merry peal the morning clear,
This vanish'd dream of mine should surely tell
    The fortunes of the old and coming year.
Our joys are on another voyage bound,
And with the last year's wreck our sorrows drown'd.