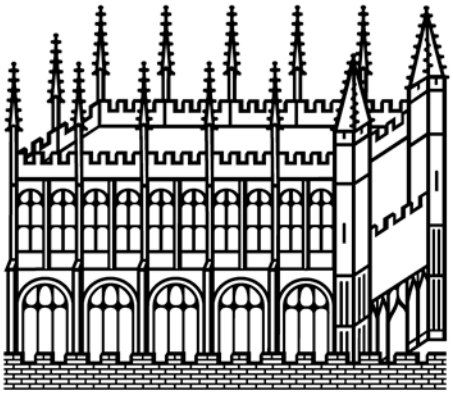


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THE PICNIC PAPERS

EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS



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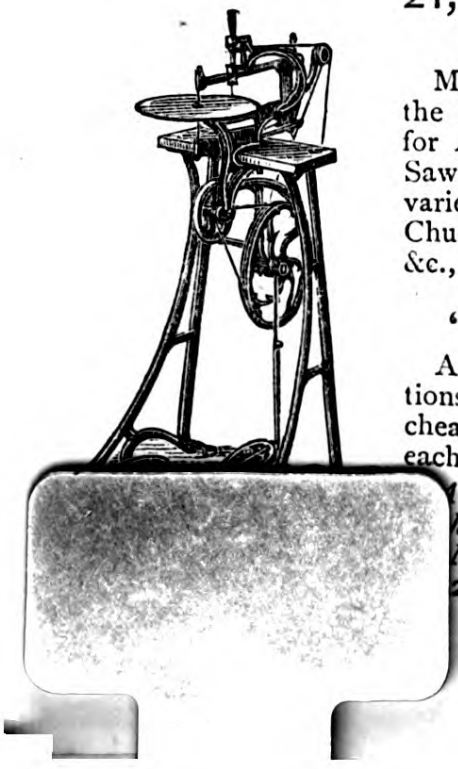
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NEW YORK: 10, BOND STREET.

251. h. 248.

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THE PIC-NIC PAPERS.

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"If you talk of Murphy and Francis Moore, gentlemen," said the lamplighter who was in the chair, "I mean to say that neither of 'em ever had any more to do with the stars than Tom Grig had."

"And what had *he* to do with 'em?" asked the lamplighter who officiated as vice.

"Nothing at all," replied the other; "just exactly nothing at all."

"Do you mean to say you don't believe in Murphy, then?" demanded the lamplighter who had opened the discussion.

"I mean to say that I believe in Tom Grig," replied the chairman. "Whether I believe in Murphy, or not, is a matter between me and my conscience; and whether Murphy believes in himself or not, is a matter between him and *his* conscience. Gentlemen, I drink your healths."

The lamplighter who did the company this honour, was seated in the chimney corner of a certain tavern, which has been, time out of mind, the Lamplighters' House of Call. He sat in the midst of a circle of lamplighters, and was the cacique, or chief of the tribe.

If any of our readers have had the good fortune to behold a lamplighter's funeral, they will not be surprised to learn that lamplighters are a strange and primitive people; that they rigidly adhere to old ceremonies and customs which have been handed down among them from father to son since the first public lamp was lighted out of doors; that they intermarry, and betroth their children in infancy; that they enter into no plots or conspiracies (for whoever heard of a traitorous lamplighter?); that they commit no crimes against the laws of their country (there being no instance of a murderous or burglarious lamp

lighter); that they are, in short, notwithstanding their apparently volatile and restless character, a highly moral and reflective people: having among themselves as many traditional observances as the Jews, and being, as a body, if not as old as the hills, at least as old as the streets. It is an article of their creed that the first faint glimmering of true civilisation shone in the first street light maintained at the public expense. They trace their existence and high position in the public esteem, in a direct line to the heathen mythology; and hold that the history of Prometheus himself is but a pleasant fable, whereof the true hero is a lamplighter.

"Gentlemen," said the lamplighter in the chair, "I drink your healths."

"And perhaps, sir," said the vice, holding up his glass, and rising a little way off his seat and sitting down again, in token that he recognised and returned the compliment, "perhaps you will add to that condescension by telling us who Tom Grig was, and how he came to be connected in your mind with Francis Moore, Physician."

"Hear, hear, hear!" cried the lamplighters generally.

"Tom Grig, gentlemen," said the chairman, "was one of us; and it happened to him as it don't often happen to a public character in our line, that he had his what-you-may-call-it cast."

"His head?" said the vice.

"No," replied the chairman, "not his head."

"His face, perhaps?" said the vice. "No, not his face." "His legs?" "No, not his legs." Nor yet his arms, nor his hands, nor his feet, nor his chest—all of which were severally suggested.

"His nativity, perhaps?"

"That's it," said the chairman, awakening from his thoughtful attitude at the suggestion. "His nativity. That's what Tom had cast, gentlemen."

"In plaster?" asked the vice.

"I don't rightly know how it's done," returned the chairman, "but I suppose it was."

And there he stopped as if that were all he had to say; whereupon there arose a murmur among the company, which at length resolved itself into a request, conveyed through the vice, that he would go on. This being exactly what the chairman wanted, he mused for a little time, performed that agreeable ceremony which is popularly termed wetting one's whistle, and went on thus:

"Tom Grig, gentlemen, was, as I have said, one of us; and I may go further, and say he was an ornament to us, and such a one as only the good old times of oil and cotton could have produced. Tom's family, gentlemen, were all lamplighters."

"Not the ladies, I hope?" asked the vice.

"They had talent enough for it, sir," rejoined the chairman, "and would have been, but for the prejudices of society. Let women have their rights, sir, and the females of Tom's family would have been every one of 'em in office. But that emancipation hasn't come yet, and hadn't then, and consequently they confined themselves to the bosoms of their families, cooked the dinners, mended the clothes, minded the children, comforted their husbands, and attended to the housekeeping generally. It's a hard thing upon the women, gentlemen, that they are limited to such a sphere of action as this; very hard.

"I happen to know all about Tom, gentlemen, from the circumstance of his uncle by the mother's side having been my particular friend. His (that's Tom's uncle's) fate was a melancholy one. Gas was the death of him. When it was first talked of, he laughed. He wasn't angry; he laughed at the credulity of human nature. 'They might as well talk,' he says, 'of laying on an everlasting succession of glow-worms;' and then he laughed again, partly at his joke, and partly at poor humanity.

"In course of time, however, the thing got ground, the experiment was made, and they lighted up Pall Mall. Tom's uncle went to see it. I've heard that he fell off his ladder fourteen times that night from weakness, and that he would certainly have gone on falling till he killed himself, if his last tumble hadn't been into a wheelbarrow which was going his way, and humanely took him home. 'I foresee in this,' says Tom's uncle, faintly, and taking to his bed as he spoke—'I foresee in this,' he says, 'the breaking up of our profession. There's no more going the rounds to trim by daylight, no more dribbling down of the oil on the hats and bonnets of ladies and gentlemen when one feels in spirits. Any low fellow can light a gas-lamp. And it's all up.' In this state of mind, he petitioned the government for—I want a word again, gentlemen—what do you call that which they give to people when it's found out, at last, that they've never been of any use, and have been paid too much for doing nothing?"

"Compensation?" suggested the vice.

"That's it," said the chairman. "Compensation. They didn't give it him though, and then he got very fond of his country all at once, and went about saying that gas was a death-blow to his native land, and that it was a plot of the radicals to ruin the country and destroy the oil and cotton trade for ever, and that the whales would go and kill themselves privately, out of sheer spite and vexation at not being caught. At last he got right down cracked; called his tobacco-pipe a gas-pipe; thought his tears were lamp-oil; and went on with all

manner of nonsense of that sort, till one night he hung himself on a lamp-iron in Saint Martin's Lane, and there was an end of *him*.

"Tom loved him, gentlemen, but he survived it. He shed a tear over his grave, got very drunk, spoke a funeral oration that night in the watch-house, and was fined five shillings for it, in the morning. Some men are none the worse for this sort of thing. Tom was one of 'em. He went that very afternoon on a new beat: as clear in his head, and as free from fever as Father Mathew himself.

"Tom's new beat, gentlemen, was—I can't exactly say where, for that he'd never tell; but I know it was in a quiet part of town, where there were some queer old houses. I have always had it in my head that it must have been somewhere near Canonbury Tower in Islington, but that's a matter of opinion. Wherever it was, he went upon it, with a bran new ladder, a white hat, a brown holland jacket and trowsers, a blue neck-kerchief, and a sprig of full-blown double wall-flower in his button-hole. Tom was always genteel in his appearance, and I have heard from the best judges, that if he had left his ladder at home that afternoon, you might have took him for a lord.

"He was always merry, was Tom, and such a singer, that if there was any encouragement for native talent, he'd have been at the opera. He was on his ladder, lighting his first lamp, and singing to himself in a manner more easily to be conceived than described, when he hears the clock strike five, and suddenly sees an old gentleman with a telescope in his hand, throw up a window and look at him very hard.

"Tom didn't know what could be passing in this old gentleman's mind. He thought it likely enough that he might be saying within himself, 'Here's a new lamplighter—a good-looking young fellow—shall I stand something to drink?' Thinking this possible, he keeps quite still, pretending to be very particular about the wick, and looks at the old gentleman sideways, seeming to take no notice of him.

"Gentlemen, he was one of the strangest and most mysterious-looking files that ever Tom clapped his eyes on. He was dressed all slovenly and untidy, in a great gown of a kind of bed-furniture pattern, with a cap of the same on his head; and a long old flapped waistcoat; with no braces, no strings, very few buttons—in short, with hardly any of those artificial contrivances that hold society together. Tom knew by these signs, and by his not being shaved, and by his not being over-clean, and by a sort of wisdom not quite awake, in his face, that he was a scientific old gentleman. He often told me that if he could have conceived the possibility of the whole Royal Society being boiled down into one man, he should have said the old gentleman's body was that Body.

"The old gentleman claps the telescope to his eye, looks all round

sees nobody else in sight, stares at Tom again, and cries out very loud:

"'Hal-loa!'

"'Holloa, sir,' says Tom from the ladder; 'and holloa again, if you come to that.'

"'Here's an extraordinary fulfilment,' says the old gentleman, 'of a prediction of the planets.'

"'Is there?' says Tom, 'I'm very glad to hear it.'

"'Young man,' says the old gentleman, 'you don't know me.'

"'Sir,' says Tom, 'I have not that honour; but I shall be happy to drink your health, notwithstanding.'

"'I read,' cries the old gentleman, without taking any notice of this politeness on Tom's part—'I read what's going to happen in the stars.'

"Tom thanked him for the information, and begged to know if anything particular was going to happen in the stars, in the course of a week or so; but the old gentleman, correcting him, explained that he read in the stars what was going to happen on dry land, and that he was acquainted with all the celestial bodies.

"'I hope they're all well, sir,' says Tom,—'everybody.'

"'Hush!' cries the old gentleman. 'I have consulted the Book of Fate with rare and wonderful success. I am versed in the great sciences of astrology and astronomy. In my house here, I have every description of apparatus for observing the course and motion of the planets. Six months ago, I derived from this source the knowledge that precisely as the clock struck five this afternoon, a stranger would present himself—the destined husband of my young and lovely niece—in reality of illustrious and high descent, but whose birth would be enveloped in uncertainty and mystery. Don't tell me yours isn't,' says the old gentleman, who was in such a hurry to speak that he couldn't get the words out fast enough, 'for I know better.'

"Gentlemen, Tom was so astonished when he heard him say this, that he could hardly keep his footing on the ladder, and found it necessary to hold on by the lamp-post. There *was* a mystery about his birth. His mother had always admitted it. Tom had never known wh was his father, and some people had gone so far as to say that even *she* was in doubt.

"While he was in this state of amazement, the old gentleman leaves the window, bursts out of the house-door, shakes the ladder, and Tom, like a ripe pumpkin, comes sliding down into his arms.

"'Let me embrace you,' he says, folding his arms about him, and nearly lighting up his old bed-furniture gown at Tom's link. 'You're a man of noble aspect. Everything combines to prove the accuracy

of my observations. You have had mysterious promptings within you,' he says; 'I know you have had whisperings of greatness, eh?' he says.

"'I think I have,' says Tom—Tom was one of those who can persuade themselves to anything they like—'I have often thought I wasn't the small beer I was taken for.'

"'You were right,' cries the old gentleman, hugging him again. 'Come in. My niece awaits us.'

"'Is the young lady tolerable good-looking, sir?' says Tom, hanging fire rather, as he thought of her playing the piano, and knowing French, and being up to all manner of accomplishments.

"'She's beautiful!' cries the old gentleman, who was in such a terrible bustle that he was all in a perspiration. 'She has a graceful carriage, an exquisite shape, a sweet voice, a countenance beaming with animation and expression; and the eye,' he says, rubbing his hands, 'of a startled fawn.'

"Tom supposed this might mean, what was called among his circle of acquaintance, 'a game eye;' and, with a view to this defect, inquired whether the young lady had any cash.

"'She has five thousand pounds,' cries the old gentleman. 'But what of that? what of that? A word in your ear. I'm in search of the philosopher's stone. I have very nearly found it—not quite. It turns everything to gold; that's its property.'

"Tom naturally thought it must have a deal of property; and said that when the old gentleman did get it, he hoped he'd be careful to keep it in the family.

"'Certainly,' he says, 'of course. Five thousand pounds! What's five thousand pounds to us? What's five million?' he says. 'What's five thousand million? Money will be nothing to us. We shall never be able to spend it fast enough.'

"'We'll try what we can do, sir,' says Tom.

"'We will,' says the old gentleman. 'Your name?'

"'Grig,' says Tom.

"The old gentleman embraced him again, very tight; and without speaking another word, dragged him into the house in such an excited manner, that it was as much as Tom could do to take his link and ladder with him, and put them down in the passage.

"Gentlemen, if Tom hadn't been always remarkable for his love of truth, I think you would still have believed him when he said that all this was like a dream. There is no better way for a man to find out whether he really is asleep or awake, than calling for something to eat. If he's in a dream, gentlemen, he'll find something wanting in the flavour, depend upon it.

"Tom explained his doubts to the old gentleman, and said that if there was any cold meat in the house, it would ease his mind very much to test himself at once. The old gentleman ordered up a venison pie, a small ham, and a bottle of very old Madeira. At the first mouthful of pie, and the first glass of wine, Tom smacks his lips and cries out, 'I'm awake—wide awake;' and to prove that he was so, gentlemen, he made an end of 'em both.

"When Tom had finished his meal (which he never spoke of afterwards without tears in his eyes), the old gentleman hugs him again, and says, 'Noble stranger! let us visit my young and lovely niece.' Tom, who was a little elevated with the wine, replies, 'The noble stranger is agreeable!' At which words the old gentleman took him by the hand, and led him to the parlour; crying as he opened the door, 'Here is Mr. Grig, the favourite of the planets!'

"I will not attempt a description of female beauty, gentlemen, for every one of us has a model of his own that suits his own taste best. In this parlour that I'm speaking of, there were two young ladies; and if every gentleman present will imagine two models of his own in their places, and will be kind enough to polish 'em up to the very highest pitch of perfection, he will then have a faint conception of their uncommon radiance.

"Besides these two young ladies, there was their waiting-woman, that under any other circumstances Tom would have looked upon as a Venus; and besides her, there was a tall, thin, dismal-faced young gentleman, half man and half boy, dressed in a childish suit of clothes, very much too short in the legs and arms, and looking, according to Tom's comparison, like one of the wax juveniles from a tailor's door, grown up and run to seed. Now, this youngster stamped his foot upon the ground and looked very fierce at Tom, and Tom looked very fierce at him—for to tell the truth, gentlemen, Tom more than half suspected that when they entered the room he was kissing one of the young ladies; and for anything Tom knew, you observe, it might be *his* young lady—which was not pleasant.

"'Sir,' says Tom, 'before we proceed any further, will you have the goodness to inform me who this young Salamander'—Tom called him that for aggravation, you perceive, gentlemen—'who this young Salamander may be?'

"'That, Mr. Grig,' say the old gentleman, 'is my little boy. He was christened Galileo Isaac Newton Flamstead. Don't mind him. He's a mere child.'

"'A very fine child, too,' says Tom—still aggravating, you'll observe—'of his age, and as good as fine, I have no doubt. How do you do, my man?' with which kind and patronising expressions, Tom

reached up to pat him on the head, and quoted two lines about little boys, from Doctor Watts's Hymns, which he had learnt at a Sunday School.

"It was very easy to see, gentlemen, by this youngster's frowning, and by the waiting-maid's tossing her head and turning up her nose, and by the young ladies turning their backs and talking together at the other end of the room, that nobody but the old gentleman took very kindly to the noble stranger. Indeed, Tom plainly heard the waiting-woman say of her master, that so far from being able to read the stars as he pretended, she didn't believe he knew his letters in 'em, or, at best, that he had got no further than words in one syllable; but Tom, not minding this (for he was in spirits after the Madeira), looks with an agreeable air towards the young ladies, and, kissing his hand to both, says to the old gentleman, 'Which is which?'

"'This,' says the old gentleman, leading out the handsomest, if one of 'em could possibly be said to be handsomer than the other—'this is my niece, Miss Fanny Barker.'

"'If you'll permit me, miss,' says Tom, 'being a noble stranger, and a favourite of the planets, I will conduct myself as such.' With these words, he kisses the young lady in a very affable way, turns to the old gentleman, slaps him on the back, and says, 'When's it to come off, my buck?'

"The young lady coloured so deep, and her lip trembled so much, gentlemen, that Tom really thought she was going to cry. But she kept her feelings down, and turning to the old gentleman, says, 'Dear uncle, though you have the absolute disposal of my hand and fortune, and though you mean well in disposing of 'em thus, I ask you whether you don't think this is a mistake? Don't you think, dear uncle,' she says, 'that the stars must be in error? Is it not possible that the comet may have put 'em out?'

"'The stars,' says the old gentleman, 'couldn't make a mistake if they tried. Emma,' he says, to the other young lady.

"'Yes, papa,' says she.

"'The same day that makes your cousin Mrs. Grig, will unite you to the gifted Mooney. No remonstrance—no tears. Now, Mr. Grig, let me conduct you to that hallowed ground, that philosophical retreat, where my friend and partner, the gifted Mooney of whom I have just now spoken, is even now pursuing those discoveries which shall enrich us with the precious metal, and make us masters of the world. Come, Mr. Grig,' he says.

"'With all my heart, sir,' replies Tom; 'and luck to the gifted Mooney, say I—not so much on his account as for our worthy selves!' With this sentiment, Tom kissed his hand to the ladies again,

and followed him out; having the gratification to perceive, as he looked back, that they were all hanging on by the arms and legs of Galileo Isaac Newton Flamstead, to prevent him from following the noble stranger, and tearing him to pieces.

"Gentlemen, Tom's father-in-law that was to be, took him by the hand, and having lighted a little lamp, led him across a paved court-yard at the back of the house, into a very large, dark, gloomy room: filled with all manner of bottles, globes, books, telescopes, crocodiles, alligators, and other scientific instruments of every kind. In the centre of this room was a stove or furnace, with what Tom called a pot, but which in my opinion was a crucible, in full boil. In one corner was a sort of ladder leading through the roof; and up this ladder the old gentleman pointed, as he said in a whisper:

"'The observatory. Mr. Mooney is even now watching for the precise time at which we are to come into all the riches of the earth. It will be necessary for he and I, alone in that silent place, to cast your nativity before the hour arrives. Put the day and minute of your birth on this piece of paper, and leave the rest to me.'

"'You don't mean to say,' says Tom, doing as he was told and giving him back the paper, 'that I'm to wait here long, do you? It's a precious dismal place.'

"'Hush!' says the old gentleman, 'it's hallowed ground. Farewell!'

"'Stop a minute,' says Tom, 'what a hurry you're in. What's in that large bottle yonder?'

"'It's a child with three heads,' says the old gentleman; 'and everything else in proportion.'

"'Why don't you throw him away?' says Tom. 'What do you keep such unpleasant things here for?'

"Throw him away!' cries the old gentleman. 'We use him constantly in astrology. He's a charm.'

"'I shouldn't have thought it,' says Tom, 'from his appearance. *Must* you go, I say?'

"The old gentleman makes him no answer, but climbs up the ladder in a greater bustle than ever. Tom looked after his legs till there was nothing of him left, and then sat down to wait; feeling (so he used to say) as comfortable as if he was going to be made a freemason, and they were heating the pokers.

"Tom waited so long, gentlemen, that he began to think it must be getting on for midnight at least, and felt more dismal and lonely than ever he had done in all his life. He tried every means of wiling away the time, but it never had seemed to move so slow. First, he took a nearer view of the child with three heads, and thought what a

comfort it must have been to his parents. Then he looked up a long telescope which was pointed out of the window, but saw nothing particular, in consequence of the stopper being on at the other end. Then he came to a skeleton in a glass case, labelled, 'Skeleton of a Gentleman—Prepared by Mr. Mooney,'—which made him hope that Mr. Mooney might not be in the habit of preparing gentlemen that way without their own consent. A hundred times at least, he looked into the pot where they were boiling the philosopher's stone down to the proper consistency, and wondered whether it was nearly done. 'When it is,' thinks Tom, 'I'll send out for sixpenn'orth of sprats, and turn 'em into gold fish for a first experiment.' Besides which, he made up his mind, gentlemen, to have a country-house and a park; and to plant a bit of it with a double row of gas lamps a mile long, and go out every night with a French-polished mahogany ladder, and two servants in livery behind him, to light 'em for his own pleasure.

"At length and at last, the old gentleman's legs appeared upon the steps leading through the roof, and he came slowly down: bringing along with him the gifted Mooney. This Mooney, gentlemen, was even more scientific in appearance than his friend; and had, as Tom often declared upon his word and honour, the dirtiest face we can possibly know of, in this imperfect state of existence.

"Gentlemen, you are all aware that if a scientific man isn't absent in his mind, he's of no good at all. Mr. Mooney was so absent, that when the old gentleman said to him, 'shake hands with Mr. Grig,' he put out his leg. 'Here's a mind, Mr. Grig,' cries the old gentleman in a rapture. 'Here's philosophy! Here's rumination! Don't disturb him,' he says, 'for this is amazing!'

"Tom had no wish to disturb him, having nothing particular to say; but he was so uncommonly amazing, that the old gentleman got impatient, and determined to give him an electric shock to bring him to—'for you must know, Mr. Grig,' he says, 'that we always keep a strongly charged battery, ready for that purpose.' These means being resorted to, gentlemen, the gifted Mooney revived with a loud roar, and he no sooner came to himself, than both he and the old gentleman looked at Tom with compassion, and shed tears abundantly.

"'My dear friend,' says the old gentleman to the Gifted, 'prepare him.'

"'I say,' cries Tom, falling back, 'none of that, you know. No preparing by Mr. Mooney, if you please.'

"'Alas!' replies the old gentleman, 'you don't understand us. My friend, inform him of his fate.—I can't.'

"The Gifted mustered up his voice, after many efforts, and informed Tom that his nativity had been carefully cast, and he would

expire at exactly thirty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds, and five-sixths of a second, past nine o'clock, A.M., on that day two months.

"'Gentlemen, I leave you to judge what were Tom's feelings at this announcement, on the eve of matrimony and endless riches. 'I think,' he says in a trembling way, 'there must be a mistake in the working of that sum. Will you do me the favour to cast it up again?' —'There is no mistake,' replies the old gentleman, 'it is confirmed by Francis Moore, Physician. Here is the prediction for to-morrow two months.' And he showed him the page, where sure enough were these words—'The decease of a great person may be looked for, about this time.'

"'Which,' says the old gentleman, 'is clearly you, Mr. Grig.'

"'Too clearly,' cries Tom, sinking into a chair, and giving one hand to the old gentleman, and one to the Gifted. 'The orb of day has set on Thomas Grig for ever!'

"At this affecting remark, the Gifted shed tears again, and the other two mingled their tears with his, in a kind—if I may use the expression—of Mooney and Co.'s entire. But the old gentleman recovering first, observed that this was only a reason for hastening the marriage, in order that Tom's distinguished race might be transmitted to posterity; and requesting the Gifted to console Mr. Grig during his temporary absence, he withdrew to settle the preliminaries with his niece immediately.

"And now, gentlemen, a very extraordinary and remarkable occurrence took place; for as Tom sat in a melancholy way in one chair, and the Gifted sat in a melancholy way in another, a couple of doors were thrown violently open, the two young ladies rushed in, and one knelt down in a loving attitude at Tom's feet, and the other at the Gifted's. So far, perhaps, as Tom was concerned—as he used to say—you will say there was nothing strange in this; but you will be of a different opinion when you understand that Tom's young lady was kneeling to the Gifted, and the Gifted's young lady was kneeling to Tom.

"'Halloa! stop a minute!' cries Tom; 'here's a mistake. I need condoling with by sympathising woman, under my afflicting circumstances; but we're out in the figure. Change partners, Mooney.'

"'Monster!' cries Tom's young lady, clinging to the Gifted.

"'Miss!' says Tom. 'Is *that* your manners?'

"'I abjure thee!' cries Tom's young lady. 'I renounce thee. I never will be thine. Thou,' she says to the Gifted, 'art the object of my first and all engrossing passion. Wrapt in thy sublime visions, thou hast not perceived my love; but, driven to despair, I now shake off the woman and avow it. Oh, cruel, cruel man!' With which re-

proach she laid her head upon the Gifted's breast, and put her arms about him in the tenderest manner possible, gentlemen.

"'And I,' says the other young lady, in a sort of ecstasy, that made Tom start,—'I hereby abjure my chosen husband too. Hear me, Goblin!'—this was to the Gifted—'Hear me! I hold thee in the deepest detestation. The maddening interview of this one night has filled my soul with love—but not for thee. It is for thee, for thee, young man,' she cries to Tom. 'As Monk Lewis finely observes, Thomas, Thomas, I am thine, Thomas, Thomas, thou art mine: thine for ever, mine for ever!' With which words, she became very tender likewise.

"Tom and the Gifted, gentlemen, as you may believe, looked at each other in a very awkward manner, and with thoughts not at all complimentary to the two young ladies. As to the Gifted, I have heard Tom say often, that he was certain he was in a fit, and had it inwardly.

"'Speak to me! oh, speak to me!' cries Tom's young lady to the Gifted.

"'I don't want to speak to anybody,' he says, finding his voice at last, and trying to push her away. 'I think I had better go. I'm—I'm frightened,' he says, looking about as if he had lost something.

"'Not one look of love!' she cries. 'Hear me, while I declare—

"'I don't know how to look a look of love,' he says, all in a maze. 'Don't declare anything. I don't want to hear anybody.'

"'That's right!' cries the old gentleman (who it seems had been listening). 'That's right! Don't hear her. Emma shall marry you to-morrow, my friend, whether she likes it or not, and *she* shall marry Mr. Grig.'

"Gentlemen, these words were no sooner out of his mouth than Galileo Isaac Newton Flamstead (who it seems had been listening too) darts in, and spinning round and round, like a young giant's top, cries, 'Let her. Let her. I'm fierce; I'm furious. I give her leave. I'll never marry anybody after this—never. It isn't safe. She is the falsest of the false,' he cries, tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth; 'and I'll live and die a bachelor!'

"'The little boy,' observed the Gifted, gravely, 'albeit of tender years, has spoken wisdom. I have been led to the contemplation of womankind, and will not adventure on the troubled waters of matrimony.'

"'What!' says the old gentleman, 'not marry my daughter! Won't you, Mooney? Not if I make her? Won't you? Won't you?'

"'No,' says Mooney, 'I won't. And if anybody asks me any more, I'll run away, and never come back again.'

"'Mr. Grigg,' says the old gentleman, 'the stars must be obeyed. You have not changed your mind because of a little girlish folly—eh, Mr. Grig?'

"Tom, gentlemen, had had his eyes about him, and was pretty sure that all this was a device and trick of the waiting-maid, to put him off his inclination. He had seen her hiding and skipping about the two doors, and had observed that a very little whispering from her pacified the Salamander directly. 'So,' thinks Tom, 'this is a plot—but it won't fit.'

"'Eh, Mr. Grig?' says the old gentleman.

"'Why, sir,' says Tom, pointing to the crucible, 'if the soup's nearly ready—'

"'Another hour beholds the consummation of our labours,' returned the old gentleman.

"'Very good,' says Tom, with a mournful air. 'It's only for two months, but I may as well be the richest man in the world even for that time. I'm not particular. I'll take her, sir. I'll take her.'

"The old gentleman was in a rapture to find Tom still in the same mind, and drawing the young lady towards him by little and little, was joining their hands by main force, when all of a sudden, gentlemen, the crucible blows up with a great crash; everybody screams; the room is filled with smoke; and Tom, not knowing what may happen next, throws himself into a Fancy attitude, and says, 'Come on, if you're a man!' without addressing himself to anybody in particular.

"'The labours of fifteen years!' says the old gentleman, clasping his hands and looking down upon the Gifted, who was saving the pieces, 'are destroyed in an instant!'—And I am told, gentlemen, by the by, that this same philosopher's stone would have been discovered a hundred times at least, to speak within bounds, if it wasn't for the one unfortunate circumstance that the apparatus always blows up, when it's on the very point of succeeding.

"Tom turns pale when he hears the old gentleman expressing himself to this unpleasant effect, and stammers out that if it's quite agreeable to all parties, he would like to know exactly what has happened, and what change has really taken place in the prospects of that company.

"'We have failed for the present, Mr. Grig,' says the old gentleman, wiping his forehead, 'and I regret it the more, because I have in fact invested my niece's five thousand pounds in this glorious speculation. But don't be cast down,' he says, anxiously—'in another fifteen years, Mr. Grig—'

"'Oh!' cries Tom, letting the young lady's hand fall. 'Were the stars very positive about this union, sir?'

"'They were,' says the old gentleman.

"'I'm sorry to hear it,' Tom makes answer, 'for it's no go, sir.'

"'No what?' cries the old gentleman.

"'Go, sir,' says Tom, fiercely, 'I forbid the banns.' And with these words—which are the very words he used—he sat himself down in a chair, and, laying his head upon the table, thought with a secret grief of what was to come to pass on that day two months.

"Tom always said, gentlemen, that that waiting-maid was the artfullest minx he had ever seen; and he left it in writing in this country when he went to colonise abroad, that he was certain in his own mind she and the Salamander had blown up the philosopher's stone on purpose, and to cut him out of his property. I believe Tom was in the right, gentlemen; but whether or no, she comes forward at this point, and says, 'May I speak, sir?' and the old gentleman answering, 'Yes, you may,' she goes on to say that 'the stars are no doubt quite right in every respect, but Tom is not the man.' And she says, 'Don't you remember, sir, that when the clock struck five this afternoon, you gave Master Galileo a rap on the head with your telescope, and told him to get out of the way?' 'Yes, I do,' says the old gentleman. 'Then,' says the waiting-maid, 'I say he's the man, and the prophecy is fulfilled.' The old gentleman staggers at this, as if somebody had hit him a blow on the chest, and cries, 'He! why, he's a boy!' Upon that, gentlemen, the Salamander cries out that he'll be twenty-one next Lady-day; and complains that his father has always been so busy with the sun round which the earth revolves, that he has never taken any notice of the son that revolves round him; and that he hasn't had a new suit of clothes since he was fourteen; and that he wasn't even taken out of nankeen frocks and trowsers till he was quite unpleasant in 'em; and touches on a good many more family matters to the same purpose. To make short of a long story, gentlemen, they all talk together, and cry together, and remind the old gentleman that as to the noble family, his own grandfather would have been Lord Mayor if he hadn't died at a dinner the year before; and they show him by all kinds of arguments that if the cousins are married, the prediction comes true every way. At last, the old gentleman, being quite convinced, gives in; and joins their hands; and leaves his daughter to marry anybody she likes; and they are all well pleased; and the Gifted as well as any of them.

"In the middle of this little family party, gentlemen, sits Tom all the while, as miserable as you like. But when everything else is arranged, the old gentleman's daughter says, that their strange conduct was a little device of the waiting-maid's to disgust the lovers he had chosen for 'em, and will he forgive her? and if he will, perhaps he

might even find her a husband—and when she says that, she looks uncommon hard at Tom. Then the waiting-maid says that, oh dear! she couldn't abear Mr. Grig should think she wanted him to marry her; and that she had even gone so far as to refuse the last lamplighter, who was now a literary character (having set up as a bill-sticker); and that she hoped Mr. Grig would not suppose she was on her last legs by any means, for the baker was very strong in his attentions at that moment, and as to the butcher, he was frantic. And I don't know how much more she might have said, gentlemen (for, as you know, this kind of young women are rare ones to talk), if the old gentleman hadn't cut in suddenly, and asked Tom if he'd have her, with ten pounds to recompense him for his loss of time and disappointment, and as a kind of bribe to keep the story secret.

"'It don't much matter, sir,' says Tom, 'I an't long for this world. Eight weeks of marriage, especially with this young woman, might reconcile me to my fate. I think,' he says, 'I could go off easy, after that.' With which he embraces her with a very dismal face, and groans in a way that might move a heart of stone—even of philosopher's stone.

"'Egad,' says the old gentleman, 'that reminds me—this bustle put it out of my head—there was a figure wrong. He'll live to a green old age—eighty-seven at least!'

"'How much, sir?' cries Tom.

"'Eighty-seven!' says the old gentleman.

"Without another word, Tom flings himself on the old gentleman's neck; throws up his hat; cuts a caper; defies the waiting-maid; and refers her to the butcher.

"'You wont marry her!' says the old gentleman, angrily.

"'And live after it!' says Tom. 'I'd sooner marry a mermaid, with a small-tooth comb and looking-glass.'

"'Then take the consequences,' says the other.

"With those words—I beg your kind attention here, gentlemen, for it's worth your notice—the old gentleman wetted the forefinger of his right hand in some of the liquor from the crucible that was spilt on the floor, and drew a small triangle on Tom's forehead. The room swam before his eyes, and he found himself in the watch-house."

"Found himself *where?*" cried the vice, on behalf of the company generally.

"In the watch-house," said the chairman. "It was late at night, and he found himself in the very watch-house from which he had been let out that morning.

"Did he go home?" asked the vice.

"The watch-house people rather objected to that," said the chair-

man; "so he stopped there that night, and went before the magistrate in the morning. 'Why, you're here again, are you?' says the magistrate, adding insult to injury; 'we'll trouble you for five shillings more, if you can conveniently spare the money.' Tom told him he had been enchanted, but it was of no use. He told the contractors the same, but they wouldn't believe him. It was very hard upon him, gentlemen, as he often said, for was it likely he'd go and invent such a tale? They shook their heads and told him he'd say anything but his prayers—as indeed he would; there's no doubt about that. It was the only imputation on his moral character that ever *I* heard of."

THE KNIGHT BANNERET.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

"Henry, our King, came over the sea,
With pomp and with pride of chivalry."

OLD BALLAD.

MILES ARMOURER, so called from the craft to which he had served his apprenticeship in the early part of the fifteenth century, was one of those fortunate military adventurers of the reign of Henry the Fifth, who, from the lowest ranks of society, earned a passage to wealth and high station with the sword. He abandoned the anvil, and cast aside the hammer and leathern apron, to join the gallant muster that followed the banner of the youthful sovereign to the fair fields of France.

It was in vain that his father and his master represented to Miles the folly of forsaking a craft in which he had acquired some skill, in the commencement, too, of a long war, which was always esteemed a golden season for armourers and their men; Miles was inflexible in his determination "to do, or die."

The glories of Cressy and Poictiers were fresh in the minds of men, and the spoils borne by English soldiers, from sacked cities and plundered convents, were held in due account by craftsmen who toiled hardly and grudgingly for their penny fee. Miles, the armourer, considered that battering French harness would, in all probability, prove a more profitable employment than making and mending English mail. Moreover, he had handled weapons of war long enough to acquire a desire to brandish them in battle-fields, so he helped himself to the best tempered blade on his master's stall, and eloped with it to join the royal armament at Southampton.

A prosperous gale soon wafted him with the rest of his comrades to the shores of Normandy, to him the land of promise, where, by the dint of hammering French casques to good purpose, he beat his way into King Henry's notice, and obtained immediate promotion. Being possessed of great strength, invincible courage, and a spirit of enterprise that rendered him insensible to danger, he was soon considered one of the boldest champions of the English host; and, having rapidly advanced from step to step, he was in due time honoured with the command of a battalion.

At the battle of Agincourt, he performed such memorable services in breaking the long-impenetrable lines of the chivalrous Alanson, that he was deemed worthy of receiving the glorious distinction of knighthood, under the royal standard of England, from the hand of his victorious sovereign.

"Your name?" said the king, as he unsheathed his conquering sword, when Miles, in obedience to his gracious command, approached and bent the knee before him.

This usual but unexpected question threw the doughty champion into no slight perplexity, for he could boast of none other than that which he had received at the baptismal font. It is, however, necessary for a knight to have a surname, and the valiant Miles had only the choice between a derivative from his father's name, which was Sim, or that of his own craft. Neither of these was particularly agreeable to the aspiring candidate for the golden spurs, who, with glory, had acquired its usual attendant—pride—and was conscious that he was in the very act of acquiring a name, not only for himself, but for his descendants. Had he foreseen this circumstance, he would, doubtless, have taken into consideration the possibility, to say nothing of the expediency, of Normanising the plebeian patronymic of Sim's son (Simson) into Fitz Sim, in preference to his own appellative of Miles Armourer, the name by which he had always been known both at the forge and in the field; but there is little time for deliberations on such delicate points when sovereigns ask questions. So familiar, too, was his usual cognomen to the banneret elect, that, by the mere force of habit, it popped out unawares in reply to King Henry's demand.

"Rise up, Sir Miles Armourer, and be thou a valiant knight and true!" exclaimed the royal patron, after he had given him the stroke of honour; and "Armourer" became the family name of the hitherto nameless son of Sim, the saddler, of St. Swithen's Lane, and, in the course of five descents, was deemed almost as illustrious as that of Erpingham, or Wodehouse.

He was a hero of Agincourt no less than those renowned knights of ancient Norman blood, and he assumed, for his heraldic bearings, two swords crossed saltierwise on a field gules;—and for crest, a stalwart arm hammering a casque, presumed by his descendants to be of some noted French champion whom he quelled at Agincourt. The motto, like that which was given by Henry himself to the valiant Sir Philip Wodehouse, was "*frappe fort*," which bore the two-fold allusion, both to his deeds of arms and his former craft.

Sir Miles Armourer had not been employed in the pursuit of fame alone. He had kept a keen eye on the main chance, and where anything in the shape of plunder was to be got he claimed his share, even

in the allotment of tapestry, linen, and ladies' garments. He was a soldier of fortune, that is, he fought not only to acquire fame but riches, and he succeeded in his object. He took nothing with him to France but his weapons of war, and he returned to England laden with the spoils of French convents and rifled *châteaux*, bringing home with him, in addition to these spoils, and not the least of his trophies, a young, beautiful, and noble spouse, the daughter of a French count, whom he had taken prisoner at Agincourt, and preserved from the promiscuous slaughter that sullied the laurels won by England on that memorable day.

It was, however, rather to the avarice than the generosity of Sir Miles Armourer that the Count d'Esparre was indebted for his life, since, if we must confess the truth, he offered his captor a ransom sufficient to have arrested the uplifted sword of the most blood-thirsty pagan in all heatheness, to say nothing of moving the compassion of an English soldier of fortune.

The heart of the Christian knight was mollified. He led his prisoner to his own tent, caused his wounds to be dressed, paid him every kind and humane attention, and guarded him with especial care from all molestation till the hot blood of battle had cooled, and then he began to discuss the matter of the ransom.

The Count d'Esparre had named ten thousand crowns for his life, but when Sir Miles Armourer, who was eager to finger the reward of his mercy, courteously intimated to his captive that he was ready to restore him to liberty as soon as he could make it convenient to disburse that sum, the French noble smiled, and replied, in a low tone of voice, "that he believed he had, in his anxiety to preserve his life, spoken somewhat hastily and without due consideration as to his ability of raising so large a sum as ten thousand crowns, especially while at a distance from his estates."

Sir Miles Armourer looked very grave on this hint, for he perceived plainly that the French count had outwitted him in the matter of the ransom, and when he examined his dress and harness, which to outward appearance were very fine, more narrowly, he perceived the truth of the proverb, "All that glitters is not gold;" for the Count d'Esparre's accoutrements were garnished with nothing better than tinsel and base metal parcel gilt.

"Is this the way in which French peers cheat the chivalry of England into sparing their lives?" exclaimed Sir Miles Armourer, angrily.

"*Pardonne*," responded the captive, casting a pitiful look upon the copper ornaments of his basinet from which the malcontent victor had just scraped the gilding with his dagger.

"Come," said Sir Miles, "I have had a sample of the poverty of the land, and am willing to take a reasonable composition, instead of the magnificent sum with the mention of which you deceitfully bribed me into preserving you from the slaughter of your countrymen on St. Crispin's day."

"Everything a man hath he will give for his life, most puissant knight," replied the luckless count, "and I was ready to give more than I had, to purchase your noble clemency. I am not, in sooth, master of half the sum of which I spake in my fright."

"Hark ye, Sir count," returned the English banneret, "you have acted very foolishly in promising so much beyond your means of performance, and I can only tell you that you might have chanced to get your weasand slit if you had fallen into the hands of a less magnanimous master than myself; but if you think to escape scot free out of mine, you are mistaken, for I am a soldier of fortune, and will not be defrauded of the ransoms of such prisoners as render themselves us on that condition. Prithee how much are you willing to pay me?"

"Noble sir," replied the count, "I will pay to the utmost of my ability."

"How much may that be?" demanded Sir Miles.

"A thousand crowns, an' please you, valiant knight."

"Humph; is that all? Well, disburse the same, that I may be rid of the trouble and expense of your maintenance."

"Alack!" cried the French count, "how should I be able to produce a single *sous* unless you release me on my parole of honour, seeing that you have, with your own valiant hands, turned my pockets inside out, and made all diligent search among the folds and plaitings of my garments for money? Like yourself, my noble captor, I am a soldier of fortune, and carry very little gold about my person. But if you will permit me to return to mine own estates, I will do my best devoir to raise the ransom on which we have agreed."

"But what pledge will you give me that you will perform your engagement?" asked the knight.

"Sir knight," replied the Count d'Esparre, "I have a fair daughter in a convent not many miles from this spot, and she shall be my surety."

"Is she a nun?"

"She is intended for that vocation, but hath not yet entered upon her noviciate."

"She is young, then?"

"She hath not seen her twentieth summer."

"And fair, you say?"

"As the rose of Provence."

"Doth she sew well with her needle?"

"Excellently; she can perform all sorts of stitcheries, be they never so puzzling; she can emblazon banners and 'broider coats, scarfs, and tabards, as well as the blessed virgin herself. Heaven forgive me for boasting! I speak not of her skill in carding and spinning wool and flax, for these be common handicrafts, known unto peasant maids as well as to noble virgins."

"By St. George, your girl seemeth a clever wench, Sir count," exclaimed Sir Miles, rubbing his hands; "but prithee can she make a pudding?"

"She is an incomparable cook and confectioner; moreover, she can distil both sweet and strong waters from the leaves and blossoms of herbs of the field."

"And what on earth could induce you, Sir count, to think of cooping up so inestimable a damsel in a nunnery, when there be so many honest men in want of wives?—yea, and brave men, belted knights, I wot, are enforced to darn their own hose as they may, for lack of womanly assistance at their need," said the valiant banneret.

"Alack," replied the French noble, "I have six other damsels as well appointed, and almost as fair as Adèle, and having neither maintenance nor suitable offers of marriage for any of them, I am compelled to shift for some of them in the church."

"Sir count, I must see this charming daughter of yours, and if she is as worthy of my esteem as you describe her, I will accept her at your hands in lieu of the ten thousand crowns which should have been the ransom of your paltry life."

"Good Sir knight, then you will be pleased to restore me to liberty, on condition of my contracting my daughter, the lady Adèle d'Esparre, to you in marriage, and giving you a written order to the Abbess of St. Clotilde, to deliver her into your hands as soon as holy church shall have made ye one."

"Not so fast, not so fast, Sir count, if you please; I must see the damsel first, and satisfy myself that she is true gold and no counterfeit, like your parcel gilt copper crest and ouches yonder. You have put more than one cheat upon me already, I wis, and it shall be mine own fault if you dupe me into contracting marriage with a damsel who, for aught I know to the contrary, may turn out on inspection a Leah instead of a Rachel."

"Right noble and puissant sir," replied the Frenchman, "you are welcome to go to the convent with me, and to view the damsel without her veil."

"And suppose I like her not on sight?"

"Then I will engage to pay you the thousand crowns for my

ransom, as soon as they can be raised by mortgage or other means on my estates."

"You have no ready money, then, in your coffers?"

"Not a *sous*."

"Humph! You speak of raising the thousand crowns on mortgage, captive. Pray, how many mortgages are there already on your estate?"

"Not more than six, brave sir."

"Wheugh," whistled the Englishman, "I must have a look at the damsel then, for something I will have in the way of ransom, I swear by my patron saint, and I see small hopes of the thousand crowns."

The convent of St. Clotilde was not above six hours' journey from the spot where this conference took place, and thither jogged the English banneret and the French count, very sociably. The twain were mounted withal, like the Black Prince and the captive king of France, on a magnificent war charger and a sorry black pony; but the parallel went no further; for instead of imitating the oft-praised magnanimity of the chivalric Edward, in complimenting his prisoner with the best steed and riding the little nag himself, Sir Miles commanded the Count d'Esparre to mount the shabby jog-trot pony, and vaulting upon the back of the stately charger himself, he went prancing along in pride, taking care, however, to keep a watchful eye upon his noble captive, whom he certainly considered as rather a slippery article.

The banneret was a man of few words, and, with the characteristic suspicion of low birth, he began to experience sundry misgivings lest he should have been enticed into travelling half a day on a fool's errand. "If now," thought he, "the young lady of whom this *Monsieur Braggadocio* has spoken in such flourishing terms should prove as sorry a counterfeit as the tinsel on his tabard, or the parcel gilt copper on his basinet. Faugh! it makes my blood boil to think how a valiant English knight may be deceived by these *parlez-vous* people. He has avouched this mademoiselle, whom I am going with him to woo for my lady wife, to be no more than twenty years of age; yet verily this is a point upon which many an honourable man hath been deceived, and I am no competent judge of such matters, for so long as a lady looketh smooth and smiling and showeth neither wrinkles nor gray hair, I always take her for a young woman, especially if she can show her proper tale of teeth, and they be neither black nor broken; yet I have been told that a woman of forty years old may retain a very goodly presence, so that a man, if he knew not her *anno domini*, might altogether mistake her for one of five-and-twenty, which is a very suitable age for a wife. I cannot say that I should like my lady wife to exceed those years."

So thoroughly had the English knight worked himself up on the road, to the conviction that the Count d'Esparre was beguiling him into a matrimonial bargain to the full as deceptive as the sum he had engaged to pay him for his ransom, that by the time they arrived at the Convent of St. Clotilde, he was in a very morose humour, and gave short and uncourteous answers to everything the count addressed to him.

The count, however, who was very desirous of accomplishing two such desirable matters in one day, as the recovery of his liberty and the marriage of one of his daughters to a rich English knight, redoubled his complaisance in hopes of propitiating his captor,—not being aware that the civiller he was, the more were his motives suspected by the uncourteous banneret.

Sir Miles Armourer had never been admitted within the sacred precincts of a nunnery in all his life, and when the porteresss, a very spare, homely lay sister, of nearly fifty years' standing, presented herself at the grate to learn their pleasure, his indignation fairly boiled over, and not considering that the Count d'Esparre could not be many months her senior, he exclaimed angrily, "Is this the fine daughter of whom you have been bragging in such lofty terms? I protest she is the most ill-favoured old lass I have seen in all France, and I would not marry her if she were Duchess of Normandy and Anjou; but I knew how it would turn out—all of a piece with the ransom you had the impudence to offer for the preservation of your beggarly life."

"Of what are you talking, most puissant knight?" asked the poor count, who did not understand one word in ten that his son-in-law elect said.

"I was asking how you dared to make a fool of your betters, *Monsieur Parley-vous*, by bringing an English knight banneret all the way from Maiscencelles to look at such a parchment-faced hag as that fine Mademoiselle Adèle of yours."

"*Ah, ma jolie Adèle!*" cried the count, who fancied his inquirer was impatient for a sight of his fair *fiancée*, "you shall see her presently, and then I trust your felicity will be complete."

"Felicity, forsooth," muttered the English knight; "I protest, that were it not a deadly sin to slay even a Frenchman in cold blood after having admitted him to quarter, I would teach you what it was to play off your quips and cranks with me."

The French count laid his hand upon his heart and made a profound obeisance in reply to this speech, of which the word felicity was the only intelligible sound to his unpractised ear.

"Condescend," said he, "most illustrious chevalier, to accompany

me into the parlour of the lady abbess, where you shall enjoy the delight of gazing upon your young and charming bride."

Never did any man comply with so bewitching an invitation with a worse grace than the valiant banneret. Slowly and sulkily he followed the light skipping steps of his vivacious prisoner into the sacred parlour of the superior of St. Clotilde, without appearing in the slightest degree impressed with the privilege of gaining admittance to a place in general inaccessible to any but the fathers or brothers of the consecrated virgins, but all his spleen vanished at the sight of the bright face of the youthful Adèle as she sprang to her father's arms, and, overwhelming him with caresses, exclaimed—

"Ah, my dear, dear father! you are then spared to us. I behold your honoured features once more. You have survived the frightful massacre of Agincourt, and those barbarous English robbers have not deprived me of my father."

"My child, I must present you to my preserver, that thrice valiant and puissant English knight, Sir Miles Armourer."

"Ah! ah! an Englishman!" cried Adèle, retreating behind the chair of her abbess for protection, and making the sign of the cross as she peeped at the visitor over her shoulder, with an arch expression between alarm and curiosity, such as may sometimes be seen in the physiognomy of a lively kitten, when a strange puppy enters her presence.

"Mademoiselle, I am your humble servant," said Sir Miles, laying his hand on his heart and endeavouring to imitate one of the profound obeisances of the Count d'Esparre.

Adèle burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, for she had always considered her father's bows very ridiculous, and she fancied the stout English knight was mimicking him.

Sir Miles Armourer had no suspicion that she was laughing at him, so he laid his hand upon his heart a second time and made her another bow, at which she laughed more heartily than before.

"Adèle," said the Count d'Esparre, "should you like to be married?"

Adèle looked down and tried not to smile, but two merry dimples played at bo-peep in her damask cheeks.

"Ah, my father," said she, "men are very deceitful."

"Is the damsel willing to become my wife?" demanded Sir Miles Armourer, impatiently.

"All in good time, mine honoured captor," said the Count d'Esparre; "I am proceeding to ascertain how she standeth affected towards you. Adèle, my child, did you ever see an English knight before?"

Adèle replied in the negative.

"Tell me what you think of him," said her father.

Adèle blushed and turned away her head, for she did not choose to acknowledge that she thought an Englishman handsome, and Sir Miles Armourer was remarkably so. She understood, moreover, from the language of his eyes, which were sufficiently eloquent, that he considered her very charming, and she suspected that he was a suitor for her hand, so she coquettishly replied—

"My dear father, do not ask me about Englishmen; they are our natural enemies, whom all French maidens are bound to hate and defy."

"Maidens should not hate any one, Adèle."

"Yes, those who are the foes of their country, and go about to slay their fathers, and their brethren, and their lovers."

"*You* have neither brethren nor lovers for them to harm, and as for your father, he, Adèle, owes his life to the clemency of this valiant gentleman, Sir Miles Armourer."

Adèle looked very kindly at the banneret, who made her another bow in acknowledgment; then twitching the Count D'Esparre's sleeve, exclaimed, "What does she say, Sir count? Has she given her consent?"

"What is the English knight in such a fluster about?" asked Adèle.

"He is inquiring of me, whether you are willing to become his wife?"

"His wife!" echoed Adèle, "how can I marry an Englishman; they are our born foes?"

Here Sir Miles Armourer mustered up sufficient French to assure Adèle that he was her most devoted lover. Adèle could not help laughing, though she began to consider an English knight a vastly agreeable person.

"Adèle," said her father, "you are a silly child to laugh at so puissant a champion as Sir Miles Armourer, to whom I stand indebted withal in the sum of ten thousand crowns."

"Ten thousand crowns, my father!" ejaculated Adèle in dismay.

"Yes, Adèle, that was the sum I engaged to pay him for my ransom."

"Your ransom!"

"I am his prisoner, Adèle."

"Alas, alas!" cried Adèle, wringing her hands and beginning to weep.

"You are aware, my child, that it is not in my power to pay so considerable a sum, even if I sell my fine old castle."

"Adèle sighed and shook her head despondingly. "There is one way, however," continued he, "whereby I may obtain my liberty without the sacrifice of a single *sous*, but it all depends on you, Adèle."

"On me!" exclaimed Adèle, in surprise.

"Sir Miles Armourer will forgive me my ransom on the condition of your becoming his wife."

The colour mounted to Adèle's cheeks. She stood for a moment in deep thought, covering her eyes with her hand, but attentively considered her suitor through her fingers the while.

"Now," continued her father, "Sir Miles Armourer is a young, handsome, and valiant knight, with plenty of crowns in his purse, and I am really inclined to think that you may be much happier as his wife than if you profess yourself a nun, and pass the rest of your days in a convent; but as I should be very sorry to put any force on your inclinations, I wish you to tell me candidly, Adèle, what are your thoughts on this matter."

Adèle took her hand from her eyes, and, looking down, with an arch smile, replied, "I am quite of your opinion, my father."

"Sir knight, the damsel has signified her consent," said the count, turning to Sir Miles Armourer, "and you may take her to wife whenever it lists you to do so."

"Then it shall be this very day," exclaimed the knight.

"Nay, tarry till her wedding garments be prepared," said the Count D'Esparre.

"Wedding garments!" cried the knight, "I have a whole chest full of ladies' gear at Harfleur. Garments of all sorts and sizes, and rich enough for a queen of England's wear. Certes, they may serve the wife of a knight. I saved them from my share of the spoils for nuptial presents to my bride, against it should please some fair and noble lady to become my spouse."

Adèle was not so much scandalised at the manner in which her *corbeille* was acquired, as perhaps she ought to have been, but it was according to the manners of the times, and Sir Miles Armourer was justly proud, not only of his noble and beautiful French bride, but also of the splendid apparel in which she made her appearance among the London ladies at the Easter pageant in Guildhall.

Adèle, or Dame Adela Armourer, as she was henceforth called, from her imperfect acquaintance with the language of her new country, lived and died in ignorance of her husband's humble origin and nameless pedigree, while her gentle blood and noble descent were duly prized and vauntingly set forth by the valiant banneret, who, like all founders of a new family, had been exceedingly anxious to graft a scion from a noble stock into his unknown tree.

The son of Sim, the saddler, notwithstanding the high military reputation he had acquired as a hero of Agincourt, might vainly have sought to ally himself with the families of the proud gentry of his own country; but the offspring of Sir Miles Armourer and Dame Adela, his wife, could boast the blood of Frankish sovereigns, and the claims of maternal ancestry being supported by their father's acquired wealth, found themselves entitled to woo and wed the daughters of Mowbrays, Percys, and Bohuns.

SONNET.

COMPOSED IN VIEW OF ETON COLLEGE, AFTER LEAVING A SON THERE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

How often have I fix'd a stranger's gaze
On yonder turrets, clad in light as fair
As this bright sun-set lends, and drank the air
Of learning, which from calm of ancient days
Breathes round them ever! Now, to me, they wear
More solemn hues; methinks the radiant haze
Which mantles them grows thick with fondest care,
And in its gleaming dazzles like the praise
Of youth's first efforts; for amidst those seats
One little student's heart expectant beats
With blood of mine.—O Heaven! vouchsafe him power,
When I am dust, to stand on this sweet place,
And, through the vista of long years, embrace,
With stainless joy, this first Etonian hour.

JOHN DRYDEN AND JACOB TONSON.

Dryden was the first writer of any significance who composedly faced the world on the solid and settled basis of literary pursuits. The distinction has been claimed for Doctor Johnson, but it belongs to Dryden. Literature was his trade: he not only lived upon its wages, but was never ashamed to own it. "Young man," he said to Southerne, who went to him for an epilogue, "the players have had my wares too cheap." It was a man's own fault, after this, if he was thought disreputable because he wrote for bread. I hope that all who live by literature are on this point grateful and unforgetful.

With the trading poet, arose the trading publisher; and the Dryden had his Tonson.

A respectable man, upon the whole, was Jacob Tonson. He was the son of a barber-surgeon in Holborn, and thus purging and bleeding had come to him as a kind of inheritance. He began the world with nothing at all, and died worth ninety thousand pounds. The Spanish Friar, I believe, was the first thing he published for Dryden; and the money he paid for it—something about twenty pounds—he borrowed. A great gift of fortune afterwards turned up for him in the Paradise Lost. He got hold of the original assignment of the copyright, and the courts held it good against all piracies. The benevolent act of Anne had not yet plundered authors on the pretence of helping them, nor had the public right to rob been established against literature by eloquent and well-paid secretaries of state. It was to the lap of representatives and assignees of Milton, though in the ungenial form of booksellers, that tides of wealth rolled in from the ten-pound epic. Tonson was grateful, and patronised the epic much in consequence. You see him now among the portraits of the kit-kat club, in a grave gown and cap, and with his hand so tightly clutched upon a book that you feel it to be very dear to him. That book is the Paradise Lost.

A great light is thrown upon a man's life by the manner in which he dies. The catastrophe of the fifth act, in the way of lesson, is often worth the matter of all the five.

Tonson was in the thick of worldly comforts, reposing easily at his elegant suburban villa, when the grim visitant faced him. Poor Jacob was not at all prepared. Life had not been unpleasant to him, and he did not wish to leave it. Friends crowded his bedside, and they gave him what consolation friends can; still the old man could but falter

forth, "Why am I not allowed to live a few years more?... Oh! that I could only live even two years more!... I should then be"... what? they asked... "worth a *hundred* thousand pounds."

It was a scene of another kind that had passed some years before, in an ordinary house of Gerrard Street, Soho; the fifth on the left hand as you come from Little Newport Street. There, amidst many signs of poverty and discomfort, lay an old man, in the combined clutches of gout, gravel, and erysipelas. Enough of bulk and corpulence remained to show what the shattering of his frame had been. One of his toes, inflamed by disease, had begun to show gangrene; and it was the prayer of those around the bed, a doctor and an old woman, that the limb should be removed. "No, no, no!" still interrupted the patient. "I am quite willing to die. I am better prepared for that, than to live any longer. I have no reason to be in love with life. I am a poor man. I am an old man. There is something better for me after death. I should not have long to live in any case by the course of nature, and I tell you I will not part with one limb to preserve an uncomfortable life with the rest." And so saying, Dryden died.

The contrast throws curious light on the past worldly relations of the men. In pursuing the subject, I do so with no wish to set up invidious distinctions between a writer's powers and a bookseller's profits. These things accommodate themselves in the long run more nearly than at first appears; and society, beyond a certain point, is a more level surface than perhaps any of us imagine. Tonson's well-furnished death-bed revealed but the Tantalus prospect of wealth he could no longer reach, with everything he had laboured for, vanishing; into the last low and narrow room of Dryden, there broke the grateful sense of resting after toil, and that all which had been laboured for, was at last to begin. So finishes mere worldly wealth, in the vanity and vexation that have gone to heap it up; and so pass the troubled, toilsome, and complex struggles of genius, into serene and unaltering shapes that live for ever.

Arguments on which genius may starve, cannot but be pleasant to a great many people. This must not be taken for one of them. It is not meant to imply that poetry can only thrive in a garret, or that it is exclusively through suffering and sorrow it distils its medicinal gums. It is merely suggested that good and evil, in matters of this kind, adjust themselves more equitably than in any other; that where ideas do not begin and end in money, its want is felt less bitterly than where it is life's sole aim and object; and that, by a kind and beneficent ordering of Providence, where injury and sorrow happen to have arisen to one man, out of his very excess of sympathy with all

men, they are generally more lightly felt, and always more cheerfully borne. What sinks the common man into the grave, lifts the greater man to the stars.

Dryden knew not half the extent of his powers till poverty and neglect descended on him. It was not while he associated with the Rochesters and Buckinghams, that he wrote the noble tragedy of Don Sebastian; it was not while the sunshine of court favour was upon him, that he published his translations of Juvenal, Ovid, and Virgil. In old age, in sickness, and in solitude, he composed the grandest Lyric of the English language; in the midst of sordid necessities, and in the relentless grasp of a painful and mortal disease, he sent forth the magnificent Fables.

More than all, however, it becomes us to recollect—for it is a praise too often withheld by malignity or ignorance—that in his later days this great writer was a martyr to sincerity. Everything was still within his reach; court favour, worldly influence, worldly wealth; if he could have brought himself to renounce the opinions he had conscientiously embraced. I say, most conscientiously; for Dryden had at no period of his life steadily believed in the Protestant religion. His conversion to Popery was not the desertion of any other faith. He merely passed from scepticism, by a transition which Gibbon and many strong minds since have found most easy, into the opposite extreme. "The court rather speaks kindly of me," he said, in one of his letters to his cousin, towards the close of his life, when the approximation of Tory and Whig had again turned party expectation upon him, "rather speaks kindly of me, than does anything for me, though they promise largely; and perhaps they think that I will advance as they go backward, in which they will be much deceived; for I never can go an inch beyond my conscience and my honour. If they will consider me as a man who has done my best to improve the language, and especially the poetry, and will be content with my acquiescence under the present government, and forbearing satire on it, that I can promise, because I can perform it; but I can neither take the oaths, nor forsake my religion; because I know not what church to go to if I leave the Catholique; they are all so divided among themselves in matters of faith necessary to salvation, and yet all assuming the name of Protestants. May God be pleased to open your eyes, as he has opened mine. Truth is but one; and they who have once heard of it, can plead no excuse, if they do not embrace it. But these are things too serious for a trifling letter."

Here, in a quiet, earnest, affecting tone, much is implied. It seems to me, if other corroboration than that of the Religio Laici were needed, that it is here. The hasty application of a false test is indeed

the secret of all the injustice in these matters done to Dryden. The real test to which the truth of the great change in his opinions should have been submitted, is not the peculiar time at which the change was made, but the extraordinary sacrifice by which, in the face of every possible temptation, it was unflinchingly maintained.

Much too often did this temptation present itself, in the respectable person of Mr. Jacob Tonson. A most zealous whig when whiggery became the vogue, the worthy publisher had not only tried the poet with all the mildest arts of cajolery, but with all the most impudent arguments of force; and had found that with neither did he make the least impression. The great translation of Virgil was then put in hand; public expectation concerning it was raised in a singular degree; and with this Tonson prepared for his last effort on Dryden's religious and political virtue. "You are poor," the publisher said. "Dedicate the Virgil to King William, and I will secure you an enormous addition to the profits. This is no compromise of belief. It is the fitting compliment to rank." "I will do no such thing," the poet answered. "Double the profits, and on such terms neither my conscience nor my honour would suffer me to take them. I never can repent of my constancy, since I am thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause for which I suffer." The baffled whig had other arguments before he quite surrendered. He tortured Dryden with a series of paltry annoyances; he disputed with him about lines in the claims for payment; he paid him in clipped coin; and at last, he flatly refused, on the ground that they were not named in the original agreement, to advance a shilling for the notes to the translation. Still the poet was unmoved. The anger he may have felt went no further than a quiet jibe. "As you will," he said; "the notes and preface shall be short, so you shall get the more by saving paper."

It helps us to estimate the bitterness of Tonson's disappointment in this matter, when we find, as Dryden himself expresses it in a letter to his son Charles, he had so thoroughly "prepared the book," with a view to this designed dedication, that, "in every figure of Æneas, he has caused him to be drawn like King William, with a hooked nose."

Old Jacob, by deep judgment sway'd,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On young Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking;
One took his father pick-a-pack,
And t'other sent his packing.

But though Dryden could afford to treat his bookseller's attempts to injure him, in fame or in purse, with quiet contempt and disregard, there were injuries in feeling for which he exacted grave revenge. He found, in the course of these transactions, that Tonson's unscrupulous zeal had dared to intercept the letters of Charles Dryden, written to him from Rome. This young man held an office in the Vatican, and honest Jacob thought that letters from that quarter might be of dangerous influence while matters remained undecided. On this discovery, the poet's patience ceased; for the master passion of his old age was the love he bore his children. Tonson suddenly received, through the hands of a friend, this flattering triplet, and a brief message:

> With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
> And frowsy pores, that taint the ambient air . . .

"Tell the dog," added the great satirist of his day, "that he who wrote these can write more."

The dog was satisfied with the specimen, and crouched down at once; but from this instant, anything like good understanding was at an end. Dryden had added to the alarm in no small degree, by threatening to leave the Virgil half translated; and when he was prevailed on to resume, it was with a note of somewhat equivocal conciliation. "Upon trial, I find all of your trade are sharpers, and you not more than others; therefore I have not wholly left you." To wholly leave the poet was at no time the publisher's interest, and the only notice he took of the note was to do something more to realise its good opinion. While he sent Congreve to moderate Dryden's wrath, he seems to have so manœuvred the lists of what was called the second subscription to the Virgil, that, by dint of excessive trade deductions, the poet's profits were almost wholly swallowed up. We gather this from one of Dryden's most characteristic tellers. "Mr. Tonson," he wrote, and this was, in quiet or in storm, his invariable mode of address, "Mr. Tonson, some kind of intercourse must be carried on betwixt us while I am translating Virgil. Therefore I give you notice that I have done the seventh Eneid in the country; and intend in some few days hence to go upon the eighth: when that is finished, I expect fifty pounds in good silver, not such as I have had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for it beyond four-and-twenty hours after it is due. I thank you for the civility of your last letter in the country; but the thirty shillings upon every book remains with me. You always intended I should get nothing by the second subscriptions, as I found from first to last. And your promise to Mr. Congreve, that you had found a way for my

benefit, which was an encouragement to my pains, came at last, for me to desire Sir Godfrey Kneller and Mr. Cósterman to gather for me. I then told Mr. Congreve, that I knew you too well to believe you meant me any kindness: and he promised me to believe accordingly of you, if you did not. But this is past; and you shall have your bargain, if I live and have my health. You may send me word what you have done in my business with the Earl of Derby: and I must have a place for the Duke of Devonshire. *Some of your friends will be glad to take back their three guinneys.* The Countess of Macclesfield gave her money to Will. Plowden before Christmas; but he remembered it not and payd it not in. Mr. Aston tells me, my Lord Derby expects but one book. I find my Lord Chesterfield and my Lord Petre are both left out; but my Lady Macclesfield must have a place, if I can possibly; and Will. Plowden shall pay you in three guinneys, if I can obtain so much favour from you. I desire neither excuses nor reasons from you; for I am but too well satisfyed already."

And, indeed, to do him justice, neither excuses nor reasons did the bookseller further give. What has been called the "mercantile obstinacy" of Tonson was proof even against this wrathful missive; since none of these persons, for whom the writer so peremptorily demands a place among the first subscribers, appear in that list. The poet, it is to be supposed, relapsed into a fatigued indifference; and so ended these Sortes Virgilianæ. Great fame flowed in upon Dryden; enormous profits rewarded Tonson: and it may be imagined that the vexations of both, with the soreness which each had inflicted on the other, thus, after their respective tastes, found at once appropriate remedy.

Only one transaction more remained between them, and it was the memorable bargain for the Fables. Even in the short time that had passed since the publication of the Virgil, Dryden's bodily strength had seriously declined, and of this Tonson knew to avail himself, nor scrupled to do it. The poet's irascibility of temper, which bodily infirmities made more frequent at the same time that they made it much less lasting, had likewise ceased to a great extent to affect the bookseller's comfort. Thus we find Dryden, in this last commercial transaction of his life, more than ever at a worldly disadvantage; and it is that also, wherein, perhaps most strongly, the characters of both the men appear. To convey to the reader such an impression of it as a minute inquiry into the circumstances has given to myself, I have thrown it into the form of an Imaginary Dialogue.

It was on the 20th of March, 1698, when Dryden had passed his sixty-seventh year, that he might be seen, no doubt with feeble steps and slow, on his way from Gerrard Street to the Strand, where, almost

opposite Catherine Street, stood the goodly shop of Mr. Jacob Tonson. The poet had been labouring hard for many months. "I am still drudging," he wrote to a female friend a few days before, "at a book of Miscellanies, which I hope will be well enough; if otherwise, threescore and seven may be pardoned." The object that had driven him to the drudgery, though he does not mention that, claimed pardon too. In the midst of much sickness and exhaustion, consequent on the conclusion of the translation of Virgil; worn out with study and oppressed with fortune, as he had said of himself in the preface to that work; a heavy blow fell upon him from Rome. He heard of the dangerous sickness of his son Charles, who had met with an accident in that city, and whose sole chance of life lay in his instant removal to England. Without a murmur, the old man resumed his pen. He saw that he was to perish in the harness, and offered no vain resistance to the hard decree. "If it please God that I must die of over study," he wrote to Tonson, "I cannot spend my life better than in preserving Charles." It was with some of the fruits of this sacred toil that the poet now sought the bookseller.

William Congreve, then a young man of nine-and-twenty, but already the much-admired writer of the "Old Bachelor," the "Double Dealer," "Love for Love," and the "Mourning Bride"—met Dryden at Tonson's door. The last popular writer of the day was of course worshipped by the publisher; the popular writer himself, more disinterestedly, worshipped the poet; and his presence had been solicited on this occasion, as on others of a like nature, to mediate between them. Dryden was not safe in that last old age of his, alone with Tonson. "Pray do not go yet," he had said some short time before to Lord Bolingbroke, who, when a young man, visited him, and was taking his leave as a knock came to the door, "do not go. That is Tonson. Take care not to leave before he goes away. I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected, I must suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue." The present interview may perhaps be somewhat thus imagined.

DRYDEN. JACOB TONSON. CONGREVE.

Dryden. Well, Mr. Tonson, I have brought the verses.

Tonson. How do you do, Mr. Dryden? Your humble servant, Mr. Congreve. I am delighted to see you look so well, and that our worthy old friend has been able to walk so far. Ah, Mr. Congreve, I was at Lincoln's-Inn Fields last night, sir, and saw the sublime tragedy once again—No, Benjamin, no; we will take no more sets of

the Shakespeare at present—sir, I wish you could have seen Her Royal Highness the Princess She was just opposite to me, Mr. Congreve, and continual crying had made her face so red—

Congreve. That it will save her the cost of paint for some days, I hope. Well, I'm glad of it, Jacob. But I'll spare you the trouble of any more compliments just now. If you look a little more closely at Mr. Dryden you will discover that he is not very strong, and what we have come to do, we had better do at once. Lead the way, therefore, to that rascally recess of yours, the sanctum. And take care your friend Collier don't get hold of the name, or he'll denounce it as an irreverent allusion to—why what a confounded noise you make on the stairs!

Tonson. The young men in the shop, Mr. Congreve. They are very young, and—pray take the large chair, Mr. Dryden.

Dryden. Thank you; this will do. Mr. Tonson, I hope we shall be able to settle this matter to-day. It is more than probable that, to-morrow, poor Charles will be in England—These sons have been my inspiration here, Congreve. Well, well! they are health to me in my sickness, though now and then they make it sad and sorrowful. I bred them up to learning, William, far beyond my fortune, and now they are grown to man's estate, well worthy of it. They are much too full of hope to be neglected, though I want—I ask your pardon, Mr. Tonson. I have laboured, I think, with good success. Here are the verses.

Tonson. Oh! the new volume of Miscellanies, Mr. Dryden?

Dryden. Yes—as you know—as you know very well. It will make an indifferent large volume in folio, and Everingham shall not print it. Something pleases you there, Congreve? I am glad of it. They pleased me.

> Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet,
> Which once inflamed my soul, and still inspires my wit!

They *are* good verses.

Congreve.

> "If love be folly, the severe divine
> Has felt that folly, though he censures mine
> Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
> Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
> With riotous excess, a priestly race."

My dear Dryden, I cannot wonder to see your hand tremble after inflicting such blows as these.

Dryden. Tolerable now, are they not? Very well, Congreve, to

have been written by an old man betwixt the intervals of his physic? Mr. Tonson, they are worth more than sixpence a line!

Tonson. You seem very much in love with them yourself, Mr. Dryden; but that is an old failing of yours.

Dryden. Well, sir, and why should it not be? It's a vanity common to everybody, I suppose, to set some value on what they do; and it is better for me to own the failing myself, than let such as you tell it to the world for me.

Tonson. That must happen to be according to one's particular taste, Mr. Dryden, I should think. Now, for my own part, I should be bold enough to say, that to own—

Dryden. Why should I *not* own it, sir? For what other reason have I spent my life in this unprofitable study? Why am I grown infirm and old in seeking so barren a reward as fame? For what reason else should I have cast my lot among dunces and cormorants, who keep my body bare to get at my brains the better? No, Congreve, let me speak—I tell you, Mr. Tonson, that the same parts and application which have made me a poet, might have raised me to such worldly honours, that instead of to-day's anger at this insult, it had been pity at *your* humiliation.

Tonson. Mr. Dryden, you always lose your temper—

Congreve. And, damn it, Mr. Tonson, you never have any to lose. Why don't *you* fly into a passion and let us have done with it? Can't the zeal of the devil's house eat you up, if the other doesn't happen to lie hereabouts? Come, man—don't sulk. You look as dreary as if, to spite us all, you had turned author and written for yourself, and were counting up the profits. Be wise in time, Jacob. I know what it is that disorders you. You cannot do without us. You know you must pay to have us. Now do look your parting money in the face like a man, and don't make these wry mouths at it.

Tonson. I am sure, Mr. Congreve, it is not that. In comparison with feeling and religious worth, money is dirt.

Congreve. I wish it were dirt, my dear Jacob, and that I had the washing of your hands. But it is not dirt to me, nor to Mr. Dryden. And as for religion, perhaps in matters of this kind you had better leave it down stairs. No doubt you are making out many long bills by Mr. Jeremy Collier's Short View—you needn't apologise, man—and those zealous, straight-haired, smug-faced youths behind your counter, look as if they were put there to sell small parcels of religion along with it. But yet—a word in your ear—with all your thriving trade, you cannot afford to send that poor, great old man away without completing this day's bargain. I know it. Tonson, don't be a fool. Listen, while he does not. His hearing is not so good as it was,

but he has not lost his strength; his satire is as good as ever, though his memory perhaps not quite. Now, really, I'm sorry you compel me to refresh yours. Don't you see what I mean? Have you forgotten the message sent to you once from Gerrard Street?

"With leering look—"

Tonson. I am sorry, Mr. Dryden, that I should have offended you. Our friend, Mr. Congreve, is anxious to—

Congreve. Yes, I am. Now let us to business, and be as brief as we can about it. The understanding that brings us together was for ten thousand verses at sixpence a line; to be made up to three hundred pounds on the demand for a second impression. Now, perhaps, Mr. Tonson—

Tonson. Indeed, Mr. Congreve, it is quite impossible for me to advance upon that sum. I thought I never could afford to give so much when Mr. Dryden wrote to me. An author has a great many feelings, Mr. Congreve, upon my word I believe; but I would entreat you to be pleased to consider that a bookseller has a great many risks and anxieties. The last volume of the Miscellanies did not go off so well as some of the earlier ones; and indeed, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Dryden knows it, there were some poems by Mr. Crowne *in* the earlier ones, for which I did not give more than twopence a line, and I have heard Mr. Dryden say that Mr. Crowne had some genius.

Dryden. I may have said so. My father knew his mother. But I am quite content with the arrangement as Mr. Tonson insists on it; it is of the last importance to me to have the money to-day. And I beg of you, sir, to take great care of the printing. Any faults of the old description will disoblige me eternally. As I told you just now, I would rather not have that fellow Everingham print for me at all.

Tonson. Have you furnished the verses then, Mr. Dryden?

Dryden. No, not quite. But it is the same thing. I have brought more than seven thousand five hundred with me. I might have finished them, Mr. Tonson, but since we are to have nothing but new in this volume, I was resolved we will have nothing but good. You need not be afraid to leave me to supply the quantity. I think I shall meddle with Homer again, for I care not who translates him beside me. Let him be friend or foe, I will please myself, and not give up in consideration of any man. You'll have more than the quantity if I do this, Mr. Tonson; you will have more than the quantity by leaving it to me; and it will compensate you for our old dispute about the Ovid. So better leave it to me.

Tonson. You are very good, Mr. Dryden, but you must indeed please, sir, to remember, that upon my first proposal about the third Miscellany—

Congreve. Oh, curse that third Miscellany! What on earth can we have to do with that third Miscellany to-day? I must really be off to Wills'.

Tonson. Be pleased to excuse me, Mr. Congreve, but as Mr. Dryden proposes something of the same kind now, I merely wished to remind him what I got by leaving it to him then. My first offer to him at that time was fifty pounds, and he asked if it should not be guineas, and said I should not repent it; upon which, Mr. Congreve, I assure you, I immediately complied; and left it wholly to him, what; and for the quantity, too: and I declare it was the farthest in the world from my thoughts, sir, that by leaving it to him I should have had the less.

Congreve. I dare say it was! I have no doubt of it.

Tonson. But I *had* the less, Mr. Congreve; and I was not at all anxious to have had the Ovid then; for I mentioned several authors to Mr. Dryden, and did not name him. And then, sir, Mr. Dryden wrote to me from the country. Here is his letter; after seeking for it more than six months, I found it yesterday.

Congreve. Well, read it. That is worth listening to, I warrant—Be wary there of corrections, Dryden; you may use that pen too freely.

Tonson. Now the letter says: "I am translating about six hundred lines, or somewhat less, of the first book of the Metamorphoses." That was the very first time, sir, I had heard of it. "If I cannot get my price, which shall be twenty guineas, I will translate the whole book; which, coming out before the whole translation, will spoil Tate's undertakings. 'Tis one of the best I have ever made, and very pleasant." It *was* very pleasant, Mr. Congreve. "This, with Hero and Leander, and the piece of Homer (or, if it be not enough, I will add more), will make a good part of a Miscellany." Now, I don't want to rip up old grievances, Mr. Congreve, but indeed I was not used well in that affair. Mr. Dryden will excuse me, but I never related it to you, sir. It was from Mr. Motteaux, the bookseller, I learnt it; and you may suppose it hurt me very much, to find that whilst I was resolving without any more hesitation to accede to Mr. Dryden's terms, Mr. Dryden, on his arrival in town, went directly to that gentleman's shop, and offered *him* the translation for twenty guineas. Well, sir, Mr. Motteaux refused. Mr. Dryden looks surprised, but Mr. Motteaux told me so afterwards, when we became friends. And he told me, Mr. Congreve, exactly how much Mr. Dryden had translated. It was to the end of the story of Daphnis. You see, sir, this must have been true, by reason the number of lines Mr. Dryden mentions in this very letter I found yesterday, agrees with

the quantity of lines that so much of the first book makes; which upon counting the Ovid I found to be—in the Latin, 566; in the English, 759. Seven hundred and fifty-nine lines, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Dryden offered Mr. Motteaux for twenty guineas; and now, sir, what do you suppose I paid a week after for one thousand four hundred and forty-six lines? You are a just man, Mr. Congreve, and will intercede for some concession to me now on behalf of those old scores. Mr. Motteaux might have had 759 lines for twenty guineas, another 759, of course, for another twenty; that makes, for forty guineas, 1518 lines: and 1446 were all I had for fifty guineas! I paid, you see, Mr. Congreve, ten guineas above forty guineas, and got seventy-two lines less for fifty guineas, in proportion, than Mr. Motteaux might have had for forty guineas. I am sure, then, I am entitled to the balance of some favour just now. That is all I would be bold enough to urge, Mr. Congreve. Mr. Dryden himself was pleased to use me much kindlier in Juvenal, which is not reckoned so easy to translate as Ovid.

Congreve. My dear friend, what is the matter?

Dryden. I am weary, Congreve. We had better, perhaps, go home. I am weak. The fever, I find, has not quite left me. Ah, Congreve, Congreve, one would have thought it was enough for one age, to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler.

Tonson. Nay, Mr. Congreve, I entreat that you would be good enough to listen to me. I am sure, Mr. Dryden, I would rather have your good-will than any man's alive. You will not go without some settlement, Mr. Dryden? I had already drawn up a kind of agreement.

Congreve. Will you ratify the agreement then, and pay the money? Answer at once, Mr. Tonson. I reproach myself with listening so long to what could only end, as it began, in selfishness.

Tonson. Why, indeed, here is the agreement, Mr. Congreve, you see, all drawn out, as I said. It only wants the signatures, and the dates of the money payment.

Dryden. That I must have now, if at all. I cannot wait. It is of no use to talk of dates in this payment. It is of little use for me, perhaps, to think of dates again.

Tonson. Now, really, you are very hard, Mr. Dryden. I am indeed not so wealthy a man, sir, as you are pleased to think me. But as I have always desired to show my obligations, to you, sir, if our friend, Mr. Congreve, will guarantee the supply of the two thousand five hundred additional lines, and if you, sir, will consent to the very immaterial delay of five days, that I may exactly ascertain in the course of them what precise matters these lines will consist of, I will do my best by the 25th to scrape together the money for you. You

both agree? Then Mr. Congreve and Benjamin Portlock shall witness our signatures. And perhaps, Mr. Dryden, now that it is settled, you will be able to eat a little?—

Dryden. Oh no, Mr. Tonson; no matter for that. It is a charge to you, and I care not for it—No, Congreve, I see nothing to object to in this agreement, except that, in speaking of the probability of a second payment, he has omitted to mention my executors—Pray insert the words, Mr. Tonson. I scarcely think that I shall live myself to receive any more of this much loved money of yours; so hardly laboured for, and so reluctantly paid.

When Doctor Johnson was engaged upon his Life of Dryden, he found among Jacob Tonson's papers, intrusted to him by his grand-nephew, "the late amiable Mr. Tonson," the following written memorial of this interview:—

"I do hereby promise to pay to John Dryden, Esq., or order, on the 25th of March, 1698-9, the sum of two hundred and fifty guineas, in consideration of ten thousand verses, which the said John Dryden, Esq., is to deliver to me, Jacob Tonson, when finished, whereof seven thousand five hundred verses, more or less, are already in the said Jacob Tonson's possession. And I do hereby further promise, and engage myself, to make up the said sum of two hundred and fifty guineas, three hundred pounds sterling, to the said John Dryden, Esq., *his executors, administrators, or assignees*, at the beginning of the second impression of the said ten thousand verses. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 20th day of March, 1698-9.

"JACOB TONSON.

"Sealed and delivered, being first duly stampt, pursuant to the acts of parliament for that purpose, in the presence of

"BEN. PORTLOCK.
"WILL. CONGREVE."

It had meanwhile found a printed memorial in one of the most enchanting books of the English language—The Fables; the noblest monument of the genius of their writer. In their original form, they contained upwards of seventeen hundred verses beyond the quantity guaranteed by Congreve. It was thus amid the most grinding incidents of poverty, and in immediate contrast to the remorseless and close-shut coffers of the publisher, that the superabundant wealth of

the poet's genius overflowed all restraints at last, and, regardless of such things as Tonsons in the world around it, poured itself freely forth to gladden future generations.

Dryden did not live to see the second impression called for. He died at daybreak on the 1st of May, 1700. His great spirit had burnt brightly to the last. To the last he was writing in all the force and brilliancy of his powers, and in assertion of that unapproached supremacy as the literary sovereign of his age, which he had steadily maintained for nearly half a century. Tonson survived him some years, and died at last, in the circumstances related, at his country seat in Surrey.

It has not been attempted to set up class-distinctions, or imply invidious comparisons, in this illustration of a point of literary history. It would be absurd to do so. The public have quite altered these matters since the days of Dryden. Their direct interference has placed upon a basis entirely different the whole question of literature and literary pursuits. A writer of any merit is now as little dependent on the generosity of a publisher, as on the more degrading charity of a patron. At the same time, I am far from supposing that even if this were not so, such examples as Mr. Jacob Tonson's would be at all generally followed. Reasons for imagining the direct reverse exist in abundance. But so many absurd things had been said of the Tonsons, especially of this Jacob, and of the patronage experienced at his hands by literature and learned men, that I thought it worth while to look into the matter a little more closely, and took the case of Dryden as including innumerable others of infinitely greater hardship. In extenuation of the conduct to Dryden, considerations taken from the habits of the time will no doubt suggest themselves; in varying number to various readers. They will not invalidate the inference of these pages, that, let the aids of patronage or of trade fall off as they will, the highest order of genius is under a bond to itself to survive them all. It is a bond—a sacrament—which the weak alone have been known to celebrate in the loaf of Otway, or the cup of Chatterton. J. F.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MARCUS BELL THE CONVICT.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I CHANCED to be present at the trial of this young man and his companions, and was rather wearied than interested by the detail of the daring, yet common crimes of which they had been guilty. A female witness, however, at length aroused my attention; not by her beauty, so much lauded by the newspapers, but by a singularity of manner, which escaped the observation of all the reporters, with one exception. Her calmness appeared to me to have something of desperation. When desired to look at the prisoner, Bell, she obeyed; but her glance was instantaneously withdrawn, and never again returned to the same object.

When going out of the court, the same young woman passed me—pale and composed no more, but with flushed cheeks, and crushing her fingers within each other, as if to counteract some agony of the mind by physical pain. I addressed her—I could not help it—and the rather that it was in so public a thoroughfare as the Old Bailey, and in broad daylight, when malice itself could not suspect me of improper motives in speaking to one of her shameful and degraded caste.

The information I obtained from her induced me to visit the convict in prison; and the story which, by the aid of her hints, I drew from him, seems to me to be not unworthy of record. Be it observed, that I wish to excite no sympathy for Bell—a penal colony is the best place for such desperadoes; and his punishment is as just as his guilt was manifest.

It appears that Marcus Bell was born in Chester, and that his family was respectable, though far from being rich. After his father's death, his mother let the greater part of her house in lodgings; and her son, the only child, was sent to an attorney's office. The lad, if I may believe his own account, was naturally shy and modest; he had few acquaintances; and as he grew up, was long unsullied by those vices of youth which are leniently called follies. When he had commenced his nineteenth year, his mother, for the first time, received an actor in her house as a lodger. It would have been well for her had she still suffered herself to be mastered by the prejudices which had hitherto excluded persons of this calling from her apartments. But the conduct of the individual in question, a Mr. Haswell, was

rather calculated to raise the whole body in her opinion. He was a quiet, temperate, respectable man; and Mrs. Bell repented the injustice she had done to the players.

Marcus speedily became a favourite with Mr. Haswell; and the latter evidenced his good-will by giving his young friend a free admission to the theatre, as often as he chose to make use of it. I am not one of the saints; and if I were, I do not think I should believe that immoral or irreligious feelings are necessarily excited by a visit to the theatre. But there are some orders of minds on which such amusements, without of themselves lowering their tone, act in a manner that is highly mischievous. They resemble an intoxicating drink, which raises him who indulges in it above the low realities of life, and which is the more tempting to the victim from the fine and generous thoughts that garnish, like flowers, the fatal bowl. But, unlike such drinks, the effect of the stage continues, and is not a mere alternative of action and re-action. The amateur finds himself in a false position in the world; he is disgusted with the details of business; his future is not a speculation founded upon induction, but "the baseless fabric of a vision."

Marcus Bell, to the great distress of his mother, became a constant attendant at the theatre; and, in the same proportion, he relaxed in his attention to the duties of his office, till various quarrels with his employer became the consequence. But it is necessary to notice, in the first place, a still more important result of the new passion that had beset him. Free admissions are always given to the boxes; and there Bell found himself in the midst of that class of society, whence are usually taken the heroes and heroines of the drama. Among these he saw, for the first time, that unfortunate lady, whose name is only too well known to the public—Emilia Gray—and felt towards her, as he asserts, the moment their eyes met, that species of attraction which almost seems to invest their subsequent connection with a character of fatality.

Miss Grey had lost her mother in infancy; and, being an only child, was the spoiled pet of her father, a gentleman of some property in the neighbourhood. Her education was intrusted to an elderly lady of perfect respectability, but of too easy a disposition; and the predilection she exhibited for dramatic amusements was, therefore, permitted to strengthen itself, as she grew older, by uncontrolled indulgence.

It is not to be supposed that the boxes, in a provincial town, were usually so crowded as to prevent Miss Grey from distinguishing individuals. By and by, she came to *expect* to see young Bell; and the flush which her tacit recognition sent to his brow, was soon reflected

on her own. As the story enacted before them went on, they read stealthily in each other's eyes the criticisms of the heart; and, more especially, at those outbursts of devoted passion which the drama delights to exhibit as rending away the artificial barriers of society, their glances bespoke something far deeper than the sympathy of an amateur. And thus they became acquainted; exchanging looks and thoughts, instead of words, and suffering the sentiments which at their age are in the course of formation, to grow and ripen in the heated atmosphere of a playhouse.

This new passion—for it became such—was fatal to the prospects of the youth. The very quietness and taciturnity of his disposition operated against him; the romantic ideas which had beset him having no opportunity of being rubbed off in the collision of social life. He passed his time in a dream; the shadows of imagination were realities to him, the realities of the world shadows. He came, at length, to believe that Emilia and he were "destined for each other;" and the absurd delusion was so strong, that even the shock of being turned out of his employment, for indolence in the discharge of its mechanical duties, did not awaken him.

After this, he spent the greater part of his time in rambling alone about the country; for home became insufferable, from the grief and reproaches of his mother, and he had no idle acquaintances. But soon he was not always alone. Mr. Grey's park was his favourite haunt; and poor Emilia was accustomed to repair every day with her work—more frequently with a romance—in her hand, to a nook in one of its richest glades, which she called her boudoir. For many days she was not aware that he with whom, in all probability, her thoughts were busy at the moment, but whose very name she was unacquainted with, was close by the path, concealed in the shrubbery,

"Where Damon, kneeling, worshipped as she pass'd."

He at length, however, ventured in her sight, in that portion of the park which was open to the public; although, the first time, it was with his eyes bent upon the ground, and his face covered with burning blushes. Gradually they grew accustomed to the presence of each other; they exchanged looks—glances of recognition—words; and, finally, the two intimate and confidential friends became acquainted. I must hurry over the result of their fatal meetings—

"Sacred be love from sight, whate'er it is!"

Let it be imagined that the boudoir was their trysting-place,—that they talked treason against "society and its rigid laws"—that they read together books of dangerous passion—and that at length a time came when

The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,
Desperate the joy—that day they read no more."

I have no intention to elevate vice by making it sentimental. The above were actually the steps that led to this unhappy connection. They indicate weakness on both sides, and an imprudence on the part of Miss Grey, which was the result of a neglected education; but I confess I do not see any very egregious symptoms of that early depravity of which Bell is accused. Perhaps the disclosure I have to make myself is the worst thing in this portion of his history. It is, that he looked forward to the consequences of their love as a means of compelling Mr. Grey to accept of him as a son-in-law; but even this, which at first sight appears so mean and cruel, arose from those false views of the social state which were indulged both by Emilia and him.

When the situation of the young lady became at length apparent, the decisive moment had arrived; but it was a moment which, however long contemplated, Marcus was far from being prepared to meet. Everything had appeared easy at a distance; but when the time came, when he was actually to wait upon Mr. Grey for the purpose of demanding his daughter in marriage, he shrunk back with alarm. He feared that he had made a miscalculation. Would one of the first men in the neighbourhood really think that he snatched his daughter from destruction by marrying her to the ex-clerk of an attorney? Would his visit answer any other purpose than that of adding insult to injury, by telling the father that he had seduced his only child and intended heiress. The film of romance fell from the eyes of Marcus Bell, and he looked with anguish and remorse upon her whom he now termed his victim, as she stood pale and terror-stricken before him, watching his decision.

Mr. Grey was a rich man, and had high notions of family consequence;—so high, indeed, that the idea of such a circumstance as had now taken place could not have occurred to him at all as within the range of possibility. But, on the other hand, he was doatingly fond of his daughter. The question then was, whether love or rage would gain the mastery; whether he would sacrifice his prospects of family aggrandisement to Emilia's happiness, or sacrifice Emilia herself to his revenge. After numerous consultations, it was at length determined that Bell should put the matter to the proof; and one day, leaving his mistress trembling and nearly fainting, in her shady boudoir, he proceeded to the house to demand an interview with its master. It was arranged that, whatever might be the issue of the adventure, he was to return to bring the news himself to Emilia.

Marcus was admitted; and, with a sinking heart and trembling

limbs, found himself actually waiting in the library for the approach of Mr. Grey. He heard his voice; he counted his footsteps as they came near; but when at length he saw the handle of the door turn, the young man could no longer withstand the horror of his situation, but sunk gasping upon a chair. I cannot tell in what manner he explained himself; for Bell declared to me that he lost every recollection of the details of the interview the moment it was over. He only recollected—for that could not pass from his memory—being dragged by the neck from the room, and along the passage, and kicked like a dog out of the house!

He did not return to the wood. He included even Emilia herself in the imprecations that burst from his heart:—at that moment he could have murdered her. He went straight home, reeling like a drunken man; broke open his mother's desk, and finding no money, for she had gone out to market with her slender purse, cut into the lodger's (his friend Mr. Haswell's) portmanteau, and abstracting from it between five and six pounds, took a place on a coach just starting for London, and threw himself upon the world.

It cannot be said that his feelings ever returned to their usual level; but when at last he could think calmly, however desperately, he regretted that he had not taken leave of Emilia. As for the robbery, when he thought at all of that, it was, as he expressed it, with "a kind of awful exultation!" His mother, he knew, would have to make up the money; but this would be to purchase cheaply the absence of a burthen which weighed upon her energies like the nightmare. His exultation arose from the idea that he had made the first plunge in the gulf to which he was *destined;* and this frightful fancy was but too natural in his situation. He had no friends, no money, no character, no profession. He had abjured the rank in which he had been placed by birth and education, and had been spurned with scorn and indignation from the one to which he had aspired. What hope was there for him in a world where subsistence could be gained only by fraud or labour? What resources but to *take* what he could not *earn?*

But these delusions were for a long time known to be such. They were ramifications of the wild dream in which Emilia and he had indulged, and he at first gave himself up to them as an amusement for his imagination, in the midst of the terrible realities by which he was now surrounded. But this new drug became a habit like the former. He had learnt to receive pleasure from the idea of crime; and although he husbanded his small resources with penurious care, and continued to seek such employment as he was fit for with constant though hopeless assiduity, it was without any fierce emotion he at length found

himself at that point where the alternative was to beg for the means of subsistence, or to take them either by fraud or force.

The career of this unhappy youth in London is familiar to the public; and I do not think it necessary here, for the purpose of bringing down his history, to go again over its details. I may state, however, as a circumstance not hitherto mentioned, that the remarkable success which for a time attended him, is attributed by himself to the fact, that he never employed or otherwise placed himself in the power of any female accomplice. His love for Emilia was unchanged; and this extraordinary passion preserved even the felon outlaw from the contamination of debauchery. I am inclined to think, however—for my days of romance are well nigh past—that if his love had been *more pure*, if Emilia had been the object of some delicate and virtuous attachment, the same effect would not have been produced. She, in fact, took the place in his imagination of the more vulgar mistresses of his comrades; and in proportion as his uninformed and misdirected mind was more refined than theirs, her influence was greater. A Platonic attachment, besides, could not have subsisted at all in the midst of guilt like his: for the hope of being re-united to its object—which was actually the anchor of his heart—could not have endured for a moment.

But it is needless to load this little narrative with such speculations. The fact is certain, that it was his intention to return and carry off his mistress, by fraud or force, as soon as he had realised a sum sufficient to enable them to emigrate in comfort to the Cape of Good Hope. This sum, amounting to rather more than six hundred pounds, he actually did realize; and his place was taken by the coach to Chester.

He was at this time connected with a gang of housebreakers, small in number, but of a very daring and desperate character; and the night preceding his journey to the country was to be employed in a deed which, from the minute information they had received, would produce about two hundred pounds each. This was the robbery of the house of Mr. Hillsweather, in Baker-street. The desperadoes remarked to each other, that there was nothing *criminal* in the enterprize, because Mr. Hillsweather was a young man of fashion, who was lavishing his fortune as fast as he could upon courtezans and blacklegs; and there certainly was little or nothing perilous, as they had an accomplice within the house, and an entrance was not to be made till at least an hour after the departure of its master for Newmarket. On that evening he was to entertain a small party of *select* friends of both sexes, and set out at midnight on his journey.

Notwithstanding these favourable circumstances, Marcus Bell had

a misgiving, as he alleges, for which he could not account. He was more than once upon the point of declaring off; but the amount of the booty was tempting, and the time passed in hesitation, till it was too late to withdraw. This feeling may be accounted for without having recourse to superstition. On the very next morning he was to set cut to rejcin Miss Grey; and it is no wonder that he should have shrunk with unconscious terror from a new deed of such a nature. As the moment approached for revisiting Chester, he had been tortured by a thousand doubts and fears. He had sent occasionally a little money to his mother, but without giving his address; and had not heard one syllable from, or of, any human being in the district. He thought it more than probable that Emilia's disgrace had been cloaked by her family. What might not have occurred in the course of eighteen months? Perhaps she was now married to another! But if cast off, in the phrenzied rage of the moment, by her father, what had become of her? Weak, ignorant, amiable, and beautiful, where could she look for safety? What were the principles she possessed to ballast her inexperience? Marcus, ruffian as he was, groaned in spirit as the last query suggested itself, summoning the shapes of memory, like accusing spirits, before him.

The time for action arrived; and the robbers met, without interruption, at the spot. All went well. Mr. Hillsweather and his friends had set out on their journey, the whole party in a state of intoxication. If any remained in the house, which was improbable, they could hardly be in a condition to perceive the intrusion, or if they were, to give the alarm. The night was dark: they had not met a single officer of police since they passed Portman-square. Their accomplice, one of the inferior servants, who had not accompanied his master, was faithful. The area gate was opened gently; and the ruffians entered, one by one, in silence, and unobserved.

The gang separated in the hall, as had been agreed, each to pursue his separate duty; and Bell mounted the stairs, to penetrate to the master's bed-chamber, where the principal part of the money was expected to be found. He looked into several rooms as he passed, and, by the light of his lantern, observed evident traces of the riot and debauchery of which they had been the scene some hours before. Broken glasses, wine spilt on the satin covers, fragments of female dress, attested the nature of the orgies. He passed on; and with his lantern in one hand, and a cocked pistol in the other, entered the principal bed-room.

All was profoundly silent; and yet it was evident that the bed was not untenanted, for some handsome female clothing lay upon the chairs near it, as if lately put off by the sleeper. Bell hesitated for a

moment; but was presently re-assured by the idea that one of the female guests had been left behind, in consequence of having drank to excess. He advanced gently, however; till, on the light of the lantern penetrating the shady hollow of the curtains, he saw that the tenant of the bed was already in a sitting posture, watching, breathlessly, his approach.

His first thought was to command silence—his first motion, to threaten her with the pistol; but his tongue clove to his mouth; his hand fell lifelessly by his side. He felt as if stunned; he knew not how. Images of horror, without form, and void, pressed upon his brain. This was but for a moment. The female sprang from the bed, and putting back her hair from her brow, gazed at him with eyes of almost insane wonder and expectation.

"Man, what are you?" at length broke in a whisper from her white lips, as Emilia bent towards her lover, without daring to approach him.

"I AM A THIEF!" replied Marcus Bell, hoarsely. "And you?"

"I AM A HARLOT!"

She fainted, and fell upon the floor; and at that instant the pistol in the robber's hand, forgotten in the terrible emotion of the scene, exploded. The servants, aroused by the report, succeeded in capturing two of the ruffians; and on reaching the bed-room, they found Miss Grey sitting upon the floor, with her face covered with her dishevelled hair, buried in her hands, and Marcus Bell standing at a little distance, with his arms crossed upon his bosom, gazing upon the ruin he had made.

To the above narrative, which may be depended upon as substantially correct, I have only to add, that soon after Bell's flight from Chester, Mr. Grey died, and left his daughter without a shilling. The conviction that her lover had deserted her from mercenary motives, added to the usual circumstances which act so fatally upon characters like hers, had led to her present degraded situation. I cannot forbear to mention, however, as a thing connected with those mysteries of the female heart which a man is incapable of understanding, that although she never visited Bell in prison, or saw him since that terrible recognition, except at the trial, I find in the list of emigrants to the colony to which he is to be transported, the name of Emilia Grey.

MUSTAPHA, THE MISER.

BY MICHAEL BURKE HONAN.

I ARRIVED at Constantinople in the month of July, 1834, and, worn down with the fatigue of a nine days' ride on horseback from Semlin, proceeded to the lodgings which had been provided for me at the house of a half-bred Italian, in the Christian suburb of Pera. Our horses had been left at the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn, in the quarter of the Jews; and I and my faithful and attentive Tartar were placed crouching in the bottom of the small caique which was to bear us to that part of the great city assigned to infidels like me. We landed near the Bagnio, or arsenal, and commenced a toilsome walk through a succession of burying-grounds, which are to be found encircling every Turkish city. The whole distance was not half a mile; but I was so knocked up by travelling in the hot sun for many successive days, that I was hardly able to crawl; and it was only with the assistance of the Tartar, that I reached the house of Josepino. I knocked at the great gate, and walked—after it was opened by the pulling of a cord from within—to a kind of pavilion in a garden, where the master and mistress appeared to receive me. I sank down in the divan, and earnestly sought repose and refreshment. I found, however, that no one had leisure to attend to a stranger; and a scene in an inner room presented itself to my eyes, which soon engaged all my attention, and made me forget my own personal sufferings in the interest it excited. An English gentleman was on the ground, held by his own servant, and four or five Greeks, the servants of the establishment. He was foaming with rage; and swearing that he would kill any man who approached him. A drawn sword, of which he had been disarmed, lay at a little distance—the scabbard was on the floor, a brace of pistols was on the table. The cowardly Terate was trembling with fear, his wife screaming with terror, the French servant attempting to reason in bad English, and the Greek servants holding resolutely on, well knowing, from the determination of the Englishman's character, that if he once got loose, he would make them suffer in their persons for the indignity offered to himself.

I looked on with astonishment for an instant; and then finding that it was a countryman in apparent distress, offered him my assist-

ance, and prepared, as well as my wearied limbs would permit, to dispose of some of his assailants. The master of the house entreated me not to be so rash, assuring me, that the insult offered to the stranger was for the purpose of saving his life from the effect of the Turkish law; and the gentleman himself in his rage admitting something of the kind, I addressed myself to the reason of Mr. Montague, and contrived, by promising to co-operate in whatever he desired, to subdue his terrible emotion, and to release him from the hands of his domestics. The master and mistress of the house, and I, alone remained with the young man; and with many kind and soothing cares, we contrived to reduce him to something like composure. I did not dare to inquire what was the cause of his distress. Englishmen do not usually give way to strong emotions before strangers, and I knew that something dreadful must have happened, to make this gentleman so far forget the habitual dignity of his nation. Signor and Madam Josepino were cautiously reserved; and the young man himself seemed too much oppressed with the feelings that overpowered him, to explain why it was he was so strongly moved. By our joint cares, Mr. Montague was brought to some degree of composure; and I retired to the apartment prepared for me, where I soon forgot, in a sound sleep, all the fatigues of my journey, and the extraordinary scene which had greeted my arrival.

After dinner on the same evening, as I was sitting in my own apartment enjoying the luxury of a Turkish chibouk, Mr. Montague sent up his name, and soon after appeared in person. He thanked me for the kindness I had shown in the morning; and proposed, if I were sufficiently recovered from my fatigue, to accompany me in a walk to the shores of the Bosphorus. I gladly availed myself of his politeness, and, arm in arm, as if we were old friends, we strolled through the long and straggling line of wooden houses, called a street, at Pera, till we reached the quarter of Topkamra, opposite to where the seraglio point cuts the waters of the Bosphorus, and is washed by the sea of Marmora on the one side, and the ripple of the Golden Horn on the other.

Innumerable light caiques were darting up and down the stream; the Greek inhabitants of the villages that line the canal were preparing to return home. Some pacha was stepping, with grave composure, into his splendid barge; a few Turkish women, with persons wrapped up in green cloaks hanging to the heels, and their faces hidden, all but the eyes, in white muslin kerchiefs, were moving with slow and noiseless steps towards the Turkish quarter. I gazed on all I saw with the interest with which a stranger looks for the first time on a scene of so varied and pleasing a nature, and scarcely spoke to my

companion, who seemed likewise absorbed in reflections of his own. By degrees I felt his hand grasp my arm convulsively. I heard him sob like one struggling for breath, and I yielded, without inquiry, to the impulse with which he led me apart from the crowd, to a place where we were concealed from notice, and where he could give way, in safety, to the emotions which overpowered him. I remained for several minutes silent; his grief, whatever its cause might be, seemed too profound to be touched by common-place consolation. He saw that I was deeply interested for his situation, and repaid me for my forbearance, by proving that he regarded me as a friend before whom he could relieve his heart.

He stood for a quarter of an hour on the side of the Bosphorus immediately opposite to that spot where the towers of the seraglio are reflected in the clear waters, and where the Gate of Death, as it is called, opens on the profound deep. His eyes were intently fixed upon one spot, where a strong counter current makes a ripple on the face of the stream. He seemed as if he could look beneath the surface of the deep, and started every now and then, as if he caught a glimpse of some wished-for object. I strained my eyes also in the same direction until I was filled with nervous excitement, and as my companion uttered, "There! there!" I fancied that I saw something struggle and then yield to the fury of the tide. "Sophia! Sophia!" he exclaimed, convulsively pointing to the same agitated spot—"there! there!" I soon understood what the cause of all his sorrow was, and learned from his despair, that the girl whom he loved had that morning been thrown into the Bosphorus by the husband whom she had enraged—the master whom she had deceived.

Among the Circassian slaves of one of the rich merchants of the silk bazaar, Sophia (for Mr. Montague knew her by no other name) was the most beautiful. She was the youngest of four wives, and the most beloved. Her beauty was of the richest kind; but her heart was richer than her beauty. She was an Englishwoman in the mingled hues of the lily and the rose, which struggled for mastery in her cheek—in the depth and sentiment of her large blue eye—in the grace and elasticity of her form; but she was more than English in the devotion of her love, in the singleness of her quiet and impassioned nature. She had been educated as all Circassian girls destined for a Turkish harem are, and was a proficient in those arts which form the sole accomplishments of a slave. Nature, however, had given her a heart, and its finer emotions expanded with the more luxuriance, because there was no struggle in her soul between their power and the artificial emotions which are to be learned in an European school.

The moment she was seen in the slave market of Constantinople,

numberless offers were made by wealthy grey beards; but the old merchant, Mustapha, had claims of interest on her master, and he became the possessor of the prize. The miser probably bought her on speculation, and calculated in his mind the number of piastres she would bring if exhibited to the sultan or the great pachas of the seraglio; but no sooner was she introduced into his own house, than another feeling came over the old man, and he became as much attached to the gentle Circassian as it was possible for him to be to any living thing. She was for some months his slave, and placed in the harem in the most degrading position that a woman can ever occupy; but as the old valshee died, and left a vacancy in the matrimonial establishment of the harem, Sophia was promoted to her place, and was honoured as the fourth wife of the old merchant. What fury and rage took possession of the harem on that day! The ladies who had hitherto shared the love of Mustapha combined like so many evil spirits against the new intruder. They practised all sorts of necromantic spells; they purchased the evil eye; they consulted the old Jewess who lives near the burnt pillar; they even attempted to mix poison with the young wife's food. Fate was, however, proof against all their arts; Sophia was impervious to the artifices of the enchanter; and she took care, by eating only what was prepared by her own domestics, to escape the snares of her jealous sisters. She improved in beauty daily, and acquired each hour fresh influence over her lord. She was loved by him only second to his money; even that was made subservient to his desire to please her, for she was loaded with jewels, silks, and shawls, and was justly the pride as well as the envy of the bath.

Sophia was as happy as a Turkish wife generally is; but there was one feeling which was still unsatisfied. She was formed to love, and Mustapha was not the man to inspire that noble passion. She regarded him as a kind friend, as a benefactor; but she sighed for a husband more suitable to her years, to whom her whole soul might be tenderly attached.

The bath, which, in fine weather, by the permission of her husband, she was in the habit of weekly attending, was in the Greek village of Arknonte, on the shore of the Bosphorus. At a stated hour every Thursday, her splendid caique bore her from Stamboul to a house which her master owned on the canal side; thence she proceeded on foot, attended by her servant, to the bath; and after several luxurious hours spent in the different apartments, and in the display of her rich dresses and jewels to her friends, she returned in the same manner as she had come.

An English frigate lay in the centre of the Bosphorus, a little

higher up than the village,—opposite to the palace of the British ambassador at Therapia. Mr. Montague was an occasional visitor on board that frigate; and he and the officers were in the constant habit of visiting Arknonte, for the purpose of seeing the beautiful Greek women who reside there, and who are fond of displaying their large eyes and glowing cheeks in the promenade, which custom has established on the side of the Bosphorus. The Greek beauties were not the only objects of attraction; many a longing eye was cast to the solemn figures of the Turkish women, as they glided to and from their caiques, with many an anxious wish to discover the fair forms and lovely faces said to be concealed under those long green cloaks and muslin ashmacs. Mr. Montague was a martyr to this spirit of curiosity; hour after hour he stood, disregarding all Greek and Armenian attractions, watching the mysterious forms of the Turkish maidens, and creating in his mind a thousand visions of beauty.

He was in the flower of his youth, a noble, graceful cavalier, full of ardour and manly grace—one well calculated to attract the eye and secure the heart of a maiden, in a less passionate clime than that of Constantinople. Poor Sophia had long remarked the tall and graceful giaour, and sighed that fate had not given her such a husband. As she passed him on her way to the bath, her large blue eyes were fixed on his fine form, and a mysterious acquaintance seemed to commence between them. He could not help remarking the tender brilliancy of her eyes, and often sighed that the cruel *ashmac* concealed the other charms of her face.

One day, whether from accident or design, the *ashmac* fell from her head, as she passed the stranger; and Mr. Montague saw, for the first time, the most lovely features of the loveliest Circassian in the world. He gasped for breath, and leaned against the pillar for support. She observed his confusion, and seemed fainting under a similar emotion; her women, however, hastened to her aid, and the envious muslin was replaced.

From that hour the fate of Mr. Montague and Sophia was decided. A Jewess contrived to introduce the lovers, and they became deeply enamoured. Their usual place of meeting was in a house at Pera, which the Jewess had taken in the Turkish quarter, as the visits of Turkish women to any other part of the town, unless attended with a train of domestics, and for an ostensible purpose, would have excited suspicion. In the streets inhabited by Turks women glide about alone; no man dares to annoy them, and they are free. In this manner did Sophia brave death as often as she could escape from the harem of her master. She had one faithful Nubian slave, who attended her on these occasions. She only lived in the presence of her beautiful giaour,

and he forgot home, country, and friends, in the society of the charming maid.

His passion knew no bounds; she, on the other hand, often had the temerity to dress herself as a Greek boy, and pass through all the public streets, to join her lover in his caique, and glide on the waters of the Bosphorus, listening to the magic of his voice, and framing dreams of happiness for the future. Repeated escapes rendered the lovely Circassian rash. Some slight circumstance excited the suspicion of the old miser, and he employed a slave to watch her. By this old crone she was discovered; and the place of meeting, with the agency of the Jewess, made known.

Old Mustapha rubbed down his white beared, smoked innumerable pipes to subdue his emotion, and then tranquilly made up his mind that his unfaithful wife should die the death to which she was doomed by the Turkish law. He gave her no cause to imagine that he had discovered the secret of her guilt, but seized her in the dead of the night, placed her living in a sack, sewed up its mouth with his own hands, had it borne before him on a litter to the Gate of Death, and saw it plunged into the deep waters of the Bosphorus.

CHAPTER II.

This sad story Mr. Montague related with the calmness of despair, as we stood overlooking the waters of the Golden Horn. I did not attempt to interrupt him by a word of common-place consolation; I felt, from my inmost soul, for the young man, and I conveyed that assurance in the manner most grateful to his feelings, by pressing his hand in silence, and allowing the full measure of his grief to overflow. I did not even suggest the necessity of his taking measures to secure his own safety. He did not think for an instant of the personal danger he incurred, and he would have defied the whole Turkish power if he had been told that he had become amenable to the law.

While thus we stood watching the silver tide, I observed the shooting forth of a stream of light from a government warehouse close to the water's edge; and soon afterwards, a column of dark smoke rising from the same spot gave me reason to suspect that one of those fires so fatal at Constantinople had broken out. The cries of the workmen in the warehouse soon announced the fact, and a burst of flames and smoke proclaimed to all Stamboul the impending danger. When it is considered that all the houses of Constantinople are built of wood, and the streets are so narrow that it is impossible to introduce a large fire-engine into any of them, the terror which a fire

creates will be readily understood. On this occasion there was more than usual alarm excited, for the wind had risen, and it blew directly into the heart of the city, through the streets opening from the water's edge up the seven hills on which Constantinople is built. It has sometimes happened that a fire has reached the centre ridge at one side, and burned down to the sea of Marmora on the other.

In a few minutes the flames burst forth with a violence that could not be controlled; the government warehouse was at once consumed, and then lanes of fire were seen distinctly penetrating into the neighbourhood. Soon after, these lanes became a greater blaze; and in the course of half an hour, the whole firmament was illumined by the most tremendous burning that ever occured in this oft-devoted city. The summer had been particularly dry, and the wooden houses burned with the rapidity of tinder; the eye could scarcely follow the race of devastation—a great space one moment in darkness, in the next glaring with flame; and in a few minutes after, nothing but a mass of burning brands could be distinguished. The roofs seemed to spring from the house-tops, and fall among the burning masses. As the wind varied its current, the line of fire ran from side to side, now carrying all before it towards the quarter of the Greeks, and now devastating the residences of the wealthy Turks. One instant extending on each side with incredible rapidity, and the next, eating into the very centre of the city. It was a glorious though melancholy sight to see the masses of flames as they ran, like wild animals, overwhelming everything before them. The recollection of it is ever before me; and when I add, that ten thousand houses were burned down that night, the reader will see there is no exaggeration in my story.

The city of Constantinople may be compared to a camel's back, the streets running from the centre ridge to the sea of Marmora on the one side, and to the Golden Horn on the other. The centre ridge is crowned by an old aqueduct of the Romans, and it was like the decoration of a theatre to see, as the houses were burned down before them, each massive arch brought into relief; and to observe, by degrees, the whole extent of the aqueduct displayed. As the flames took hold of the houses on the other side, the burning piles could be observed through the arches, presenting various fanciful shapes.

Mr. Montague looked upon this sight of terror with a kind of fierce delight, for the fate of his mistress had inspired him with a steady hatred of the whole Turkish people. He uttered occasionally passionate exclamations, and I could fancy he prayed that the universal ruin might reach the house of the old miser who had annihilated all his hopes. He pointed out to me the quarter where old Mustapha lived, near the great silk bazaar, where his worldly wealth was de-

posited. For a long time the flames had sought for food in the opposite direction, but at length a turn in the wind impelled them in that quarter, and I observed my young friend watch with delight the straggling line of fire. He pressed my arm convulsively, and pointed out the minaret of the mosque that was the land-mark of that portion of the city. His only dread was (he said) that the firemen, whose employment is to save the houses of rich individuals, while the great mass is given up to destruction, had already taken precautions to insure the mansion of the old miser.

I could not understand what he meant, or how these men could protect a single building from the general ruin; but he soon explained to me that for a certain sum, sometimes equal to four hundred pounds sterling, any particular house could be covered with rich carpets of Smyrna, which, kept well wetted, resisted the flames until the neighbouring wooden houses were consumed. I could not help remarking several of these mansions standing unscathed in the midst of surrounding desolation, and I naturally supposed that Mustapha would not spare a little of his beloved wealth to secure the great bulk. But the miser had not the heart to part with a piastre, and before half an hour elapsed, we saw the neighbourhood where he lived enveloped in flames. When the blaze was reduced, we could perceive that no one house had escaped the general ruin.

My attention was now more devoted to the burning city than to my companion, and I watched with the strongest interest all the minor circumstances that might have escaped me, if I had permitted myself to be occupied with him. There was nothing which more excited my astonishment than the curious effect of the flames on the mosques and minarets. Those immense piles of brick and stone seemed like great ships of war in the midst of a battle, surrounded by fire and smoke; and the likeness was so striking when the mosque of Osman, with its three minarets, became disclosed, that every one near us was impressed with the same feeling. The mosque and the slender minarets were, of course, uninjured; but the spires of the minarets, being composed of tin, were easily caught by the flames, and when several together were thus ignited, they appeared like great tapers, or pillars of light.

After sunset the scene became exciting in the highest degree, and the flames seemed to glow with renewed force amid the obscurity of night. The fire raged on with the same fury, and a person standing on the highest ground of Pera might have seen almost over the ruins of Stamboul into the sea of Marmora. The quarter of the seraglio seemed to be alone untouched, and the superstitious Turks looked upon that circumstance as a miraculous interposition in favour of the Sultan.

Indeed it was most beautiful to see the silver towers of the seraglio, mocking in their repose the destruction that prevailed around; and as the moon rose, and they were reflected on the waters of the Bosphorus, the contrast was most remarkable. The green trees, the walls of the gardens, the turrets of the palace, could be distinctly seen buried in the most absolute silence and security, while close at hand all was destruction, and a whole city was being delivered to fire. As if to add to the sublimity of that ever-memorable night, a thunder-storm arose in the east, and the dark cloud hung over that part of the city where the fire raged most furiously. Occasionally the burst of thunder was heard, and the glare of lightning seen; while, on the other side, all was placidity and beauty, the moonbeams dancing on the quivering waters of the Bosphorus, the tranquil sea of Marmora in the distance, and the seraglio point reflected in the waters.

Mr. Montague proposed that we should take a boat and cross over to Stamboul, but I was fortunate enough to overrule his curiosity. He had only one object in view, and that was to ascertain whether the house of Mustapha was absolutely destroyed; and I well knew that he would have indulged in some expressions which must have drawn down Turkish vengeance on his head. Had he persevered, I certainly should have accompanied him, and my belief is, that neither of us would have been alive the next day, as several foreigners (so the story went) whom curiosity had led into the neighbourhood of the burning streets, had been tossed into the flames by some Turks, desperate at the burning of the city, and always ready to attribute mischief to the giaour or stranger.

As we did not feel our position very safe on the border of the Bosphorus at Topkarma, we retired into the higher parts of Pera, near the burying-ground, whence the whole of the opposite shore of the Golden Horn could be seen. There we found the whole Christian population collected, gazing with amazement at the terrific scene, and pointing out to each other the different localities with which they were familiar. Mr. Montague mixed among these groups, inquiring from all if they knew the quarter where Mustapha resided, and if there was any chance of his house being saved. The miser was well known, and thoroughly hated by the Christian and the Greek Terati; and it was no slight consolation to my young friend to find an echo to his own feelings in every mouth. They all declared that they could see no trace of his house; and they added, that he was too great a miser to advance the sum which the firemen would demand before they placed a carpet on his house. Some of the persons assembled were acquainted with Mr. Montague, and they all had received hints of the melancholy tragedy which had been performed in the morning; he was, conse-

quently, an object of great interest; and I believe many of the superstitious inhabitants of Pera thought that the burning of Constantinople was a judgment of Providence for the massacre of the poor Circassian beauty.

They did not express their sentiments aloud, for all were afraid of Turkish power; but they whispered among each other their thoughts, and they all expressed apart to Mr. Montague the deep sense they had of the injury he had sustained. This was adding to the fury which existed in the young man's bosom. I saw him clench his hand, and grind his teeth, and I dreaded every moment that he would commit a rash act, which must inevitably have cost him his life; but, fortunately, I had gained some ascendancy over him, and I persuaded him to await with calmness the issue of the fire, which had gained him a far more ample revenge than he could have ever attained by any act of his own.

It was three in the morning before we retired from the burial-ground of Pera, and by that time one-fourth of Constantinople had been consumed. The whole centre of the city was laid bare, and there were no traces of its grandeur left but the arches of the aqueduct, and the mosques and minarets which still remained uninjured. The fire continued to burn all night, though not to the same extent; and the scene of desolation which was presented next morning was beyond what the most vivid imagination could conceive.

Next day, about noon, Mr. Montague called on me, and begged of me to accompany him to Stamboul. He had secured an Italian renegade for a guide; and he assured me that, thus protected, we could wander where we pleased, and could ascertain what the fate of his enemy, Mustapha, had been.

I consented, and we soon found ourselves in the eastern quarter, where the fire had spread until it reached the vacant ground left by a former burning, and expired for want of food. We went in that direction to escape suspicion; and we proposed gradually to approach the habitation of the old miser. Wherever we passed, the same scene of desolation presented itself; whole streets were burned to the ground. All the houses being built of wood, had burned like faggots; not a stick was left standing, except the few mansions which had been saved, at great expense of carpets, by the firemen, in the manner I have before described. There had not been many lives lost, for the inhabitants had fled on the first alarm to the mosques and the bazaars, bearing with them their jewellery and portable wealth. The value of furniture is not great in any Turkish house; their chief wealth consists in dresses, or in precious stones; and these are soon conveyed to a place of safety in wicker baskets, always kept ready for the purpose.

It was only the poor who had been sufferers by the fire; and they, in the last extremity, displayed the wonderful resignation and apathy so peculiar to the Turks.

The government had caused great tents to be erected for the houseless in all the open places and those parts of the city in which the flames were thoroughly extinguished. To these tents the people thronged, exclaiming that "God was great!" and then set about arranging their affairs with the same composure as if nothing remarkable had happened. There were men, women, and children, all seated in silence; the men armed with the everlasting pipe, and the women deriving consolation from the caresses of their little ones. It was a scene of the most extraordinary nature; and I have often asked myself which was the most surprising sight, the fire of the night, or the composure which some ten thousand sufferers exhibited on the following day.

The great courts which surround the mosque were devoted to the same purpose. Tents were everywhere pitched; and the government, by the most active benevolence, endeavoured to repair, as far as in them lay, the misfortune that had fallen on the city.

Mr. Montague and I, protected by our guide, wandered from ruin to ruin, until we found ourselves in the quarter inhabited by the richer Turks, and where the miser, Mustapha, resided. We made our way first to a Christian apothecary, who had license from the Porte, and lived in the vicinity of the seraglio. From him we could, without suspicion, make any inquiries we pleased; and as he was evidently acquainted with my companion's story, he made no scruple of being communicative. From him we learned that Mustapha's house had been burned to the ground, as he had refused the price demanded by the firemen for saving it; he himself had fallen down in a fit, on witnessing the ruin of his house, and the body was in an adjoining bazaar, waiting the decision of the Cadi as to its disposal.

The apothecary offered to accompany us to the bazaar, as he had influence enough to get us admitted to the room where the body was placed. My companion gladly embraced the proposal, and we followed our guide, until we came to the immense stone building, within which the chief treasures of all the merchants were inclosed.

We found the bazaar in a state of indescribable confusion. A partner of Mustapha had deposited with him, only the day before the fire, a casket of diamonds, which he saw him lock up in the same iron case where he inclosed his own jewellery. The case was safe, but the key was nowhere to be found. The merchant protested that Mustapha always carried the key about his person, and that it could not have been lost in the fire. The vessel was to sail that day for Trebisonde,

where he was under contract to deliver the diamonds, and he had, by bribing the Cadi, induced that personage to come down to the bazaar, and examine the corpse, with the hope of discovering the key of the chest hidden among the garments.

We found the Cadi and his people actively occupied in the search. Mr. Montague looked on the dead body of his enemy with a sullen joy, and he whispered in my ear that now the Circassian was avenged. The Cadi disregarded our presence, as the apothecary was our friend; and he and his myrmidons pursued their labours as if no Christian dogs overlooked their unholy work. The key was nowhere to be found; the fez was examined, the girdle uncased, the slippers shaken off—all was in vain. At length the brother-miser, the owner of the jewels, exclaimed, that Mustapha must have concealed the key in his mouth, if it were nowhere else to be found, as he was not a man to trust it one instant from his person. At his request the jaw of the dead man was wrenched open, and there the key was found. The ruling thought of the old miser had been the security of his beloved wealth, and he had, in the last extremity, grasped the key in his mouth, determined that it should be his, in life or death.

Mr. Montague was horrified at this exhibition. I drew him without difficulty from the spot; and I induced him, on the same day, to take a last farewell of Constantinople.

I have not seen him from that hour, and I know not whether I be numbered with the dead or with the living.

THE SPANISH MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROVOST OF BRUGES," &c.

Moss-covered towers, massive and gray,
That so sternly frown on the garish day,
But when the shadows of evening close,
Grow solemn and soft in your still repose;
Lords of an age of forgotten date,
More awful than pomp in your silent state;
The ivy your robe, and the bramble your crown,
The mouldering arch for your shield of renown,
The rank waving grass for your plume and your crest,
The night wind your music, the night bird your guest;
Throned in the moonlight, solemn and pale,
Moss-covered towers, tell me your tale.

Tell me no story of rapine and war,
I loathe the red chief in his blood-sprinkled car;
Tell not of beauty, how wooed in her bower,
The beauty, the love, both the toy of an hour;
But tell me of deeds that the heart may enshrine,
When the forms of the doers are mouldered as thine:
Tell me if where I stand have stood
The noble in virtue, the fearless in good;
Tell me, grave towers, if such have thrown
Their hallowing charm on your silent stone.

'Twas in the day when fruitful Spain
First shrank before the fiery Moor,
And when the unbeliever's train
Poured thick upon the Christian shore;
While all the fire of holy zeal,
And all the pride of chivalry,
Were vain against the invader's steel,
And struggled but to bleed and die;
There was a solemn festival
In old Don Gaston's ancient hall;
For his only child, his age's pride,
That day should be Enriquez's bride.

Don Gaston spoke—my child is thine;
But choose, Enriquez, wilt thou bear
Thy bride before an outraged shrine,
While Moorish banners flaunt the air?—
The colour flushed on Ida's cheek,
As she turned on her lover her kindling eye;
And her parted lips forbore to speak,
As she eagerly paused for his reply.
A moment he wavered—a moment alone;
Then clear was his brow and calm his tone—
Ere my faith and my country deserted shall be,
I will sacrifice all—aye, my Ida, ev'n thee!
I knew it—I knew it! with joy she cried,
As she yielded her lip to his passionate kiss;
And the tear of affection and noble pride
Were bright in the eye that encountered his.

The sable flood rolled on amain,
They crossed the mountain, they filled the plain
And many a tale of hope and fear
Was poured in Ida's eager ear.
And now they tell the doubtful fight—
The Moor's fierce charge, the Christian's flight,
The sudden rally and the track
By which Enriquez led them back:—
Enriquez filled the leader's post,
Enriquez pierced the Moorish host;
Where'er the foe shrunk back in fear,
Be sure Enriquez's sword was there;—
Why, why thus on his glories dwell!
The tale must end—Enriquez fell.

Oh, Ida! who shall paint the pang
That shot across thy youthful heart,
Which, pierced as with an arrow, sprang
And trembled through in every part?
And then a deadly sickness stole
O'er all her frame, and chilled her soul—
It was young Hope's last dying throe;
And yet she struggled with the blow:
With tottering limbs she sought the shrine,
Hallowed by many a holy sign,
And sinking there on bended knee,
With outstretched arms she cried—For thee,

For thee he strove, his life the price,
Oh then accept the sacrifice!

Don Gaston started from his chair,
And the sun shone bright on his thin gray hair:
The servants attend at their master's call,
And the armour that rusted on the wall
With long disuse is fitted again;
He summons his horses, he summons his men,
And his war-worn banner waves in the air,
And calls to his liegemen near and far.
Incased in mail is the old man now,
And the helmet presses his wrinkled brow;—
The shield on his arm and the sword on his thigh,
They weighed not of old so heavily;
But the old man's heart is firmly strung,
And the zeal of his cause shall make him young.
The maiden looked on his hairs so gray,
But she said no word to bid him stay;
Her brow was serene and her eye was calm,
As her slender fingers helped him to arm;
She spoke no word of her desolate state
As she led him forth to the outer gate,
But she kissed his cheek as he mounted his steed,
And the voice never trembled that bade him God speed
And she heaved no sigh of repining when
She turned to her lonely chamber again;
But, entered within and the struggle o'er,
Lifeless she sank on the oaken floor.

Look out, look out, from the watch-tower high!
Do you no messenger descry?
I hear a sound—look out again—
'Twas surely the tread of armed men.—
I see them now—they pass the hill,
'Tis my father's pennon—it flutters still!
And yet, or mine eye grows dim with care,
Strangely it droops in the evening air;
And of those who bore him company,
How small is the number now I see!

Nearer they drew—and weary and worn
Were the few who escaped from that hapless fight;
And slow in the midst a litter was borne,
And on it was laid the good old knight.

They lowered the draw-bridge, they loosened the ch in,
And they bore him on through his ancient hall:
Sore were his wounds, and he breathed with pain,
But the wounds of his spirit were sorer than all;—
And sad was the sight as the old man lay
With his life's warm blood fast ebbing away.
He summoned his people around his bed,
The young and the old, the warrior and maid;
Till all that were left in the castle's round
Before the aged chief were found.
Then faint he spoke—You all must fly,—
The battle is lost, and the foe is nigh.
We have no strength a siege to bear;
'Tis death or bondage waits you here;
And while your faith and country groan,
The lives you hold are not your own.
Answer me not—I'll think that they
Best love their lord who best obey.
Fain would they speak—he waves his hand—
It is your master's last command.
And now, my Ida, thy parent stem
Is snapt, thou, too, must go with them;
And far St. Uba's shrine shall be
A sanctuary safe for thee.
Oh! I had steeled this aged heart,
And thought the source of tears was dry;
But, my sweet Ida, thus to part,
Does somewhat dim thy father's eye.
He paused—for Ida did not speak,
Her heaving breast the words forbade;
But pride glowed red on the burning cheek,
And fired the eye of the Spanish maid.
And her slender form appeared to swell,
With more than words had strength to tell.
Father! she cried, I had not deemed,
That the last of thy race was so basely esteemed!
Oh never, let weal or woe betide—
Shall Ida part from her father's side!
My child, know'st thou the peril—how near?
I only know that my father is here.
'Tis death to stay. Oh, Ida fly!
Father, thy child knows how to die.

Thou know'st not Al Mansur, the cruellest chief
Of all the fierce children of unbelief.
In my father's halls, my father's child
Shall keep his honour undefiled!
She looked on high, and her eye was bright
With what seemed more than mortal light;
The infidel's foot shall never come
Within the walls of my father's home;
The infidel's scoff shall never be heard
Where the altar of faith by my fathers was reared;
In this dark hour the knowledge is given,
I see it on high; it is written in heaven!

The little train, in mournful state,
Have passed from out the postern gate,
And Ida's tender hands, with pain
Have replaced each massive bolt and chain;
Then with a noiseless step she sped,
And took her place by the old man's bed.
It was a strange and an awful sight,
That gentle girl and that bleeding knight;
With not a living thing beside,
Through all the range of the castle wide;
So weak to resist, so strong to endure,
The foe so nigh, and the peril so sure.

The Moorish host is before the walls—
What, warder, ho! Al Mansur calls!
Down with the drawbridge—open the gate,
For Al Mansur is little accustomed to wait!
Still are the walls as the city of death,
Though loudly the infidel's challenge has rung;
There moves not a feather, there stirs not a breath—
Ho! Al Mansur shall speak with a louder tongue!

The word is given—the engines of war
A volley of terrible messengers pour;
And the crashing beams of the castle tell
The hands that directed have guided them well.
Again the tucket the summons bore,
But the castle is stirless and mute as before!
They mock us! fierce Al Mansur cries,
As he looks to his chiefs, between rage and surprise;

But short is their triumph—ho! ply them again—
Shake down the walls of the Christian's den!
Again the deadly shower is cast,
From catapult and arbalast;
And a crowd of arrows, well aimed, and true,
Whistle each creviced loophole through,
But not a voice, nor a cry, nor groan,
Is heard from the walls of massive stone.
Amid that volley's deafening din,
How sped the hours of those within?
With folded hands pale Ida sate,
The fearful issue to await;
But on the stern old chieftain's ear,
The long accustomed sound of war
Fell not unmark'd: his filming eye
Rekindled at the battle cry.
Again it raged—and as it grew,
It seemed his frame new vigour drew
From every shout; he raised his head,
He lifted him up from his painful bed;
And his eager senses strained to trace
The course of the foe round the leagured place.
Again they pause, and all's so still,
You may hear the dash of the distant rill.
Anxious the look of the father fell
On his child, and she read its meaning well,
Silent she sought the narrow grate—
What seest thou, girl? They hold debate—
Now their leader advances—he stands by the moat—
And seems ev'ry quoin of the castle to note.
Now he raises his vizor—oh, mother of grace
I dare not look on that fearful face!

What thought has fired the old man's brain?
He knows no weakness, he feels no pain;
He springs from his couch—a bow of yew
He takes from the wall, with an arrow true,
And the arm, that late so feebly hung,
With a feverish strength is suddenly strung.
On the cord of the bow the notch is laid,
The arrow is drawn—it is drawn to the head:
A moment he stands as rigid as stone—
Sharp twangs the string—the arrow is flown!

Deep driven, it sinks in the infidel's brain,
And he shrieks out his soul on the startled plain—
While glowing with triumph, but spent by its might,
The spirit has passed from the brave old knight.

Oh, wild was the shout of the infidel host,
And their ranks were like waves by the tempest tost:
That single shaft from the voiceless wall,
And their terrible leader's shrieking fall,
An awe and a dread on their spirits cast,
And uncertain they wavered, pale and aghast.
But firmer the step of young Ida grew;
Her father's corse to his couch she drew,
She crossed his arms on his aged breast,
And his white cold lips to hers she press'd:—
Father, within thy home I said
The foot of the infidel never should tread:
Behold the sign in thy funeral pyre!
She snatched a brand from the slumbering fire,
She passed the flame around the bed,
Then quick from chamber to chamber sped,
And everywhere with steady hand
To the tapestried walls she held the brand;
And still wherever the maiden came
Fast rose the red and circling flame;
But once she paused—'twas before the shrine
Of childhood's worship:—Oh, form divine,
Forgive the hand that dares so much
To guard thee safe from the infidel's touch!
And it seemed that the Virgin Mother smiled
An approving look on her kneeling child.

The Moors behold the flames arise;
Onward they rush with furious cries:
They swim the moat—they force the door—
But the guardian flames are there before;
And they who dare the first attack
Shrink quickly, scorched and howling, back.
In vain they strive, that fiery mass
No unbeliever's foot shall pass.
'Tis doomed, they cry—away! away!
And elsewhere seek an easier prey.

With folded arms lone Ida stood
Amid that blazing solitude;
But still it seemed, though arching o'er
Her head, the flames that spot forbore.
Her eye was fixed on her father's bed,
When a soft light touch on her arm was laid;
She started—Oh, Mary, Mother, guide!
Is it my father stands by my side?
She looked to the bed, but through the glare
The form of the old man still lay there;
And still by her side the same was he
Oh, Mother of Grace! what may this be?
He led her on, and the rolling flame
Fell back and left a path as they came;
He led her on through chamber and hall,
He led her past the outer wall,
Onward he led her, o'er valley and hill,
But the day had no toil and the night had no chill,
Till he paused before a convent gate,
To holy St. Uba dedicate;
And he smiled and he blessed her. The vision is gone,
And Ida stands at the gate alone!

From out St. Uba's cloisters dim
Rises the peaceful vesper hymn;
A hundred voices mingling raise
The blended song of prayer and praise:
And yet one voice, more sweetly clear
Than all the choir, arrests the ear;
So pure, so holy in its tone,
Amid them all it sounds alone.
'Tis like her life, since there she came,
Among, and yet distinct from them.
A holier light than aught around
Within her dark eye's depth is found,
And her rapt soul on stronger wings
Bears nearer heaven its communings,
Nor works on her the pain or mirth
That clings around the things of earth.
Yet no ascetic saint is she,
But soft and mild as infancy;

And most her joy when pealing high,
  The choir its hymn of praise prefers;
For then she says that from the sky
  Remembered voices join with hers;
And all's so sweet, it is but pain
To sink to earth and sense again.

Oh thou, with worldly joys elate,
Weep not the Spanish maiden's fate!
'Till pure as hers thy soul shall be,
Stranger, she more might weep for thee!

ALAN SKEENE.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

IN the early part of the year 18— I was on the river Gambia. The season appearing unusually healthy for Europeans, I was tempted to make an excursion into the interior, under protection of a native chief possessing some influence in the country which I promised myself the pleasure of exploring.

The route we pursued has since become a beaten tract whither our African journalists may have already led the attention of the reader; nor should I have trespassed on the province of these discoveries had I not, in the course of my journey, been called to witness a scene which, without reference to locality, appeared to demand record; and possessed myself of a narrative, the details of which I trust may not prove uninteresting.

At the close of a burning African day, I entered a little town to the eastward of Fatteconda. The sun, as if weary of their glowing splendour, was hastening to sink his beams beneath the horizon, leaving the golden moon in her crescent glory to keep an early watch in the heavens: her thread-like points outstretched, seemed trying to illumine the shadowy disk in their embrace; an emblem, as it is the symbol, of that Mahommedanism which is silently and gradually spreading its influence over pagan Africa.

My swarthy guide and companion was leading me to a hut prepared for my reception by his slaves who had preceded us, when pas sing a low shed, its roof but little elevated from the mound or bank that based the miserable fabric, sounds met my ear, which, had they even proceeded from some lowly cottage in dear England, must have challenged my attention, but heard amid a scattered hamlet in the recesses of an African wilderness, where the foot of European had rarely trod, they came home to my heart as the startling voice of an oracle.

"Verily, there is a God that judgeth the earth!" Such—in the deep and impassioned tones of mental or corporeal suffering, in the language of my country, in the voice of one whom I had believed to be no longer a habitant of earth—such was the exclamation that directed my steps to a hovel I had turned from, wholly unconscious of the hapless wayfarer it contained.

Reader, I have no tale of imagination to relate. My narrative

seeks not to excite the satiated appetite of the lover of romantic incident; I have but to bear witness to the last hours of one whose name passed from among us even while he yet lived: the after-events of his life, but for my feeble pen, would remain unrevealed: the strange workings of his mind can find no interpreter save in the key that unlocketh all hearts. Within that hut, stretched on the bare earth, his head pillowed by a log of wood, in the early stage of deadly fever—that pest to which the restless enterprise of civilised nations offers up so many victims on the burning shores of Africa—I beheld the tall, emaciated form of one who, in years gone by, had been to me as a brother! Skeene—Alan Skeene! let me not call to mind the image of thy bright boyhood, or thy sad tale must be untold.

I will not attempt to describe the emotion of my poor friend, as the expression of my surprise and lamentation brought me to his remembrance; nor need I detail the arrangements by which, through my influence with the natives, I was enabled to guard his few last days from outrage, and smooth his passage to the grave. The morning following my discovery of Alan Skeene saw him removed to the best habitation the little town afforded; here every comfort that circumstances permitted was disposed around him, and it was during intervals of comparative freedom from suffering that his over-burthened heart admitted me into the confidence of its sorrows.

"I should be sorry to die without giving you the history of the past," said Skeene, rousing his mental powers to the exertion and resolution his self-imposed task required; "I will not tell you of my youth, for that was spent with you—schoolfellows, college friends, and companions in the career of early manhood: it was not till your adventurous spirit carried you to foreign climes, leaving me in the enjoyment of literary leisure and domestic happiness, that we had experienced separation, except in the casual adieus of repeated intercourse. When you sailed for India, you left me the happy husband of Cathleen; in the possession of honour and affluence; courted by the virtuous, the intellectual, and the proud of rank, rather, perhaps, from the thousand fortuitous circumstances that sometimes give artificial position, than from any real merit I might justly claim. You have been many years abroad, but the tale of my dishonour must yet have reached you. The wife of my bosom—she whom I had loved in all the wild idolatry of early love, when the heart, seeking a garner for its affections, almost forgets the God who gave it being, and pours the first fruits of its warmth and energies on the altar of human passion—yes, Cathleen! the being whose real, unsophisticated innocence had two short years before won me gladly, proudly to make her my bride, abandoned me! Young and inexperienced, amid the baneful vortex of fashionable dis-

sipation, open to admiration, and, alas! unfixed in principle, she fell a victim to the machinations of the Earl of Castlemain—my own familiar friend—and fled her husband's house. I cannot dwell on that moment of agony; the feelings which then ravaged my breast you will find fully developed in my subsequent life.

"A hostile meeting took place between the 'titled seducer and the injured husband;' it was a thing of course, and made the paragraphs of the day. At the second fire, the earl's bullet was buried in my side. How abortive was my *first* effort of revenge! A dangerous illness followed this catastrophe; but I recovered, and made a tour on the Continent, which, repeated and prolonged sojourns in any locality awhile promising the boon of forgetfulness, lengthened for years.

"Late in the autumn of 18—, well do I remember it, I arrived at Lucerne. The town was in an unusual state of excitement: on inquiry, I found that a party of English travellers had been upset in a pleasure skiff, and the name of the Earl of Castlemain was mentioned conjointly with that of my unhappy wife. The seducer had reached the shore; his wretched companion was drowned. If my hatred to the man who had razed the fabric of my domestic felicity was before intense, it now took the character of madness. Still, still did I love the faithless Cathleen—I could not tear her image from my heart; and had not the deep wave drawn her, yet in youth and beauty, to its cold embrace? Where was her *protector* then? Where was the arm that should have been stretched to save? Bubbling in its strength amid the angry tide, but leaving her in her weakness to perish!

"I sought Castlemain; I cursed him as a betrayer! as a murderer! He received me with the cool conventional courtesies of society—it was bitter, bitter mockery. I smote him—I spurned him; but I could not excite him to a second meeting, which I trusted might end in the destruction of my enemy, or relieve me from an existence becoming every day more insupportable. My outrages were made known to the authorities of Lucerne, and I was dismissed the States.

"It was about this period that a rumour of my death was generally credited in England. As soon as I discovered such to be the case, I changed my name, and, shunning former associates, gave sanction to the report by every means in my power. If to forget were impossible, I, at least, might be forgotten.

"Time rolled over me, marked but by misery. I was yet in the prime of manhood, and my iron constitution seemed to resist an excess of wretchedness that must otherwise have consumed me. I was still a wanderer, seeking rest and finding none. I had reached my five-and-thirtieth year, and commemorated the anniversary of my natal day by impiously cursing the hour of my birth, at a little post-house on my

route to Rome. The goblet I had quaffed in malediction was yet in my grasp, when a splendid suite of carriages and horsemen drew up at the door. A beautiful girl, in all the freshness of opening womanhood, appeared the possessor of this *cortège*. After a change of horses, the cavalcade proceeded; but not before I had recognised the liveries of the Earl of Castlemain, and discovered that the lady I had beheld was his wife, but newly wedded, and now on her way to Rome, where she would await the arrival of her husband, then engaged in a diplomatic mission of uncertain duration. 'Oh! that I could blight his joys!' was the unholy aspiration with which I threw myself into my carriage to follow in my lone wretchedness the route traversed by that, to me, hateful exhibition of domestic happiness, courting the acceptance of my enemy.

"I had not long left the post-house, when I was overtaken by a detachment of Papal troops, returning from an unsuccessful expedition against a desperate banditti, whose outrages had long been the terror of the traveller. With the officer in command I had a slight acquaintance, and on his offering me the protection of his companionship, I could not decline the courtesy intended, though I would rather have been left to commune with my own bitter thoughts. The Italian had taken a seat in my caleche, glad, apparently, to be freed from the fatigue of horse exercise for the rest of his journey; and scarcely heeding a long account he was giving me of the enormities of the brigands, I was lost in melancholy musings, when the narrator came to a sudden pause—his practised ear had caught the sound of musketry. Stopping the carriage, we were in a moment on horseback, and, accompanied by the troopers, dashed forward in the direction of the firing. A gallop of a few hundred yards, and a turn of the road, gave to our view the equipage of the Countess Castlemain in the power of banditti. Our charge was instant and successful; the robbers fled, and I received into my arms the fainting form of her who was the bride of my deadliest foe.

"A few shots were yet dropping around us, as the villains made good their retreat; I bore the countess to a shelving rock, which, over-hanging the road, placed her in safety. She speedily recovered sufficiently to thank me for her rescue. I, of course, deserved but a slight share of praise for an act in which so many had participated; but the officer of the party had fallen by the rifle of a brigand. The soldiers were soon liberally rewarded by her orders; and the gratitude of this young and beautiful creature, poured forth with a warmth of feeling commensurate with her horror at the recollection of the fate which a few minutes before seemed to await her, would, from any other but the wife of Castlemain, have cheered my desolate heart with the

satisfaction that at least one moment of my life had not been spent in vain. But, possessed by the morbid spirit of revenge, I inwardly cursed the impulse which had led me to save even innocence and beauty from the grasp of the ravisher. Were they not reserved for Castlemain? Concealing my feelings with the best grace I could, I busied myself in the necessary arrangements for proceeding on our route. My caleche had been overturned and injured, in the *mêlée*, and I found myself without excuse for refusing a seat in the countess's carriage, which was politely pressed on my acceptance. During the few hours I was thus thrown into her society, a scheme of designing treachery seemed, by some demon's whispering, developed to me, through which my deeply-sealed revenge might to the full be satisfied. I found my lovely companion artless and communicative; she had been married rather more than a twelvemonth, nearly the whole of which time she had passed on the Continent. The earl was at Vienna, and would join her at Rome; she would then return to England to be introduced at court. On my expressing my surprise that she had not ere this been presented, I found she was a citizen's daughter—a fact she did not affect to disguise; the rest of her unhappy lot I but too well guessed. She had been sacrificed by her ambitious parents to a titled libertine, who scarcely found in her beauty, accomplishments, and fortune, compensation for her plebeian extraction. I look back with horror at the villainous scheme that now took possession of my soul. I determined by every art in my power to supplant the earl in the affections of his wife, or rather to interest the feelings of a heart which I justly imagined might have revolted from the sordid contract of which she had been the unwilling victim. Here would be my revenge—alas! alas! could I in Castlemain's dishonour find forgetfulness of my own? Everything was forgotten in my maddened lust of hatred. I could not bear to contemplate the earl blest with a wife whose beauty, simplicity, and grace, reminded me of my own. Another motive actuated me, under my assumed name—if I succeeded in his dishonour, he might be again induced to meet me, and might yet fall by my hand. But I will not pursue the horrid workings of my diseased mind. The earl's stay at Vienna was prolonged; from thence he was suddenly despatched to Russia, and eight months elapsed ere he reached Rome. I had triumphed—oh! bitter, bitter triumph. The imperial city had been unusually deserted by English society, a period of peculiar political excitement having called home many distinguished visitors, and the countess shrank from the few that remained, with a timidity often perceptible in those unaccustomed to early intercourse with the fashionable world. I had received a letter of thanks from the earl; this seemed to sanction our continued acquaintance;

we at length exclusively devoted ourselves to the society of each other, and the expected return of Castlemain only hastened the declaration of his dishonour. I had proposed retiring to a small villa of mine in the neighbourhood of Rome, and there await the first burst of the earl's resentment, under the pretence that, as it must be met sooner or later, it were better braved at once. The entreaties of my unhappy victim, however, prevailed, and we fled to Venice.

"Thus far I had departed from my original intention of seeking a hostile meeting with Castlemain. How strangely had I become entangled in the meshes of my own net! She whose love I had sought, in the prosecution of remorseless hatred and revenge, was become dearer to me than even the triumph that at length seemed within my grasp. I shuddered at the career I had commenced, but repentance came too late.

"Lord Castlemain lost no time in pursuing our route. A few days after our arrival at Venice, I received a communication couched in terms of unmeasured rage and imprecation: I had succeeded in rousing the apathy of his cold, calculating heart; a meeting was appointed by our seconds—I still remained under my assumed name—but on the ground I confronted my enemy when the weapons were already in our grasp. We were to have fired together; in the surprise and agitation of the moment, Castlemain discharged his pistol ere the signal was given, and the ball harmlessly passed me.

"'Mr. Skeene,' said the earl, recovering his self-possession, 'I have fired. You seek my life. Take it.'

"Murderer as I was, I could not accept so ungenerous an advantage. Again we took our stations, and my bullet penetrated my antagonist's brain. Oh! moment of indescribable agony! I rushed to the fallen man with the gestures of a maniac: though the evidence of his death was but too apparent, I would not believe for a long time that I had slain him. The ghastly wound seemed to open to me one of the gates of hell; I had panted for the blood of my enemy, and behold it was there—like the bright and tempting draught of the poisoner held to the parched lip of fever had been the cup of vengeance; recklessly I had drunk it, and it had scorched my soul.

"The result of our meeting had been made known to the countess ere my distress of mind permitted me to rejoin her; nor was this all—my real name declared, the whole scheme of vengeance seemed revealed to her: the stroke was as the blow of death. The duel had taken place during the heat of the day, and it was evening ere I entered the Palazzo. The countess lay extended on a couch; she had burst a blood-vessel. The exertion of speaking rapidly hastened her dissolution, but her words were in the language of forgiveness · no

reproach passed her lips. Supported in my arms, she gently murmured, 'It is best that I should die;' and a second victim was offered on the altar of my revenge.

"My tale hastens to an end. I once more changed my name; and amid the dissipations of continental cities, in the sensual revel and the excitement of play, tried to flee from the bitterness of memory. At length, I took up my permanent abode in Paris.

"The mysticism of a peculiar system of materialism had, at this time, taken a strong hold on my imagination. The most reckless votaries of pleasure in the voluptuous capital of France I found linked by a community of feeling in many points resembling, in its tenets, the Epicurean philosophy of old. Like those heathen sensualists, pleasure being to them the chief end of life, existence was only supportable so long as enjoyment was in possession. Warring not with other creeds, and willingly allowing believers in their doctrines the eternity of their hopes and fears, they only claimed for themselves the right of self-destruction under the vain belief that the calm, dispassionate resignation of the privileges of being, dissolved the compact binding the created to the Creator; the spirit, in that case, losing its individuality (thus they imagined), resolved itself into the eternal essence, thus promising to the believers in this desperate fallacy the immunities of annihilation.

"The death-bed of an ardent 'professor' of the 'Fraternity of Immolation,' aroused me from my dream of mysticism. D'Egville, a scholar and a man of genius, then one of my most intimate associates, determined on the resignation of existence. A bankrupt in health and fortune, he turned from the dregs of life with a loathing he described as 'that longing for rest which the material portion of man, wearied and worn, panted to enjoy as the aspirations of a soul asking freedom from its imprisonment to resolve itself into the infinite and eternal spirit.'

"D'Egville's last banquet was prepared. There was the siren voice of beauty, and the deep mantling blush of wine,—the beaming eye and the embrace of fellowship, and who could count the flying hours? Did he whose song was with the gayest, and whose smile was with the brightest—did D'Egville? The secret was within his own breast. Already had the midnight hour come and past, and the revellers still laughed and sang, and the thought and the half-spoken whisper of an intended immolation was almost forgotten, when the commissioned tongue of time struck the third hour of morning. Our host arose, a crystal goblet held high above his pale, calm brow, whilst a ray of light, darting through the crimson draught it contained, played round his head like a coronal of flame; a smile was on his lip

—a smile of bitter and mysterious meaning—and the fatal pledge was given 'to the sleep that knows no waking.' According to established usage—for, alas! these feasts of death had been many—each cup was drained save his whose dregs were poison, and, in a low, harmonious chant the guests responded to the call of their self-doomed associate:—

'To the sleep that knows no waking!
To the quiet of the tomb,
Where the silence knows no breaking,
Nor earthly echoes come!
To the long and dreamless slumber
When the heart has ceased its aching,
Where time forgets to number—
To the sleep that knows no waking!

To the night that knows no morning!
To the shades that never flee!
The sun no more returning,
The labourer is free:—
And the spirit taught to sever,
Its burthen once forsaking,
Resumes its bondage never—
To the sleep that knows no waking!'*

"As this melancholy chorus ceased, the subdued revellers, one by one, in silence departed like the mourners of a funeral, who gazed their last on 'the dark coffin lid.' I, too, had turned to go, but lingered at the door of the apartment, and once more looked at D'Egville. He seemed to wait but my departure; the goblet was almost at his lips—could I abet this deed of death! Forgetful of my pledges of fraternity, I rushed towards him, but the cup was drained. 'This may not be,' said the suicide, calmly replacing the goblet on the table, and taking the hand I had stretched out in the vain attempt to arrest his purpose. 'I will not reproach you, my friend, with having departed from our covenanted forms; but for your own sake, you must leave me. I now go to my chamber—in a short half-hour the death-sleep will be on me: I shall not suffer, and need not your assistance, whilst the fact of your witnessing my dying may involve you in the question of my death; so here we part.' Thus saying, he embraced me with a vivacity of gesture as if he had been speaking but of the separation of an hour.

"In spite of this appeal, I declared myself still desirous of remaining with him; I yet hoped he might be induced to have recourse

* Having discovered these lines among the papers of my deceased friend, I have given them in their proper order.

to an antidote by my persuasion; or should he even die, it seemed to me that I had a right to watch how far the terrors of death might shake the philosophy he professed; for it was to *his* specious arguments I had yielded a vague belief in the verity of the dogmas, and enrolled myself of the fraternity. Indeed, though a complete equality was supposed to exist amongst the associates, D'Egville, if not the founder, had long been the most energetic professor of this desperate creed, and the increase of the society had been materially owing to his proselytism. Thus interested in the fatal scene that was enacting, I again begged to continue with the suicide; I besought him to allow of my calling for assistance. I even threatened to do so without his permission, forgetful of my initiatory pledge of secresy and non-interference; sternly reminding me of this obligation, the desperate man dared me to cross his purpose. Drawing a pistol from his breast, he deliberately said, 'Why should we not part friends, Skeene?—you see I am determined. If you are indeed sick of life, as you professed to be, fill your goblet to the brim at yonder vase—I will answer for the preparation, and a couch in the next apartment is at your disposal; but if you attempt to follow me, this pistol shall cut you off from the privilege of self-immolation for ever.'

"He then ascended to an upper chamber, leaving me the solitary occupier of the deserted banquet-hall, for our orgies were always without attendants. Turning with a shudder from the fatal vase commended to me, I flung aside the drapery of a window, and pushing open its glazed frame, admitted the cool air and pale light of dawning day into the heated room. I was gazing musingly on a smooth and verdant lawn, sparkling with the dew of morning, and endeavouring to determine on my course of proceeding. It seemed useless my courting the investigation D'Egville's death would occasion: in a moment more I believe I should have sought my horse and departed for Paris (the scene of this tragedy being a villa some few miles from that capital), when a prolonged yell of agony resounded through the corridors. Regardless now of all consequences, I proceeded in the direction of the appalling sound; but ere I reached, what I had already pictured to myself as the chamber of death, I found myself attended by an ancient domestic, and together we entered his master's apartment. Stretched on a bed, in the highest state of delirium, I beheld the wretched D'Egville. The poison he had taken, which in several instances had been too fatally proved, might have been expected to have produced death in its mildest form, the suicide generally departing life in sleep or stupor; but some miscalculation or deterioration of strength must, in this case, have deceived the hapless victim. The ravings of that night even now seem present to me. Insensible

to all around him, he imagined that he had already arrived at a place of final retribution—eternal torment. 'Hell—yes, I feel thy tortures,' cried the writhing sufferer—'I breathe thy sulphureous flames. —Rack me not, ye demons. What! I denied your power? 'Tis false—'twas idle cavilling. Bathe not my heart in molten lead—I did not dream to 'scape thee—oh! use me gently. I have come to thee, and see a goodly fellowship—Skeene, à Court, Monfred, De Roche, (mentioning several of our associates). 'Fools! idiots! on them lash all your scorpions—annihilation! pardon—peace.'

"But enough of such—a death-bed is revealed. A short quarter of an hour, and D'Egville's clutched hands tore at his heaving throat—the throes of death were on him. His bloodshot eyes met mine—could it be imagination? He seemed to recognise me; as if some demon animated that distorted visage, a smile of triumphant malice flitted across the features of the dying man, and a laugh mingled with the death-rattle as his spirit fled.

"I was again a wanderer: Paris had no further blandishments for me. I tried in vain to persuade myself that the mental agonies of the death I had witnessed arose from natural causes. I seemed to have escaped from the trammels of a demon. But *had* I escaped? The serious question of religion, for the first time in my life, now engaged my attention. Travelling in the Holy Land, even at the Holy Sepulchre, I met one whose endeavours to enlighten my bewildered mind were blessed with success. He was a missionary, and his mission was to the lost sheep of the 'House of Israel.' His humble disciple, but faithful friend, for the last twelve months I have toiled in the cause he had at heart. It was our intention to have penetrated into the interior of this vast continent; accident divided us. I know not what may be his fate, but we are all under the guidance of Heaven, and it was the Divine mercy led you to this spot, that you might be the witness of my departure to an eternity which, through the mercies of a Redeemer, I no longer dread. I would tell you of our travels in these benighted wilds, but I have already drawn too largely on the little strength that is yet allotted me—perhaps too largely on your patience."

Such was the narrative of Alan Skeene—such, broken by many interruptions, occasioned by pain and increasing weakness, the last mental effort of my poor friend.

Humble and repentant, even thankful and content to die, his spirit, purified by suffering, and perfected in faith, resigned itself into the hands of its Maker.

JEAN CAMERON'S COLLEGE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SOME men have the honour of being educated in fine cities, and by gentlemen in large wigs: I was educated in a very little village, and by a very old woman. The name of the village is unknown in tale or ballad, though a spot for a pastoral poet to love, or a painter to sketch. It is miserably poor, and much out of the way, and produces no better commodities than plaiden webs, green kale, and handsome lads and lasses. I need not be more particular, unless to say that it is the only village in Scotland which refuses to grow larger, or to part with its people; nay, it is recorded of one of them, that, penetrating on a time beyond the hills which girdle in the valley, he came back with a report that he had found very respectable folk on the other side; but his neighbours shook their heads, and no one had the curiosity to go and see the truth of the story.

In this small village, and among this original people, I was educated; the name of my schoolmistress was Jean Cameron. I would have concealed it, like that of the village itself, but the district newspaper, hard pushed on the day of her death for what is called a bit of the local, gave her name to posterity.

I had not been many days at school when I began to find that the village had inhabitants of some note and renown; namely, two weavers, whose voices in psalmody reached above the Bangor; a fiddler, to whose instrument no one could dance who was not of the place, so original was his music; a cooper, who it was remarked excelled more in prayer than in pail-making; and three old women, who had no more visible means of livelihood than what a spinning-wheel, half a dozen hens, and a little garden supplied. How they lived Heaven best knows, since to the care of Heaven alone they seemed to be left. But what these good people prided themselves most in was, in actually possessing a minister of the Gospel, and a place of worship wholly and exclusively their own. The divine was a worthy of the Cameronian sect, whose mystic discourses were always supposed to intimate a coming glory to the covenanting church. When, having dealt with free grace, effectual calling, and election, he cleft darkly into the more personal matter of defection of princes and peers from the cause, a hum of approbation was heard around, and

sometimes an elder would mutter, "He's in the marrow of the whole now!" The church of this worthy was of the grandest dimensions, and its architect, contemplating man's selfishness in things voluntary, had made it so complete, that it needed no repairs; in truth, its roof was of air and its walls of wind, for it was a little wild broomy hollow: the pulpit of the preacher was an upright stone, the seats of the hearers was the grassy turf; but on a summer morn, when the sun was up, the larks in the air, and the preacher in a happy vein, the eye and ear were alike gratified, and the Cameronian kirk was worth a visit.

A kirk not built with hands, and a clergyman who owned God alone, and disclaimed all other patronage, required a school after their kind, and they had it. This, as the mistress sometimes proudly averred, was none of your act of parliament schools, but one made by the necessities of the place and people. It was a hovel; the fire of turf, supplied by the scholars, was on the ground; the smoke eddied slowly round and round, trying, and now and then succeeding, to escape in gusts at window and door, till at last it found the hole in the roof a legitimate vent, from whence it issued, but not without imparting a taste of its flavour to hams and flitches, presents from more opulent Cameronians, which hung over our heads. The scholars, some fifty in number, were of either sex; we all learned our lessons aloud: the noisiest was in high favour, and the clang and confusion of tongues sometimes attracted the passers-by, and caused them alike to listen and wonder.

The mistress, Jean Cameron, was short and stout, with a straight nose, full lips, eyes gray and clear, a hand ready and sharp with the tawse, and a tongue as musical as the voice of the morning lark. She condescended to teach the Bible and New Testament only—all other books she called the frivolous inventions of men. Grammar and spelling, and reading by the sense or pauses, came not within her scheme of teaching; she had heard of them, however, for I heard her say in prayer that they were vain things, a trade by themselves; and when once, in a less severe mood, she desired us to read a chapter by the stops, instead of the more natural way by the measure of our breaths, she said it was a foolish thing, and though one or more of us promised to excel, she would not persevere, and she did not. The notes of interrogation puzzled her much; she called them little crooked emissaries, and declared that they came into a page like a stone into a stream, for no other purpose but to disturb it. The Bible was the sole volume, and she read it with profit; it was the only book, she said, worthy of the name, and in it was contained all knowledge. She could find Scripture for anything, and was skilful in the discovery of allegorical

meanings. She allowed some chapters of the Cloud of Witnesses to lie on her shelves, and she admitted that, of all latter apostles, Alexander Peden came nearest to her notion of a true divine, for he was, she said, both prophet and preacher; "and was it not our own Sandie," she once triumphantly exclaimed, "who dropt the great truth, that wherever a praying lass or lad was found at a dyke back, there had God built his kirk, and spread her banner?"

We loved the school and we loved the mistress; for though in times of more than common exasperation she flogged us all round, yet her hand was light, and her tawse were neither hardened in the fire at the tips, as she said, like that sharp teacher's Dominie Macknight's, nor armed with lead drop, like the strap of that harsh creature Dominie Davison, and only put the bairns in mind of their duty, poor things, without hurting them. One thing alone troubled us: there were other schools in the district kept by men, and in a moment of spite at hearing the fame old Jean had acquired in making what she called "good Gospel scholars," her little smoky hovel, whence all this erudition issued, was called "Jean Cameron's College." The name stuck: her scholars were ever after called "Jean's Collegians;" and were any one to inquire how her nose happened to be flatter than it is seemly for a nose to be, I should, in the spirit of truth-telling taught by my worthy mistress, say it was flattened in fight, resenting against all and sundry a nickname which was meant to insult us.

I must confess, however, that, much as I loved old Jean and her ways, I sometimes knew so little of what was for my good, that my mind wandered from the lists of kings who ruled and reigned in Israel, and other pleasant lessons, to matters not in their nature spiritual. For instance, I sometimes thought that Nelly Lawson, who sat next me, had a brighter eye and a rosier cheek than Barbara Macleg, who was nearer the foot of the class; and now and then I lamented that her way home took to the hills, and mine to the vales; but my chief resting-place of mind and eye was, the sunlight which made its way through two small panes of rough green glass, and gleaming mottie in the feet, crawled at a subdued snail-pace along floor and wall, indicating, as clear as on a dial, and in time's slowest manner, how the day went. The birds' nests which I hoped to find on my way home, the dams which I had projected in the mill-stream, and the flowers which I resolved to gather, all pressed upon my fancy, and made me accuse the sun sometimes of a desire to stand still, as in the days of Joshua.

A confinement to school and book, and discipline such as old Jean's from ten till five, was relieved by many requests for leave out, and by forty minutes of delightful time allotted for eating—devouring is the true word—the little morsel of dinner which our scrip or pockets held.

The leave out afforded a five minutes' espial of things at which the mid-day remission gave us a more prolonged gaze; and I shall never forget the gladsome burst with which we sallied into the sunshine when our mistress, laying aside her Bible and spectacles, released us by a short prayer, and sent us rejoicing abroad. Some of us took to the game of "kingie cantelone," in which coat-tails were torn, for few of us were willing to be captured; others, the longer-winded, departed in what we called "the hounds and hare," in which stony brooks and brambly braes were cleared; but in the season of flowers, my chief pleasure was to sit upon the wall of an old castle, and look at the trouts scudding up and down the little brook which runs slowly by; at the blossoming thorns and drooping bushes which lined the bank; or, more charming still, into a little garden which had flowers of many colours, as well as lady-kale and rosemary, and in which an old man sat, watching the school-boys from his fruit and his bee-hives, lest they should cast forth a swarm, and all the while seeming intent on a book—a Bible which had been carried by his grandfather through the wars of the persecution, and which was stained with his blood, for he fell at Bothwell-brigg.

Nor did my schoolmistress fail to be included in this picture. No sooner had she taken what she called her creature comforts, namely, a potato and milk, than she brought out an old carved arm-chair; placed it in the sunshine at the door; and with a dog, old, worn, and faithful, at her side, there she seated herself, enjoying the free fresh air, the light of heaven, and the music of the brook; three things she was wont to say, essential to all who desired to love and honour the hand that made them. Between the old man in the garden and our mistress at the school-door, a sort of fellowship, almost amounting to something softer, seemed to have been established. They sat looking towards one another, and though they moved no nearer, nor opened a lip, an intercourse, which probably they never tried to interpret, was established by their eyes. In short, they rejoiced in each other's presence; and while in public our old neighbour, James Nicol by name, admitted that Jean, though older than she looked, was full of the beauty of holiness—the only true beauty—and older women too, he averred, had experienced love trials (Rachel Hutcheon, of Skipmore, for instance, had met with a love disappointment in her eighty-second year, drooped for seven years or so, but in the eighth looked up, and grew both creuse and canty). Jean, on the other hand, averred that James was almost a miracle of a man; could talk as well as the minister himself—was the better for having had two wives—to few men were vouchsafed such blessed experiences; and for her own part, were she not wedded to the dear bairns of her school, she did not

know what might happen. The sight of James in his garden, and of Jean at her school-door, was to me an all but daily thing—but a change was to ensue.

One day James was not on his accustomed seat; the sun was bright, the flowers in bloom, and the bees busy. I could observe an uneasiness in Jean's eye. Next day also he was absent, and it was whispered in the school that James was ill, and like to die. Jean always prayed for her scholars, when she dismissed them for the night; that evening James was included in her prayers; she saw and felt that death was at hand, and her words were earnest and moving. "Soon," she said, "will his feet be missed on that bonny lawn-side, no more will his shadow be on the stream, neither will the beauty of the lilies which he loved please him, nor the fragrance of his flowers gladden him, nor the bees come back from the hills with a murmur grateful to his ear; neither will the sweet bairns who now listen to my words behold any more the image of this good and just man, or be awed into reverence by his looks, or into virtue by his example."

Next morning it was told, as we formed our classes, that James Nicol was dead and gone. The looks of our mistress were sad; and when she roasted our dinner eggs amid the hot ashes of her little hearth-fire, it was remarked that she neglected to crack their ends on the cat-head, as usual, and that they came to our hands all over-done.

His place in the garden continued empty—the door and windows of his house were shut; and we saw the tailor enter to measure the mournings for his little grandson, and the joiner follow to ascertain the dimensions of the final residence this world was to afford. On the succeeding day the coffin arrived, the parish grave-digger followed with the velvet mort-cloth or pall; and we were told that the body was laid in the coffin, and two Cameronians, from the inland hills, were to watch by the bed-side all night.

"This is all right," I heard Jean Cameron say to herself; "let the godly watch the dust whence the Holy Spirit has flown, lest things evil should enter the cold clay, and amaze us with their pranks."

The body with the coffin was placed on the bed, and beside it sat the two Cameronian watchers; they discoursed of the deceased—they quoted passages from the sermons or sayings of Peden, and as the night advanced they spoke low, and in Scripture phrases, and listened with suspicion lest every sound they heard should take a shape, and become visible. It is said one of them saw something at the mid-hour of the night; a dim light from a small iron creuse made a kind of glimmer in the room, and as he stooped over it to read, the light seemed ready to expire, and a dog which lay at the threshold gave a low growl. He looked up, and beheld a black figure like the shadow

of a man moving towards the bed; the body, as the shape drew near, moved in the coffin; the shroud which held down the hands was agitated and lifted up, and the pale lips of the corpse moved, and words, or rather sounds, like those of prayer, were audible. He touched his companion, but his brother-watcher heard nor saw nothing; but he said afterwards, that a cold hand seemed to hold him down, and he felt a shudder upon him as though something terrible had been present.

That something fearful had been present, I heard Jean Cameron declare, for the body, she said, looked disordered; horror was stamped on the brow, and his small Bible—a bosom companion—was shifted to the left hand, while his right hand had got clutched round the hilt of his ancestor's sword, on which the name of God was written, and from which all things evil fled. One of the neighbours gave a more profane version of the story, much to the scandal of all devout Cameronians; but the two watchmen averred that they had drunk nought to speak of, and at all times could distinguish between a man's shadow and the devil from Toflet. How this might be, I know not; but James Nicol was buried with his fathers, and on the evening of his funeral my old schoolmistress fell ill. Jean looked pale and distressed from the day her friend took to his bed; her eye was vacant, her hand unsteady, and she sometimes gave the Bible boys their lessons in the New Testament, and the New Testament children their lessons in the Bible. The youngest of us saw that something was the matter; and her old dog Dustie whimpered around her, and seemed to ask what ailed her.

Much ailed her; death was dealing with her. We went to school—but she blessed us, and dismissed us, saying, "Come back, bairns, to-morrow, for I shall be better." The morrow came, and her voice was feebler; and when we went into the school on the third morning, and spoke, no one answered—she had died at sunrise! We took our Bibles and departed, to spread through the little valley the news of her death; nor did we return till those who succeeded to her poor furniture, and a few pounds scots, said it was her last request that her blessed bairns should attend her funeral.

The whole of the last scene is now to me as a dream, for I was stunned and overcome; but one part of it was too impressive to be soon forgot. As the bearers took the coffin from the door, her poor old dog Dustie, who had lain by her bed-side from the hour of her death, regardless alike of caresses or food, arose, and following with a low howl, fell down and died among the rushes strewn before the door. Some one said, "Let us bury the faithful friends in the same grave;" but no one favoured the sentiment. C.

THE EXPEDITION OF MAJOR AP OWEN TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY, AND THE REASON WHY HE RETURNED BEFORE HE GOT THERE.

BY W. H. MAXWELL.

"Art thou lunatic?"
"This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him."
Shakespeare.

MAJOR AP OWEN was in command of a wing of the gallant 8-th, and I was acting adjutant. Ap Owen, it need scarcely be added, was a Welshman, and believed himself the lineal descendant of a prince with an unpronounceable name. He was, of course, in manner lofty and ceremonious, and in temper hot as a pepper-pod. On the whole, however, he was an honest fellow, and in our regimental relations we got on smoothly enough. It is true, he was short-grained and irritable; but the squall was quickly over, and the little commander was always miserable after a bilious burst upon parade, until a general reconciliation was effected over an extra cooper of old port.

He was a stout stumpy gentleman, far beneath the middle size; with a small gray eye, a red face, such as a two-bottle Christian man should have, and a nose of extraordinary dimensions; indeed, this useful organ was framed on a scale of extensive liberality, which in more than one garrison had obtained for the proprietor the flattering *soubriquet* of "Nosey." Brave as a lion, the little major had one constitutional infirmity—insane people were his abomination—and with nerve enough to face a howitzer loaded with buckshot to the muzzle, a madman at a mile off would, to the offspring of "a royal line," cause fear and trepidation.

It was autumn—the half-yearly inspection was over—drill suspended for a season, and nothing to do in barracks but pace the yard or pore over the newspaper. Some of us shot; some were occupied in giving their horses preparatory gallops for hunting, when the little commander announced his intention of visiting Killarney, and to prove, by a personal survey, that the lakes there were wonderfully inferior to certain loughs he averred as existing in North Wales. Unhappily

my father's house was directly in the route—the Major travelled on horseback—Killmacreenan was but twenty miles from ———, and the castle—for so my parental home was designated—would, from lying on the line of march, form an excellent halting-place for the night.

The 28th of October rose gloriously—the short commander issued in due form from the gate—taking of his "charge of foot" a most ceremonious leave, and intimating that we need not count upon the light of his countenance before the next return, to wit, the tenth of the following month.

It was the evening of the day on which the short commander had departed, that we were settled comfortably round the horse-shoe table, and, determined to make it a wet night, had just ordered a broiled bone. All were in high spirits, and I particularly. The hounds had been out for the first time that season—drawn the cover of Dunmallow—found the fox at home, and, after a ten-mile run, killed him in good style, and that too at a slapping pace and over a break-neck country. Splinter-bar—ah! what a fencer he was!—all through, kept me at the head of the field; and not a man took the sunk fence and deer-park wall, when we ran into the "red rascal," but the whipper and myself. He was hanged, poor fellow, afterwards, for shooting an informer; and more the pity, for a trifle of the sort, to choke the best light-weight in Roscommon!

Well, that night we were all in high force, and in the course of conversation, our absent friend, the little Major, was not forgotten.

"Tom," said the junior captain, "I wish we could take a peep into Killmacreenan, and see what condition the honest Welshman is in. I hear your father goes it awfully."

"The governor," I replied, "*can* take his liquor; and if there be faith in old port, the short commander is by this time *hors de combat*, and unable to identify his own brother from the Lord Mayor of London."

I had scarcely finished the sentence, when the door opened, and a short, stout gentleman glided in. The noise of our hilarity enabled the stranger to pass the screen unnoticed, when lo! the little Welshman presented himself *in propriâ personâ*, rage and indignation flashing from his small gray eyes:

"For no saluting did he wait,"

but tapping the senior captain on the shoulder, signalled that he should follow him, and then silently departed.

We were all astounded at the unexpected apparition of the short commander. "What's the matter?" asked everybody, but nobody

could answer the question. The only attempt to elucidate the mystery was essayed by the lieutenant of grenadiers, who laid his finger on his forehead, closed his left eye, and muttered in an under voice, "Rats in the garret, for a hundred!" thereby insinuating, that the little Major's upper story was rather out of order.

Captain Maguire speedily returned, called me behind the screen, and intimated that, for mortal offence, immediate satisfaction was required; and that Major Ap Owen, God willing, would be punctually on the Breafy race-course, at the hour of seven o'clock, at the turn where Dick Dogherty broke his neck.

"And pray let me inquire, wherefore I am to be shot at where Dick dislocated the best bone in his body?" I modestly inquired.

"Faith, my dear boy, I cannot exactly answer the question. Ap Owen was in a rage, I in a hurry, and I forgot to ask what the quarrel was about," responded Captain Maguire.

"What have I done?"

"Devil have them that knows best," was the satisfactory reply.

"And am I to be targetted because that crazy Welshman has taken some crotchet into his head?"

"Phoo, man," responded the second Sir Lucius. "He's commanding officer, you know, and we must strain a point to oblige him. Ask no questions, but be punctual to the time."

"Did he assign any cause for this most extraordinary call?" I inquired.

"Egad, none particularly; but he muttered something about madmen, an asylum," replied Mr. Maguire.

"Upon my life, the latter place is the fittest residence for your friend at present. But I presume I am expected to fight first, and ascertain the cause of the quarrel afterwards."

"Precisely so," exclaimed the Captain.

"Then I had better send Plunkett to your room, and make the necessary arrangements," I observed.

"Just the thing, my boy; no use 'fending and proving'* when a shot settles all, and saves argument and bother;" and with this conclusive remark, the worthy Captain returned to his friend the Major.

Having despatched my representative, I retired to my own rooms to wait the result, and conjecture in what way I had raised the wrath of the descendant of Caractacus. Vain was the attempt. The more the quarrel was investigated, the more mystified it became. After a tedious interval of suspense, Plunkett presented himself, and if I

* A Connaught expression, meaning to charge and rebut.

calculated on having "doubt removed by him," I was grievously mistaken.

"Well, nothing but a meeting will do!" he said, closing the door carefully; "and, to be candid, Tom, you took an unpardonable liberty with your superior."

"Propound—for, on my soul! I am in utter ignorance of my offending," I replied.

"Indeed! was it exactly correct, when aware of the little man's antipathy to mad people, to send him to a lunatic asylum?"

"Send him to a lunatic asylum!" I repeated in amazement.

"Ay, when he would rather lead a forlorn hope than encounter a person of doubtful intellect, as everybody knows."

"Upon my soul! my dear Plunkett, in my private opinion you are all mad."

"It was a *mad* freak; but, in short, he won't listen to an apology, which I offered almost unconditionally on your part."

"Listen to the devil!" I exclaimed, passionately; "you are all deranged—all, principals and seconds. Come, the sooner this farce ends the better; and I'll go and ask that Welsh goose what the deuce has addled him."

Accordingly, off I set with my fighting friend, and the *éclaircissement* was singularly ridiculous.

To elucidate this mysterious affair, I must acquaint the reader that Killmacreenan, like every other Irish establishment, had its own particular residents and visitors. Three of these personages I find it necessary to introduce; and these were, Frankeeine Kelly,* Fidge Macdonna, and Penelope O'Dowd; and by an inverted order of etiquette, in describing the respective parties, the fool shall have precedence of the fair.

Frankeeine was a sort of goose-gibbie, who devoted a portion of his time to the management of the fowl-yard, and spent the remainder in climbing up the ash trees, swinging on the gates, or sleeping beside the kitchen fire. He was sane on all matters but two—the one was a preposterous fancy for wearing soldier's clothes; the other, a settled conviction that Jack D'Arcy, my worthy father and his liege lord, and Jack D'Arcy's domicile, the Castle of Killmacreenan, were universally known and admired by every inhabitant of the earth, from Town Hill, even to the gates of Timbuctoo.

Fidge Macdonna was a more important personage. He was a slight, meagre man, past the noon of life, having a small fortune and no fixed residence. Connected with many families in the neighbour-

* Frankeeine—*Anglice*, Little Frank.

hood, he flitted from house to house, never remaining in any beyond a week or two at most. From this restless disposition, he had acquired his byname, and his baptismal appellation of Philip had long since merged into the *soubriquet* of Fidge. For the greater portion of the year, Fidge, who considered his personal attractions as all but irresistible, spent his time in harmless fopperies, such as interweaving the dozen hairs he possessed over his bald occiput, under the fond delusion that thereby he concealed his infirmity. But in Autumn, a periodical fit came on, his eccentricity and restlessness increased, his habits underwent an entire change, and from a country dandy he became a dirty sloven.

Last comes Miss Penelope O'Dowd. She was a *claveeine** of my father, and, like Fidge Macdonna, belonged to that migratory order, once so common in the west of Ireland, who spent a life in visiting their community of cousins. Pen, as she was familiarly termed, was a tall, gaunt, hard-featured elderly gentlewoman, vain of the antiquity of her family, the elegance of her carriage, and her proficiency in music. She walked with an out-turned toe, and the stiffness of a drum-major; and, in her pilgrimages round the county, carried an old-fashioned stringed instrument, from which, in her own estimation, she "discoursed most eloquent music." Her auditors, however, held a different opinion, and few who had once heard her "touch the light guitar" ever ventured themselves afterwards in the same room when the instrument was uncased Like Frankeeine Kelly, in dress she was rather showy than select; and, on state occasions, a sky-blue gown and scarlet turban formed her favourite costume.

Now it so happened, that Mr. Macdonna and Miss O'Dowd had most unfortunately arrived at Killmacreenan with the post-bag that contained my epistle announcing the advent of Major Ap Owen. Nothing could be more *mal-à-propos*. Fidge had the dirty fit upon him, and for days immemorial had been guiltless of clean linen. Nor was Penelope herself precisely the style of person that one encounters in Willis's Rooms, or the *soirées musicales* of the Countess St. Antonio. To exhibit either to a stranger was not desirable, and so thought my worthy father.

"Mary," he said to my mother, "I wish these devils were in Australia. How surprised the Major will be! and, faith! no wonder. Do try and lay an embargo on the turban and guitar, and induce Fidge to shave and sport a light-coloured shirt. I shall ride to Cooldermott; meet Tom's commander at the village, and bring him here;"

* *Claveeine—Anglice*, a relative in a distant degree.

and with such instructions to my mother, and intentions towards his guest, my worthy sire departed. Would that he had accomplished his designs—what a world of trouble it would have saved me and others!

Unluckily, Killmacreenan was approachable by two roads to Cooldermott. The carriage-way required a *détour* to avoid a swamp, and the other, a mile shorter, led through a bog, and crossed a ford, impracticable to all save horsemen and pedestrians. By this latter route Ap Owen made his advance, and desperate conclusions might have resulted from his preferring a *boreeine** to a carriage drive.

The day was hot, and Major Ap Owen corpulent. He was not travelling *express*, and a man "on pleasure bent" has no occasion to ride like a courier. It was past four when he reached Cooldermott; and on inquiring his route, of course received directions to take the bog-road as the shorter.

On he journeyed for some time, the path, occasionally skirted by some straggling firs, at last terminated in a thick plantation; and a gate attached to a huge ash tree barred his farther progress. Ap Owen dismounted to unclose it, but his efforts were unsuccessful. The gate was what an Irish gate should be, rough, rickety, and hanging by a single hinge; and all the Welshman's strength and skill were strained to displace it, and strained in vain. What was to be done? Nothing but secure his horse, and find his destination on foot, as he best could. Accordingly the bridle was fastened to a tree, and the gate, with a partial fracture in the unmentionables, surmounted. Straining his sight to penetrate the deep foliage of the copse, the little commander muttered in a petulant under tone, "Now, where the devil can this Jack D'Arcy live?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a fool, not to know where Jack d'Arcy lives?" was promptly returned from above; and on looking up, the startled Welshman perceived a nondescript animal, arrayed in the tattered remnants of a drummer's jacket, and astride on the topmost branch of the tree, on which, like a parrot in a swing, he swayed himself to and fro with untiring constancy. Endeavouring to conceal his alarm, the short commander politely inquired the road.

"Ha! ha! ha! To ask the road to Killmacreenan! Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a fool?"—and the mad-looking biped laughed, and swung, and shouted, "Ha! ha! ha! was there ever such a fool?"

Ap Owen tarried for no further questioning, but fairly abandoning horse and cloak-case to the mercy of the maniac, he fled by the first path that presented itself. While through casual openings in the

* *Boreeine*, in English, means a bridle road.

wood, the wild cachinations of Frankeeine Kelly, occasionally heard, accelerated the commander's flight, as a sudden burst of the hounds stimulates a jaded hunter. At last, blown and exhausted, he was fairly run to "a stand-still," when he found himself on the bank of a rivulet, and on a sloping rise in his front stood the house of Killmacreenan.

Having returned thanks to his patron saint, wiped his face, arranged his neck-cloth, and ascertained that the damage sustained by his nether garment in the recent escalade was immaterial, the little Welshmam crossed the river by a range of stepping-stones, and leisurely approached the mansion of the D'Arcys. He was safe—that was consolatory—the river was between him and the madman, and the house close by. Here, too, he might obtain assistance, and rescue his horse and accoutrements from the gentleman in the drum-boy's jacket.

Relieved thus from all alarm touching the safety of his person and effects, he recovered his breath and self-possession; but, on arriving at the mansion of my progenitors, a new and unexpected difficulty arose, and that was as to how he should announce his presence. The hall-door was open, but there was no servant in the hall; and worse still, there was no bell visible by which a servant might be summoned. But we must leave Major Ap Owen for a few minutes on the steps, to explain certain matters, which will be found necessary to elucidate the *dénouement* of the story.

I have already stated that there were visitors in the house; that my father meditated a toilet-reform for both, and left instructions with his lady wife to effect it. To restrict a too redundant display in the costume of Penelope O'Dowd might be achieved, but to persuade Fidge Macdonna to abridge a hirsute prodigality of beard, and ensconce himself in clean linen, required all the seductive powers of my mother to accomplish. Of course, to the latter task she addressed herself. By an infinity of persuasions Fidge was induced to use a razor, and was partially depilated, when a few discordant notes from the guitar reminded her that Penelope must be deplumed. Accordingly, from the dressing-room of Mr. Macdonna, she hurried to the boudoir of Miss O'Dowd, but she was gone; and guided by the strings as Penelope "touched and tuned them all," my mother pursued her to the drawing-room.

She entered the state chamber in doubt and dread, and one glance told that her worst fears were realised. Pen was standing before the chimney-glass lost in personal admiration, for more than customary care had that day been lavished on her toilet. The sky-blue robe and the scarlet turban were both in requisition; every bead was on duty,

and the pink plume, only sported at the annual race-ball, waved its ostrich honours over her left ear, until its extremities touched her shoulder. Suspended by a coral necklace, the portrait of a whey-faced youth, "her lamented brother Phelim, slain at Bunker's Hill," rested on a virgin bosom, which for fifty years Dan Cupid had assailed in vain, and which, for the same round period, had never been profaned by "lovers' touch." Even the guitar had new appointments, and its variegated ribbons would have put a recruiting party to the blush.

My mother—God rest her!—was good-natured to a proverb. A kindlier heart never throbbed in woman's bosom; and how could she wound the feelings of Poor Penelope, by denouncing the red turban, and putting an embargo on the guitar? Anxious to effect my father's wishes, she was considering the best method of opening her commission, when a thundering knock at the hall-door announced the expected stranger. In her attempt to reform the costume of her guests, her own had been unfortunately forgotten; and, at the first volley from the knocker, my mother levanted through a side-door, leaving Penelope in "silk attire," and undisturbed possession of the drawing-room, to receive the military guest when he presented himself.

When the lady of the mansion retreated in double quick, at the loud alarum of the little Major, if she supposed that a favourable change had been consummated on the outer man of Fidge Macdonna, she was lamentably mistaken. No sooner had she closed the door of his apartment, than with constitutional restlessness he flung the razor aside, and started after her down stairs; and when my mother entered the drawing-room, Fidge ensconced himself in the parlour. At this moment the short commander presented himself at the hall-door; and after a short uncertainty, decided on appealing to the knocker. The first tap routed my worthy mother, while the second produced a catastrophe that even perilled my life, and threatened to interrupt the succession to the house of Killmacreenan, by consigning me, its heir, to the tomb of all the Capulets.

Ere the peal ceased, an opening door apprised the Welshman that the garrison was alarmed. With his usual dignity, he slowly turned round to receive the expected servitor, when a semi-shaved apparition in a soiled shirt stood within a few feet, and advanced grimacing to his very elbow. The nervous system of Major Ap Owen had already sustained considerable damage in his recent interview with Frankeeine Kelly; and, as Fidge Macdonna approached the hall-door, the alarmed Welshman retreated towards the drawing-room. For a few seconds, like able tacticians, each regarded the other's movements in silence, as

they manœuvred over the floor. Neither spoke—fear having taken from Ap Owen the power of utterance, and Fidge having been taciturn from the cradle. At length the latter burst into a hoarse laugh as he shouted in a voice that echoed to the very attics, "Ha! ha! ha!—Was there ever such a fool! to knock at the hall-door, and it already open!"

Dreadful suspicions distracted the astonished commander. His retreat had brought him to the drawing-room door. As he sought either a weapon of defence, or an opportunity of escaping, a rustling noise in his rear occasioned new alarm.

"Look at her," roared he of the soiled shirt. "Look at ould Peny O'Dowd! she tried for fifty years every man she met, but none would touch her with the tongs.—Hilloo!—Look at her! she's tall as the steeple, and mad as a hatter!—Hilloo!"

Ap Owen *did* look round. *There* stood Penelope in all the awful majesty of outraged virtue, while scorn flashed from her eyes at the base insinuations thrown out against her general propriety by Fidge Macdonna. One look decided the terror-stricken Welshman on his course of action.

The case, indeed, was desperate—his front threatened by a maniac in a dirty shirt—his flank, turned by a gentlewoman in blue and red, "mad as a hatter!" Without a moment's hesitation he bounded to the door, overturned Fidge Macdonna, and exclaiming, "All lunatics, by G—!" rushed out "at headlong speed."

Evan dhu Maccombieh very properly remarks, that "a haggis, God bless her, can charge down a hill," and Major Ap Owen proved the truth of the observation. In ten seconds he gained the river-bank, and young Lochinvar never swam the Esk in more sporting style, than Major Ap Owen "took soil" at Killmacreenan. Luckily his retreat was unopposed. Frankeeine, "on some fule's errand," had moved from his perch upon the ash tree, and both steed and cloak-case remained as he had left them *in statu quo*. Persuaded that, with a felonious design against his person, I had under false representations seduced him into a lunatic asylum, vengeance succeeding terror, he rode furiously home, intending to annihilate me at the peep of day: and, I assure you, I escaped honourable assassination only by a vehement obtestation of my innocence, and the production of impartial evidences to establish the extent of Fidge Macdonna's eccentricity to be merely a love of locomotion and foul linen; while it was admitted upon all hands, that the mental powers of Miss Penelope O'Dowd were only equalled by her personal accomplishments; both being, like her virtue, on a par with Cæsar's wife's—"*sans tache.*"

THE STUDENT OF BAGDAD.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

(From an unpublished Romance written in 1809-10.)

"WHAT news from the Khalif's army?" asked the young student. His question was addressed to a grave and venerable politician, whom he found seated by his side, enjoying the cool of the evening, under a portico of the great College Al Mostanseriah at Bagdad. "Gloomy enough," answered the stranger; "our troops are flying in all directions from the conqueror, Holagu."—"And what, then, mean those shouts and sounds of rejoicing through the city?"—"They are for our last defeat, which the Khalif's minister (whom Allah bless!) declares, as he values his honour and his place, was no defeat at all, but a victory. He has accordingly ordered the inhabitants of Bagdad to rejoice, which they are now doing with the worst grace imaginable." "How wise are the descendants of Abbas!" thought the youth to himself. "But," he resumed, "the Tartar will soon be at your gates —does not the Khalif mean to arm the inhabitants?" "Allah forbid!" exclaimed the old gentleman, who belonged to the established sect of the Sonnites,—"what! trust a hair of our orthodox heads to fellows who disbelieve the Chapter of the Blanket! You are a stranger, young man, or you would have known us better!" The student, on this, wished the pious Sonnite a good evening, and retired to his lodgings.

The name of this youth was Niall. He had left Europe under the banners of the Saint-King, Louis, and had done honour to the Red Branch he bore on his shield, at the battles of Al Mansurah and the Ashmun, in the latter of which the monarch himself was taken prisoner. When St. Louis, however (having purchased back his sacred person from the Mussulmans, at a price which few kings have been worth to their subjects), concluded a peace with Azzoddin Aybec, and returned to France, young Niall, who had rather more taste for learning than was common among his brother crusaders in general, resolved to visit the schools of the east, and to exchange the pious task of murdering heathens for the somewhat more useful one of studying and improving by them.

* * * * * * *

"Put up those books," said the student to his Arab servant, "and meet me early in the morning at Masud's villa." This villa was a small rural retreat on the banks of the Tigris, which belonged to Masud, his venerable preceptor; and to which the youth often fled, for coolness, during the sultry nights of that climate. The sun had just set, and the modest Arabian jasmines, which had kept the secret of their fragrance to themselves all day, were now beginning to let the sweet mystery out, and make every passing breeze their confidant.* To some minds the hour of sunset brings a feeling of sadness, and a Laplander might well be allowed a little pensiveness on such an occasion. But to judge by the gaiety with which he now rowed his boat down the Tigris, this was by no means one of Niall's weaknesses. Not that there was anything beyond pleasant remembrances, to give his spirits such buoyancy at this moment; but his had ever been that rare and happy kind of imagination which retains the impressions of past pleasure, as the Bologna stone treasures up sunbeams.

He was now arrived in sight of the little villa of Masud; and the mild moonlight that fell upon every obbject becalmed the whole scene into such bright and beautiful repose as gave a tone of softness even to the wild spirits of Niall. Not far beyond this villa was the palace of the Emir Al Omera, the most favourite counseller of the Khalif, and chosen, like most other favourite counsellors, for his great zeal and courage in recommending measures which he saw his master had fully determined on, in his own august mind, already. But the chief point on which this emir prided himself was the superior excellence of his seraglio and his library, and it was acknowledged, indeed, that in all Bagdad, there was no such tasteful collector of beauties and books.

But whither is the youth directing his course? He has already passed the humble villa of Masud and is now gliding under the shadows of the Egyptian willows which hang from the lofty terrace of Al Omera's seraglio. Is it the wild beauty of the evening that tempts him so far? or is he indulging in contemplation of the fair planet, Venus, which is just now shining with that half-retired disk which, astronomers inform us, is the loveliest of all her phases?

Before these questions can be answered with any certainty, we must return to some important events left, not undesignedly, behind us.

* Thus versified afterwards in 'Lalla Rookh':—

"From plants that wake when others sleep;
From timid jasmine buds that keep
Their fragrance to themselves all day,
But, when the sun-light dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about."

In going up a hill, says the poet Dante, the hinder foot should always be the firmer; and certainly, in the up-hill work of narrative, the hind foot of the story cannot be too firmly planted.

One morning during the Nevrouz, or Festival of the Spring, having risen with the sun and walked into the gay shining lawn that sloped from his study to the river, Niall observed, along the grass which was still wet with the night-dew, the prints of a foot so small and exquisitely formed, that he could have sworn it must belong to some spiritual being, did he not know how rarely immortals leave traces of themselves behind. Surprised at this phenomenon, he followed the direction of the footsteps, and could track them up close to the lattice of a small pavilion where he frequently studied at night. From thence they returned, and continuing for some time by the side of the river, were wholly lost at the entrance of a deep and dark wood which divided the grounds of Masud's villa from the walled gardens of the seraglio.

* * * * * * *

It was little more than mid-day when, for the second time, the fair Haluta directed her course, with a beating heart, towards Masud's lawn. The heat was excessive; every eye that could afford it was shut up in sleep, nor was there at that moment a single man of fashion awake in all Bagdad. The only sounds that broke on the stillness, as she passed with languid step across the lawn, was a faint laugh, now and then, from a distant group of peasant girls who were taking advantage of that hour of repose to bathe under the shade of the tamarind-trees, in the clear waters of the Tigris.

She looked anxiously towards the pavilion—it was now silent and empty; but a sort of instinct whispered to her to try the dark alley of limes on the right. This path opened upon a small lake which now lay basking in the full splendours of noon, while the verdure around it slept coolly under the shadows of the encircling trees. The source of this lake was a marble fountain, almost hidden among the limes, from which the water stole with a clear but loitering current, as if half afraid to encounter the sunshine that wantoned so boldly over the lake. The deep basin, in which the stream thus lingered on its way, looked clear and motionless as a mirror; and by its side lay young Niall, in a light dreamy sleep, his cheek resting against the marble, whose pale, inanimate hue was contrasted strikingly with the fresh glow of his manly features. Haluta's heart beat high, as well with apprehension as with hope, while she wrote on a tablet the following verses, and tremblingly hung them from a branch of a tree which formed the canopy of his resting-place:—

He that was content to look
At the moonlight in the brook,
To reward his humble view,
Saw both brook and moonlight too.
While the proud aspiring elf,
Who would view the moon himself,
Fell into the brook before him,
Ere he saw the moonlight o'er him.
Dost thou love a smile of joy?
Seek it in the fountain, boy.
Look not up, or thou shalt miss
Present smile and future bliss.

The rustling sound caused by Haluta, in placing these verses, had somewhat loosened the bonds of sleep; and scarcely had she time to fly and hide herself among the lime-trees, when the young student awoke. His first movement on seeing the tablets, was to look anxiously round for the writer of them. But she was too well shaded within the foliage for even her bright eyes to betray her; and no sooner did she perceive that he had read the verses, and that obeying, almost unconsciously, their mandate, he bent his head down over the water, than, with a palpitating heart, she stole from her concealment, and, stepping on a rustic bench immediately behind him, looked down over the liquid mirror, with a smile whose reflection, like Greek Fire, burned unquenchably through the very waters. The young student started with astonishment, and was just on the point of forgetting the warning of the verses, when Haluta, gently laying her hand upon his head, said, with a voice sweet as the song of promise,

Look not up, or thou shalt miss
Present smile and future bliss;

and then, flying through the lime-tree walk, like an antelope, scarce touched the grass of the lawn, and was once more in the gardens of the seraglio.

"Oh, Plato!" exclaimed the student, as he returned thoughtfully to his lone pavilion, "if as thou sayest, whatever of good or lovely we see in this world be but the shadow, the softened reflection of something glorious above us, let that smile which I have just seen be the exemplar of all my thoughts; and, as I gaze upon the passing stream of life, be it my lot to have always such bright eyes thus peeping over my shoulder!"

LE PAS DU VENT.

(From the Journal of a Pyrenean Hunter.)

BY THE HONOURABLE JAMES ERSKINE MURRAY.

"In such weather the contrebandier knows well that the douanier will not cross his path; and that should he pass in safety those places where, on account of the terrible force of the wind, it is a proverb among the mountaineers that 'there the father never waits for the son, nor the son for the father,' his hardships and dangers will be well repaid to him."

* * * * * * As it was but an afternoon's journey which lay before us, we had well-nigh dissipated the fatigue of the preceding day's unavailing search after the izards of the Coll du Bassies, before we bade adieu to our humble, but withal comfortable quarters and the warm hospitality of the village curé. Elated as I was with the near prospect of, in all probability, a successful bear-hunt, I could not part from the old man without regret, for I felt, when I shook hands with him, and received his benediction, that I had at least had the good fortune to have met with one fellow-creature who was in truth in peace and charity with all mankind; and by whom the sacred precepts of his Master were as perfectly understood as they were conscientiously followed. My Miquelet companion also was not forgotten, and I could observe the eye of my friend, Luiz, glisten as he bent his head in acknowledgment of the blessing which (as he afterwards said to me) a holy father deigned to bestow on a poor Spanish contrebandista.

After traversing the valley of Aulus, one of the most exquisitely beautiful of the many lovely spots in the Pyrenees, where Nature has blended together all her charms, we began to ascend the ridge of mountains which separates this little fairy land from the more wild and remote valley of Ustau. At the hamlet of St. Lizier, in the upper part of this valley, we had appointed to meet with a brother of my companion Luiz, who, from all the accounts which I had received, was the most daring and successful hunter of the district; and (with the exception of old Fonda, of the valley d'Ossan) could number more victories over the bears than any hunter to be found between the Pic d'Anie and the Canigou. True to an old engagement, he had faithfully kept his promise of sending us notice so soon as he had tracked out with certainty the retreat of one of the lords of the pine forests.

On this occasion his message was doubly welcome, when along with it came (to hunters) the pleasing intelligence that not only had the bears committed great havoc among the flocks of the upland pastures, but that, on the night preceding that on which the messenger had been despatched to us, they had, after a severe contest with the shepherds' dogs, in which several of the latter had been destroyed, succeeded in carrying off one of a herd of cattle. We were, therefore, confident that we should not, as upon a late occasion, have merely *cubs* to deal with, but that our brightest visions of bear-hunting would be realised; and with such expectations, right merrily did we proceed to the encounter.

Musing on the probable success of the morrow's adventure, and listening to the strange wild air which my Miquelet companion was chaunting, we reached the crest of the ridge which we had been ascending, and came in full view of the magnificent mountains which on every side reared their proud and lofty peaks. The whole range of summits from the Pic du Bonrepaux to the Tuc de Mauberme were revealed, and excepting where a thin zone of vapour hung around some of the most lofty mountains, not a particle of cloud was to be distinguished; and so beautifully pure was the atmosphere, that the most distant valleys and gorges could, as it were, be looked into, and the undulations of their torrents traced among the dark woods which hung over them. Each remarkable feature of the landscape, and the various character of the scenery, was in succession pointed out to me by Luiz, as well as those places where any remarkable incidents of guerilla warfare, of daring hunting, or adventurous smuggling, had occurred.

It is not unfrequently remarked, that even the most sublime of Nature's works lose their effect upon the mind of those who have been cradled among them; experience, however, has convinced me that such is not the case, and my companion was but one of the many children of the Pyrenean wilds, who are enthusiastic in their attachment to their homes. A hunter and contrebandier since he could follow his father across the mountains with a few pounds of chocolate on his back, Luiz seemed to love the scenes of his exploits all the better as his associations with each particular district increased. The sunny plains of Catalonia, with their orange groves and gardens, through which he often journeyed with the silks of Barcelona, to tempt the damsels of Berne, had no charms for him. The every-day scenes of civil warfare and crime enacted there had no terrors, no excitement for him; "for," said he, "what are these dangers in comparison to those which '*nous autres*' brave among the Pyrenees? The native of the plain, does he live by exacting from wealthier mortals a portion of their goods? why, he can with ease elude those who would punish him for pursuing

his vocation; the country is open to him, and he has only to war against his fellows. But those who traverse the Pyrenees as we do, have other elements to contend with than those which the gen-d'arme and the douanier wield against us. It is not, Senhor, when you are able to bring down the izard as he skips from the rock on which he has been basking in the sunshine, nor yet when by the clear moonlight you can tell the names of each of these surrounding peaks, that the Miquelet is out and reaping the fruits of his courage and his hardihood. The hollow roar of the avalanche, the cracking of the great pines as they are torn from the mountain side by the wind, crushed by the falling rocks, or split by the lightning, these are the sounds most welcome to the ear of the contrebandier. The tempest must throw its mantle round his wanderings, and while the beasts of the forest seek for shelter in the plains, he alone, of all living creatures, shuns not the elemental war, and, braving death at every footstep, toils his march across the mountains. You have often questioned me regarding my family, Senhor," continued Luiz, "our march to-day is not a long one, and if you have a mind to rest here for a little while, I will tell you what has become of some of them, and the reason why I so anxiously dissuaded you from following the izards on the eastern side of the Tuc de Mauberme."

I had so often listened with pleasure to the wild tales of the hunters and contrebandiers of these mountains, that I readily accepted the offer of my companion, and having first unslung our knapsacks and refreshed ourselves from the contents of our wallet and wine-skin, Luiz commenced his story.

"The class to which we belong are, you are aware, the most dreaded of all those who smuggle across the frontiers. Both countries are alike to us, and the more honest douanier on the French side of the mountains, as well as the mercenary carabinero on the Spanish, are each dealt with by us as opportunity or occasion requires. For the French we feel respect, and we regret when we are obliged to use our carabines against them; but we do so in self-defence; and if they did not fear us, how else could they respect us? My father, as his father had been before him, was one of the most daring and hardy of the Miquelets; one whom neither the storms of heaven, nor far less the fear of man, could influence, when once resolved on the pursuit of aught in which his interest or inclination might be engaged. On one occasion he had agreed with a merchant of St. Girons to convey an unusually large quantity of Spanish silk across the frontier, and, as was not generally the case, he took both my brother Marcos and myself to aid him in his expedition. Threading our way through the equally savage bands, who, under the appellations of Carlists or Christinos, devastated

the whole province of Catalonia, we travelled in safety from Barcelona to the valley of the Noguera. There we left our mules, and, with our goods strapped upon our backs, proceeded across the mountains. The least difficult of the passes at the head of the valley of the Noguera, are those of the ports of Aula and Sallau; but as the douaniers had become more alert and desperate, from having been lately charged with conniving at the illegal traffic, we were obliged to avoid these paths, and to take the more circuitous route into the valleys of the Castillonaise by the Tuc de Mauberme.

"It was in the month of October, and the weather had become completely broken; and as we ascended the mountains, the increasing wind, and passing showers of mingled rain and snow, gave promise of as fierce a storm as the most anxious contrebandier could desire. Each step that we advanced brought us more in contact with the dark clouds, which, at lower elevations, rolled over our heads, until the storm raged in all its violence around us; and long ere we reached the spot where we proposed resting for a few hours of the night, the snow had obliterated all traces of the narrow path which we were pursuing. Inured as my brother and myself had been to scenes of perilous adventure, and accustomed as we were to hear many a tale of danger related by our father or his friends, the fearful character of the night I am speaking of, had its terrors even for us. On our father it seemed to produce no effect, excepting to quicken his step, and to cause him, now and then, when the wind blew fiercest, and our footing on the precipices was less secure, to hint to us to be careful of our lives, and not bestow our bodies on the ravens or the vultures. The increasing darkness and the drifting snow were unheeded by him; on he strode, regardless of either; and Marcos and myself followed, as confident in his guidance as if we had been on the great road to Madrid. Our resting-place for the few hours of the night we could devote to sleep was a small cavern in the vicinity of the Porte d'Orle, and glad we were when we reached its shelter. There, having partook of our bread and apples, we rolled ourselves in our wet cloaks, and, with our heads pillowed on our packages, slept as soundly as ever we did in our cabin in the village of Allies.

"When it was time for us to recommence our journey, our father, who seemed more than usually anxious to complete it, roused us from our slumbers and again led the way. The storm, so far from having abated, had, if possible, increased in violence; and the mountain gorges were now reverberating with peals of thunder, while the lightning, playing among the wilds of snow, dazzled and perplexed us in our pathway. As the morning advanced, still the darkness prevailed, and, excepting when a passing hurricane more fierce than others drove the

clouds of snow and mist before it, and dispelled for an instant the gloom which enshrouded us, we could but imperfectly distinguish the inequalities of the surface immediately around, by which alone our father could trace his path. At such moments of light, one or other of the enormous peaks which towered over our heads would appear resting on a base of clouds, and seeming more gigantic from the bands of mist which hung around it; or the deep and fearful-looking gorges were revealed beneath us, as if yawning for the frail mortals who clung to their precipitous sides. As we proceeded, our path became more rude. Not a word was uttered by any of us, the danger was too great; and the passing jest of the Miquelet was, for once, unheard amidst the elements which raged around him. Each looked to his own immediate safety, for all of his attention and sagacity in placing his foot, or grasping a projecting rock, was scarcely sufficient to enable him to keep his footing on the slippery ledges along which our path lay. In this manner we had skirted the northern side of the Tuc de Mauberme, and arrived at the extremity of the narrow and precipitous ravine which separates that eastern promontory of the central range of the Pyrenees from the mountains of the Crabère. Here we rested ourselves for a short time, and our father, elated at the near prospect of the termination of our journey—for we had to deposit our bales in a *chalet* near the hamlet of Sentin, scarcely a league and a half distant—began to congratulate himself on the apparently successful issue of his adventure, and to calculate his gains. These, considering the quantity and value of the silk we carried, were considerable; and as he enumerated the allowance which he was to have upon each piece, his good-humour in like manner increased. 'Marcos,' said he, after after having mentioned the entire sum which he would receive, 'you shall have a sash* which will vie in richness and strength with the best in Catalonia, and withal somewhat to purchase a *regalo*† for Pillar; ‡ and as for you, Luiz, you shall have a *zamarra* which the

* The sash, which few of the Pyrenean peasantry do not wear, very frequently supplies the place of a litter to a wounded comrade, or a rope by which to extricate him from any dangerous spot into which he may have fallen.

† *Regalo*, present. *Zamarra*, a jacket made of sheepskin, with the wool outwards.

‡ The Virgin of the Pillar is one of the numerous distinctions by which the Madonna is honoured, in consequence of a miracle said to have been performed on a young girl who fell into the Po, and who was marvellously saved from drowning by the intervention of the "mother of God" herself, in the year 1644. On the spot near the banks of the river where the virgin was seen interposing her services on that occasion, a church was built, with a marble column, on which the miracle was emblazoned. Many similar representations were painted in other parts, and the "Virgin of the Pillar" became a favourite old saint under

keenest blast of the mountains will not penetrate.' Invigorated by such promises, we again proceeded on our perilous journey, and the storm, as furious as ever, was less heeded than before.

"But the most dangerous of the many fearful *passes* on that side of the Mauberme lay still before us—one which few who could turn aside from it ever thought of attempting; and our father, as he adjusted his burden on his shoulders, bid us beware of the Pas du Vent. Marcos and he, when the urgency of their engagements compelled them, had occasionally crossed the frontier by this famous path; but to me the character of the Pas du Vent was only known by the fearful accounts given of it by those whose courage had either quailed before its dangers, or who, having passed it, lived to relate its terrors. I did not, however, fear the Pas, nor would I on any account have shrunk back from it; had it been so with me, I could not have been the son of him who led us on; but still it was not without anxiety that I contemplated my introduction to it.

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Our narrow path still wound along the steep side of the mountain, and in another hour we had arrived in the vicinity of the Pas du Vent.

"Between the Tuc de Mauberme and the Crabère is situated one of the deepest, and at the same time narrowest, gorges in these mountains. The two mountains appear as if at some period of time they had been united, and that some great convulsion of nature had severed them from each other, and formed the great gulf between them. There are few of the most inaccessible of the ravines and gorges of these mountains which have not been penetrated into by the hunters in keen pursuit of the izard or the bear, for at such times the danger of the enterprise is seldom regarded. No one, however, had, at the time I speak of, been known to have explored the gorge of the Crabère. Its solitude and gloom seemed even too great for the wary bear; and along its precipices, which inclined inwards towards each other, as if desirous of again uniting, there was no footing for the izard.

"The gorge of the Crabère forms nearly a right angle with the flank

a new name. The Spanish tradition regarding the origin of that name is somewhat different from the Italian. There is a holy pillar in Arragon which is said to have been miraculously transported to the spot where it stands, upon which there is a statue of the Virgin, whose wonderful virtues have gained it such wide-spread fame throughout all the north of Spain, that there are few families in which one of the females does not bear the name of Maria del Pilar, and who is, in common conversation, simply styled Pilar.

of the Mauberme, along which we had been so cautiously wending our way, and at the extreme point where they unite the path or izard track (for it is nothing better) turns sharply round the abutting rock, and the gloomy defile, so shunned by the moutaineers, is entered, above whose depths is the dizzy track by which alone the traveller can descend to the hamlet of Sentin. The extreme point of the rock where the gorge unites with the Mauberme, bears the much dreaded appellation of the Pas du Vent. The gorge itself, and the numerous ravines which break off on all sides into the mountains at its upper extremity, act as enormous funnels through which the blasts from all the surrounding summits are driven with resistless force, no matter from what portion of the heavens the great body of the wind may chance to blow. You may well imagine, therefore, that the Pas du Vent, situated as it is on the edge of a promontory stretching itself into the centre of this great eddy of winds, is the focus round which they wreak their extreme fury. However calm the weather may be elsewhere among the mountains, *there* the wind is sure to howl with appalling noise, and none choose such a route excepting those who, like us, would risk their lives to avoid the douaniers. Judge, then, what a scene it must have been during such a storm as that in which I first beheld it. I could see our father's cheek change colour as he insisted on releasing us from our burdens, and taking charge of them himself. He gave no heed to our urgent entreaties to be allowed to share the danger equally with himself: he calmly swung the packages over his broad and muscular shoulders, and bidding us remember the proverb of the Pyrenees, and that there were those on the other side of the mountains who depended on us for their bread, strode forwards towards the *Pas*.

"As we approached the spot, the roaring of the wind as it escaped from one gorge into another, became louder and more terrific; the firm rock on which we trod reverberated with its shocks, and the pealing thunders were drowned in its more astounding violence. Then, indeed, I began to estimate the danger to which we were about to be exposed.

"Before reaching the extremity of the rocky point our father paused for an instant, as if to gather renewed strength and courage for the coming conflict; but he neither spoke nor turned towards us. Bending towards the wall of rock which rose along side of us, he passed in safety to the extreme point of the rock, round which he had to swing himself, by means of grasping its projecting angle, in order to reach the firmer footing on the other side. Marcos grasped my arm, and, scarce daring to breathe, we paused to witness his success. Arrived at the extreme angle, he seized the projecting point of rock, and, swinging himself round, was in an instant out of sight. But his form had scarcely

vanished from before our eyes, ere the piercing shriek, which the fear of death alone can extract, rose high and shrill above the storm, and told us too truly his fate.

"It was the death cry of our father which sounded in our ears.

"Marcos, quitting his hold of me, sprung forward, regardless of the danger, and in desperation I followed him. How we passed in safety the fatal *Pas* neither of us can at this moment tell; but the sound of our father's voice had scarce passed away on the gale, ere we were gazing on a spectacle which caused the blood to curdle in our veins.—Great God! my heart seems bursting while I think of it! Picture to yourself your parent, he to whom you have clung from childhood for support and protection, whose hard-earned bread has ever been freely shared with you, and whose arm has been always ready to relieve you of a burden, or to guard you on a perilous journey,—can you picture to yourself a being thus dear to your heart, hanging before your eyes on the threshold of eternity, and yet you, for whom *he* has done so much, unable to succour or to save him. Thus situated were Marcos and myself. Oh! the pangs of death cannot equal those we suffered; for there—not twenty yards beneath the spot on which we stood—we beheld our father clinging to the side of the precipice, his hands clasped round a pointed piece of rock which jutted from its surface. To unwind our sashes, and uniting them, endeavour to reach him, was the work of a moment; but, alas! the distance was too great. We could not help him. 'Hold on, father,' Marcos shouted, 'hold on, and we shall yet save you.' We tore our shirts in pieces, and fastened them to the sashes; we stretched over the yawning abyss in the vain hope of succouring our parent, but still the distance was too great, we could not reach our dying father. Strong as he was, he might long have maintained the terrible position which he occupied, but the packages for which he had risked so much still clung to him, and he dared not attempt to relieve himself of their load. We could read the agony, the despair depicted on his blanched cheek and starting eyeballs, but still he spoke not—no cry for help escaped his lips; he saw that all that his sons could do to extricate their father was of no avail—he felt that his fate was sealed, that his time was come, and that his course among the mountains was finished. Gradually his strength failed him—his sinewy hands relaxed their strong grasp, and, exclaiming, 'Great God, I perish!' he slipped from the rock, and his body, dashing from one projecting portion of the precipice to another, at last disappeared far beneath us, among the huge masses of fallen rock which hid the torrent from our sight.

"Stupefied with grief and horror, it was long ere we could leave the

dreadful spot where our father—who had been all to us in the world—had perished before our eyes. Marcos was the first to recover himself. 'Luiz,' said he, '*his* time was come, and his death has only been such as both of us may expect one day or other to be our own. Let us go, then, and purchase masses for his departed soul, and, having performed this duty, endeavour to protect his body from the vultures, and then return across the mountains and apprise our mother and Pillar of our bereavement.'

"In sorrow we descended the mountain, and arrived at the hamlet of Sentin. There we sought the village pastor, and ere the evening had closed, the holy father had performed the sacred obsequies of the dead.

"On the following day, as the storm had abated in violence, we set out to explore the ravine, and, if possible, to find our father's body. Several of the villagers accompanied us in our search; but after surmounting the huge masses of rock which had fallen from the precipices above, or been carried by the torrent from the higher valleys, and which choked up the entrance to the gorge, the difficulty and danger of the enterprise was found to be so great, that we were forced, however unwillingly, to give up the attempt. Marcos would have again essayed to obtain the object of our wishes, by descending by means of ropes into the gorge near the spot where the accident had taken place; but he was at length convinced of the impossibility of doing so, and we returned home together by another route across the mountains.

"Mournfully was the intelligence received by our remaining parent; and there was not one individual in the little village in which our home was situated who did not feel that the most faithful to his promise, and the most daring in enterprise among the Miquelets, had departed from among them."

Bursts of grief, and prayers to the Holy Mother of God for the soul of his father, occasionally interrupted poor Luiz in his narrative; and some time elapsed ere he recovered his usual buoyancy of spirit. "Now, Senhor," said he, "you can guess the reason why I dissuaded you from following the izards on the Tuc de Mauberme. Had we gone thither, it might have been necessary to have passed through the Pas du Vent. There neither Marcos nor myself have ever been since the day our father perished, and I could not make up my mind to visit the spot near which his unburied remains lie bleaching."

Satisfied that I had the good fortune to have a companion on whose courage and fidelity I could under any circumstances rely, we resumed our journey, and shortly afterwards arrived at St. Lizier.

AN EVENING IN VENICE.

I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.

BYRON.

"GIA! Gia! avast, avast!" cried the sturdy gondolier, as the light and gaily illuminated bark which brought us from Murano darted past the polished prows of hundreds of its fellows, and neared the piazzetta. "*Corpo di Bacco!* these fellows are as deaf as the Doge Faliero!"

"Would they were as powerless," said the Conte, with a smile, "for they all seem bent upon marrying us to the Adriatic, and for my own part, I have at present no great love for the connection."

"*Corpo del Diavolo!* He that does so shall assuredly assist at the nuptials. *Stali!* larboard," shouted the gay gondolier, and humming—

"Colla bella mia barca,
Colla bella sene va,
Fidelin lin la,"

gave an additional jerk to his long oar, and sent the swallowy gondola dancing over the placid lagoon.

"*Pian, piano!* Softly, softly," cried I; "be persuaded to husband your strength for some better contest, and allow us to enjoy this lovely scene for a few moments. You seem as eager to reach the goal as if you were straining at a regatta."

"Perhaps, Signore, there may be as great a prize awaiting me at the goal," rejoined the gondolier, placing his fingers to his lips and kissing them, "as any that was ever won upon the great canal."

"Oh! yes, doubtless," said the Conte, jocularly, "a dish of fried fish and a cup of Samos."

"*Corpo di San Girolamo!* Gondoliers are not gourmands like the greasy Greeks who sneak about the Merceria, or the greedy Jews who

growl within the Ghetto,"* responded the gondolier, putting his hand upon his bosom and sighing. "They have hearts as well as cavaliers, and as open also to the darts of a love-piercing eye."

"A petticoat! a petticoat!' cried the Conte. "*Fortunatissimo gondoliere!* that is a prize really worth contesting for in Venice, where all are so lovely."

"*Per la Santa Maria Maggiore!*"† said the gondolier, casting a glance at his own handsome limbs, and looking towards my friend ironically; "she is worthy of a better man, Signore Conte;—her sparkling eyes and laughing lips have exacted even a compliment from the blue-eyed Boors who watch the arsenal, and Croat beards have bristled for her sake; but, since she has given plight to me at the hour of vespers, would it not be cruel to keep the girl waiting? Would you not yourself, Signore, strive to keep your time with any dear Isabellina, such as mine is?

"Colla bella sua bocca,
Colla bella sena va,
Fidelin lin la."

"Venetian lovers are never bound to minutes until the midnight hour has sounded from the Campanile," said the Conte, laughing. "Let the fair one gaze a little longer on the cold and modest moon, and believe me she will better know how to value the warmth and lustre of your roguish eyes. Tell her that your gallantry was forced to bow at the shrine of a stranger's curiosity. Ply your oar more slowly; more slowly still;—so—so!"

The scene before us was, in fact, well worth keeping the anxious gondolier a few minutes from his mistress. The sea-girt city, with all its towers and palaces glimmering in the softened and silvery light of a rising moon, lay reflected in the azure mirror which encompassed it. The flickering lights, gleaming from every quarter of the animated city, danced on the wide lagoon and appeared like meteors amid the luminaries of heaven. The hum of a busy population mingling with the sounds of revelry, swept athwart the bosom of the deep and were echoed by a vesper chime from the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, whose Corinthian columns, occupying the chief portion of the islet on which they are placed, stood out in bold and beautiful relief. Hundreds of barks, whose prows of polished iron glittered in the moonlight and sparkled on the sea, skimmed the surface of the water, while from the peopled piazzetta, which poured forth a light that

* The portion of Venice which is occupied by the sons of Abraham.

† The gondoliers in Venice swear by every saint in the calendar, and by many other sinners who will never get there.

almost mocked the moon's effulgence, there came the melting tones of the military *notturno*, which, though elsewhere whispering repose to the world, only tells to the Venetian that his hour of life and pleasure has arrived. It was a scene for a poet to dream of—not for a painter to depict!

While revelling amid the wonders of this magnificent and fairy scene, the gondola touched the quay. My Italian friend and I stepped on shore, and slowly sauntered on to the *Albergo d'Inghilterra*, while the light-hearted gondolier, regardless of the fearful obloquy of passing between the two lofty columns of granite which mark the entrance to the piazzetta,* hurried forward to throw himself into the arms of his doubtless impatient mistress.

On observing the gallant gondolier thus flying away on the wings of Cupid, and on hearing the arch accentuation which he gave to the "*mille grazie*," offered as a return for the still archer "*felicissima notte*" of the Conte, I remarked to my friend that national distress and national degradation seemed to have wrought no great change on Venetian manners or Venetian hearts, since, from the noble to the gondolier, they each appeared as gay, sprightly, thoughtless, amorous, and intriguing as they ever could have been in the days of the Doge. "I suppose," added I, "that the Frank or the Hun, in their wish to rule paramount, have never attempted to interfere with the laws of the *Ridotto*,† or the usages of the *Cassino?*"‡

"Not at all, not at all!" replied the Conte; "they are still the rendezvous of Venetian *ton*—still the mirror of Venetian manners; the temples of Fortune and of Circe, and the shrines of Apollo and Venus. Nay, they are now, perhaps, even more frequented than they were of yore. There is now less restraint exhibited in the *Ridotto* than there was in the days of the State Inquisition, when every one dreamt of and dreaded the Canal Orfano,‖ while the private *Cassino* is at the present moment far oftener opened to the unmasked public than it even used to be to the secret call of the thick-veiled lover, when Venetian husbands

* Between these columns criminals condemned to death were executed, and it was considered disreputable for any noble Venetian to pass thither.

† A magnificent suite of apartments, where the flower of Venetian society, both male and female, congregate for dancing, music, conversation, and gaming, immediately after the opera.

‡ Apartments neatly, though not magnificently, fitted up by the noble and the wealthy, where they may receive a few friends in a more easy manner than they do at their palaces, and where, instead of going home to a formal supper, they order refreshments, and amuse themselves with cards. The Cassino has been occasionally used, but not generally, for purposes of intrigue.

‖ The Canal in which those deemed dangerous to the State were privately drowned

could only trust to bolts and padlocks for their wives' chastity. *Mesalliances*, perhaps, do not now occur so frequently as they once did among the proud and ambitious aristocracy of Venice. Women of that class, at least, are now allowed sometimes to consult their own hearts in the choice of a husband, and Heaven knows that that was never the case when the proud Lion of St. Mark ruled the ocean."

"But are not young Venetian ladies of rank," said I, "still closely confined or well watched by duennas? Are there not still many lovely creatures doomed to sigh within the dull walls of a convent, till their parents can ferret out a husband for them?"

"Why, doubtless," said the Conte, "there are still some; but assuredly far fewer since the time that Napoleon Bonaparte held a court in Venice, or since his successor, Francis, sat as Sovereign in the Ducal palace. Still, however, marriage among the noblesse is frequently nothing but a speculation on the part of parents, and, what is worse, their daughters are often contracted for by persons whom they probably have never seen."

"Never seen!" cried I, astonished; "that is indubitably an excellent key to the necessity and utility of a Cassino."

"Most assuredly it is so," said my friend. "Love must have a temple somewhere. What a singular chronicle of human sympathies and antipathies might have been made within the walls of those private apartments that surround the piazza St. Marco, merely arising from this peculiarity of manners! What a record it would have been of passion, of pleasure, and of woe! By the bye, I pounced this morning on a little volume, just published, where there is a very good instance given of the effects of this matrimonial peculiarity, once so common among the patrician families of Venice. It is a sketch of the manners of a period well worthy the attention of a stranger."

On my arrival at the hotel, I begged the Conte to show me the volume. He instantly brought it to me; and while he was absent making his accustomed obeisance to the gay group who nightly graced the boxes of the *Fenice*,* I sat down and made the following translation of the

STORY OF LEONARDO.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, there returned to Venice, from attending the Venetian Ambassador at Paris, a young cavalier, of whose family name the chronicles are silent, but whom they simply designate by the baptismal appellation of Leonardo. It is stated, however, that he belonged to one of the most noble and power-

* The Opera-house in Venice.

ful families in the city. Endowed as he was with honourable dispositions and elegant manners, surrounded, too, by a numerous host of retainers, and withal, eloquent, courageous, and humane, he soon became the object of popular admiration, the envy of the old aristocrats, and the model of all those noble youths who honoured him as their head. There was no office of distinction, no dignity however exalted to which Leonardo, though scarcely thirty years of age, could not have aspired. Though occupied with the cares of government and the dreams of ambition, he nevertheless led a gay and happy life, and kept, according to the manners of the period, a cassino of his own—the sacred asylum of mystery and pleasure. It happened that one of the dearest of Leonardo's companions requested the use of these apartments one evening for a few hours, upon the plea of carrying thither with greater secresy a young lady whose enchanting picture he drew with all the eloquence of the most ardent lover. Leonardo consented, but pleaded ineffectively to know the name and condition of the fair maiden. Instigated by curiosity, he thought of concealing himself in the room through which the unknown must needs pass, and in which, laying aside her zendado,* he might thus unobservedly have a glimpse of her, and having had it, immediately retire and leave the course clear for his friend. It so happened, that the project he dreamt of was completely realised. The lovers entered the cassino about midnight, and the youth, after having whispered a few words into the ear of the lady, removed, in spite of some resistance, the zendado from her head. Never before had Leonardo looked upon such perfect features, and what contributed to make them almost divine, was a mingled expression of simplicity, sweetness, and innocence, which played over her whole face. Her eyes were of the most sparkling blue,—her tresses luxuriant and fair. Such, in fact, was the power of her charms, that Leonardo, to constrain their effect, was obliged to remember with whom the fair being had met and for what end. The seeming serenity of the maid instantly became, in his eye, a deception of Nature—a mask merely of hypocrisy and deceit, and he felt for this loveliest of all the women on whom he had ever gazed, nothing short of abhorrence and contempt. Sentiments such as these, when linked to such wonderful beauty, were calculated to imprint indelibly the face of the fair one upon his memory.

Several months flew past. Leonardo, in the vigour of life, and remarkable not only for the elegance of his person, but likewise for his intrinsic worth and outward honours, became a desirable son-in-

* A silk domino and veil worn by all the unmarried daughters of noble families, which concealed both face and figure.

law to even the most illustrious members of the proud aristocracy of Venice. After some cogitation, the cavalier at length acceded to the cogent pleadings of an old and valued friend, who proposed to him the only daughter and sole heiress of a powerful senator for a wife. Leonardo soon obtained the consent of his future father-in-law, and with it the immediate permission of paying his homage to the beautiful Elisa, which was nothing more than to walk once or twice a day beneath the balcony of her apartments. This the young cavalier regularly performed; but although the lady frequently showed herself there, she never once raised the large impenetrable veil which shrouded her face and figure. Leonardo complained of this extraordinary reserve—a reserve which, considering the circumstances in which they were mutually placed, he could only attribute to pride or contempt. In answer to this complaint, however, he learnt that a vow made to the Holy Virgin prevented his betrothed showing her face before marriage to any man save her father.

It may be easily imagined with how many more magical attractions this delicacy and this mystery invested Elisa in the eyes of her future husband, especially when it is considered how powerfully the fancy influences love, and what a vast superiority it attaches to all indefinite ideas and all indeterminate objects.

The marriage day arrived. The friends and relations of the two families collected at sunset in the mansion of the aged senator. Leonardo, according to the custom of the city, received the guests at the door of the palace, and at length entered with the last into the splendid saloon. He was summoned at once from the secret agitations of his own heart, by the imposing *coup-d'œil* which met his eye. The nobles occupied several circular rows of settees, which were arranged in the form of an amphitheatre. Within this, a priest, in full canonicals, knelt in prayer before a magnificent altar. Trophies of arms of every sort hung from the walls blackened by time, while the splendid blaze of numerous chandeliers was scarcely sufficient to dispel the gloom which reigned through so wide and so lofty a hall. Leonardo had scarcely entered, when the doors of the interior apartments flew open—apartments in which the bride, surrounded by Venetian matrons, awaited the moment of the ceremony. Every eye was immediately turned to that door, and none with greater eagerness and curiosity than that of the impatient bridegroom.

The moment of expectation passed, the betrothed slowly entered, when, lo! a wild cry burst from the lips of Leonardo! But it was lost amid the shouts of admiration and enthusiasm which arose on every hand at the sight of such matchless beauty.

Alas! the miserable bridegroom recognised, in the simple maiden

who now approached half veiled in white,—the symbol of a virgin life—no other than the lady who had met his friend in the cassino. Again he viewed her under the mask of that innocence which had already aroused within his bosom so much repugnance and contempt. A dense cloud darkened his vision, and that instant of weakness was as terrible as it was rapid. It first struck him publicly to disgrace the fair one who thus dared to present him with infamy as a dowry. But the sight of her father, the thought of his despair, pity for the loveliest of beings, the generous feelings of his own heart, all equally determined him rather to incur in the face of his countrymen the stigma of being called mad, or at least unjustly capricious, than to do so. While the bride, therefore, after having received the paternal benediction, slowly and modestly advanced towards her destined consort, Leonardo started back a couple of paces, and having commanded silence by a sign, exclaimed, "Never, never can that lady be my wife—never shall I be her husband!" The beautiful Elisa cast upon the agitated youth a look of fearful amazement, fainted, and was carried away into her own apartments.

Excess of astonishment for an instant sealed every lip; but the swoon of the lovely bride became a signal for uproar and disorder. The seats, in the twinkling of an eye, stood empty; every one had leapt into the centre of the circle; some swore loudly, demanding an explanation. The aged senator alone stood speechless and immovable. On hearing the unexpected words of Leonardo, he had started, and was violently though momentarily moved, while his eye had followed with intense interest his only child borne away from the altar; yet, had it not been for his fixed look, and the contraction of his trembling lips, one might have easily imagined that he was altogether calm and unaffected. All at once, however, he, pressing the crowd, approached close to Leonardo, and having seized him forcibly by the arm, exclaimed, "Hast thou determined to insult me and mine? To despise that for which the Republic is most remarkable? Speak, when will this caprice of thine be over?" "Never!—never!" replied Leonardo, with a firm and determined voice. In one moment the shout of revenge echoed through the hall. Eyes flashed fury and daggers glittered, while from the walls were torn the antique and heavy arms that had hung there so long, useless and still. The relatives and friends of Leonardo were furiously attacked by those of Elisa. Insult, defiance, the clashing of weapons, the cries of the women and priests who sought safety in flight, drowned the few conciliatory voices who still spoke of peace. All was confusion and noise, when the aged senator, bridling his anger, rushed amid the combatants, and by his eloquence and authority attempted to prevent the effusion of blood. No sooner

had he succeeded in quelling the disorder, than, turning to Leonardo, he firmly and calmly said, "I here renounce my revenge, and leave it to Him who punishes every insult offered to the gray-haired man!"

Leonardo, a few days afterwards, fell by the hand of an assassin, pierced with twenty strokes of a stiletto.

THE PLAZA DE TOROS OF SEVILLE.

BY THE HON. R. DUNDAS MURRAY.

By far the most agreeable of the many marvels of Seville* is the beautiful avenues of trees which for more than a mile fringes the southern bank of the Guadalquiver. At the point where the trees mingle with the suburbs of the city, the eye of the stranger is struck by a massive building of a circular form, whose arched gateways open upon this the shady resort of the Sevillanos. This is the Plaza de Toros. With the exception of its vastness, and the traces of some architectural ornaments which time has charitably spared, we look in vain for that imposing appearance which should belong to one of the largest amphitheatres of modern Spain. The exterior wears a dismal and sombre air, somewhat characteristic of the scenes enacted within. Even a profusion of white and red paint which the outer walls display makes matters appear rather worse, by taking away that time-worn aspect which could alone have excused the sins of execution and design.

All was bustle and gaiety, however, around this huge pile upon an April evening. By the wealthy Andalusians the day had been spent in prayers and pious thoughts, and by the poor in fasting and mortification of the flesh, for it was a holiday; and both were now come, the one to recruit his spirits and the other to silence his wants, in the enjoyment of a bull-fight. Our first endeavour was to secure the services of a Spanish friend to pilot us through the streets of Seville towards the spectacles of the evening, a precaution absolutely necessary, as the unwary traveller, if not thus provided, will find them a Slough of Despond, in which, if once fairly engulfed, he may bid adieu to all hopes of extricating himself. Under his guidance we wound our way through the intricacies of the city, very often doubling back upon streets through which we had passed, in such a way, that it was

* "He who hath not seen Seville, hath not seen a marvel." So saith the Spanish proverb; and the boast might have been just while the riches of a new world were adorning the city to which Columbus returned a discoverer; but the Seville that was the wonder and envy of the 16th century has survived the lofty epithets with which it was once crowned, and of its former splendour nothing now remains but the ruins, to belie the still oft-repeated vaunt of its citizens.

only upon gaining sight of our destination that we were awakened from some obscure idea of being still a mile or two distant from it. Our guide's task was, however, at last ended, when we neared the old Moorish wall that encircles the city. Passing through its blackened and defaced gateway, we found ourselves lost amid the throng that was pouring down the only avenue, which, on the side of the city, leads to the Plaza. Disengaging ourselves from the crowd as quickly as possible, we gained admittance by a gate which opens upon the public walk, and took our seats in the shadow of the galleries behind us. Here, as we awaited the signal to commence, we had ample leisure to survey the plan by which the arrangements within were regulated.

Behind us rose a gallery, possessing the attraction of being covered so as to exclude the sun. This extended round one half of the amphitheatre, terminating abruptly at both ends, not from the design of its founders, but because the want of funds had cut short their labours. The roof was supported by slender pillars rising at equal distances from each other, and giving to the whole the appearance of a crescent of boxes. Downwards from the foot of these sloped the benches on which were seated the great mass of the spectators. These stretched round the vast area of the amphitheatre in an unbroken series, sinking one below another in lessening circles till the lowest tier of seats was only elevated sufficiently to command a clear view of the spectacles. A wooden barrier, about five feet in height, inclosed an arena so spacious as to lie like a little plain in the bosom of the structure that rose around it. At stated distances in this fence, whose frail appearance boded no great resistance to the furious strength of the bull, there were pierced a number of outlets by which his persecutors might escape when hard pressed. Lest, however, their pursuer might find such a mode of escaping equally convenient to him, his exit was barred by a kind of shield which rose in advance of each opening. Hence, in order to gain the outside, it was necessary to pass sideways between the main barrier and the covering shield, which denied egress to all but the light-footed combatants. Besides these passages, devised solely for the reception of the panting bull-fighters, a number of gateways secured a proper entrance for the horsemen who were to bear a prominent part in the coming strife. More than an hour had still to elapse ere the note of preparation was to sound, yet we were far from being the sole occupants of the Plaza. The more elevated ranks of benches had long ago been secured by the more eager or more patient of the spectators. Every other vacant spot was now filling up as rapidly as it could be filled by the living stream which rolled in through every doorway. The arena itself, so soon to be the field of a furious contest, was peopled by hundreds, folded in their ample cloaks or clad in the short

jacket of the country, who crossed and recrossed each other's steps in every possible direction. All were in a hurry to do nothing, after the fashion of Andalusia. Even those who were gathered in groups to discuss the sage mysteries of bull-fighting displayed such fury in their gesticulations, that words appeared too feeble a vehicle for their ideas. Not less busy were some few who, perched upon the palisades of the barrier, and poising themselves on their airy seat as they best might, kept up a fire of missiles upon the passers-by. To add to the completeness of a picture seldom to be witnessed except under the sultry sky of Andalusia, the venders of fruit and water drove a brisk trade with such as could be prodigal of *quartos*, their drawling cries rising high and shrill above the hum of the moving throng. Nothing, indeed, appeared to daunt their gainful spirit. They scaled the loftiest circles of benches, stepping over the heads and shoulders of the spectators with an ease and intrepidity which a hunter of the Alps would have paused to imitate. For ourselves, our equanimity was often shaken by their forcing a passage past us, and suspending over our heads their establishments of water, while the place resounded with their ceaseless cries of "Aqua, Aquafria." Not a sombrero, however, owed its fall to their awkwardness, and, still more wonderful, not a single stumble sent a waterfall to refresh the scorched expectants of the evening's sports, over whose heads they toiled their way.

But these were only intruders, and were far less obnoxious than the society around, from which we should have been too happy to have made a speedy retreat had it been possible. The truth was, that we had unwarily ventured into that portion of the Plaza which the collegians of Seville, by immemorial right and use, have appropriated to themselves and their dearest friends. Here they came to unbend their careworn minds, by dispensing every kind of witticism and practical joke, reaching from the sublime to the ridiculous, with a generosity that was overwhelming to all but their associates. All who were distinguished by any peculiarity of appearance or dress, and among these the hapless stranger was sure to be numbered, were, of course, the fairest marks for their wit and good-humour. We waited with great patience while our youthful friends gave utterance to their feelings in a variety of yells and shouts, which falling on the nerves of a sensitive person would have shattered them to their foundation. Luckily the exercise was too violent to last long, and gave place to a silence which, as being a more temperate kind of exercise, bade fair to continue. But this was merely the calm which heralds the storm. Presently a solitary voice arose proclaiming some fact; the words were eagerly caught up by those in its hearing; and the last echoing the cry, like hounds opening on the scent joined in chaunting with a

seesaw tone a kind of chorus, the words of which, as far as we could gather, were

El de las gaffas
Que se las quite.

He of the spectacles
Let him take them off.

We were not slow in discovering who the hero of this couplet was. Turning towards the spot upon which were fixed a hundred pair of eyes, we there found some clue to the meaning of the mysterious words that reached our ear. "He of the spectacles," was a venerable old gentleman, sitting rather conspicuously on one of the higher benches. The head and front of his offending was, that he had improved his vision by the aid of a pair of spectacles. This was a piece of presumption in the eyes of the students which they determined to put down. The possessor of the offending spectacles, however, was not disposed to resign his property without a struggle. To their demands his only reply was to bend upon the opposite side of the Plaza a stare of intense vacancy, with the view of impressing upon the observers that he was so wholly wrapt up in his own thoughts, as to be deaf to all earthly sounds. If, at times, something like consciousness awoke him from his dream, it only induced him to turn an inquiring eye in all directions, above, below, and around, for the purpose of ascertaining who or what could be the cause of all this uproar. But the quick-witted collegians were not to be so easily shaken off. The more adventurous among them advancing to within arm's length of their victim, and pointing their fingers towards him, after the fashion of the witches in Macbeth, shouted in his ear their demands for the spectacles. The appeal thus made was not to be resisted. Philosophy gave way; and slowly and sadly were the spectacles doffed, while a shout of triumph from the delighted students cruelly insulted his first moments of blindness.

After so signal a victory, my mischievous neighbours were not content to repose upon their laurels. A bright yellow shawl was detected, gracing the person of a fair Sevillana, whom I had noticed eyeing it from time to time with the greatest satisfaction. Little did its owner imagine that, in the quarter into which she had ventured, no offence could be greater than to be too conspicuous. Again the song was raised, in which, as before, all joined. But now the words were, "She of the shawl, let her take it off." In this instance much compulsion was not required; and for the shawl its place knew it no more for that day. The vanity of human wishes being thus strikingly exemplified, some one discovered that a gold chain, which encircled the neck of

another dark-eyed Sevillana, was a pitch of luxury not to be endured. Amid the usual acclamations, its dismissal was also demanded. The demand was obeyed, and it vanished from before our eyes. After a careful scrutiny, my youthful neighbours found nothing more in sight to attract attention. They were then seized with a sudden fit of compassion for the deplorable condition of the elderly gentleman, whom they had robbed of his spectacles, and who, while all this was going on, had sat without daring to resume them. His sufferings seemed to excite intense indignation against their authors. Every voice was raised in his behalf, and each one was more vehement than his companion in shouting:

El sin las gaffas
Que se las ponga.

He without the spectacles,
Let him put them on.

It is needless to add that their bereaved owner promptly availed himself of the permission, or rather demand, to make use of his own property.

How long this pleasant torture might have lasted there is no knowing, had not the preparations for beginning turned all eyes towards the arena. A party of Nacionales were now slowly clearing it of every lounger, and, having effected this, retired in their turn, leaving the lists deserted by every human being. A few minutes afterwards, a gateway at the side was thrown open, and the combatants, who were to take a part in the slaughter, advanced in procession up the arena towards the box of the Ayuntamiento, or magistracy. The way was led by the picadors, four in number, who rode two and two, and, as their name imports, bore in their hands the pica, or lance, from which, according to ancient custom, the bull must receive his first wound. For their dress they wore a jacket, fitting close to the person, and buff-coloured nether garments, which from the knee downwards are lined with lead or iron. This is a precaution very necessary, as no legs of man could escape unscathed the blows and contusions to which at every encounter they are exposed from the horns of the bull. Indeed, when a picador has been dismounted and retreats from the *mêlée* on foot, the weight at his heels is such as completely to clog his progress, and it is with the greatest difficulty that he appears to drag himself a few paces. To this by no means picturesque costume, they added a *sombrero de paja*, or straw hat. Its chief peculiarity was a very low crown, around which was wreathed a garland of flowers, and which was scarcely perceptible in the midst of a rim of prodigious circumference that floated over their shoulders.

The equipage of the gaunt-looking steeds they bestrode consisted of cambrono demipique saddles, in which their riders sat so completely imbedded, that a fall appeared a matter of no easy accomplishment; and, to complete their equipments, their heels were garnished with formidable spurs, to all appearance long and sharp enough to create a gallop under the ribs of death. Behind these followed on foot the chuleyos and matadors, stepping lightly and freely as became men who held their lives by their speed of foot, and whom a single false step might stretch on the arena, never to rise again. Every hue of the rainbow was displayed in their silk jackets, which were richly embroidered with lace. Upon the head they wore no covering, the hair being knotted into a club behind, after the ancient Spanish fashion. In the rear of all came several teams of mules, adorned with finery in the shape of ribbons and bells, and led by a multitude of attendants, who, notwithstanding, appeared too few to keep them in order. To the mules belongs the duty of entering the arena as soon as the fatal stroke has been given to the bull, and of dragging it, and such of the horses as he may have despatched, from the field of their death.

Upon reaching the box of the Ayuntamiento, the procession halted, and there made an obeisance to the civic authorities by whom it was filled, the picadors by lowering their lances, and the others by suitable reverences. The next instant, the whole party dispersed themselves for action. The picadors, wheeling their horses round, galloped to the opposite end of the arena, and took up a position to the left of the gateway which conducts to the den where the bulls are confined. There, with their lances firmly grasped in their hands and pointed towards the yet unopened gate, they awaited the moment when, the bars being withdrawn, they should be confronted with the impatient prisoner within. Scarcely less prompt were the chuleyos in making their dispositions for the part which they had to play. With their cloaks in their hands, which they had stripped from their shoulders, they hastened after the horsemen and spread themselves round the foremost like a handful of skirmishers, their vocation being to lure the bull to his lance's point should the animal take another direction, or to come to his rescue when overthrown and in peril. During this brief interval of preparation the whole assemblage was hushed into the deepest silence. Of the ten thousand who were crowded together, scarcely one spoke to his neighbour above his breath, so spell-bound were they by the intense interest which every Spaniard takes in his national diversion.

Presently the folding gates upon which the eyes of the assembled thousands had been fixed were swung open; a moment passed, and

nothing crossed the vacant threshold; another, and there rushed at full speed through the narrow opening a jet black bull. He was halfway across the arena ere the shouts and waving of handkerchiefs, with which the multitude hailed his appearance, appeared to strike his attention. Slackening his pace, he then gazed upwards upon the thousands who were rending the air with cries of "Toro," "toro." So novel a spectacle, together with the noise and shouts, which were prolonged for some time, caused him to stand in a state of stupid amazement, apparently wavering whether to leap the barrier and plunge among the spectators, or to retreat out of sight. Upon sallying headlong from his den his course had inclined somewhat to the right, and consequently he had passed unnoticed the train of picadors and chuleyos, who, in the expectation that he would take a different track, had posted their forces to the left of the gate. One of the chuleyos now started forth with the intent of wiling him towards the spot where the horsemen lay prepared to abide his attack. Gathering up his cloak into a bundle, the chuleyo swiftly crossed the path of the bull, and, at the instant of passing, unfurled his brilliant coloured cape full in its eyes. Scarce had the cloak fluttered before his sight ere the animal sprung within an arm's length of his now flying assailant, and pursued him at full speed. The fugitive, dragging after him the obnoxious cloak, practised many a turn and winding with the view of eluding his pursuer; but in vain; so hotly were his footsteps tracked, that as he disappeared through an outlet the horns of the bull rattled upon the barricade that befriended his escape.

Infuriated by so rude a repulse, the animal's next effort was, if possible, to uproot the barricade behind which his enemy lay concealed. Large splinters of wood flew to the distance of some yards, while the bull blindly dashed his horns against the planking within. "*Ah el carpentero, el carpentero!*" was the cry which resounded from all quarters as the spectators witnessed with delight this proof of his spirit.

Others of the chuleyos now supplied the place of their companion, drawing after them the enraged animal, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, till at length their manœuvres brought him in front of one of the horsemen; they then ceased to distract his attention, while the picador, who was not distant more than a yard or two from the barrier, provoked an attack by shaking the reins of his steed. Thus stimulated, the bull paused only for an instant, as if to measure the space before him and to make sure of his mark, and then darting steadily forward, buried his horns in the breast of his adversary's horse. At the moment of closing, the lance of the picador inflicted on his neck a wound, which he received unheeded. Recoiling from the shock, the miserable horse was borne back against the barrier in

the rear, and the rider, grasping the top of the fence across which he lay extended, with difficulty saved himself from falling. In this posture he maintained an uneasy seat, while the bull with unsatiated fury pressed upon his steed, apparently determined to tear out its vitals by a succession of short sharp strokes, that every time they entered its body lifted it some feet off the ground. Peace at length came to the poor horse, which had borne in a state of utter helplessness this merciless treatment. Its enemy moved off of its own accord, with horns dripping with gore, to chase in vain the nimble chuleyos. Meantime the picador, recovering his seat, urged his steed by dint of hard spurring away from the barrier, which had alone saved it from falling. Though mortally wounded, it dragged itself forward a few paces, when its rider, fearing that it would sink under him, hastily dismounted and withdrew to seek a fresh horse. Two or three attendants then gathered round the dying animal, and busied themselves in removing as quickly as possible its equipage for the purpose of placing it on another steed. They had, however, hardly begun their task when the object of their care, which was bleeding profusely from two or three wide gashes, suddenly dropped down at their feet, and relieved them from their additional duty of forcing it, if alive, without the barrier.

In the meanwhile the shouts of the multitude were following the furious movements of the bull. The tormentors hung upon his footsteps, involving themselves and their antagonist in a ceaseless whirl of pursuit and flight that was distracting to the eye. Every instant some one of them shot past, displaying the hues of his cloak. The scene was rapidly shifted from one end of the arena to another. Our attention was kept constantly on the alert—the bull now wheeling after a chuleyo and rolling in the dust in his headlong eagerness—now charging a picador and pinning his horse against the palisade, where, at his ease, he dealt repeated strokes which his prey in vain strove to escape. Two horses had thus been gored so effectually that, on being released from their assailant, their mangled limbs carried them only for a few minutes, and they sunk in a dying state on the ground. A third was on the point of sharing the same fate, when the flourish of a trumpet caused the rider to draw his bridle. Enough of horses had fallen to prove the courage of the bull, or (more probably) to satisfy the desires of the spectators; and the signal that we heard announced a new act in the entertainments. The picadors were henceforth to be discarded for the bandarilleros, whose tender mercies were alone to be called into play. These they quickly proceeded to reveal by revolving round the bull in quick succession, provoking a chase in which their wonderful agility shone particularly conspicuous. Passing within a hair's-breadth of the horns of the jealous animal, sometimes actually leaping

over his head, they made sport of the danger that watched their footsteps; and exciting our astonishment the more as, amid all the critical positions that befel them, they threw into their most hurried movements a kind of careless ease and grace, such as could only arise from long training in their perilous profession.

But so harmless an amusement as this was not destined to last long. One of the bandarilleros now advanced, bearing in his hands a couple of darts, whose barbed points betokened exquisite torture. Planting these adroitly, one on each side the bull's neck, he disappeared without waiting to witness their effects. It was to be expected that their stinging points rankling in the flesh of the animal should lash it into tenfold fury. The bandarilleros all fled before him, all kept out of sight behind the barrier, while he wildly coursed round the arena, leaping and bounding from side to side in the extremity of his pain. In the midst of his career his eye caught a glimpse of a saddle, which by some chance had been left on the ground. Darting upon it, as if upon a living object, he let loose upon the inoffensive implement all the madness with which he was possessed. More than once the saddle was tossed high into the air, and again caught up and hurled with tremendous fury against the barrier. This fit, however, was soon over, though from time to time we could see him shaking his head and vainly attempting to dislodge the darts which clung closer than furies. The same cruel process was then repeated several times, each new infliction of the torture awakening a few moments of rage which nothing could withstand. At length his neck was thickly covered with darts dripping with blood, and the panting animal, thoroughly exhausted by his exertions, made no other reply to the insults of the assailants than by lowering his horns at their approach, without deigning to quit his place.

At this stage another signal brought the matador to hasten its fate. Bearing in one hand a small crimson flag and in the other a naked sword, he presented himself unattended before his victim. During the course of several charges, which it required all his dexterity to parry, no opening admitted of a blow being planted with success. At length, more fortunate, as the bull rushed against the flaming mark which he carried, he buried his sword in his neck up to the hilt. More exasperated than daunted by the blow, the ferocious animal again rushed forward to meet the weapon of his cool and wary antagonist. This time the stroke reached a vital part. A torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and formed a little pool on the ground beside which he stood motionless. He made a last effort, staggered forward a few paces, and then slowly sunk upon his knees in an attitude of repose. In this posture he continued to eye his foes

with the same fire which had carried him through the contest, and, indeed, displayed a courage worthy of a better fate.

The *coup de grâce* was now to be given, since the hour of sport was drawing to a close. This was the office of an attendant, styled the puntillero, who entered the arena with a short dagger in his hand. Placing his foot on the carcass of the prostrate bull to steady his aim, he divided the spinal chord at the junction of the neck with the shoulder. The effect of the stroke was instantaneous. Without a convulsion the bull rolled over on his side, and was no longer to be startled by the plaudits with which the witnesses of his tortures and death repaid the pleasure that the bloody spectacle had afforded them. No sooner had the descending hand of the puntillero extinguished the last spark of life than a team of mules entered the arena, and being harnessed to the horns of the lifeless animal, dragged it at full gallop beyond the barrier. Other teams at the same time performed a like office to such of the horses as had met their death on the spot where they had been attacked. Every other wreck of the conflict was carefully removed. A little dust was sprinkled upon the blood which moistened the arena in several places, and the preparations for a fresh sacrifice were complete.

A RECOLLECTION.

BY HENRY W. CHALLIS.

METHOUGHT my senses I retained, could horror-stricken hear
My little children sob and sigh, could feel their mother's tear,
As round my couch, in grief they pressed, where paralysed I lay,
Without the power to move or speak, for 'twas my *burial* day.
I felt the touch of menial hands, I heard the sable crowd,
Their horrid laugh and heartless jest, while putting on my shroud!
Their decking seemed a mockery, as sickly herbs they strewed:
I strove in vain to move, or shriek—when down the lid they screwed.
I felt them raise me in the air, and bear me from the place,
The home I loved, wife, children, all, at sad funereal pace;
I caught the whispers and the sobs, from some far inner room,
As rude men bore me to the hearse, to take me to my doom.
And then the clank of carriage steps, for friends to join the train,
Who came to place a living man where none alive remain!
My inward prayers, my silent groans, my voiceless curses fell
On all around—oh! horrid sound!—I heard *my* passing knell.
I knew our road beside the green, the cottage and the mill,
The opening in the woods that showed my home upon the hill!
To where the church embowered stood, each object I could trace,
By which the *slow* procession moved,—to *me*, how swift the pace!
"And must I leave my much-loved ones, the sunny skies, the air,
For yonder pent-up charnel-house, with all that's loathsome there?
Oh! how the horrid reptile host will quit each mouldering bone,
To banquet on the fresher feast, and that—a living one."
We stopped! once more a chink of light gleamed through my prison wall,
But soon the demons darkened it, by throwing o'er the pall!
We moved! and all were ushered in the aisle, with noiseless tread,
With bitterness I heard the priest read "Blessed are the DEAD!"
My coffin was let down with cords, that grated as it sped,
I heard more sobs, and then "the dust" fell rattling on my head,
The service o'er, methought my wife would down the chasm gleam,
To take a long and last farewell—I struggled—'twas a dream.

AIDY EDDIE.

TO THE EDITOR, ETC.

MY DEAR SIR,—Being desirous of contributing to your laudable design in editing a publication for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. Macrone, I have to express a hope that the accompanying brief paper, though not written by myself, may be acceptable for that purpose. It relates to my loved and venerated father, and was communicated to me by an old family friend, not unknown to our literature; but it is rather as a simple and curious sketch of Scottish manners, belonging to a not very distant time, yet so completely erased by "the march" of modern ideas and changes, as to seem a tale of centuries gone by, rather than of yesterday, that I have thought it might not be inappropriate to a work on behalf of a worthy Scotsman's bereaved relatives. Such as it is, it is most heartily at their and your service.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours, faithfully,

W. JERDAN.

AIDY EDDIE.

* * * with kindest regards to Mr. Jerdan, incloses *Aidy Eddie*. He will be at no loss to recognise, in the benevolent Justice, his late worthy father, whom he has often heard repeat the anecdote in that style of rich, quiet humour for which he was so noted.

AMONGST the free commoners who erst traversed the border counties, from the packman loaded with tempting gauds to dazzle the eyes of the gude wives and lasses, to the gaberlunzie who paid for the dole he received by relating the ferlies he had seen and heard in far distant shires, none was more welcome to the homestead of the cotter, or the ha' kitchen of the laird, than Aidy Eddie.

A stalwart carl was Eddie! clothed in a leathern jerkin, with a pirny night-cap on his head, ornamented at top by a bunch of the tri-coloured thrums which composed its texture. In his hand he carried

a long kent, and was conducted over the hilly and muirland border tracks by a brindled dog of a somewhat anomalous breed, and rather formidable appearance. On Eddie's loss of sight hung a tale of aspiring and disastrous love. A retainer in the family of a proud Northumbrian squire, he had raised his eyes to the daughter of his master, for which deadly offence he was expelled from the house and lands of his highly incensed patron. Some weeks after his expulsion, a traveller, led by the whinings of a dog, found the unfortunate lad lying in a corner of Alston Moor, apparently in the last throes of expiring life. Removed to the nearest hamlet, and carefully tended at the expense of the stranger, Eddie after a time recovered, but his sight never was restored. The faithful animal that had been the means of saving his life became the guide and companion of his future wanderings, and much of his rambling speech was addressed to his canine friend. When questioned as to the cause of his disaster, he uniformly affirmed that he had plucked out the offending members, lest he should be again induced to look on the face of womankind, who, from the days of mother Eve, had been the tempters and destroyers of man. The simple-minded peasantry did not trace the workings of mania in this wild tale; and the tragedy of the gaberlunzie became an accredited tradition on both sides of the border. On arriving at any of his halting places, he squatted on the ground cross-legged, announcing his presence by singing,

"The gypsies cam to our Lord's yett,"

accompanying the wild cadence by a see-saw motion of the head, and beating time the while with the point of a cow's horn on his teeth and sightless eye-balls.

Eddie was well stricken in years, when the act against vagrancy was put in force; and many were the threats of confinement as a contumacious beggar, from which his ready wit, and the snappish propensities of his cur, extricated him.

One unlucky Friday, however, the evil star of Aidy Eddie shone over the vale of the Tweed. Weary and drenched by a heavy rain, the beggar and his dog entered Kelso, and squatting before the entrance to the Cross-Keys, he commenced the ditty which had never failed to replenish his empty wallet. But in place of the expected viands, he was seized by an ill-natured satellite of the law, and dragged to the court-house.

Mr. J——, who sat on the bench, could with difficulty maintain his magisterial gravity, as the grotesque figures of the beggar and his cur were placed at the bar.

"Well, Adam," he said, "what have you to say for yourself? I

shall be forced, I fear, to commit you as an incorrigible vagrant, till you can be passed to your parish. The officer, you hear, says he found you in the act of begging in the public market-place."

"I was na begging, your worship; I was only trying to sell my singing to the landlady o' the KEYS for a mouthful of meat to mysel and puir hungry Coquet."

"If I let you off this time," interposed Mr. J., "you must inform me from whom you last received alms."*

"I dinna like to do that," replied the culprit, "but if it maun be, it maun be; the last amous I gat was frae y'er ain sel: y'er worship gae me saxpence, ye'll mind when we forgathered yestreen at Maxwellheugh."

Roars of laughter resounded through the court, in which Mr. J. heartily joined, and the beggar got free, with a heavy pouch, for in his way out ilk ane he passed slipped a bawbee into his hand.

Eddie's good fortune, however, at length forsook him. About a twelvemonth after his adventure at Kelso, he was committed to Morpeth jail for an act of vagrancy. Deprived of the free air of heaven, and the excitement of his habitual wanderings, the poor old man lingered out the term of his confinement; but his spirit was broken. Scarcely did he reach one of his usual halting-places on the banks of the Coquet, when he sickened and died. His remains found a last resting-place in the churchyard of the romantic village of Rothbury, and his canine friend a kind master in the Hind who had afforded a shelter to the last hours of the blind beggar.

* It was a popular opinion, at this period, whether incorrect or not, that the statutes against sorning and begging rendered the *bestower* and the *receiver* of alms equally culpable.

THE BATTLE OF GARSCUBE.

A STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem.—PLAUTUS.

THE sun had not long poured its enlivening beams upon the spires and streets of Glasgow, when the loud knock of Ritchie Falconer, the barber, made me start from the blankets, and throw myself into my dressing-gown. In those halcyon days every nose in the western metropolis of Scotland, from the Lord Provost's to that of Bell Geordie,* was daily or hebdomadally in the hands of the barber. Silver-tempered razors, almond shaving soap, and patent strops, were in the womb of futurity; and however urgent the necessity might be of ridding oneself of what has since become so fashionable, a man would as soon have tried to amputate his own limb as have attempted to draw a razor athwart his own face. The *friseurs* of that period, although they could not boast of the elegant scratch-wigs which cover the phrenological developments of our modern *perruquiers*, had bumps upon their frontal *sinuses* which indicated something more than a mere acquaintanceship with bears' grease and honey-water. They were generally fellows of wit and observation, had received what was called a *grammar-school* education, and mindful of their former corporation connection with the men of the scalpel and lancet, conceived it becoming to sport as much of the Latin which rector Barr had whipped into them as could easily be squeezed into their morning colloquies. A Glasgow strap of the last century prated more about the virtues of Miltiades than Maccassar, and ingratiated himself with his customers rather by the raciness of his conversation, than by the starch of his cravat or the sabre cut of his whiskers. Besides all this, everything transacted in the city was as well known to him as to the prying and hawk-eyed editors—alas, long defunct—of the *Journal* and *Mercury*. He knew the peculiarities of every establishment, from that of the *blue and white check* CORK (*Anglice* small manufacturer) to those of the *tobacco* aristocrats, and was as intimately acquainted with the past

* The well-known bellman of Glasgow, almost as celebrated as Dugald Graham, the author of the "Metrical History of the Rebellion," who was one of his predecessors in that noisy office.

removes at a bailie's dinner, as the projected changes at the city council board. In short, he was little less entertaining than the Spanish Asmodeus, and often not less anxiously looked for by his morning customers in Glasgow, than was the little tell-tale devil by Don Cleophas Perez Zambullo, in Madrid.

But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* The use of the barber's basin seems almost a fiction. The perambulatory race of straps is extinct—the morning tale of the suds is no more, and but one or two septuagenarians, who still retain the cut and the curl of the last century, stalk about as the sad remembrancers of that eventful period.

"Good morning, sir," said Ritchie, with a smiling countenance, as he opened my chamber-door, "had a good night's rest, I hope?" "Pretty well," said I, seating myself in my shaving chair. "*Gaudeo te valere*," added the barber, "as I always say to Professor Richardson when I'm gaun to curl his *caput.* But alas, there's naithing sterin' in the college at the present time—they're a' awa, frae the weest to the biggest o' them, takin their *otium cum dignitate;* even John M'Lachlan *Bidellus*, honest man, is awa to Gourock. He gaed aff yesterday in the fly-boat,* and his wife, on account o' the high wind, is between the de'il and the deep sea o' anxiety to hear o' his arrival."

"You must have then quite a sinecure, Falconer," muttered I through the thick lather that encompassed my mouth.

"Sinecure!" exclaimed Dick, "and the deacons-chusing sae sune? I hae just been up wi' Deacon Lawbroad, the tailor, wha threeps he maun be shaved sax times a week at this time, instead o' twice, and my certie it is nae sinecure to raze his beard. O'd, his face takes mair time to clear than half-a-dozen—but nae wonner, suner or later thai corporation *galraivages* tell on a man's chin and mak it tender."

"But I thought the deacon had turned over a new leaf in the prospect of obtaining a magisterial chain."

"A chain! *O tempora! O mores!*" cried the barber, sneeringly, while he followed it with a *whew-w-w*—like that of my uncle Toby, "set him up, indeed! my sang, they'll be ill aff when they tak the tailor to the council chaumer. It does na doe for would-be bailies to be drinking *pap-in* at the *Black Boy* till twa in the morning, and clashing and clavering wi' Peggy Bauldy. Na, na, we maun hae doucer pows than the deacon's to bow in the Wynd kirk frae the

* Before the invention of steam-boats, this was the only conveyance by water to the villages on the Frith of Clyde. The voyage to Gourock, which in those times frequently extended to two days, is now performed regularly in less than two hours.

front o' the laft! Doctor Porteous, honest man, could na thole to see sae mony marks o' the speerit staring him in the face ilka Sunday! But weel-a-wat there's nae saying wha'l be bailies now-a-days. *Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosque repellit.*"

"Why, Ritchie," said I, "it would not at all astonish me, ere many years, to see you yourself following the town officers, and wondered at as one of the wise men of the west."

"Why, sir, *at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est*," said the barber, evidently delighted with the idea, "after that thouless, feckless, senseless coof, Macsapless, ane need na lose a' heart. Well, but he's a fine han' for the provost. I'm sure he'll vote through thick and thin wi' him, and boo like ony *white-bannet* at an auction. O'd, the folk say he coft his cock'd hat frae Miller and Ewing twa years since syne, and what is mair likely, he slept wi' his chain the first night after he got it. But what doe ye think the twa-faced body muved in the council the ither day? why, naething less than what was proposed in Provost Cheeks's time, him, ye ken, wha lived in the lan just aboon the flesh market—naething less than that the city barbers should na be allood to shave their customers on Sunday. Foul fa' the silly loon! Had he as muckle brains in his pow as powther on his shouthers, he micht hae seen the folly o' his hypocrisy. I really wunner the provost, wha is a sensible man, would listen to sic a yaumering hypocritical body. But it's only anither proof to me, that when the unco guid get into power, they're aye scadding their tongues in ither folks' kale. The bailie has lang sat under Mr. Balfour, honest man, and the outer kirk folk, ye ken, a' think themsells far greater saunts than their neebours."

"And what are we to do on Sunday, Falconer; the council cannot lay an embargo on one's beard growing?"

"*Verbum sapienti!*" replied Ritchie, taking me by the nose for the finishing touch of his razing operation. "The trade have agreed to cause their apprentices to parade the streets on that morning in white hose, and you have only to raise the window, haud up your wee finger, and my sang! your chin will sune be as smooth as it is noo, Sunday tho' it be. Are decent Christian folks, do you think, to gang like heathenish Jews at the nod o' a Glasgow trades-bailie? O'd, I ken a *black-a-viced* chield that maun be shaved twice a day when he wants to be particular. Do you think it is affording a 'praise and protection to those who'd do well' to keep men frae hearing the word on account o' a lang beard? But let the deacon sleep—*Amoto quæramus seria ludo.* I've something mair extraordinar to tell you, but in the meantime I must get the curling tongs heated before throwing a little moost (powder) into your hair."

On the barber's return with the heated tongs, I immediately begged him to say what he had to communicate.

"O'd, sir, the news is nane o' the best. Do ye ken there's an unco sough aboot rioting and rebellion?" said Dick, in a canting and *fishing* tone of voice.

"Rioting and rebellion! Pooh, pooh. That must be all fudge. Meal is abundant and cheap at present, wages are high, and trade is brisk; the Scottish convention has been dissolved, the secret societies have given up their sittings, and the real friends of the people are determined to resist French revolutionary principles. But who are they that are to occasion the dread riot, or revolution, as you call it?"

"I dinna ken," said Ritchie, sarcastically, "whether it will be by the freens o' the people, or the foes o' the king; but if it happens, it will be by a set o' folk that are no ower weel pleased wi' the government, and really I'm no muckle astonished at their displeasure. O'd, there's no mony decent weel-doing men, that would like to be shot at against their will for a puir 'shilling a day.'"

"Oh, I understand you," said I; "you have heard it hinted that there may be some further disturbances consequent on the extension of the militia act to Scotland?"

"You have hit it," said the barber. "Do you ken, as I was coming here this morning, I heard a clashing and clavering almaist as noisy as what goes on at the Washing-house in the Green; something serious o' the kind is expected to happen in the neighbourhood."

"Why, Falconer, I am exceedingly sorry to hear any rumour of that kind, for, to tell you the truth, this militia measure is not at all popular, and what is worse, it has been deemed by many altogether contrary to the strict letter of the articles of Union. On this account it has been made a handle of by demagogues, and I am really alarmed lest the people, goaded on by such individuals, may commit some outrage by which they will ultimately become the unfortunate sufferers."

"*Recte Domine!*" cried Ritchie, covering my head and face over with powder. "They hae been egged on to do sae already, and what was the upshot?—broken heads and cauld wames? Oh, it was a sad affair that at Tranent. What a black burning shame that sae mony innocent folk should be slain and slaughtered—God forbid we should ever hae sic like doins here! I hope the folk will tak tent; and if decent lads maun leave their wives and bairns, against their will, in defence o' their kintra, let the kintra pay them better, and look kindlier after their sma' families. Had the folks hereaboots mair to say in the makin o' their laws than they hae, I jalouse they would na get sic scrimp justice. But *vir sapit qui pauco loquitur*, I'm maybe speaking treason, and ye

ken I would na like to gang o'er the great *dib* (sea) like Tam Muir and the like o' them. We maun keep out o' the clutches o' auld Braxy* as lang as we can. My sang! He's a kittle freen to foregather wi' onywhere, but I can tell you, I would rather meet wi' him in the heart o' a change house, than at the *bar*. But I maun be gone. Forget what I hae been clyping about politics, but dinna forget to haund up your wee finger on Sunday at the window to the first pair o' white hose you see, when you want a shave."

So saying, while gathering up his various implements of trade, and offering me, as usual, a *vale Domine*, off flew Ritchie Falconer to Adonise and amuse some other customer.

Arraying myself in my morning suit, I sallied forth to take my usual walk to the *Pointhouse*. The banks of the Clyde, at that period, were not, as they are now, studded with cotton-mills, weaving-factories, print-fields, and dye-works. The verdant turf was only trodden by a few idle stragglers, while the water was unruffled for hours save by the salmon fishing-boats, which paddled from Finnieston to Govan. No steam-boat, crowded with fashionables, and pouring out its volumes of heavy smoke, had yet disturbed the river's general placidity. No ship was seen looming in the distance; a ponderous gabert, a herring-wherry, and a Gourock fly-boat, were all the Clyde then bore on her bosom, and these were "like angels' visits, few and far between." †

While enjoying the beauties of the scenery, my thoughts involuntarily turned on the riots apprehended by Ritchie Falconer, and on the probability that the volunteers, to which I had a pride in belonging, would be called out to quell them. The melancholy affair at Tranent constantly obtruded itself on my recollection, and I could not help beseeching Heaven to forfend what might force me, in my military capacity, to fire on, perhaps, the most thoughtless and guiltless of my countrymen. On returning to the city, I inquired anxiously about the rumour communicated by the barber, and found that it had already got general wind. In the coffee-room, too, after breakfast, I discovered it to be the only topic which occupied the various knots of gossips that encircled the tables. Hearing nothing, however, but conjecture, the matter was immediately forgotten amid the bustle of business, until I was stopped in the street a little after two o'clock by a friend, who with a face as long as a yard-stick, communicated the

* The Lord Jusice Clerk of the period, remarkable for the violence of his politics.

† As a proof of the altered use of the river Clyde, it may be stated that, while at the period of our story the river revenue then did not exceed a few hundred pounds, the present revenue is upwards of thirty-six thousand per annum.

fact that a serious disturbance had that day taken place in the parish of New Kilpatrick, and that the rioters, when the messenger had left the place, were threatening to set fire to the house of Lord President Campbell, at Garscube, his lordship having incurred the displeasure of the populace for carrying the militia act into operation, in his capacity of Deputy Lieutenant of the county. While busily conversing upon the subject, and discussing the means that would be resorted to for preventing such outrages, the sound of distant drums and fifes was heard advancing from the west to the east end of the city, and, on listening, I immediately recognised the well-known *assembly* rattle of the Royal Glasgow Volunteers. I took instant leave of my friend, and hurried home to don my regimentals and to attend the summons.

On entering the house I found my worthy old servant in a fearful quandary. She had heard the news of the riot, coloured with a thousand fancied terrors, and the result in her eyes appeared to assume a magnitude little short of a rebellion, as frightful as the one she had some faint recollection of in her girlhood. "Hech, sirs! hech, sirs!" sighed Girzy, wringing her hands, as she saw me buckling on my bayonet and cartouch-box, and examining the flint of my musket—"that I should leeve to see anither bluidy tuilzie amang freens and brithers, and that these een should again look on folk fechting wi' their ain kith and kin, and murdering ain anither for the sake o' mere *neerdoweels*. Peden's Prophecy I'm thinking will come to pass sooner than sinners jalouse, when a man will travel a simmer's day up the strath o' Clyde, and neither see a lum reeking nor hear a cock craw! Oh maister, ye had better stay at hame, and say ye're no that weel. Heaven will forgie ye for sic a sma' lie. There will nae doubt be plenty there without you. Wha wad like to hae innocent bluid on their head? Wash your hands, oh, wash your hands o't! Think o' the thoughtless souls at Tranent that were sent without a moment's warning to their lang hame, and their dreed account. How many cheerless cots and mourning hearts that woefu' day occasioned! Were it a wheen o' thae cruel-hearted French clanjamphry, that had landed to destroy us, I would na care to see you sae buskit; but to gang out that way to kill your ain countrymen—oh it's a black burning shame. Dinna gang, sir—tak my advice, and dinna gang the length o' your tae!"

Seeing Girzy's anxiety, and knowing the deep interest she took in my welfare, I thought it my duty to calm her by saying, that the rebellion she believed to have broken out at Garscube was nothing but a squabble between a few farm-servants and the legal authorities, and that the mere appearance of the volunteers on the ground would restore all things to their wonted quiet. "Weel, weel!" replied

Girzy, in a sceptical tone, "I wish it may be sae. He that wul to Cupar maun to Cupar. But oh, sir, tak care o' yoursel, and if the habble should turn out to be mair than you jaloused, just doe as I would doe—e'en leave it to be settled by them that are paid for being shot at. Tak tent to yoursel, and oh be shure no to turn the point o' your gun against wives and bairns!" Talking in this anxious strain, and following me to the door, she pulled an old shoe off her foot, and threw it down the stair after me, as she said, "for guid luck!"

On arriving at George's Square, which was the place of rendezvous, I found an unusually large assembly of the corps, all of whom were in high spirits and eager for the fray. On falling in and counting the files there appeared to be the full complement. Three hundred bayonets were in fact present, and it is perhaps not too much to say, that there was no member of the corps who would have hesitated to beard the tasteless wight, who denied this regiment to be the handsomest in his Majesty's service. Whether that opinion was founded in justice, or was the result of mere self-complacency, it is not for me to determine; but it is certain that this corps of gentlemen, at least, proved a constant theme of admiration to all the sighing spinsters around the city tea-tables, and, what was far better for its deathless fame, it attracted the notice of the Glasgow Homer, better known under the every-day cognomen of *Blin' Alick*, who, in his peripatetic wanderings, blazoned far and wide the gallant character of the corps in the following graphic lines:—

"We are gentlemen of honour,
And we do receive no pay;
Colonel Corbet's our commander,
And with him we'll fight our way!"

And so they seemed determined to do on this memorable occasion, for no sooner had the gallant colonel told us that we were that day assembled to support the king and the glorious constitution, and that every man was expected to do so with his life, than the whole regiment simultaneously doffed their caps, and gave a loud huzza of approbation. The colonel was a man in whose military tactics every member of the corps placed implicit confidence. He was none of your pot-bellied, sun-shine, feather-bed soldiers. He was a tall, slender, wiry figure, with an eye that would not have winked in front of a battery, and a heart that would have bounded to have led on a forlorn hope. On observing the peculiar manner which he had of turning out his toes, one might have supposed this officer a complete military Martinet; but the idea was immediately dispelled when he proceeded to mount his Bucephalus. Unlike many volunteer commanders, he had smelt gun-

powder when it was seasoned with a goodly peppering of bullets, and in his youth had crossed blades with the determined foes of his country. He was present in the bloody conflict that took place in the market-place of St. Hilier's, on the 6th of January, 1781, and had, on that occasion, gazed upon the dying features of the gallant Major Pierson.* The colonel could also boast, in the highest degree, of what was esteemed absolutely necessary to one's *gentility* in those days of Spencean principles,—the character of being a thorough-paced Tory, and a sworn foe to demagogues and democrats. With many useful and amiable qualities of head and heart, which it is here unnecessary to enumerate, this gallant officer had one foible, and it was one which, whenever military movements were occupying his thoughts, or were the topic of conversation, he displayed. Proud, as well he might be, of his share in the achievement in Jersey, he had acquired the habit of prefacing every opinion on military tactics, and every project of military operation, with a full and particular account of the whole transactions of the eventful day at St. Hilier's, and which at length became to his friends and the corps, about as well known and as tiresome, as the story of the royal *déjeûner* at the castle of Tillietudlem. Upon the present occasion, this *Lady-Margaret Bellenden* peculiarity displayed itself strongly, for no sooner were the cartouch-boxes observed to be filled with ammunition, than the colonel, after telling us that we were about to march to Garscube, and warning us when there to be steady and cool, involuntarily stumbled upon Jersey.

"Gentlemen," said he, "well do I recollect when, on the morning of the 6th of January, 1781, the drum summoned us to arms, and when ——" The major, well knowing the colonel's foible, aware also that there was no time for the accustomed *yarn* of half an hour, no sooner heard the famous 6th of January uttered than, in open defiance of all military rule, he instantly rode up and intimated that all was in readiness for the regiment to proceed. The thread of the colonel's discourse being broken, the battle of St. Hilier's was forgotten, and instant preparations were made for the battle of Garscube. The volunteers being then successively ordered to "prime and load, fix bayonets, shoulder arms, and by sections on the left backwards wheel," the word "march" was given, and off we paced boldly to beard the foe, followed by a crowd of idle urchins, whose reiterated shouts rendered the field-officers' steeds more restive than their horsemanship war-

* In the beautiful engraving of Heath, from a picture by Copley, the colonel of the Glasgow volunteers occupies a conspicuous situation. He is there represented with a drawn sword in his hand, gazing on the face of the dying soldier.

ranted to be either safe for themselves or seemly for the character of the corps.

The day was one of those more in unison with the climate of Italy han that of Scotland. There was not a single cloud in the visible horizon, nor a breath of wind to temper the rays of a scorching sun. The soldiers, unaccustomed to the tight lacing of their scarlet jackets, and laden with heavy muskets and well-filled cartouch-boxes, had not proceeded far on their march before every individual felt himself in an unusually "melting mood:" and when at length the corps approached the spot which was to prove the field of its fame, every mouth was as parched as though it had been subjected to the sirocco of the Arabian desert, while every eye looked more eagerly for an engagement with a tavern or a rivulet than with a rebel or a rioter. On approaching the bridge of Garscube, the colonel halted the regiment, and sent forward a detachment to reconnoitre. The light company, to which I belonged, having been selected for this important duty, we immediately hurried on at double quick; and, in due conformity with the established rules of military tactics, took possession, though without opposition, of the bridge, as the key to a position on the right bank of the Kelvin. When the regiment had reached the *tête du pont*, the colonel looked on every hand for the enemy, but lo! not even the ghost of a rioter came within the range of his visional organs. A few idle women chattered in knots, and criticised with apparent delight our dusty and broiling condition, while a band of boys, seemingly just relieved from the ferula of the schoolmaster, hailed us with the reiterated and elegant salutation of "*The brosey weavers.*"*

If what was to be done appeared an enigma to the corporal as well as to the colonel, what *ought* to be done was to all abundantly evident. The hour, the walk, and the heat of the day, all conspired in making a powerful appeal to the mind and the materialism of every volunteer. Exhausted nature loudly implored the assistance of the commissariat, while the incipient idea of laying the country under a general contribution flitted simultaneously athwart every brain, and demanded immediate realisation. Whether the conception of this foraging foray was or was not strictly in accordance with the colonel's conduct at St. Hilier's, it is not necessary to inquire; but no sooner had we grounded arms at the bridge of Garscube, than a council of war was summoned to consider of ulterior proceedings, and particularly of the best means of defeating the annoying attacks of General *Hunger*, and combating

* Brosey weavers, in derision, they might be called; but most of them had both in their pockets and on their bones the wherewithals that showed significantly how well they were enabled at all times to march gallantly to the tune of *Brose and Butter.*

the no less terrific onsets of his fearful auxiliary, *Thirst.* The result of the conference was a resolution, carried *nem. con.*, that while a small party should be left to keep the rallying position of the bridge, the remainder of the corps should be permitted to ferret out for themselves what was individually requisite. Three hundred soldiers, with stomachs like those of the cormorant, and throats as dry as a potsherd, would have required a land more celebrated for milk and honey than that around Garscube. As it was, however, each individual seemed determined to cater for himself; and no sooner was the order given for a general forage, than off flew the whole volunteers like locusts over the face of the country. To sack a dairy and ransack a hen-roost became immediately the general occupation. At least a dozen of red coats were seen *billeting* themselves on every farm-house, draining their churns, and *stowing away* their cheese and *bannocks;* while the few publichouses scattered along the roadside were relieved on that memorable day of all their stale beer, sour porter, and *humphed* ham. Never had there been seen in the parish so urgent a demand for everything in the shape of meat or drink, nor more handsome payment known for what could be obtained: for though the volunteers bore bayonets, they likewise carried purses; and to their honour be it recorded, they testified an universal desire to make the people feel that they owed their entertainment to their silver, and not to their steel.

The foraging party to which I belonged consisted of two besides myself. One of these was an individual whose round rosy cheeks bore indubitable tokens of having taken regular toll of everything that had passed through his mouth; while the other had jaws so lank and skinny, that they might have served for a lantern. The former, bating an unconquerable propensity for breaking the third commandment, was an honest-hearted Christian, and an universal favourite; while the latter was a French *émigre*, with all the *politesse* and prejudices of the ancient *régime.* Besides being a Frenchman, my foraging companion also played the *French-horn;* on account of which accomplishment he had been admitted into the *band.* Having remarked some blue smoke curling through a thicket of trees, and judging wisely that a snug cottage would be there embosomed, we made a steeple chase for the spot, and soon found ourselves in the audience-chamber of a bustling matron, actually engaged in freeing a large churn of its butter.

"Gude save us, gudewife," exclaimed my punchy friend as we entered the apartment; "I fin' we're just come in the nick o' time!—Lord, woman, gie us a waught o' that sour milk as fast as you like, for we're a' on the point of choking. What a deevil of a het day this has been for marching!"

"What brocht ye sae far frae hame on sic a day?" said the matron, jestingly; "and whan you left it wha obleeged ye to bear sic a burden? We kintra folk are no sa taen up wi' sodgering—we would rather bide at hame and mind our wark. You're no come, I hope, to countenance thae dules that would tak our gudemen awa frae their hames, against their ain will and the will o' th' Almighty—that would mak our bairns fatherless and ourselves widows. It's a bonny like story, indeed; tak my word for it, nae gude can come o' this militia trade. Its quite contrar baith to the law and the gospel. If you're come to talk to the gudeman about that matter, I maun tell ye he's nae at hame, nor winna be: so ye'll just tak your drap drink and gang your ways."

"*Pardonnez-moi, madame,*" whispered my companion, *Monsieur Collon*, advancing towards the alarmed matron, kneeling down and kissing her hand; "*vous vous trompez assurément;* you mak von gran mistake, madame. By gar, ve come to dis house not like dee *voleurs* to rob you of anyting, far less of *Monsieur votre mari. Oh mon Dieu! de tout, de tout.* We do not vant your husband at all. *Ah, comme vous êtes jolie, aimable!—quels beaux yeux! By gar—*"

"Tuts, man, get up and dinna be fashous," interrupted the matron. "Are ye daft or glaikit? What is't ye're haverin about? I dinna understan' thae blethers at a'. See and lay your lugs in that bicker. You look as tho' you were na that owr aften at hame at meal time; and since ye tell me that ye hae nathing to say to the gudeman, I maun e'en try to bring you something better, as I jalouse your walk will hae gien ye a drouth like the packman's."

Having offered our best thanks for the dame's kindness, she placed before us a large *kebbock*, a basketful of oaten cakes, and a bottle of mountain dew, to which my jolly companion and I paid our instant obeisance. The "gudewife" seeing the Frenchman rather bashful and backward in partaking of the feast, turned towards him and said, "Come, come, Maister Scantocreesh, just fa' tae, like your friend there, and dinna let your modesty wrang ye."

"*Ah, madame, vous me flattez trop,*" said the musician. "By gar, you do me infinite honour. This bottermilk"—taking a draught—"is beautiful—*superbe, magnifique*—pretty well! Dis is your *vin du pays, n'est-ce pas?* Permit that I drink your got-o-hel!"

"Tuts, man, what are you gab-gabbling at?" said the matron, "tak your pick and your drap, and keep your palavers for them that understan' them."

Monsieur Collon immediately drew in a chair and commenced operations; and, in the true spirit of Dugald Dalgetty, tucked in what might at least serve him for the next twenty-four hours. Thinking

that the repast on the musician's part merited a digester, I pointed to the bottle, and suggested to him the propriety of taking some of the stomach-soothing elixir.

"*Pardonnez-moi, monsieur*," said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "Dat *blue ruin*, as de Inglishman call it, do always put my whole head *toujours* into one flame. I vill rader take von oder drop of de Scottish *vin du pays;*" so saying, he approached the churn, which at that moment was standing at about an angle of seventy-five degrees, for the more effectually freeing it of its contents.

"What," said my rosy-cheeked companion, "more of that stuff yet? Lord save us! That's awfae!"

"*Ne derangez-vous pas*—I love dis ver moch, and vil now tak von oder gran drink of it," putting his head into the churn. The gude wife, seeing the Frenchman's powdered wig and jaundiced visage within the precincts of what she, of all things, considered as sacred to cleanliness, and hearing him lapping the buttermilk, ran towards him, exclaiming, "De'il's in the worriecow, is he gaun to pollute my hail kirn o'milk wi' his illfaured greasy gab and moosty pash!" while she accompanied the exclamation with a smart blow on the musician's back. Monsieur Collon, eager at the draught, and about precisely poised on the churn, no sooner received the blow, than it threw him off his balance, and, to the utter dismay of all present, he was instantly seen to pop head foremost into the gaping vessel. The Frenchman's heels were of course the next moment kicking in the air, while a loud gurgling noise issued from the churn that demanded instant attention. In the twinkling of an eye I dashed forward, seized the struggling musician by the limbs, and with one effort extricated the poor fellow from his wooden surtout. But what words can describe, or what pencil delineate, the absurd and ridiculous appearance of the half-drowned horn-blower! Gasping for breath, and struggling for vision, he stood before us in all the insignia of this new order of the *Bath*, with a countenance whose yellow wrinkles poured down streams of buttermilk, while adown his long queue a torrent rushed from the well-soaked fountain of his wig. The matron was in the deepest distress for having been the innocent cause of such a mishap to the poor Frenchman; and to an infinity of apologies added every exertion in her power to restore his garb and his temper to their former propriety.

While Monsieur Collon was busily making up matters with the matron and her mirror, the roll of a distant drum awakened our attention, and warned us of the necessity of an immediate retreat. Having each pulled a piece from our purse, we pressed it on the gudewife; but it was not till we qualified the gift by telling her to lay it out on something for her daughter, that she would consent to touch our silver.

On regaining the bridge, we learnt that the troop of Glasgow volunteer cavalry had, previous to our arrival, dispersed the whole pitch-fork belligerent band of malcontents, who, after burning the parish records of Kilpatrick, had taken up a position on a neighbouring hill. There being no further danger apprehended, the idea—a fearful one to those accustomed to feather-beds—of our corps bivouacking that night on the lawn of Garscube was abandoned. The colonel, after a lengthy harangue, in which he declared that the regiment under his command had that day done immortal honour to itself, and, as usual, mixed up the sermon with what he had himself accomplished on the 6th January, 1781, at last gave the welcome word of "Right about, face," and off marched the volunteers at a smart pace for the city.

As we trudged along the road, more occupied with the freaks of the foray than the feats of our prowess, a furious-looking dog was seen to rush down from a farm steading a little off the road, whose appearance gave strong and determined symptoms of combativeness. On observing it approaching, I instantly halted, and called out to my punchy foraging companion, "Huzza! G ——; there's an enemy at last for you—will you meet him?" "By *gom!* that's an awfu' illfaured neebour," said my friend; "shall it be blood?" And, without waiting a reply, up went the musket to his shoulder—off went the shot; but, alas! on came the mastiff. The danger was imminent; the dog looked as bold as a lion. "Charge bayonets!" cried I;—"*à la victoire!*" blew M. Collon; and in a moment the supposed disseminator of hydrophobia received such a tickling of the steel as sent him to the right-about in a twinkling. My portly friend, however, was not to be satisfied with merely *flanking* the enemy. He had determined that no quarter should be given, and bent on signalising himself, he made another fearful thrust at the retreating foe. Happily for the dog, but most unfortunately for the volunteer, the lunge missed its object, the steel pierced the earth, and over went my friend headforemost into the ditch, at the expense, too, of his bayonet, which snapt asunder under the force and pressure of seventeen stone!

After this tuilzie with the mastiff, nothing remarkable happened till we arrived within a mile of Glasgow. Here, however, a scene occurred that is yet fresh in my recollection, while it still occasions considerable merriment among the small knot of septuagenarians that gazed upon it then. The rear-guard having telegraphed the approach of cavalry, the colonel instantly threw the battalion into a position to receive them, and sent out a few skirmishers to reconnoitre. On these falling back with the intelligence that the commander of the advancing corps (which was the Glasgow light horse) had given the counter-

sign and parole, the colonel wheeled us into line, and when the dragoons were in the act of passing, ordered a general salute. The glittering of the fire-locks and the noise of the music created, as might be supposed, a very considerable confusion among individuals who were almost as ignorant of a *cover* as a campaign—a confusion which the captain, from having his charger burthened with a prisoner, who most *unmilitarily* occupied the front of the saddle, felt some difficulty to calm. But if the majority of this troop of chasseurs felt rather uneasy in their saddles on this saluting occasion, there was one in particular in the rear whose position and countenance betokened anything but security and self-possession. The *galloway* which this awkward wight bestrode being as fiery as the proboscis of her rider, no sooner fixed her eye on so many new faces than she showed an evident disposition to dissolve immediately her present copartnery. The perilous prancings and curious curvetings that succeeded having attracted attention, what was the astonishment of all to find that the light dragoon was no other than the would-be *Bailie Lawbroad*, whose picture the barber had drawn so graphically in the morning. It was now evident that the poor deacon's desire for notoriety had led him a rather dangerous dance, since it was plain to all that his seat would not long remain either secure or a sinecure. Guiltless alike of all the rules of Gambado and of Pembroke, the tailor soon lost command of his steed, while the *persuaders*, from the early habit which their wearer had acquired of drawing up his legs when in danger, having been brought to bear rather unceremoniously on the flanks of the mare, made her as unceremoniously throw up her heels, and eject the dragoon from his saddle. The animal, finding the rider embracing her rather too kindly round the neck, and feeling the usual *restrainers* dangling about her ears, set off at full gallop, and it was now a hundred guineas to a goose that the chasseur would, ere a few minutes, be gazetted a *field* officer. To the *footpads*, as the volunteers were opprobriously designated by their brethren on horseback, the appearance of a trooper charging in the manner of the deacon was anything but gall and wormwood; and no sooner did the corps recognise the copper nose of the snip in a John Gilpin attitude, than they, in defiance of all order, simultaneously roared out, "There goes the tailor riding to Brentford!" The loud shout, followed by a louder bang of the bass drum, having put more metal into the *galloway's* heels, she soon shot a-head of the troop, and having shyed and flung up her heels at an abrupt turn of the road, off went the tailor over the hedge into a corn field, and on went the mare over the toll-bar to the corn chest, which she soon reached, to the utter consternation of the snip's anxious consort, who awaited his arrival.

The deacon, though a little alarmed, was far more comfortable than he had been for many minutes before, on finding himself, like Commodore Trunnion, thus safely riding at anchor. The colonel, fearing, however, that some medical assistance might be requisite, and recollecting that the troop boasted only a farrier, instantly despatched his orderly for the volunteer surgeon, who rode in the rear of the corps. This son of Esculapius, though at the head of his profession, was a gentleman of a most somnolent disposition, and what is more singular, his steed partook of the poppy-juice qualities of its master. Yet there was this happy peculiarity about the horse and the rider, that both were never found in the arms of Morpheus together. On this occasion, the surgeon having no gun-shot wounds to attend to, had given way to his usual propensity at leaving Garscube, while his horse continued so sharply awake, as to have carried his master through the whole manœuvres which the regiment had performed on the march. The surgeon being roused from his snoose by the orderly, instantly galloped off to the assistance of the trooper, who had, however, previous to his reaching the ground, got fairly on his legs, and was taking considerable credit for throwing himself off so neatly. After putting a finger to the tailor's pulse, and passing his hand over his limbs, the doctor declared him free from blemish, and that there was no necessity for prescribing any other medicine than a walk to the city. Both having, then, taken their position in the rear of the regiment, it proceeded onward, and soon found itself within the precincts of Glasgow.

On entering the city the band immediately struck up "Caller Herring," the sound of which made every window fly open, and suggested to every cook the necessity of making instant preparation for the approach of her hungry master. Fearing, however, that the instructive melody might not altogether tell on the deaf ears of my old handmaid, Girzy, my fat friend, who had agreed to take a steak with me, no sooner saw the housekeeper at the window than he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Girzy, my lass, you may put on the *taties* noo!" Scarcely had the pleasing sound reached the ear of old Girzy than I was accosted by the well-known "*Gaudeo te valere*" of Ritchie Falconer, who, after sarcastically exclaiming "*Fortuna favet fortibus*," breathlessly inquired what had befallen his customer the deacon, and told us of the consternation of his wife The story of the tailor's mishap satisfied the barber, while the appearance of Lawbroad himself quieted the fearful prognostications of his anxious helpmate.

The corps, on reaching its usual place of rendezvous, was immediately dispersed, while the soldiers hurried home to calm the fears of their wives, mothers, and sisters. In the evening the club-rooms of the city rang with unusual mirth and jollity. Each roof echoed back

the scenes of the day and of the foray, but among them all none occasioned more fun and laughter than the tale of the churn and the *promotion* of the tailor.

Thus began and thus ended the ever-memorable day of the Battle of Garscube—a day unstained with blood, unsurpassed by heat, alike famous for its foray and for the capture of one prisoner—a day, in short, which proved the brightest gem in the garland of Glasgow volunteer glory, and has afforded as noble a theme of conversation to the pig-tailed soldiers of the Scottish western metropolis as that of St. Hilier's did to their gallant commander.

The Glasgow corps of volunteers, which so eminently distinguished itself on that eventful occasion, scarcely survived the close of the century that gave it birth, while the generality of the happy faces that grinned with delight at the ludicrous plight of Deacon Lawbroad have now, as Hamlet says, "few left to mock their grinning;" and had I not, perhaps, been reminded the other day of the immortal action of this gallant corps, by perusing the equally deathless deed of its bounty, on the wall of the Royal Infirmary Hall,* I might possibly have never dreamt of becoming the humble annalist of its military glory.

* They gave the whole of the regimental stock-purse, amounting to £1,200, to that valuable institution.

THE OLD LONDON MERCHANT.

A FRAGMENT.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Flos Mercatorum.
Epitaph on Whittington.

At that festive season, when the days are at the shortest, and the nights at the longest, and when, consequently, it is the invariable practice of all sensible people to turn night into day; when the state of the odds between business and pleasure is decidedly in favour of the latter; when high carnival is held in London, and everything betokens the prevalence and influence of good cheer; when pastry-cooks are in their glory, and green trays in requisition; when porters groan beneath hampers of game, and huge tubs of Canterbury brawn; when coaches arriving from Norfolk and Devonshire look like moving poulterers' shops; when their front boots won't close, and the guard hangs a string of turkeys behind, and a leash of hares in front; when attorneys in town send barrels of oysters to attorneys in the country; when Christmas-box claimants disturb one's equanimity by day, and Waits (those licensed nuisances, to which even our reverence for good old customs cannot reconcile us) break one's first slumber at night; when surly Christians "awake," and salute the band of little carolers with jugs of cold water; when their opposite neighbour the Jew, who has poked his night-capped head from his window, retires with a satisfactory chuckle; when the meat at Giblett's, which, for the last six weeks, has announced the approach of Christmas by its daily-increasing layers of fat, as correctly as the almanack, has reached the *ne-plus-ultra* of adiposity; when wandering crowds are collected before the aforesaid Giblett's to gaze upon the yellow carcase of that leviathan prize-ox—the fat being rendered more intensely yellow by its contrast with the green holly with which it is garnished—as well as to admire the snowy cakes of suet with which the sides of that Leicester sheep are loaded; when the grocers' trade is "in request," and nothing is heard upon his counter but the jingling of scales and the snapping of twine; when the vendor of sweetmeats, as he deals forth his citron and sultanas in the due minced-meat proportions to that pretty house-maid, whispers something in a soft and sugared tone about the

mistletoe; when "coming Twelfth Nights cast their shadows before," and confectioners begin to feel important; when pantomimes are about to unfold all their magic charms, and the holidays have fairly commenced; when the meteorological Mr. Murphy predicts that Thursday the 4th will be fair and frosty, and it turns out to be drizzling rain and a sudden thaw; when intelligence is brought that the ice "*bears*," the intelligence being confirmed by the appearance of sundry donkey-carts, containing ice an inch thick, and rendered indisputable by the discharge of their crystal loads upon the pavement before Mr. Grove's the fishmonger's; when crack performers in rough great coats, or Mackintoshes, with skates in their hands, cigars in their mouths, and tights and fur-topped boots on their lower limbs, are seen hastening up Baker-street, in the direction of the Regent's Park; when a marquée is pitched upon the banks of the sheet of water opposite Sussex Place, and a quadrille executed by the before-mentioned crack skaters in tights and fur-topped boots upon its frozen waters; when the functionaries of the Humane Society begin to find some employment for their ropes and punt; when old Father Thames, who, for a couple of months, appears to have been undecided about the colours of his livery—now inclining to a cloak of grayish dun, now to a mantle of orange-tawny—has finally adopted a white transparent robe with facings of silver; when, as you pass down Harley-street, the lights in the drawing-room windows of every third house, the shadows on the blinds, and, above all, the enlivening sound of the harp and piano, satisfy you that its fair inmate is "at home;" when,

"House-quakes, street-thunders, and door-batteries,"

are heard from "midnight until morn;" when the knocker at No. 22 responds to the knocker at No. 25; when a barrel-organ and a popular melody salute your ear as you enter Oxford-street; when the doors of the gin-shops seem to be always opening to let people *in*, but never to let them *out*, and the roar of boisterous revelry is heard from the bar; when various vociferations arise from various courts and passages; when policemen are less on the alert, though their interference is more requisite than usual; when uproarious jollity prevails; when "universal London getteth drunk," and, in short, when Christmas is come, and everybody is disposed to enjoy himself in his own way—at this period of wassail and rejoicing it was that a social party, to which we are now about to introduce the reader, was assembled in a snug little dining-room of a snug little house, situate in that snug little pile of building denominated the Sanctuary in Westminster.

When a man has any peculiarity of character, his house is sure to partake of it. The room which he constantly inhabits reflects his

image as faithfully as a mirror, nay more so, for it reflects his mind as well as his person. A glance at No. 22, St. James's Place, would satisfy you its owner was a poet. We can judge of the human, as of the brute lion, by the aspect of his den. The room marks the man Visit it in his absence, and you may paint his portrait better than the limner who has placed his "breathing canvas" on the walls. From that well-worn elbow-chair and the slippers at its feet (the slippers of an old man are never to be mistaken) you can compute his age; from that faded brocade dressing-gown and green velvet cap, you can shape out his figure; from the multiplicity of looking-glasses you at once infer that he has not entirely lost his vanity or his good looks; that gold-headed cane gives you his carriage—it is not a stick to lean upon, but to flourish jauntily; that shagreen spectacle-case, that chased silver snuff-box with the Jupiter and Leda richly and somewhat luxuriously wrought upon its lid, that fine old blue china, that gorgeous Berlin ware, those rare bronzes half-consumed by the true hoary green ærugo, that lacrymatory, that cinerary urn, that brick from the Coliseum, that tesselated pavement from Pompeii, looking like a heap of various-coloured dice, and a world of other rarities, furnish unerring indications of his tastes and habits; while that open volume of Sir Thomas Urquhart's "Rabelais" (published by the Abbotsford Club) gives you his course of study; the *Morning Post* his politics; that flute and those musical notes attest the state of his lungs; and that well-blotted copy of verses, of which the ink is scarcely dry, proclaims his train of thought. The door opens, and an old gentleman enters exactly corresponding to your preconceived notions. You require no introduction. You have made his acquaintance half an hour ago.

The apartment to which we are about to repair was a complete index to the mind and character of its possessor, Sir Lionel Oldmixon. We have called it a dining-room, from its ordinary application to the purposes of refection and festivity; but it had much more the air of a library, or study. It was a small comfortable chamber, just large enough to contain half a dozen people, though by management double that number had been occasionally squeezed into its narrow limits. The walls were decorated with curious old prints, maps and plans, set in old black worm-eaten frames, and representing divers personages, places, and structures, connected with London and its history.

Over the mantel-piece was stretched Vertue's copy of Ralph Aggas's famous survey of our "great metropolis," made about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, or perhaps a little earlier, when it was scarcely so great a metropolis as at the present time, and when novelists, gentlemen of the press, cabmen, omnibus cads, and other illustrious personages, were unborn and undreamed of; when St.

Giles's, in lieu of its mysterious and Dædalian Seven Dials (which should have for their motto Wordsworth's line, "We are seven"), consisted of a little cluster of country houses, surrounded by a grove of elms; when a turreted wall girded in the city, from Aldgate to Gray Friars; when a pack of stag-hounds was kept in Finsbury fields, and archers and cross-bowmen haunted the purlieus of the Spital; when he who strolled westward from Charing Cross (then no misnomer) beheld neither Opera House nor club-house, but a rustic lane with a barn at one end, and a goodly assortment of hay-carts and hay-stacks at the other; when the Thames was crossed by a single bridge, and that bridge looked like a street, and the street itself like a row of palaces. On the right of this plan hung a sketch of Will Summers, jester to Henry VIII., after the picture by Holbein; on the left, an engraving of Jeffrey Hudson, the diminutive attendant of Henrietta Maria. This niche was devoted to portraits of the bluff King before-mentioned, and his six spouses; that to the melancholy Charles and his family. Here, the Great Fire of 1666, with its black profiles of houses, relieved by a sheet of "bloody and malicious" flame, formed a pleasant contrast to the icy wonders of the Frost Fair, held on the Thames in 1684, when carriages were driven through the lines of tents, and an ox was roasted on the water to the infinite delectation of the citizens. There Old Saint Paul's (in the words of Victor Hugo, "one of those gothic monuments so admirable and so irreparable")—and which is but ill-replaced (in our opinion) by the modern "bastard counterpart" of the glorious fane of Saint Peter at Rome—reared its venerable tower (not dome) and lofty spire to the sky; next to St. Paul's came the reverend abbey of Westminster, taken before it had been disfigured by the towers added by Wren; and next to the abbey opened the long and raftered vista of its magnificent neighbouring hall. Several plans and prospects of the Tower of London, as it appeared at different epochs, occupied a corner to themselves: then came a long array of taverns from the Tabard in Southwark, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and the Devil near Temple Bar, embalmed in the odour of poesy, to the Nag's Head in Cheapside, notorious for its legend of the consecration of the Protestant bishops in 1559; there also might you see—

"——— in Billinsgate the Salutation,
And the Boar's Head near London Stone,
The Swan at Dowgate, a tavern well known,
The Mitre in Cheap, and then the Bull's Head,
And many like places that make noses red;
The Boar's Head in Old Fish-street; Three Crowns in the Vintry;
And now, of late. Saint Martin's in the Seutree;

The Windmill in Lothbury; the Ship at the Exchange;
King's Head in New Fish-street, where roysters do range;
The Mermaid in Cornhill; Red Lion in the Strand;
Three Tuns in Newgate Market; in Old Fish-street the Swan."*

Adjoining these places of entertainment were others of a different description, to wit, the Globe, as it stood when Shakspeare (how insufferable is the modern mode of spelling this reverend name—Shak*spere)* trod the stage; the King's playhouse in Charles the Second's time; the Bear-Garden, with its flag streaming to the wind; and the Folly, as it once floated in the river, opposite old Somerset-house. Then came the Halls, beginning with Guildhall and ending with Old Skinners. Next, the Crosses, from Paul's to Charing; then, the churches, gateways, hospitals, colleges, prisons, asylums, inns of court,—in short, for it is needless to particularise further, London and its thousand recollections rose before you, as you gazed around. Scarcely an old edifice, to which an historical tradition could be attached (and what old London edifice is destitute of such traditions) was wanting. Nor were the great of old—the spirits who gave interest and endurance to these decayed, or decaying structures, wanting. But we shall not pause to enumerate their portraits, or make a catalogue as long as the list of Homer's ships, or the gallery of Mr. Lodge. Sufficient has been said, we trust, to give the reader an idea of the physiology of the room. Yet stay! We must not omit to point out the contents of those groaning shelves. In the goodly folios crowded there are contained the chronicles of Holinshed and Hall; of Grafton, Fabian, and Stowe; of Matthew of Paris, and his namesake of Westminster. Let him not be terrified at the ponderous size of these admirable old historians, nor be deterred by the black letter, if he should chance to open a volume. Their freshness and picturesque details will surprise as much as they will delight him. From this wealthy mine Shakspeare drew some of his purest ore. The shelves are crowned by a solitary bust. It is that of a modern. It is that of a lover and a character of London. It is Doctor Johnson.

Having completed our survey of the apartment, we shall now proceed to its occupants. These were five in number—jolly fellows all—seated round a circular dining-table covered with glasses and decanters, amidst which a long-necked magnum of claret, and a deep and capacious china punch-bowl must not pass unmentioned. They were in the full flow of fun and conviviality; enjoying themselves as good fellows always enjoy themselves at "the season of the year." The port was delectable—old as St. Paul's, we were going to say—not quite, how-

* News from Bartholomew Faire.

ever, but just "old enough;" the claret was nectar, or, what is better, it was La Fitte;—the punch was drink for the gods. The jokes of this party would have split your sides—their laughter would have had the same effect on your ears. Never were heard peals of merriment so hearty and prolonged. You only wondered how they found time to drink, so quick did each roar follow on the heels of its predecessor. That they *did* drink, however, was clear; that they *had* drunk was equally certain; and that they intended to continue drinking seemed to come within the limits of probability. Allowing them to continue their carouse, we shall endeavour to give a hasty sketch of the host.

Sir Lionel Oldmixon was a retired merchant,—one of those high-souled, high-principled traders, of which our city was once so justly proud, and of which so few, in these days of joint-stock companies, and other hair-brained speculations, can be found. His word was his bond,—once passed it was sufficient; his acceptances were accounted safe as the Bank of England. Had Sir Thomas Gresham descended from his niche he could not have been treated with greater consideration than attended Sir Lionel's appearance on Change. All eyes followed the movements of his tall and stately figure—all hats were raised to his courteous but ceremonious salutation. Affable, yet precise, and tinctured with something of the punctiliousness of the old school, his manners won him universal respect and regard, even from those unknown to him. By his intimates he was revered. His habits were as regular as clock-work, and the glass of cold punch at Tom's, or the bason of soup at Birch's wound him up for the day. His attire was as formal as his manners, being a slight modification of the prevalent costume of some thirty years ago. He had consented, not without extreme reluctance, to clothe his nether limbs in the unmentionable garment of recent introduction; but he resolutely adhered to the pig-tail. There is something, by-the-by, in a pigtail, to which old gentlemen cling in spite of all remonstrance, with lover-like pertinacity. Only hint the propriety of cutting it off to your uncle or your grandfather, and you may rely on being cut off with a shilling yourself. Be this as it may, Sir Lionel gathered his locks, once sable as the ribbon that bound them, but now thickly strewn with the silver "blossoms of the grave," into a knot, and suffered them to dangle a few inches below his collar. His shoes shone with a lustre beyond French polish, and his hat was brushed till not a wind dared to approach it. Sir Lionel wore a white, unstarched neckcloth, sported a frill over his waistcoat, carried a black ebony cane in his hand, and was generally followed by a pet pug-dog, one of the most sagacious and disagreeable specimens of his species. Sir Lionel Oldmixon, we have said, was tall—we might have said he was very tall—somewhat narrower

across the shoulders than about the hips—a circumstance which did not materially conduce to his symmetry—with gray benevolent eyes, shaded by bushy intelligent brows—a lofty expansive forehead, in which, in the jargon of phrenology, the organs of locality and ideality were strongly developed, and which was rendered the more remarkable from the flesh having fallen in on either side of the temples—with a nose which had been considered handsome and well-proportioned in his youth, but to which good living had imparted a bottle form, and a bottle tint,—and cheeks from which all encroachment of whiskers was sedulously removed, in order, we conclude, that his rosy complexion might be traced from its point of concentration, upon the prominent feature beforementioned, to its final disappearance behind his ears.

* * * *

MY AUNT HONOUR.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

My Aunt Honour was for ten years the reigning beauty of her native village; and even at the end of that period, though the opening charms of early youth had gradually ripened into the more dignified graces of womanhood, and she was a girl no longer, no one could say that the change had caused that diminution in her personal attractions which could afford just reason for the loss of the title. It was but the seasonable expansion of the bud into the flower, and in the eye of every person of taste and sense my Aunt Honour was a beauty still. How, indeed, could she be otherwise, with her graceful contour of form and face, her noble line of features, brilliant yet reflective,—eyes of rich dark hazel, serene brow, coral lips, and clear brunette complexion? But unluckily for poor Aunt Honour, she had two younger sisters in their teens, who, as soon as they were emancipated from boarding-school, began to consider the expediency of making conquests, and, finding that very few gentlemen paid much attention to them when their eldest sister was present, they took the trouble of making every one acquainted with the precise date of her baptismal register, after which kind disclosure, Aunt Honour lost the title of a beauty and acquired that of an old maid.

This change of style was, I should apprehend, rather a trial of patience in the first instance, for Aunt Honour, though she had never exhibited the slightest degree of vanity or presumption on account of the general admiration she had excited, was nevertheless pleased with the homage paid to her charms—and it was hard to feel herself suddenly deprived of all her flattering privileges at once, and that without the reasonable warning which the faithful mirror gives of the first indications of the sure, yet silent, progress of decay in those who are not so wholly blinded by self-conceit as to be insensible to its ravages. Time had dealt so gently with Aunt Honour, that, when the account of his takings and leavings were reckoned, it scarcely appeared that she stood at discount—I am inclined to think the balance was in her favour; but then I had so much reason to love her, that perhaps I was not an impartial judge. How, indeed, could I forget her tender cherishing care of me in my bereaved and sickly

childhood, when, by the early death of my parents, my brother and myself, being left in a comparative state of destitution, were thrown upon the compassion of my mother's family. This was regarded in the light of a serious misfortune by my two young aunts, Caroline and Maria, who might have instructed gray hairs in lessons of worldly wisdom, and both possessed what is vulgarly termed a sharp eye for the main chance. They calculated with a clearness and accuracy truly wonderful at their age—for the elder of the twain had not completed her eighteenth year at the period of which I speak—the expense of our board, clothes, education, and the general diminution of their comforts and chances of forming advantageous matrimonial settlements, which would be occasioned by our residence with my grandfather; and they did not, of course, forget the great probability of his providing for us in his will, which would naturally take something from their portions of the inheritance. Under the influence of such feelings, they not only used every means in their power to prevent our reception in their father's house, but, after we were, through the influence of Aunt Honour, admitted, they treated us with a degree of unkindness that amounted to actual persecution. All our little faults were repeated by them in the most exaggerated terms to my grandmother, and, but for the affectionate protection which Aunt Honour extended towards us, we should have experienced much harshness in consequence of these misrepresentations; but her tenderness made up to us for all deficiencies in other quarters. She was to us in the place of mother, father, and every other tie of kindred; she was by turns our nurse, preceptress, and playfellow. Our love, our duty, our respect, were all lavished on her; she was our kind aunt, our dear aunt, our good aunt; and well do I remember being tied to the leg of the table for a whole morning by my grandmother as a punishment for exclaiming, in the fulness of my heart, "that she was my pretty aunt, and aunts Maria and Caroline were my two old, ugly, cross aunts!" The rage of the injured juniors by twelve years may be imagined at this rash proof of my devotion to their eldest sister; nor could Aunt Honour, with any degree of prudence or propriety, interfere to avert the castigation which my young aunts bestowed upon me in the shape of boxes on the ears, too numerous to record, in addition to the penance of being confined to the leg of grandmamma's work-table. Considering me, however, in the light of a martyr in her cause, she made me more than ample amends in private for all I had suffered, and loaded me with the most endearing caresses, while she reproved me for having said such improper things to aunts Caroline and Maria.

My grandmother, who, for the misfortune of her husband, was

married long before she knew how to conduct a house with any degree of propriety, was one of those foolish women who occasionally boast of their own early nuptials to their unmarried daughters, with ill-timed remarks on their comparative tardiness in forming suitable matrimonial alliances, which has too often piqued the mortified maidens into contracting most unsuitable matches, that they might avoid the reproach of celibacy: the fruitful source from which so many ill-assorted and calamitous marriages have proceeded.

My grandfather, who had formed a very just estimate of his eldest daughter's merits, was wont to observe, in reply to his wife's constant remark, "that Honour would never marry now, poor girl!" "Those women who were most eminently qualified to prove excellent wives, mothers, and mistresses of families, and who were, metaphorically speaking, the twenty thousand pound prizes in the matrimonial lottery, were generally left in the wheel, while the blanks and tickets of trifling value were drawn over and over again; but, for his part, he knew so much of men, that he would recommend all his daughters to remain single." Notwithstanding this declaration of the old gentleman, it was evident enough that he was inwardly chagrined at the unaccountable circumstance of his lovely Honour, his sensible clever girl, the pride of his eyes, and the darling of his heart, being unmarried at thirty years of age; or as her younger sisters, in the insolence of their only attraction, youth, called her an "old maid."

No! that he would not allow—"thirty"—she was in the prime of her days still, and, in his eyes, as handsome as ever;—certainly wiser and better than when she was in her teens—far more likely to be the choice of a sensible man than either of her younger sisters—and he would bet a hundred guineas that she would be married now before either of them.

"Certainly, papa, if wedlock goes by turns, she ought to be," would Aunt Caroline rejoin, "for you know she is twelve years older than I."

"She might, however, make haste, if she thinks of getting married now," would Aunt Maria add, with a silly giggle, "for she is getting quite venerable; and, for my part, if I do not marry by the time I am one-and-twenty, I am sure I shall consider myself an old maid."

"There will be some wisdom in accustoming yourself to the title betimes, since it may very probably be your portion through life, young lady," retorted my grandfather, on one occasion: "at any rate, no man of taste and sense will be likely to prefer you to such a woman as your sister Honour." But here my grandmother, who always made a sort of party with her younger daughters, interposed, and said, "It really was quite absurd that Honour should put herself so

forward in engaging the attention of gentlemen, who might possibly fix their regards on her younger sisters, provided she would but keep a little in the background, and remember that her day was gone by. She had for some unaccountable reason permitted several opportunities of forming a good establishment to slip by, and now she ought to allow her sisters a fair chance in their turn, and submit to her own destiny with a good grace."

And Aunt Honour did submit, not only with a good grace, but with a temper perfectly angelical, not only to a destiny of blighted hopes and wasted feelings, but to all the invidious taunts with which it was imbittered by those to whom she had been ever ready to extend her generous kindness, whenever it was required. She never hesitated to sacrifice her own pleasure, if she thought it would be conducive to theirs. Her purse, her ornaments, her talents, and industry, were at their service on all occasions, and though it was far from pleasing to her to be either artfully manœuvred, or rudely thrust out of her place by the juvenile pair, who had formed an alliance offensive and defensive against her, yet she did not attempt to contest with them the usurped rights and privileges of eldership, or to struggle for the ascendancy she had hitherto enjoyed in the family; nor did she boast of her youthful charms, or the multiplicity of her former conquests, in reply to the insolence with which she was daily annoyed. She was too dignified to appear to regard these things; yet doubtless she felt them, and felt them keenly; her heart knew its own bitterness, yet suffered it not to overflow in angry, useless retorts. She kept the quiet even tenor of her way, under all provocations, with silent magnanimity; and sought in the active performance of her duties, a resource from vain regrets and fruitless repinings, and if a sigh did occasionally escape her it was smothered ere fully breathed.

The village in which we resided was one of those dull, stagnating sort of places in which years pass away without any visible change appearing to be effected. The inhabitants were few, and these, for the most part, beneath us in situation; for my grandfather was a man of family, though his fortune was inadequate to the expenses attendant on entering into that society with which alone he would have permitted his wife and daughters to mix. Latterly, however, my two younger aunts contrived to engage in a general round of expensive visiting with the surrounding gentry without paying the slighest regard to his disapprobation. Their mother upheld them in this line of conduct, and had recourse to many painful expedients, in order to furnish them with the means of appearing like other young people, as she termed it, and we had all to suffer the pains and penalties of a stinted table in consequence. Aunt Honour was of course excluded from all these gay

doings, and her allowance was very irregularly paid, and sometimes wholly diverted from its proper channel, to supply her younger sisters with ball-dresses, or to satisfy the clamorous milliner, who would not depart without the payment of at least a part of the bills my grandmother had imprudently permitted her selfish favourites to contract, when ready money to procure some indispensable piece of finery, to be worn at places of more than ordinary attraction, could not be obtained.

Our house, in former times so quiet and respectable, was now the resort of the thoughtless, the gay, and the extravagant. Our peace was broken by the domiciliary visits of duns, to get rid of whom, a system of falsehood, equivocation, and blandishment, was made use of, which rendered our family despicable in the eyes of servants, and mean even in our own. Aunt Honour reasoned, entreated, and represented the evil and moral injustice of these things in vain. Her mother told her "she was mistress of her own house, and would do as she thought proper," and her two sisters informed her "that they had no ambition to become old maids like her, which would infallibly be the case if they were confined to the dull solitude which their father preserved, and she appeared inclined to enforce."

Aunt Honour represented, in reply, that they were not pursuing a course very likely to lead to the desired goal of the temple of Hymen; and received, in return, a retort of more than usual aggravation. She was accused of malice, of envy, and an unsisterly desire of depriving the youthful maidens of the pleasure belonging to their time of life; and, worse than all, of the opportunity of becoming happy wives and useful members of society. Aunt Honour would have smiled at the folly of the latter innuendoes, had she not felt inclined to weep at their unkindness.

In the midst of one of these scenes, of now almost daily occurrence, the whole party received tickets of invitation to a ball, given by Sir Edward Grosvenor, in honour of having been chosen, after a contested election, as one of the representatives of his native country. Sir Edward Grosvenor, who had passed his youth in India, where he had greatly signalised himself under the banners of the Marquis of Hastings, had only recently returned to England, to take possession of his estates on the death of his elder brother without heir male. Nothing could exceed the exultation of my grandmother and her two youngest daughters, at the prospect of a flattering introduction into the house of so distinguished a character as their wealthy baronet neighbour, of whom fame reported noble things, and who was a very handsome man, in the prime of life, not exceeding, as the date of his birth in the baronetage of England stated, his six-and-thirtieth year.

Visions of a title, equipage, and wealth, floated over the brains of

aunts Caroline and Maria, as their delighted eyes glanced over the tickets. There was but one drawback to these felicitous anticipations—the difficulty of procuring dresses suitable for such an occasion.

They looked in eager inquiry at their mother; she shook her head. "I cannot do anything to forward your wishes," said she, "for reasons too obvious to you both:"—but after a pause she added, "Your sister Honour can assist you if she pleases."

They both turned to Honour with imploring glances. "In this instance it will not be in my power," observed Honour, gravely.

"You have only just received your quarterly allowance from your father," said her mother.

"I have already appropriated part of the sum to the purchase of a few necessaries for my orphan nephew and niece," replied she, "and the residue, which would be quite inadequate for your purpose, will be barely sufficient to supply me with a simple dress of book-muslin, with shoes and gloves requisite for this occasion."

"For this occasion!" echoed both her sisters in a breath; "surely you do not think of going to the ball?"

"Why not?" demanded Honour, calmly.

"You are so —"

"Old, you would say, Caroline," continued aunt Honour, coolly, finishing the sentence for her; "only, as you happen to want money of me to-day, you are rather more cautious of wounding my feelings than is usual with you."

"Well, but really, Honour, I do not see what good your going to a ball would do."—"None," interposed her mother; "and I thought you had given up these sort of things long ago."

"Is it not your intention to accept the ticket which Sir Edward Grosvenor has sent for you, mamma?" asked Honour.

"Of course it is; your sisters could not, with any degree of propriety, go without me."

"Then I shall do myself the pleasure of accompanying you," said Honour, quietly.

The elder sisters of Cinderella never said more insulting things to that far-famed heroine of fairy lore, to prevent her from trying her chance in fitting the glass slipper, than were uttered by Caroline and Maria to deter aunt Honour from going to the ball. She listened to them with her usual mildness of temper, yet persevered in her resolution.

I think I never saw her look so beautiful as on that eventful evening, when attired in modest, simple elegance, she was led by my grandfather to the carriage, in spite of all opposition from the adverse parties. I, of course, was not included in the party; but I can readily imagine that the surprise and envy of the mortified sisters of Cin-

derella, on entering the room where the hitherto despised victim of their persecutions was dancing with her princely partner, did not exceed that of my juvenile aunts, when they beheld the hero of the night—the gallant and admired Sir Edward Grosvenor—greet old Honour, as they disparagingly styled their elder, with the deferential yet tender air of a lover; and passing over, not only themselves, but many others of the young, the fair, the highborn stars of the evening, and entreating to open the ball with her—a distinction which was modestly declined by her, with equal sweetness and propriety, on the plea that there were others of high rank present, who were, according to etiquette, better entitled to that honour.

"Honour!" exclaimed the gallant knight of the shire, gently possessing himself of her unreluctant hand; "the honour, I trust, is mine; I have long," he added, in a whisper that was meant for no other ear than hers, "sighed to possess this honour, of which the cold considerations of rank and etiquette can never possess sufficient power to deprive me."

Can any one believe that Aunt Honour was fastidious enough to examine too critically the merits of the pun which a faithful lover, under such circumstances, ventured on her name?

There was not, perhaps, one lady in the room that would not have been proud of being the woman to whom Sir Edward Grosvenor addressed that whispered compliment; but there was none to whom it was so well due as to her whom he delighted to honour; for she was the love of his youth, who, for his sake, had faithfully endured years of expectation and delay, with no other assurance of his remembrance and constancy than that hope which keeps alive despair, and survive, all the fading flowers of youthful affection—that fond reliance on his regard, which would not suffer her to imagine that he could be false or forgetful. Nor was the object of such devoted love undeserving of feelings like these. He too had had his sufferings: he had endured paternal wrath, expulsion from his home, years of exile, of poverty, and of suspense.

"But it is all over now," he whispered, as he dashed an intrusive tear from his sun-burnt cheek. "I suffered for Honour! I fought for Honour; and the residue of my days will, I trust, be passed with Honour!"

It was a proud day for my grandfather, when he bestowed his beloved daughter on Sir Edward Grosvenor at the marriage altar; and he did not fail to take due credit to himself on the verification of his prediction. As for my aunts Caroline and Maria, I think I had better say nothing of their feelings on the occasion; but, for the warning of such of the juvenile readers of these pages who may feel

inclined, in the thoughtless presumption of early youth, to brand older—and, perchance, fairer—females than themselves with the contemptuous epithet of old maids, I feel myself compelled to record the mortifying fact, that these two luckless sisters of my honoured mother remain at this moment spinsters of forty and forty-two years standing, and have acted as bridesmaids to Lady Grosvenor's youngest daughter, without one opportunity having offered to either of them of changing their forlorn condition.

So far, however, from voluntarily assuming the name of old maids, if unmarried at one-and-twenty, as they engaged to do when in the fulness of their self-conceit they imagined such a circumstance out of the bounds of human possibility, neither of them will acknowledge the title at forty; on the contrary, they endeavour to conceal the ravages of time under the affectation and airs of excessive youthfulness.

OLYMPUS PUMP;

OR, THE POETIC TEMPERAMENT.

It is said that poetry is on the decline, and that as man surrounds himself with artificial comforts and devotes his energies to purposes of practical utility, the sphere of imagination becomes circumscribed, and the worship of the Muses is neglected. We are somewhat disposed to assent to this conclusion; the more from having remarked the fact, that the true poetic temperament is not so frequently met with as it was a few years since, and that the outward marks of genius daily become more rare. Where the indications no longer exist, or where they gradually disappear, it is but fair to conclude that the thing itself is perishing. There are, it is true, many delightful versifiers at the present moment, but we fear that though they display partial evidences of inspiration upon paper, the scintillations are deceptive. Their conduct seldom exhibits sufficient proof that they are touched with the celestial fire, to justify the public in regarding them as the genuine article. Judging from the rules formerly considered absolute upon this point, it is altogether preposterous for your happy, well-behaved, well-dressed, smoothly-shaved gentleman, who pays his debts, and submits quietly to the laws framed for the government of the uninspired portion of society, to arrogate to himself a place in the first rank of the sons of genius, whatever may be his merits with the gray-goose quill. There is something defective about him. The divine *afflatus* has been denied, and though he may flap his wings, and soar as high as the house-tops, no one can think him capable of cleaving the clouds, and of playing hide and seek among the stars. Even if he were to do so, the spectator would either believe that his eyes deceived him, or that the successful flight was accidental, and owing rather to a temporary density of the atmosphere than to a strength of pinion.

The true poetic temperament of the old school is a gift as fatal as that of being able to sing a good song is to a youth with whom the exercise of the vocal organ is not a profession. It was—and to a certain extent is—an axiom, that an analogy almost perfect exists between the poet and the dolphin. To exhibit their beautiful hues, they must both be on the broad road to destruction. We are fully aware that it has been supposed by sceptical spirits that there is some

confusion of cause and effect in arriving at this conclusion,—that there is no sufficient reason why genius should be a bad citizen. The existence of an irresistible impulse to break the shackles of conventionalism has been doubted by the heterodox. They declare that a disposition to do so is felt by most men, and that aberrations are indulged in, partly from a principle of imitation, because certain shining lights have thought proper to render themselves as conspicuous for their eccentricities as for their genius, and chiefly from a belief that society expects such wanderings, and regards them with lenity. But analysis is not our forte, even if we were disposed to cavil at such convenient things as lumping generalities. Your inquiring philosophers are troublesome fellows, and while we content ourselves with the bare fact, let them seek *rerum cognoscere causas.*

It is a satisfaction to know that the full-blooded merino is not yet quite extinct. Olympus Pump is the personification of the temperament of which we speak. Had there been a little less of the divine essence of poesy mingled with the clay of which he is composed, it would have been better for him. The crockery of his moral constitution would have been the more adapted to the household uses of this kitchen world. But Pump delights in being the pure porcelain, and would scorn the admixture of that base alloy, which, while it might render him more useful, would diminish his ornamental qualities. He proudly feels that he was intended to be a mantel embellishment to bear bouquets, not a mere utensil for the scullery; and that he is not now fulfilling his destiny, arises solely from the envy and uncharitableness of those gross and malignant spirits with which the world abounds. Occupied continually in his mental laboratory, fabricating articles which he finds unsaleable, and sometimes stimulating his faculties with draughts of Schiedam, the "true Hippocrene," he slips from station to station, like a child tumbling down stairs; and now, having arrived at the lowest round of fortune's ladder, he believes it was envy that tugged at his coat tails, and caused his descent, and that the human race are a vast band of conspirators. There are no Mæcenases in these modern times to help those who will not help themselves; no, not even a Capel Lofft, to cheer the Pumps of the nineteenth century. No kindly arm toils at the handle; and if he flows, each Pump must pump for himself. Such, at least, is the conclusion at which Olympus has arrived, and he has melancholy reasons for believing that in his own instance he is correct. Thus, while his mind is clothing its varied fancies in rich attire, and his exulting spirit is gambolling and luxuriating in the clover and timothy of imagination's wide domain, or drinking fairy champagne and eating canvas-back ducks in air-drawn palaces, his outward man is too frequently enduring the sad reverse of these unreal

delights. He may often be seen, when the weather is cold, leaning his back against a post on the sunny side of the street; his hands, for lack of coin, filling his roomy pockets; his curious toes peeping out at crannies to see the world (an indulgence extended to them by few but the Pump family); and his elbows and knees following the example of his lower extremities. Distress, deep thought, or some other potent cause, has transplanted the roses from the garden of his cheek to that no longer sterile promontory his nose, while his chin shows just such a stubble as would be invaluable for the polishing brush of a boot-black.

But luckily the poetic temperament has its compensations. When not too much depressed, Olympus Pump has a world of his own within his cranium; a world which should be a model for that without,—a world in which there is nothing to do, and everything to get for the asking. If, in his periods of intellectual abstraction, the external atmosphere should nip his frame, the high price of coal affects him not. In the palace of the mind fuel costs nothing, and he can there toast himself brown, free of expense. Does he desire a tea-party?—the guests are in his noddle at his call, willing to stay, or ready to depart, at his command, without "standing on the order of their going;" and the imagined tables groan with viands which wealth might exhaust itself to procure. Does he require sweet music?—the poetic fancy can perform an opera in the twinkling of an eye; and the celestial creatures who waltz and *galope* in the spacious *salons* of his brain-pan, are endowed with loveliness which reality can never parallel.

With such advantages, Pump, much as he grumbles, would not exchange the coruscations of his genius, which flicker and flare like the aurora borealis, for a whole wilderness of comfort, if it were necessary that he should entertain dull, plodding thoughts, and make himself "generally useful." Can he not, while he warms his fingers at the fire of imagination, darn his stockings and patch his clothes with the needle of his wit; wash his linen and his countenance in the waters of Helicon; and, sitting on the peak of Parnassus, devour imaginary fried oysters with Apollo and the Muses?

But either "wool-gathering" is not very profitable, or else the envy of which Pump complains is stronger than ever; for not long since, after much poetic idleness, and a protracted frolic, he was seen, in the witching time of night, sitting on a stall in the new market house, for the very sufficient reason that he did not exactly know where else lodging proportioned to the state of his fiscal department could be found. He spoke:

"How blue! how darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!—not me myself, but the expanse of ether. The stars wink through the curtain of the air like a fond mother to her drowsy child, as much as to say

hush-a-by-baby to a wearied world. In the moon's mild rays, even the crags of care like sweet rock-candy shine. Night is a Carthaginian Hannibal to sorrow, melting its Alpine steeps, whilst buried hope pops up revived, and cracks its rosy shins. Day may serve to light sordid man to his labours; it may be serviceable to let calabashes and squashes see how to grow; but the poetic soul sparkles beneath the stars. Genius never feels its oats until after sunset; twilight applies the spanner to the fireplug of fancy, to give its bubbling fountains way; and midnight lifts the sluices for the cataracts of the heart, and cries, 'Pass on the water!' Yes, and economically considered, night is this world's Spanish cloak; for no matter how dilapidated or festooned one's apparel may be, the loops and windows cannot be discovered, and we look as elegant and as beautiful as get out. Ah!" continued Pump, as he gracefully reclined upon the stall, "it's really astonishing how rich I am in the idea line to-night. But it's no use. I've got no pencil—not even a piece of chalk to write 'em on my hat for my next poem. It's a great pity ideas are so much of the soap-bubble order, that you can't tie 'em up in a pocket-handkerchief, like a half peck of potatoes, or string 'em on a stick like catfish. I often have the most beautiful notions scampering through my head with the grace, but alas! the swiftness too, of kittens,—especially just before I fall asleep—but they're all lost for the want of a trap; an intellectual figgery four. I wish we could find out the way of sprinkling salt on their tails, and make 'em wait till we want to use 'em. Why can't some of the meaner souls invent an idea-catcher for the use of genius? I'm sure they'd find it profitable, for I wouldn't mind owing a man twenty dollars for one myself. Oh, for an idea-catcher!"

Owen Glendower failed in calling up spirits, but the eloquence of Pump was more efficacious. In the heavy shadow of a neighbouring pile of goods a dark mass appeared to detach itself, as if a portion of the gloom had suddenly become animated. It stepped forth in the likeness of a man, mysteriously wrapped up, whose eyes glared fiercely, and with a sinister aspect, as he advanced towards the poet. Pump stared in silence—he felt like an idea, and as if the catcher were close at hand, ready to pounce upon it. "Catching the idea" for once seemed a disagreeable operation. The parties confronted each other for a time without saying a word. A cloud hurrying across the moon lent additional terror to the scene, and the unknown, to Pump's astonished vision, appeared to swell to a supernatural size. The stranger, at last, waved his arm, hemmed thrice, and in the deep, decisive tones of one used to command, said:—

"It's not a new case—it's been decided frequent. It's clearly agin the ordination made and purvided, and it's likewise agin the act—"

"Ah me! what act?" ejaculated the astonished Pump.

"To fetch yourself to anchor on the stalls. It isn't what the law considers pooty behaviour, and no gemman would be cotched at it. To put the case, now, would it be genteel for a man to set on the table at dinner-time? Loafing on the stalls is jist as bad as rolling among the dishes."

"Oh, is that all? I'm immersed in poetic conceptions; I'm holding sweet communion with my own desolate affections. Leave me, leave me to the luxuriance of imagination; suffer me, as it were, to stray through the glittering realms of fancy."

"What! on a mutton butcher's shambles? Bless you, I can't think of it for a moment. My notions is rigid, and if I was to find my own daddy here, I'd rouse him out. You must tortle off, as fast as you kin. If your tongue wasn't so thick, I'd say you must mosey; but moseying is only to be done when a gemman's half shot; when they're gone cases, we don't expect 'em to do more nor tortle."

"Excuse me—I don't see that it makes much difference to you whether I am qualified to mosey, or am only capable of the more dignified method of locomotion, which you call to tortle. But don't disturb me. The moon has resuscitated my fancy, and I feel as if I would shortly compose an ode to Nox and Erebus."

"Compose what's owed to Messrs. Nox and Erebus! Yes, I thought you were one of that sort what makes compositions when they owe anything. Precious little Nox and Erebus will get out of you. But come, hop the twig." So saying, the relentless guardian of the night seized the hapless Pump by the collar, and began to remove him.

"Now, don't—don't be gross and muscular. I'm an oppressed man, with no friend but my coat, and both my coat and myself are remarkable for fragility of constitution. We are free souls, vibrating on the breath of the circumambient atmosphere, and by long companionship our sympathies are so perfect, that if you pull hard you'll produce a pair of catastrophes; while you tear the one, you'll discombobberate the nerves of the other."

"Well, I'm be blamed!" said the watch, recoiling, "did you ever hear the likes of that? Why, aunty, ain't you a noncumpusser?"

"I'm a poet, and it's my fate not to be understood, either by the world in general, or by Charleys in particular. The one knocks us down, and the others take us up. Between the two, we are knocked about like a ball, until we become unravelled, and perish."

"I don't want to play shinney with you no how—why don't you go home?"

"The bottle is empty; the bill unpaid; landlords are vulgar realities—mere matters of fact—and very apt to vituperate."

"Well, it's easy enough to work. Get money, fill the bottle, and pay the gemman what you owes him."

"I tell you again you can't understand the poetic soul. It cannot endure the scorn and contumelies of the earthly. It cannot submit to toil under a taskmaster, and, when weaving silver tissues of romance, be told to jump about spry and 'tend the shop. Nor, when it meets congenial spirits, can it leave the festive board, because the door is to be locked at ten o'clock, and there isn't any dead latch to it. The delicate excesses into which it leads us, to repair the exhaustion of hard thought, compel us to sojourn long in bed, and even that is registered by fip-and-levy boobies as a sin. At the present moment, I am falling a victim to these manifold oppressions of the unintellectual."

"Under the circumstances, then, what do you say to being tuck up?"

"Is it optional?"

"I don't know; but it's fineable, and that's as good.'

"Then I decline the honour."

"No, you don't. I only axed out of manners. You must rise up, William Riley, and come along with me, as the song says."

"I suppose I must, whether I like the figure or not. Alack and alas for the poetic temperament! Must the Æolian harp of genius be so rudely swept by a Charley—must that harp, as I may say, play mere banjo jigs, when it should only respond in Lydian measures to the southern breezes of palpitating imagination? To what base uses—"

"Hurrah! Keep a toddling—pull foot and away!"

Olympus obeyed; for who can control his fate?

'TIS ONLY MY HUSBAND.*

"GOODNESS, Mrs. Pumpilion, it's a gentleman's voice, and me such a figure!" exclaimed Miss Amanda Corntop, who had just arrived in town to visit her friend, Mrs. Pumpilion, whom she had not seen since her marriage.

"Don't disturb yourself, dear," said Mrs. Pumpilion, quietly, "it's nobody—'tis only my husband. He'll not come in; but if he does, 'tis only my husband."

So Miss Amanda Corntop was comforted, and her agitated arrangements before the glass being more coolly completed, she resumed her seat and the interrupted conversation. Although, as a spinster, she had a laudable and natural unwillingness to be seen by any of the masculine gender in that condition so graphically described as "such a figure," yet there are degrees in this unwillingness. It is by no means so painful to be caught a figure by a married man as it is to be surprised by a youthful bachelor; and if the former be of that peculiar class known as "only my husband," his unexpected arrival is of very little consequence. He can never more, "like an eagle in a dove cote, flutter the Volsces." It is, therefore, evident that there exists a material difference between "my husband" and "only my husband;" a difference not easily expressed, though perfectly understood; and it was that understanding which restored Miss Amanda Corntop to her pristine tranquillity.

"Oh!" said Miss Corntop, when she heard that the voice in question was that of Mr. Pumpilion. "Ah!" added Miss Corntop, intelligently and composedly, when she understood that Pumpilion was "only my husband." She had not paid much attention to philology, but she was perfectly aware of the value of that diminutive prefix "only."

"I told you he would not come in, for he knew there was some one here," continued Mrs. Pumpilion, as the spiritless footsteps of "only my husband" passed the door, and slowly plodded up stairs. He neither came in, nor did he hum, whistle, or bound three steps at a

* It may not be amiss to state that the mere conclusion of the above sketch, hastily thrown off by the same pen, appeared in one of our periodicals a few years ago, and, much mutilated and disfigured, has since been republished in the newspapers, with an erroneous credit, and under a different name.

time; "only my husband" never does. He is simply a transportation line; he conveys himself from place to place according to order, and indulges not in episodes and embellishments.

Poor Pedrigo Pumpilion! Have all thy glories shrunk to this little measure? Only my husband! Does that appellation circumscribe him who once found three chairs barely sufficient to accommodate his frame, and who, in promenading, never skulked to the curb or hugged the wall, but, like a man who justly appreciated himself, took the very middle of the *trottoir*, and kept it?

The amiable but now defunct Mrs. Anguish was never sure that she was perfectly well, until she had shaken her pretty head to ascertain if some disorder were not lying in ambush, and to discover whether a headache were not latent there, which, if not nipped in the bud, might be suddenly and inconveniently brought into action. It is not too much to infer that the same reasoning, which applies to headaches and to the physical constitution, may be of equal force in reference to the moral organisation. Headaches being latent, it is natural to suppose that the disposition to be "only my husband" may likewise be latent, even in him who is now as fierce and as uncontrollable as a volcano; while the desire to be "head of the bureau" may slumber in the mildest of the fair. It is by circumstance alone that talent is developed; the razor itself requires extraneous aid to bring it to an edge; and the tact to give direction, as well as the facility to obey, wait to be elicited by events. Both gray-mareism and Jerry-Sneakery are sometimes latent, and, like the derangements of Mrs. Anguish's caput, only want shaking to manifest themselves. If some are born to command, others must certainly have a genius for submission—we term it a genius, submission being, in many cases, rather a difficult thing.

That this division of qualities is full of wisdom, none can deny. It requires both flint and steel to produce a spark; both powder and ball to do execution; and, though the Chinese contrive to gobble an infinity of rice with chopsticks, yet the twofold operation of knife and fork conduces much more to the comfort of a dinner. Authority and obedience are the knife and fork of this extensive banquet, the world; they are the true *divide et impera;* that which is sliced off by the one is harpooned by the other.

In this distribution, however, nature, when the "latents" are made apparent, very frequently seems to act with caprice. It is by no means rare to find, in the form of a man, a timid, retiring, feminine disposition, which, in the rough encounters of existence, gives way at once, as if, like woman, "born to be controlled." The proportions of a Hercules, valanced with the whiskers of a tiger, often cover a heart

with no more of energy and boldness in its pulsations than the little palpitating affair which throbs in the bosom of a maiden of bashful fifteen; while many a lady fair, before marriage—the latent condition—all softness and graceful humility, bears within her breast the fiery resolution and the indomitable will of an Alexander, a Hannibal, or a Doctor Francia. The temperament which, had she been a man, would, in an extended field, have made her a conqueror of nations, or, in a more contracted one, a distinguished thief-catching police officer, by being lodged in a female frame renders her a Xantippe—a Napoleon of the fireside, and pens her hapless mate, like a conquered king, a spiritless captive in his own chimney-corner.

But it is plain to be seen that this apparent confusion lies only in the distribution. There are souls enough of all kinds in the world, but they do not always seem properly fitted with bodies; and thus a corporal construction may run the course of life actuated by a spirit in every respect opposed to its capabilities; as, at the breaking up of a crowded *soirée*, a little head waggles home with an immense castor, while a pumpkin pate sallies forth surmounted by a thimble; which, we take it, is the only philosophical theory which at all accounts for the frequent acting out of character with which society is replete.

Hence arises the situation of affairs with the Pumpilions. Pedrigo Pumpilion has the soul which legitimately appertains to his beloved Seraphina Serena, while Seraphina Serena Pumpilion has that which should animate her Pedrigo. But, not being profound in their researches, they are probably not aware of the fact, and perhaps would not know their own souls if they were to meet them in the street; although, in all likelihood, it was a mysterious sympathy—a yearning of each physical individuality to be near so important a part of itself, which brought this worthy pair together.

Be that, however, as it may, it is an incontrovertible fact, that, before they did come together, Pedrigo Pumpilion thought himself quite a model of humanity; and piqued himself upon possessing much more of the *fortiter in re* than of the *suaviter in modo*—a mistake: the latter quality being latent, but abundant. He dreamed that he was brimming with valour, and fit not only to lead squadrons to the field, but likewise to remain with them when they were there. At the sound of drums and trumpets, he perked up his chin, stuck out his breast, straightened his vertebral column, and believed that he, Pedrigo, was precisely the individual to storm a fortress at the head of a forlorn hope—a greater mistake. But the greatest error of the whole troop of blunders was his making a Pumpilion of Miss Seraphina Serena Dolce, with the decided impression that he was, while sharing his kingdom, to remain supreme in authority. Knowing nothing of

the theory already broached, he took her for a feminine feminality, and yielded himself a victim to sympathy and the general welfare. Now, in this, strictly considered, Pedrigo had none but himself to blame; he had seen manifestations of her spirit; the latent energy had peeped out more than once; he had entered unexpectedly, before being installed as "only my husband," and found Miss Seraphina dancing the grand rigadoon on a luckless bonnet which did not suit her fancy,—a species of exercise whereat he marvelled; and he had likewise witnessed her performance of the remarkable feat of whirling a cat, which had scratched her hand, across the room by the tail, whereby the mirror was infinitesimally divided into homœopathic doses, and whereby pussy, the patient, was most allopathically phlebotomised and scarified. He likewise knew that her musical education terminated in an operatic crash, the lady having in a fit of impatience demolished the guitar over the head of her teacher; but, in this instance, the mitigating plea must be allowed, that it was done because the instrument "wouldn't play good," a perversity to which instruments, like lessons, "which won't learn," are lamentably liable.

These little escapades, however, did not deter Pumpilion. Confiding in his own talent for governing, he liked his Seraphina none the less for her accidental displays of energy, and smiled to think how, under his administration, his reproving frown would cast oil upon the waves, and how, as he repressed her irritability, he would develop her affections; producing results which would both save the crockery and increase his comforts.

Of the Pumpilion *tactique* in courtship, some idea may be formed from the following conversation. Pedrigo had an intimate associate, some years his senior,—Mr. Michael Mitts, a spare and emaciated bachelor, whose hawk nose, crookedly set on, well represented the eccentricity of his conclusions, while the whistling pucker in which he generally wore his mouth, betokened acidity of mind rendered sourer by indecision. Mitts was addicted to observation, and, engaged in the drawing of inferences and in generalising from individual instances, he had, like many others, while trimming the safety lamp of experience, suffered the time of action to pass by unimproved. His cautiousness was so great as to trammel up his "motive power," and, though long intending to marry, the best part of his life had evaporated in the unproductive employment of "looking about." His experience, therefore, had stored him with that species of wisdom which one meets with in theoretical wooers, and he had many learned saws at the service of those who were bolder than himself, and were determined to enter the pale through which he peeped.

As every one in love must have a confidant, Pedrigo had selected

Mitts for that office, knowing his peculiar talent for giving advice, and laying down rules for others to act upon.

"Pedrigo," said Mitts, as he flexed his nose still further from the right line of conformity to the usages of the world, and slacked the drawing-strings of his mouth to get it out of pucker; "Pedrigo, if you are resolved upon marrying this identical individual—I don't see the use, for my part, of being in a hurry—better look about awhile; plenty more of 'em—but if you are resolved, the first thing to be done is to make sure of her. That's undeniable. The only difference of opinion, if you won't wait and study character—character's a noble study—is as to the *modus operandi.* Now the lady's not sure because she's committed; just the contrary,—that's the very reason she's not sure. My experience shows me that when it's not so easy to retract, the attention, especially that of young women, is drawn to retraction. Somebody tells of a bird in a cage that grumbled about being cooped up. It's clear to me that the bird did not complain so much because it was in the cage, as it did because it couldn't get out—that's bird nature, and it's human nature too."

"Ah, indeed!" responded Pumpilion, with a smile of confidence in his own attractions, mingled, however, with a look which spoke that the philosophy of Mitts, having for its object to render "assurance doubly sure," did not pass altogether unheeded.

"It's a fact," added Mitts; "don't be too secure. Be as assiduous and as mellifluous as you please before your divinity owns the soft impeachment; but afterwards comes the second stage, and policy commands that it should be one rather of anxiety to her. You must every now and then play Captain Grand, or else she may perform the part herself. Take offence frequently; vary your Romeo scenes with an occasional touch of the snow-storm, and afterwards excuse yourself on the score of jealous affection; that excuse always answers. Nothing sharpens love like a smart tiff by way of embellishment. The sun itself would not look so bright if it were not for the intervention of night; and these little agitations keep her mind tremulous, but intent upon yourself. Don't mothers always love the naughtiest boys best? haven't the worst men always the best wives? That exemplifies the principle; there's nothing like a little judicious bother. Miss Seraphina Serena will never change her mind, if bothered scientifically."

"Perhaps so; but may it not be rather dangerous?"

"Dangerous! not at all; it's regular practice, I tell you. A few cases may terminate unluckily; but that must be charged to a bungle in the doctor. Why, properly managed, a courtship may be continued, like a nervous disease or a suit at law, for twenty years, and

be as good at the close as it was at the beginning. In nine cases out of ten, you must either perplex or be perplexed; so you had better take the sure course, and play the game yourself. Them's my sentiments, Mr. Speaker;" and Michael Mitts caused his lithe proboscis to oscillate like a rudder, as he concluded his oracular speech, and puckered his mouth to the whistling place, to show that he had "shut up" for the present. He then walked slowly away, leaving Pumpilion with a "new wrinkle."

Seraphina Serena being both fiery and coquettish withal, Pumpilion, under the direction of his preceptor, tried the "Mitt system of wooing;" and although it gave rise to frequent explosions, yet the quarrels, whether owing to the correctness of the system or not, were productive of no lasting evil. Michael Mitts twirled his nose and twisted his mouth in triumph at the wedding; and set it down as an axiom, that there is nothing like a little insecurity for rendering parties firm in completing a bargain; that, had it not been for practising the system, Pumpilion might have become alarmed at the indications of the "latent spirit;" and that, had it not been for the practice of the system, Seraphina's fancy might have strayed.

"I'm an experimenter in mental operations, and there's no lack of subjects," said Mitts to himself; "one fact being established, the Pumpilions now present a new aspect."

There is, however, all the difference in the world between carrying on warfare where you may advance and retire at pleasure, and prosecuting it in situations which admit of no retreat. Partisan hostilities are one thing, and regular warfare is another. Pumpilion was very well as a guerilla, but his genius in that respect was unavailing when the nature of the campaign did not admit of his making an occasional demonstration, and of evading the immediate consequences by a retreat. In a very few weeks he was reduced to the ranks as "only my husband," and, although no direct order of the day was read to that effect, he was "respected accordingly." Before that retrograde promotion took place, Pedrigo Pumpilion cultivated his hair, and encouraged its sneaking inclination to curl until it woolled up quite fiercely; but afterwards his locks became broken-heartedly pendent and straight with the weight of care, while his whiskers hung back as if asking counsel and comfort from his ears. He twiddled his thumbs with a slow rotatory motion as he sat, and he carried his hands clasped behind him as he walked, thus intimating that he couldn't help it, and that he didn't mean to try. For the same reason, he never buttoned his coat, and wore no straps to the feet of his trowsers; both of which seemed too energetically resolute for "only my husband." Even his hat, as it sat on the back part of his head, looked as if Mrs. Pumpilion had

put it on for him (no one but the wearer can put on a hat so that it will sit naturally), and as if he had not nerve enough even to shake it down to its characteristic place and physiognomical expression. His *personnel* loudly proclaimed that the Mitts method in matrimony had been a failure, and that the Queen had given the King a check-mate. Mrs. Pumpilion had been triumphant in acting upon the advice of her friend, the widow, who, having the advantage of Mitts in combining experience with theory, understood the art of breaking husbands *à merveille.*

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Margery Daw, "you have plenty of spirit; but spirit is nothing without steadiness and perseverance. In the establishment of authority, and in the assertion of one's rights, any intermission before success is complete, requires us to begin again. If your talent leads you to the weeping method of softening your husband's heart, you will find that if you give him a shower now and a shower then, he will harden in the intervals between the rain; while a good sullen cry of twenty-four hours' length may prevent any necessity for another. If, on the contrary, you have genius for the tempestuous, continued thunder and lightning for the same length of time is irresistible. Gentlemen are great swaggerers, if not impressively dealt with, and early taught to know their places. They are much like Frisk," continued the widow, addressing her lap-dog. "If they bark, and you draw back frightened, they are sure to bite; stamp your foot, and they soon learn to run into a corner. Don't they, Frisky dear?"

"Ya-p!" responded the dog: and Mrs. Pumpilion, tired of control, took the concurrent advice.

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"To-morrow," said Pumpilion, carelessly and with an of-course-ish air, as he returned to tea from a stroll with his friend Michael Mitts, who had just been urging upon him the propriety of continuing the Mitts method after marriage, "to-morrow, my love, I leave town for a week to try a little trout fishing in the mountains."

"Mr. Pumpilion!" ejaculated the lady, in an awful tone, as she suddenly faced him. "Fishing?"

"Y-e-e-yes," replied Pumpilion, somewhat discomposed.

"Then I shall go with you, Mr. Pumpilion," said the lady, as she emphatically split a muffin.

"Quite *on*possible," returned Pumpilion, with decisive stress upon the first syllable; "it's a buck party, if I may use the expression—a buck party entirely;—there's Mike Mitts, funny Joe Mungoozle—son of old Mungoozle's—Tommy Titcomb, and myself. We intend having a rough-and-tumble among the hills to beneficialise our wholesomes, as funny Joe Mungoozle has it."

"Funny Joe Mungoozle is not a fit companion for a married man, Mr. Pumpilion; and it's easy to see by your sliding back among the dissolute friends and dissolute practices of your bachelorship, Mr. Pumpilion—by your wish to associate with sneering and depraved Mungoozles, Mittses, and Titcombs, Mr. Pumpilion, that the society of your poor wife is losing its attractions;" and Mrs. Pumpilion sobbed convulsively at the thought.

"I have given my word to go a-fishing," replied Pedrigo, rather ruefully, "and a-fishing I must go. What would Mungoozle say?—why, he would have a song about it, and sing it at the 'free and easies.'"

"What matter! let him say—let him sing. But it's not my observations—it's those of funny Joe Mungoozle that you care for—the affections of the 'free and easy' carousers that you are afraid of losing."

"Mungoozle is a very particular friend of mine, Seraphina," replied Pedrigo, rather nettled. "We're going a-fishing—that's flat."

"Without me?"

"Without you—it being a buck party, without exception."

Mrs. Pumpilion gave a shriek, and falling back, threw out her arms *fitfully*—the teapot went by the board, as she made the tragic movement.

"Wretched, unhappy woman!" gasped Mrs. Pumpilion, speaking of herself.

Pedrigo did not respond to the declaration, but alternately eyed the fragments of the teapot and the untouched muffin which remained on his plate. The *coup* had not been without its effect; but still he faintly whispered, "Funny Joe Mungoozle," and "going a-fishing."

"It's clear you wish to kill me—to break my heart," muttered the lady in a spasmodic manner.

"'Pon my soul, I don't—I'm only going a-fishing."

"I shall go distracted!" screamed Mrs. Pumpilion, suiting the action to the word, and springing to her feet in such a way as to upset the table, and roll its contents into Pedrigo's lap, who scrambled from the *débris*, as his wife, with the air of the Pythoness, swept rapidly round the room, whirling the ornaments to the floor, and indulging in the grand rigadoon upon their sad remains.

"You no longer love me, Pedrigo; and without your love what is life? What is this, or this, or this," continued she, a crash following every word, "without mutual affection?—Going a-fishing!"

"I don't know that I am," whined Pumpilion. "Perhaps it will rain to-morrow."

Now, it so happened that there were no clouds visible on the occasion, except in the domestic atmosphere; but the rain was adroitly thrown in as a white flag, indicative of a wish to open a negociation and come to terms. Mrs. Pumpilion, however, understood the art of

war better than to treat with rebels with arms in their hands. Her military genius, no longer "latent," whispered her to persevere until she obtained a surrender at discretion.

"Ah, Pedrigo, you only say that to deceive your heart-broken wife. You intend to slip away—you and your Mungoozles—to pass your hours in roaring iniquity, instead of enjoying the calm sunshine of domestic peace, and the gentle delights of fireside felicity. They are too tame, too flat, too insipid for a depraved taste. That I should ever live to see the day!" and she relapsed into the intense style by way of a specimen of calm delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Pumpilion retired for the night at an early hour; but until the dawn of day, the words of reproach, now passionate, now pathetic, ceased not; and in the very gray of the morning Mrs. P. marched down stairs *en dishabille*, still repeating ejaculations about the Mungoozle fishing party. What happened below is not precisely ascertained; but there was a terrible turmoil in the kitchen, it being perfectly clear a whole "kettle of fish" was in preparation, that Pedrigo might not have the trouble of going to the mountains on a piscatorial expedition.

He remained seated on the side of the bed, like Marius upon the ruins of Carthage, meditating upon the situation of affairs, and balancing between a surrender to petticoat government and his dread of Mungoozle's song at the "free and easies." At length he slipped down. Mrs. Pumpilion sat glooming at the parlour window. Pedrigo tried to read the "Saturday News" upside down.

"Good morning, Mr. Pumpilion! Going a-fishing, Mr. Pumpilion! Mike Mitts, funny Joe Mungoozle, and Tommy Titcomb, must be waiting for you. You know," continued she, with a mocking smile, "you're to go this morning to the mountains on a rough-and-tumble for the benefit of your wholesomes. The elegance of the phraseology is quite in character with the whole affair."

Pedrigo was tired out; Mrs. Margery Daw's perseverance-prescription had been too much for the Mitts method; the widow had overmatched the bachelor.

"No, Seraphina, my dearest, I'm not going a-fishing, if you don't desire it, and I see you don't."

Not a word about its being likely to rain, you see—surrender was unconditional.

"But," added Pedrigo, "I should like to have a little breakfast."

Mrs. Pumpilion was determined to clinch the nail.

"There's to be no breakfast here—I've been talking to Sally and Tommy in the kitchen, and I verily believe the whole world's in a plot against me. They're gone, Mr. Pumpilion—gone a-fishing, perhaps."

The battle was over—the victory was won—the nail was clinched. Tearless, sleepless, breakfastless, what could Pedrigo do but sue for mercy, and abandon a contest waged against such hopeless odds? The supplies being cut off, the siege-worn garrison must surrender. After hours of solicitation, the kiss of amity was reluctantly accorded; on condition, however, that "funny Joe Mungoozle" and the rest of the fishing party should be given up, and that he, Pedrigo, for the future should refrain from associating with bachelors and widowers, both of whom she *tabooed*, and consort with none but staid married men.

From this moment the individuality of that once free agent, Pedrigo Pumpilion, was sunk into "only my husband"—the humblest of all humble animals. He fetches and carries, goes errands, and lugs band-boxes and bundles; he walks the little Pumpilions up and down the room when they squall o'nights, and he never comes in when any of his wife's distinguished friends call to visit her. In truth, Pedrigo is not always in a presentable condition; for as Mrs. Pumpilion is *de facto* treasurer, he is kept upon rather short allowance, her wants being paramount, and proportioned to the dignity of head of the family. But although he is now dutiful enough, he at first ventured once or twice to be refractory. These symptoms of insubordination, however, were soon quelled—for Mrs. Pumpilion, with a significant glance inquired,—

"*Are you going a-fishing again, my dear?*"

ORSON DABBS, THE HITTITE.

It has been said, and truly, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world. He who complains of the lights and shades of character which are eternally flitting before him, and of the diversity of opposing interests which at times cross his path, has but an illiberal, contracted view of the subject; and though the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in his retirement at Estremadura, had some reason for being a little annoyed when he could not cause two or three score of watches to go together, yet he was wrong in sighing over his previous ineffectual efforts to make men think alike. It is, to speak figuratively, the clashing which constitutes the music. The harmony of the whole movement is produced by the fusion into each other of an infinite variety of petty discords; as a glass of punch depends for its excellences upon the skilful commingling of opposing flavours and antagonising materials. Were the passengers in a wherry to be of one mind, they would probably all sit upon the same side, and hence, naturally, pay a visit to the Davy Jones of the river; and if all the men of a nation thought alike, it is perfectly evident that the ship of state must lose her trim. The system of checks and balances pervades both the moral and the physical world, and without it, affairs would soon hasten to their end. It is, therefore, clear that we must have all sorts of people,—some to prevent stagnation, and others to act as ballast to an excess of animation. The steam-engines of humanity must have their breaks and their safety valves, and the dead weights of society require the whip and the spur.

Orson Dabbs, certainly, is entitled to a place among the stimulants of the world, and it is probable that in exercising his impulses he produces beneficial effects. But it would puzzle a philosopher to designate the wholesome results which follow from his turbulent movements, or to show, either by synthesis or analysis, wherein he is a good. At all events, Orson Dabbs has the reputation of being a troublesome fellow in the circles upon which he inflicts himself; and judging from the evidence elicited upon the subject, there is little reason to doubt the fact. He is dogmatical, and, to a certain extent, fond of argument; but when a few sharp words will not make converts, he abandons those windy weapons with contempt, and has recourse to more forcible persuaders—a pair of fists, each of which looks like a shoulder of mutton.

"If people are so obstinate that they won't, or so stupid that they can't understand you," observed Dabbs, in one of his confidential moments—for Orson Dabbs will sometimes unbend, and suffer those abstruse maxims which govern his conduct to escape—"if, either for one reason or the other," continued he, with that impressive iteration which at once gives time to collect and marshal one's thoughts, and lets the listener know that something of moment is coming—"if they won't be convinced—easily and genteelly convinced—you must knock it into 'em short-hand; if they can't comprehend, neither by due course of mail, nor yet by express, you must make 'em understand by telegraph. That's the way I learnt ciphering at school, and manners and genteel behaviour at home. All I know was walloped into me. I took larnin' through the skin, and sometimes they made a good many holes to get it in."

"And," timidly interjected an humble admirer of this great man, hazarding a joke, with an insinuating smile—"and I s'pose you are so wise now because the hide growed over it, and the larnin' couldn't get out, like Ingey ink in a sailor's arm."

"Jeames," replied Orson Dabbs, relaxing into a grim smile, like that of the griffin face of a knocker, and shaking his "bunch of fives" sportively, as one snaps an unloaded gun—Napoleon tweaked the ears of his courtiers, why should not Dabbs shake his fist at his satellites?—"Jeames, if you don't bequit poking fun at me, I'll break your mouth, Jeames, as sure as you sit there. But, to talk sensible, walloping is the only way—it's a panacea for differences of opinion. You'll find it in history books, that one nation teaches another what it didn't know before, by walloping it; that's the method of civilising savages—the Romans put the whole world to rights that way; and what's right on the big figger must be right on the small scale. In short, there's nothing like walloping for taking the conceit out of fellows who think they know more than their betters. Put it to 'em strong, and make 'em see out of their eyes."

Orson Dabbs acts up to these golden maxims. Seeing that, from disputes between dogs to quarrels between nations, fighting is the grand umpire and regulator, he resolves all power into that of the fist, —treating bribery, reason, and persuasion as the means only of those unfortunate individuals to whom nature has denied the stronger attributes of humanity. Nay, he even turns up his nose at betting, as a means of discovering truth. Instead of stumping an antagonist by launching out his cash, Dabbs shakes a portentous fist under his nose, and the affair is settled; the recusant must either knock under or be knocked down, which, according to our hero, is all the same in Dutch. In this way, when politics ran high, he used to decide who was to be

elected to any specified office; and he has often boasted that he once, in less than five minutes too, scared a man into giving the Dabbs candidate a large majority, when the unfortunate stranger did not at first believe that the said candidate would be elected at all.

Some people believe that the fist is the poorest of arguments, and that it, therefore, should be the last. Here they are completely at issue with Dabbs, and it is well that they do not fall in his way, or he would soon show them the difference. With him it is what action was to the ancient orator, the first, the middle, and the last. Being himself, in a great measure, fist proof, he is very successful in the good work of proselytism, and has quite a reputation as a straightforward reasoner and a forcible dialectician.

Misfortunes, however, will sometimes happen to the most successful. The loftiest nose may be brought to the grindstone, and the most scornful dog may be obliged to lunch upon dirty pudding. Who can control his fate? One night Mr. Dabbs came home from his "loafing" place—for he "loafs" of an evening, like the generality of people—that being the most popular and the cheapest amusement extant; and, from the way he blurted open the door of the Goose and Gridiron where he resides, and from the more unequivocal manner in which he slammed it after him, no doubt existed in the minds of his fellow boarders that the well of his good spirits had been "riled;" or, in more familiar phrase, that he was "spotty on the back." His hat was pitched forward, with a bloodthirsty, piratical rakishness, and almost covered his eyes, which gleamed like ignited charcoal under a jeweller's blowpipe. His cheeks were flushed with an angry spot, and his nose—always a quarrelsome pug—curled more fiercely upward, as if the demon wrath had turned archer, and was using it for a bow to draw an arrow to its head. His mouth had set in opposition to his nasal promontory, and savagely curved downward, like a half-moon battery. Dabbs was decidedly out of sorts—perhaps beery, as well as wolfy; in short, in that unenviable state in which a man feels disposed to divide himself and go to buffet—to kick himself with his own foot—to beat himself with his own fist, and to throw his own dinner out of the window.

The company were assembled round the fire, to discuss politics, literature, men, and things. Dabbs looked not at them, but slinging Tommy Timid's bull terrier Oseola out of the arm-chair in the corner, by the small stump of a tail which fashion and the hatchet had left the animal, he sat himself moodily down, with a force that made the timbers creak. The conversation was turning upon a recent brilliant display of the *aurora borealis*, which the more philosophical of the party supposed to arise from the north pole having become red-hot for

want of grease; while they all joined in deriding the popular fallacy that it was caused by the high price of flour.

"Humph!" said Dabbs, with a grunt, "any fool might know that it was a sign of war."

"War!" ejaculated the party; "oh, you granny!'

"Yes, war!" roared Dabbs, kicking the bull terrier Oseola in the ribs, and striking the table a tremendous blow with his fist, as with clenched teeth and out-poked head he repeated, "War! war! war!"

Now, the Goose and Gridiron fraternity set up for knowing geniuses, and will not publicly acknowledge faith in the doctrines on meteorology broached by their grandmothers, whatever they may think in private. So they quietly remarked, confiding in their numbers against the Orson Dabbs method of conversion, that the aurora was not a sign of war, but an evidence of friction and of no grease on the axle of the world.

"That's a lie!" shouted Dabbs; "my story's the true one, for I read it in an almanack; and to prove it true, I'll lick anybody here that don't believe it, in two cracks of a cow's thumb. "Yes," added he, in reply to the looks bent upon him, "I'll not only wallop them that don't believe it, but I'll wallop you all, whether you do or not!"

This, however, was a stretch of benevolence to which the company were not prepared to submit. As Dabbs squared off to proceed *secundem artem*, according to the approved method of the schools, the watchful astrologer might have seen his star grow pale. He had reached his Waterloo—that winter night was his 18th of June. He fell, as many have fallen before him, by that implicit reliance on his own powers which made him forgetful of the risk of encountering the the long odds. The threat was too comprehensive, and the attempt at execution was a failure. The company cuffed him heartily, and in the fray, the bull terrier Oseola vented its cherished wrath by biting a piece out of the fleshiest portion of his frame. Dabbs was ousted by a summary process, but his heart did not fail him. He thundered at the door, sometimes with his fists, and again with whatever missiles were within reach. The barking of the dog and the laughter from within, as was once remarked of certain military heroes, did not "intimate him in the least, it only estimated him."

The noise at last became so great that a watchman finally summoned up resolution enough to come near, and to take Dabbs by the arm.

"Let go, watchy!—let go, my cauliflower! Your cocoa is very near a sledge-hammer. If it isn't hard, it may get cracked."

"Pooh! pooh! don't he onsay, my darlint—my cocoa is a corporation cocoa—it belongs to the city, and they'll get me a new one. Be

sides, my jewel, there's two cocoas standing here, you know. Don't be onasy—it mayn't be mine that will get cracked."

"I ain't onasy," said Dabbs, bitterly, as he turned fiercly round, "I ain't onasy. I only wish to caution you, or I'll upset your apple cart and spill your peaches."

"I'm not in the wegetable way, my own self, Mr. Horse-radish. You must make less noise."

"Now, look here—look at me well," said Dabbs, striking his fist hard upon his own bosom; "I'm a real nine foot breast of a fellow—stub twisted, and made of horse-shoe nails—the rest of me is cast iron with steel springs. I'll stave my fist right through you, and carry you on my elbow, as easily as if you were an empty market basket—I will—bile me up for soap if I don't."

"Ah, indeed! why you must be a real Calcutta-from-Canting, warranted not to cut in the eye. Snakes is no touch to you; but I'm sorry to say you must knuckle down close. You must surrender; there's no help for it—none in the world."

"Square yourself then, for I'm coming! Don't you hear the clock-vorks!" exclaimed Dabbs, as he shook off the grip of the officer, and struck an attitude.

He stood beautifully; feet well set; guard well up; admirable science, yet fearful to look upon. Like the Adriatic, Dabbs was "lovelily dreadful" on this exciting occasion. But when "Greek meets Greek," fierce looks and appalling circumstances amount to nothing. The opponent of our hero, after regarding him coolly for a moment, whistled with great contempt, and, with provoking composure, beat down his guard with a smart blow from a heavy mace, saying,—

"'Taint' no use, no how—you're all used up for bait."

"Ouch!" shrieked Dabbs; "my eye, how it hurts! Don't hit me again. Ah, good man, but you're a bruiser. One, two, three, from you would make a person believe anything, even if he was sure it wasn't true."

"Very well," remarked the *macerator*, "all I want of you is to behave nice and genteel, and believe you're going to the watch'us, for it's true; and if you don't believe it yet, why (shaking his mace) I shall feel obligated to convince you again."

As this was arguing with him after his own method, and as Dabbs had distinct impressions of the force of the reasoning, he shrugged his shoulders, and then rubbing his arms, muttered, "Enough said."

He trotted off quietly for the first time in his life. Since the affair and its consequences have passed away, he has become somewhat chary of entering into the field of argument, and particularly careful not to drink too much cold water, for fear the bull terrier before referred to was mad, and dreading hydrophobic convulsions.

ROCKY SMALT;

OR, THE DANGERS OF IMITATION.

MAN is an imitative animal, and so strong is the instinctive feeling to follow in the footsteps of others, that he who is so fortunate as to strike out a new path must travel rapidly, if he would avoid being run down by imitators, and preserve the merit of originality. If his discovery be a good one, the "*servum pecus*" will sweep toward it like an avalanche; and so quick will be their motion, that the daring spirit who first had the self-reliance to turn from the beaten track, is in danger of being lost among the crowd, and of having his claim to the honours of a discoverer doubted and derided. Turn where you will, the imitative propensity is to be found busily at work; its votaries clustering round the falcon to obtain a portion of the quarry which the nobler bird has stricken; and perhaps, like Sir John Falstaff, to deal the prize a "new wound in the thigh," and falsely claim the wreath of victory. In the useful arts, there are thousands of instances in which the real discoverer has been thrust aside to give place to the imitator; and in every other branch in which human ingenuity has been exercised, if the flock of copyists do not obtain the patent right of fame, they soon, where it is practicable, wear out the novelty, and measurably deprive the inventor of the consideration to which he is entitled. In the apportionment of applause, the praise too often depends upon which is first seen, the statue or the cast—although the one be marble, and the other plaster.

In business, no one can hope to recommend his wares to patronage in a new and taking way, no matter what outlay of thought has been required for its invention, without finding multitudes prompt in the adoption of the same device. He who travels by a fresh and verdant path in literature, and is successful, soon hears the murmurs of a pursuing troop, and has his by-way converted into a dusty turnpike, macadamised on the principle of "writing made easy;" while, on the stage, the drama groans with great ones at second-hand. The illustrious in tragedy can designate an army of those who, unable to retail their beauties, strive for renown by exaggerating their defects; and Thalia has even seen her female aids cut off their flowing locks, and teach themselves to wriggle, because she who was in fashion wore a crop, and had adopted a gait after her own fancy.

It is to this principle that a professional look is attributable. In striving to emulate the excellence of another, the student thinks he has made an important step if he can catch the air, manner, and tone of his model; and believes that he is in a fair way to acquire equal wisdom, if he can assume the same expression of the face, and compass the same "hang of the nether lip." We have seen a pupil endeavouring to help himself onward in the race for distinction by wearing a coat similar in cut and colour to that wherewith his model endued himself; and we remember the time when whole classes at a certain eastern university became a regiment of ugly Dromios, lengthening their visages, and smoothing their hair down to their eyes, for no other reason than that an eminent and popular professor chose to display his frontispiece after that fashion—and that, as they emulated his literary abilities, they therefore thought it advantageous to imitate his personal oddities. When Byron's fame was in the zenith, poetic scribblers dealt liberally in shirt collar, and sported an expanse of neck; and when Waterloo heroes were the wonders of the hour, every town in England could show its limpers and hobblers, who, innocent of war, would fain have passed for men damaged by the French. On similar grounds, humps, squints, impediments of speech, mouths awry, and limbs distorted, have been the rage.

How then could Orson Dabbs the Hittite, admired and peculiar as he was, both for his ways and for his opinions, hope to escape imitation? If he entertained such a belief, it was folly; and if he dreamed that he could so thump the world as to preserve his originality, it was a mere delusion. Among the many who frequented the Goose and Gridiron where Orson resided, was one Rocky Smalt, whose early admiration for the great one it is beyond the power of words to utter, though subsequent events converted that admiration into hostility. Rocky Smalt had long listened with delight to Orson's lectures upon the best method of removing difficulties, which, according to him, is (as we have seen) by thumping them down, as a paviour smooths the streets; and as Orson descanted, and shook his fists in exemplification of the text, the soul of Rocky, like a bean in a bottle, swelled within him to put these sublime doctrines in practice.

Now, it unluckily happens that Rocky Smalt is a very little man—one of the feather weights—which militates somewhat against the gratification of his pugilistic desires, insomuch that if he "squares off" at a big fellow, he is obliged, in dealing a facer, to hit his antagonist on the knee; and a blow given there, everybody knows, neither "bungs a peeper" nor "taps a smeller." But Rocky, being to a certain degree aware of his gladiatorial deficiencies, is rather theoretical than practical; that is, he talks much more than he battles. His

narratives, differing from himself, are colossal; and as Colossus stood with one foot on one side, and with the other foot on the other side, so do Rocky's speeches refer to the past and to the future—to what he has done, and to what he means to do. He is now retrospective, and again prospective, in talking of personal contention, his combats never being present, which is by far the most agreeable method of obtaining reputation, as we thereby avoid the inconvenience of pricking our fingers in gathering glory.

Rocky, in copying Dabbs as to his belligerent principles, is likewise careful to do the same, as far as it is possible, in relation to personal appearance. He is, therefore, a pocket Dabbs—a miniature Orson. He cultivates whiskers to the apex of the chin; and although they are not very luxuriant, they make up in length what they want in thickness. He cocks his hat fiercely, rolls in his gait, and, with double fists, carries his arms in the muscular curve, elbows pointing outward, and each arm forming the segment of a circle. He slams doors after him, kicks little dogs, and swears at little boys, as Orson does. If any one runs against him, he waits until the offender is out of hearing, and then denounces him in the most energetic expletives belonging to the language, and is altogether a vinaigrette of wrath. It is the combat only that bothers Smalt; if it were not for that link in the chain of progression from defiance to victory, he would indeed be a most truculent hero, and deserve a salary from all the nose-menders about town, whether natural bone-setters or gristle-tinkers by commission—were it not for that, Larrey's Military Surgery would be in continual demand, as a guide to the cure of contusions, and so great would be the application of oysters to the eye, that there would be a scarcity of shell-fish.

Sometimes, however, Smalt's flaming ardour precipitates him into a quarrel; but, even then, he manages matters very adroitly, by selecting the largest individual of the opposite faction for his antagonist.

"Come on!" shrieks Smalt, in such an emergency; "come on! I'll lick anything near my own weight. I'll chaw up any indewidooal that's fairly my match—yes, and give him ten pounds. I aint petickelar, when it's a matter of accommodation. Whe-e-w! fire away!"

But, as Rocky's weight is just ninety-four pounds, counting boots, hat, dead-latch key, pennies, fips, clothes, and a little bit of cavendish, he is certain to escape; for even the most valiant may be excused from encountering the long odds in a pitched battle, although he may sometimes run against them in a crowded chance-medley. Rocky, therefore, puts on his coat again, puffing and blowing like a porpoise,

as he walks vapouring about, and repeating, with an occasional attitude *à la* Orson Dabbs, "Anything in reason—and a little chucked in to accommodate—when I'm wound up, it 'most takes a stone wall to stop me, for I go right through the timber—that's me!"

Yet these happy days of theoretical championship at length were clouded. Science avails nothing against love: Dan Cupid laughs at sparring, and beats down the most perfect guard. It so fell out that Orson Dabbs and Rocky Smalt both were smitten with the tender passion at the same time, the complaint perhaps being epidemic at the season. This, however, though individually troublesome, as the disorder is understood to be a sharp one, would not have been productive of discord between them had it not unluckily happened that they became enamoured of the same "fair damosel." Two warriors and but one lady!—not one lady *per* piece, to speak commercially, but one lady *per* pair. This was embarrassing—this was dangerous. Miss Araminta Stycke—or Miss Mint Stycke, as she was sometimes more sweetly termed—could not, according to legal enactments, marry both the gentlemen in question; and as each was determined to have her entire, the situation was decidedly perplexing, essentially bothering, and effectively dramatic, which, however amusing to the looker-on, is the *ne plus ultra* of discomfort to those who form the tableau. Miss Araminta could doubtless have been very "happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away;" but this was out of the question; for when Dabbs on one side stuck to Stycke, Smalt on the other side just as assiduously stuck to Stycke, and both stickled stoutly for her smiles.

"My dear Mint Stycke," said Rocky Smalt, at a tea-party, taking hold of a dish of plums nicely done in molasses—"my dear Mint Stycke, allow me to help you to a small few of the goodies."

"Minty, my darling!" observed Dabbs, who sat on her left hand, Rocky being on the right—"Minty, my darling," repeated Dabbs, with that dashing familiarity so becoming in a majestic personage, as he stretched forth his hand, and likewise grasped the dish of plums, "I insist upon helping you myself!"

The consequence was an illustration of the *embarras* of having two lovers on the ground at the same time. The plums were spilt in such a way as to render Miss Stycke sweeter than ever, by giving "sweets to the sweet;" but the young lady was by no means so pretty to look at as she had been before the ceremony.

"Of the twain, she most affected" Dabbs, of which Rocky was not a little jealous.

"Minty, I don't care for Dabbs," said Rocky, in heroic tones;

"big as he is, if he comes here too often a crossing me, he'll ketch it. I'll thump him, Minty, I will—feed me on hay, if I don't."

Minty laughed, and well she might, for just then Orson arrived, and, walking into the room, scowled fiercely at Smalt, who suddenly remembered "he had to go somewhere, and promised to be there early—he must go, as it was a'most late now."

"*He* thump me!" said Dabbs, with a supercilious smile, when Minty repeated the threat. "The next time I meet that crittur, I'll take my stick and kill it—I'll sqush it with my foot."

Unhappily for the serenity of his mind, Rocky Smalt had his ear at the keyhole when this awful threat was made, and he quaked to hear it, not doubting that Dabbs would be as good as his word. He, therefore, fled *instanter*, and roamed about like a perturbed spirit; now travelling quickly—anon pausing to remember the frightful words, and, as they rushed vividly to mind, he would hop-scotch convulsively and dart off like an arrow, the whole being done in a style similar to that of a fish which has indulged in a frolic upon *coculus indicus*. In the course of his eccentric rambles, he stopped at various places, and, either from that cause, or some other which has not been ascertained, he waxed valiant a little after midnight. But, as his spirits rose, his locomotive propensity appeared to decrease, and he, at length, sat down on a step.

"So!" soliloquized our hero: "he intends to belt me, does he? Take a stick—sqush with his foot—and calls me 'it'—'it' right before Minty! Powers of wengeance, settle on my fist, take aim with my knuckles, and shoot him in the eye! If I wasn't so tired, and if I hadn't a little touch of my family disorder, I'd start after him. I'd go and dun him for the hiding; and if he'd only squat, or let me stand on a chair, I'd give him a receipt in full, right in the face, under my own hand and seal. I'd knock him this-er way, and I'd whack him that-er way, till you couldn't tell which end of his head his face was on."

Smalt suited the action to the word, and threw out his blows right and left with great vigour.

Suddenly, however, he felt a heavy hand grasp his shoulder and give him a severe shake, while a deep gruff voice exclaimed:

"Halloo! what the deuce are you about? You'll tear your coat."

"Ah!" ejaculated Smalt, with a convulsive start; "oh, don't I holler enough!"

"Why, little 'un, you must be cracked, if you flunk out before we begin. Holler enough, indeed! nobody's guv' you any yet."

"Ah!" gasped Smalt, turning round; "I took you for Orson

Dabbs. I promised, when I cotch'd him, to give him a licking, and I was wery much afear'd I'd have to break the peace. Breaking the peace is a werry disagreeable thing fur to do; but I must—I'm conshensis about it—when I ketches Orson. Somebody ought to tell him to keep out of the way, fur fear I'll have to break the peace."

"It wouldn't do to kick up a row—but I'm thinking it would be a little *piece*, if you could break it. I'll carry home all the pieces you break off, in my waistcoat pocket. You're only a pocket piece yourself."

"Nobody asked your opinions—go 'way. I've got a job of thinking to do, and I musn't be disturbed—talking puts me out. Paddle, steamboat, or——"

"Take keer—don't persume," was the impressive reply; "I'm a 'fishal functionary out a ketching of dogs. You musn't cut up because it's night. The mayor and the 'squires have gone to bed; but the law is a thing that never gets asleep. After ten o'clock, the law is a watchman and a dog ketcher—we're the whole law till breakfast's a'most ready."

"You only want bristles to be another sort of a whole animal," muttered Smalt.

"Whew! confound your little kerkus, what do you mean? I'd hit you unofficially, if there was any use in pegging at a fly."

Smalt began to feel uneasy; so, taking the hint conveyed in the word fly, he made a spring, as the commencement of a retreat from one who talked so fiercely and so disrespectfully. But he had miscalculated his powers. After running a few steps, his apprehensions overthrew him, and his persecutor, walking up, said:

"Oh! you stumpy little peace-breaker, I knows what you have been about—you've been drinking."

"You *nose* it, hey?—Much good may it do you. Can't a man whet his whistle without your nosing it?"

"No, you can't—it's agin the law, which is very full upon this pint."

"Pint! Not the half of it—I haven't got the stowage room."

The "ketcher" laughed, for, notwithstanding their sanguinary profession, ketchers, like Lord Norbury, are said to love a joke, and to indulge in merriment, whenever the boys are not near. He therefore picked up Smalt, and placing him upon his knee, remarked as follows:—

"You're a clever enough kind of little feller, sonny; but you ain't been eddicated to the law as I have; so I'll give you a lecture. Justice vinks at vot it can't see, and lets them off vot it can't ketch. You may do what you like in your own house, and the law don't know

nothing about the matter. But never go thumping and bumping about the streets, when you are primed and snapped. That's intemperance, and the other is temperance. But now you come under the muzzle of the ordinance—you're a loafer."

"Now, look here—I'll tell you the truth. Orson Dabbs swears he'll belt me—yes, he calls me 'it'—he said he'd sqush me with his foot—he'd take a stick and kill 'it'—me, I mean. What am I to do? —there'll be a fight, and Dabbs will get hurt."

"He can't do what he says—the law declares he musn't; and if he does, it isn't any great matter—he'll be put in limbo, you know."

This, however, was a species of comfort which had very little effect upon Smalt. He cared nothing about what might be done with Orson Dabbs after Orson had done for him.

His new friend, however, proved, as Smalt classically remarked, to be like a singed cat, much better than he looked, for he conducted the Lilliputian hero home, and, bundling him into the entry, left him there in comfort. Rocky afterwards removed to another part of the town for the purpose of keeping clear of his enemy, and, with many struggles, yielded the palm in relation to Miss Araminta Stycke, who soon became Mrs. Orson Dabbs. After this event, Rocky Smalt, who is not above the useful employment of gathering a little wisdom from experience, changed his system, and now speaks belligerently only in reference to the past, his gasconading stories invariably beginning, "A few years ago, when I was a fighting caracter."

UNDEVELOPED GENIUS.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, ESQ.

THE world has heard much of unwritten music, and more of unpaid debts; a brace of unsubstantialities, in which very little faith is reposed. The minor poets have twanged their lyres about the one, until the sound has grown wearisome, and until, for the sake of peace and quietness, we heartily wish that unwritten music were fairly written down, and published in Willig's or Blake's best style, even at the risk of hearing it reverberate from every piano in the city: while iron-visaged creditors—all creditors are of course hard, both in face and in heart, or they would not ask for their money—have chattered of unpaid debts ever since the flood. But *undeveloped genius*, which is, in fact, itself unwritten music, and very closely allied to unpaid debts, has, as yet, neither poet, trumpeter, nor biographer. Gray, indeed, hinted at it in speaking of "village Hampdens," "mute inglorious Miltons," and "Cromwells guiltless," which showed him to be a man of some discernment, and possessed of inklings of the truth. But the general science of mental geology, and through that, the equally important details of mental mineralogy and mental metallurgy, to ascertain the unseen substratum of intellect, and to determine its innate wealth, are as yet unborn; or, if phrenology be admitted as a branch of these sciences, are still in uncertain infancy. Undeveloped genius, therefore, is still undeveloped, and is likely to remain so, unless this treatise should awaken some capable and intrepid spirit to prosecute an investigation at once so momentous and so interesting. If not, much of it will pass through the world undiscovered and unsuspected; while the small remainder can manifest itself in no other way than by the aid of a convulsion, turning its possessor inside out like a glove; a method which the earth itself was ultimately compelled to adopt, that stupid man might be made to see what treasures are to be had for the digging.

There are many reasons why genius so often remains invisible. The owner is frequently unconscious of the jewel in his possession, and is indebted to chance for the discovery. Of this, Patrick Henry was a striking instance. After he had failed as a shopkeeper, and was compelled to "hoe corn and dig potatoes" alone on his little farm, to

obtain a meagre subsistence for his family, he little dreamed that he had that within, which would enable him to shake the throne of a distant tyrant, and nerve the arm of struggling patriots. Sometimes, however, the possessor is conscious of his gift, but it is to him as the celebrated anchor was to the Dutchman; he can neither use nor exhibit it. The illustrious Thomas Erskine, in his first attempt at the bar, made so signal a failure as to elicit the pity of the goodnatured, and the scorn and contempt of the less feeling part of the auditory. Nothing daunted, however, for he felt undeveloped genius strong within him, he left the court; muttering, with more profanity than was proper, but with much truth, "By ——! it is in me, and it shall come out!" He was right: it was in him; he did get it out; and he rose to be Lord Chancellor of England.

But there are men less fortunate; as gifted as Erskine, though perhaps in a different way, they swear frequently, as he did, but they cannot get their genius out. They feel it, like a rat in a cage, beating against their barring ribs, in a vain struggle to escape; and thus, with the materials for building a reputation, and standing high among the sons of song and eloquence, they pass their lives in obscurity, regarded by the few who are aware of their existence, as simpletons—fellows sent upon the stage solely to fill up the grouping: to applaud their superiors, to eat, sleep, and die.

P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, Esq., as he loves to be styled, is one of these unfortunate undeveloped gentlemen about town. The arrangement of his name shows him to be no common man. Peter P. Pigwiggen would be nothing, except a hailing title to call him to dinner, or to insure the safe arrival of dunning letters and tailors' bills. There is as little character about it as about the word Towser, the individuality of which has been lost by indiscriminate application. To all intents and purposes, he might just as well be addressed as "You Peter Pigwiggin," after the tender maternal fashion, in which, in his youthful days, he was required to quit dabbling in the gutter, to come home and be spanked. But



—the aristocracy of birth and genius is all about it. The very letters seem tasselled and fringed with the cobwebs of antiquity. The flesh

creeps with awe at the sound, and the atmosphere undergoes a sensible change, as at the rarefying approach of a supernatural being. It penetrates the hearer at each perspiratory pore. The dropping of the antepenultimate in a man's name, and the substitution of an initial therefor, has an influence which cannot be defined—an influence peculiarly strong in the case of P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen—the influence of undeveloped genius—analogous to that which bent the hazel rod, in the hand of Dousterswivel, in the ruins of St. Ruth, and told of undeveloped water.

But to avoid digression, or rather to return from a ramble in the fields of nomenclature, P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is an undeveloped genius—a wasted man; his talents are like money in a strong box, returning no interest. He is, in truth, a species of Byron in the egg: but, unable to chip the shell, his genius remains unhatched. The chicken moves and faintly chirps within, but no one sees it, no one heeds it. Peter feels the high aspirations and the mysterious imaginings of poesy circling about the interior of his cranium; but there they stay. When he attempts to give them utterance, he finds that nature forgot to bore out the passage which carries thought to the tongue and to the finger ends; and as art has not yet found out the method of tunnelling or of driving a drift into the brain, to remedy such defects, and act as a general jail delivery to the prisoners of the mind, his divine conceptions continue pent in their osseous cell. In vain does Pigwiggen sigh for a *splitting* headache—one that shall ope the sutures, and set his fancies free. In vain does he shave his forehead and turn down his shirt collar, in hope of finding the poetic vomitory, and of leaving it clear of impediment; in vain does he drink vast quantities of gin to raise the steam so high that it may burst imagination's boiler, and suffer a few drops of it to escape; in vain does he sit up late o' nights, using all the cigars he can lay his hands on, to smoke out the secret. 'Tis useless all. No sooner has he spread the paper, and seized the pen to give bodily shape to airy dreams, than a dull, dead blank succeeds. As if a flourish of the quill were the crowing of a "rooster," the dainty Ariels of his imagination vanish. The feather drops from his checked fingers, the paper remains unstained, and P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is still an undeveloped genius.

Originally a grocer's boy, Peter early felt he had a soul above soap and candles, and he so diligently nourished it with his master's sugar, figs, and brandy, that early one morning he was unceremoniously dismissed with something more substantial than a flea in his ear. His subsequent life was passed in various callings; but call as loudly as they would, our hero paid little attention to their voice. He had an eagle's longings, and, with an inclination to stare the sun out of

countenance, it was not to be expected that he would stoop to be a barn-yard fowl. Working when he could not help it; at times pursuing check speculations at the theatre doors, by way of turning an honest penny, and now and then gaining entrance by crooked means to feed his faculties with a view of the performances, he likewise pursued his studies through all the ballads in the market, until qualified to read the pages of Moore and Byron. Glowing with ambition, he sometimes pined to see the poet's corner of our weekly periodicals graced with his effusions. But though murder may out, his undeveloped genius would not. Execution fell so far short of conception, that his lyrics were invariably rejected.

Deep, but unsatisfactory, were the reflections which thence arose in the breast of Pigwiggen.

"How is it," said he—"how is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it I can't get the spigot out, so that my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm chock-full of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular I have the miserable melancholics all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thunder, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and caparisoned to me, I know very few people that ar'n't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always biling, they ludicrate my sitiation, and say they don't know what the deuce I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey—when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The poor plebinians and worse than Russian scurfs! It is the fate of genius—it is his'n, or rather I should say, her'n—to go through life with little sympathisation, and less cash. Life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in his

trowsers. These things are the fate of genius, and when you see 'em, there is genius too, although the editors won't publish its articles. These things are its premonitories, its janissaries, its cohorts, and its consorts.

"But yet, though in flames in my interiors, I can't get it out. If I catch a subject, while I am looking at it, I can't find words to put it in; and when I let go, to hunt for words, the subject is off like a shot. Sometimes I have plenty of words, but then there is either no ideas, or else there is such a waterworks and cataract of them, that when I catch one, the others knock it out of my fingers. My genius is good, but my mind is not sufficiently manured by 'ears."

Pigwiggen, waiting, it may be, till sufficiently "manured" to note his thoughts, was seen one fine morning not long since, at the corner of the street, with a melancholy, abstracted air—the general character of his appearance. His garments were of a rusty black, much the worse for wear. His coat was buttoned up to the throat, probably for a reason more cogent than that of showing the moulding of his chest; and a black handkerchief enveloped his neck. Not a particle of white was to be seen about him; not that we mean to infer that his "sark" would not have answered to its name, if the muster-roll of his attire had been called, for we scorn to speak of a citizen's domestic relations, and, until the contrary is proved, we hold it but charity to believe that every man has as many shirts as backs. Peter's cheeks were pale and hollow; his eyes sunken, and neither soap nor razor had kissed his lips for a week. His hands were in his pockets—they had the accommodation all to themselves—nothing else was there.

"Is your name Peter P. Pigwiggen?" inquired a man with a stick, which he grasped in the middle.

"My name is P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, if you please, my good friend," replied our hero, with a flash of indignation at being miscalled.

"You'll do," was the nonchalant response; and "the man with a stick" drew forth a parallelogram of paper, curiously inscribed with characters, partly written and partly printed, of which the words, "The commonwealth greeting," were strikingly visible; "you'll do, Mr. P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen Peter. That's a *capias ad respondendum*, the English of which is, you're cotched because you can't pay; only they put it in Greek, so's not to hurt a gentleman's feelings, and make him feel flat afore company. I can't say much for the manners of the big courts, but the way the law's polite and a squire's office is genteel, when the thing is under a hundred dollars, is cautionary."

There was little to be said. Peter yielded at once. His landlady, with little respect to the incipient Byron, had turned him out that

morning, and had likewise sent "the man with a stick" to arrest the course of undeveloped genius. Peter walked before, and he of the "taking away" strolled leisurely behind.

* * * * * *

"It's the fate of genius, squire. The money is owed. But how can I help it? I can't live without eating and sleeping. If I wasn't to do those functionaries, it would be suicide, severe beyond circumflexion."

"Well, you know, you must either pay or go to gaol."

"Now, squire, as a friend—I can't pay, and I don't admire gaol—as a friend, now."

"Got any bail?—No!—What's your trade?—what name is it?"

"Poesy," was the laconic, but dignified reply.

"Pusey!—Yes, I remember Pusey. You're in the shoe-cleaning line, somewhere in Fourth-street. Pusey, boots and shoes cleaned here. Getting whiter arn't you? I thought Pusey was a little darker in the countenance."

"P-o-e-s-y!" roared Peter, spelling the word at the top of his voice; "I'm a poet."

"Well, Posy, I suppose you don't write for nothing. Why didn't you pay your landlady out of what you received for your books, Posy?"

"My genius ain't developed. I haven't written anything yet. Only wait till my mind is manured, so I can catch the idea, and I'll pay off all old scores."

"'Twon't do, Posy. I don't understand it at all. You must go and find a little undeveloped bail, or I must send you to prison. The officer will go with you. But stay; there's Mr. Grubson in the corner—perhaps he will bail you."

Grubson looked unpromising. He had fallen asleep, and the flies hummed about his sulky copper-coloured visage, laughing at his unconscious drowsy efforts to drive them away. He was aroused by Pilgarlick, who insinuatingly preferred the request.

"I'll see you hanged first," replied Mr. Grubson; "I goes bail for nobody. I'm undeveloped myself on that subject,—not but that I have the greatest respect for you in the world, but the most of people's cheats."

"You see, Posy, the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"Squire, as a friend, excuse me," said Pilgarlick. "But the truth of the matter is this. I'm delicate about being seen in the street with a constable. I'm principled against it. The reputation which I'm going to get might be injured by it. Wouldn't it be pretty much

the same thing, if Mr. Grubson was to go with the officer, and get me a little bail?"

"I'm delicate myself," growled Grubson; "I'm principled agin that too. Every man walk about on his own 'sponsibility; every man bail his own boat. You might jist as well ask me to swallow your physic, or take your thrashings."

Alas! Pilgarlick knew that his boat was past bailing. Few are the friends of genius in any of its stages—very few are they when it is undeveloped. He, therefore, consented to sojourn in "Arch west of Broad" until the whitewashing process could be performed, on condition he were taken there by the "alley way;" for he still looks ahead to the day when a hot-pressed volume shall be published by the leading booksellers, entitled Poems, by P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq.

THE BEST-NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

A YIELDING temper, when not carefully watched and curbed, is one of the most dangerous of faults. Like unregulated generosity, it is apt to carry its owner into a thousand difficulties, and, too frequently, to hurry him into vices, if not into crimes. But as it is of advantage to others while inflicting injury upon its possessor, it has, by the common consent of mankind, received a fine name, which covers its follies and promotes its growth. This easiness of disposition, which is a compound of indolence, vanity, and irresolution, is known and applauded as "good-nature;" and to have reached the superlative degree, so as to be called the "best-natured fellow in the world—almost too good-natured for his own good," is regarded as a lofty merit. When applied to the proper person, though the recipient says nothing, it may be seen that it thrills him with delight, the colour heightens on his cheek; and the humid brilliance of his eye speaks him ready to weep with joy over his own fancied perfections, and to outdo all his former outdoings. He is warmed through by the phrase, as if he had been feasting upon preserved ginger, and he luxuriates upon the sensation, without counting the cost, and without calculating the future sacrifices which it requires. He seldom sees why he is thus praised. He is content that it is so, without inquiring into the process by which it was brought about It is enough for him that he is the best-natured fellow in the world, and the conclusion generally shows that, in phrase pugilistic, it is "enough." There are few kinds of extravagance more ruinous than that of indulging a desire for being excessively good-natured, as the good-natured cat learnt when the monkey used her paw to draw chestnuts from the fire. A man of circumscribed means may, with comparative safety, keep horses and dogs, drink Champagne and Burgundy, bet upon races and upon cock-fights; he may even gratify a taste for being very genteel—for these things may subside into moderation; but being very good-natured, in the popular acceptation of the phrase, is like the juvenile amusement of sliding down Market-street hill on a sled. The further one goes, the greater is the velocity; and if the momentum be not skilfully checked, we are likely to *land* in the water.

The "best-natured fellow in the world" is merely a convenience; very useful to others, but worse than useless to himself. He is the

bridge across the brook, and men walk over him. He is the wandering pony of the Pampas, seeking his own provender, yet ridden by those who contribute not to his support. He giveth up all the sunshine, and hath nothing but chilling shade for himself. He waiteth at the table of the world, serveth the guests, who clear the board, and, for food and pay, give him fine words, which culinary research hath long since ascertained cannot be used with profit, even in the buttering of parsnips. He is, in fact, an appendage, not an individuality; and when worn out, as he soon must be, is thrown aside to make room for another, if another can be had. Such is the result of excessive compliance and obsequious good-nature. It plundereth a man of his spine, and converteth him into a flexile willow, to be bent and twisted as his companions choose, and, should it please them, to be wreathed into a fish-basket.

Are there any who doubt of this? Let them inquire for one LENITER SALIX, and ask his opinion. Leniter may be ragged, but his philosophy has not so many holes in it as might be inferred from the state of his wardrobe. Nay, it is the more perfect on that account; a knowledge of the world penetrates the more easily when, from defective apparel, we approach the nearer to our original selves. Leniter's hat is crownless, and the clear light of knowledge streams without impediment upon his brain. He is not bound up in the strait jacket of prejudice, for he long since pawned his solitary vest, and his coat, made for a Goliath, hangs about him as loosely as a politician's principles, or as the purser's shirt in the poetical comparison. Salix has so long bumped his head against a stone wall, that he has knocked a hole in it, and like Cooke, the tragedian, sees through his error. He has speculated as extensively in experience as if it were town lots. The quantity of that article he has purchased, could it be made tangible, would freight a seventy-four;—were it convertible into cash, Crœsus, King of Lydia, son of Halyattes, would be a Chelsea pensioner to Salix. But, unluckily for him, there are stages in life when experience itself is more ornamental than useful. When, to use a forcible expression—when a man is "done,"—it matters not whether he has as much experience as Samson had hair, or as Bergami had whiskers—he can do no more. Salix has been in his time so much pestered with *duns*, "hateful to gods and men," that he is *done* himself.

"The sun was rushing down the west," as Banim has it, attending to its own business, and, by that means, shedding benefit upon the world, when Leniter Salix was seen in front of a little grocery, the *locale* of which shall be nameless, sitting dejectedly upon a keg of mackerel, number 2. He had been "the best-natured fellow in the world," but, as the geologists say, he was in a state of transition, and

was rapidly becoming up to *trap*. At all events, he had his nose on the grindstone: an operation which should make men keen. He was houseless, homeless, penniless, and the grocery man had asked him to keep an eye upon the dog, for fear of the midsummer catastrophe which awaits such animals when their snouts are not in a bird-cage. This service was to be recompensed with a cracker, and a glass of what the shopman was pleased to call *racky mirackilis*, a fluid sometimes termed "railroad," from the rapidity with which it hurries men to the end of their journey. Like many of the best-natured fellows in the world, Salix, by way of being a capital companion, and of not being different from others, had acquired rather a partiality for riding on this "railroad," and he agreed to keep his trigger eye on the dog.

"That's right, Salix. I always knowed you were the best-natured fellow in the world."

"H-u-m-p-s-e!" sighed Salix, in a prolonged, plaintive, uncertain manner, as if he admitted the fact, but doubted the honour; "h-u-m-p-s-e! but, if it wasn't for the railroad, which is good for my complaint, because I take it internally to drive out the perspiration, I've a sort of a notion Carlo might take care of himself. There's the dog playing about without his muzzle, just because I'm good-natured! there's Timpkins at work making money inside, instead of watching his own whelp, just because I'm good-natured; and I'm to sit here doing nothing, instead of going to get a little job a man promised me me down town, just because I'm good-natured. I can't see exactly what's the use of it to me. It's pretty much like having a bed of your own, and letting other people sleep in it, soft, while you sleep on the bare floor, hard. It wouldn't be so bad if you could have half or quarter of the bed; but no—these good friends of mine, as I may say, turn in, take it all, roll themselves up in the kivering, and won't let us have a bit of sheet to mollify the white pine sacking bottom, the which is pleasant to whittle with a sharp knife—quite soft enough for that purpose—but the which is not the pink of feather beds. I don't like it—I'm getting tired."

The brow of Salix began to blacken—therein having decidedly the advantage of his boots, which could neither blacken themselves, nor prevail on their master to do it—when Mrs. Timpkins, the shopman's wife, popped out with a child in her arms, and three more trapesing after her.

"Law, Salix, how-dee-doo? I'm so glad—I know you're the best-natured creature in the world. Jist hold little Biddy awhile, and keep an eye on t'other young 'uns—you're such a nurse—he! he! he! —so busy—ain't got no girl—so busy washing—most tea-time—he! he! he! Salix."

Mrs. Timpkins disappeared, Biddy remained in the arms of Salix, and "t'other young 'uns" raced about with the dog. The trigger eye was compelled to invoke the aid of its coadjutor.

"Whew!" whistled Salix; "the quantity of pork they give in this part of the town for a shilling is amazin'—I'm so good-natured! That railroad will be well earnt, anyhow. I'm beginning to think its queer there ain't more good-natured people about besides me—I'm a sort of mayor and corporation all myself in this business. It's a monopoly where the profit's all loss. Now, for instance, these Timpkinses won't ask me to tea, because I'm ragged; but they ar'n't a bit too proud to ask me to play child's nurse and dog's uncle—they won't lend me any money, because I can't pay, and they're persimmony and sour about cash concern—and they won't let me have time to earn any money, and get good clothes—that's because I am so good-natured. I've a good mind to strike, and be sassy."

"Hallo! Salix, my good fellow!" said a man on a horse, as he rode up; "you're the very chap I'm looking for. As I says to my old woman, says I, Leniter Salix is the wholesoul'dest chap I ever did see. There's nothing he won't do for a friend, and I'll never forget him, if I was to live as old as Methuselah."

Salix smiled—Hannibal softened rocks with vinegar, but the stranger melted the ice of our hero's resolution with praise. Salix walked towards him, holding the child with one hand as he extended the other for a friendly shake.

"You're the best-natured fellow in the world, Salix," ejaculated the stranger, as he leaped from the saddle, and hung the reins upon Salix's extended fingers, instead of shaking hands with him; "you're the best-natured fellow in the world. Just hold my horse a minute. I'll be back in a jiffey, Salix; in less than half an hour," said the dismounted rider, as he shot round the corner.

"If that ain't cutting it fat, I'll be darned!" growled Salix, as soon as he had recovered from his breathless amazement, and had gazed from dog to babe—from horse to children.

"Mr. Salix," screamed Miss Tabitha Gadabout from the next house, "I'm just running over to Timpson's place. Keep an eye on my street-door—back in a minute."

She flew across the street, and as she went, the words, "Best-natured soul alive" were heard upon the breeze.

"That's considerable fatter—it's as fat as show beef," said Salix. "How many eyes has a good-natured fellow got, anyhow? Three of mine's in use a'ready. The good-natureder you are, the more eyes you have, I s'pose. That job up town's jobbed without me, and where I'm to sleep, or to eat my supper, it's not the easiest thing in the world

to tell. Ain't paid my board this six months, I'm so good-natured; and the old woman's so good-natured she said I needn't come back. These Timpkinses and all of 'em are ready enough at asking me to do things, but when I ask them——There, that dog's off, and the ketchers are coming—Carlo! Carlo!"

The baby began squalling, and the horse grew restive; the dog scampered into the very teeth of danger; and the three little Timpkinses, who could locomote, went scrabbling, in different directions, into all sorts of mischief, until finally one of them pitched head foremost into a cellar.

Salix grew furious. "Whoa, pony!—hush, you infernal brat!—here, Carlo!—Thunder and crockery!—there's a young Timpkins smashed and spoilt!—knocked into a cocked hat!"

"Mr. Salix!" shouted a boy, from the other side of the way, "when you're done that 'ere, mammy says if you won't go a little narrand for her, you're so good-nater'd."

There are moments when calamity nerves us; when wild frenzy congeals into calm resolve; as one may see by penning a cat in a corner. It is then that the coward fights; that the oppressed strikes at the life of the oppressor. That moment had come to Salix. He stood bolt upright, as cold and as straight as an icicle. His good-nature might be seen to drop from him in two pieces, like Cinderella's kitchen garments in the opera. He laid Biddy Timpkins on the top of the barrel, released the horse, giving him a vigorous kick, which sent him flying down the street, and strode indignantly away, leaving Carlo, Miss Gadabout's house, and all other matters in his charge, to the guardianship of chance.

* * * *

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to relieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and dejectedly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by kicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," he soliloquised; "pardenership between me and good-nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted will please to settle with the undersigned, who alone is authorised. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and its high time to dissolve, when your pardener has sold all the goods and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop—ah! wasn't it nice?—plenty of goods and plenty of business. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good-natured; then comes another set of chaps, who didn't let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal nearer the wind, and wanted to borrow money—I'm so good-natured;

and more asked me to go security. These fellows were always particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a particular friend of theirs, and couldn't get it back. It was one of the good rules that won't work both ways; and I, somehow or other, was at the wrong end of it, for it wouldn't work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring substraction, and division, and alligation, when our folks allegated against me that I wouldn't come to no good. All the cypherin' I could ever do made more come to little, and little come to less; and yet, as I said afore, I had a good many assistants too.

"Business kept pretty fair; but I wasn't cured. Because I was good-natured, I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea-partying, excursioning, and busting; and for the same reason, I was always appointed treasurer to make the distribution when there wasn't a cent of surplus revenue in the treasury, but my own. It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, pony up at the bar, and lend us a levy'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.'—Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old *venditioni exponas*, at the State House——old *fiery fash 'us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding-house; and now" (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons) "I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easy shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell-fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But it was always so—when I was a little boy, they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the hidings, and to go first into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapings they used to be. I wonder if there isn't two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chaw up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chawed up by one kind?—cat-kind of people and mouse-kind of people? I guess there is—I'm very much mouse myself.

"What I want to know is what's to become of me. I've spent all I had in getting my eddication. Learnin', they say, is better than houses and lands. I wonder if anybody would swap some house and land with me for mine? I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most people do when they've nothing to do."

* * * * *

What became of Leniter Salix immediately, is immaterial; what

will become of him eventually, is clear enough. His story is one acting every day, and, though grotesquely sketched, is an evidence of the danger of an accommodating disposition when not regulated by prudence. The softness of "the best-natured fellow in the world" requires a large admixture of hardening alloy to give it the proper temper.

A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

OR, FALLING WEATHER.

"Then I, and you, and all of us fell down

WHENEVER we look upon a crowded thoroughfare, or regard the large assembly, we are compelled to admit that the infinite variety of form in the human race contributes largely to the picturesque. The eye travels over the diversity of shape and size without fatigue, and renews its strength by turning from one figure to another; when, at each remove, it is sure to find a difference. Satiated with gazing at rotundity, it is refreshed by a glance at lathiness; and, tired with stooping to the lowly, it can mount like a bird to the aspiring head which tops a maypole. But, while the potency of these pictorial beauties is admitted, it must be conceded that the variations from the true standard, although good for the eyesight, are productive of much inconvenience; and that, to consider the subject like a Benthamite, utility and the general advantage would be promoted if the total amount of flesh, blood, bone, and muscle, were more equally distributed. As affairs are at present arranged, it is almost impossible to find a "ready made coat" that will answer one's purpose, and a man may stroll through half the shops in town without being able to purchase a pair of boots which he can wear with any degree of comfort. In hanging a lamp, every shopkeeper who "lights up" knows that it is a very troublesome matter so to swing it, that, while the short can see the commodities, the tall will not demolish the glass. If an abbreviated "turnippy" man, in the goodness of his heart and *in articulo mortis*, bequeaths his wardrobe to a long and gaunt friend, of what service is the posthumous present? It is available merely as new clothing for the juveniles, or as something toward another kitchen carpet. Many a martial spirit is obliged to content himself with civic employment, although a mere bottle of fire and wrath, because heroism is enlisted by inches, and not by degree. If under "five foot six," Cæsar himself could find no favour in the eye of the recruiting sergeant, and Alexander the Great would be allowed to bestride no Bucephalus in a dragoon regiment of modern times. Thus, both they who get too much, and they who get too little, in Dame Nature's apportionment bill, as well as those who, though abundantly endowed,

are not well made up, have divers reasons for grumbling, and for wishing that a more perfect uniformity prevailed.

Some of the troubles which arise from giving a man more than his share in altitude, find illustration in the subjoined narrative.

Linkum Langcale is a subject *in extenso*. He is, to use the words of the poet, suggested by his name,

> ——— "A bout
> "Of linked sweetness long drawn out;'

and, in speaking of him, it is not easy to be brief. Linkum is entirely too long for his own comfort—something short—if the word *short* may be used in this connection—something short of the height of the Titans of old, who pelted Saturn with brickbats; but how much has never yet been ascertained, none of his acquaintances being sufficiently acquainted with trigonometry to determine the fact. He is one of those men who, like the gentle Marcia, "tower above their sex," and must always be called down to their dinner, as no information can be imparted to them unless it be halloed up; and in conversing with whom, it is always necessary to begin by hailing the maintop. There is not, however, more material in Linkum than is enough for a man of ordinary length. The fault is in his not being properly made up. He is abominably wiredrawn—stretched out, as Shakespeare says, almost to the crack of doom. It is clear that there has been an attempt to make too much of him, but the frame of the idea has not been well filled out. He is the streak of a Colossus, and he resembles the willow wand at which Locksley shot his gray goose shaft in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche. The consequence is, that Linkum is a crank vessel. If he wore a feather in his cap, he would be capsised at every corner; and as it is, he finds it very difficult to get along on a windy day without a paving stone in each coat pocket to preserve the balance of power. He is, however, of a convivial nature, and will not refuse his glass, notwithstanding the aptitude of alcohol to ascend into the brain, and so to encumber it as to render a perpendicular position troublesome to men shorter than himself. When in this condition his troubles are numberless, and, among other matters, he finds it very difficult to get a clear fall, there being in compact cities very little room to spare for the accommodation of long men tumbling down in the world.

One evening Linkum walked forth to a convivial meeting, and supped with a set of jolly companions. Late at night a rain came on, which froze as it fell, and soon made the city one universal slide, sufficiently "glip" for all purposes, without the aid of saw-dust. Of Linkum's sayings and doings at the social board, no record is preserved; but it is inferred that his amusements were not of a nature to

qualify him for the safe performance of a journey so slippery as that which it was necessary to undertake to reach home. No lamps were lighted, they who were abroad being under the necessity of supposing the moonshine, and of seeing their way as they walked, or of gathering themselves up when they fell by the lantern of imagination.

"Good night, fellers," said Linkum, at the top of the steps, as the door closed after him. He pulled his hat over his eyes determinedly, buttoned his coat with resolution, and sucked at his cigar with that iron energy peculiar to men about to set forth on their way home on a cold, stormy night. The fire of the cigar reflected from his nose was the only illumination to be seen; and Linkum, putting his hands deep into his pockets, kept his position on the first step of the six which were between him and the pavement.

"I've no doubt," said he, as he puffed forth volumes of smoke, and seemed to cogitate deeply—"I've not the slightest doubt that this is as beautiful a night as ever was; only it's so dark you can't see the pattern of it. One night is pretty much like another night in the dark; but it's a great advantage to a good-looking evening if the lamps are lit, so you can twig the stars and the moonshine. The fact is, that in this 'ere city we do grow the blackest moons, and the hardest moons to find, I ever did see. Sometimes I'm most disposed to send the bellman after 'em—or get a full-blooded pinter to pint 'em out, while I hold a candle to see which way he pints. It wouldn't be a bad notion on sich occasions to ask the man in the steeple to ring which way the moon is. Lamps is lamps, and moons is moons, in a business pint of view, but practically they ain't much if the wicks ain't afire. When the luminaries are, as I may say, in the raw, it's bad for me. I can't see the ground as perforately as little fellers, and every dark night I'm sure to get a hyst—either a forrerd hyst or a backerd hyst, or some sort of a hyst—but more backerds than forrerds, 'specially in winter. One of the most unfeeling tricks I know of, is the way some folks have got of laughing out, yaw-haw! when they see a gentleman ketching a riggler hyst—a long gentleman, for instance, with his legs in the air, and his noddle splat down upon the cold bricks. A hyst of itself is bad enough, without being sniggered at. First, your sconce gets a crack; then, you see all sorts of stars, and have free admission to the fireworks; then you scramble up, feeling as if you had no head on your shoulders, and as if it wasn't you, but some confounded disagreeable feller in your clothes; yet the jacksnipes all grin, as if the misfortunes of human nature was only a poppet show. I wouldn't mind it, if you could get up and look as if you didn't care. But a man can't rise after a royal hyst, without letting on he feels flat. In such cases, however, sympathy is all gammon; and as for

sensibility of a winter's day, people keep it all for their own noses, and can't be coaxed to retail it by the small."

Linkum paused in his prophetic dissertation upon "hysts"—the popular pronunciation, in these parts, of the word *hoist*, which is used—*quasi lucus a non lucendo*—to convey the idea of the most complete tumble which man can experience. A fall, for instance, is indeterminate. It may be an easy slip down—a gentle visitation of mother earth; but a hyst is a rapid, forcible performance, which may be done, as Linkum observes, either backward or forward, but of necessity with such violence as to knock the breath out of the body, or it is unworthy of the noble appellation of hyst. It is an apt, but figurative mode of expression, and it is often carried still further; for people sometimes say, "lower him up, and hyst him down."

Linkum held on firmly to the railing, and peeped keenly into the larkness, without discovering any object on which his vision could est. The gloom was substantial. It required sharper eyes than his to bore a hole in it. The wind was up, and the storm continued to coat the steps and pavements with a sheet of ice.

"It's raining friz potatoes," observed Linkum; "I feel 'em, though I can't see 'em, bumping the end of my nose; so I must hurry home as fast as I can."

Heedless and hapless youth! He made a vain attempt to descend, but, slipping, he came in a sitting posture upon the top step, and, in that attitude, flew down like lightning—bump! bump! bump! The impetus he had acquired prevented him from stopping on the sidewalk, notwithstanding his convulsive efforts to clutch the icy bricks, and he *skuted* into the gutter, whizzing over the curbstone, and splashing into the water, like a young Niagara.

A deep silence ensued, broken solely by the pattering of the rain and the howling of the wind. Linkum was an exhausted receiver; the hyst was perfect, the breath being completely knocked out of him.

"Laws-a-massy!" at length he panted, "ketching" breath at intervals, and twisting about as if in pain; "my eye! sich a hyst! Sich a quantity of hysts all in one! The life's almost bumped out of me, and I'm jammed up so tight, I don't believe I'm so tall by six inches as I was before. I'm druv' up and clinched, and I'll have to get tucks in my trowsers."

Linkum sat still, ruminating on the curtailment of his fair proportions, and made no effort to rise. The door soon opened again, and Mr. Broad Bevis came forth, at which a low suppressed chuckle was uttered by Linkum, as he looked over his shoulder, anticipating "a quantity of hysts all in one" for the new comer, whose figure, how-

ever—short and stout—was much better calculated for the operation than Linkum's. But Brevis seemed to suspect that the sliding was good, and the skating magnificent.

"No, you don't!" quoth he, as he tried the step with one foot, and recovered himself; "I haven't seen the Alleghany Portage and inclined planes for nothing. It takes me to diminish the friction, and save the wear and tear."

So saying, he quietly tucked up his coat tails, and sitting down upon the mat, which he grasped with both hands, gave himself a gentle impulse, crying, "All aboard!" and slid slowly but majestically down. As he came to the plain sailing across the pavement, he twanged forth "Ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra-tra-a-a!" in excellent imitation of the post-horn, and brought up against Linkum. "Clear the course for the express mail, or I'll report you to the department!" roared Bevis, trumpeting the "alarum," so well-known to all who have seen a tragedy—"Tra-tretra-ta-ra-tra-a-a!"

"That's queer fun, anyhow," said a careful wayfarer, turning the corner, with lantern in hand, and sock on foot, who, after a short parley, was induced to set the gentlemen on their pins. First planting Brevis against the pump, who sang, "Let me lean on thee," from the Sonnambula, in prime style, he undertook to lift up Linkum.

"Well," observed the stranger, "this is a chap without no end to him—he'd be pretty long a drowning, anyhow. If there was many more like him in the gutters, it would be better to get a windlass, and wind 'em up. I never seed a man with so much slack. The corporation ought to buy him, starch him up stiff, cut a hole for a clock in his hat, and use him for a steeple; only Downing wouldn't like to trust himself on the top of such a rickety concern. Neighbour, shall I fetch the Humane Society's apparatus?"

"No—I ain't drownded, only bumped severe. The curbstones have touched my feelings. I'm all over like a map—red, blue, and green."

"Now," said their friendly assistant, grinning at the joke, and at the recompense he had received for the job—"Now, you two hook on to one another like Siameses and mosey. You've only got to tumble one a top of t'other, and it won't hurt. Tortle off—it's slick going—'specially if you're going down. Push ahead!" continued he, as he hitched them together; and away they went, *a pair of slippers*, arm in arm. Many were their tumbles, and many their mischances, before they reached their selected resting-place.

"I can't stan this," said Linkum to his companion, as they were slipping and falling, "but it's mostly owing to my being so tall. I wish I was razeed and then it wouldn't happen. The awning posts

almost knock the head off me; I'm always tumbling over wheelbarrows, dogs, and children, because, if I look down, I'm certain to knock my noddle against something above. It's a complete nuisance to be so tall. Beds are too short; if you go to a tea-fight, the people are always tumbling over your trotters, and breaking their noses, which is what young ladies ain't partial to; and if you tipple too much toddy of a slippery night—about as easy a thing to do as you'd wish to try—you're sure to get a hyst a square long—just such a one as I've had. If I'd thought of it, I could have said the multiplication table while I was going the figure. Stumpy chaps, such as you, ain't got no troubles in this world."

"That's all you know about it," puffed Brevis, as Linkum alternately jerked him from his feet, and then caused him to slide in the opposite direction, with his heels ploughing the ice, like a shaft-horse holding-back; "phew! that's all you know about it—stumpies have troubles."

"I can't borrow coats," added Linkum, soliloquising, "because I don't like cuffs at the elbows. I can't borrow pants, because it isn't the fashion to wear knee-breeches, and all my stockings are socks. I can't hide when anybody owes me a lambasting. You can see me a mile. When I sit by the fire, I can't get near enough to warm my body, without burning my knees; and in a stage-coach there's no room between the benches, and the way you get the cramp—don't mention it."

"I don't know nothing about all these things; but to imagine I was a tall chap——"

"Don't try; you'll hurt yourself, for it's a great stretch of imagination for a little feller to do that."

After which amicable colloquy, nothing more was heard of them, except that, before retiring to rest, they chuckled over the idea that the coming spring would sweat the ice to death for the annoyance it had caused them. But ever while they live, will they remember "the night of hysts."

INDECISION.

"An obstinate temper is very disagreeable, particularly in a wife; a passionate one very shocking in a child; but, for one's own particular comfort. Heaven help the possessor of an irresolute one!—Its days of hesitation—its nights of repentance—the mischief it does—the misery it feels!—Its proprietor may well say, 'Nobody can tell what I suffer but myself!'"

We know not to whom the remarks above quoted are to be attributed, but every observer of human actions will acquiesce in their justice. There are few misfortunes greater than the possession of an irresolute mind. Other afflictions are temporary in their nature; the most inveterate of chronic diseases leaves the patient his hours of comfort; but he who lacks decision of character must cease to act altogether, before he can be released from the suffering it occasions. It is felt, whether the occasion be great or small, whenever there is more than one method of arriving at the same end, and it veers like a *pirouette* at the aspect of alternatives. One can scarcely go so far as the poet, who quaintly says:—

> "It needs but this, be bold, bold, bold;
> 'Tis every virtue told—
> Honour and truth, humanity and skill,
> The noblest charity the mind can will."

But the lines are pregnant with meaning. The curse of indecision impedes the growth of virtue, and renders our best powers comparatively inoperative.

It would certainly be the parent of interminable confusion, if all men were qualified to lead in the affairs of the world. The impulse to direct and to command is almost irrepressible. He who is born with it instinctively places himself at the head of a movement, and clutches the baton of authority as if it had been his plaything from infancy. Even in the sports of childhood, the controlling and master spirit of the merry group is to be detected at a glance; and if three men act together for a day, the leading mind discovers and assumes its place. The inferior in mental power sink rapidly to their appropriate station; the contemplation of an emergency tends to convince them that they are incompetent to head the column, and, although they may grumble a little, they soon fall quietly into the ranks. It, therefore, would not answer if all men had that self-reliance and that

iron will which are the essential ingredients in the composition of a leading mind. The community would be broken up into a mob of generals, with never a soldier to be had for love or money. There would be no more harmony extant than there is in the vocal efforts of a roomful of bacchanalians, when each man singeth his own peculiar song, and hath no care but that he may be louder than his boon companions. Our time would be chiefly spent in trying to disprove the axiom, that when two men ride a horse one must ride behind. Each pony in the field would have riders enough; but, instead of jogging steadily toward any definite end, he who was in the rear would endeavour to clamber to the front, and thus a species of universal leap-frog would be the order of the day. Great results could not be achieved, for action in masses would be a thing unheard of, and the nations would be a collection of unbound sticks.

Yet the cultivation of the energies to a certain extent is a matter of import to the welfare and happiness of every individual. We are frequently placed in circumstances in which it is necessary to be our own captain-general; and, with all deference to the improving spirit of the time, and to the labours of the many who devote themselves to the advancement of education, it must be confessed that the energies do not always receive the attention to which they are entitled. It is true there is an abundance of teaching; we can scarcely move without coming in contact with a professor of something, who, in the plenitude of his love for his fellows, promises, for the most trifling consideration, to impart as much if not more than he knows himself, in a time so incredibly short, that if we were not aware of the wonder-working power of the high-pressure principle, we should not believe it; but no one has yet appeared in the useful character of a "Professor of Decision"—no one has yet thought it a good speculation to teach, in six lessons of an hour each, the art of being able without assistance speedily to make up the mind upon a given subject, and to keep it made up like a well-packed knapsack. There are arithmeticians and algebraists in plenty; but the continent may be ranged without finding him who can instruct us how to solve, as Jack Downing would express it, a "tuff sum" in conduct, and to act unflinchingly upon the answer; and ingenuity has discovered no instrument to screw the mind to the sticking-place. Now, although humility may be a very amiable characteristic, and deference to the opinions of others a very pleasing trait, yet promptness in decision and boldness in action form the best leggins with which to scramble through the thistles and prickles of active life; and a professor of the kind alluded to, would doubtless have many pupils from the ranks of those who have, by virtue of sundry tears and scratches, become

anxious for a pair of nether integuments of that description. At least, he might rely upon

DUBERLY DOUBTINGTON,

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND.

"LEAH, tell your master dinner's been waiting for him this hour."

"He can't come, mem;—the man's with him yet, mem."

"What man?"

"The solumcolly man, mem;—the man that stays so long, and is always so hard to go."

Every one who has visitors is aware of the great difference among them in the matter referred to by Leah. In fact, they may be divided into two classes—visiters who are "easy to go," and administer themselves, according to Hahnemann, in Homœopathic doses, and visiters who are "hard to go," and are exhibited in quantity, in conformity with regular practice.

The individual who was guilty of keeping Mr. Edax Rerum from his dinner was Duberly Doubtington, a man who couldn't make up his mind—a defect of character which rendered him peculiarly hard to go, and made him responsible for having caused many to eat their mutton cold. It was Juliet who found

> Parting such sweet sorrow,
> That she could say good night till it were to-morrow;

and Duberly's farewells are equally interminable. When he has once fairly effected a lodgment, he is rooted to the spot. It is as difficult for him to go off, as it frequently is for stage heroes to make their pistols do so. But though it is hard for him to go, yet he finds it quite easy to be hours in going. By way of preparation, he first reaches his hat, and "smooths its raven down." He then lays it aside again for the greater convenience of drawing on a glove, and that operation being completed, the gauntlet is speedily drawn off, that he may adjust his side-locks. Much time being consumed in these interesting preliminaries, he has no difficulty at all in employing an additional hour when once fairly upon his legs. He discourses over the back of his chair, he pauses at the parlour door, he hesitates in the hall, and rallies manfully on the outer steps. The colder the weather the more determined his grasp upon his victim, having decidedly the advantage over the resident of the mansion, in being hatted, coated, and gloved. In this way, indeed, he deserves a medal from the faculty for cutting out doctor's work, especially in influenza times.

The straps and buckles of Duberly's resolution will not hold, no

matter how tightly he may pull them up, and he has suffered much in the unphilosophic attempt to sit upon two stools. When he starts upon a race, an unconsidered shade of opinion is sure to catch him by the skirt and draw him back. He is, in a measure, Fabian in policy. He shifts his position continually, and never hazards an attack. His warfare is a succession of feints and unfinished demonstrations, and he has been aptly likened to a leaden razor, which looks sharp enough, but will turn in the cutting. He is in want of a pair of mental spectacles; for he has a weakness in the optic nerve of his mind's eye, which prevents him, in regarding the future, from seeing beyond the nose of the present moment. The chemistry of events, which figures out ulterior results from immediate combination and instant action, is a science as yet unknown to Duberly Doubtington. He cannot tell what to think: he knows not what to do. The situations in which he is placed have never occurred to him before; the lights of experience are ever wanting, and he is perplexed in the labyrinth. Like the fabled coffin of Mohammed, he is always in a state of "betweenity." He is, in short, as a forcible writer well observes, one of those unfortunate people who seldom experience "*the sweet slumber of a decided opinion.*"

Such is the moral man of Duberly Doubtington, and his physical man betrays traits of indecision equally strong. He tries to encourage his heart by cocking his beaver *à la militaire*, but its furry fierceness cannot contradict the expression of the features it surmounts. His eyebrows form an uncertain arch, rising nearly an inch above the right line of determination, and the button of his nose is so large and blunt as to lend anything but a penetrating look to his countenance. His under lip droops as if afraid to clench resolutely with its antagonist; and his whiskers hang dejectedly down, instead of bristling like a *chevaux de frise* toward the outer angle of the eye. The hands of Mr. Doubtington always repose in his pockets, unwilling to trust to their own means of support, and he invariably leans his back against the nearest sustaining object. When he walks, his feet shuffle here and there so dubiously, that one may swear they have no specific orders where to go; and so indefinite are the motions of his body, that even the tails of his coat have no characteristic swing. They look, not like Mr. Doubtington's coat-tails, but like coat-tails in the abstract—undecided coat-tails, that have not yet got the hang of anybody's back, and have acquired no more individuality than those which dangle at the shopdoors in Water-street.

Duberly Doubtington was at one time tolerably comfortable in his pecuniary circumstances. His father had been successful in trade, and, of course, thought it unnecessary to teach his children to make

up their minds about anything but enjoying themselves. This neglect, however, proved fatal to the elder Doubtington.

That worthy individual being taken one warm summer afternoon with an apopletic fit, the younger Doubtington was so perplexed whether or not to send for a physician, and if he did, what physician should be called in—whether he should or should not try to bleed him with a penknife, and whether it was most advisable to have him put to bed upstairs, or to leave him upon the sofa downstairs,—that the old gentleman, being rather pressed for time, could not await the end of the debate, and quietly slipped out of the world before his son could make up his mind as to the best method of keeping him in it. In fact, it was almost a chance that the senior Doubtington obtained sepulture at all, as Duberly could not make up his mind where that necessary business should take place; and he would have been balancing the pros and cons of the question to this day, if some other person, more prompt of decision, had not settled the matter.

Duberly Doubtington was now his own master. There were none entitled to direct, to control, or to advise him. He was the Phaeton of his own fortunes, and could drive the chariot where he pleased. But, although he had often looked forward to this important period with much satisfaction, and had theorised upon it with great delight, yet in practice he found it not quite so well adapted to his peculiar abilities as he thought it would be. A share of decision is required even by those who are placed beyond the necessity of toiling for bread. The disposition of his means frequently called on him to resolve upon a definite course.

"I regard it as a very fair investment, Mr. Doubtington," said his broker; "your money is useless where it is."

"But, what do you advise?—under the circumstances, what should I do?" replied Duberly.

"Of course, I don't pretend to direct. I want no unnecessary responsibility. There's no knowing what may happen these slippery times. I think the chance a good one; but make up your mind about it."

There are people who talk about making up one's mind, as if it were a task as easy as to eat a dinner, or as if it were as purely mechanical as driving a nail, or putting on a pair of old familiar boots.

"I pay that man for attending to my business," muttered Duberly, "and yet he has the impudence to tell me to make up my mind!—That's the very thing I want him to do for me. The tailor makes my clothes—Sally makes my bed—nature makes my whiskers, and John makes my fires; yet I must be bothered to make up my mind about

money matters. I can't—the greatest nuisances alive are these responsibility-shifting people; and if some one would tell me who else to get to attend to my business, I'd send that fellow flying."

Difficult, however, as he supposed it would be, Duberly at length found a gentleman manager of his pecuniary affairs, who never troubled him to make up his mind;—with what results shall appear anon.

Duberly could not resolve whether it was the best policy to travel first in the Old World or in the New, and he therefore did neither; but as time is always heavy on the hands of those who have much of it at disposal, and as it is difficult to lounge eternally at home or in the street, he slowly established what the Scotch call a "howf" for each portion of the day. In the morning he dozed over the newspapers at a reading-room; between noon and the dinner-hour, he lolled upon three chairs at the office of his friend Capias the lawyer, by way of facilitating that individual's business; the afternoon was divided between whittling switches at home and riding to some popular resort, where he cut his name upon the table. In the evening, if he did not yawn at the theatre, he visited some hospitable mansion, where the elders were good-natured and the juniors agreeable.

At the house of Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago, a bouncing widow, with a dashing son, and a pair of daughters, Mr. Duberly Doubtington was invariably well received; for, although he could not make up his mind, he was in other respects so "eligible," that Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago was always pleased to see him, and willing that he should either listen or talk as much as he liked within her doors. Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago was a very pretty girl; and, for some reason or other, comported herself so graciously to Duberly, that, when troubled to form a conclusion, he usually asked her advice, and to his great satisfaction was sure to receive it in a comfortable, decisive way.

"Miss Ethelinda, I'm trying to make up my mind about coats, but I can't tell whether I like bright buttons or not. Nor do I know exactly which are the nicest colours. I do wish there was only one sort of buttons, and only one kind of colour; the way everything is now is so tiresome—one's perpetually bothered."

So Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago, with her sweetest smile, would give her views upon the subject, to Duberly's great delight. In fact, she was his "council's consistory;" or, as the Indians have it, she was his "sense-bearer," a very important item in the sum-total of one's domestic relations.

But though these consultations were very frequent, still Duberly said nothing to the purpose, notwithstanding the fact that every one

looked upon it as a "settled thing," and wanted to know when it was to be. Duberly Doubtington, however, never dreamed of matrimony; or if he did, it only floated like a vague mist across the distant horizon of his speculative thoughts. He regarded it as a matter of course that, at some period or other, he should have a wife and children—just as we all expect either to be bald, or to have gray hairs, and to die; but he shivered at the idea of being called on to make up his mind on such a step. He had a faint hope that he would be married, as it were, imperceptibly; that it would, like old age, steal upon him by degrees, so that he might be used to it before he found it out. The connubial state, however, is not one into which a Doubtington can slide by degrees; there is no such thing as being imperceptibly married: a fact of which Mrs. and Miss St. Simon Sapsago were fully aware, and therefore resolved to precipitate matters by awakening Duberly's jealousy.

Ethelinda became cold upon giving her advice on the subject of new coats and other matters. Indeed, when asked by Duberly whether she did not think it would be better for him to curtail his whiskers somewhat during the summer months, she went so far as to say that she didn't care what he did with them, and that she never had observed whether he wore huge corsair whiskers or lawyer-like apologies. Duberly was shocked at a defection so flagrant on the part of his "sense-bearer." Insult his whiskers!—he couldn't make up his mind what to think of it.

But still more shocked was he when he observed that she smiled upon Mr. Adolphus Fitzflam, who cultivated immense black curls, latitudinarian whiskers, black moustaches, with an *imperial* to match —Fitzflam, who made it the business of his life to "do the appalling," and out-haired everybody except the bison at the "Zoological Institute." Duberly felt uncomfortable; he was not in love—at least he had never found it out—but he was troubled with a general uneasiness, an oppression, a depression, and a want of appetite. "Gastric derangement," said the quack advertisements, and Duberly took a box of pills: "but one disease," said the newspapers, and Duberly swallowed another box of pills, but without relief. Whenever Fitzflam approached, the symptoms returned.

"I can't make up my mind about it," said Duberly; "but I don't think I like that buffalo fellow, Fitzflam. Why don't they make him up into mattresses, and stuff cushions with whatever's left?"

* * * * * *

"Mr. Doubtington, isn't Augustus Fitzflam a duck?" said Ethelinda, one evening when they were left *tête-à-tête;* "such beautiful hair!"

"I can't tell whether he's a duck or not," said Duberly, drily; "I haven't seen much more of him than the tip of his nose; but, if not a member of the goose family, he will some day share the fate of the man I saw at Fairmount—be drowned in his own *locks*."

"But he looks so romantic—so piratical—as if he had something on his mind, never slept, and had a silent sorrow here."

"He had better try a box of the vegetable pills," thought Duberly.

"Well, I do declare it's not surprising that so many have fallen in love with Adolphus Fitzflam;" and Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago breathed a scarcely perceptible sigh.

Duberly started—his eyes were opened to his own complaint at once, and somehow or other, without making up his mind, he hurriedly declared himself.

"Speak to my ma," faintly whispered Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago.

"To-morrow," replied Duberly Doubtington, taking a tender but rapid farewell.

Duberly was horror-struck at his own rashness. He tossed and rolled all night, trying to make up his mind as to the propriety of his conduct. He stayed at home all day for the same purpose, and the next day found him still irresolute.

"Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago's compliments, and wishes to know if Mr. Duberly Doubtington is ill?"

"No!"

Three days more, and yet the mind of Mr. Doubtington was a prey to perplexity.

Mr. Julius St. Simon Sapsago called to ask the meaning of his conduct, and Duberly promised to inform him when he had made up his mind.

Mr. Adolphus Fitzflam, as the friend of Julius St. S. Sapsago, with a challenge.

"Leave your errand, boy," said Doubtington, angrily, "and go."

Fitzflam winked at the irregularity, and retreated.

Duberly lighted a cigar with the cartel, and puffed away vigorously.

"What's to be done?—marry, or be shot! I don't like either—at least, I've come to no conclusion on the subject. When I've made up my mind, I'll let 'em know—plenty of time."

No notice being taken of the challenge, Mr. Julius St. Simon Sapsago assaulted Mr. Doubtington in the street with a horsewhip, while Fitzflam stood by to enjoy the sport. There is nothing like a smart external application to quicken the mental faculties, and so our hero found it.

"Stop!" said he, dancing *à la Celeste.*

"You're a scoundrel!" cried Julius, and the whip cracked merrily.

"I've made up my mind!" replied Duberly, suddenly shooting his clenched fist into the countenance of the flagellating Julius, who turned a backward summerset over a wheelbarrow. Fitzflam lost his hat in an abrupt retreat up the street, and he was fortunate in his swiftness, for, "had all his hairs been lives," Duberly would have plucked them.

But, from this moment, the star of Duberly Doubtington began to wane. The case of Sapsago *versus* Doubtington, for breach of promise of marriage, made heavy inroads upon his fortune. His new man of business, who took the responsibility of managing his money affairs without pestering him for directions, sank the whole of his cash in the Bubble and Squeak Railroad and Canal Company, incorporated with banking privileges. Doubtington, therefore, for once was resolute, and turned politician; and in this capacity it was that he called upon Mr. Edax Rerum for his influence to procure him an office. He still lives in the hope of a place, but, unluckily for himself, can never make up his mind on which side to be zealous, until the crisis is past, and zeal is useless.

His last performance was characteristic. Having escorted the Hon. Phinkey Phunks to the steamboat, the vessel began to move before he had stepped ashore. He stood trembling on the brink. "Jump, you fool!" said a jarvey.—"Take keer—it's too fur!" said a newspaper boy. The advice being balanced, Doubtington was perplexed, and, making a half step, as the distance widened, he plumped into the river. He was fished out almost drowned, and, as he stood streaming and wo-begone upon the wharf, while other less liquid patriots earned golden opinions by shouting, "Hurrah for Phunks!" imagination could scarcely conceive a more appropriate emblem of the results of indecision than that presented by Duberly Doubtington, a man who, had it been left to himself, would never have been in this world at all, but fluctuating till the end of time between it and some other one.

DILLY JONES;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT

One of the most difficult things in the world is to run before the wind; and, by judiciously observing the changes of the weather, to avoid being thrown out. Fashion is so unsteady, and improvements are so rapid, that the man whose vocation yields him an abundant harvest now, may, in a few years, if he has not a keen eye and a plastic versatility, find that his skill and his business are both useless. Many were the poor barbers shipwrecked by the tax upon hair-powder, and numerous were the leather breeches makers who were destroyed by the triumph of woollens. Their skill was doubtless very great, but it would not avail in a contest against the usages of the world; and unless they had the capacity to strike out a new course, they all shared the fate of their commodities, and retired to the dark cellars of popular estimation. Every day shows us the same principle of change at work, and no one has more reason to reflect and mourn about it than one Dilly Jones of this city. Dilly is not, perhaps, precisely the person who would be chronicled by the memoir writers of the time, or have a monument erected to him if he were no more; but Dilly is a man of a useful though humble vocation, and no one can saw hickory with more classic elegance, or sit upon the curbstone and take his dinner with more picturesque effect.

Yet, as has been hinted above, Dilly has his sorrows, particularly at night, after a hard day's work, when his animal spirits have been exhausted by reducing gum logs to the proper measure. In the morning he is full of life and energy, feeling as if he could saw a cord of Shot-towers, and snap the pillars of the Bank across his knee like pipe stems. In the full flush of confidence at that time of day, reflection batters against him in vain; but as the night draws on, Dilly feels exhausted and spiritless. His enthusiasm seems to disappear with the sun, and neither the moon nor the stars can cause high tide in the river of his mind. The current of his good spirits shrinks in its channel, leaving the gay and gorgeous barques of hope and confidence drearily ashore on the muddy flats; and his heart fails him, as if it were useless longer to struggle against adversity.

It was in this mood that he was once seen travelling homeward

with his horse and saw fixed scientifically upon his shoulders. He meandered in his path, in the way peculiar to men of his vocation, and travelled with that curvilinear elegance which at once indicates that he who practises it is of the wood-sawing profession, and illustrates the lopsided consequences of giving one leg more to do than the other. But Dilly was too melancholy on this occasion to feel proud of his professional air, and perhaps, had he thought of it, would have reproved the leg which performed the "sweep of sixty," for indulging in such graces, and thereby embarrassing its more humble brother, which, knowing that a right line is the shortest distance between two places, laboured to go straight to its destination. Dilly, however, had no such stuff in his thoughts. His mind was reasoning from the past to the future, and was mournfully meditating upon the difficulties of keeping up with the changes of the times, which roll onward like a Juggernaut, and crush all who are not swift enough to maintain themselves in the lead. He wondered why fashions and customs should so continually change, and repined that he could not put a spoke in their wheel that the trade of one's early days might likewise be the trade of one's latter years. So complete was his abstraction, that he unconsciously uttered his thoughts aloud:

"Sawing wood's going all to smash," said he, "and that's where everything goes what I speculates in. This here coal is doing us up. Ever since these black stones was brought to town, the wood-sawyers and pilers, and them soap-fat and hickory-ashes men, has been going down; and, for my part, I can't say as how I see what's to be the end of all their new-fangled contraptions. But it's always so; I'm always crawling out of the little end of the horn. I began life in a comfortable sort of a way; selling oysters out of a wheelbarrow, all clear grit, and didn't owe nobody nothing. Oysters went down slick enough for a while, but at last cellars was invented, and darn the Oyster, no matter how nice it was pickled, could poor Dill sell; so I had to eat up capital and profits myself. Then the 'pepree pot smoking' was sot up, and went ahead pretty considerable for a time; but a parcel of fellers come into it, said my cats wasn't as good as their'n, when I know'd they was as fresh as any cats in the market; and pepree pot was no go. Bean soup was just as bad; people said kittens wasn't good done that way, and the more I hollered, the more the customers wouldn't come, and them what did, wanted tick. Along with the boys and their pewter fips, them what got trust and didn't pay, and the abusing of my goods, I was soon fotch'd up in the victualling line—and I busted for the benefit of my creditors. But genius riz. I made a raise of a horse and saw, after being a woodpiler's prentice for a while, and working till I was free, and now here comes

the coal to knock this business in the head. My people's decent people, and I can't disgrace 'em by turning Charcoal Jemmy, or smashing the black stones with a pick-axe. They wouldn't let me into no society at all if I did."

The idea of being excluded from the upper circles of the society in which he had been in the habit of moving, fell heavily upon the heart of poor Dilly Jones. He imagined the curled lips and scornful glances of the aristocratic fair, who now listened with gratification to his compliments and to his soft nonsense; he saw himself passed unrecognised in the street—absolutely cut by his present familiar friends, and the thoughts of losing caste almost crushed his already dejected spirit.

The workings of his imagination, combined with the fatigue of his limbs, caused such exhaustion that dislodging his horse from his shoulder, he converted it into a camp-stool, seated himself under the lee of a shop-window, and, after slinging his saw petulantly at a dog, gazed with vacant eyes upon the people who occasionally passed, and glanced at him with curiosity.

"Hey, mister!" said a shop-boy at last, "I want to get shut of you, 'cause we're goin' to shet up. You're right in the way, and if you don't boom along, why Ben and me will have to play hysence, clearance, puddin's out with you afore you've time to chalk your knuckles—won't we, Ben?"

"We'll plump him off of baste before he can say fliance, or get a sneak. We're knuckle dabsters, both on us. You'd better emigrate—the old man's coming, and if he finds you here, he'll play the mischief with you, before you can sing out 'I'm up if you knock it and ketch.'"

So saying, the two lads placed themselves one on each side of Dilly, and began swinging their arms with an expression that hinted very plainly at a forcible ejectment. Dilly, however, who had forgotten all that he ever knew of the phrases so familiar to those who scientifically understand the profound game of marbles, wore the puzzled air of one who labours to comprehend what is said to him. But the meaning became so apparent as not to be mistaken, when Ben gave a sudden pull at the horse, which almost dismounted the rider.

"Don't be so unfeelin'," ejaculated Dilly, as he clutched the cross-bars of his seat; "don't be unfeelin', for a man in grief is like a wood-piler in a cellar—mind how you chuck, or you'll crack his calabash."

"Take care of your calabash then," was the grinning response; "you must skeete, even if you have to cut high-dutchers with your irons loose, and that's no fun."

"High-dutch yourself, if you know how; only go 'way from me, 'cause I ain't got no time."

"Well," said the boys, "haven't we caught you on our payment? —what do you mean by crying here—what do you foller when you're at home?"

"I works in wood; that's what I foller."

"You're a carpenter, I s'pose," said Ben, winking at Tom.

"No, not exactly; but I saws wood better nor any half dozen loafs about the drawbridge. If it wasn't for grief, I'd give both of you six, and beat you too the best day you ever saw, goin' the rale gum and hickory—for I don't believe you're gentlemen's sons; nothin' but poor trash—half and half—want to be and can't, or you wouldn't keep a troubling of me."

"Gauley, Ben, if he isn't a wharf rat! If you don't trot, as I've told you a'ready, boss will be down upon you and fetch you up like a catty on a cork-line—jerk!"

"That's enough, replied Dilly; "there's more places nor one in the world—at least there is yet; new fashions haven't shut up the streets yet, and obligated people to hire hackney balloons if they want to go a walkin', or omnibus boardin' houses when they want a fip's worth of dinner, or a levy's worth of sleep. Natural legs is got some chance for a while, anyhow, and a man can get along if he ain't got clock-vurks to make him go.

"I hope, by'm'by," added Dilly, scornfully, as he marched away from the chuckling lads, "that there won't be no boys to plague people. I'd vote for that new fashion myself. Boys is nuisances, accordin' to me."

He continued to soliloquise as he went, and his last observations were as follows:

"I wonder if they wouldn't list me for a Charley? Hollering oysters and bean soup has guv' me a splendid woice; and instead of skeering 'em away, if the thieves were to hear me singing out, my style of doing it would almost coax 'em to come and be took up. They'd feel like a bird when a snake is after it, and would walk up, and poke their coat collars right into my fist. Then, after a while, I'd perhaps be promoted to the fancy business of pig-ketching, which, though it is werry light, and werry elegant, requires genius. 'Tisn't every man that can come the scientifics in that line, and has studied the nature of a pig, so as to beat him at canœuvering, and make him surrender 'cause he sees it ain't of no use doing nothing. It wants larning to conwince them critters, and it's only to be done by heading 'em up handsome, hopping whichever way they hop, and tripping 'em up genteel by shaking hands with their off hind leg. I'd

scorn to pull their tails out by the roots, or to hurt their feelin's by dragging 'em about by their ears.

"But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to holler the hour, and to ketch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a railroad, and try 'em with biling water. They'll soon have black locomotives for watchmen and constables, and big bilers for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketched by steam, and will be biled fit to eat before they are done squealing. By and by, folks wont be of no use at all. There won't be no people in the world but tea-kettles; no mouths, but safety valves; and no talking, but blowing off steam. If I had a little biler inside of me, I'd turn omnibus, and week-days I'd run from Kensington to the Navy-yard, and Sundays I'd run to Fairmont."

THE FLESHY ONE.

"'Twas fat, not fate, by which Napoleon fell."

THERE is a little man in a sister city—there are little men in most cities—but the one now on the tapis is a peculiar little man—a fat little man. He is one who may be described as a person about five feet—five feet high and very nearly five feet thick, bearing much resemblance to a large New England pumpkin stuck upon a pair of beets. When he lies down to sleep, were it not for his nose at one extremity and his toes at the other, the spectator would naturally suppose that he was standing upright under the cover. When he descends the stairs, he might as well roll on his side as fatigue himself with walking; and, as for tumbling down as other people tumble down, that is out of the question with Berry Huckel, or Huckel Berry, as he is sometimes called, because of his roundness. Should he, however, chance to trip, —which he is apt to do, not being able to reconnoitre the ground in the vicinity of his feet,—before he achieves a fair start from the perpendicular, his "corporosity" touches the ground which his hands in vain attempt to reach, and he remains, until helped up, in the position of a schoolboy stretching himself over a cotton bale. Had he been the Lucius Junius of antiquity, the Pythia would never have been so silly as to advise him to kiss his mother earth; for unless his legs are tilted up by some one like the handles of a wheelbarrow, Berry Huckel can never bite the dust. He cannot fall on his nose—that glorious privilege has been denied to men of his periphery; but when enjoying moderate serenity of mind, he is always able to sleep o' nights, therein having no trifling advantage over your Seurats, your Edsons, your walking anatomies, whose aspect is a reproach to those who have the feeding of them.

But biographical accuracy, and a desire that future generations may not be misled as to those important facts which make up the aggregate of history, render it necessary to avow that these fleshy attributes worry Mr. Berry Huckel. He cannot look upon the slender longitude of a bean-pole, he cannot observe the attenuated extent of a hop-stick, or regard the military dandyism of a greyhound's waist, without experiencing emotions of envy, and wishing that he had himself been born to the same lankiness of figure, the same emaciation of contour.

He rejoices not in his dimensions, and, contrary to all rules in physical science, believes that what he gains in weight he loses in importance. It must, however, be confessed that he has some reason for discontent. He cannot wear shoes, for he must have assistance to tie them, and other fingers than his own to pull them up at heel. Boots are not without their vexations, although he has a pair of long hooks constructed expressly for his own use; and should a mosquito bite his knee—which mosquitoes are apt to do—it costs him a penny to hire a boy to scratch it. Berry is addicted to literature, and once upon a time could write tolerable verses, when he was thin enough to sit so near a table as to be able to write upon it. But this is not the case at present. His body is too large, and his arms too short, for such an achievement.

It is happily so arranged that the mind of man in general accommodates itself to circumstances. We become reconciled to that which is beyond remedy, and at length scarcely bestow a thought upon subjects which, when new, were sources of much disquietude and annoyance. In fact, owing to the compensating principle so often acted on by nature, it is by no means rare to find vanity flourishing most luxuriantly in those who have least cause to entertain the feeling. The more numerous our defects, the greater is our self-satisfaction, and thus the bitterness and discontent that might be engendered by a knowledge that in mental or in physical gifts we are far inferior to the majority of mankind, are harmlessly and pleasantly prevented. Who so happy as the simpleton who is unconscious of any difference between himself and the superior spirits with whom he is thrown in contact, and who would smilingly babble his *niaiseries* in the presence of the assembled wisdom of the world? Who look more frequently or with greater delight into the mirror, than they who have in truth but little reason to be gratified with the object it reflects?—and who indulge more in personal adornment than they in whom it would be the best policy to avoid display, and to attract the least possible attention to their outward proportions? The ugly man is apt to imagine that the fair are in danger of being smitten with him at first sight, and perhaps—but we do not pretend to much knowledge on this part of the subject, though suspecting, contrary to the received opinion, that the masculine gender are much more liable to the delusions of conceit than the softer sex, and that the guilty, having a more perfect command of the public ear, have in this instance, as in many others, charged their own sins upon the guiltless—perhaps plain women are to a certain extent subject to the same imputation. But who, even if he had the power, would be so unfeeling as to dissolve the charm and dissipate the "glamour" which is so potent in making up the estimate, when we sit in judgment on ourselves? Who, indeed, could do it safely?—for every one is in-

debted to the witchery of self-deception for no small portion of the comfortable sensations that strew flowers on his path through life; and it would be the height of cruelty if the "giftie" desired by Burns were accorded, enabling us to "see oursels as ithers see us." It was—had it been carried out to its full extent—an unkind offer, that of Cassius to play the moral looking-glass to his brother conspirator, and "show that to himself which he yet knew not of." If true and unrelenting in its office, such a looking-glass would be in danger of a fracture, and it would have the alternative of being considered either as a malicious exaggerator, or as a mere falsifier delighting to wound.

But digression is a runaway steed,—all this bears but slantingly on Berry Huckel; and they who love not generalising, may substitute for it the individual specification that, owing to the comforting operation of custom, even Berry might not have troubled himself on the score of the circumstantial and substantial fat by which he is enveloped, had it not been that in addition to an affection for himself, he had a desire that he should be equally esteemed by another. In short, Berry discovered, like many other people, that his sensibilities were expansive as well as his figure—that it was not all-sufficient to happiness to love one's self, and that his heart was more than a sulky, being sufficient to carry two. Although so well fenced in, his soul was to be reached, and when reached, it was peculiarly susceptible of soft impressions. "The blind bow-boy's butt-shaft" never had a better mark.

In love, however, like does not consort with like, either in complexion, in figure, or in temper, or each race would preserve its distinct lineage with the regularity of the stripes upon the tartan. The fiery little man—little men are almost always fiery, a fact which can only be accounted for on the theory that whether the individual be big or little, he contains the same quantity of the electro-magnetism of vitality, or, in other words, of the spirit of life,—this spirit, in a large body, having a greater amount of matter to animate, cannot afford to flash and blaze except on extraordinary occasions—while, being superabundant in the smaller figure, it has a surplus on hand, which stimulates to restlessness and activity, engenders warmth and irritability of temper, and is always ready for explosion. Thus the fiery little man is apt to become attached to beauty upon a large scale. He loves by the ton, and will have no idol but one that he must look up to. By such means the petulance of diminutiveness is checked and qualified by the phlegmatic calmness and repose of magnitude. The walking tower, on the contrary, who shakes the earth with his ponderous tread, dreams of no other lady-love except those miniature specimens of nature's handiwork who move with the lightness of the gossamer, and seem more like the creation of a

delightful vision than tangible reality. In this, sombre greatness asks alleviation from the butterfly gaiety which belongs to the figure of fairy mould. The swarthy bend the knee to those of clear and bright complexion, and your Saxon blood seeks the "dark-eyed one" to pay its devotions. The impulse of nature leads to those alliances calculated to correct faults on both sides, and to prevent their perpetuity. The grave would associate with the gay, the short pine for the tall, the fat for the lean, the sulky for the sunny—the big covet the little; and if our philosophy be not always borne out by the result, it is because circumstance or accident counteracts instinct, or that the cases cited form exceptions to the rule without impairing its force. A true theorist always leaves the wicket of escape open behind him.

At all events, Berry Huckel was in the strictest conformity to the rule. His affections were set upon lathiness, and if he could not fall in love, he certainly contrived to roll himself into it.

He was indulging himself in a walk on a pleasant day, and, as usual, was endeavouring to dance along and to skip over the impediments in the path, for the purpose of persuading himself that he was a light and active figure, and that if any change were going on in his corporal properties it was a favourable one, when an event occurred which formed an era in his life. He twirled his little stick,—a big one would have looked as if he needed support,—and, pushing a boy with a basket aside, attempted to hop over a puddle which had formed on the crossing at the corner of the street. The evolution, however, was not so skilfully achieved as it would have been by any one of competent muscle who carried less weight. Berry's foot came down "on the margin of fair Zurich's waters," and caused a terrible splash, sending the liquid mud about in every direction.

"Phew!" puffed Berry, as he recovered himself, and looked with a doleful glance at the melancholy condition in which his vivacity had left his feet.

"Splut!" ejaculated the boy with the basket, as he wiped the mud out of his eyes. "Jist let me ketch you up our alley, that's all, puddy-fat!"

"Ah!" shrieked Miss Celestina Scraggs, a very tall lady, and particularly bony, as she regarded the terrible spots and stains with which Berry had disfigured her dress: "what a pickle!"

Berry turned round at the voice of a female in distress, and the sight of her went to his heart like an arrow. Miss Celestina Scraggs was precisely his beau ideal of what a woman should be—not, perhaps, in countenance, but her figure was the very antipodes of his own, and he felt that his time was come. As for face and a few more years than are desirable, Berry cared not, if the lady were tall enough and

thin enough, and in the individual before him he saw both those qualities combined.

"My dear madam," said Berry, ducking his head after the semblance of a bow, and raising his hat with a graceful curve—"my dear madam, I beg ten thousand pardons. Allow me, if you please," he continued, observing that she paid no attention to his speech, and was attempting to shake off the looser particles of mud: an operation in which Berry ventured to assist.

"Let me alone, sir—I wonder at your impudence," was the indignant reply; and Miss Celestina Scraggs floated onward, frowning indignantly, and muttering as she went—"First splash a body, and then insult a body! Pretty pickle,—nice situation! fat bear!"

Berry remained in attitude, his hat in one hand and his handkerchief, with which he would have wiped the injured dress, in the other. The scorn of the lady had no other effect than that of riveting his chains.

"Hip-helloo, you sir!" shouted an omnibus driver from his box, as he cracked his whip impatiently; "don't stand in the middle of the street all day a blockin' up the gangvay, or I'll drive right over you—blamenation if I don't!"

"Shin it, good man!" ejaculated a good-natured urchin; "shin it as well as you know how!"

The qualification was a good one, Berry not being well calculated for a "shiner" of the first class. So, starting from his reverie, he hastened to escape "as well as he knew how," and, placing his hat once more upon his head, he resolved to follow the injured lady, to ascertain her residence, and to devise ways and means of seeking her favour under better auspices. He hurried up the street with breathless haste, forming a striking resemblance to the figure which a turtle would present if walking a match against time on its hinder flippers.

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Passing over intermediate circumstances, it will suffice to say that Mr. Berry Huckel discovered the residence of Miss Scraggs, and that, by perseverance, he obtained an introduction according to etiquette. The more he saw of her the more thoroughly did he become fascinated; but Miss Scraggs showed no disposition to receive his suit with any symptoms of favour. She scornfully rejected his addresses, chiefly because, although having no objection to a moderate degree of plumpness, his figure was much too round to square with her ideas of manly beauty and gentility of person. In vain did he plead the consuming passion, which, like the purest anthracite with the blower on, flamed in his bosom and consumed his vitals. Miss Scraggs saw no signs of spontaneous combustion in his jolly form; and Miss Scraggs, who is "as

tall and as straight as a poplar tree," declared that she could not marry a man who would hang upon her arm like a bucket to a pump. That he was not a grenadier in height might have been forgiven; but to be short and "roly-poly" at the same time! Miss Seraphina Scraggs could not think of it—she would faint at the idea.

Berry became almost desperate. He took lessons on the flute, and trolled forth melancholy lays beneath the lady's casement, to try the effect of dulcet sounds upon a hard heart; but having been informed from a neighbouring window that fifer-boys were not wanted in that street, and that no nuisances would be tolerated, he abandoned music in despair; and having consulted a physician as to the best method of reducing corpulency, he went to the Gymnasium, and endeavoured to climb poles and swing upon bars for hours at a time. But the unhappy Berry made but little progress, and in his unskilful efforts having damaged his nose, and caused temporary injury to the beauty of his frontispiece, he gave up the design of making himself an athlete by that species of exercise. For sparring he found that he had no genius at all, his wind being soon exhausted, and his body being such pleasant practice that his opponents never knew when to be done hitting at one whose frame gave no jarring to the knuckles. It was, however, picturesque to see Berry with the gloves on, accoutred for the fray, and squaring himself to strike and parry at his own figure in the glass. Deliberation and the line of beauty were in all his movements. Not obtaining his end in this way, he tried dieting, and a quarter at dancing-school; but short commons proved too disagreeable, and his gentle agitations to the sound of the fiddle, as he *chassez'd*, *coupez'd*, *jetez'd*, and *balancez'd*, only increased his appetite and added to his sorrows. Besides, his landlady threatened to discharge him for damaging the house, and alarming the sleepers by his midnight repetitions of the lessons of the day. As he lay in bed wakeful with thought, he would suddenly, as he happened to remember that every moment was of importance for the reduction of his dimensions, slide out upon the floor, and make tremendous efforts at a performance of the "pigeon-wing," each thump resounding like the report of a cannon, and causing all the glasses in the row to rattle as if under the influence of an earthquake. On one occasion indeed—it was about two o'clock in the morning—the whole house was roused by a direful, and, until then, unusual uproar in the chamber of Berry Huckel—a compound of unearthly singing and of appalling knocks on the floor. The boldest, having approached the door to listen, applied their ears to the keyhole, and heard as follows: "Turn out your toes—forward two—tol-de-rol-tiddle *(thump)*—tiddle *(bump)*—twiddle *(bang!)*—cross over—tiddle *(whack)*—twiddle *(smack)*—tiddle *(crack)*—twiddle *(bang!)*"

(Rap! rap! rap!) "Good gracious, Mr. Huckel, what's the meaning of all this?—are you crazy?"

"No, I'm dancing—*balancez!*—tiddle *(bump)*—tiddle *(thump)*—tiddle *(bang!)*"

Crash! splash! went the basin-stand, and the boarders rushing in, found Berry Huckel in "the garb of old Gaul," stumbling amid the fragments he had caused by his devotion to the graces. He was in disgrace for a week, and always laboured under the imputation of having been a little *non-com* on that occasion; but, with love to urge him on, what is there that man will not strive to accomplish?

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Berry's dancing propensity led him to various balls and hops; and on one of these occasions he met Miss Scraggs in all her glory, but as disdainful as ever. After bowing to her with that respectful air which intimated that the heart he carried, though lacerated by her conduct, was still warm with affection, he took a little weak lemonade, which, as he expressed it, was the appropriate tipple for gentlemen in his situation, and placed himself immediately under the fiddlers, leaning against the wall in a despairing attitude, arms carelessly crossed, a handkerchief dangling negligently from his little finger, his mouth half open, and his eyes now fixed with resignation upon the ceiling, and anon dropping misanthropically to the ground. The *tout ensemble* was touching in the extreme, but Miss Scraggs only smiled derisively when her eyes fell upon her dejected lover.

Berry, however, finding that this would not do, cheered himself with wine, and danced furiously at every opportunity. Gracefully glided the dancers, merrily twinkled their feet, and joyously squeaked the fiddles, as Berry, late in the evening, panting with his previous Terpsichorean exertions, resolved to have a chat with the obdurate Seraphina, and solicited the honour of her fair hand for the next set.

"Mons'us warm, miss," said Berry, by way of opening the conversation in a novel and peculiarly elegant manner, "mons'us warm, and dancing makes it mons'usser."

"Very mons'us," replied Miss Scraggs, glancing at him from head to foot with rather a satirical look, for Miss Scraggs is disposed to set up for a wit; "very mons'us indeed. But you look warm, Mr. Huckel—hadn't you better try a little punch? It will agree with your figure."

"Punch!" exclaimed Berry, in dismay, as he started back three steps—"Oh, Judy!"

He rushed to the refreshment room to cool his fever—he snatched his hat from its dusky guardian, forgetting to give him a "levy," and hurriedly departed.

It was not many hours afterwards that Berry—his love undiminished, and his knowledge refreshed that gymnastics are a remedy against exuberance of flesh—was seen with his hat upon a stepping-stone in front of a house in Chestnut-street, labouring with diligence at jumping over both the stone and the chapeau. But the heaviness of his heart seemed to rob his muscles of their elasticity. He failed at each effort, and kicked his hat into the middle of the street.

"Phew!" said he, "my hat will be ruinationed to all intents and purposes. "Oh! if I wasn't so fat, I might be snoozing it off at the rate of nine knots, instead of tiring myself to death. Fat ain't of no use, but on the contrary. Fat horses, fat cows, and fat sheep, are respected accordin', but fat men are respected disaccordin'. Folks laugh—the gals turn up their noses, and Miss Scraggs punches my feelings with a personal insinuation. Punch! O my!—It's tiresome, to be sure, to jump over this 'ere, but it's a good deal tiresomer to be so jolly you can't jump at all, and can't even jump into a lady's affeckshins. So here's at it agin. Warn'ee wunst! warn'ee twy'st! warn'ee three times—all the way home!"

Berry stooped low, swinging his arms with a pendulum motion at each exclamation, and was about assuming the salient attitude of the pound of butter which Dawkins, for want of a heavier missile, threw at his wife, when he was suddenly checked by the arrival of a fellow-boarder, who exclaimed, "Why, Berry, what *are* you at?"

"Don't baulk, good man—I say, don't baulk—but now you have done it, can you jump over that 'ere hat, fair standing jump, with a brick in each hand—none of your long runs and hop over?—kin you do it?—answer me that!" queried Berry, as he blew in his hands, and then commenced flapping his arms *à la* wood-sawyer.

"Perhaps I might—but it won't do for us to be cutting rusties here at this time o'night. You had better sing mighty small, I tell you."

"Pooh! pooh! don't be redickalis. The doctor says, if I don't exercise, I'll be smothered; and Miss Scraggs called me Punch, and won't have me—I'm jumping for my life, and for my wife too."

"You'd better go prentice to Jeames Crow," said his friend Brom, drily, "and learn the real scientifics."

"It would make me laugh," replied Berry, gravely; "such as you can afford to laugh and get fat, but I can't. I've jumped six fireplugs a'ready, and I'll jump over that 'ere hat before I go home—I'm be blowed out bigger if I don't. Now squat, Brom—squat down, and see if I go fair. Wârn'ee wunst—"

"You're crazy!" answered Brom, losing all patience, "you're a downright noncompusser. I haven't seen a queerer fellow since the times of 'Zacchy in the meal-bag;' and if you go on as you have

lately, it's my opinion that your relations shouldn't let you run at large."

"That's what I complain of—I can't run any other way than at large; but if you'll let me alone, I'll try to jump myself smaller. So clear out, skinny, and let me practyse. Warn'ee wunst!—"

"You'd better come home, and make no bones about it."

"Bones; I ain't got any. I'm a boned turkey. If you do make me go home, you can't say you boned me. I've seen the article, but I never had any bones myself."

This was, to all appearance, true enough, but his persecutor did not take the joke. Berry is, in a certain sense, good stock. He would yield a fat dividend; but, though so well incorporated, no "bone us" for the privilege is forthcoming.

"Yes, you're fat enough, and I'm sorry to say you're queer enough too; queer is hardly a name for you. You must be taken care of, and go home at once, or I'll call assistance."

"Well, if I must, I must—that's all. But if I get the popperplexy, and don't get Miss Scraggs, it's all your fault. You won't let me dance in my chamber—you won't let me jump over my hat—you won't let me do nothing. I can't get behind the counter to tend the customers, without most backing the side of the house out; but what do you care? —and now you want me to get fatter by going to sleep. By drat! I wouldn't wonder if I was to be ten pounds heavier in the morning. If I am, in the first place I'll charge you for widening me and spoiling my clothes; and then—for if I get fatter, Miss Scraggs won't have me a good deal more than she won't now, and my hopes and affeckshins will be blighteder than they are at this present sitting—why, then, I'll sue you for breach of promise of marriage."

"Come along. There's too many strange people running about already. It's time you were thinned off."

"That's jist exactly what I want; I wish you could thin me off," sobbed Berry, as he obeyed the order; but he was no happier in the morning. Miss Seraphina Scraggs continues obdurate, for her worst fears are realised. He still grows fatter, though practising "warn'ee wunst" at all convenient opportunities.

PETER BRUSH,

THE GREAT USED UP.

It was November, soon after election time, when a considerable portion of the political world are apt to be despondent, and external things appear to do their utmost to keep them so. November, the season of dejection, when pride itself loses its imperious port; when ambition gives place to melancholy; when beauty hardly takes the trouble to look in the glass; and when existence doffs its rainbow hues, and wears an aspect of such dull, commonplace reality, that hope leaves the world for a temporary excursion, and those who cannot do without her inspiring presence, borrow the aid of pistols, cords, and chemicals, and send themselves on a longer journey, expecting to find her by the way:—a season, when the hair will not stay in curl; when the walls weep dewy drops to the great detriment of paper-hangings, and of every species of colouring with which they are adorned; when the banisters distil liquids anything but beneficial to white gloves; when nature fills the ponds, and when window washing is the only species of amusement popular among housekeepers.

It was on the worst of nights in that worst of seasons. The atmosphere was in a condition of which it is difficult to speak with respect, much as we may be disposed to applaud the doings of nature. It was damp, foggy, and drizzling; to sum up its imperfections in a sonorous and descriptive epithet, it was "'orrid muggy weather." The air hung about the wayfarer in warm unhealthy folds, and extracted the starch from his shirt collar, and from the bosom of his dickey, with as much rapidity as it robbed his spirits of their elasticity, and melted the sugar of self-complacency from his mind. The street lamps emitted a ghastly white glare, and were so hemmed in with vapoury wreaths, that their best efforts could not project a ray of light three feet from the burner. Gloom was universal, and any change, even to the heat of Africa, or to the frosts of the arctic circle, would, in comparison, have been delightful. The pigs' tails no longer waved in graceful sinuosities; while the tail of each night-roving, hectoring bull-dog ceased flaunting toward the clouds, a banner of wrath and defiance to punier creatures, and hung down drooping and dejected, an emblem of a heart little disposed to quarrel and offence. The ornamentals of the brute creation being thus below par, it was not surprising that

men with cares on their shoulders and raggedness in their trowsers should likewise be more melancholy than on occasions of a brighter character. Every one at all subject to the "skyey influences," who has had trouble enough to tear his clothes, and to teach him that the staple of this mundane existence is not exclusively made up of fun, has felt that philosophy is but a barometrical affair, and that he who is proof against sorrow when the air is clear and bracing, may be a very miserable wretch with no greater cause, when the wind sits in another quarter.

Peter Brush is a man of this susceptible class. His nervous system is of the most delicate organisation, and responds to the changes of the weather, as an Æolian harp sings to the fitful swellings of the breeze. Peter was abroad on the night of which we speak; either because, unlike the younger Brutus, he had no Porcia near to tell him that such exposure was "not physical," and that it was the part of prudence to go to bed, or that, although aware of the dangers of miasma to a man of his constitution, he did not happen at that precise moment to have access to either house or bed; in his opinion, two essential pre-requisites to couching himself, as he regarded taking it *al fresco*, on a cellar door, not likely to answer any sanitary purpose. We incline ourselves to the opinion that he was in the dilemma last mentioned, as has previously been the fate of other great men. But be that as it may, Mr. Peter Brush was in the street, as melancholy as an unbraced drum, "a gib-ed cat, or a lugged bear."

Seated upon the curb, with his feet across the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-stone, and, like Juliet on the balcony, leaned his head upon his hand—a hand that would perhaps have been the better of a covering, though none would have been rash enough to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of office, out of spirits, and out in the street—an "out and outer" in every respect, and as *outré* a mortal as ever the eye of man did rest upon. For some time, Mr. Brush's reflections had been silent. Following Hamlet's advice, he "gave them an understanding, but no tongue;" and he relieved himself at intervals by spitting forlornly into the kennel. At length, suffering his locked hands to fall between his knees, and heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:—

"A long time ago, my ma used to put on her specs and say, 'Peter, my son, put not your trust in princes;' and from that day to this I haven't done anything of the kind, because none on 'em ever wanted to borry nothing of me; and I never see a prince or a king,—but one or two, and they had been rotated out of office,—to borry nothing of them. Princes! pooh!—Put not your trust in politicianers

—them's my sentiments. You might jist as well try to hold an eel by the tail. I don't care which side they're on, for I've tried both, and I know. Put not your trust in politicianers, or you'll get a hyst.

"Ten years ago it came into my head that things weren't going on right; so I pretty nearly gave myself up tee-totally to the good of the republic, and left the shop to look out for itself. I was brimful of patriotism, and so uneasy in my mind for the salivation of freedom, I couldn't work. I tried to guess which side was going to win, and I stuck to it like wax;—sometimes I was a-one side, sometimes I was a-t'other, and sometimes I straddled till the election was over, and came up jist in time to jine the hurrah. It was good I was after; and what good could I do if I wasn' on the 'lected side? But, after all, it was never a bit of use. Whenever the battle was over, no matter what side was sharing out the loaves and fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be hanged if they didn't cram all they could into their own mouths, put their arms over some, and grab at all the rest with their paws, and say, 'Go away, white man, you ain't capable.' Capable! what's the reason I ain't capable? I've got as extensive a throat as any of 'em, and I could swallow the loaves and fishes without choking, if each loaf was as big as a grindstone, and each fish as big as a sturgeon. Give Peter a chance, and leave him alone for that. Then, another time when I called,—'I want some spoils,' says I; 'a small bucket full of spoils. Whichever side gets in, shares the spoils, don't they?' So they first grinned, and then they ups and tells me that virtue like mine was its own reward, and that spoils might spoil me. But it was *no* spoils that spoilt me, and *no* loaf and fish that starved me—I'm spoilt because I couldn't get either. Put not your trust in politicianers —I say it again. Both sides used me jist alike. Here I've been serving my country, more or less, these ten years, like a patriot—going to town meetings, hurraing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes—blocking the windows, getting licked fifty times, and having more black eyes and bloody noses than you could shake a stick at, all for the common good, and for the purity of our illegal rights—and all for what? Why, for nix? If any good has come of it, the country has put it into her own pocket, and swindled me out of my arnings. I can't get no office! Republics is ungrateful! It wasn't reward I was after. I scorns the base insinivation. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do but to take care of the public, and I've only got half—nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics *is* ungrateful; I'm swaggered if they ain't. This is the way old sojers is served."

Peter, having thus unpacked his o'erfraught heart, heaved a sigh or

two, as every one does after a recapitulation of their own injuries, and remained for a few minutes wrapped in abstraction.

"Well, well," said he, mournfully, swaying his head to and fro after the sagacious fashion of Lord Burleigh—"live and learn—live and learn—the world's not what a man takes it for before he finds it out. Whiskers grow a good deal sooner than experience—genius and patriotism ain't got no chance—heigh-ho!—But anyhow, a man might as well be under kiver as out in the open air in sich weather as this. It's as cheap laying down as it is settin' up, and there's not so much wear and tear about it."

With a groan, a yawn, and a sigh, Peter Brush slowly arose, and stretching himself like a drowsy lion, he walked towards the steps of a neighbouring house. Having reached the top of the flight, he turned about and looked round with a scrutinising glance, peering both up and down the street, to ascertain that none of the hereditary enemies of the Brushes were in the vicinity. Being satisfied on that score, he prepared to enjoy all the comfort that his peculiar situation could command. According to the modern system of warfare, he carried no baggage to encumber his motions, and was always ready to bivouac without troublesome preliminaries. He therefore placed himself on the upper step, so that he was just within the doorway, his head reclining against one side of it, and his feet braced against the other, blockading the passage in a very effectual manner. He adjusted himself in position as carefully as the Sybarite who was annoyed at the wrinkle of a rose-leaf on his couch, grunting at each motion like a Daniel Lambert at his toilet, and he made minute alterations in his attitude several times before he appeared perfectly satisfied that he had effected the best arrangements that could be devised. After reposing for a while as if "the flinty and steel couch of war were his thrice-driven bed of down," he moved his head with an exclamation of impatience at the hardness of the wall, and taking his time-worn beaver, he crumpled it up, and mollified the austerity of his bolster by using the crushed hat as a pillow.

"That will do," ejaculated Brush, clasping his hands before him and twirling his thumbs; and he then closed his eyes for the purpose of reflecting upon his condition with a more perfect concentration of thought than can be obtained when outward objects distract the mind. But thinking in this way is always a hazardous experiment, whether it be after dinner or in the evening; and Peter Brush soon unwittingly fell into a troubled murmuring sleep, in which his words were mere repetitions of what he had said before: the general scope of the argument being to prove the received axiom of former times, that republics do not distribute their favours in proportion to services

rendered, and that, in the speaker's opinion, they are not, in this respect, much better than the princes against whom his mother cautioned him. Such, at least, was the conviction of Mr. Brush; at which he had arrived, not by theory and distant observation, but by his own personal experience.

It is a long lane which has no turning, and it is a long sleep in the open air, especially in a city, which does not meet with interruption. Brush found it so in this instance, as he had indeed more than once before. Several gentlemen, followed by a dog, arrived at the foot of the steps, and after a short conversation, dispersed each to his several home. One, however, remained—the owner of the dog—who, whistling for his canine favourite, took out his night-key, and walked up the steps. The dog, bounding before his master, suddenly stopped, and, after attentively regarding the recumbent Brush, uttered a sharp, rapid bark.

The rapidity of mental operations is such that it frequently happens, if sleep be disturbed by external sounds, that the noise is instantly caught up by the ear, and incorporated with the subject of the dream —or perhaps a dream is instantaneously formed upon the nucleus suggested by the vibration of the tympanum. The bark of the dog had one of these effects upon Mr. Brush.

"Bow! wo! waugh!" said the dog.

"There's a fellow making a speech against our side," muttered Peter; "but it's all talk—where's your facts?—print your speech in pamphlet form, and I'll answer it. Hurray for us!—everybody else is rascals—nothing but ruination when that fellow's principles get the upper hand—our side for ever—we're the boys!"

"Be still, Ponto!" said the gentleman. "Now, sir, be pleased to get up, and carry yourself to some other place. I don't know which side has the honour of claiming you, but you are certainly on the wrong side at present."

"Don't be official and trouble yourself about other people's business," said Brush, trying to open his eyes; "don't be official, for it isn't the genteel thing."

"Not official! what do you mean by that? I shall be very official, and trundle you down the steps, if you are not a little more rapid in your motions."

"Oh, very well," responded Brush, as he wheeled round in a sitting posture, and fronted the stranger—"very well—be as sassy as you please—I suppose you've got an office, by the way you talk—you've got one of the fishes, though perhaps it is but a minny, and I ain't—but if I had, I'd show you a thing or two. Be sassy, be anything, Mr. Noodle-soup. I don't know which side you're on either,

but I do know one thing—it isn't saying much for your boss politicianer that he chose you when I must have been on his list for promotion—that's all, though you are so stiff, and think yourself pretty to look at. But them that's pretty to look at ain't always good 'uns to go, or you wouldn't be poking here. Be off—there's no more business before this meeting, and you may adjourn. It's moved, seconded, and carried—pay the landlord for the use of the room as you go."

The stranger, now becoming somewhat amused, felt a disposition to entertain himself a little with Peter.

"How does it happen," said he, "that such a public-spirited individual as you appear to be, should find himself in this condition? You've had a little too much of the *stimulantibus*, I fear."

"I don't know Greek, but I guess what you mean," was the answer. "It's owing to the weather—part to the weather, and part because republics is ungrateful; that's considerable the biggest part. Either part is excuse enough, and both together makes it a credit. When it's such weather as this, it takes the electerising fluid out of you; and if you want to feel something like—do you know what 'something like' is?—it's cat-bird, jam up—if you want to feel so, you must pour a little of the electerising fluid into you. In this kind of weather you must tune yourself up, and get rosumed, or you ain't good for much—tuned up to concert pitch. But all that's a trifle—put not your trust in politicianers."

"And why not, Mr. Rosum?"

"Why not! Help us up—there—steady she goes—hold on! Why not!—look at me, and you'll see the why as large as life. I'm the why you musn't put your trust in politicianers. I'm a rig'lar patriot—look at my coat: I'm all for the public good—twig the holes in my trowsers. I'm steady in my course, and I'm upright in my conduct—don't let me fall down—I've tried all parties, year in and year out, just by way of making myself popular and agreeable; and I've tried to be on both sides at once," roared Brush, with great emphasis, as he slipped and fell—"and this is the end of it!"

His auditor laughed heartily at this striking illustration of the political course of Peter Brush, and seemed quite gratified with so strong a proof of the danger of endeavouring to be on two sides at once. He therefore assisted the fallen to rise.

"Are you hurt?"

"No—I'm used to being knocked about—the steps and the pavement are no worse than other people—they're like politicianers—you can't put any trust in 'em. But," continued Brush, drawing a roll of crumpled paper from the crown of his still more crumpled hat—"see here,

now—you're a clever fellow, and I'll get you to sign my recommendation. Here's a splendid character for me already wrote down, so it won't give you any trouble, only put your name to it."

"But what office does it recommend you for—what kind of a recommendation is it?"

"It's a circular recommend—a slap at anything that's going."

"Firing into the flock, I suppose?"

"That's it exactly—good character—fit for any fat post either under the city government, the state government, or the gineral government. Now jist put your fist to it," added Peter, in his most persuasive tones, as he smoothed the paper over his knee, spread it upon the step, and produced a bit of lead pencil, which he first moistened with his lips, and then offered to his interlocutor.

"Excuse me," was the laughing response; "it's too dark—I can't see either to read or to write. But what made you a politicianer? Haven't you got a trade?"

"Trade! yes," replied Brush, contemptuously; "but what's a trade, when a feller's got a soul? I love my country, and I want an office—I don't care what, so it's fat and easy. I've a genus for governing—for telling people what to do, and looking at 'em do it. I want to take care of my country, and I want my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm made for—talking—that's my line—talking in the bar-rooms, talking in the oyster-cellars. Talking is the grease for the wagon wheels of the body politic and the body corpulent, and nothing will go on well till I've got my say in the matter; for I can talk all day, and most of the night, only stopping to whet my whistle. But parties is all alike—all ungrateful; no respect for genus—no respect for me. I've tried both sides, got nothing, and I've a great mind to knock off and call it half a day. I would, if my genus did not make me talk, and think, and sleep so much, I can't find time to work."

"Well," said the stranger, "you must find time to go away. You're too noisy. How would you like to go before the mayor?"

"No, I'd rather not. Stop—now I think of it, I've asked him before; but perhaps, if you'd speak a good word, he'd give me the first vacancy. Introduce me properly, and say I want something to do shocking—no, not something to do—something to get; my genus won't let me work. I'd like to have a fat salary, and to be gineral superintendent of things in gineral and nothing in particular, so I could walk about the streets, and see what is going on. Now, put my best leg foremost—say how I can make speeches, and how I can hurray at elections."

"Away with you," said the stranger, as he walked up the steps,

and opened the door. "Make no noise in this neighbourhood, or you'll be taken care of soon enough."

"Well, now, if that isn't ungrateful," soliloquised Brush,—"keep me here talking, and then slap the door right in my face! That's the way politicianers serve me, and it's about all I'd a right to expect. Oh, pshaw!—sich a world—sich a people!"

Peter rolled up his "circular recommend," put it in his hat, and slowly sauntered away. As he is not yet provided for, he should receive the earliest attention of parties, or disappointment may induce him to abandon both, take the field "upon his own hook," and constitute an independent faction under the name of the "Brush party," the cardinal principle of which will be that peculiarly novel impulse to action, hostility to all "politicianers" who are not on the same side.

GARDEN THEATRICALS.

MAN is an imitative animal, and consequently the distinguished success which has fallen to the lot of a few of our countrymen in the theatrical profession, has had a great effect in creating longings for histrionic honours. Of late years *débuts* have been innumerable, and it would be a more difficult task than that prescribed by Orozimbo—"to count the leaves of yonder forest"—if any curious investigator, arguing from known to unknown quantities, were to undertake the computation of the number of Roscii who have not as yet been able to effect their *coup d'essai*. In this quiet city—many as she has already given to the boards—multitudes are yet to be found, burning with ardour to "walk the plank," who, in their prospective dreams, nightly hear the timbers vocal with their mighty tread, and snuff the breath of immortality in the imaginary dust which answers to the shock. The recesses of the town could furnish forth hosts of youths who never thrust the left hand into a Sunday-boot, preparatory to giving it the last polish, without jerking up the teg thereof with a Kean-like scowl, and sighing to think it is not the well-buffed gauntlet of crook'd Richard—lads, who never don their night gear for repose without striding thus attired across their narrow dormitory, and, for the nonce, believing themselves accoutred to "go on" for Rolla, or the Pythagorean of Syracuse—two gentlemen who promenade in "cutty sarks," and are as indifferent about rheumatism as a Cupid, horsed upon a cloud.

But, in the times of which we speak, stage-struck heroes were rare. The theatrical mania was by no means prevalent. It went and came like the influenza, sometimes carrying off its victims; but they were not multitudinous. Our actors were chiefly importations. The day of native talent was yet in the gray of its morning—a few streakings or so, among the Tressels and Tyrells, but nothing tip-topping it in the zenith. There are, however, few generalities without an exception, and in those days Theodosius Spoon had the honour to prove the rule by being an instance to the contrary.

Theodosius Spoon—called by the waggish *Tea-Spoon*, and supposed by his admirers to be born for a stirring fellow—one who would whirl round until he secured for himself a large share of the sugar of existence—Theodosius Spoon was named after a Roman

emperor—not by traditional nomenclature, which modifies the effect of the thing, but directly "out of a history book" abridged by Goldsmith. It having been ascertained, in the first place, that the aforesaid potentate, with the exception of having massacred a few thousand innocent people one day, was a tolerably decent fellow for a Roman emperor, he was complimented by having his name bestowed upon a Spoon. It must not, however, be thought that the sponsors were so sanguine as to entertain a hope that their youthful charge would ever reach the purple. Their aspirations did not extend so far; but being moderate in their expectations, they acted on the sound and well-established principle, that as fine feathers make fine birds, fine names, to a certain extent, must have an analogous effect—that our genius should be educed, as it were, by the appellation bestowed upon us; and that we should be so sagaciously designated that to whatever height fortune leads, fame, in speaking of us, may have a comfortable mouthful, and we no cause, under any circumstances, to blush for our name. Mr. and Mrs. Spoon—people wise in their way—reasoned in the manner referred to. They were satisfied that a sonorous handle to one's patronymic acts like a balloon to its owner, and that an emaciated, every-day, thread-bare cognomen—a Tom, Dick, or Harry denomination—is a mere dipsey, and must keep a man at the bottom. Coming to the application of the theory, they were satisfied that the homely though useful qualities of the spoon would be swallowed up in the superior attributes of Theodosius. That this worthy pair were right in the abstract, is a self-evident proposition. Who, for instance, can meet with a Napoleon Buonaparte Mugg, without feeling that when the said Mugg is emptied of its spirit, a soul will have exhaled, which, had the gate of circumstance opened the way, would have played foot-ball with monarchs, and have wiped its brogues upon empires? An Archimedes Pipps is clearly born to be a "screw," and to operate extensively with "burning glasses," if not upon the fleets of a Marcellus, at least upon his own body corporate; while Franklin Fipps, if in the mercantile line, is pretty sure to be a great flier of kites, and a speculator in vapours, and such like fancy stocks. If the Slinkums call their boy Cæsar, it follows as a natural consequence that the puggish disposition of the family nose will, in his case, gracefully curve into the aquiline, and that the family propensity for the Fabian method of getting out of a scrape will be Cæsarised into a valour, which at its very aspect would set "all Gaul" into a quake. Who can keep little Diogenes Doubikens out of a tub, or prevent him from scrambling into a hogshead, especially if sugar is to be gathered in the interior? Even Chesterfield Gruff is half disposed to be civil, if he thinks he can gain by so unnatural a course of proceeding; and

everybody is aware that Crichton Dunderpate could do almost anything, if he knew how, and if, by a singular fatality, all his fingers were not thumbs.

Concurrent testimony goes to prove that the son of a great man is of necessity likewise great: the children of a *blanchisseuse*, or of a house-scrubber, have invariably clean hands and faces; schoolmasters are very careful to imbue their offspring with learning; and, if we are not mistaken, it has passed into a proverb, that the male progeny of a clergyman, in general, labour hard for the proud distinction of being called "hopeful youths and promising youngsters." The corollary, therefore, flows from this, as smoothly as water from a hydrant, that he who borrows an illustrious name is in all probability charged to the brim, *ipso facto*, with the qualities whereby the real owner was enabled to render it illustrious—qualities, which only require opportunity and the true position to blaze up in spontaneous combustion, a beacon to the world. And thus Theodosius Spoon, in his course through life, could scarcely be otherwise than, if not an antique Roman, at least an "antic rum 'un;" his sphere of action might be circumscribed, but he could not do otherwise than make a figure.

Our Spoon—his parents being satisfied with giving him an euphonious name—was early dipped into the broad bowl of the world to spoon for himself. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker to learn the art and mystery of stretching "uppers" and of shaping "unders." But, for this employment, as it was merely useful and somewhat laborious, he had no particular fancy. Whether it was owing to the influence of his name or not, we cannot pretend to say, but, like Jaffier and many other worthy individuals, he was much troubled with those serious inconveniences termed "elegant desires." Young as he was, his talent for eating was aldermanic; aristocracy itself might have envied his somnolent performances in the morning; while, if fun or mischief were afoot, no watch-dog could better encounter prolonged vigils, and no outlying cat could more silently and skilfully crawl in at a back window than he, when returning from his nocturnal perambulations. His genius for lounging, likewise, when he should have been at work, was as remarkable as his time-consuming power when sent on an errand. He could seem to do more, and yet perform less, than any lad of his inches in the town; and, being ordered out on business, it was marvellous to see the swiftness with which he left the shop, and the rapidity of his immediate return to it, contrasted with the great amount of time consumed in the interval. With these accomplishments, it is not surprising that Theodosius Spoon was discontented with his situation. He yearned to be an embellishment—not a plodding letter, valuable only in combination, but an ornamental flourish, beau-

tiful and graceful in itself; and, with that self-reliance peculiar to genius, he thought that the drama opened a short cut to the summit of his desires. Many a time, as he leaned his elbow on the lapstone, and reposed his chin upon his palm, did his work roll idly to the floor, while he gazed with envious eyes through the window at the playbills which graced the opposite corner, and hoped that the time would come when the first night of Theodosius Spoon would be thereupon announced in letters as large as if he were a histrionic ladle. Visions of glory—of crowded houses—of thundering plaudits—of full pockets—of pleasant nights, and of day lounges up and down Chestnut Street, the wonder of little boys, and the focus of all eyes—floated vividly across his imagination. How could he, who bore the name of a Roman emperor, dream of being elsewhere than at the topmost round of fortune's ladder, when he had seen others there, who, subjected to mental comparison, were mere rushlights compared to himself?

Filled with these gorgeous imaginings, our Spoon became metamorphosed into a spout, pouring forth streams of elocution by night and by day; and, though continually corking his frontispiece to try the expression in scenes of wrath, it soon became evident that his powers could not remain bottled in a private station. When a histrionic inclination ferments so noisily that its fizzing disturbs the neighbourhood, it requires little knowledge of chemistry to decide that it must have vent, or an explosion will be the consequence; and such was the case in the instance of which we speak. The oratorical powers of Theodosius Spoon were truly terrible, and had become, during the occasional absence of the "boss," familiar to every one in the neighbourhood.

An opportunity soon afforded itself. Those Philadelphians, who were neither too old nor too young, when Theodosius Spoon flourished, to take part in the amusements of the town, do not require to be told that for the delectation of their summer evenings, the city then rejoiced in a Garden Theatre, which was distinguished from the winter houses by the soft Italian appellation of the Tivoli. It was located in Market near Broad Street, in those days a species of *rus in urbe*, improvement not having taken its westward movement; and before its brilliancy was for ever extinguished, the establishment passed through a variety of fortunes, giving to the stage many a "regular" whose first essay was made upon its boards.

At this period, so interesting to all who study the history of the drama, lived one Typus Tympan, a printer's devil, who "cronied" with Spoon, and had been the first to give the "reaching of his soul" an inclination stageward. Typus worked in a newspaper office, where likewise the bills of the Garden Theatre were printed, and *par consequence* Typus was a critic, with the *entrée* of the establishment, and an

occasional order for a friend. It was thus that Spoon's genius received the Promethean spark, and started into life. By the patronising attentions of Typus, he was no longer compelled to gaze from afar at the members of the company as they clustered after rehearsal, of a sunny day in front of the theatre, and varied their smokings by transitions from the "long nine" to the real Habana, according to the condition of the treasury, or the state of the credit system. Our hero now nodded familiarly to them all, and by dint of soleing, heel-tapping, and other small jobs in the leather way, executed during the periods of "overwork" for Mr. Julius Augustus Winkins, was admitted to the personal friendship of that illustrious individual. Some idea of the honour thus conferred may be gathered from the fact, that Mr. Winkins himself constituted the entire male department of the operatic corps of the house. He grumbled the bass, he warbled the tenor, and, when necessary, could squeak the "counter" in beautiful perfection. All that troubled this magazine of vocalism was, that although he could manage a duet easily enough, soliloquising a chorus was rather beyond his capacity, and he was, therefore, often compelled to rely upon the audience at the Garden, who, to their credit be it spoken, scarcely needed a hint upon such occasions. On opera nights, they generally volunteered their services to fill out the harmony, and were so abundantly obliging, that it was difficult to teach them where to stop. In his private capacity—when he was *ex officio* Winkins—he did the melancholico-Byronic style of man—picturesque, but "suffering in his innards,"—to the great delight of all the young ladies who dwelt in the vicinity of the Garden. When he walked forth, it was with his slender frame inserted in a suit of black rather the worse for wear, but still retaining a touching expression, softened, but not weakened, by course of time. He wore his shirt collars turned down over a kerchief in the "fountain tie," about which there is a Tyburn pathos, irresistible to a tender heart; and, with his well-oiled and raven locks puffed out *en masse* on the left side of his head, he declined his beaver over his dexter eye until its brim kissed the corresponding ear. A profusion of gilt chain travelled over his waistcoat, and a multitude of rings of a dubious aspect encumbered his fingers. In this interesting costume did Julius Augustus Winkins, in his leisure moments, play the abstracted, as he leaned gracefully against the pump, while obliquely watching the effect upon the cigar-making demoiselles who operated over the way, and who regarded Julius as quite a love—decidedly the romantic thing.

Winkins was gracious to Spoon, partly on the account aforesaid, and because both Spoon and Tympan were capital *claqueurs*, and invariably secured him an encore, when he warbled "Love has eyes," and other rational ditties in vogue at that period.

Now it happened that business was rather dull at the Garden, and the benefit season of course commenced. The hunting up of novelties was prosecuted with great vigour; even the learned pig had starred it for once; and as the Winkins night approached, Julius Augustus determined to avail himself of Spoon for that occasion, thinking him likely to draw if he did not succeed; for in those days of primitive simplicity first appearances had not ceased to be attractive. The edge not being worn off, they were sure to be gratifying, either in one way or the other.

It was on a warm Sunday afternoon that this important matter was broached. Winkins, Spoon, and Tympan sat solacing themselves in a box at the Garden, puffing their cigars, sipping their liquid refreshment, and occasionally nibbling at three crackers brought in upon a large waiter, which formed the substantials of the entertainment. The discourse ran upon the drama.

"Theo, my boy!" said Winkins, putting one leg on the table, and allowing the smoke to curl about his nose, as he cast his coat more widely open, and made the accost friendly.

"Spoon, my son!" said Winkins, being the advance paternal of that social warrior, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar with a flirt of his little finger.

"Spooney, my tight 'un!"—the assault irresistible,—"how would you like to go it in uncle Billy Shakespeare, and tip the natives the last hagony in the tragics?" Winkins put his other leg on the table, assuming an attitude both of superiority and encouragement.

"Oh, gammin!" ejaculated Spoon, blushing, smiling, and putting the forefinger of his left hand into his mouth. Oh, get out!" he continued, casting down his eyes with the modest humility of untried yet self-satisfied genius.

"Not a bit of it—I'm as serious as an empty barn— got the genius —want the chance—my benefit—two acts of anything—cut mugs—up to snuff—down upon 'em—fortune made—that's the go."

"It's our opinion,—we think, Theodosius," observed Typus Tympan, with editorial dignity, as he emphatically drew his cuff across the lower part of his countenance, "we think, and the way we know what's what, because of our situation, is sing'ler—standing, as we newspaper folks do, on the shot tower of society—that now's your time for gittin' astraddle of public opinion, and for ridin' it like a hoss. Jist such a chance as you've been wantin'. As the French say, all the *bew mundy* come to Winkins's benefit; and if the old man won't go a puff leaded, why we'll see to havin' it sneaked in, spread so thick about genius and all, that it will draw like a blister—we will, even if we get licked for it."

"'Twon't do," simpered Spoon, as he blushed brown, while the expression of his countenance contradicted his words. "'Twon't do. How am I to get a dress—s'pose Boss ketches me at it! Besides I'm too stumpy for tragedy, and anyhow I must wait till I'm cured of my cold."

"It *will* do," returned Winkins, decisively; "and tragedy's just the thing. There are, sir, varieties in tragedy—by the new school, it's partitioned off in two grand divisions. High tragedy of the most helevated description" (Winkins always *haspirated* when desirous of being emphatic), "high tragedy of the most helevated and hexalted kind should be represented by a gentleman short of statue, and low comedy should be sustained by a gentleman tall of statue. In the one case, the higher the part, the lower the hactor, and in the other case, *wisey wersey*. It makes light and shade between the sentiment and the performer, and jogs the attention by the power of contrast. The hintellectual style of playing likewise requires crooked legs.".

"We think, then, our friend is decidedly calkilated to walk into the public. There's a good deal of circumbendibus about Spoon's gams —he's got serpentine trotters—splendid for crooked streets, or goin' round a corner," interpolated Typus, jocularly.

"There's brilliancy about crooked legs," continued Winkins, with a reproving glance at Typus. "The monotony of straight shanks answers well enough for genteel comedy and opera; but corkscrew legs prove the mind to be too much for the body; therefore, crooked legs, round shoulders, and a shovel nose for the heccentricities of the hintellectual tragics. Audiences must have it queered into 'em; and as for a bad cold, why it's a professional blessing in that line of business, and saves a tragedian the trouble of sleeping in a wet shirt to get a sore-throat. Blank verse, to be himpressive, must be frogged—it must be groaned, grunted, and gasped—bring it out like a three-pronged grinder, as if body and soul were parting. There's nothing like asthmatic elocution and spasmodic emphasis for touching the sympathies and setting the feelings on edge. A terrier dog in a pucker is a good study for anger, and always let the spectators see that sorrow hurts you. There's another style of tragedy—the physical school—"

"That must be a dose," ejaculated Typus, who was developing into a wag.

"But you're not big enough, or strong enough for that. A physical must be able to outmuscle ten blacksmiths, and bite the head off of a poker. He must commence the play awfully, and keep piling on the hagony till the close, when he must keel up in an hexcruciating manner, flip-flopping it about the stage as he defuncts, like a new-caught sturgeon. He should be able to hagonise other people too,

by taking the biggest fellow in the company by the cuff of the neck, and shaking him at arm's length till all the hair drops from his head, and then pitch him across, with a roar loud enough to break the windows. That's the menagerie method. The physical must always be on the point of busting his boiler, yet he mustn't bust it; he must stride and jump as if he would tear his trowsers, yet he mustn't tear 'em; and when he grabs anybody, he must leave the marks of his paws for a week. It's smashing work, but it won't do for you, Spooney; you're little, black-muzzled, queer in the legs, and have got a cold; nature and sleeping with the windows open have done wonders in making you fit for the hintellectuals, and you shall tip 'em the sentimental in Hamlet."

Parts of this speech were not particularly gratifying to Spoon; but, on the whole, it jumped with his desires, and the matter was clinched. Winkins trained him; taught him when and where to come the "hagony;" when and where to cut "terrific mugs" at the pit; when and where to wait for the applause, and how to *chassez* an exit, with two stamps and a spring, and a glance *en arrière*.

Not long after, the puff appeared as Typus promised. The bills of the "Garden Theatre" announced the Winkins benefit, promising, among other novelties, the third act of Hamlet, in which a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage, would sustain the character of the melancholy prince.

The evening arrived, and the Garden was crowded. All the boys of the trade in the town assembled to witness the *début* of a brother chip, and many came because others were coming. Winkins, in a blue military frock buttoned to the chin, white pantaloons strapped under the foot, and gesticulating with a shining black hat with white lining, borrowed expressly for the occasion, had chanted "My love is like the red, red rose" with immense applause, when the curtain rang up, and the third act began.

The tedious prattle of those who preceded him being over, Theodosius Spoon appeared. Solemnly, yet with parched lips and a beating heart, did he advance to the footlights, and duck his acknowledgments for the applause which greeted him. His *abord*, however, did not impress his audience favourably. The black attire but ill became his short squab figure, and the "hintellectual tragicality of his legs," meandering their brief extent like a Malay creese, gave him the aspect of an Ethiopian Bacchus dismounted from his barrel. Hamlet resembled the briefest kind of sweep, or "an erect black tadpole taking snuff."

With a fidelity to nature never surpassed, Hamlet expressed his dismay by scratching his head, and, with his eyes fixed upon his toes, commenced the soliloquy—another beautiful conception—for the

prince is supposed to be speaking to himself, and his toes are as well entitled to be addressed as any other portion of his personal identity. This, however, was not appreciated by the spectators, who were unable to hear any part of the confidential communication going on between Hamlet and his extremities.

"Louder, Spooney!" squeaked a juvenile voice, with a villainous twang, from a remote part of the Garden. "Keep a ladling it out strong! Who's afeard?—it's only old Tiwoly!"

"Throw it out!" whispered Winkins, from the wing. "Go it like a pair of bellowses!"

But still the pale lips of Theodosius Spoon continued quivering nothings, as he stood gasping as if about to swallow the leader of the fiddlers, and alternately raising his hands like a piece of machinery. Ophelia advanced.

"Look out, bull-frog, there comes your mammy. Please, ma'am, make little sonny say his lesson."

Bursts of laughter, shouts, and hisses, resounded through the Garden. "Whooror for Spooney!" roared his friends, as they endeavoured to create a diversion in his favour—"whooror for Spooney! and wait till the skeer is worked off uv him!"

"How vu'd you like it?" exclaimed an indignant Spooneyite to a hissing malcontent; "how vu'd you like it fur to have it druv' into you this ere vay? Vot kin a man do ven he ain't got no chance?"

As the hisser did but hiss the more vigorously on account of the remonstrance, and, jumping up, did it directly in the teeth of the remonstrant, the friend to Spooney knocked him down, and the *parquette* was soon in an uproar. "Leave him up!" cried one—"Order! put 'em down, and put 'em out!" The aristocracy of the boxes gazed complacently upon the grand set-to beneath them, the boys whacked away with their clubs at the lamps, and hurled the fragments upon the stage, while Ophelia and Hamlet ran away together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Winkins, as he rushed upon the stage, dragging after him "the rose and expectancy of the fair state," the shrinking Theodosius—"will you hear me for a moment?"

"Hurray for Vinkins!" replied a brawny critic, taking his club in both hands, as he hammered against the front of the boxes; "Vinkey, sing us the Bay uv Viskey, and make bull-frog dance a hornspike to the tune uv it. Hurray! Twig Vinkey's new hat—make a speech, Vinkey, fur your vite trowsers!"

At length, comparative silence being restored, Mr. Winkins, red with wrath, yet suppressing his rage, delivered himself as follows—at

times adroitly dodging the candle ends, which had been knocked from the main chandelier, and were occasionally darted at him and his *protégé*:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me (*dodge*) respectfully to ask one question: Did you (*dodge*) come here to admire the beauties of the drayma (*successive dodges to the right and left*), or am I to (*dodge dodge*) understand that you came solely to kick up a jolly row?"

The effect of this insinuating query had scarcely time to manifest itself, before *Monsieur le directeur en chef*, a choleric Frenchman, who made a profitable mixture of theatricals, ice cream, and other refreshments, suddenly appeared in the flat, foaming with natural anger at the results of the young gentleman's *début*. Advancing rapidly as the "kick" rang upon his ear, he suited the action to the word, and, by a dexterous application of his foot, sent Winkins, in the attitude of a flying Mercury, clear of the orchestra, into the midst of the turbulent crowd in the pit. Three rounds of cheering followed this achievement, while Theodosius gazed in pallid horror at the active movement of his friend.

"Kick, aha! Is zat de kick, monsieur dam hoomboog? Messieurs et mesdames, lick him good—sump him into fee-penny beets! Sacre!" added the enraged manager, turning toward Theodosius, "I sall lick de petit hoomboog ver' good—sump him bon, nice, moi-même—by me ownsef."

But the alarmed Theodosius, though no linguist, understood enough of this speech not to tarry for the consequences, and, climbing into the boxes, while the angry manager clambered after him, he rushed through the crowd, and in the robes of Denmark hurried home.

For the time, at least, he was satisfied that bearing the name of a Roman emperor did not lead to instant success on the stage, and though he rather reproached the audience with want of taste, it is not probable that he ever repeated the attempt; for he soon, in search of an "easy life," joined the patriots on the Spanish main, and was never after heard of.

MUSIC MAD;

OR, THE MELOMANIAC.

To be thin-skinned may add to the brilliancy and beauty of the complexion; but as this world goes, it is more of a disadvantage than a blessing. Where there is so much scraping and shaving, the cuticle of a rhinoceros is decidedly the most comfortable wear; and to possess any of the senses beyond a certain degree of acuteness may be regarded as a serious misfortune. It opens the door to an infinite variety of annoyances. There are individuals with noses as keen as that of a beagle; but whether they derive more of pleasure or of pain from the faculty, is a question easily answered when the multiplicity of odours is called to mind. To be what the Scotch term "nose-wise," sometimes, it is true, answers a useful purpose, in preventing people in the dark from drinking out of the wrong bottle, and from administering the wrong physic; it has also done good service in enabling its possessor to discover an incipient fire; but such occasions for the advantageous employment of the proboscis are not of every day occurrence, and, on the general average, its exquisite organisation is an almost unmitigated nuisance to him who is obliged to follow, from his cradle to his grave, a nose so delicately constituted, so inconveniently hypercritical, so frequently discontented, and so intolerably fastidious.

They, likewise, who are gifted with that which is technically termed a "fine ear," have sufferings peculiar to themselves, and, like the king of Denmark, receive their poison through the porches of the auricle. They are the victims of sound. It is conceded that from good music they derive pleasures of which the rest of the world can form but a faint conception; but notwithstanding the range for its cultivation, really good music is not quite so plentiful as might be supposed, and the pain inflicted on the "family of fine ear" by the inferior article is not to be expressed in words. A discord passes through them as freezingly as if it were a bolt of ice; a flat note knocks them down like a mace; and if the vocalist flies into the opposite extreme, and indulges in being a "little sharp," all the acids of the shop could not give the unhappy critic a more vinegar aspect, or more effectually set his teeth on edge. To him a noise is not simply

aware of what I want, I shall extract from him a heart-rending passage in the minor key, expressive of great dolour, and of a sad combination of mental and physical discomfort."

"Stop!" hurriedly exclaimed Jinks, ensconcing himself behind a tree; "before you give that *dog*matical illustration, allow me to inform you that the dog before you is old Boodle's Towser—he bites like fury."

"Bite!" replied Minim, contemptuously; "and what's a bite in the cause of science, and in the exemplification of the minor key?"

Minim accordingly gave the dog a gentle push with his foot.

"Ya-a-a-ah!" angrily and threateningly remonstrated Towser, without moving.

"There—I told you so!" roared Jinks—"that's not in the minor key—it's as military a major as ever I heard in my life: when I listen to it, I can almost see you in the shape of a cocked hat."

"Well, then, poke him with your fiddle," said Minim, drawing back, and eyeing the dog rather suspiciously. "Come away from the tree, and give Mr. Boodle's Towser a jolly good punch."

"Not I," replied Jinks; "I've no notion of letting my Cremona be chawed up *agitato* by an angry Towser—poke him with your flute."

"No—stop—I'll get at him as it were slantindicularly—round a corner," said Minim, retiring so that he was partially protected by the flight of steps, from which position he extended his leg, and dealt to Mr. Boodle's Towser a most prodigious kick.

"Y-a-h! y-o-a-h—b-o-o!" snarled the dog indignantly, as he dashed round the corner to revenge the insult, which was so direct and pointed that no animal of spirit could possibly pass it over unnoticed.

Mr. Matthew Minim turned to fly, but he was not quick enough, and the dog entered a detainer by seizing him by the pantaloons.

"Get out!" shrieked Minim. "Take him off, Jinks, or he'll eat me without salt!"

"Splendid illustration of natural music!" shouted Jinks, clapping his hands in ecstasy; "*Con furore! Da capo*, Towser!—*Volti subito*, Minim!—Music expressive of tearing your breeches. I never saw a situation at once so picturesque, dramatic, and operatic. Why don't you sing

'Oh, I cannot give expression
To this dog's deep-felt impression?'

for I'm sure, while he bites and you squeal, that he's proving to your satisfaction how well nature understands counterpoint. Bravo, Towser! —that's a magnificent shake; but he won't let you favour us with a run,—will he, Matthew?"

Towser held on determinedly, shaking his head and growling fiercely, with his mouth full of pantaloons, which, however, being very strong, did not give way and suffer the distressed captive to escape.

"Hit him with a stick—get a big stone!" panted Minim—"quit cracking jokes, for when the cloth goes, the horrid beast will take hold again—perhaps of my flesh, and bite a piece right out!"

"Very likely—it's better eating than woollens; but go on with your duet—don't mind me," added Jinks, quietly, as he looked about for a missile. Having found one sufficiently heavy for his purpose, he took deliberate aim, and threw it with such force that the angry animal was almost demolished. On finding himself so violently assailed, the dog relaxed his jaws and scampered down the street, making the neighbourhood vocal with his cries.

"There, I told you," said Minim, settling his disordered dress, and hoping, by taking the lead in conversation, to avoid any hard-hearted reference to his misfortune—"I told you he would sing out in the minor key, if he was hurt. Hear that now—the dog is really heart-rending."

"Yes," replied Jinks, "he's quite a tearer of a dog—now heart-rending, and, from the looks of your clothes, he was a little while ago really breeches-rending. But pick up your flute—the lecture upon natural music is over for this evening."

"Um!" growled Minim, discontentedly, as he took up his hat and flute-box, and walked *dog*gedly forward.

* * * * *

Not a word was said while they walked several squares. Matthew was musing upon the cost of new pantaloons, and Jinks chuckled to himself as he thought how capitally the story about "natural music" would tell at a small party.

A protracted silence, however, if men are not alone, or are not positively occupied, becomes wearisome and annoying, and brings the nerves into unpleasant action. Taciturnity, though commended, is after all but a monkish virtue. Nature designed the human race to talk when they are together—to be brightened and enlivened by an interchange of sentiment; and while gratifying themselves by exhibiting their old ideas, to be enriched by the reception of new thoughts and fresh impressions. So strong is the impulse, that there are many minds which, under these circumstances, cannot continue a chain of thought, and grow restless and impatient in the belief that the neighbour mind gives out nothing because it waits for the lead, and is troubled for the want of it. The silence therefore continues, the same idea prevailing on both sides, and disabling each

from tossing a subject into the air, to elicit that volley of ideas or of words, as the case may be, which constitutes conversation. The exemplification is to be met with every day, and never more frequently than in formal calls, when the parties are not so well acquainted as to be able to find a common topic on an emergency. He was not so much of a simpleton as people think him, who said a foolish thing during the excruciating period of an awkward pause, merely for the purpose of "making talk." Every one is familiar with plenty of instances, in which a Wamba "to make talk" would have been regarded as a blessing, saving those present from the torture of cudgelling torpid brains in vain, and from the annoyance of knowing that each uncomfortable looking individual of the company, though likewise cudgelling, regarded every other person as remarkably stupid and unsocial.

From feelings analogous to those just mentioned, it was that Jenkinson Jinks felt it incumbent upon him to hazard an observation. He looked about for a cloud, but there was not one to be seen. He glanced at the stars, but they were neither very bright nor very dim.

"Magnificent houses," said Jinks, at last by way of starting a leading fact, which was at once undeniable and calculated to elicit a kindly reponse. The conscience of Jinks rather reproached him with having laughed too heartily at Minim's recent misadventure, and he therefore selected a topic the least likely to afford opportunity for a petulant reply, or to open the way to altercation. Minim received the olive branch.

"Yes; but there's a grand mistake about this luxurious edifice, for instance," replied Minim, halting and leaning against a pump in front of a house which was adorned with both a bell and a knocker; "the builder has regarded the harmony of proportion, and all that—he has made the proper distances between the windows and doors,—the countenance, expression, and figure of the house has been attended to; but I'm ready to bet, without trying, that no one has thought of its voice—no one has had the refined judgment to harmonise the bell and the knocker, and luckily for our nerves, knockers are going out, and have left the field to bells. But, where they remain, there's nothing but discord in the vocal department; and if the servants have ears,—and why should they not?—it must alone drive them distracted. Yes, yes—very pretty—fine steps, fine house, bright knocker, glittering bell-handle, and—plenty of discord. It's as sure as that the bell and knocker are in juxtaposition. To be morally certain, I'll try."

Up strode Matthew Minim to the top of the steps.

"Now, Jinks—out with your fiddle—it's up to concert pitch—sound your A."

Jinks laughingly did as he was ordered, and after a preliminary flourish, sounded orchestra fashion, "Twa-a-a—twawdle, tweedle, twawdle—twa-a-a!"

"Taw-lol-tol-tee—tee-lol-tol-taw!" sang Minim, travelling up and down the octave, to be sure of the pitch. "Now listen," and he rattled a stirring peal upon the knocker. "That's not in tune with us nohow you can take it—is it, Jinks?"

"No—twudle, tweedle, twudle, tweedle!" replied Jinks, fiddling merrily, as he skipped about the pavement, delighted with his own skill.

"Be quiet there—now, I'll try whether the bell and the knocker are in tune with each other. Let's give 'em a fair trial." So saying, Minim seized the knocker in one hand, and the bell in the other, sounding them to the utmost of his power.

"Oh, horrid! shameful! abominable!—even worse than I thought —upon my word!—"

"Halloo, below!" said a voice from the second story window, emanating from a considerable quantity of night-cap and wrapper; "what's the matter? Is it the ingens, or is the house afire?"

"I ain't a fireman myself, and can't tell, until the big bell rings, whether there's a fire or not," said Minim; "but, if the house is positively on fire, I advise you as a friend to come down, and leave it as soon as possible. Bring your clothes, for the weather's not over warm."

"Yes," said Jinks; "bring your trowsers anyhow, for we've only got one whole pair down here."

"You're a pair of impertinent rascals: what do you mean by kicking up such a bobbery at this time of night?"

"Bobbery! don't be cross, fiddle-strings; always be harmonious in company, and melodious when you're alone, especially when you snore. I merely wish to inform you that your bell and knocker do not accord. Just listen!"

Bell and knocker were again both operated on vigorously.

"Did you ever hear the like? I'm ashamed of you—have them tuned, do—it's dreadful. Tune 'em."

Once more Minim rang the bell and plied the knocker with great vigour and strength of muscle, while Jinks played "*Nel furor delle tempeste*" from Il Pirata.

The night-capped head disappeared from the window, and the musical gentlemen stood chattering and laughing, the one on the step and the other on the pavement, all unconscious of the mischief that was brewing for them.

"Come," said Minim—"let's give these people a duet—a serenade will enlarge their musical capacities."

"What shall it be?" queried Jinks, humming a succession of airs, to find something suited to the occasion.

"Something about bells, if you don't know anything about knockers," added Minim, giving the bell-handle another affectionate tweak.

Just then, Meinherr Night-cap and Wrapper returned to the window, aided by a stout servant, bearing a bucket of water. "I'll not call the watch," he chuckled, "but I'll teach these fellows how to swim."

"Home, fare thee well,
The ocean's storm is over,"

sang Matthew Minim and Jenkinson Jinks.

"Not over yet," said the voice from the window, as Minim was drenched by the upsetting of the bucket—"take care of the ground-swell!"

A spluttering, panting, and puffing sound succeeded, like

"The bubbling shriek, the solitary cry,
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Jinks paddled off rapidly—he had seen enough of the Cataract of the Ganges in former times: not so with Mr. Minim, who exclaimed,

"Fire and fury! who asked for a water-piece? If 'Water parted' is your tune, you may stick to Arne, but I'll give you a touch of Kotzwara—a specimen of the 'Battle of Prague,' with a little of the 'Hailstone chorus.'"

Minim hammered away at the door; but not being able to beat in the panels with his feet, he caught up a paving-stone and hurled it against the frame, shouting "Stoney-batter!"

Windows flew up in all directions, and nightcapped heads projected from every embrasure. The people shouted, the dogs barked, and rattles were sprung all round. Never was there heard a less musical din.

Minim stood aghast. "Worse and worse!" cried he; "what a clatter! Haydn's 'Chaos' was a fool to this! It's natural music, however, and I'll play my part till I get in, and catch the fellow who appointed himself the watering committee;" and he, therefore, continued beating upon the door.

Mr. Minim was, however, overpowered by a number of individuals, headed by the bucket-bearing servant, and as his heels were tripped up, he mournfully remarked,

"So fell Cardinal Wolsey. Will nobody favour us with the 'Last words of Marmion,' or 'The soldier tired,' 'My lodging is on the cold ground,' or something else neat and appropriate?"

"Can't you get somebody to bail you?" said a punning individual, alluding to Mr. Minim's drenched condition.

"Let him run, Jacob," exclaimed the gentleman with the night-cap, speaking from the window; "take him round the corner, and give him a start. He is sufficiently water-lynched, and I want no further trouble on his account."

"I won't go," replied Minim. "I have finished playing for the night; but as you are leader, give the *coup d'archet*, and set your orchestra in motion. I won't walk round the corner—carry me—this must be a *sostenuto* movement."

"Well, if that ain't a good note!" said the admiring crowd, as Minim was transported round the corner, whence, being set at liberty, he walked drippingly home, and ever after confined his musical researches within decorous bounds

RIPTON RUMSEY;

A TALE OF THE WATERS.

THEY who are at all mindful of atmospheric phenomena must remember a storm, remarkable for its violence, which occurred not long since. It was a storm by night, and of those abroad at the time, every one averse to the shower-bath, and having a feline dislike to wet feet, will bear it in mind, at least until the impression is washed out by the floods of a greater tempest. In the evening, the rain, as if exercising itself for more important feats, fell gently and at intervals; but as the night advanced, the wind came forth intent upon a frolic. Commencing with playful gambols, it amused itself at first with blowing out the old women's candles at the apple-stands. Then growing bolder, it extinguished a few corporation lamps, and, like a mischievous boy, made free to snatch the hats of the unguarded, and to whisk them away through mud and kennel. At length becoming wild by indulgence, it made a terrible turmoil through the streets, without the slightest regard to municipal regulations to the contrary. It went whooping at the top of its voice round the corners, whistled shrilly through the keyholes, and howled in dismal tones about the chimney-tops. Here, it startled the negligent housewife from her slumbers by slamming the unbolted shutter till it roared like a peal of artillery; and there, it tossed a rusty sign until its ancient hinges creaked for mercy: while, at intervals, the heavy tumbling of scantling told that when Auster chooses to kick up a breeze, he is very nearly as good at a practical joke as Boreas, or any other frolicsome member of the Æolian family. The clouds, too, threw open their sluices, and the water, joining in the saturnalia, tried a variety of ways to amuse itself, and its capers were as numerous as those of the gale. It beat the tattoo upon the pavement with such sportive fury, that it was difficult to decide whether it did not rain upward as violently as it did downward. Anon the breeze came sweeping along in a horizontal shower, disdaining alike the laws of gravity, and the perpendicular but more hackneyed method of accomplishing its object. In short, whether reference be had to wind or to water, it may be noted in the journals of those curious in regard to weather, as a night equally calculated to puzzle an umbrella, and to render "every man his own washerwoman."

Selecting a single incident from the many, which it is natural to suppose might have been found by the aid of a diving bell on such a night, it becomes necessary to fish up Ripton Rumsey, who happened to be abroad on that occasion, as he is upon all occasions when left to consult his own wishes. Where Ripton had been in the early part of the even ing, it would not have been easy either for himself or any one else to tell. It is, therefore, fair to infer that, distributing his attentions, he had been as usual "about in spots." The fact is, he has a hobby, which, like many hobbies, is apt to throw its rider. Although temperately disposed, such is the inquiring nature of his philosophic spirit, that, with a view, perhaps, to the ultimate benefit of the human race, he is continually experimenting as to the effects of alcoholic stimulants upon the human frame. It is probable, therefore, that on this occasion having "imbibed too much of the enemy" neat as imported, he had walked forth to qualify it by a stroll in the rain. This, however, is irrelevant. Where he was, is the point at issue.

The rain came down heavier than ever. A solitary watchman, more amphibious than his race in general, was seen wending his way through the puddles, thinking, if he thought at all, of the discomforts of those whom Noah left behind, and of that happy provision of nature which renders a wet back fatal to none but young goslings. Dodging between the drops was out of the question; so he strode manfully onward, until he stumbled over something which lay like a lion, or a bundle of wet clothing, in his path.

"Why, hello!—what do you call this when it's biled, and the skin's tuck off!" said he, recovering himself, and giving the obstruction a thrust with his foot. "What's this without ingens?" continued he, in that metaphorical manner peculiar to men of his profession, when they ask for naked truths and uncooked facts.

It was Ripton Rumsey—in that independent condition which places men beyond the control of circumstances, enabling them to sleep quietly either on the pavement or on the track of a well travelled railroad, and to repose in despite of rain, thunder, a gnawing conscience, or the fear of a locomotive. It was Ripton Rumsey, saved from being floated away, solely by the saturated condition both of his internal and external man.

"It's a man," remarked the investigator, holding to a tree with his right hand, as he curiously yet cautiously pawed Ripton with his left foot. "It's a man who's turned-in outside of the door, and is taking a snooze on the cold water principle. Well, I say, neighbour, jist in a friendly way," added he, giving Ripton a prodigious kick as an evidence of his amicable feeling—"if you don't get up, you'll ketch a nagee or the collar-and-fix-you. Up with you, Jacky Dadle."

Ripton's condition, as before hinted, was beyond the ordinary impulses to human action; and he, therefore, endured several digs with the foot aforesaid, without uttering more than a deep-toned grunt; but at last the sharp corner of the boot coming in contact with his ribs, he suddenly turned over in the graceful attitude of a frog, and struck out vigorously. Like Giovanni's faithful squire, he proved himself an adept at swimming on land. He "handled" his arms and legs with such dexterity, that before his progress could be arrested, he was on the curbstone. The next instant heard him plunge into the swollen and roaring kennel, and with his head sticking above the water, he buffeted the waves with a heart of controversy.

"The boat's blowed up, and them that ain't biled are all overboard!" spluttered the swimmer, as he dashed the waters about, and seemed almost strangled with the quantities which entered the hole in his head entitled a mouth, which was sadly unacquainted with undistilled fluids—"Strike out, or you're gone chickens! them as can't swim must tread water, and them as can't tread water must go to Davy Jones! Let go my leg! Every man for himself! Phre-e-e! bro-o-o! Who's got some splatterdocks?"

The watch looked on in silent admiration; but finding that the aquatic gentleman did not make much headway, and that a probability existed of his going out of the world in soundings and by water, a way evidently not in conformity to his desires, the benevolent guardian of the night thought proper to interpose; and bending himself to the work, at last succeeded in re-establishing Ripton Rumsey on the curb-stone.

"Ha!" said Ripton, after gasping a few minutes, and wringing the water from his face and hair—"you've saved me, and you'll be put in the newspapers for it by way of solid reward. Jist in time—I'd been down twyst, and if I'd gone agin, Ripton Rumsey would a stayed there—once more, and the last and the nearest gits it. Only think—my eye! how the shads and the catties would a chawed me up! Getting drowned ain't no fun, and after you're drowned it's wus. My sufferings what I had, and my sufferings what I like to had, is enough to make a feller cry, only I ain't got no handkercher, and my sleeve's so wet it won't wipe good."

"Yes, young 'un," said the Charley, "s'posing the fishes had been betting on elections, they'd have invited the other fishes to eat you for oyster suppers—so much majority for sturgeon-nose, or a Ripton Rumsey supper for the company—why not? If we ketch the fishes, we eat them; and if they ketch us, they eat us,—bite all round."

But the storm again began to howl, and as Ripton evidently did not understand the rationale of the argument, the watchman lost his

poetic sympathy for the Jonah of the gutters. Even had he heard the fishes calling for "Ripton Rumseys fried," "Ripton Rumseys stewed," or "Ripton Rumseys on a chafing-dish," he would have felt indifferent about the matter, and if asked how he would take him, would undoubtedly have said, "Ripton Rumsey on a wheelbarrow."

"You must go to the watchhouse."

"What fur must I? Fetch along the Humane Society's apparatus for the recovery of drownded indiwidooals—them's what I want—I'm waterlogged. Bring us one of the largest kind of smallers—a tumbler full of brandy and water, without no water in it. I've no notion of being diddled out of the sweets of my interesting sitivation—I want the goodies—wrap me in a hot blanket and lay me by the fire—put hot bricks to my feet, fill me up with hot toddy, and then go away. That's the scientific touch, and it's the only way I'm to be brung to, because when I'm drownded I'm a hard case."

The Charley promised all, if Ripton would accompany him. The soft delusion was believed, and the "hard case" was lodged in the receptacle for such as he, where, before he discovered the deception, he fell into a profound slumber, which lasted till morning. The examination was as follows:—

"Where do you live?"

"I'm no ways petickelar—jist where it's cheapest and most convenient. The cheapest kind of living, according to my notion, is when it's pretty good and don't cost nothing. In winter, the Alms House is not slow, and if you'll give us a call, you'll find me there when the snow's on the ground. But when natur' smiles and the grass is green, I'm out like a hoppergrass. The fact is, my constitution isn't none of the strongest; hard work hurts my system; so I go about doing little jobs for a fip or a levy, so's to get my catnip tea and bitters regular—anything for a decent living, if it doesn't tire a feller. But hang the city—rural felicity and no Charleys is the thing after all—pumpkins, cabbages, and apple whisky is always good for a weakly constitution and a man of an elewated turn of mind."

"Well, I'll send you to Moyamensing prison—quite rural."

The sound of that awful word struck terror to the very marrow of Ripton. Like the rest of his class, while bearing his soul in his stomach, he carries his heart at the end of his nose, and to his heart rushed the blood from every part of his frame, until the beacon blazed with a lurid glare, and the bystanders apprehended nasal apoplexy. The rudder of his countenance grew to such a size that there was no mistaking the leading feature of the case. To see before him, Ripton was compelled to squint direfully, and as the beggar in Gil Blas did his carbine, he found himself under the necessity of resting his tre-

mendous proboscis on the clerk's desk, while cocking his eye at his honour.

"Miamensin!" stammered Ripton—"Ouch, ouch! now don't! that's a clever feller. Arch-street was all well enough—plenty of company and conversation to improve a chap. But Miamensin—scandaylus! Why, they slap you right into a bag as soon as you get inside the door, jist as if they'd bought you by the bushel, and then, by way of finishing your education, they lug you along and empty you into a room where you never see nothing nor nobody. It's jist wasting a man—I'm be bagged if I go to Miamensin!—I'd rather be in the Menagerry, and be stirred up with a long pole twenty times a day, so as to cause me for to growl to amuse the company. I ain't potatoes to be put into a bag—blow the bag!"

"There's no help for it, Ripton; you are a vagrant, and must be taken care of."

"That's what I like; but bagging a man is no sort of a way of taking care of him, unless he's a dead robin or a shot tom-tit. As for being a vagrom, it's all owing to my weakly constitution, and because I can't have my bitters and catnip tea regular. But if it's the law, here's at you. Being a judge, or a mayor, or anything of that sort's easy done without catnip tea; it don't hurt your hands, or strain your back; but jist try a spell at smashing stones, or piling logs, and you'd learn what's what without being put in a bag."

"Never mind," said Ripton, as he was conducted from the office, "everything goes round in this world. Perhaps I'll be stuck up some day on a bench to ladle out law to the loafers. Who knows? Then let me have a holt of some of the chaps that made Miamensin. I'd ladle out the law to 'em so hot, they'd not send their plates for more soup in a hurry. I'd have a whole bucketful of catnip tea alongside and the way they'd ketch thirty days, and thirty days a top of that, would make 'em grin like chessy cats. First I'd bag all the Charleys, and then I'd bag all the mayors, and sew 'em up."

A WHOLE-SOULED FELLOW;

OR, THE DECLINE AND FALL OF TIPPLETON TIPPS.

As the reader may have observed in his journey through life, the shades and varieties of human character are infinite. Although the temperaments, like the cardinal numbers, are not multitudinous, yet in the course of events they have been so combined with each other, and are so modified by circumstance, that ingenuity itself cannot institute subdivisions to classify mankind with correctness. Whatever it may have been when our ancestors existed in the nomadic state and herded in tribes, it is difficult now to find the temperaments in their pristine purity; and, in consequence, it is but vague description to speak of others as sanguineous, nervous, or saturnine. Something more definite is required to convey to the mind a general impression of the individual, and to give an idea of his mode of thought, his habitual conduct, and his principles of action. Luckily, however, for the cause of science and for the graphic force of language, there is a universal aptitude to paint with words, and to condense a catalogue of qualities in a phrase, which has been carried to such perfection, that in acquiring through the medium of another a knowledge of the distinctive moral features of our fellow mortals, it is by no means necessary to devote hours to query and response. An intelligent witness can convey to us the essence of a character in a breath; a flourish of the tongue will sketch a portrait, and place it, varnished and framed, in our mental picture-gallery. The colours will, it is true, be coarsely dashed in, but the strength of the resemblance abundantly compensates for deficiency of finish. If, for instance, we are briefly told that Mr. Plinlimmon is a "cake," the word may be derided as a cant appellation, the ultra-fastidious may turn up their noses at it as a slang phrase, but volumes could not render our knowledge of the man more perfect. We have him, as it were, upon a salver, weak, unwholesome, and insipid—suited to the fancy, perhaps, of the very youthful, but by no means qualified for association with the bold, the mature, and the enterprising. When we hear that a personage is classed by competent judges among the "spoons," we do not of course expect to find him shining in the buffet; but we are satisfied that in action he must figure merely as an instru-



ment. There are likewise, in this method of painting to the ear, the nicest shades of difference, often represented and made intelligible solely by the change of a letter—"soft" being the positive announcement of a good easy soul, and "saft" intimating that his disposition takes rank in the superlative degree of mollification. When danger is to be confronted, who would rashly rely upon a "skulk?" or, under any circumstances, ask worldly advice of those verdant worthies known among their contemporaries as decidedly "green?"

Such words are the mystic cabala; they are the key to individuality, throwing open a panoramic view of the man, and foreshadowing his conduct in any supposed emergency.

Therefore, when we speak of Tippleton Tipps as a "whole-souled fellow," the acute reader will find an inkling of biography in the term—he will understand that Tippleton is likely to be portrayed as "no one's enemy but his own"—and from that will have a glimpse of disastrous chances, of hairbreadth 'scapes, and of immediate or prospective wreck. According to the popular acceptation of the phrase, a "whole soul" is a boiler without a safety-valve, doomed sooner or later to explode with fury, if wisdom with her gimlet fail in making an aperture. The puncture, however, being effected, the soul is a whole soul no longer. It must therefore be confessed that Tippleton Tipps has not been thus bored by wisdom. He has a prompt alacrity at a "blow-out," and has been skyed in a "blow-up," two varieties of the blow which frequently follow each other so closely as to be taken for cause and effect.

Tippleton Tipps, as his *soubriquet* imports, is one of those who rarely become old, and are so long engaged in sowing their wild oats as to run to seed themselves, never fructifying in the way of experience, unless it be, like Bardolph, in the region of the nose. Before the condensing process was applied to language, he would probably have been called a dissipated, unsteady rogue, who walked in the broad path which furnishes sea-room for eccentricities of conduct; but in these labour-saving times, he rejoices in the milder, but quite as descriptive title of a whole-souled fellow, the highest degree attainable in the college of *insouciance* and jollity. It is, however, no honorary distinction, to be gained without toil or danger. The road is steep and thorny, and though, in striving to reach the topmost height, there is no necessity for burning the midnight oil in the retired study, yet the midnight lamp, and many of the lamps which beam between the noon of night and morning, are often incidentally smashed in the process. Aspirants for other academic glories become pale with application and protracted vigils, but the whole-souled fellow will outwatch the lynx, and if his cheek be blanched, the colour is made

up in another portion of his visage. He is apt to be as "deeply red" as any one, though the locality of his acquirements may be different.

The strict derivation of the title acquired by Tippleton—the W. S. F. by which he is distinguished—is not easily to be traced. There is, however, a vulgar belief that the philosopher who devotes himself to profound investigations, whether theoretical like those of the schools, or experimental, like those of the Tippses, is not altogether free from flaw in the region of the occiput, and hence, as the schoolman has the sutures of his cranium calked with latinized degrees, and as one should always have something whole about him, fancy and charity combined give the fast-livers credit for a "whole soul."

Now, Tippleton Tipps has always lived uncommonly fast. He is, in fact, remarkable for free action and swift travel, existing regularly at the rate of sixteen miles an hour under a trot, and can go twenty in a gallop. He sleeps fast, talks fast, eats fast, drinks fast, and, that he may get on the faster, seldom thinks at all. It is an axiom of his, that thinking, if not "an idle waste of thought," is a very leaden business—one must stop to think, which wastes time and checks enterprise. He reprobates it as much as he does poring over books: an employment which he regards as only calculated to give a man a "crick in his neck," and to spoil the originality of his ideas. A whole-souled fellow knows everything intuitively—what is reason with others, is instinct in him.

When Tippleton was quite a little boy, his moral idiosyncrasy manifested itself in a very decisive way. His generosity was remarkable; he was never known to pause in giving away the playthings belonging to his brothers and sisters; and his disinterestedness was such that he never hesitated an instant in breaking or losing his own, if sure of repairing the deficit by foraging upon others. No sordid impulse prevented a lavish expenditure of his pennies, and as soon as they were gone, he "financiered" with the same liberality by borrowing from his little friends; never offending their delicacy by an offer to return the loan—a blunder into which meaner spirits sometimes fall. When that statesmanlike expedient would no longer answer, he tried the great commercial system upon a small scale, by hypothecating with the apple and pie woman the pennies he was to receive, thus stealing a march upon time by living in advance. There being many apple women and likewise many pie women, he extended his business in this whole-souled sort of a way, and skilfully avoiding the sinking of more pennies than were actually necessary to sustain his credit, he prospered for some time in the eating line. But as everything good is sure to have an end, the apple and pie system being at

last blown out tolerably large, Tippleton exploded with no assets. By way of a moral lesson, his father boxed his ears, and refused to settle with his creditors—whereupon Tippleton concluded that the sin lay altogether in being found out—while his mother kissed him, gave him a half dollar, and protested that he had the spirit of a prince, and ought not to be snubbed. As the spirit of a prince is a fine thing, it was cherished accordingly, and Tippleton spent his cash and laughed at the pie women.

The home department of his training being thus carefully attended to, Tippleton went to a variety of "lyceums," "academies," and "institutes," and mosaicked his education by remaining long enough to learn the branches of mischief indigenous to each, when, either because he had outstripped his teacher, or because his whole-soul had become too large, he was invariably requested to resign, receiving on all of these interesting occasions the cuff paternal and the kiss maternal, the latter being accompanied, as usual, with a reinforcement to his purse and a plaudit to his spirit. Tippleton then took a turn at college, where he received his last polish before the premature notice to quit was served upon him; and at seventeen he was truly "whole-souled," playing billiards as well as any "pony" in the land, and boxing as scientifically as the "deaf 'un." He could owe everybody with a grace peculiar to himself; kick up the noisiest of all possible rows at the theatre, invariably timed with such judgment as to make a tumultuous rush at the most interesting part of the play; he could extemporise a *fracas* at a ball, and could put Cayenne pepper in a church stove. The most accomplished young man about town was Tippleton Tipps, and every year increased his acquirements.

Time rolled on; the elder Tippses left the world for their offspring to bustle in, and Tippleton, reaching his majority, called by a stretch of courtesy the age of discretion, received a few thousands as his outfit in manhood. He therefore resolved to set up for himself, determined to be a whole-souled fellow all the time, instead of, as before, acting in that capacity after business hours.

"Now," said Tipps, exultingly, "I'll see what fun is made of—now I'll enjoy life—now I'll be a man!"

And acting on that common impression (which, however, is not often borne out by the result), that when the present means are exhausted, something miraculous will happen to recruit the finances, Tippleton commenced operations—stylish lodgings, a "high trotting horse," buggy, and all other "confederate circumstance." It was soon known that he was under weigh, and plenty of friends forthwith clustered around him, volunteering their advice, and lending their aid to enable him to support the character of a whole-souled fellow in the

best and latest manner. Wherever his knowledge happened to be deficient, Diggs "put him up" to this, Twiggs "put him up" to that, and Sniggs "put him up" to t'other, and Diggs, Twiggs, and Sniggs gave him the preference whenever they wanted a collateral security or a direct loan. Thus, Tippleton not only had the pleasure of their company at frolics given by himself, but had likewise the advantage of being invited by them to entertainments for which his own money paid.

"Clever is hardly a name for you, Tippleton," said Diggs, using the word in its cis-atlantic sense.

"No back-out in him," mumbled Sniggs, with unwonted animation.

"The whole-souled'st fellow I ever saw," chimed Twiggs.

Tippleton had just furnished his satellites with the cash to accompany him to the races; for then he was yet rather "flush."

"Give me Tippleton anyhow," said Diggs—"he's all sperrit."

"And *no* mistake," chimed Sniggs.

'He wanted it himself, I know he did," ejaculated Twiggs, "but, whole-souled fellow—" and Twiggs buttoned his pocket on the needful, and squinted through the shutters at the tailor's boy and the boot-maker's boy, who walked suspiciously away from the door, as if they didn't believe that

TIPPLETON TIPPS, ESQ.

Dr.

To sundries as per account rendered,

was "not in." Tailors' boys, and shoemakers' boys, and indeed bill-bearing boys in general, are matter-of-factish incredulous creatures at best, and have no respect for the poetic licenses; they are not aware that whole-souled people, like the mysterious ball of those ingenious artists the "thimble riggers," who figure upon the sward on parade days, race days, hanging days, and other popular jubilees, are either in or out as the emergencies of the case require.

But what would not Tippleton do to maintain his reputation? While he had the means, let borrowers be as plenty as blackberries, they had only to pronounce the "open sesame" to have their wishes gratified, even if Tippleton himself were obliged to borrow, to effect so desirable an object. The black looks of landlords and landladies, the pertinacities of mere business creditors, what are they, when the name of a whole-souled fellow is at stake? Would they have such a one sink into the meanness of giving the preference to engagements which bring no credit except upon books? Is selfishness so predominant in their natures? If so, they need not look to be honoured by the Tippleton Tippses with the light of their countenance, or the sunshine of their

patronage. There is not a Tipps in the country who would lavish interviews upon men, or the representatives of men, who have so little sympathy with the owners of whole-souls. To such, the answer will invariably be, "not in."

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"Tippleton Tipps, I've an idea," said Diggs.

"Surprising!" said Tippleton, moodily.

"A splendid idea—a fortune-making idea for you," continued Diggs.

Now, it so happened that Tippleton was just in that situation in which the prospect of a fortune is a "splendid idea," even to a "whole-souled fellow." His funds were exhausted—his credit pumped dry; the horse and buggy had been sequestered, "and something miraculous" in the shape of relief had not happened. In fact, affairs were in that desperate condition which offered no resource but the dreadful one of suicide, or that still more dreadful alternative, going to work—running away, without the means, being a matter of impossibility.

"As how?" interrogated Tippleton, dubiously, he having but little faith in the money-making schemes broached by Diggs, that individual's talent lying quite in another direction.

"As how?" chorussed Sniggs and Twiggs, who, as hard run as their compatriots, snuffed free quarters in the word, and a well-filled purse ready at their call.

"You must marry," added Diggs. "Get thee a wife, Tippleton."

"Ah! that would improve the matter amazingly, and be quite a speculation," replied Tippleton, ironically.

"To be sure—why not? What's to prevent a good-looking, whole-souled fellow like you from making a spec?—Grimson's daughter, for instance—not pretty, but plaguy rich—only child—what's to hinder—eh?"

"Yes—what's to hinder?" said Twiggs and Sniggs, looking at each other, and then at Tippleton—"whole-souled—good-looking—and all that—just what the girls like."

"Perhaps they do, but the papas do not," said Tippleton, with a meditative look; "as for old Grimson, he hates 'em."

"Very like; but you don't want to marry Grimson—get the daughter, and the father follows—that's the plan. If it must be so, why make an impression upon Miss Jemima first—than shave off your whiskers, uncurl your hair, put your hat straight on your head, and swear to a reform—quit fun, go to bed early—very hard certainly, but when matters are once properly secured, then you know—ha! ha!" and Twiggs sportively knocked Tippleton in the ribs.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Twiggs and Sniggs, poking each other in the same anatomical region.

Although Tippleton had but little fancy for matrimony in general, or for Miss Jemima Grimson in particular, yet, under the circumstances, he felt disposed to venture on the experiment, and to try what could be done. He therefore continued the conversation, which happened late one night in a leading thoroughfare, and which was interrupted in a strange, startling manner.

An intelligent "hem!" given in that peculiar tone which intimates that the utterer has made a satisfactory discovery, seemed to issue from a neighbouring tree-box; and as Messrs. Tipps, Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs directed their astonished regards toward the suspected point, a head decorated with a straw hat—a very unseasonable article at the time, and more unseasonable from its lid-like top, which opened and shut at each passing breeze—protruded from the shelter.

"Ahem!" repeated the head, seeming to speak with "most miraculous organ," the wintry blast lifting up the hat-crown and letting it fall again, as if it were the mouth of some nondescript—"Ahem! I like the speckilation myself, and I must either be tuck in as a pardener or I'll peach. I knows old Grimsings—he lent me a kick and a levy t'other day, and if I don't see good reason to the contrayry, I mean to stick up fur him. It's a prime speckilation fur me every-vich-vay."

The conspirators were astonished, as well they might be, at the sudden and unexpected apparition among them of another "whole-souled fellow" with a dilapidated hat. The stranger was Richard Dout, the undegenerated scion of a noble house, the members of which have been conspicuous in all ages—it was Richard, known to his familiars by the less respectful, but certainly more affectionate appellation of "Dicky Dout." He is a man of fine feelings and very susceptible susceptibilities, being of that peculiar temperament which is generally understood to constitute genius, and possessing that delicate organisation which is apt to run the head of its owner against stone walls, and prompts him on all occasions to put his fingers into the fire. He has, therefore, like his illustrious progenitors, a strong affinity for "looped and windowed raggedness," and rather a tendency toward a physical method of spiritualising the grosser particles of the frame. But for once, Dout was sharpened for "speckilation."

"I'm to go sheers," added Dout, as if it were a settled thing.

"Sheer off, you impudent rascal!" ejaculated the party.

"Oh, I don't mind sass," replied he, seating himself on the fire-plug, and deliberately tucking up the only tail which remained to his coat—"Cuss as much as you please—it won't skeer wot I know out o' me. Don't hurt yourself, said Carlo to the kitten. I'll see Grimsings

in the morning, if I ain't agreeable here—I'm to have fust every and a shot this time, as the boys says ven they're playin' of marvels. Let them knuckle down close as can't help it," concluded Dout, as he whistled and rubbed his shin, and remarked that when "sot upon a thing he was raal lignum witey."

"Tippleton!" said Diggs.

"Well?" replied Tippleton.

"A fix!"

"Ra-a-ther."

"*Nullum go-um*," added Sniggs, who prided himself upon his classical knowledge.

"*E pluribum uniber*, if you come to that," interjected Dout.

"We're caught," added Twiggs, who dealt largely in French; "we're caught *tootin in the assembly*."

"Does he know us?" inquired Tippleton.

"To be sure," replied Dout—"we whole-souled fellers knows everybody in the same line of business."

This was decidedly a check—the speculators were outgeneralled by the genius of the Douts; so, making a virtue of necessity, they mollified him by a slight douceur scraped up at the time, and large promises for the future. Dicky was forthwith installed as boot-cleaner and coat-brusher to the party, as well as recipient of old clothes, under condition of keeping tolerably sober and very discreet.

Peace being thus concluded, Tippleton Tipps commenced the campaign against the heart of Miss Jemima Grimson, who liked whole-souled fellows, and began the work of ingratiating himself with his father's old friend Mr. Grimson, who cordially disliked whole-souled fellows. In the first place, therefore, he ceased to associate publicly with Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs, and contented himself with chuckling with them in private. He silenced his creditors by demonstrating to them that he was a young man of great expectations, and even contrived to obtain advances upon the prospect, wherewith to keep himself in trim, and to nourish Dicky Dout. Miss Jemima was delighted, for Tippleton had *such* a way with him; while Mr. Grimson's unfavourable impressions gradually vanished before his professions of reform and improved conduct. The old gentleman employed him as a clerk, and had a strong inclination either to "set him up" or to "take him in." "Such a correct, sensible young man has he become," quoth Grimson.

Things were thus beautifully *en train*, when Mr. Grimson rashly sent his *protégé* with a sum of money to be used in a specified way in a neighbouring city, and the *protégé*, who longed to indulge himself in that which he classically termed a "knock-around," took his allies

Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs, with him. The "cash proper" being expended—the wine being in and the wit being out—Tippleton being a whole-souled fellow, and his companions knowing it, the "cash improper" was diverted from its legitimate channel, and, after a few days of roaring mirth, they returned rather dejected and disheartened.

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"Come, what's the use of sighing?" roared Tippleton, as they sat dolorously in a snug corner at the head-quarters of the whole-souled fellows. "The money's not quite out—Champagne!"

"Bravo, Tippleton!" responded his companions, and the corks flew merrily—"That's the only way to see one's road out of trouble."

"Another bottle, Dout!—that for Grimson!" shouted Tipps, snapping his fingers—"I'll run off with his daughter—what do you say to that, Dicky Dout?"

Dicky dodged the cork which was flirted at him, and regarding the company with a lugubrious air, observed:

"Accordin' to me, gettin' corned's no way—there's only two business sitiations in which it's allowable—one's when you're so skeered you can't tell what to do, and the other's when your eyes is sot, and it's no use doin' nothin'—when you're goin' and when you're gone—it makes you go by a sort of slant, instead of a bumping tumble. It eases a feller down like a tayckle, when on temperance principles he'd break his neck. For my part, I think this bustin' of yourn looks bad"—Dicky filled a glass and drained its contents—"'specially when you're goin' it on crab-apple cider."

"Get out, Dicky Dout!—Fetch some cigars, Dicky Dout!"

The party sang songs, the party made speeches, and the party rapidly drank up the remainder of Mr. Grimson's cash, a catastrophe which in their present state of mind did not trouble them at all, except when they remembered that no more money, no more wine. Boniface was used to dealing with whole-souled fellows.

"Order, gentlemen!" said Tipps, rising to deliver an address—"I don't get upon my feet to impugn the eye-sight, gentlemen, or the ear-sight, gentlemen, of any member present; but merely to state that there are facts—primary facts, like a kite, and contingent facts, like bob-tails—one set of facts that hang on to another set of facts"—and Tippleton grasped the table to support himself. "The first of these facts is, that in looking out at the window I see snow—I likewise hear sleigh-bells, from which we have the bob-tailed contingent that we ought to go a sleighing to encourage domestic manufactures."

"Hurra!" said Diggs and Sniggs—"let's go a sleighing!"

"Hurray!" muttered Twiggs, who sat drowsing over an extinguished cigar and an empty glass—"let's go a Maying!"

"I have stated, gentlemen," continued Tipps, swaying to and fro, and endeavouring to squeeze a drop from a dry bottle—"several facts, but there is another—a further contingent—the sleighing may be good, and we ought to go—but, gentlemen, we've got no money! That's what I call an appalling fact, in great staring capitals—the money's gone, the champagne's gone, but though we made 'em go, we can't go ourselves!"

Tippleton Tipps sank into his chair, and added, as he sucked at his cigar with closed eyes:

"Capitalists desiring to contract will please send in their terms, sealed and endorsed 'Proposals to loan.'"

"Cloaks, watches, and breast-pins—spout 'em," hinted Dout from a corner. "We whole-souled people always plant sich articles in sleighing-time, and lets 'em crop out in the spring."

The hint was taken. As the moon rose, a sleigh whizzed rapidly along the street, and as it passed, Tippleton Tipps was seen bestriding it like a Colossus, whirling his arms as if they were the fans of a windmill, and screaming "'Tis my delight of a shiny night!" in which his associates, including Dout, who was seated by the driver, joined with all their vocal power.

"'Twas merry in the parlour, 'twas merry in the hall," when Tippleton, *cum suis*, alighted at a village inn. Fiddles were playing and people were dancing all over the house, and the new arrivals did not lose time in adding to the jovial throng. Tippleton, seizing the barmaid's cap, placed it on his own head, and using the shovel and tongs for the apparatus of a fiddler, danced and played on the top of the table, while Dout beat the door by way of a drum, and Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs disturbed the "strait fours" of the company in the general assembly-room by a specimen of the Winnebagowar-dance, the whole being accompanied by whoopings after the manner of the aborigines.

The clamour drew the "select parties" into the passages to see the latest arrivals from Pandemonium.

"Who cares for Grimson?" said Tipps, as he fiddled and sang the following choice morceau from Quizembob's Reliques of Lyric Poetry—

> "Oh! my father-in-law to me was cross;
> Oh 'twas neither for the better, nor yet for the worse;
> He neither would give me a cow nor a horse,"

when Mr. Grimson and Miss Jemima Grimson from the "select parties" stood before him.

"So, Mr. Tippleton Tipps, this is your reform! be pleased to follow

me, and give an account of the business intrusted to your charge," said Mr. Grimson, sternly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Tippleton, fiddling up to him—"business—pooh! Dance, my old buck, dance like a whole-souled fellow—like me—dance, Jemimy, it may make you pretty—

'He neither would give me a cow nor a horse.'

Mr. Grimson turned indignantly on his heel, and Miss Jemima Grimson, frowning volumes of disdain at seeing her lover thus attired and thus disporting himself, and at hearing him thus contumelious to her personal charms, gave him what is poetically termed "a look," and sailed majestically out of the room, leaning on her father's arm.

"Ha! ha!" said Tippleton, continuing to fiddle.

"The speckilation's got the grippe," added Dout.

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It was nearly morning when a pair of horses, with the fragments of a sleigh knocking about their heels, dashed wildly into Millet's stable-yard. They were the ponies which had drawn Tippleton Tipps and his cohort; but where were those worthy individuals? At the corner of a street, where the snow and water had formed a delusive compound as unstable as the Goodwin sands, lay Tippleton half "smothered in cream"—ice cream, while "his lovely companions" were strewed along the wayside at various intervals, according to the the tenacity of their grasp.

"The tea-party's spilt," said Dicky Dout, as he went feeling among the snow with a fragment of the wreck, and at length forked up Tippleton, as if he were a dumpling in a bowl of soup.

The tableau was striking. The tender-hearted Dout sat upon the curbstone with Tippleton's head upon his knee, trying to rub a little life into him. It was a second edition of Marmion and Clara de Clare at Flodden field; the Lord of Fontenaye and Tippleton Tipps both being at the climax of their respective catastrophes.

"Ah!" said Dout, heaving a deep sigh as he rubbed away at his patient's forehead, as if it were a boot to clean, "this night has been the ruination of us all—we're smashed up small, and sifted through. Here lies Mr. Tipps in a predicary—and me and the whole on 'em is little better nor a flock of gone goslings. It's man's natur', I believe, and we can't help it nohow. As fur me, I wish I was a pig—there's some sense in being a pig wot's fat; pigs don't have to speckilate and bust—pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot was to be, get into sprees, and make tarnal fools of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people and good citizens, though they ain't got no wote. And then they haven't got no clothes to put on of cold morn-

ings when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patchin' their old pants; they don't wear no old hats on their heads, nor have to ask people for 'em—cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eye! if I was a jolly fat pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was president. Whoever seed one pig a settin' on a cold curbstone, a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of a sleigh? Pigs has too much sense to go a ridin', if so be as they can help it. I wish I was one, and out of this scrape. It's true," continued Dout, thoughtfully,and pulling Tippleton's nose till it cracked at the bridge-joint,—"it's true that pigs has their troubles like humans—constables ketches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs is sometimes almost as done-over suckers as men; but pigs never runs their own noses into scrapes, coaxin' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never see a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept upon rum cherries. I'm thinkin' Mr. Tipps is defunct; he sleeps as sound as if it was time to get up to breakfast."

But Tipps slowly revived; he rolled his glassy eye wildly, the other being, as it were, "put up for exportation," or "bunged," as they have it in the vernacular.

"Mister Tipps," said Dout, "do you know what's the matter?"

"Fun's the matter, isn't it?" gasped Tipps; "I've been a sleighing, and we always do it so—it's fun this way—but what's become of my other eye? Where's—stop—I remember. The horses and sleigh were in a hurry, and couldn't stay—compliments to the folks, but can't sit down."

"Your t'other eye," replied Dout, "as fur as I can see, is kivered up to keep; the wire-edge is took considerable off your nose—your coat is split as if somebody wanted to make a pen of it, and your trowsers is fractured."

"Well, I thought the curbstone was uncommonly cold. What with being pitched out of the sleigh, and the grand combat at the hotel, we've had the whole-souled'st time—knocked almost into a cocked hat. But if you don't get thrashed, you haven't been a sleighing. What can sience do in a room against chairs, pokers, shovels, and tongs? Swing it into 'em as pretty as you please, it's ten to one if you are not quaited down stairs like clothes to wash. Fun alive!—"

Here Tippleton Tipps yelled defiance, and attempted to show how fields were won—or lost, as in his case; but nature is a strict banker, and will not honour your drafts when no funds are standing to your credit.

"Ah!" he panted, as he fell back into the arms of Mr. Dout; "my frolic's over for once—broke off with Grimson, spent his money—

sleigh all in flinders, and I'll have to get a doctor to hunt for my eye, and put my nose in splints. Ha! ha! there *is* no mistake in me—always come home from enjoying myself, sprawling on a shutter, as a gentleman should—give me something to talk about—who's afraid?"

Even Dout was surprised to hear such valiant words from the drenched and pummelled mass before him; and as he stared, Tippleton mutteringly asked to be taken home.

"I'm a whole-souled fellow," he whispered, faintly—"whole-souled—and—no—mistake—about—the matter—at—all."

Assistance and "a shutter" being procured, Tippleton Tipps was conveyed to his lodgings, where, with a black patch across his nose, a green shade over one eye, the other being coloured purple, blue, and yellow, halfway to the jaw, his upper lip in the condition of that of the man "wot won the fight," his left arm in a sling, and his right ankle sprained, sat Tippleton for at least a month, the very impersonation, essence, and aroma of a "whole-souled fellow." As soon, however, as he was in marching order, he suddenly disappeared, or perhaps was exhaled, like Romulus and other great men, boldly walking right through his difficulties, and leaving them behind him in a state of orphanage.

The last heard of Dout was his closing speech after taking Tipps home on the night of the catastrophe.

"My speckilation has busted its biler. To my notion, this 'ere is a hard case. If I tries to mosey along through the world without saying nothin' to nobody, it won't do—livin' won't come of itself, like the man you owe money to—you are obligated to step and fetch it. If I come fur to go fur to paddle my tub quietly down the gutter of life without bumping again the curbstone on one side, I'm sure to get aground on the other, or to be upsot somehow. If I tries little speck-ilations such as boning things, I'm sartin to be cotched; and if I goes pardeners, as I did with Mr. Tipps, it won't do. Fips and levies ain't as plenty as snowballs in this 'ere yearthly spear. But talking of snowballs, I wish I was a nigger. Nobody will buy a white man, but a stout nigger is worth the slack of two or three hundred dollars. I hardly believe myself there is so much money: but they say so; and if I could get a pot of blackin' and some brushes, I'd give myself a coat, and go and hang myself up for sale in the Jersey Market, like a froze possum."

Dout walked gloomily away, and the story goes that when this whole-souled fellow in humble life was finally arrested as a vagrant, his last aspiration as he entered the prison was, "Oh! I wish I was a pig, 'cause they ain't got to go to jail!"

GAMALIEL GAMBRIL;

OR, DOMESTIC UNEASINESS.

It may be a truism, yet we cannot help recording it as our deliberate opinion, that life is begirt with troubles. The longer we live, the more we are convinced of the fact—solidly, sincerely convinced; especially in cold weather, when all evils are doubled, and great annoyances are reinforced by legions of petty vexations. The happiest conditions of existence—among which it is usual to class matrimony—are not without their alloy. There is a principle of equity always at work, and, therefore, where roses strew the path, thorns are sharpest and most abundant. Were it otherwise, frail humanity might at times forget its mortal nature—as it is apt to do when not roughly reminded of the fact—and grow altogether too extensive for its nether integuments.

A stronger proof that "there's nought but care on every hand," and that it is often nearest when least expected, could not be found, than in the case of Gamaliel Gambril, the cobbler, an influential and well-known resident of Ringbone Alley, a section of the city wherein he has "a voice potential, double as the Duke's." Gamaliel's Christmas gambols—innocent as he deemed them—terminated in the revolt of his household, a species of civil war which was the more distressing to him, as it came like a cloud after sunshine, darker and more gloomy from the preceding light. It is often thus with frail humanity. The keenest vision cannot penetrate the contracted circle of the present, and give certain information of the future. Who that sets forth to run a rig, can tell in what that rig may end? The laughing child, unconscious of mishap, pursues the sportive butterfly, and falls into a ditch; a man, proud of his whiskers, his experience, and his foresight, will yet follow that phantom felicity until he gets into a scrape. The highways and byways of existence are filled with man-traps and spring-guns, and happy he whose activity is so great that he can dance among them with uninjured ankles, and escape scot-free. That faculty, which to a man of a sportive turn of mind is more precious than rubies, is denied to Gamaliel Gambril. When convivially inclined, he is a Napoleon, whose every battle-field is a Waterloo—a Santa Anna, whose San Jacintos are innumerable.

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It was past the noon of night, and the greater part of those who had beds to go to, had retired to rest. Light after light had ceased to flash from the windows, and every house was in darkness, save where a faintly burning candle in the attic told that Sambo or Dinah had just finished labour, and was about enjoying the sweets of repose, or where a fitful flashing through the fanlight of an entry door hinted at the fact that young Hopeful was still abroad at his revels. It seemed that the whole city and liberties were in bed, and the active imagination of the solitary stroller through the streets could not avoid painting the scene. He figured to himself the two hundred thousand human creatures who dwell within those precincts, lying prone upon their couches—couches varied as their fortunes, and in attitudes more varied than either—some who are careless of making a figure in the world, with their knees drawn up to their chins; the haughty and ostentatious stretched out to their full extent; the ambitious, the sleeping would-be Cæsars, spread abroad like the eagle on a sign, or chicken split for the gridiron, each hand and each foot reaching toward a different point of the compass; the timid rolled up into little balls, with their noses just peeping from under the clothes; and the valiant with clenched fists and bosoms bare—for character manifests itself by outward signs, both in our sleeping and in our waking moments; and if the imagination of the speculative watcher has ears as well as eyes, the varied music which proceeds from these two hundred thousand somnolent bodies will vibrate upon his tympanum—the dulcet flute-like snoring which melodiously exhales from the Phidian nose of the sleeping beauty; the querulous whining of the nervous papa; the warlike startling snort of mature manhood, ringing like a trumpet call, and rattling the window glass with vigorous fury; the whistling, squeaking, and grunting of the eccentric; and, in fine, all the diversified sounds with which our race choose to accompany their sacrifices to Morpheus.

But though so many were in bed, there were some who should have been in bed who were not there. On this very identical occasion, when calmness seemed to rule the hour, the usually quiet precincts of Ringbone Alley were suddenly disturbed by a tremendous clatter. But loud as it was, the noise for a time continued unheeded. The inhabitants of that locality—who are excellent and prudent citizens, and always, while they give their arms and legs a holiday, impose additional labour upon their digestive organs—worn out by the festivities of the season, and somewhat oppressed with a feverish headache, the consequence thereof, were generally asleep; and, with no disposition to flatter, or to assume more for them than they are entitled to, it must be conceded that the Ringboners, when they tie up their

heads and take off their coats to it, are capital sleepers—none better They own no relationship with those lazy aristocratic dozers who seem to despise the wholesome employment of slumbering, and, instead of devoting their energies to the task, amuse themselves with counting the clock, and with idly listening to every cry of fire—who are afraid to trust themselves unreservedly to the night, and are so suspicious of its dusky face, and so doubtful of the fidelity of the "sentinel stars," as to watch both night and stars. Unlike this nervous race, the Ringboners have in general nothing to tell when they assemble round the breakfast table. They eat heartily, and grumble not about the badness of their rest; for their rest has no bad to it. They neither hear the shutters slam in the night, nor are they disturbed by mysterious knockings about three in the morning. They do not, to make others ashamed of their honest torpidity, ask, "Where was the fire?" and look astonished that no one heard the alarm. On the contrary, when they couch themselves, they are only wide enough awake to see the candle out of the corner of one eye, and nothing is audible to them between the puff which extinguishes the light and the call to labour at the dawn. When their heads touch the pillow, their optics are closed and their mouths are opened. Each proboscis sounds the charge into the land of Nod, and like Eastern monarchs, they slumber to slow music: Ringbone Alley being vocal with one tremendous snore.

No wonder that such a praiseworthy people, so circumstanced, should not be easily awakened by the noise before alluded to. But the disturbance grew louder; the little dogs frisked and barked; the big dogs yawned and bayed; the monopolising cats, who like nobody's noise but their own, whisked their tails and flew through the cellar windows in dismay. The alley, which, like Othello, can stand most things unmoved, was at last waking up, and not a few night-capped heads projected like white-washed artillery, through the embrasures of the upper casements, dolefully and yawnfully "to know vot *vos* the row?"

The opening of Gamaliel Gambril's front door answered the question. He and his good lady were earnestly discussing some problem of domestic economy—some knotty point as to the reserved rights of parties to the matrimonial compact. It soon, however, became evident that the husband's reasoning, if not perfectly convincing, was too formidable and weighty to be resisted. Swift as the flash, Madam Gambril dashed out at the door, while Gamaliel, like "panting time, toiled after her in vain," flourishing a strap in one hand and a broom in the other. Though the night was foggy, it was clear that something unusual was the matter with Gamaliel. His intellectual superstructure had, by certain unknown means, become too heavy for his

THE CROOKED DISCIPLE:

OR, THE PRIDE OF MUSCLE.

NATURE too frequently forgets to infuse the sympathies into the composition of the human race, and hence the world is afflicted with a flood of evils. Imperfect as mankind may be in a physical point of view, their moral defects are immeasurably greater, and these chiefly flow from the dearth of sympathy. Social offences, as well as crimes, are in general born from this cause, and the sins of humanity are to be charged upon selfishness, the weed that chokes all wholesome plants in the garden of the heart, and exhausts the soil. It manifests itself in a variety of ways. In one instance, being combined with other essentials, it makes a mighty conqueror; in another, a petty larcenist; one man beats his wife, and sots at an alehouse; another sets the world in a blaze, and dying, becomes the idol of posterity; all from the same cause—a mind concentred on itself.

The forms which govern society were intended to counteract the aforesaid neglect of Dame Nature, and to keep selfishness in check; it having been early discovered that if every one put his fingers in the dish at once, a strong chance existed that the contents thereof would be spilt, and all would be compelled to go home hungry. It was equally clear that if each individual tucked up his coat tails, and endeavoured to monopolise the fire, the whole company would be likely to catch cold. The canon was therefore issued that "after you" should be "manners;" and that, however anxious one may be to get the biggest piece, he should not obey the promptings of nature by making a direct grab; but rather effect his object by indirect management—such as placing the desired morsel nearest himself, and then handing the plate—a species of *hocus pocus*, which puts the rest of the company in the vocative, and enables the skill of civilisation quietly to effect that which in earlier times could only be accomplished by superior force, and at the hazard of upsetting the table. If sympathy were the growth of every mind, politeness and deference would be spontaneous; but as it is not, a substitute—a sort of wooden leg for the natural one—was invented, and hence "dancing and manners" are a part of refined education. Wine glasses are placed near the decanter, and tumblers near the pitcher, that inclination may receive

a broad hint, and that the natural man may not rob the rest of the company of their share of comfort, by catching up and draining the vessels at a draught. Chairs stand near the dinner-table to intimate that, however hungry one may be, it is not the thing to jump upon the board, and clutching the whole pig, to gnaw it as a schoolboy does an apple; while plates, with their attendant knives and forks, show that each one must be content with a portion, and use his pickers and stealers as little as possible. To get along smoothly, it was also ordained that we must smile when it would be more natural to tumble the intruder out of the window; and that, no matter how tired we may be, we must not, when another is about taking our seat, pull it from under him, and allow him to bump on the floor.

Although education has done much to supply deficiencies, and to make mock sympathy out of calves' heads when the real article is not to be found, yet education, potent as it is, cannot do all things. "Crooked disciples" will exist from time to time, and, to prove it, let the story be told of

Jacob Grigsby.

Of crooked disciples, Jacob Grigsby is the crookedest. His disposition is twisted like a ram's horn, and none can tell in what direction will be the next turn. He is an independent abstraction—one of that class, who do not seem aware that any feelings are to be consulted but their own, and who take the last bit, as if unconscious that it is consecrated to that useful divinity, "manners;" lads, who always run in first when the bell rings, and cannot get their boots off when anybody tumbles overboard; who, when compelled to share their bed with another, lie in that engrossing posture called "catty-cornered," and, when obliged to rise early, whistle, sing, and dance, that none may enjoy the slumbers denied to them;—in short, he strongly resembles that engaging species of the human kind, who think it creditable to talk loud at theatres and concerts, and to encore songs and concertos which nobody else wants to hear. Grigsby was born with the idea that the rest of the world, animate or inanimate, was constructed simply for his special amusement, and that if it did not answer the purpose, it was his indefeasible right to declare war against the offender. When a boy, he was known as a "real limb"—of what tree it is unnecessary to specify. He was an adept in placing musk melon rinds on the pavement for the accommodation of those elderly gentlemen whose skating days were over, and many a staid matron received her most impressive lessons in ground and lofty tumbling, by the aid of cords which he had stretched across the way. Every child in the neighbourhood learnt to "see London" through his telescope, and he

was famous for teaching youngsters to write hog Latin by jerking pens full of ink through their lips. At school he was remarkable for his science in crooking pins, and placing them on the seats of the unsuspicious, and ever since he has continued to be a thorn in the side of those who are unlucky enough to come in contact with him.

Grigsby has now grown to man's estate—a small property in most instances, and in his it must be simply the interest of his whiskers, which extend some inches beyond his nose and chin—he having nothing else clear of embarrassment. He is said to be more of a limb than ever, his unaccommodating spirit having increased with his trunk. The good qualities which were to appear in him are yet in the soil, no sprouts having manifested themselves. He is savagely jocular in general, and jocosely quarrelsome in his cups in particular. He stands like a bramble in life's highway, and scratches the cuticle from all who pass.

This amiable individual is particularly fond of cultivating his physical energies, and one of his chief delights is in the display of his well-practised powers. He sometimes awakens a friend from a day dream, by a slap on the shoulder which might be taken for the blow of a cannon ball. His salutation is accompanied by a grasp of your hand, so vigorously given that you are painfully reminded of his affectionate disposition and the strength of his friendship for a week afterwards; and he smiles to see his victims writhe under a clutch which bears no little resemblance in its pressure to the tender embrace of a smith's vice. To this Herculean quality Grigsby always recurs with satisfaction, and indeed it must be confessed that superiority, either real or imagined, is a great source of pleasure in this mundane sphere. There are few who do not derive satisfaction from believing that, in some respect, they are more worthy than their neighbours—and self-love, if the truth were known, performs many curious operations to enable its possessor to enjoy the delight of thinking that there are points in which he is unsurpassed. Should his countenance be of the most unprepossessing cast, he gazes in the mirror until convinced that whatever is lost in beauty, is gained in expression. Should he have a temper as rash and unreasonable as the whirlwind, it is to him but a proof of superior susceptibility and of an energetic will; if thin, he is satisfied that he possesses a free, unencumbered spirit; and if nature has provided him with a superabundance of flesh, he comforts himself with the idea of an imposing aspect, and of being able, physically at least, to make a figure in the world. The melancholy man, instead of charging his nervous system with treachery, or his stomach with disaffection, finds a stream of sunshine in his gloom, from the impression that it is left to him alone to see reality divested of its

deceptive hues—and smiles sourly on the merry soul who bears it as if existence were a perpetual feast, and as if he were a butterfly upon an ever-blooming prairie.

The pride of art likewise comes in as a branch of this scheme of universal comfort. The soldier and the politician rejoice in their superior skill in tactics and strategy—and, even if foiled, charge the result upon circumstances beyond their control; while even the scavenger plumes himself upon the superior skill and accuracy with which he can execute the fancy work of sweeping round a post; but none feel the pride of which we speak, more strongly than those who are addicted to the practice of gymnastics. They have it in every muscle of their frames; their very coats are buttoned tight across the breast to express it; and it is exhibited on every possible occasion. In their dwellings, woe upon the tables and chairs—and they cannot see a pair of parallels or cross bars without experimenting upon them.

At a period when Grigsby was in the full flush of his gymnastic powers, he returned from a supper late at night, with several companions. After Grigsby had created much polite amusement by torturing several dogs and sundry pigs, they attempted a serenade, but they were not in voice; and after trying a cotillon and a galopade in front of the State House, which were not quite so well executed as might have been desired, they separated, each to his home—if he could get there. Grigsby strolled along humming a tune, until his eye happened to be greeted by the welcome sight of an awning-post. He stopped, and regarded it for a long time with critical gravity.

"This will answer famously," said he. "Tom brags that he can beat me with his arms; but I don't believe it. Anyhow, his legs are no great shakes. There's no more muscle in them than there is in an unstarched shirt-collar; and I don't believe, if he was to practise for ten years, he could hang by his toes, swing up and catch hold. No, that he couldn't. I'm the boy, and I'll exercise at it."

It is, however, much easier to resolve than to execute. Mr. Grigsby found it impossible to place himself in the requisite antipodean posture.

"Why, what the deuce is the matter? All the supper must have settled down in my toes, for my boots feel heavier than fifty-sixes. My feet are completely obfuscated, while my head is as clear as a bell. But 'never despair' is the motto—here's at it once more," he continued, making another desperate but ineffectual effort.

An individual with a white hat, and with his hands deeply immersed in the pockets of his shooting-jacket, now advanced from the tree against which he had been leaning, while chuckling at the doings of Mr. Grigsby.

"Hey, whiskers, what's the fun in doing that, particularly when you can't do it?" said he.

"Can you hang by your toes, stranger? Because if you can you'll beat Tom in spite of his bragging."

"I don't believe I can. The fact is, I always try to keep this side up with care. I never could see the use of shaking a man up like a bottle of physic. I can mix myself to my own taste without that."

"You've no taste for the fine arts, whatever you may have for yourself. Gymnastics stir up the sugar of a man's constitution, and neutralise the acids. Without 'em, he's no better than a bottle of pepper vinegar—nothing but sour punch."

"Very likely, but I'll have neither hand nor foot in hanging to an awning post. If it was like the brewer's horse in Old Grimes, and you could drink up all the beer by turning your head where your feet should be, perhaps I might talk to you about it."

Grigsby, however, by dint of expatiating on the beneficial tendency of gymnastics, at last prevailed upon the stranger to make the attempt.

"Now," said he, "let me bowse you up, and if you can hang by your toes, I'll treat handsome."

"Well, I don't care if I do," replied the stranger, with a grin, as he grasped the cross-bar—"hoist my heels, and look sharp."

Jacob chuckled as he took the stranger by the boots, intending to give him a fall if possible, and to thrash him if he grumbled; but the victim's hold was insecure, and he tumbled heavily upon his assistant, both rolling on the bricks together.

"Fire and tow!" ejaculated Grigsby.

"Now we're mixed nicely," grunted the stranger, as he scrambled about. "If any man gets more legs and arms than belong to him, they're mine. Hand over the odd ones, and let's have a complete set."

"This will never do," said Grigsby, after they had regained their feet, and still intent on his design. "It will never do in the world—you're so confoundedly awkward. Come, have at it again; once more and the last."

"Young people," interposed a passing official, "if you keep a cutting didoes, I must talk to you both like a Dutch uncle. Each of you must disperse; I can't allow no insurrection about the premises. If you ain't got no dead-latch key, and the nigger won't set up, why I'll take you to the corporation free-and-easy, and lock you up till daylight, and we'll fetch a walk after breakfast to converse with his honour on matters and things in general."

"Very well," answered Grigsby—"but, now you've made your speech, do you think you could hang by your toes to that post?"

"Pooh! pooh! don't be redikalis. When matters is solemn, treat 'em solemn."

"Why, I ain't redikalis—we're at work on science. I'm pretty well scienced myself, and I want to get more so."

"Instead of talking, you'd better paddle up street like a white-head. Go home to sleep like your crony—see how he shins it."

"I will," said Grigsby, who likes a joke occasionally, and is very good-humoured when it is not safe to be otherwise—"I will, if you'll tell me what's the use. In the first place, home's a fool to this—and as for sleeping, it's neither useful nor ornamental."

"Do go, that's a good boy—I don't want to chaw you right up, but I must if you stay."

"I snore when I'm asleep—and when I do, Tom puts his foot out of bed till it's cold, and then claps it to my back. He calls it firing me off on the cold pressure principle."

"What a cruel Tom! But why don't you keep your mouth shut? You should never wear it open when you're asleep."

"If I did, my dreams would get smothered; besides, I like to look down my throat, and see what I'm thinking about."

"Don't quiz me, young man. Some things is easy to put up with, and some things isn't easy to put up with; and quizzing a dignittery is one of the last. If there is anything I stands upon, it's dignitty."

"Dignitty's made of pipe-stems, isn't it?"

"My legs is pretty legs. They ain't so expressive as some what's made coarser and cheaper; but they're slim and genteel. But legs are neither here nor there. You must go home, sonny, or go with me."

"Well, as I'm rather select in my associations, and never did admire sleeping thicker than six in a bed at the outside, I'll go home, put a woollen stocking on Tom's foot, and take a pint of sleep. I never try more, for my constitution won't stand it. But to-morrow I'll swing by my toes, I promise you."

"Go, then. Less palaver and more tortle."

"*Tortelons nous*—good night; I'm off to my *lit.*"

The *censor morum*, wrapping himself in his consequence, paused, looked grave until Grigsby turned the corner, and then, relaxing his *dignitty*, laughed creakingly, like a rusty door.

"Hee! hee! hee!—that's a real fine feller. He's too good for his own good—makes something of a fuss every night—always funny or fighting, and never pays his debts. Hee! hee! hee! a real gentle-

man—gives me half a dollar a New Year's; a real—past two o'clock and a cloudy morning—sort of gentleman, and encourages our business like an emperor; only I haven't got the heart to take advantage of it."

* * * * * *

Jacob Grigsby moved homeward, his temper souring as he proceeded, and as the pleasant excitement of the evening began to wear off. Some people, by the way, are always good-humoured abroad, and reserve their savage traits for home consumption. Of this class is Grigsby.

Where he boards, the rule is to stow thick—three in a bed when the weather is warm; and in the colder season, by way of saving blankets, four in a bed is the rule. Now, even three in a bed is by no means a pleasant arrangement at the best, when the parties are docile in their slumbers and lie "spoon fashion," all facing the same way, and it is terrible if one of the triad be of an uneasy disposition. Grigsby's "pardeners," however, are quiet lads, and there is an understanding among the three that turn about shall be the law in regard to the middle place, which therefore falls to his share every third week—one week in, and two weeks out—the soft never to be monopolised by any one individual, and nobody to turn round more than once in the course of the night. Grigsby is borne down by the majority; but when it is his week in, he is worse than the armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger, so ferocious are his ebullitions of wrath.

It happened to be his week "in," the thought whereof moved his ire, and he ascended the stairs with the energetic tread of an ox, set fire to the cat's tail with the candle, and poked a long nine down Carlo's throat.

"Ha!" said Jacob, as he kicked open the door, surveyed his sleeping bedfellows, and flashed the light in their eyes; "mighty comfortable that, anyhow; but I'll soon spoil it, or I'm not a true Grigsby."

He put out the light, and, in full dress—boots, hat, great coat, body coat, and pantaloons—muddy as he was, scrambled over the bed two or three times, until he established himself in the central station between his co-mates. He rolled and he tossed, he kicked and he groaned, until the whole concern were as wide awake as himself.

"Why, Jacob, you've got your boots on," said they.

"The fact is, fellows, the cold in my head is getting worse, and sleeping in boots draws down the inflammation. It's a certain cure."

"But you don't intend sleeping with your hat on your head, do you?"

"Didn't I tell you I've got holes in my stockings? If I don't keep my hat on, I'll be sure to have the rheumatism in my big toe."

"Well, we won't stand it nohow, it can be fixed."

"Just as you like—go somewhere else—I've no objection. I'm amazing comfortable."

"Why, thunder and fury!" said one, jerking up his leg, "your boots are covered with mud!"

"That *are* a fact—you've no idea how muddy the streets are; I'm all over mud—I wish you'd blow up the corporation. But hang it, give us a fip's worth of sheet and a levy's worth of blanket. That's the way I like 'em mixed—some lean and a good deal of fat."

So saying, Jacob wound himself up in the bedclothes with a prodigious flounder, denuding his companions entirely.

Grigsby's co-mates, however, knowing that "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," declared war against the manifold outrages of their oppressor, and, notwithstanding his gymnastic powers, succeeded in obtaining the mastery. Much enraged, they resolved upon carrying him down stairs and placing him under the hydrant as a punishment for his violations of the social compact, and were proceeding to put their determination in force, when Bobolink and the rest of the boarders, alarmed at the noise, popped out of their chambers.

"What's the fraction—vulgar or decimal?" said Bobolink.

"Vengeance!" panted Grigsby. "Revenge! I'm insulted—let me go!"

The cause of quarrel was explained—all cried shame upon Mr. Jacob Grigsby; and Mr. Bobolink constituted himself judge on the occasion.

"They kicked me!" roared the prisoner.

"Yes," replied Bobolink, "but as they hadn't their boots on, it wasn't downright Mayor's court assault and battery—only an insult with intent to hurt; assault and battery in the second degree—a species of accidental homicide. Perhaps you were going down stairs and they walked too quick after you—toeing it swift, and 'most walked into you. What was it for?"

"Look ye," said Grigsby—"it's very late—yes, it's nearly morning, and I didn't take time to fix myself for a regular sleep, so I turned in like a trooper's horse, and that's the whole matter."

"Like a trooper's horse—how's that?"

"I'll explain," said one of the spectators—"to turn in like a trooper's horse is to go to bed all standing, ready for a sudden call—parade order—winter uniform—full dress—a very good fashion when you've been out to supper—convenient in case of fire, and saves a deal of trouble in the morning when you're late for breakfast."

"Well, I never heard tell of the likes on the part of a white man. They served you right, and my judgment is, as you won't be quiet, that you be shut in the back cellar till breakfast-time. I'm not going to have any more row. If you don't like it, you can appeal afterwards."

"Never heerd the likes!" said Jacob, contemptuously; "ain't a bed a bed—ain't my share of it, my share of it?—and where's the law what lays down what sort of clothes a man must sleep in? I'll wear a porcupine jacket, and sleep in it too, if I like—yes, spurs, and a trumpet, and a spanner."

"Put him in the cellar," was the reply; and, in spite of his struggles, the sentence was laughingly enforced.

"Bobolink, let's out, or I'll burst the door—let's out—I want vengeance!"

"Keep yourself easy—you can't have any vengeance till morning. Perhaps they'll wrap some in a bit of paper, and keep it for you."

But in the morning Grigsby disappeared, and returned no more.

FYDGET FYXINGTON.

THE illustrious Pangloss, who taught the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology at the Westphalian chateau of the puissant Baron Thundertentronckh, held it as a cardinal maxim of his philosophy, *que tout est au mieux;* that "it's all for the best." Pangloss was therefore what is called an optimist, and discontent—to use the favourite word of the slang-whangers—was repudiated by him and his followers. This doctrine, however, though cherished in the abstract, is but little practised out of the domain of Thundertentronckh. The world is much more addicted to its opposite. "All's for the worst" is a very common motto, and under its influence there are thousands who growl when they go to bed, and growl still louder when they get up; who growl at their breakfast, who growl at their dinner, who growl at their supper, and who growl between meals. Discontent is written in every feature of their visage; and they go on from the beginning of life until its close, always growling, in the hope of making things better by scaring them into it with ugly noises. These be your passive grumbletonians. When the castle was on fire, Sir Abel Handy stood wringing his hands, in expectation that the fire would be civil enough to go out of itself. So it is with the passive; he would utter divers maledictions upon the heat, but would sit still to see if the flame could not be scolded into going out of itself.

The active grumbletonians, however, though equally opposed in practice to the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology, are a very different race of mortals from the passives. The world is largely indebted to them for every comfort and convenience with which it abounds; and they laugh at the inquiry whether their exertions have conduced to the general happiness, holding it that happiness consists chiefly in exertion—to which the passives demur, as they look back with no little regret to the lazy days of pastoral life, when Chaldean shepherds lounged upon the grass. The actives are very much inclined to believe that whatever is, is wrong; but then they have, as an offset, the comfortable conviction that they are able to set it right—an opinion which fire cannot melt out of them. These restless fellows are in a vast majority; and hence it is that the surface of this earthly sphere is such a scene of activity; hence it is that for so many thousand years, the greater part of each generation has been unceasingly

employed in labour and bustle, rushing from place to place, hammering, sawing, and driving; hewing down and piling up mountains; and, unappalled, meeting disease and death both by sea and land. To expedite the process of putting things to rights, likewise, hence it is that whole hecatombs of men have been slaughtered on the embattled field, and that the cord, the fagot, and the steel, have been in such frequent demand. Sections of the active grumbletonians sometimes differ about the means of making the world a more comfortable place, and time being short, the labour-saving process is adopted. The weaker party is knocked on the head. It saves an incalculable deal of argument, and answers pretty nearly the same end.

But yet, though the world is many years old, and the "fixing process" has been going on ever since it emerged from chaos, it seems that much remains undone, with less time to do it in. The actives consequently redouble their activity. They have called in the aid of gunpowder and steam, and in this goodly nineteenth century are kicking up such a terrible dust, and are setting things to rights at such a rate, that the passives have no comfort of their lives. Where they herd in nations, as in Mexico, the actives cluster on their borders, and set things to rights with the rifle; and when they are solitary amid the crowd, as among us, they are fretted to fiddlestrings, like plodding shaft-horses with unruly leaders. They are environed with perils. In one quarter, hundreds of stately mansions are brought thundering to the ground, because the last generation put things to rights in the wrong way, and in another quarter, thousands are going up on the true principle. Between them both, the passive is kept in a constant state of solicitude, and threads his way through piles of rubbish, wearing his head askew like a listening chicken, looking above with one eye, to watch what may fall on him, and looking below with the other, to see what he may fall upon. Should he travel, he is placed in a patent exploding steamboat, warranted to boil a gentleman cold in less than no time; or he is tied to the tail of a big steam-kettle, termed a locomotive, which goes sixty miles an hour horizontally, or, if it should meet impediment, a mile in half a second perpendicularly. Should he die, as many do, of fixophobia, and seek peace under the sod, the spirit of the age soon grasps the spade, and has him out to make way for improvement.

The passive grumbletonian is useless to himself and to others: the active grumbletonian is just the reverse. In general, he combines individual advancement with public prosperity; but there are exceptions even in that class—men, who try to take so much care of the world that they forget themselves, and, of course, fail in their intent.

Such a man is Fydget Fyxington, an amelioration-of-the-human-race-by-starting-from-first-principles-philosopher. Fydget's abstract principle, particularly in matters of government and of morals, is doubtless a sound rule: but he looks so much at the beginning that he rarely arrives at the end; and when he advances at all, he marches backward, his face being directed towards the starting place instead of the goal. By this means he may perhaps plough a straight furrow, but instead of curving round obstructions, he is very apt to be thrown down by them.

Like most philosophers who entertain a creed opposed to that of the illustrious Pangloss, Fydget may be fitly designated as the fleshless one. He never knew the joy of being fat, and is one of those who may console themselves with the belief that the physical sharpness which renders them a walking *cheval de frise*, and as dangerous to embrace as a porcupine, is but an outward emblem of the acuteness of the mind. Should he be thrust in a crowd against a sulky fellow better in flesh than himself, who complains of the pointedness of his attentions, Fydget may reflect that even so do his reasoning faculties bore into a subject. When gazing in a mirror, should his eye be offended by the view of lantern jaws, and channelled cheeks, and bones prematurely labouring to escape from their cuticular tabernacle, he may easily figure to himself the restless energy of his spirit, which, like a keen blade, weareth away the scabbard—he may look upon himself as an an intellectual "cut-and-thrust"—a thinking chopper and stabber. But it may be doubted whether Fydget ever reverts to considerations so purely selfish, except when he finds that the "fine points" of his figure are decidedly injurious to wearing apparel, and tear his clothes.

* * * * * *

Winter ruled the hour when Fydget Fyxington was last observed to be in circulation—winter, when men wear their hands in their pockets, and seldom straighten their backs—a season, however, which, though sharp and biting in its temper, has redeeming traits. There is something peculiarly exhilarating in the sight of new-fallen snow. The storm which brings it is not without a charm. The graceful eddying of the drifts sported with by the wind, and the silent gliding of the feathery flakes, as one by one they settle upon the earth like fairy creatures dropping to repose, have a soothing influence not easily described, though doubtless felt by all. But when the clouds, having performed their office, roll away, and the brightness of the morning sun beams upon an expanse of sparkling, unsullied whiteness; when all that is commonplace, coarse, and unpleasant in aspect,

is veiled for the time, and made to wear a fresh and dazzling garb, new animation is felt by the spirit. The young grow riotous with joy, and their merry voices ring like bells through the clear and bracing air; while the remembrance of earlier days gives a youthful impulse to the aged heart.

But to all this there is a sad reverse. The resolution of these enchantments into their original elements by means of a thaw is a necessary, but, it must be confessed, a very doleful process, fruitful in gloom, rheum, inflammations, and fevers—a process which gives additional pangs to the melancholic, and causes valour's self to droop like unstarched muslin. The voices of the boys are hushed; the whizzing snowball astonishes the unsuspicious wayfarer no more; the window glass is permitted to live its brief day, safe from an untimely fracture, and the dejected urchin sneaks moodily from school. So changed is his nature, that he scarcely bestows a derisive grin upon the forlorn sleigh which ploughs its course through mud and water, although its driver and its passengers invite the jeer by making themselves small to avoid it, and tempt a joke by oblique glances to see whether it is coming.

Such a time was it when Fydget was extant—a sloppy time in January. The city, it is true, was clothed in snow; but it was melancholy snow, rusty and forlorn in aspect, and weeping, as if in sorrow that its original purity had become soiled, stained, and spotted by contact with the world. Its whiteness had in a measure disappeared by the pressure of human footsteps; wheels and runners had almost incorporated it with the common earth; and where these had failed in effectually doing the work, remorseless distributors of ashes, coal-dust, and potato peelings, had lent their aid to give uniformity to the dingy hue. But the snow, "weeping its spirit from its eyes," and its body, too, was fast escaping from these multiplied oppressions and contumelies. Large and heavy drops splashed from the eaves, sluggish streams rolled lazily from the alleys, and the gutters and crossings formed vast shallow lakes, variegated by glaciers and ice islands. They who roamed abroad at this unpropitious time, could be heard approaching by the damp, sucking sound which emanated from their boots, as they alternately pumped in and pumped out the water in their progress; and it was thus that our hero travelled, having no caoutchouc health-preservers to shield his pedals from unwholesome contact.

The shades of evening were beginning to thicken, when Fydget stopped, shivering, and looked through the glass door of a fashionable hotel; the blazing fire and the numerous lights, by the force of contrast, made an outside seat still more uncomfortable.

The gong pealed out that tea was ready, and the lodgers rushed from the stoves to comfort themselves with that exhilarating fluid.

"There they go on first principles," said Fydget Fyxington, with a sigh.

"Cla' de kitchen da'," said one of those ultra-aristocratic members of society, a negro waiter, as he bustled past the contemplative philosopher and entered the hotel—"you ought to be gwang home to suppa', ole soul, if you got some—yaugh—waugh!"

"Suppa', you nigga'!" contemptuously responded Fydget, as the door closed—"I wish I was gwang home to suppa', but suppers are a sort of thing I remember a good deal oftener than I see. Everything is wrong—such a wandering from first principles!—there must be enough in this world for us all, or we wouldn't be here; but things is fixed so badly that I s'pose some greedy rascal gets my share of suppa' and other such elegant luxuries. It's just the way of the world; there's plenty of shares of everything, but somehow or other there are folks that lay their fingers on two or three shares, and sometimes more, according as they get a chance, and the real owners, like me, may go whistle. They've fixed it so that if you go back to first principles, and try to bone what belongs to you, they pack you right off to jail, 'cause you can't prove property. Empty stummicks and old clothes ain't good evidence in court.

"What the deuce is to become of me? Something must—and I wish it would be quick and hurra about it. My clothes are getting to be too much of the summer-house order for the winter fashions. People will soon see too much of me—not that I care much about looks myself, but boys is boys, and all boys is sassy. Since the weather's been chilly, when I turn the corner to go up town, I feel as if the house had too many windows, and I'm almost blow'd out of my coat and pants. The fact is, I don't get enough to eat to serve for ballast."

After a melancholy pause, Fydget, seeing the coast tolerably clear, walked in to warm himself at the fire in the bar-room, near which he stood with great composure, at the same time emptying several glasses of comfortable compounds which had been left partly filled by the lodgers when they hurried to their tea. Lighting a cigar which he found half smoked upon the ledge of the stove, he seated himself and puffed away much at his ease.

The inmates of the hotel began to return to the room, glancing suspiciously at Fydget's tattered integuments, and drawing their chairs away from him as they sat down near the stove. Fydget looked unconscious, emitting volumes of smoke, and knocking off the ashes with a nonchalant and scientific air.

"Bad weather," said Brown.

I've noticed that the weather is frequently bad in winter, especially about the middle of it, and at both ends," added Green. "I keep a memorandum book on the subject, and can't be mistaken."

"It's raining now," said Griffinhoff—"what's the use of that, when it's so wet under foot already?"

"It very frequently rains at the close of a thaw, and it's beneficial to the umbrella-makers," responded Green.

"Nothin's fixed nohow," said Fydget, with great energy, for he was tired of listening.

Brown, Green, Griffinhoff, and the rest, started and stared.

"Nothin's fixed nohow," continued Fydget, rejoicing in the fact of having hearers—"our grand-dads must a been lazy rascals. Why didn't they roof over the side-walks, and not leave everything for us to do? I ain't got no numbrell, and besides that, when it comes down as if raining was no name for it, as it always does when I'm cotch'd out, numbrells is no great shakes if you've got one with you, and no shakes at all if it's at home."

"Who's the indevidjual?" inquired Cameo Calliper, Esq., looking at Fydget through a pair of lorgnettes.

Fydget returned the glance by making an opera glass with each fist, and then continued his remarks: "It's a pity we ain't got feathers, so's to grow our own jacket and trowsers, and do up the tailorin' business, and make our own feather-beds. It would be a great savin'—every man his own clothes, and every man his own feather-bed. Now I've got a suggestion about that—first principles bring us to the skin—fortify that, and the matter's done. How would it do to bile a big kettle full of tar, tallow, beeswax, and injen rubber, with considerable wool, and dab the whole family once a week? The young 'uns might be soused in it every Saturday night, and the nigger might fix the elderly folks with a whitewash brush. Then there wouldn't be no bother a washing your clothes or yourself, which last is an invention of the doctor to make people sick, because it lets in the cold in winter and the heat in summer, when natur' says shut up the porouses and keep 'em out. Besides, when the new invention was tore at the knees or wore at the elbows, just tell the nigger to put on the kittle and give you a dab, and you're patched slick—and so that whole mobs of people mightn't stick together like figs, a little sperrits of turpentine or litharage might be added to make 'em dry like a house a-fire."

"If that fellow don't go away, I'll hurt him," said Griffinhoff, *sotto voce.*

"Where's a waiter?" inquired Cameo Calliper, edging off in alarm.

"He's crazy," said Green—"I was at the hospital once, and there was a man in the place who—"

"'Twould be nice for sojers," added Fyxington, as he threw away his stump, and very deliberately reached over and helped himself to a fresh cigar, from a number which Mr. Green had just brought from the bar and held in his hand—"I'll trouble you for a little of your fire," he continued, taking the cigar from the mouth of Mr. Green, and after obtaining a light, again placing the borrowed havannah within the lips of that worthy individual, who sat stupefied by the audacity of the supposed maniac. Fydget gave the conventional grin of thanks peculiar to such occasions, and, with a graceful wave of his hand, resumed the thread of his lecture:—"'Twould be nice for sojers. Stand 'em all of a row, and whitewash 'em blue or red, according to pattern, as if they were a fence. The gin'rals might look on to see if it was done according to Gunter; the cap'ins might flourish the brush, and the corpulars carry the bucket. Dandies could fix themselves all sorts of streaked and all sorts of colours. When the paterials is cheap and the making don't cost nothing, that's what I call economy, and coming as near as possible to first principles. It's a better way, too, of keeping out the rain, than my t'other plan of flogging people when they're young, to make their hides hard and water-proof. A good licking is a sound first principle for juveniles, but they've got a prejudice agin it."

"Waiter!" cried Cameo Calliper.

"Sa!"

"Remove the incumbent—expose him to the atmosphere!"

"If you hadn't said that, I'd have wopped him," observed Griffinhoff.

"Accordin' to first principles, I've as good a right to be here as anybody," remarked Fydget, indignantly.

"Cut you' stick, 'cumbent—take you 'seff off, trash!" said the waiter, keeping at a respectful distance.

"Don't come near me, Sip," growled Fydget, doubling his fist—"don't come near me, or I'll develop a first principle and 'lucidate a simple idea for you—I'll give you a touch of natur' without no gloves on—but I'll not stay, though I've a clear right to do it, unless you are able—yes, sassy, able!—to put me out. If there is anything I scorns it's prejudice, and this room's so full of it and smoke together, that I won't stay. Your cigar, sir," added Fydget, tossing the stump to Mr. Green, and retiring slowly.

"That fellow's brazen enough to collect militia fines," said Brown;

"and so thin and bony, that if pasted over with white paper and rigged athwart ships, he'd make a pretty good sign for an oyster cellar."

The rest of the company laughed nervously, as if not perfectly sure that Fydget was out of hearing.

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"The world's full of it—nothin' but prejudice. I'm always served the same way, and though I've so much to do planning the world's good, I can't attend to my own business, it not only won't support me, but it treats me with despise and unbecoming freedery. Now, I was used sinful about my universal language, which everybody can understand, which makes no noise, and which don't convolve no wear and tear of the tongue. It's the patent anti-fatigue-anti-consumption omnibus linguister, to be done by winking and blinking, and cocking your eye, the way the cat-fishes make Fourth of July orations. I was going to have it introduced in Congress, to save the expense of anchovies and more porter; but t'other day I tried it on a feller in the street; I danced right up to him, and began canœuvering my daylights to ask him what o'clock it was, and I'm blow'd if he didn't swear I was crazy, up fist and stop debate, by putting it to me right atween the eyes, so that I've been pretty well bunged up about the peepers ever since, by a feller, too, who couldn't understand a simple idea. That was worse than the kick a feller gave me in market, because, 'cording to first principles, I put a bullowney sassinger into my pocket, and didn't pay for it. The 'riginal law, which you may see in children, says when you ain't got no money, the next best thing is to grab and run. I did grab and run, but he grabb'd me, and I had to trot back agin, which always hurts my feelin's, and stops the march of mind. He wouldn't hear me 'lucidate the simple idea, and the way he hauled out the sassinger, and lent me the loan of his foot, was werry sewere. It was unsatisfactory and discombobberative, and made me wish I could find out the hurtin' principle, and have it 'radicated."

Carriages were driving up to the door of a house brilliantly illuminated, in one of the fashionable streets, and the music which pealed from within intimated that the merry dance was on foot.

"I'm goin' in," said Fydget—"I'm not afeard—if we go on first principles we ain't afeard of nothin', and since they've monopolised my sheer of fun, they can't do less than give me a shin-plaster to go away. My jacket's so wet with the rain, if I don't get dry I'll be sewed up and have *hic jacket* wrote atop of me, which means defuncted of togs gery not imprevious to water. In I go."

In accordance with this design, he watched his opportunity, and

slipped quietly into the gay mansion. Helping himself liberally to refreshments left in the hall, he looked in upon the dancers.

"Who-o-ip!" shouted Fydget Fyxington, forgetting himself in the excitement of the scene—"Who-o-ip!" added he, as he danced forward with prodigious vigour and activity, flourishing the eatables with which his hands were crammed, as if they were a pair of cymbals —"Whurro-o-o! plank it down—that's your sort! make yourselves merry, gals and boys—it's all accordin' to first principles—whoo-o-o-ya—whoop!—it takes us!"

Direful was the screaming at this formidable apparition—the fiddles ceased—the waltzers dropped their panting burdens, and the black band looked pale and aghast.

"Who-o-o-p! go a-head!—come it strong!" continued Fydget.

But he was again doomed to suffer an ejectment.

"Hustle him out!"

"Give us a 'shin-plaster' then—them's my terms."

It would not do—he was compelled to retire shin-plasterless; but it rained so heavily that, nothing daunted, he marched up the alley-way, re-entered the house through the garden, and gliding noiselessly into the cellar, turned a large barrel over which he found there, and getting into it, went fast asleep "on first principles."

The company had departed—the servants were assembled in the kitchen preparatory to retiring for the night, when an unearthly noise, proceeding from the barrel aforesaid, struck upon their astonished ears. It was Fydget snoring, and his hearers, screaming, fled.

Rallying, however, at the top of the stairs, they procured the aid of Mr. Lynx, who watched over the nocturnal destinies of an unfinished building in the vicinity, and who, having frequently boasted of his valour, felt it to be a point of honour to act bravely on this occasion. The sounds continued, and the "investigating committee," with Mr. Lynx as chairman, advanced slowly and with many pauses.

Lynx at last hurriedly thrust his club into the barrel, and started back to wait the result of the experiment. "Ouch!" ejaculated a voice from the interior, the word being one not to be found in the dictionaries, but which, in common parlance, means that a sensation too acute to be agreeable has been excited.

"Hey!—hello!—come out of that," said Lynx, as soon as his nerves had recovered tranquillity. "You are in a bad box, whoever you are."

"Augh!" was the response, "no, I ain't—I'm in a barrel."

"No matter," added Lynx, authoritatively; "getting into another man's barrel unbeknownst to him in the night-time, is burglary."

"That," said Fydget, putting out his head like a terrapin, at which

the women shrieked and retreated, and Lynx made a demonstration with his club—"that's because you a'int up to first principles—keep your stick out of my ribs—I've a plan so there won't be no burglary, which is this—no man have no more than he can use, and all other men mind their own business. Then, this 'ere barrel would be mine while I'm in it, and you'd be asleep—that's the idea."

"Its a logo-fogie!" exclaimed Lynx with horror—"a right down logo-fogie!"

"Ah!" screamed the servants—"a logo-fogie!—how did it get out?—will it bite?—can't you get a gun?"

"Don't be fools—a logo-fogie is a sort of a man that don't think as I do—wicked critters all such sort of people are," said Lynx. "My lad, I'm pretty clear you're a logo-fogie—you talk as if your respect for me and other venerable institutions was tantamount to very little. You're a leveller I see, and wouldn't mind knocking me down flat as a pancake, if so be you could run away and get out of this scrape—you're a 'grarium, and would cut across the lot like a streak of lightning, if you had a chance."

"Mr. Lynx," said the lady of the house from the head of the stairs—she had heard from one of the affrighted maids that a "logo-fogie" had been "captivated," and that it could talk "just like a human"—"Mr. Lynx, don't have anything to say to him. Take him out, and hand him over to the police. I'll see that you are recompensed for your trouble."

"Come out, then—you're a bad chap—you wouldn't mind voting against our side at the next election."

"We don't want elections, I tell you," said Fydget, coolly, as he walked up stairs—"I've a plan for doing without elections, and police-officers, and laws—every man mind his own business, and support me while I oversee him. I can fix it."

Having now arrived at the street, Mr. Lynx held him by the collar, and looked about for a representative of justice to relieve him of his prize.

"Though I feel as if I was your pa, yet you must be tried for snoozling in a barrel. Besides, you have no respect for functionaries, and you sort of want to cut a piece out of the common veal by your logo-fogieism in wishing to 'bolish laws, and policers, and watchmen, when my brother's one, and helps to govern the nation when the President, the Mayor, and the rest of the day-watch has turned in, or are out at a tea-party. You'll get into prison."

"We don't want prisons."

"Yes, we do, though—what's to become of functionaries if there ain't any prisons?"

This was rather a puzzling question. Fyxington paused, and finally said:

"Why, I've a plan."

"What is it, then—is it logo-fogie?"

"Yes, it upsets existing institutions," roared Fyxington, tripping up Mr. Lynx, and making his escape—the only one of his plans that ever answered the purpose.

ESTHER:

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETYE HOUSE."

CHAPTER I.

It is deep night, the moon is only in her second quarter, and a few fleecy clouds are occasionally wafted athwart her surface; but still there is light enough at intervals to reveal to us yonder dark craggy mountains, which form a majestic background to a battlemented city occupying the summit and slopes of a rocky hill, protected on two of its sides by ramparts, frowning over the precipitous banks of a river, and on the others by a lofty wall, surmounted with numerous towers. Old pagan temples converted into Christian basilics, houses, convents, churches, and irregular piles of building, both massive and grotesque, fill up the inclosure of the walls; the highest point being crowned with a keep or castle. From the mound in its centre springs a lofty cork-tree, to the topmost boughs of which has been nailed a flagstaff sustaining a black banner emblazoned with a silver cross. Not, however, to that sacred symbol, thus seeming to invite the protection of heaven, have the inhabitants exclusively committed their safety during the night; for sentinels may be seen pacing the walls and battlements, their arms gleaming for a moment in the partial moonbeam, and then lost in obscurity; while the distant bark of a dog, or the indistinct voice of some watchman on the ramparts, renders more deep and intense the succeeding silence of the whole sleeping city.

Within yonder keep, surrounded by his chosen body-guards, resides Leovigild, a Visigothic monarch of Spain, who has chosen Toledo for his principal residence, and adding to the natural strength of its position by walls and fortifications, has converted this ancient stronghold of the Romans into a flourishing metropolis, and an almost impregnable fortress. Allured by the presence and protection of royalty, and enriched by the piety or superstition of their converted conquerors, the Spanish clergy have embellished the city with various religious edifices distinguished for their size and solidity, as well as by the richness of their interior decorations. Not yet aspiring, however,

to possess an architecture of their own, and despising the literature which sufficed not to preserve its possessors from subjugation, the Visigoths have left the native builders to their own tastes, and suffered all the offices of the church to be filled by Romans, who have constructed their religious edifices according to one established mode; so that there is little variety of style in those upon which we are gazing, although the commanding position of the city, thrown into fitful light and shade by the cloud-swept moon, imparts to it an appearance equally noble and picturesque.

There is something affecting, even to awfulness, in thus contemplating a whole population, with all its different orders from the monarch to the beggar, and all their varieties of happiness or anguish, hushed in universal slumber, and all equally enjoying the great restorative of nature. How soul-subduing is the perfect stillness, the deathlike tranquillity of this sleeping multitude! But hush! the silence is partially broken even while I describe it, and a low, solemn strain, wafted over the walls and towers, is floated towards us by the winding river. It proceeds from the convent of St. Isidore, whose monks are assembled every second hour during the night to chant a hymn to the Virgin.

They have concluded their devotions and all is again hushed, save that a single voice rises from another quarter, giving to the night air snatches of sound little in accordance with those we last heard, for it is a Bacchanalian song, vented in the tones of one who has revelled too deeply to be solicitous about the propriety of his festive carol. See! yonder, without the walls, where the sloping base of the mountain stretches into the plain, you may discern the singer, a youth of distinguished and comely appearance, whose rich habit attests his rank, while his flushed features and unsteady footsteps betray recent indulgence in o'erflowing cups. Forgetful that the city will be barred against all ingress until sunrise, he seems to be exploring his way to the gates, and yet he only strays from one crag to another in inextricable bewilderment, though without any dejection of spirit, if we may judge from the continued bursts of his vivacious song. Ha! we have now lost sight of him.

He has rambled into the dark cavernous opening scooped in the side of yonder rocky mass, and as he emerges not again, he may perchance have thrown himself down to sleep within its shelter, unless he be forcibly detained by some of the lawless wanderers who, under the disguise of hermits, begging friars, and monkish itinerants, occasionally betake themselves for the night, at the time of the church festivals, to those dark haunts. If he have fallen into such hands, and the lonesomeness and obscurity of the place should prompt them to unholy deeds, I will not answer for his purse, nor even for his life, in spite of

the battle-axe stuck into his leathern girdle. Gentle reader, are you anxious to learn his fate? Leave me then to explain it. An author's power of ubiquity shall transport me into the cave whither he has wandered,—I will trace his footsteps, become an eye-witness of his adventures, and render unto thee a faithful report of all that I hear and see.

Leovigild, king of the Spanish Visigoths in the sixth century, having augmented his influence by marrying the widow of the late monarch, took from the Romans many of the cities and fortresses which they had hitherto maintained upon the coasts of the Peninsula, compelled the large province of Cantabria to acknowledge his sway, and, subduing the mountainous districts in the heart of his dominions, at length enjoyed a peace, of which the continuance was secured by the fears of his neighbours and the quiet submission of his subjects, although the majority of them were catholics, while their Gothic rulers were stanch adherents to the Arian heresy.

The king's synod attempted, without much success, to reconcile their scruples by abolishing some of the most unpopular rites of Arianism; but in spite of the solicitations of his more jealous clergy, Leovigild resolutely refrained from using against the dissenters the customary spiritual arguments of fire and sword. A forbearance so rare in an era of ignorance and illiberality has won for this monarch more praise than he deserved, since it proceeded less from benevolence or enlarged views than from selfishness and indifference. Inaction, ever injurious to the character of semi-barbarians, had combined with age and infirmity in debilitating the vigour of Leovigild, both mental and corporeal.

War had developed his virtues; peace was now disclosing his weakness and vices. To the thirst of conquest had succeeded the love of tranquillity, while all his former activity and hardihood had sunk into a slothful devotion to the pleasures of the table. Scrupulous in observing the external forms of religion, he cared little about creeds and rituals; never failing to uphold the pomp, and to discharge the official duties of a king, he seldom thought about the welfare of his subjects; and took little further interest in his kingdom than as it ministered to his own personal gratifications. Like most illiterate men of royal station, he was a sensualist: his empire supplied him abundant means for indulging in luxurious pleasures; he hated anything that threatened to interrupt his indolent enjoyments; and he had therefore become, from constitution rather than from principle, a lover of peace and toleration.

He had two sons, Hermenegild and Recared; the former of whom, deeming his father's mode of life injurious and unworthy, piqued himself upon imitating the rough and martial bearing of his ancestors

which in the two centuries that had elapsed since the first conquest of the country, aided by the influence of an enervating climate, was now rapidly degenerating among all classes of the Visigoths. Although he habitually wore the rich ornaments and distinctive badges that marked his princely rank, he affected in everything else the fierce appearance, and blunt, not to say rude deportment of a primitive Gothic soldier; never moving without a battle-axe stuck in his belt, priding himself upon his personal comeliness and strength, as well as his skill in all his military exercises, and desiring no other amusements than the sports of the field succeeded by an intemperate wassail with boon companions who loved the chase and the revel as ardently as himself. Though some few of his noble countrymen had begun to cultivate such literature as the monks could teach, which was principally restricted to controversial divinity, Hermenegild, despising attainments which he considered unsoldierly and even effeminate, boasted his ignorance of all arts except that of war, the only one that it befitted princes to understand and practise. Notwithstanding his dissolute course of life, and in spite of his intellectual darkness, our young prince deemed himself a devout Christian, since he professed a firm belief in the Arian doctrines, which, after they had occasioned a war of nearly three hundred years, had now been abandoned by all the nations of Europe, except the Spanish Visigoths.

In assuming the character we have described, Hermenegild was perhaps not altogether uninfluenced by a desire to ingratiate himself with his fellow-countrymen, who, though they acknowledged him as the heir apparent, and recognised the general principle of hereditary succession in the royal family, had never scrupled to disregard it, when a departure from the rule was required by the interest of the nation. Recared, on the contrary, a crafty and designing youth, who already fostered a secret desire of supplanting his brother, affected a strict sanctity, and attached himself more particularly to the clergy, in order that he might secure the influence of a body which, under a supine monarch, was daily acquiring an additional power in the state. Both these sons of Leovigild were the offspring of a former union, the reigning queen, Goisvintha, having been advanced in years when he married her. A bigot and a barbarian, with the vices of both their characters aggravated by age, she preferred Recared, on account of his apparent piety, to his elder brother, a predilection which she was often enabled to indulge from the domination she had obtained over her inert and sensual husband.

After the fatigues of the chase, and a protracted wassail with his comrades, Hermenegild, partially overcome by the fumes of wine, had wandered unaccompanied towards Toledo, forgetting that it would be

impossible to gain admission into the town until the gates were opened at sunrise. Guided by the light of the moon, and shouting occasional snatches of the last bacchanalian song he had heard, he reached the craggy and projecting base of the mountain on which the city was built, and in his endeavours to explore his way, strolled, as we have already described, into one of the open quarries with which that side of the rock was deeply perforated.

After several fruitless attempts at extrication, he was about to throw himself upon the ground that he might sleep till daybreak, when he heard the sound of footsteps, and presently saw a figure emerging from the opposite extremity of the quarry, gazing cautiously around as it advanced. Hermenegild was shrouded in the deep shade of the rock, but by the light of the moon, which at this moment fell brightly upon the stranger, he could perceive that she was a young female, of small though most symmetrical figure, and of much apparent beauty, in spite of the wan hue with which the moonlight blanched her naturally pale features. Her glossy black hair was braided on either side, disclosing the slender brows, overarching large dark eyes, which might be termed soft and lustrous rather than sparkling. A half-aquiline nose, and a mouth slightly drawn down at the corners, imparted to her a certain air of dignity, although the predominant expression of her countenance was that of dejection, as if her natural character had been subdued by sickness or by sorrow. And yet, to judge by her habiliments, she had no reason to complain of fortune or of the station that she occupied. Her close boddice, admirably adapted to display the elegance of her form, was studded with jewels, the tiara that crowned her raven hair was radiant with diamonds and rubies, flashing in the moonlight; a rich mantle hung from her shoulders, and other garments indicated the wealth and distinction of their wearer.

As he gazed on this apparition in utter amazement, the young prince repeatedly rubbed his eyes, for he found it difficult to believe their evidence. The female before him was a perfect stranger: a person of such apparent rank and opulence could not be an inhabitant of Toledo without his cognisance; and yet what foreign maiden, thus sumptuously attired, would be prowling alone and at this late hour, in purlieus so little safe or reputable as the quarries in the vicinity of the city? Astonishment and new impressions having in some degree banished the effects of his intoxication, he had already recognised the place to which he had strayed, but he was not sufficiently sobered to remain in his concealment, and watch the movements of the figure upon which his eyes were riveted.

At once fired by her attractive appearance, and stimulated by a

desire to solve the mystery that seemed to surround her, he started suddenly forward, when she as instantly rushed back into the recesses of the place, uttering a half-suppressed cry as she disappeared. Quick as lightning he darted in pursuit of her, but the darkness occasioned by the overhanging crags, and the broken nature of the ground, compelled him to desist before he could even form a conjecture as to the direction in which she had effected her inexplicable retreat. For awhile he stood irresolute, doubtful whether to grope his way further with his hands, or return to the spot he had quitted; when a faint light, streaming through a chasm at the opposite extremity of the quarry, determined him to proceed. Not without considerable difficulty did he make his way to the spot, on reaching which, and on applying his eye to the narrow aperture, he beheld a spectacle that filled him with increased amazement.

Separated from him by only a narrow wall of rock, he saw a spacious excavation, fashioned at top into a rough irregular arch, from the centre of which a suspended lamp threw a dim light upon a numerous assemblage of both sexes, the greater part handsomely attired, the men being all armed with swords, and many of the females radiant with jewellery. At the moment when this vision was revealed to him, the parties within, coming forwards in divisions, kneeled before a small block of stone on the floor of the cavern, and kissed it with every demonstration of the most passionate devotion, uttering several sentences in an unknown tongue. While he was intently watching this singular exhibition, the female whom he had been pursuing burst into the midst of the assemblage, addressing to them a few hurried words as she advanced. Their purport he could not understand,—for he had never heard the language in which they were spoken,—but their effect was electrical. Every sword was instantly torn from its scabbard; rage and indignation inflamed the countenances which had lately been mantled over with an expression of adoring zeal; even the females seemed to participate in the general wrath, and all rushed towards an opening in the opposite side of the cavern.

In vain did the fair unknown whom he had first seen endeavour, with extended arms and persuasive accents, to arrest their furious progress,—for such appeared to be the purport of her speech, though Hermenegild understood it not. Her companions, pushing her hastily aside, hurried from the vault with brandished weapons and menacing gestures, the lamp was suddenly extinguished, the young prince saw no more, though he could hear angry voices and eager footsteps in various directions around him.

Unable to comprehend a syllable of what he had heard, he was

still not slow in divining its meaning. The female had informed her friends that a stranger had intruded upon their nocturnal assemblage, which he concluded to be of some guilty nature; and the participants in these unhallowed and stealthy rites had resolved, apparently, to sacrifice him upon the spot, lest he should make a public disclosure of what he had detected. Naturally brave, and restored by a sense of imminent danger to a full possession of his faculties, the prince placed his back to the rock, and wielding his battle-axe, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, since there seemed to be little chance that he should ultimately save it from the numerous assailants who would doubtless intercept his flight, even if he knew in what direction to attempt an escape.

A few minutes of most painful suspense elapsed, when his listening ear distinguished the sound of approaching footsteps, and he grasped his uplifted weapon with a firmer hold; again relaxing it, however, as he heard his name twice pronounced by a whispering voice that appeared to proceed from a woman. Upon this subject his doubts were presently dispelled: for the same young and richly-attired female whom he had first discovered, advancing from a near crag, looked anxiously around her, and again in a loud whisper called out his name. That she who had so lately fled from his presence in dismay, although she had evidently recognised him, should now be seeking him out, filled him with a suspicion that she only desired to decoy him into the hands of her companions, and for some moments he stood irresolute how to act. Ashamed, however, of attempting to conceal himself from a solitary female, he stepped forward into the moonlight, exclaiming, "I am Prince Hermenegild!" upon which the stranger ran up to him, ejaculating in the Gothic language, although with a foreign accent, "Quick! quick! this way—this way! I come to save your life. Follow me—or you are a dead man!"

"And how do I know that it is not your purpose to betray, rather than to preserve me?" asked the prince.

"Betray you!" cried the stranger, as she drew herself up with a look of proud and reproachful indignation. "I am incapable of betraying any one. I have rather compromised myself than you, for I have led my friends to believe that you are on the opposite side of the rock. Once more I say, follow me as you would avoid quick destruction; and if you find that I beguile you into danger, strike me dead at your foot with your battle-axe!"

"Agreed," said the prince, "lead on!"

In an instant his companion had plunged into the dark labyrinths of the rock, followed by the prince, who, in spite of his youth and activity, found some difficulty in keeping pace with her as she threaded

the mazes of the place, or bounded from crag to crag with the agility of an antelope. More than once in the course of this intricate and rapid progress, Hermenegild had addressed questions to his conductress; but she made no reply, until upon emerging from a narrow pathway beset with fragments of stone and bushes, he heard a gushing sound, and saw water gleaming before him in the faint light of the waning moon, when she exclaimed, "You are now on the banks of the Tagus: turn to the left, and at the distance of a few hundred yards you will reach the bridge that crosses the high-road to Toledo, when you need not any longer fear pursuit. Reveal not what you have seen; and as you value the life which I have just saved, never attempt again—at least at night—to revisit these perilous haunts."

"Nay, fair stranger," said the prince, "we cannot part thus. I believe, indeed, that you have been my preserver, but I can neither guess what has prompted you to this generous interference, nor how I became personally known to you, since I cannot believe you to be an inhabitant of Toledo."

"These are secrets, prince, which I may not divulge. Suffice it to state that you once rendered me an inappreciable service; and that in acting as I have done, I am only discharging a debt of gratitude."

"You amaze me more and more. Surely I can never have seen you, for had I once contemplated those beautiful features I could not have forgotten them. If such be your wish, I will willingly promise never to obtrude myself further upon your acquaintance, but I would at least know the name and rank of her to whom I am indebted for my life, that she may not be forgotten in my prayers."

"Prince! you must remain in your present ignorance, if you would retain towards me the smallest feeling of respect or gratitude. Alas! were my name divulged, you would both detest and despise me." A deep sigh accompanied this declaration, and the eyes of the speaker were cast mournfully upon the ground.

"Is it possible," asked Hermenegild, in a tone of surprise and disappointment—"is it possible that one so young, so lovely, and whose looks bespeak such perfect innocence, should be stained with dishonour, or be in any way an alien from virtue?"

A burning though evanescent blush reddened the pale cheek of the stranger, and her uplifted eyes flashed fire as she exclaimed, "You mistake me, prince; I am no daughter of shame, nor am I even sullied with an evil thought, although you find me a wanderer in the quarries and a sharer in nocturnal mysteries. Were my name known, I repeat that you would scorn and loathe me; but it would be for that which, according to my estimation, constitutes my pride, my boast, my glory. It is best, therefore, for both of us that you should for ever remain

in ignorance. Attempt not to follow me. Farewell! we meet no more."

"Stay for one moment, I conjure you," cried Hermenegild; but the stranger had already disappeared in the craggy brake, and he knew the inutility of attempting to overtake her in her rapid flight through the windings of the quarry, even if a feeling of gratitude and a sense of prudence had not withheld him from disobeying her injunctions. He therefore pursued his way along the banks of the river, lost in a thousand unavailing conjectures as to the real character and station of this singular being, whom he found habited like a princess, and yet consorting in those disreputable haunts with desparadoes evidently engaged in some lawless enterprise, since they would have murdered him for having detected their meeting.

Her declaration that he had formerly rendered her an important service, although he was confident he had never seen her, and the enigmatical nature of her language at parting, involved the whole affair in an additional mystery, which he was still endeavouring to solve when he reached the bridge over the Tagus, and ascending the steps at its side, found himself upon the high-road within a trifling distance from Toledo. By the time he arrived at the city, the rays of the morning sun had begun to gleam upon the silver cross of the flag that floated above the keep, when a trumpet was sounded by the warder on the watch, the gates were thrown open, the prince passed into the street, and mounting the steep ascent that led to the castle, entered the postern of the tower in which he usually slept.

CHAPTER II.

The court of Leovigild was characterised by that intermediate state of manners which exhibits all the vices of civilisation without any of the virtues of barbarism. No exterior polish varnished over the grossness of the Gothic aristocracy at Toledo, whose licentious habits and general immorality, from which the clergy themselves were only partially exempt, were rendered more conspicuously offensive by an affectation of sanctity, and a scrupulous attention to all the external forms of religion.

In his earlier days Leovigild had often started from the bare ground at sunrise to head his troops upon a march, or give the signal for an attack in which he himself was ever the foremost; but it was late

in the morning we are now about to record, before he dragged himself from his bed of state, and being invested in his royal robes, was ushered by numerous attendants in rich liveries, followed by his body-guard, into the banqueting room of the castle, where his arrival was announced by a flourish of trumpets.

Upon the tables was spread a repast which, instead of corresponding to our modern notions of a breakfast, might rather be termed a sumptuous and abundant dinner, the savoury nature of which was attested by the fumes that filled the hall. Hermenegild, who had by this time slept away the effects of his intemperance and the fatigues of his night's adventure, was already in attendance, awaiting the appearance of his royal father; Prince Recared was beside him, and round the lower end of the board stood Quintana, the Archbishop of Toledo (who had attained that rank and secured high favour at court from his having embraced Arianism), together with such superior officers of the household as were privileged to sit at the royal table. Upon the king's entrance the whole party made the customary obeisance, but he took no notice of their salutation, his eyes and his attention being riveted to the outspread banquet, towards which he advanced with an accelerated step, and hastily seating himself, ejaculated, "Prayers!—prayers!" bending his eager eyes upon the dish immediately before him, instead of regarding the archbishop to whom these words were addressed.

"Your Majesty is probably unaware that the queen has not yet made her appearance," said the prelate.

"The queen! the queen! why have they not summoned her? Why does she not come?" asked the king, impatiently. "Upon any other occasion I could gladly excuse her presence, but impunctuality at meals is monstrous. This spiced peacock, my favourite dish, will be spoilt if suffered to become cold; so prythee begin the prayers, good father, without delay."

Anxious to obey the king, and yet afraid of offending the queen, the prelate remained standing with his irresolute looks directed towards the door, when Hermenegild, seating himself at the table, exclaimed, "A brave Goth, ever as forward at a feast as at a fray, will commence the attack without awaiting the presence of a woman or the word of command from any one." So saying, he plunged his dagger into a smoking kid, and seizing its leg with his left hand, began to cut it up.

"Always impetuous, my brave son," said the king, "but you are wrong, very wrong. You might have disregarded the absence of the queen, but to touch meat before it has been sanctified by the offices of religion, and in the presence, too, of the good bishop, is a grave offence."

"When I have satisfied my hunger I will make atonement," replied the prince, filling his mouth as he spoke.

"Heaven forbid that I should act thus disrespectfully, either towards our royal mother, or the illustrious and reverend chief minister of our religion!" exclaimed Recared, at the same time stooping to the crucifix at the archbishop's girdle, and kissing it most devoutly, an act of reverence for which he received a blessing in return.

"Prayers! prayers!" again shouted the king in a tone that showed he would not brook any longer delay, and the archbishop, who knew that he was stubborn and imperious where his appetites were concerned, however pliable upon all other occasions, hastened to obey his mandate. When the benedictions and thanksgiving were completed, all seemed eager to make up for the precious time they had thus lost, except Recared, who declared that he would touch nothing until the queen's vacant chair should be occupied. Even the archbishop thought it unnecessary for a hungry man to be thus ceremonious, for he began a vigorous assault upon a roasted pig, which he declared to be the most orthodox of all viands, since its mastication and deglutition evinced a proper horror of the superstitions of Judaism.

Cups, cans, and silver-mounted horns were soon put in requisition, the king setting the example by calling for his tulip, a capacious golden vessel in the shape of that flower, which he filled with Cantabrian wine, and emptying it at a draught, confessed that he felt himself more than repaid for the troublesome conquest of that province, since it supplied so generous a liquor for his morning repast, although with his dinner he preferred the stronger produce of the Catalonian grape. At this moment the queen entered the hall, followed by a suite of female attendants and household officers, her malignant gray eye flaring with indignation when she perceived that the meal had been commenced without awaiting her arrival.

"Your royal predecessor would not have offered me this insult," she exclaimed, in a shrill voice, as she bent her sour and menacing features upon the king.

"Because you never presumed to keep Athanagild waiting for his meals," was the reply.

"Presumed!" screamed the queen, in a still sharper key, and as her rising passion became ungovernable, she poured contemptuous epithets upon her husband, which our respect for crowned heads prohibits us from recording. Leovigild, as we have already hinted, was authoritative at his meals, and being now imboldened by the contents of his ample tulip-cup, he descended to an undignified altercation,

which was rendered still more derogatory to the royal disputants by the presence of the king's sons, the metropolitan pontiff, and many of the palace officers and attendants. During this war of words the gluttonous monarch had not ceased to prosecute his repast, an example followed by his eldest son, who only stopped occasionally to indulge a coarse laugh whenever his father was successful in his retorts upon the queen. Recared, who had preserved a cautious silence and neutrality during the dispute, was the first to appease the anger of the latter, by reminding her that he had been the only one to await her arrival, and to refrain from food, a mark of respect and duty which she acknowledged with complacent approbation, while she fiercely vituperated Hermenegild for his indecent greediness, which she said he had inherited from his father, and even ventured to rebuke the archbishop, although in much more measured language, for indulging his appetite, to the forgetfulness of all the courtesy and reverence due to his royal mistress.

Deeming a falsehood better than a loss of favour, the reverend delinquent protested his belief that it had been the queen's intention to take breakfast in her own apartment, endeavouring, at the same time, to reinstate himself in her good graces, by studiously selecting and placing before her the dishes to which he knew her to be the most partial. This unlucky sedulity proved, however, to be rather an aggravation of his offence, for Goisvintha, although totally deficient in meekness, and indeed in most of the essentials of Christianity, was a rigid stickler for the minutest observances it enjoined, and she was proportionably scandalised at being solicited to break her fast before she had gone through the customary religious formula. "Prayers have been already said," observed the prelate as he filled his mouth.

"But not in my presence, nor have I joined in any of the responses. You remember how the voracious and irreverent Joamiena was choked by a pomegranate for tasting it before a thanksgiving had been pronounced by the priest."

"But these viands have already been sanctified, and I will be a guarantee against any similar judgment."

Nothing, however, would satisfy the royal scruples but a repetition of the prayers, which the archbishop hurried over with a rapidity proportioned to his desire to finish the roast pig before it became quite cold. His second performance of the ceremony won no attention except from the queen and the sanctimonious Recared, the rest of the party despatching their meal with as much noise and eagerness as if the pious prelate were discussing the merits of the repast instead of offering up a thanksgiving to its divine donor. Goisvintha and Recared now partook freely of the viands and wines, which appeared

to have a pacifying influence upon the peevish temper of the former; while the king, being no longer irritated by hunger and thirst, sunk into his habitual apathy, and seemed quite willing that his consort should resume her customary domination.

Hermenegild, too, who in spite of his undaunted character and bluff demeanour, entertained a superstitious dread of offending the clergy, or of neglecting the smallest ceremonial of religion, being now prompted to repentance by a full stomach, took the prelate aside, and reminding him that he had promised to make atonement for tasting food before prayers had been said, placed a purse in his hand, requesting that its contents might be appropriated towards gilding the statue of St. James, in the great cathedral. Assurance being given that this expiatory offering would cancel the offence, both parties returned to the table; where the circulation of the wine-cup, in which all equally participated, diffused a good humour seldom preserved for any length of time in the disunited family of the Spanish king.

Hermenegild, rendered communicative by his potations, and forgetting or disregarding the request of his fair liberator that he would not divulge what he had seen in the quarry, related his overnight's adventure, which arrested the attention of his auditors, and elicited various marks of amazement, until the queen exclaimed, with a look of contemptuous incredulity, "Tush! do you think we are to be cajoled by such idle tales? You were intoxicated, as you generally are after your hunting parties; you wandered into the quarry, fell asleep, and saw the whole of this marvellous spectacle in a dream."

"It must be so, my son," said the king; "it is impossible that there should have been any reality in your vision, for how, or why, should jewelled women and richly-attired men, all unknown to you by sight, and yet, as you would infer, inhabitants of Toledo, congregate in arms upon such a spot, and at such an hour, and, above all, why should they seek your life? When you have drunken to excess, you should ever betake yourself to your bed, as I do; but why do you thus constantly waste your days in hunting the stag and the wild boar?"

"Because you give me no other perils to encounter; no other war to wage. Commence hostilities against the Romans, as the degenerate subjects of the Greek emperor still affect to call themselves. Suffer me to command your army, and I will pledge myself to drive them from the towns and castles which they still retain upon the coasts of the sea."

"And what if you succeed? Shall we obtain more rich and luscious wine than we can now command? any fish, flesh, or fowl more delicate than those which are now placed upon our table?"

"Perhaps not; but we shall taste the joys of the battle; we shall shake off this inglorious sloth; we shall be covered with glory, and you will then indeed merit the appellation of king of Spain."

"And enjoy the pleasure of expelling or exterminating heretical enemies," observed the queen.

"Whereby you will secure not only an earthly, but a celestial and immortal crown," added the archbishop.

"I am too old for the joys of the battle," said the king. "I am king of Spain already, and, since we are to win no new luxuries, if we succeed, while failure would deprive us of those which we already possess, it is surely our wisest policy to preserve peace. How say you, my son, Recared, you are wont to be considerate and cautious?"

"It ill becomes me to offer an opinion in the presence of those who are so much more competent to decide," was the wary answer of the prince.

At this juncture the archbishop, who had prevailed upon the indolent Leovigild to make him prime minister, as well as pontiff, was summoned from the hall to open some despatches just received from France. After he had been a short time absent, he returned with a smiling countenance, and, laying the papers before the king, informed him that he would be well pleased with their contents. "I shall be still better pleased, if I am spared the trouble of reading them," replied the monarch. "They relate, I presume, to the affair of Ingundis; does the French king give his consent to the match?"

"He does, and we are here apprized that the young princess is already on her way to Toledo, so that you will now, doubtless, think it right to communicate the whole affair to Prince Hermenegild."

"Perfectly right; but I cannot abide long speeches, which are terribly apt to parch the mouth. Wherefore, I will beg you, good father, to be my spokesman on the occasion, and, when you have concluded, you shall moisten your tongue with a draught of this potent Catalonian." The prelate bowed, emptied the cup before him, and, after two or three expectorations, for he was of a somewhat phlegmatic habit, thus addressed the prince:—"Until we were sure of its success, we would not apprise your highness of a negotiation which we have opened with Sigibert, king of Austrasia, having for its object a marriage between Ingundis, his young and beautiful daughter, and yourself. In this proceeding it has been the wish of your royal father not only to secure the happiness of his eldest son and destined successor, but that of the whole nation. After long and destructive hostilities, the Franks and the Visigoths at length enjoy a peace which it is our object to perpetuate by this auspicious alliance, and to cement the two nations together in the double ties of consanguinity. Ingundis,

as the grand-daughter of queen Goisvintha, is already entitled to your affection, even were she not sure to command your warmest love by her youth, beauty, and accomplishments."

The prelate paused, hemmed, and applied the promised cup of Catalonian wine to his lips, an opportunity of which the queen availed herself to exclaim, "Ingundis is the daughter of my daughter, but, ere this marriage be celebrated which is to give me a double claim of maternity, she must abjure the accursed errors of the Tritheists and Consubstantialists, and embrace Arianism. Were it to be otherwise, I had rather stab her to the heart with my own hand, than assist in uniting Hermenegild to a heretic. Her tender age, for she is only in her fifteenth year,* gives me assurance of easy success in effecting her conversion, which has been my only object in assenting to the alliance."

"And a worthy one too," observed the archbishop, "for, in redeeming the souls of others, we secure our own salvation. Accursed be the Catholics!"

"Amen!" ejaculated the queen, crossing herself with great devotion.

"If the princess be young and beautiful," cried Hermenegild, "we shall not quarrel about her faith. She will, doubtless, have a dower proportioned to her rank, and I consent to receive her as my bride."

"Then we need say nothing more at present, since business always fatigues me," drawled the king, rising from the table. "Come, my brave boy, lend me your arm, for there are tumblers and jugglers from Greece waiting for us in the armoury, and some Italians, famous for performing the sword dance, though I would wager my dappled mule that you could beat them at their own pastime." And so saying he quitted the hall, leaning upon his favourite son, and followed by the queen and the rest of the party, who, in the general inaptitude for more rational entertainment, were all equally delighted at the prospect of seeing tumblers and mountebanks.

At the end of the armoury was a raised platform, upon which, chairs being placed for the royal circle and the courtiers, they took their seats, and the performances began with the tumblers, whose gestures and attitudes were, at times, anything rather than decorous. Such, however, was the prevalent grossness of manners, that these improprieties, instead of being discountenanced, were encouraged by bursts of laughter in which both sexes participated, while jokes were

* Gibbon, on the authority of Mariana, the historian of Spain, states the Merovingian Princess to have been only thirteen years of age when she was betrothed to Hermenegild.

launched in the hearing of royal ears which would now be scarcely tolerated in the booth of an itinerant Merry Andrew.

Two Grecian jugglers, who next displayed the wonders of their art, were by no means equally successful; for, although their first exhibitions, which were merely sleight of hand, excited rapturous bursts of applause, their subsequent deceptions became so marvellous and incomprehensible as to startle the spectators. That anything which could puzzle and confound a whole court-circle, including an archbishop, should be the result of simple legerdemain and unassisted human agency, seemed to be utterly impossible. The prelate, when called upon for an explanation of the apparent miracles enacted before his eyes, whispered his suspicion that the performers must be leagued with some of the powers of darkness, whereat the queen started up in great horror, protesting she would witness no more of their devilry, and adding that, if the wretches were not actual dabblers in the black art, they were, at all events, Greeks, and consequently heretics, whose mysterious dealings it became not good Christians to behold and encourage. Recared suggested that the parties might be committed to prison, and examined, or put to the question on the following day; and the king being willing to consent to anything provided his further amusements were not interrupted, the unlucky jugglers were seized by the guard, and thrown into one of the castle dungeons.

On the next morning the archbishop, with some of his clergy, proceeded to interrogate them. From such judges little justice was to be expected, for the priesthood found the trade of manufacturing fictitious miracles far too profitable and important to allow its exercise by the laity, even in appearance. In vain did the terrified conjurors explain the whole process of their thaumaturgicks, they were solemnly pronounced guilty of diabolism, but permitted, as a special act of clemency, to depart from the city, on their giving to the shrine of St. James all the money they had accumulated during their wanderings through France and Spain, and solemnly pledging themselves to depart from the dominions of Leovigild without again exercising their unholy calling.

After the arrest of the jugglers, the Italian sword-dancers commenced their perilous performance, which afforded great delight to all except Hermenegild, who declared aloud that they were sorry bunglers, and, snatching a weapon, leaped into the midst of them. Not less adroit than the most skilful of the party, superior to them all in strength and stature, and discharging his fierce blows rather as a combatant than an actor, he disarmed one of the performers, and grievously wounded a second, who was borne bleeding into an anteroom, amid the loud acclamations of the royal circle, and especially of

the king, who repeatedly exclaimed, "My brave boy! my brave boy! Ah! you should see how he lays about him on the field of battle."

Finding that the remainder of the dancers refused to compete with him any longer, or to convert their exhibition into a fight, Hermenegild, pointing to an old statue of some Roman general which had been suffered to remain at the furthest extremity of the armoury, offered five pieces of gold to him who should strike it by hurling the battle-axe which he drew from his belt for the purpose. The distance was considerable, and although the mark was of some magnitude, it was missed in succession by every one of the Italians. From the strong and practised hand of the prince, however, the weapon flew whizzing through the air and struck the head of the statue with such violence that it chipped off a large fragment of the marble. A shout of triumph burst from the lips of the assailant, as he exclaimed, "Thus do the Goths dispose of Roman generals, though I had always rather encounter mine enemy hand to hand. Missiles of all sorts, and more especially arrows and javelins, are the coward's weapons. I like to feel that I inflict my wounds—there is little pleasure in committing them to the winds."

Still louder than before did the courtiers applaud the prince's skill; Leovigild affectionately embracing him, called him his brave boy twenty times over; when, as there was now nothing further to be exhibited, the whole party dispersed themselves to pursue their respective pleasures and employments.

On quitting the presence of the queen the archbishop retired to his *palace*, for not only had the successors of the meek and lowly apostles already arrogated this royal title for their dwellings, but they affected in all things a regal pomp, crowned themselves with the mitre, and, when installed in the episcopal office, termed it their enthronisation. Deep as was the horror he had feigned when once told by Goisvintha that she had held discourse and dealings with a Jew, he had scarcely been ten minutes in his palace when he was closeted and in earnest conference with Balthasar, a rich Israelite, who had been secretly admitted into the mansion.

The large revenues derived from his church were inadequate to meet the vast expenses of the archbishop, who had not only to support an immense establishment at Toledo, but maintained several pleasure houses and hunting establishments in the country. In the former his pomp and state were glossed over, although but thinly, with a superficial decorum; but when residing at the latter, he abandoned himself without restraint to a dissolute indulgence and extravagance, which soon plunged him into pecuniary difficulties. From Balthasar he had already borrowed several considerable sums, luring him to

these advances by solemn promises to extend the commercial privileges of his tribe, and to remove some of the degrading penalties and disabilities with which they were stigmatised. It was the object of his present interview to extort an additional loan, which he obtained by the same means; having succeeded in which purpose, he arrayed himself in all the splendour of his pontifical robes, sparkling with jewellery, and hastened to the cathedral for the performance of the Friday's service.

Recared betook himself to the same sacred edifice, where his pharisaical demeanour was calculated to win him a reputation for peculiar sanctity from all those who were unacquainted with his real character. His brother was not present, a circumstance to which he drew the special attention of the queen, regretting the disrespect it evinced, and expressing a fear, as he sighed and shook his head, that the absentee was pursuing some of his usual wild and dissolute courses. The courtiers, both male and female, though they lived mostly in a state of open licentiousness, were punctual in their attendance at the house of worship. Many were steeped to the very teeth in depravity and corruption, but few indeed were so far gone as to be absent from prayers on a Friday.

CHAPTER III.

HAUNTED by the recollection of his last night's adventure, and more especially of his fair liberator, whose pale and dejected, but still beautiful and winning features were ever present to his mental eye, Hermenegild hastened from the palace to the quarries, regardless of the injunctions he had received, and of the perils with which he had been menaced, should he venture to explore those forbidden haunts. With his faithful battle-axe in his girdle he was not accustomed to shrink from enemies or dangers of any sort; and having been moreover piqued by the queen's taunts and incredulity, he was resolved at all hazards to attempt an immediate elucidation of the mystery.

His remembrance of the localities was not very distinct, but upon turning off at the bridge, and coursing the banks of the Tagus for some distance, he clearly recognised the opening into the craggy brake along which he had passed with his conductress. It led, as he had conjectured, into the quarries which he explored in every direction, fancying at times that he remembered some of the passages; but all his exertions to discover the vaulted inclosure wherein he had

detected the armed strangers proved utterly unavailing. In vain did he search for the footsteps wherewith such an assemblage might be expected to mark the ground in their retreat, or examine the crags over which they might be supposed to have scrambled. Nothing whatever could be discerned that might prate of their whereabout, nor could he perceive a single living object in all those dreary purlieus, except a solitary stork upon the highest fragment of rock, and a few scattered goats perched upon such crags and ledges as offered a patch of herbage, who, after gazing at him with a look of momentary wonderment, returned quietly to their browzing, and ceased to notice him.

Wearied with his fruitless perquisition, he strolled back to the city, resolved, however, to return at night, to conceal himself carefully, and watch for any manifestations that might dispel the mystery in which the affair was at present involved. This purpose he executed, but his vigils were as unsuccessful as his morning's scrutiny. No sound met his ear save the hooting of the owls who had formed their nests in the dark recesses of the place, nothing moved around him during the whole tedious night, except a few flitting bats.

At sunrise, he retraced his steps towards the city, vexed at having taken so much trouble to so little purpose, and seeking another clue to discovery by endeavouring to recall upon what young female he had ever, in the course of his latter life, conferred an important benefit. No such incident was furnished by his memory, and his mortification was rendered more poignant by the coarse raillery of the court-circle, several of whom, and more especially the queen, twitted him as a dealer in marvellous tales, and asked him whether he had seen another fair incognita in his drunken slumbers. The reveries of the day influencing the dreams of the night, his unknown preserver was so often presented to him, and the whole scene of the quarry reproduced, as to persuade him at length that he had been deceived in the first instance, either by the phantasies of an intoxicated brain, or by a vision of sleep. Under the influence of this belief the occurrence gradually lost its hold of his imagination, a process accelerated by the busy preparations now making for the reception of the Merovingian princess, whose arrival was shortly expected.

Although it combined all the regal, ecclesiastical, and military pomp which the Visi-Gothic king could command, the pageant exhibited upon this occasion displayed a rude and ostentatious magnificence rather than any portion of elegance or consistency. On account of the steepness of the streets, which would hardly admit the safe passage of carriages to or from the castle, it had been arranged that the procession should advance to meet the bride at a trifling distance from the north gate, where she herself and such of her attendants as tra-

velled in vehicles were to alight, and to be escorted with all honour to the palace. At a friendly meeting of Visigoths and Franks, especially upon such a joyous occasion, it is needless to state that a banquet upon a grand scale was deemed the most important part of the whole ceremonial. To this department Leovigild devoted his entire attention, being roused from his customary inertness by the deep interest which he took in anything appertaining to gastronomics.

Such of the previously prepared dishes as required any peculiar nicety in their concoction were tasted by himself, for he boasted of a superior accuracy of palate, and he had dictated a list, since he liked writing as little as he excelled in it, of the rare wines that were to be placed upon the board. Hermenegild took the command and direction of the royal guard; Recared marshalled the household and the officers of state; the queen ferreted out every jewel and ornament in her possession, only puzzled where to find room for such a jumble of finery upon a figure so insignificant; while the archbishop, resolved that his state and splendour should emulate, or even eclipse, that of the monarch, not only employed for that purpose all that he could command of his own resources, but even borrowed from the shrines of his cathedral some of their most precious ornaments.

A horseman, who had been stationed on a neighbouring eminence, having galloped into the city to announce the near approach of Ingundis and her escort, the procession, which had been kept in readiness for such a summons, set out to meet her. At its head was the royal carriage, a species of open car, mostly composed of ivory, drawn by four richly caparisoned white mules harnessed abreast. Within it were seated the king and queen, the former presenting a singular compound of military equipment with effeminate finery. His gothic half-armour, his sword, and even the javelin that he held were enriched with jewels; while his gorgeous mantle, fashioned like a woman's, and the feathers in his flat cap, contributed to derogate from the manliness of his appearance. Neither his own family nor the guard were suffered to come immediately after the royal carriage, for that post of honour was arrogated as a recognised right by the archbishop. Seated in an open vehicle drawn by four dappled mules of singular size and beauty, the prelate, swelling with a consciousness of his own splendour, evidently challenged a comparison with the king. His robes, mitre, and crosier were profusely studded with precious stones, and every finger sparkled with rings, which he took care to display by extending his hands in benediction to the Arian portion of the populace, who fell upon their knees as he passed; an act of homage which was refused by the Catholics, who hated him for his apostacy from their faith.

Recared, with some of the queen's attendants, the officers of the palace, and the inferior members of the household, followed the archbishop. To them succeeded the clergy, the choir, and the whole establishment of the cathedral, almost as numerous as a little army, bearing in front the image of St. James, as large as life, together with various chalices, gold and silver vessels, consecrated relics, and whatever could contribute to the solemnity as well as the gorgeousness of the spectacle. Lastly came Prince Hermenegild, at the head of the guard, wearing the golden armlet, and the small silver horse in his helmet, which attested his rank and nation, but in all other respects equipped as a plain Gothic soldier; his inseparable battle-axe being stuck in his girdle, and his sword hanging by an iron chain. In this unadorned but strictly martial costume, his fine figure appeared to much greater advantage than if it had been encumbered with more costly trappings; while his manly and unembarrassed deportment invested him with a natural grace, which Recared, whose demeanour was always studied and artificial, could never attain.

The guards had reached the lower part of the city, and the prince was just turning his horse towards the north gate, when a figure crossed the street, which instantly transfixed him with astonishment. It was the identical female whom he had first seen in the quarry, who had so often been presented to him in his subsequent dreams! Her face having been turned fully towards him he could not possibly be mistaken. The braided tresses of black, the soft lustre of the large rich dark eyes, the pale but sweet beauty, and the countenance of blended dignity and dejection, left not a doubt of her identity, although her menial occupation and habiliments, so totally at variance with her former splendour, scarcely allowed him to trust the evidence of his senses.

Of the humblest and coarsest materials, but still arranged with neatness, her garments imparted to their wearer a character of respectability struggling with poverty; her uncovered head was exposed to the fierce rays of the sun; and her delicate form was bent on one side by the weight of a large pitcher filled with water. It was evident to the prince that she had recognised him, for a sudden blush reddened her wan cheek, her eyes were rapidly averted, and she hurried as fast as her load would allow her down an obscure street, inhabited by the lowest and most wretched of the people.

Hermenegild's first impulse was to throw himself from his horse and pursue her, from which he was only withheld by a recollection of the conspicuous part he was acting in the eyes of the whole city, and of the injurious constructions which would be put upon such a procedure at the moment when he was going out to meet his affianced wife.

Involuntarily he checked his horse, but it was urged forward by the others, the strange female had disappeared almost as soon as seen, all endeavours to reach her, in the then crowded state of the streets, seemed to be utterly hopeless, and he could only make the most eager inquiries whether she were known to any of his companions.

Some had not noticed her at all; to the few who had cast their eyes upon her she was a complete stranger; and all were surprised at the great anxiety of their leader respecting a personage who appeared to be so humble and unimportant. Having, therefore, no alternative but to proceed, Hermenegild passed out of the gate, deaf to the clangour of the military music and the shouts of the people, and unconscious of the whole gay and glittering pageant in which he was a principal personage, his thoughts being entirely engrossed by the unexpected vision he had seen, and in conjectures as to the change not less melancholy than marvellous, which had reduced her from her former state of distinction to an apparently servile condition. From this reverie he was not thoroughly aroused till the halting of the cavalcade, the clangour of trumpets, and the mutual shouts of gratulation apprised him that the escort of the princess was in sight, when a new curiosity took possession of his mind, and he hurried his horsemen impatiently forward, to the momentary derangement of the procession, in order to obtain an earlier view of his destined bride.

The train that accompanied Ingundis was much more worthy in its composition, and formidable in its numbers than her lover had anticipated. In those unsettled times when might generally constituted right, and the law was seldom obeyed where it could not be immediately enforced, Sigibert, her father, would not intrust her safety, especially during such a long journey, and with a marriage portion of considerable value, to an inefficient escort. A strong troop of well-armed Frankish horsemen accompanied her, and a train of heterogenous carts and wagons followed in their suite. A tent was provided for her occasional accommodation at night, but in bad weather she slept in an enormous wagon, or rather house upon wheels, not altogether dissimilar from those of our travelling showmen in the present day, though much more cumbersome in its construction.

She had performed the greater part of her journey on horseback, and at the time of encountering the procession from Toledo she was mounted upon a stately steed, which she seemed to have perfectly at command, four of her attendants holding over her head a richly-decorated baldaquin or canopy. Profuse tresses, reaching down to the saddle, attested her descent from the long-haired Merovingian kings; though not fair, nor yet peculiarly feminine, her face was handsome, and there was an elevated character of firmness and decision in its

expression, rather in accordance with her helmet-shaped hat, and her boddice fashioned like a soldier's cuirass, than with her gentle sex, and the extreme tenderness of her years.

Salutations were mutually exchanged by gestures, but verbal greeting was for some time rendered impossible by the noise of the cathedral choristers shouting a hymn which asserted, in no very measured terms, the superiority of the Arian over the Catholic doctrine. This most discourteous welcome had been suggested to the archbishop by the fanatical Goisvintha, who joined her own discordant scream to the choir. Fortunately, however, for all parties, the Frankish horsemen, who would have resented any imputation upon their faith much more fiercely than a personal insult, did not catch the meaning of the hymn, and received as a compliment that which might well have been deemed a studied offence.

Hermenegild, as soon as his words were audible, congratulated the princess on her safe arrival, declaring that her beauty and appearance exceeded his utmost expectations, since he saw by her gallant bearing, and her skilful management of so fiery a steed, that she was well qualified to become a soldier's wife.

"I desire no higher honour," replied Ingundis, who, in spite of her youth, and the total novelty of the scene, seemed to be preserved from the smallest embarrassment by a consciousness of her own rank and dignity. Her lover, ever proud of his soldiers, made the guard defile before her, asking her opinion of their appearance and equipment. "They are well fitted for parade," was the reply, "but they seem to me too spruce and dainty for a hard day's fighting. Look at our Frankish horsemen, you may see by the dust with which they are covered that they have had a fatiguing march in a hot sun, and yet, I would wage the most precious of my relics that an equal number of yours could not stand against them, were they now opposed to each other."

"By St. James! I desire nothing better than to try," exclaimed the prince, pressing his horse with his knees, and snatching the battle-axe from his belt.

"Nay, we came hither to make marriage not war," said the princess, smiling. "I told you my opinion, because I never conceal it, and to say sooth, I see but one man among your troop who realises my notion of a proper Gothic warrior."

"And who may that be?"

"Yourself," replied Ingundis, surveying him with as much calmness as if she were merely giving her opinion of his horse.

"Thanks for the compliment," cried the prince; "and may I perish! if I have ever seen a damsel who seems better fitted for a warrior's bride than the brave and beautiful Ingundis."

Goisvintha had by this time hobbled up to her granddaughter, scowling in her face as she croaked, "Bah!—Brunechild, your mother, was much handsomer than you, when she was as young; but *she* was an Arian." In the same courteous strain would she have proceeded, had she not been interrupted by the advance of Chilpert, the chamberlain of the Austrasian monarch, who came forward with his chief attendants to be presented to Leovigild, by whom he was cordially greeted and welcomed to Toledo. "I understand, Sir Chamberlain," said the king, "that you commanded the princess's escort, and as I gave strict orders to my chatelains and governors of provinces, for your friendly reception, and the furnishing of your supplies, I trust you encountered few difficulties on the road."

"None that we could not surmount," was the reply; "thanks to our swords in some instances, and to our money in others. What orders your Majesty may have issued, I know not; but we have had to negotiate or to struggle with twenty different kings before we reached Toledo, for every petty chatelain deems himself the monarch of his own district. We soon found it necessary to avoid the castles,* from whose commanders we had expected protection and assistance. Some issued out upon us with evident purpose to make slaves of us, and prey of our convoy, had we not shown ourselves both able and willing to fight in its defence. More than once, if we would avoid a battle, were we compelled to go several miles out of our way and cross a bridge, in order that we might pay a toll to its lord; and in almost every instance have we been obliged to purchase our provisions from men of rank, when we might have obtained them at half price from the farmers. Every fresh province extorted from us some new tax, and in spite of our vigilant watch and ward, both by night and day, we lost a baggage wagon and three horses, not stolen from us by any of the peasant rabble, but, as we have good reason to know, by the scouts and retainers of different chatelains."

"A baggage wagon!" cried the king; "I hope it did not contain any part of the princess's portion. And, by-the-by, what does it consist of? Where is it? In these wagons, I suppose. I am sorry you were so unceremoniously treated on your journey, but no king can prevent these little irregularities; and as my chatelains and lieutenants are always ready, when I summon them and their followers, to march against my enemies, I can hardly blame them for taking a little liberty with my friends. But the portion—the portion! let us see it; let us know what it is worth."

* The great number of its castles imparted its name to the extensive kingdom of Castile.

As Hermenegild, and indeed the whole court seemed to participate in this eager and not very delicate curiosity, the chamberlain professed his readiness to gratify it. A considerable part of the dower consisted of slaves, chained to the wagons to prevent their escape, and bearing evident marks by their bruises and sickly looks of the severe jolting or overturns they had sustained. Their treatment indeed had scarcely been so humane as that extended to the beasts that drew them, and yet they were represented as skilful artisans and useful handicraftsmen of various sorts. One who had been selected for his culinary proficiency, excited the special attention of Leovigild, who loosened his chain with his own hand, observing that the professor of a noble art ought not to be confounded with vulgar mechanics.

Of specie there was only a very small quantity, but there was an abundance of curiously wrought arms and armour, some rich dresses and stuffs, several couple of large and rare staghounds, as many cast of valuable hawks, with two experienced falconers, well skilled to teach their art, which had now attained high favour throughout the greater part of Europe. Among various other articles needless to enumerate, there was a box of amulets and charms, mostly made of glass, which professed, by the signs or words wherewith they were inscribed, to preserve their wearers against almost all evils, ordinary or supernatural. It had been intended, as a special and inappreciable favour, to add one of the thorns wherewith our Saviour had been crowned, and some filings from a nail used in his crucifixion; but the Catholic clergy would not suffer such invaluable relics to pass into the possession of the Arians. In lieu of them they transmitted a Latin Bible, with notes and comments by a learned monk, pointing out the incontestable truth of the Catholic tenets, and the folly, falsehood, and diabolical wickedness of Arianism. Had Goisvintha been aware of this fact she might have been furnished with some excuse for the insulting hymn she had suggested.

Many of these commodities had been unceremoniously dragged out of the wagons, for the purpose of being examined and overhauled by the royal circle and their attendants, whose disparaging observations, made in the hearing of the princess, were something more creditable to the frankness than to the courtesy of the speakers. Leovigild was the first to give the signal for returning to Toledo, observing that the banquet would be ready by the time they reached the castle, and that he was too hungry to waste another hour in unloading wagons and examining bundles. Mounting his vehicle, he accordingly desired the driver to hasten back to the city, paying no heed to the order of the procession, which was quite deranged by his precipitate retreat.

Divining his majesty's object, and never wishing to be the last at

a feast, the archbishop hurried after him; the others, having both regal and episcopal authority for quitting their ranks, speeded back in the same direction; so that the return to Toledo resembled a tumultuous flight rather than orderly procession. Hermenegild, however, did not quit the side of the princess, whose progress was necessarily slow on account of the canopy bearers; the gothic guards maintained their post in the rear; the Franks, having hastily reloaded the wagons, followed at an easy distance; and the whole cavalcade at length passed the city gates. On reaching the spot where he had previously caught a glimpse of his mysterious incognita, the prince cast his searching eye down the miserable street in which she had disappeared, but without discerning any figure that in the least resembled the object of his quest. Having given orders for stationing the wagons and vehicles in the lower part of the town, where a detachment of the guard was left for their protection, the prince, accompanied by the princess, and followed by their respective attendants, ascended the steep street, and passing through the great gates, they made their way, not without difficulty, into the confused, crowded, and disorderly court-yard of the castle.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the residence of the Franks at Toledo, the court wallowed in a perpetual festival, and Leovigild, who, as he put in requisition the talents of his foreign cook, felt himself in a congenial element, became animated with a rare activity. Of the revelling, drunkenness, and riot;—of the frequent brawls, battles, and reconciliations;—of the military sports, the exhibitions of tumblers, mountebanks, and buffoons;—of the gambling, dancing, and intriguing, intermixed with the strict and regular performance of religious offices, it is not our purpose to speak. An union of grossness, profligacy, and superstition characterised these orgies, which lasted during several days. Chilpert, the Frankish chamberlain, as well as his fellow-countrymen, imagined that they were to have witnessed the marriage ceremony; but Goisvintha assured them that it was never intended to be celebrated until the anniversary of the feast of St. John, when Ingundis would complete her fifteenth year; adding, that this arrangement had been assented to by Sigibert, her royal father. As they had no reason for mistrusting this statement, and had placed the princess in the safe custody of her own grandmother, the Franks, only regretting that

their orders forbade them to prolong their stay, departed from Toledo, encountering less hostility from their Gothic friends in returning, than they had done in advancing, simply because they were without a convoy, and did not present so tempting a bait to the chatelains and other lordly freebooters.

Hermenegild's participation in these festivities, though his inebriation once led him into a fierce encounter with a powerful Frank, whom he struck to the ground and wounded, did not lower him in the opinion of Ingundis, who had been too much used to such scenes at her father's court to deem them derogatory.

In his attentions to herself, even when his reason was half drowned in wine, he had never been deficient; she admired his bluff, honest, bold character, not less than his handsome features and manly form; and deemed herself fortunate that the husband to whom she had been betrothed without ever having seen him, should prove to be one whom she would herself have selected for the object of her affections. Nor was the prince less smitten with his affianced wife. Youth and personal charms, though he had not been hitherto accustomed to look beyond such allurements, did not constitute her sole attraction, for her frank disposition and resolute mind, so congenial with his own, while it afforded him present delight, gave him assurance of their future agreement, as well as of her fitness for the royal station to which she would be ultimately elevated. Such being their mutual feelings, corroborated by every day's fresh intercourse, it may well be supposed that both equally regretted the deferment of their nuptials, for a reason of which they could not perceive the force, or even the meaning.

Goisvintha, in fact, had not assigned her real motive, which was an obstinate determination to postpone the marriage until Ingundis should have been converted to the Arian faith. To her wishes upon this subject, backed by the persuasions of her colleague the archbishop, Leovigild yielded a pliant assent; and the queen, proud of her polemical abilities, undertook the task of proselytism, in spite of the objections of Quintana, who claimed this duty as the prerogative of his episcopal office. At his earnest suggestion, for he knew the violent character of his coadjutrix, she consented to employ argument, persuasion, and even blandishments in the first instance; always reserving to herself the right, or, as she termed it, the imperative duty of using compulsion, should it become ultimately necessary. When her fanatical feelings were once excited, the royal bigot was not likely to procrastinate.

Chilpert and his Franks were scarcely out of sight of Toledo, ere she betook herself to her granddaughter's apartment, and with much hypocritical wheedling regretted a difference of faith, which in all

probability would not only destroy the happiness of the projected marriage, but entail eventual misery and civil war upon the whole kingdom. "Why, then, did you solicit my hand for Hermenegild, knowing that I was a catholic?" asked Ingundis, with a look of mingled surprise and displeasure.

"From a confident hope that you might be induced, where so many private and public interests require it, to sacrifice the errors of your education, and embrace the saving doctrine of your husband." Here the speaker poured forth her whole stock of controversial lore, to establish the incontestible truth of Arianism, and with much coaxing and flattery, endeavoured to influence the feelings, if she could not convince the reason of her auditress. Ingundis was no theologian. Subtle distinctions of inscrutable points, which even her spiritual pastors could not comprehend, were to her little more than empty sounds. Unintelligible, however, as they were, she had been taught to attach high importance to her religious tenets; she was naturally self-willed, opinionative, and inflexible to a degree rarely found in so young a female; and being moreover indignant at the thought that she had been treated like a child, and supposed to have no convictions of her own, or none that she would not readily surrender, she resisted with equal firmness the entreaties and the arguments of her grandmother.

Infinite was the difficulty with which Goisvintha commanded her irascible temper in this and subsequent conversations of similar tenor and results, and she would have proceeded to immediate measures more consonant to her fierce temperament, had not the archbishop, who attributed her failure to a want of controversial skill, obtained permission to try his own polemical powers upon the refractory princess. His experiment proved unfortunate. The respect that had withheld Ingundis from resenting the importunity of her grandmother, did not extend to Quintana, whose arguments and solicitations she not only refused to hear, but sharply rebuked him for his apostacy from catholicism, which she attributed to the most sordid and dishonourable motives.

Not content with this spirited rejection of his interference, she complained to Hermenegild, who hastened to his father, insisting with his customary bluntness and impetuosity, that the princess should be protected against a persecution so annoying and unwarrantable.

Recared, anxious, for reasons of his own, to embroil his brother with the king, stimulated the resentment of the former, whose cause he affected to espouse, while he covertly urged the latter not to interfere in behalf of the princess. Similar counsel being given, and indeed insisted upon by Goisvintha and the archbishop, both of whom now felt personally incensed against the young heretic, the weak monarch,

ever unable to resist importunity, yielded to numbers and clamour, and gladly consented to remain neuter.

"It is an ecclesiastical affair," he exclaimed, catching at a suggestion of the prelate, as an excuse for himself, "and therefore out of my jurisdiction. Settle it among yourselves, settle it among yourselves, or at all events disturb me not now, for I wish to have a long conversation with the foreign cook. Truly he is an admirable artist, and by far the most valuable part of the princess's portion."

Recared now submitted to Goisvintha, that as she had secured the neutrality of the king, she ought not to keep any measures with her contumacious granddaughter, especially as she was to be coerced for the good of her own soul. Tyrannical by nature, and intolerant from education and habit, the queen needed little incitement of this description. Proceeding to the apartment of Ingundis, she told her with fierce looks and menacing gestures, that the time for expostulation and entreaty being now over, she came to command that obedience to which she was doubly entitled, both as her queen and her grandmother; adding, that if she persisted in her perverseness, she should be thrown into the castle dungeon, and neither see Hermenegild nor any other living being, until she acknowledged her conversion to the Arian faith.

Ingundis was one of those whose cheeks became blanched instead of reddened by any vehement emotion; even her tremulous lips lost their colour, her eyes kindled with a concentrated indignation, and she gasped once or twice as if for breath; but these were her only marks of agitation. Too proud to betray her passion, she locked it up for the moment in her own swelling heart, and assuming a look and tone of calm, haughty defiance, exclaimed—"You may insult me with your tongue, but you dare not offer me any personal indignity; or if you did, I would rather be imprisoned for life, or hewed into a thousand pieces, than apostatise from the true faith to the false and damnable doctrine of the Arians. But I repeat, you dare not—no, you dare not execute your threats. You may forget that you are my grandmother, but you will not be suffered to forget that I am the daughter of Sigibert, king of Austrasia, who, if his child receive any further insult, will ravage your kingdom with fire and sword, and avenge my wrongs by sacrificing their perpetrators, even in this very castle of Toledo. Beware how you provoke him! and speak to me no more, for I appeal to the king.—Avaunt! be gone!"

Had the princess been stormy or abusive, Goisvintha might have remained unmoved;—but to see her affect such a provoking calmness and superiority, was intolerable; to be browbeaten by one whom she considered a mere child, was an audacity beyond all endurance; to hear her blaspheme against the faith of the Arians, was a sacrilege

too atrocious to be borne. Maddened by an ungovernable rage that could not find sufficient vent in words, the fanatical hag with one blow of her sinewy arm struck Ingundis to the ground, kicked her till she was covered with blood, and then dragging her by the long hair across an inner court of the castle, ordered her attendants to throw her into the fish-pond at its further extremity, after they had stripped off her robes.

Taken completely by surprise, and inferior in strength to her brutal assailant, the young princess, utterly unable to offer any physical resistance, seemed, nevertheless, to disdain those moral means of defence which nature has provided for the sex in similar emergencies. She shed no tear, she made no appeal for pity or forbearance, she uttered no word, she screamed not for assistance, and it is probable that she would have submitted with the same stoical fortitude to the utmost outrages intended for her, and which she felt her total incompetency to prevent, had she not been rescued at the very moment when her beldame grandmother, assisted by the females of her suite, was about to cast her into the fish-pond.

Recared, anticipating the explosion, for which he had prepared the train, had no sooner witnessed it from the loophole where he was concealed, than he hurried to Hermenegild, bursting into his apartment with the exclamation of "Monstrous! monstrous! To this tyranny and brutality it is impossible to submit any longer. We have both been to blame, my dear brother, in suffering Goisvintha to usurp the management of the kingdom from the hands of our indolent and supple father, and to treat both you and me, princes of the royal blood, as if we were the vilest of her slaves. For myself, I could submit, perhaps, to her insulting domination, but who that has a man's heart in his bosom, who that is not utterly callous to pity, can witness and not attempt to revenge her devilish cruelty to the young and beautiful Ingundis?"

"How? what? Ingundis!" cried the brother, starting up; "what new indignity has she dared to offer her?"

With an affected horror Recared proceeded to relate the enormity he had witnessed, but ere he had half concluded his statement, Hermenegild, snatching his battle-axe from his girdle, had leaped from the window, and rushed along the passage that led to the court of the fish-pond. Forgetful of sex, station, or relationship in the first ungovernable ebullition of his passion, he would probably have sacrificed the queen herself, or some of her accomplices, had they not fortunately perceived his approach from a distance, when the whole party, scared by his looks and brandished weapon, fled precipitately into the private apartments of the castle, leaving the

princess with torn garments and dishevelled locks extended upon the ground.

Narrow was the escape of the last of the fugitives, for Hermenegild hurled after her his battle-axe, which struck into a door within an inch of her head; when he hastily enwrapped his prostrate mistress in her mantle; and snatching her up, ran with her to an adjoining chamber. From her silence, which he attributed to temporary insensibility, he feared that she was seriously hurt, and it was with a proportionate anxiety that he gazed upon her face as he placed her on a couch, and tenderly inquired what injuries she had sustained. In her pale features and fixed resolute eyes, there was a terrible composure so little in accordance with her extreme youth, her scattered tresses, her disordered attire, and the recent outrage she had sustained, that it assumed a character almost appalling.

"I am not hurt in body," replied the high-spirited girl, in a calm though hollow voice—"or however severely I may be wounded, I heed it not; but my soul feels that it has received a blow, and I swear to you, by the Creator of that soul, that I will never forget, never forgive it.—Leave me," she continued, suddenly reddening as she noticed the state of her garments—"send me instantly some of my women, and I will summon you to hear my determination when I am in a plight more becoming the daughter of King Sigibert."

Hermenegild, even in the midst of his own high excitement, respected her proud sense of decorum, and immediately complied with her request, stationing himself in an ante-room, in expectation of being quickly recalled. After a brief delay he was desired to return. The exuberant tresses, as well as the deranged garments of the princess, were now restored to order; but in the interval that had elapsed, she appeared to have lost some portion of her indignant composure. A red circle exhibited itself upon either cheek, her bosom struggled with suppressed agitation, and a tear trembled in her eye; at the sight of the prince, however, she swallowed down the rising emotion, and forced herself to a resolute calmness. "Hermenegild!" she exclaimed, in a firm tone, "I must instantly see the king. Give me a dagger that I may defend myself as I pass through the castle, or stab myself to the heart if I have no other means of avoiding the atrocious violence of the queen."

"I read a desperate purpose in your eye," said the prince, "that forbids me to trust you with a weapon; but I myself will be your guard, and woe to him who shall dare to obstruct me!"

"Were I in my own country, Hermenegild, the swords of a hundred thousand Franks would leap from their scabbards to avenge my wrongs. You have drawn yours, and as I know it to be wielded by a brave man, I commit myself to its protection. On to the king!"

In passing through the court her companion took his battle-axe from the door in which it remained sticking, and replaced it in his girdle, when he advanced towards the presence chamber, brandishing his naked sword in his right hand, while he offered his left arm to his mistress. Declining, however, his proffered aid, either from a proud reserve or from a determination to show her perfect self-possession, she followed with an erect mien, a haughty countenance, and a firm step.

Before they made their appearance a rumour of the violence perpetrated by his consort had already reached the king's ear, who, for the moment, thought more of his fish than of the outrage to Ingundis. "What!" he exclaimed, "have they dared to throw any one into my preserve? I had it made on purpose for my carp; they are the finest and fattest in all Spain, and who knows whether some of them may not have been killed?" A short time convinced him that the result might be of a more serious nature, for the countenances and appearance of Ingundis and her armed champion as they marched into the apartment, as well as the evident alarm of the courtiers, who drew back on either side to let them pass, gave him quick assurance that the aggrieved parties came to demand full reparation, and were determined to enforce it.

"My dear daughter!" cried the king, anxious to appease her by preliminary concessions; "my dear daughter!—for such I feel you to be although you are not yet united to my son, I have learnt with deep sorrow the indignity offered to you by the queen in a moment of forgetfulness and passion, or as I may rather say of temporary madness. What can I say or do to make you atonement, and effect a reconciliation between you?"

"Nothing, for both measures are impossible. I demand an immediate escort to convey me back to King Sigibert."

"Good now! and for what purpose would you return to your father?"

"That he may bring me back at the head of an army to redress my wrongs, and punish those who have insulted me."

"Holy St. James! you came hither to preserve peace, not to occasion war. Consider, my dear child, how comfortable we all were before your arrival, and would you have me leave my castle, and the foreign cook you brought with you, before he has shown me half the secrets of his art? Good now, dear Ingundis, take me not away from the only pleasures and enjoyments of my old age, and I will do anything to pacify you."

Hermenegild now interposed, reminding the princess that he himself was not only blameless in the whole transaction, but ready and

eager to become her companion in demanding full satisfaction for her wrongs, under which circumstances he appealed to her sense of justice and love of truth whether she could consistently desert him, and repudiate him as her husband after their formal betrothal and mutual interchange of vows. Suggesting to Leovigild that Ingundis should be allowed to dictate whatever reparation she might think proper, he proposed that the marriage should be solemnised at once, in order that she might immediately assume her rank and rights as a royal princess, and wife to the heir apparent of the Spanish monarchy.

For some time the haughty girl remained inexorable, only relenting at last, as she candidly confessed, from a regard for the interests of her own nation, which she hesitated to embroil in a war that her concession might avert. "Though Goisvintha," she exclaimed, "has forgotten that she is my grandmother, I will remember it so far as simply to stipulate that she shall be banished from Toledo, never to return without my consent. As to the wretches of her suite, who presumed to lay violent hands upon a king's daughter, I demand that they be publicly branded on the forehead, and exiled from Spain for ever. Methinks I can indicate them all, but if I inculpate any one wrongfully, I leave her at liberty to clear herself by the customary ordeal of fire and water."

Several of the courtiers, all of whom detested the queen, implored Leovigild to accede to these terms as the only means of preventing a foreign, in addition perhaps to a civil war; the prince declared the conditions to be so moderate that he could not sheathe his sword till they were granted; and the monarch, ever ready to adopt any expedient that promised present extrication from difficulty, gave a pledge of consent without considering how he was to redeem it. Upon this understanding the parties separated, and the discordant elements within the castle of Toledo were lulled into a temporary tranquillity.

It did not endure beyond the following day. No sooner had Goisvintha learned the treaty made by the king, than she stormed like a whole sisterhood of furies, vowing that no force should compel her to move from Toledo; her attendants, who were under sentence of branding and banishment, vociferated in chorus against the enormity of condemning them without a trial for having obeyed the orders of their royal mistress; the archbishop espousing the cause of the queen, fulminated anathemas against all those who had counselled such ignominious concessions to a young and insolent Catholic; Recared seized every opportunity for blowing the flames of dissension, and the whole court was a scene of strife, uproar, and confusion.

Indolent, indecisive, and ever yielding to the last clamour that assailed him, the unhappy king, who now found the impossibility of

performing the stipulations into which he had been hurried, proposed, by way of compromise, that the betrothed couple should withdraw to Seville, where the Catholic bishop would immediately solemnise their marriage; and he recommended that they should continue to reside in that city, until he could devise measures for fully satisfying Ingundis, and insuring her honourable return to Toledo.

As this plausible proposition had been suggested by Recared, he was requested by the king to communicate it to his brother, and to urge its adoption. This was readily promised, but instead of complying with the latter part of the request, he exclaimed, after he had stated the purport of his mission, "Surely, dear Hermenegild, you will not be so besotted as to submit to this treacherous violation of a solemn compact, and to comply with an insidious proposal, which in reality banishes you and the princess, the aggrieved parties, instead of the audacious aggressors, to whom it grants triumph and impunity. Were I in your place, I would so far meet the wishes of our royal father as to retire to Seville for the solemnisation of my marriage; since Quintana refuses to perform it here; but instead of tamely awaiting my recall, which in all probability would never occur, I would by one bold step enable myself to punish all my own enemies, as well as those of the princess, and return in glorious triumph to Toledo as a conqueror and liberator."

"A desirable consummation, but how is it to be accomplished?"

"By proclaiming yourself king!" whispered Recared.

"What!" ejaculated the prince, starting back, with a look of horror, "would you have me raise the standard of revolt, and declare war against my own father?"

"No—not against him, but against Goisvintha and Quintana, who are the real, though usurping monarchs of Spain. It is they who debar you from your right, since, but for them, our father would gladly resign to you his throne in order that he might retire into the enjoyments of private life, for which alone he is now fitted."

"No hint of this nature has ever passed his lips. To me he has invariably been a most indulgent king and father. With his own hands, first having obtained the consent of the nobility, did he put the princely diadem upon my head; he has publicly acknowledged me for his successor; he has made me lord of the fair and fertile province of Bœtica. I dare not act the traitor against so kind and generous a parent."

"A prince of the Goths," cried Ingundis, "should dare do anything that may benefit his country. Recared is a wise counsellor, and his words are truth. Were it not a filial deed to liberate your father from the tyranny of Goisvintha and the archbishop; to leave him in undis-

turbed retirement from public affairs, to the pleasures of his kitchen, his cellars, his falcons, and his mules, the only objects for which he desires to prolong existence? Were it not a just deed to punish the queen and the intriguing prelate, her accomplice? Were it not a patriotic deed to give the Goths a young and active soldier for their king, instead of the weak and superannuated Leovigild, who, so far from being competent to command a brave nation, cannot maintain authority even in his own palace?"

"I am no logician of the schools to maintain an argument," replied the prince, whose generous and affectionate nature recoiled from the advice thus urged upon him, "but every feeling of my heart tells me that I could never, under any circumstances, become a traitor and a rebel to so good a father. Even were I thus to win his crown, its weight would quickly sink me into the grave."

"And if it did, would you not die a king?" asked Ingundis, with a slight expression of scorn. "Is there any tomb more glorious than a throne? As for me, I would rather be the widow of a monarch, than the wife of one who feared to snatch the sceptre when it was offered to his grasp. Hermenegild, nature intended you for a hero, but you have as many fears and scruples as a woman."

"I fear nothing but ingratitude to my father. Am I not his heir, and will not his natural death soon insure to me all that you are now urging me to wrest from him by force?"

"Of this there is no certainty: death is sometimes slow, and ever capricious. His dart may strike your own bosom before it reaches your father's, and thus *you* will never wear a crown, *I* shall never be saluted as a queen, and we shall *both* be defrauded of our revenge. Such magnificent objects as these are not always within our reach. They must be clutched when they can be caught, or they are lost to us for ever."

"No more of this at present, dear Ingundis, for my heart is full, and I cannot continue the discussion. Gladly would I meet the king's wishes, so far as they coincide with mine own, by withdrawing to Seville for the solemnisation of our marriage; but we will return to Toledo when and in what way we shall both think fit."

"Be it so," said the princess; "the queen, my natural guardian, is now my bitter enemy. It becomes not the daughter of king Sigibert to remain any longer in Spain without a protector. As my husband, you will be bound not only to defend me from future wrong, but to redress my past injuries. I am ready to accompany you to Seville, and thus far may your brother communicate our intentions to the king."

"It is well! it is well!" whispered Recared to himself, as he

retired exulting in the success of his machinations; "I need not urge Hermenegild any further. When he is married to Ingundis, I may safely leave him to her promptings. Ambitious and revengeful, she will not rest till she has compelled him to raise the standard of rebellion, and then, whatever be the result, I must be the winner. If he succeed, I shall claim large reward for having prompted his design. If he fail, and I will take good care he *shall* fail, his life is forfeit, and I am the next heir to the crown!"

CHAPTER V.

NOTWITHSTANDING the roughness of his manners, his unbridled passions, which sometimes hurried him into ferocity, and the dissolute nature of his ordinary pursuits, there were several redeeming points in the character of Hermenegild. Personal courage, that vulgar quality which is ever the most common in the most barbarous age, can scarcely be reckoned among the virtues; and the prince had much better titles to esteem, in the midst of all his faults, than his dauntless intrepidity. Frank, generous, affectionate, grateful, he was more particularly attached to his father, whom he loved with a sincerity seldom found in a favourite son. That he should rush into his presence with a drawn sword, and make such peremptory stipulations for satisfying Ingundis, must be attributed to his impetuosity and the prevalent coarseness of manners, rather than to any want of attachment or duty, for though his actions might seem occasionally disrespectful, his heart never lost any portion of its filial fondness.

Recared, knowing his disposition in this respect, and loth to leave him to the unassisted influence of Ingundis, sought him again on the following day, and solemnly declaring that the resistance he counselled was for the sole purpose of liberating the king and promoting his happiness, pledged himself to hasten to Seville, and to join the prince's standard, so soon as it should be openly raised. "Success," he observed, "would be much more likely to attend the enterprise when it was undertaken by both the royal princes, a conjunction which would establish the justice of their cause, and insure to them the support of the whole nation." Although Ingundis enforced these arguments with all her fearless and decisive eloquence, and even taunted her lover with a want of boldness, a point upon which he was peculiarly sensitive, he remained immovable in his loyalty and duty.

"No," he exclaimed, pushing back his whispering brother with a look of aversion; "against the queen and the archbishop, of whom I have never concealed my hatred, I would cheerfully draw my sword had they an army to defend them, but to the aged father who has heaped so many favours upon my head, I will never, never prove a rebel. I will see him—I will argue with him, when I may perhaps still persuade him to redress the wrongs of Ingundis, and to discard those tyrannising usurpers who have wrenched from him his royal authority, and reduced him to a mere cipher in the state."

Fearing the result of an interview which might frustrate all his schemes, Recared took instant measures for preventing it. Just as Hermenegild was preparing to claim an audience, his brother rushed into his room with looks of agitation, exclaiming, "Fly, fly! if you would preserve the liberty of Ingundis. The queen and the archbishop are paramount. They have prevailed on our weak father to sign an order for the imprisonment of the princess until she shall abjure the Catholic doctrine, while you, my dear brother, are to be immediately exiled to your principality."

"Ha! is it so! is it come to this?" exclaimed the prince, little suspecting that the whole statement was an invention of the designing Recared. "Nay, then, I will save my poor father from the commission of a crime. We will make our escape while yet we may, and after our arrival at Seville, and the solemnisation of our marriage, we will consider what further steps we should adopt. How say you, Ingundis?"

"*Now* I am ready to accompany you," cried the princess, snatching up a dagger; "for if you should fall in defending me, I shall know how to prevent my imprisonment."

"And that man must have little value for his life," said Hermenegild, plucking out his battle-axe, "who would dare to obstruct our progress. To horse! to horse! We will leave Toledo far in our rear before the night sets in."

A few attendants of the prince, too much accustomed to his impetuous movements to be surprised at the suddenness of the order, were summoned to accompany him; the princess issued similar directions to two female Franks, the only individuals of her own nation who remained behind after the return of her escort; and the whole party, mounted on fleet horses, were quickly speeding along the road in a southern direction. Though they had no reason to anticipate pursuit, still less to fear it, for Hermenegild and his men were well armed, they prosecuted their journey with unabated speed, and far into the night, principally that they might reach a country palace belonging to the prince, in which he wished the fair companion of his flight to take a few hours' rest.

Notwithstanding its lofty name this residence was nothing more than a fortified farm-house, surrounded by yards, granaries, stables, gardens, vineyards, workshops of all descriptions, and cultivated lands of considerable extent. It was the gift of Leovigild, who possessed in the different provinces various establishments of a similar nature, whence he derived his principal revenues; for his subjects, however ready to fight for him, had little ability and less disposition to pay taxes of any sort. In these royal farms the labours of agriculture, hunting, fishing, and the mechanical trades were performed by slaves for the emolument of the sovereign, the magazines being filled with corn, wine, and provisions, either for sale, or for supplying the lavish consumption and profuse hospitality of the regal table. As they afforded resting places for the court on their grand hunting excursions, they were provided with pleasant grounds and plantations, as well as open places for sport and exercise.

It was arranged that our travellers should resume their journey shortly after sunrise on the following morning, and the princess, although she had only enjoyed a few hours' sleep, was ready at the appointed time. Struck, however, with the beauty of the gardens and shrubberies, which reminded her of a similar abode in her own country, she expressed a wish to walk through them before her departure, and her lover immediately offered himself as her guide and escort. Skirting a thick hedge of aloes and wild pomegranate, interspersed with oleander, myrtle, and honeysuckle, they reached a thickly-planted grove, where the bushy heads and glossy leaves of the locust trees contrasted with the tall, dark pine, the pale green of the olive, and the massy foliage of the chestnut. At the extremity of this spot was a clump of palms, from the boughs of which men were swinging in ropes gathering the clusters of gold-coloured dates; and in the shade of these trees there was a rustic seat, on which the lovers placed themselves to admire the view that it commanded over a district of mingled wood, pasture, arable land, and wide uncultivated heaths, watered by the meandering Guadiana.

Immediately in front of them extended an enamelled meadow; the scarlet-eyed bee-eater hovering over the wild flowers in search of his insect prey, gave his green and gold plumage to the sun; a flock of goats were browsing on the banks of the stream, whose gurgling waters sparkled in the ray; the birds were singing amid the myrtle bushes; and at one corner of the field a group of male and female slaves, assembled thus early in the morning to celebrate the anniversary of the patron saint to whom the farm was dedicated, were dancing in the shade to the merry music of a pipe and tabor, played by a jolly-looking friar.

Neither Hermenegild nor his companion were of a temperament to sympathise very deeply with scenes of rural tranquillity and happiness, yet there was something in the spectacle before them which they could not contemplate without a soothing complacency, especially when they contrasted it with the turbulence, wrangling, and intrigues of the court at Toledo. For a moment Ingundis, forgetting all her schemes of ambition and revenge, sat, in an unconscious reverie, gazing at the dancers, or listening to the commingled sound of birds and bees, of rustling boughs and murmuring waters, until she started up, exclaiming, "Hark! I hear the neighing of our horses. It is time that we should resume our flight."

"Flight!" cried her lover, reddening as he repeated that ignominious word. "I am not accustomed to fly."

"Towards liberty and independence the bravest man may fly," said the princess. "Were you escaping from the battle-field, I should disdain to accompany you; but you are seeking, as I trust, a kingdom and a crown, or a glorious death; wherefore I say, once more, let us to horse, and quickly."

Without replying to this significant remark, the prince returned in a pensive mood along the thick hedge, the centre of which he had just reached, when a youth raised his head from the other side, and ejaculated "Prince Hermenegild! beware of Recared, your brother! trust him not, or he will betray you to your ruin!" with which words the speaker plunged hastily amid the clustered trees and underwood, and was presently out of sight. Short as was the glimpse obtained of this apparent youth, Hermenegild had instantly recognised the features, as well as the voice, of the fair incognita whom he had encountered in the quarry.

"Stay, I conjure you!" he cried out; "stay, mysterious stranger. Tell me who and what you are, as well as the meaning of your words. By heaven, you shall not escape me thus!" and he struggled to force his way through the hedge. For some minutes its almost impervious growth resisted his efforts, and when, at length, he succeeded, and found himself in the tangled underwood on the other side, he knew not in what direction to pursue the fugitive through the maze of foliage and vegetation that encompassed him. Paths there were none, and, whenever he hurried along the openings in the brake, they invariably conducted him to some impenetrable thicket, which left him no alternative but to retrace his steps. Similar attempts in other directions ending always in the same disappointment, convinced him that he was more likely to lose himself than discover the object of his search, and, in fact, it was only by shouting aloud to the princess, and guiding himself by her replying voice, that he was enabled to rejoin her.

That he should thus impetuously rush after a youth whose homely dress attested him to be of inferior rank, had filled her with an amazement which was immeasurably heightened when she learnt that the supposed boy was, in reality, a fair girl, whose mysterious and irreconcilable appearances in the cavern and in the streets of Toledo, as a princess and as a pauper, he now recounted, adding that he would summon all the retainers of the farm to prevent her escape, and force her to confess her name and rank, as well as her reasons for the solemn warning she had pronounced.

"Commit not such unwarrantable discourtesy," said Ingundis. "You confess yourself indebted to this ambiguous monitress for your life; it is evident that her purposes towards you are still friendly; she has cautioned you against attempting to penetrate her secret; gratitude, therefore, as well as prudence, should withhold you from attempting to lift up the veil behind which she chooses to conceal herself. Let us leave her to her disguises and her concealment, and discuss, as we resume our journey, the probability of the dark designs which she attributes to Prince Recared."

Preoccupied for some time past with the arrival of his mistress, with the bacchanalian revels in honour of her Frankish escort, and the domestic squabbles that had so quickly succeeded their departure, Hermenegild had scarcely found time to advert for a single moment to his fair liberator; but her present apparition turned his thoughts more strongly than ever into their former channel, and he could converse of little else during the remainder of their journey. Ingundis, though not deficient in female curiosity, was less anxious to develop her history and the motives of her conduct, than to fathom her allusion to Recared, whose character, so far as she herself had been enabled to observe, had by no means won for him her respect or confidence. Upon this point the attention of the prince also was presently fixed. Naturally unsuspicious, and deeming others as frank and ingenuous as himself, a distrust of his brother had never crossed his mind, nor could he now believe, in spite of the warning voice, that he would ever seek to betray him to his ruin. "He has strenuously urged me," said the prince, "to raise the standard of rebellion against my father."

"Against the queen and the archbishop, the usurpers of his authority," interposed Ingundis.

"I will not distrust his motives," resumed her companion, "but I will not follow his advice; and in this I am now confirmed by the counsel of my friendly monitress."

"Respecting whose objects and means of information you are utterly in the dark. What have you to do with Recared, be he treacherous or trustworthy? You want not either his assistance or his

advice. It is for you, the successor to the throne, to see that its authority be not usurped; it is for you to assert your own rights, and avenge your own wrongs, as I will mine, if he, who ought to be my champion, shrinks from the glorious perils of his office."

A sort of playful scorn animated the features of the young beauty as she launched this taunt; but all fascinating and beloved as she was, neither charms, reproaches, nor entreaties, could extort a promise from her lover that he would throw off his allegiance to his father.

In such conversations, varied by innumerable conjectures as to the fair and mysterious incognita who took such an apparent interest in the prince's fate, they beguiled their journey, passing the dreary mountainous range of the Sierra Morena, crossing more than once the river Bœtis, now the Guadalquiver, and traversing the prince's province of Bœtica and its extensive olive woods, until they arrived, without accident, at Seville, even in those early days a flourishing commercial city. By the Visigothic portion of the inhabitants, among whom his approved courage and rough soldierly bearing had rendered him popular, Hermenegild was received with joyful acclamations; while the Spanish Catholics, who were the more numerous class, and seldom well affected towards their Arian rulers, observed a sullen silence or confined their greetings to the princess. Leander, however, the catholic bishop, more liberal, or perhaps more calculating than his countrymen, hastened to do cheerful homage to his prince, welcoming him with a cordiality and frankness so congenial to his own that it instantly won his heart, especially when the prelate counselled immediate marriage with Ingundis, and eagerly solicited the honour of performing the ceremony. This early prepossession in the prince's mind was strengthened by the manners of the bishop, who, while his general character was unimpeachable, affected not the hypocritical sanctity of the demure Quintana, but was of merry discourse, a lover of good cheer, and almost as potent a toper as Hermenegild himself. "By St. James!" exclaimed the latter, unable to resist such a special recommendation to his favour, "were they all like you, good men and staunch drinkers, I should not only think better of bishops but of the Catholic doctrine itself."

"Perhaps your highness has known none of the episcopalian order except Quintana, of Toledo, who is in fact no bishop, but an apostate and usurper; and as to our doctrine, I venture to hope that it has never been properly expounded to you."

"Perhaps not," said the prince, alarmed at the preparatory "hem!" of his companion, which seemed to threaten an immediate attempt at his conversion. "Perhaps not, but I am in no present cue for listening to controversial divinity; so prythee fill my goblet, for methinks the

wine of my own province is still better than the rough grape of Cantabria."

Brief and unpromising as it was, this colloquy emboldened the bishop to undertake a design of no mean moment, and apparently of no facile accomplishment, its object being to convert the prince to catholicism, even before his marriage, which had been deferred for a few days, in order to make preparations for celebrating it with due pomp. Never had a similar project, undertaken by a grand and highly respected dignitary of the church, been prosecuted by means so inconsistent, and apparently so little adapted to insure a successful issue. Aware that the object of his proselyting zeal loved wine as much as he disliked theological discussions, the bibulous bishop tempted him to listen to the latter by indulging his propensity to the former.

Every day saw them engaged in debates and potations equally deep, the prince being disposed to listen with special attention to the arguments of a jovial expounder, whose strength of head in spiritual matters he readily inferred from his ability to quaff as many cups as himself, without any derangement of his faculties. To doctrinal subtilties Hermenegild had never given his attention, nor did he now lend himself to them, even when they came recommended by flowing cups, but he was disposed, without any very profound inquiry, to admit the truth of the Catholic tenets when he saw how powerful an influence they had exercised upon the mind of his beloved Ingundis; and how compatible was their adoption, as he had episcopal evidence to convince him, with cheerful manners and bacchanalian indulgences. When he betook himself to the princess, who had been made acquainted with the bishop's design, she failed not to advocate the same cause, not so much by arguments as by persuasion and entreaty; never omitting, however, to dwell upon the accession of power and other political advantages which would accrue to her lover from his adopting the same faith as the great majority of the people.

Thus assailed by the joint allurements of love and wine, the prince soon succumbed, and avowed himself a Catholic. Not a moment was allowed him for reflection or retraction. In the cathedral of Seville, and in the presence of the assembled clergy he solemnly abjured the errors of Arianism, adopted the Nicene creed, and received the rite of confirmation; on the same day, in the midst of extraordinary pomp and universal rejoicing (always excepting the Arian population), he was married to Ingundis; and the evening was devoted to revelry and banqueting, at which the jocund bishop, exhilarated by the success of his scheme, drank to the spiritual and bodily health of his convert in such copious cups, which the latter reciprocated, that both parties became thoroughly inebriated, the prince finally reeling about the hall

with his brandished battle-axe, threatening to exterminate all those who would not pledge him in a large wine cup which he held in his left hand; while the bishop, following him with unsteady steps, drew down the edge of the vessel to his own lips, and repeatedly spilt a portion of its contents in the vain endeavour to direct them into his mouth.

CHAPTER VI.

NATURE has implanted so clear a sense of right and wrong in every man's bosom, that we can seldom err, so long as we follow the admonitions of conscience; but when bigotry sets up a new standard, which, affecting to be superior to every other, is in reality a mere human invention, and often made to adapt itself to the worst of passions, the light of reason is utterly extinguished, and although the *ignis fatuus* which we have substituted for it may lead us into the most perilous snares and pitfalls, we still flounder undismayed from one depth to another, because we imagine ourselves to be following a heavenly beacon. Of this melancholy truth Hermenegild was destined to afford a signal example.

Leander, the Bishop of Seville, in spite of his addiction to wassailing, and his merry temperament, was a zealous fanatic, and being thoroughly persuaded that he should render an acceptable service to God by substituting a Catholic for an Arian monarch, he listened to the suggestions of Ingundis, who pointed out how easily he might urge his new convert, by the influences of religion, to throw off his allegiance, and claim the crown for his own head. No thoughts of ambition, no hopes of personal advancement impelled the prelate to act upon this advice; his honest and disinterested bigotry sought to do service to his Maker, not to himself; while his success in the conversion of Hermenegild persuaded him that the ductile mind of the neophyte was now in a state to receive any impression marked with the characters of devotion.

Not by spiritual fulminations, nor even by authoritative language did he attempt to assail his convert, with whom entreaties were always more efficacious than menaces; but preparing him as before, by cheerful converse at the festive board, to listen to his arguments, he gradually unfolded his purpose, impressing upon him that in proportion as the immortal soul was of greater importance than the perishable body, and eternity more precious than time, so was the duty that he owed to

his heavenly Father immeasurably superior to that which could be claimed by his earthly parent. Catholicism, once established upon the throne, would soon, he remarked, win to its bosom, and consequently to salvation, the whole Arian flock, now wandering from the true path; and to Hermenegild would belong the glory of this world, as well as the rewards in the next, of accomplishing this great and acceptable work.

Justificatory examples were adduced from the Jewish history, as well as warning instances of the judgments inflicted upon those who refused to perform the delegated work of heaven, when there was an opportunity of reclaiming a whole people; while he repeatedly urged, as Ingundis had done before him, that the step he recommended would not, in fact, be a dethronement of the king, but of the apostate bishop and the imperious queen, who had jointly usurped his authority. So long as the prince had followed the dictates of his own reason, he had stood immovable against the insidious artifices of Recared, and the blandishments or arguments of his beloved Ingundis; but when he surrendered up his judgment to an imagined expounder of the heavenly will, his best feelings were easily made conducive to the commission of the worst and most atrocious deeds; a perversion of which fanaticism affords appalling evidence, traced in characters of blood upon every page of its history.

"It grieves me to the heart," sighed the prince, "to draw my sword, even in appearance, against my dear and ever-indulgent father; but if the interests of religion and the true church can be advanced by such a step, it becomes me to submit."

"Abraham obeyed," said the bishop, "when he was commanded to offer up Isaac, his affectionate son; and so it is for you to testify an equal reverence when you are imperatively called upon to make a sacrifice of your beloved father."

"A sacrifice of my father!" roared the prince, grasping the handle of his battle-axe; "by the Holy Trinity! I will cleave the skull of the first man, even though he wear a mitre, who shall dare to offer him the slightest indignity!"

"You mistake me, my son, and have understood in a literal sense that which I spoke figuratively. Far be it from me to counsel any personal disrespect to your royal father. It is of your own filial feelings—allow me to replenish your wine cup—that you are called upon to make a sacrifice; and in proportion as this offering is painful to yourself, so will it be acceptable to the Lord. His will, and not ours be done! and that such is the will of Heaven has been confirmed to me by an unequivocal, indeed by a miraculous manifestation; for as I was praying this morning before the image of the Virgin, imploring

some sign by which I might know whether it were right that I should urge you on to proclaim yourself king, behold the sacred figure complacently bowed its head, and then became immovable as before."

It is not impossible that the senses of the zealous bishop, while thus engaged in prayer, had been deluded by his wishes, for on all ordinary occasions he was honest and veracious; but neither is it impossible that the whole story was an invention; for so blinding and corrupting is superstition that its votaries have often thought a pious fraud or falsehood a grateful offering to the God of truth. Whatever might be its origin, it decided the course of the credulous Hermenegild, who being plied in rapid succession with bumpers, arguments, repetitions of the image story, and pledges of support from the whole Catholic church, consented in an evil hour to throw off his allegiance, and proclaim himself King of Spain; though not until he had stipulated that his father should be treated with perfect respect, be allowed to remain, if he thought fit, in the castle of Toledo, and be suffered to indulge in all his customary pursuits and pleasures.

Great was the joy of Ingundis when she learnt that her husband had decided upon this most perilous enterprise. Ambition was her ruling passion, the insults heaped upon her by Goisvintha rankled in her bosom, and she had made a solemn vow never to forget, never to forgive them. For vengeance in its guiltier acceptation of bloodshed or violence, she did not so much thirst as for an opportunity of degrading the queen, and of occupying her place upon the throne, in the hope of accomplishing which objects her whole soul became imbued with an instant energy that imparted an additional animation and a character of still more inflexible resolution to her countenance.

A mere girl in years and appearance—a beauty and a bride, it was a grand, almost a sublime spectacle to gaze upon her and listen to her speech, as, with the elevated look and calm courage of a heroine, she recommended measures of the most daring nature, and suggested means for their successful accomplishment. Although uninvited to attend, she took her place, as a matter of right, at the councils convened by Hermenegild; and the clergy and nobles, although they might not be reconciled to the presence, could not ever deny the boldness, nor often impugn the judgment of their young and fair fellow counsellor.

"Our undertaking is full of jeopardy," she exclaimed at one of these meetings, "and to insure its prosperous issue, we must be as prompt in our resolves as fearless in our acts. We are all principals alike, and every one must apply his undivided energies to the advancement of the common cause. Already have I written to demand assistance from the chiefs of the Suevi, and by the same messenger

I have despatched letters to King Sigibert, my royal father. For the Franks, my fellow-countrymen, these missives will be enough. I have stated that their princess has been grossly insulted, and they will hasten by thousands to avenge her. But they are remote, and before their succours could reach us, our enterprise might be crushed. Nothing must be left to chance—fate and fortune must be compelled to league with us. The Roman stations on our sea-coast are close at hand; their army in Africa is not remote. Their aid will insure our quick success, and it must be instantly demanded. The more dignified the rank of the ambassador, the less is he likely to fail in his mission; wherefore I would submit that our reverend and holy coadjutor, the bishop, be requested to take immediate shipping for Constantinople to solicit the support of the Emperor Maurice; you, my dear Hermenegild, will fill your proper station at the head of the army, when it shall be formed and assembled; while I myself will forthwith seek the Roman stations on the coast, or their general in Africa, to negotiate the terms of an alliance."

A murmur of applause from the council testified their approbation of the young heroine's advice. Leander, ever zealous and prompt where he imagined the interests of religion to be concerned, professed his readiness to undertake the embassy proposed; but Hermenegild did not seem to relish the loss of his beautiful bride, or her undertaking a mission which might be fraught with a thousand perils. "Dearest Ingundis," he exclaimed, "we are but just married, and I thought you loved me too well to leave me thus early!"

"I love you well and dearly," replied the princess; "but I love still more your fame, your safety, and your life, all of which are implicated in the success of our enterprise. Your sword must now be your bride, and I will find a bridegroom in the glorious exploit to which my soul is wedded. Henceforth, the toil of war must be our recreation, the trumpet and the battle shout our festive music. Away with dalliance and delight! Away, too, with gawds and bawbles! Off! off! these bridal ornaments and gems, which to me would now be utterly worthless if they might not be sold to purchase swords and spears. There will be time enough for such trinkets, when we have won a crown in which to put them." With these words, she tore the jewels from her dress and tossed them down upon the council table.

"But have you weighed the dangers of a mission to the perfidious Romans?" asked Hermenegild.

"When I have set my mind upon a purpose, I weigh nothing but the best and quickest means of accomplishing it. Educated among camps, the daughter of Sigibert and Brunechild is not likely to be

scared by trifles; and against the common perils of travel, I shall, of course, have the protection of an escort."

"But, dearest Ingundis, it has ever been my wish to expel these intruding Romans altogether from the soil of Spain, while you would invite them into the very heart of our country."

"Only for a moment, and that they may give us strength to push them afterwards into the sea; an exploit which will, indeed, be worthy of your arms when you shall be king of Spain. Hark, Hermenegild! do you hear the golden and glorious sound of that word king—king of Spain?"

"But were it not treacherous thus to delude the Romans?"

"They never spared friend or foe when they could cheat or betray! and it is ever warrantable to assail the perfidious with their own weapons. What! shall we stand in awe of these degenerate Greeks? We have conquered them when they deserved the name of Romans, and shall we suffer them to beard us now? Away with timidity and irresolution! What have we to fear? Justinian is no longer emperor—Belisarius is dead—Hermenegild is living, and Ingundis is his wife!"

In the look and tone of the princess, as she uttered this speech, there were no indications of arrogance, but rather the expression of a dauntless, masculine soul, conscious of its superiority, and not deterred from asserting it by any affectation of humility. Its effect upon her auditors, enhanced by the youth and bridal beauty of the speaker, was electrical. Leander, proclaiming his belief that she was inspired by Heaven for the special achievement of their great and pious undertaking, pronounced her to be amiable as Rachel, wise as Rebecca, faithful as Sarah, beautiful as Esther, and bold as Deborah and Judith. Unwilling to acknowledge any real pre-eminence in so girlish-looking a coadjutrix, the rest of the council readily assigned their sympathy with her intrepid eloquence to the presence of some divine afflatus. Its influence, therefore, penetrated their hearts without wounding their self-love. All were fortified, stimulated, and encouraged by so spirit-stirring an example.

Hermenegild, beholding her adamantine inflexibility, and believing her to be really commissioned for the task, gave his reluctant consent to her embassy to the Romans, and adopted instant measures for providing a strong and trustworthy escort.

A vessel was engaged for the conveyance to Constantinople of the episcopal ambassador, who failed not to store it with such rare wines and savoury conserves as might best beguile the tedium of his voyage. Early and late, the prince devoted himself to the enrolment and exercise of his troops; his personal partisans were numerous; many

of the Goths, eager to exchange an aged and supine for a vigorous and warlike king, clung to their young leader in spite of his apostasy from Arianism; the Catholics crowded to his standard; all were animated with confidence and enthusiasm—never had a great enterprise commenced with more auspicious promises of success.

Leaving affairs in this condition at Seville, we will revert for a brief space to Toledo, whence the flight of the prince and his fair companion had in the first instance excited no very marked sensation. Leovigild was at dinner when the archbishop, hastening into the hall, gave him the first intelligence that his son, at Seville, had embraced Catholicism, had raised the standard of revolt, and proclaimed himself king. "It is false as the devil himself, who is the father of all lies," cried the monarch. "Which of you, the queen or yourself, for both of you equally hate my brave boy—which of you, I say, hath trumped up this monstrous calumny? What! my favourite son, my open-hearted and affectionate Hermenegild? Why, I never denied him a request in my life; it was my delight to heap favours upon him—and *he* to prove a rebel and a traitor! Impossible! Bring me no more of these outrageous fictions, and, above all things, let me not be disturbed at my meals, to which, as you must be well aware, I have a special aversion."

"But it is my painful duty to apprise your majesty that my information does not rest upon rumour or calumny, but upon official despatches which I hold in my hand;" and he tendered them to the king.

"Forgeries and falsehoods; but read them, nevertheless, for they will not interrupt my meal so much as talking. More wine, more wine; give me my tulip-cup, and bring me yonder dish of venison." At first the incredulous monarch only listened at intervals as he changed his dishes, or replenished his bumpers; but when he heard the proclamation which had been issued by Hermenegild, when he saw the well-known seal and signature of the governor of Seville to the despatches, and upon summoning to his presence, and strictly interrogating the messenger who had brought them, received confirmation of the news from an eye-witness, who communicated to him also the rumour current at Seville, that the Suevi, the Franks, and even the Romans, the common enemy, were to be invited into the country to support the rebellion—the long-smothered volcano of his violent passions burst forth in an explosion that resembled a sudden fit of frenzy, rather than a momentary ebullition of rage.

With inflamed and distorted features he started from the table, poured a torrent of abuse and malediction upon his son, and brandishing a drawn sword, ran wildly about the hall as if seeking the object

of his wrath. Like wildfire did the news spread through the palace; the queen and Recared were presently upon the spot, and every one seemed anxious to rival the justly-incensed father in venting curses upon the unnatural, the abandoned, the rebellious, the diabolical Heremenegild. Their passionate invectives, however, instead of inflaming, seemed to assuage the indignation of the king, who could not bear to hear his favourite son abused by any one but himself. With a strange revulsion of feeling, he turned upon the maligners of Hermenegild, accusing them of having driven his brave boy into rebellion by their outrages upon Ingundis, and by their denial of satisfaction for her wrongs. Eagerly vindicating themselves from this charge, they sought to turn the royal anger back into its former channel, and to bend the supple and indolent monarch as they had hitherto been accustomed! but grief and strong emotion had made him headstrong, and even fierce; he would neither be commanded nor entreated, but drove them from his presence with bitter reproaches; and having now no object on which to wreak his passion, he retired exhausted and wretched to his private apartment, buried his face in his hands, and wept for some time with an uncontrollable vehemence.

Neither the queen nor the archbishop were in the least prepared for the change which the revolt of the prince, produced in a great degree by their own machinations, instantly operated in the character of the king. His natural energies, though nearly smothered by age, sloth, and indulgence, were dormant, not dead, and the present crisis roused them once more into activity. "Look you," he exclaimed, as he displayed the proclamation of Hermenegild before the queen and her episcopal colleague, "you are here accused of having usurped all the powers of the state, leaving to me, the lawful monarch of Spain, nothing but the shadow of royalty. It is true, or rather it *was* true, for I am no longer the puppet here described, Leovigild is himself again—I am once more king of Spain; ay, and as such I will crush the ungrateful viper who seeks his father's crown. I will myself lead my army against him, and if I encounter him in the field, and my good sword fail me not, I will rid my kingdom of the unnatural rebel who has thus madly plunged it into all the horrors of civil warfare."

Nor was this a mere burst of evanescent vigour, the flash of his expiring energies. His actions confirmed his assertions. No longer confiding to Quintana the duties of prime minister, he rose every morning at an early hour, opening and reading the despatches himself. In vain did the queen, whose hatred of Hermenegild had now been aggravated by his apostacy from Arianism, endeavour to recover her influence over her husband's mind. He would not even allow her to be present as heretofore at the deliberations of the council, and when

she became clamorous and abusive, he ordered her to be carried away, and confined to her own apartments. Early and late he superintended the military preparations, giving orders for the collection and distribution of troops in the provinces, and discharging in his own person all the functions of an active and prudent commander. Opposition and unfavourable tidings did but inflame his indignation, and brace him the more firmly to his purpose.

News was brought him that the fortified towns of Merida and Cordova, as well as Seville, had strenuously espoused the party of Hermenegild. "By St. James, I scarcely wonder at it," he exclaimed with a self-reproaching sneer; "they think they have to deal with a puppet king, but they shall quickly find and feel that Leovigild still wields the sword of his valorous predecessor, Euric, the warrior.* Away with these tawdry jewelled arms—lead back to their stables those useless white mules. Give me my sword of Euric, my iron helmet and cuirass; bring me my large black war-horse—Leovigild is no longer a crowned bauble, but a Gothic general!"

Even Recared, though usually cold and unimpassioned, felt the full excitement of a crisis on which he knew the success of all his insidious schemes to depend. If his brother triumphed in the coming contest, the sons that might be born to him would of course succeed to the crown he won. If he failed, even without perishing on the field of battle, his life would be forfeited as a rebel and a traitor, and nothing would then stand between himself and the throne. Thus impelled by selfishness and ambition, Recared even excelled his father in the ardour and activity with which he devoted himself to that division of the army which was intrusted to him, as well as to the general preparations for the impending struggle. Even the courtiers, at the prospect of war, shook off their luxurious sloth, and prepared to meet its hardships and vicissitudes without repining: others of all ranks imitated their example; and it was now seen that the element of the Gothic character, like that of an inland lake, although it may stagnate in a long protracted calm, purifies itself as it becomes agitated, and displays its latent beauty as well as strength when it is roused by storms.

* King of the Goths, who wrested Toledo from the Romans, in the year 467.

CHAPTER VII.

FORGETTING that she was a bride, in her eagerness to become a queen, Ingundis would have hurried immediately from Seville on her intended mission to the Roman stations, while she recommended a similar activity to Leander in his embassy to the Byzantine Court. But the good bishop, who had little notion of official despatch, and who thought, moreover, that Divine aid was of much more consequence than human exertions, however energetic, would not listen to any proposition for the departure of either the princess or himself, until they had propitiated heaven and the saints by a solemn procession, by public prayers, and the exhibition of all the relics that were treasured up in all the churches; a ceremony which he wished to postpone till the anniversary of the patron saint of Seville, and within a few days of its occurrence. Nothing but religious considerations could have persuaded the princess to such an unwelcome delay; but, imperious and hasty as she was, she would not thwart the wishes of her spiritual adviser, and consented to take a part in this previous act of devotion.

On the morning of the appointed day, every reliquary in Seville gave forth its precious store to add to the solemnity of the pageant. Hermenegild, at the head of his soldiers, with Ingundis by his side, swelled the pomp; the sable troops of the priesthood, almost an army in themselves, brought up the rear; those who were unable to find room within the cathedral, where the service was performed, collected on the outside; and the assembled population of Seville, at the conclusion of the prayers, made the air ring with shouts of "Long live Hermenegild and Ingundis! Long live our pious, good, and charitable bishop!"

Everything passed off auspiciously—nay, it might be said that there was a miraculous manifestation of Divine favour; for Leander, whose senses were probably deluded by his sanguine zeal, declared that the image of the Virgin, which had previously nodded assent of his measures, assumed a complacent smile, as upon this occasion he knelt before it. After these propitiatory rites, a grand banquet was given to the church dignitaries and the chiefs of the soldiers, which lasted till the evening, when Ingundis, whose departure had been fixed for the following morning, retired with her husband and the bishop to concert together their future plan of operations. In such discussions did they continue deeply engaged, until a servant announced that a stranger wished to have immediate access to the prince.

"I am occupied with affairs of consequence," said the latter, impatiently, "and must not be interrupted."

"But he who desires to have speech of you will take no denial, declaring that his mission is of the utmost importance to your welfare, and will not brook an instant delay."

"This urgent suitor must learn to wait my leisure; let him seek me as early as he pleases to-morrow;" and with this reply he would have dismissed the servant, had not the bishop interposed, observing that the position of their affairs was critical, and it was not impossible that the applicant for admission might be a secret envoy, charged with some *vivâ voce* communication from their Catholic friends at Toledo. Admitting the probability of this conjecture, the prince assented to the stranger's introduction; the servant withdrew, and returned in a few minutes ushering into the apartment a figure whose appearance occasioned Hermenegild and Ingundis to start back with a simultaneous exclamation of surprise. It was the youth who had addressed to them the warning at the farm, and who still wore the homely garments in which he was then attired. Both were struck with such astonishment for the moment, that they could not give utterance to their thoughts, and there was a brief silence, first broken by the visitant, saying to Hermenegild, "I repeatedly told your servant that I must see you alone."

"My companions are the good bishop of Seville and the princess, my wife, both of whom are in my perfect confidence."

"But not in mine; I must see you alone, or I am dumb," said the stranger, in a tone of calm decision.

Leander, a single-minded, incurious man, immediately withdrew, an example which was followed, though with less alacrity, by the princess, who, as she retired, cast a scrutinising and somewhat haughty glance at the intruder. Whether Ingundis, with all her heroical qualities, still possessed her share of curiosity—the imputed failing of her sex—or that she was actuated by a germ of jealousy, for she knew the visitant to be a young and fair maiden in disguise, we cannot determine; but we must not conceal the derogatory fact, that from an adjoining chamber she quickly gained access to a closet, whence she could distinctly hear all that passed in the apartment she had just quitted. "There may be treachery in the case," she whispered to herself, as if she thought some apology necessary for thus playing the eaves-dropper; "and it is my duty to watch over the safety of Hermenegild;" with which salvo she applied her ear as close as she could to the door of the closet.

"After having so carefully, and upon more than one occasion, avoided pursuit and recognition," said the prince to his disguised

visitant, "I little expected that you would thus voluntarily seek my presence. You come, I hope, to clear up the mystery that has hitherto involved you; to reveal to me who and what you are; to divulge why you followed me from Toledo to the farm, and again escaped from me after warning me against the machinations of Recared, my brother."

"I have no such disclosures to make: I affect no mystery; but the motives that have imperatively urged me to concealment upon these and other points, remain yet in full operation. Our encountering at the farm was accidental, and I evaded your pursuit because my purpose admitted not interrogatory or delay. Nor had I any intention of tracking you to Seville, in which city my sojourning at the present moment is an occurrence equally fortuitous."

"What, then, is the object of your visit to me now? You declared it to be urgent and important."

"I said the truth. Is it not the intention of the princess to depart to-morrow for the Roman stations of the coast?" The prince answered in the affirmative.

"I have a measure to propose which may not only render that perilous step unnecessary, but may probably bring the war upon which you have entered to an immediate and successful termination. If you accede to my terms, I solemnly pledge myself to give you possession, within a week, of the city, castle, and garrison of Toledo."

For a moment the prince stared in the face of the speaker, as if doubting the evidence of his ears, and then, utterly unable to control his emotions at a proposition which appeared so supremely ridiculous, he threw himself back in his chair and burst into a loud laugh. This rude method of testifying his incredulity produced but a trifling effect upon the countenance of the stranger; she reddened slightly, while a look of grave but not offended dignity predominated over that expression of sorrow which usually invested her features. "Forgive me," said the prince, recovering himself, "if I cannot help doubting either your seriousness or your sanity. How can you, a single unaided maiden, disguised in the homely garments of a boy, undertake to deliver up to me the metropolis of Spain, the impregnable fortress of Toledo?"

"I never uttered a jest in my life—I am not mad, neither am I an enthusiast or an impostor. What I have undertaken I am able and willing to perform, as pledge of which I am ready to place my life in your hands, to be forfeited if I do not fully and honourably redeem my promise. What you beheld and experienced in the quarry ought to convince you that I am neither powerless nor unworthy of trust. On that occasion I saved you from destruction; I now offer to

make you king of Spain; and thus shall I partly discharge the debt of gratitude for that inappreciable favour to which I formerly alluded."

"And of which I have not the smallest recollection. Tell me, I beseech you, how, when, where——?"

"A time may come for these explanations; but for the present you must remain in darkness as to my name and quality. Have I not said that if I were known you would hate and detest me?"

"True, true," said the prince, musing; and at this moment the idea flashed upon his mind that his mysterious companion must be one of those evil spirits who were thus imagined to be constantly haunting the earth, that they might tempt the unwary to their ruin. Her first midnight appearance in the quarry with armed comrades, or, rather, as he now began to surmise, with fellow demons offering secret and unhallowed worship to an inanimate stone; the strange metamorphosis in her subsequent appearance; her inscrutable power of eluding pursuit; her admission that if known she would be loathed and abhorred, with other suspicious circumstances, all seemed so strongly to confirm his misgivings, that he exclaimed, "How know I that you are not an incarnate spirit seeking to delude me into some fatal snare? Will you swear that your purposes are honest and friendly? Will you kiss the cross?" and he extended towards her the handle of his battle-axe, to the extremity of which was nailed a small iron cross.

"No!" said the stranger, recoiling and averting her face.

"Ha! is it so—is it so?" shouted the prince, as he crossed himself with great rapidity. "Have I detected thee? Begone from me, thou daughter of Satan! Avaunt, thou child of Belial! I am not to be betrayed either by thy frauds or thy fascinations!"

"Mistaken and ungrateful man! you were in my power, and I saved your life even at the risk of my own: I have warned you against your secret enemies: I offer you the city of Toledo and the crown of Spain: and I am willing to place myself and my existence in your hands, as a security for the performance of my promise. Does such conduct savour of treachery, fraud, or fascination?"

In this appeal there was an earnestness of voice and manner, accompanied by such an expression of ingenuous truth in the countenance of the speaker, that Hermenegild, feeling he had done her foul wrong, exclaimed, "You are right—you are right; I cannot, will not, mistrust those accents of convincing candour,—that look of unsullied innocence. But you come to me under many circumstances of suspicion,—unknown —concealed— disguised; and before I embrace your proposition I must learn how it is to be executed, and what is to be your reward if it succeed."

"This you shall know. Listen! King Leovigild, your royal father, has hurried from Toledo, with the whole garrison, except a feeble guard, in order to crush an insurrection that has broken out in the north, where the Catholics have proclaimed you king. With three or four hundred horsemen you might soon reach the Toledan mountains undiscovered. If yourself and fifty of your dismounted followers will then commit yourselves to my guidance, I will introduce you at midnight into the city, by means of the cavern in the quarries, which communicates with subterranean tunnels that pass under the walls of the fortress. You can then open the gates of the sleeping city, your horsemen will enter; my confederates, not mean in number, nor deficient in resolution, will aid your enterprise; the Catholics will be ready to support you, the metropolis will be surprised and taken without a struggle, and the royal forces will be so discouraged by the blow, that in all probability the whole country will gladly recognise you as king."

"By heavens! it is feasible,—it is a glorious scheme,—and wears an aspect of undoubted success if you are not mistaken as to this strange assertion that the quarries communicate with the interior of the city."

"Hundreds of times have I passed from the one to the other, and by this secret channel had the whole assemblage, which you accidentally detected, reached this place of meeting."

"This looks like proof. I implicitly believe your averment, and I will gladly commit myself to the enterprise, for suggesting which you have not yet received your reward."

"For myself individually I demand nothing, for I shall still owe you a debt of gratitude even when I have accomplished all that I have undertaken. But, as I stated, I have confederates who require that in return for this service you shall swear to grant that which has been often and solemnly promised to them as a recognised right. Of their claims I cannot now state the precise nature, but I pledge my existence, that you may grant them as a king, with honour to yourself, and without detriment to your people."

"Then, by the holy Trinity! I swear to do so."

"I would rather hear you bind yourself by some other vow."

"Then by this sacred cross———"

"No—no—no," interposed the stranger—"swear by the God of heaven and earth, the Father of all mankind."

The prince pronounced the adjuration in the form prescribed, when his companion said, "It is well—it is well! We have now only to arrange the time and place of our meeting in the vicinity of Toledo."

This was done accordingly, and the mysterious incognita, sweetly but firmly resisting all the importunities of Hermenegild, that she

should not leave him so utterly in the dark as to her name and history, bowed her head, and glided rapidly from the apartment.

Although Ingundis had condescended to ensconce herself and listen to this colloquy, she scorned to conceal her conduct from her husband, justifying it by her apprehensions of some meditated treachery on the part of his visitant. The communication made by the stranger had been strictly confidential, and yet neither party seemed to feel the impropriety of its having been secretly overheard, for though both of them possessed much elevation of character, they could not lay claim to any very scrupulous delicacy. For some time they remained deliberating upon this singular proposition. The possibility of its easy execution Hermenegild was enabled to infer from what he had himself witnessed in the quarries, though he had never heard or suspected that their subterranean mazes communicated with the interior of the city; while the previous important service conferred upon him by his incognita, gave him assurance that she would neither propose what she could not execute, nor attempt to betray him into any danger.

Ingundis snatched eagerly at an enterprise which came recommended to her, not only by its audacity and romantic character, but by the glorious results at which it pointed, and the prompt termination of the war which its success would insure. An ugly misgiving, however, still lurked in the mind of Hermenegild; he liked not the stranger's objection to swear by the cross, still less her recoiling from that sacred symbol, and he recalled various legends and traditions, recounting how incarnate spirits had, under various pretexts, beguiled their victims into the bowels of the earth, whence they had never been known to emerge.

"Give me my faithful battle-axe," he exclaimed, "and I would not fear the bravest and most powerful mortal that treads the earth, but I shrink from the thought of encountering supernatural and invulnerable beings, especially in those dark quarries."

"They will not be dark," cried Ingundis with flashing eyes, "you will see before you a jewelled crown, which will be your blazing harbinger. For such a prize as this, darkness and even demons should be faced without a fear. Why the mysterious maiden should recoil from the cross I know not, but still I do not mistrust her, even if she be what you suspect. You may paralyse her unholy power by carrying with you a crucifix, and pronouncing aloud the prayer of exorcism; but if you still hesitate to commit yourself to the gloomy caverns of the earth with such a suspicious conductress, let *me* be the leader of the party which is to surprise the city, while you and your horsemen await our opening of the gates. Young as I am, I have seen a battle before now, and I feel within me the spirit that gives victory."

"No, dear and brave Ingundis!" said the prince, "if there be

danger it is for me, not you to encounter it. By the expedient of the crucifix, and the form of exorcism all my scruples are removed, and I am both ready and eager for the execution of our enterprise."

With this view instant arrangements were commenced. Four hundred of the best mounted horsemen were selected for the expedition, fifty of the bravest and most trusty being set apart for the perilous task of surprising and capturing the city. One difficulty still remained to be surmounted. Ingundis insisted upon joining the party, and her husband was unwilling that she should needlessly expose herself to so much fatigue and danger. But the young and dauntless bride was now as inflexible in her determination to accompany him, as she had previously been in her purpose of separation, in order to undertake her mission to the Romans; when she had once decided on any measure it was vain to oppose her, and the prince gave a reluctant assent to her wishes.

Making their marches mostly by night, in order to avoid discovery, the detachment reached the mountains in the immediate vicinity of Toledo, when Hermenegild and his fifty chosen soldiers, favoured by the darkness, proceeded on foot to the place of rendezvous, which was the bridge over the Tagus, at a small distance from the quarries. Punctual to the appointed hour and place, the fair stranger was in attendance, habited as before, like a youth of inferior station; the preconcerted signal and watchword were given and exchanged; the unknown damsel, commanding a strict silence to be observed, placed herself at their head, and they commenced their march along the banks of the river until they reached the quarries, into the labyrinths of which they presently plunged. An occasional glimmering revealed to them at first some small portion of the passages they were exploring, but they were soon involved in impenetrable darkness, and it was only by the cooler atmosphere and the more hollow echoes of their footsteps that Hermenegild imagined himself to be crossing the large vault in which he had discovered the midnight assemblage, a conjecture of which the truth was confirmed to him by his conductress.

Their path now became more narrow, tortuous, and difficult; rude steps were ascended and descended; there was nothing but the whispering voice of their unknown leader to guide them, and some of the soldiers, in spite of the silence that had been enjoined, began to murmur at this subterranean burrowing, and to express their fears of treachery or demonism. Although the prince did his best to encourage them, he was not himself by any means free from apprehensions. Buried alive, as it were, in the dark bowels of the earth, he and his brave followers were completely at the mercy of his unknown guide, who, if her purposes were foul, might be hurrying him on to some fearful and un-

hallowed region, the abode of evil spirits. To frustrate these and all similar schemes, he held up his crucifix, and cited aloud the prayer of exorcism, which seemed to give great confidence to his followers, who were still more encouraged when they found that they began once more to ascend. This they continued to do until upon reaching and climbing up a ladder they discovered by the dim light of the stars that they were upon *terra firma*, in a small garden flanked by a shabby-looking house on one side, and on three others by a lofty wall. Their conductress unlocked the door of the dwelling—ushered them through a narrow passage, and opened a second door, exclaiming in a glad voice to Hermenegild, as the party passed forth, "Prince! I give you joy! You are in the streets of Toledo! It must be our first care to secure the gates."

To the nearest of these she accordingly led the way; the guards, surprised and confounded, offered little or no resistance, although they had time to ring the alarum before they surrendered or fled.

"Be not uneasy," said the prince's conductress, who never quitted his side, "my friends and confederates, prepared for the signal, will soon hasten to your support."

Scarcely had she spoken when Hermenegild found himself surrounded by armed men, who saluted him with acclamations of welcome, and hurried with him to the other gates, which were all secured with not less facility than the first. By this time the whole city was awake and afoot, several bands, collecting themselves together in the wider streets, attempted to oppose the progress of the assailants, but they were presently overpowered, and in less than an hour Hermenegild found himself in undisputed possession of Toledo, with the exception of the castle. King Leovigild, trusting to the presumed impregnability of his capital, had left only a feeble detachment in the place, the whole of which, with the exception of the guards, at the different gates, were stationed every night in the castle. Presuming that the disturbance they heard was only some nocturnal scuffle between the Arians and Catholics, which was of not unfrequent occurrence, they very prudently determined not to sally from the fortress until daylight should enable them to see what disorders they had to repress, or what enemies to encounter.

The city being thus secured, with the sole exception of the castle, which, as the prince's guide assured him, would be compelled to surrender in less than a week from the want of provisions, he betook himself to the gate at which it had been preconcerted that the remainder of his troop should make their entrance. The appointed hour for their appearance had elapsed, and yet, to his equal surprise and disappointment, he saw no signs of either Ingundis or the horse-

men. Deeming it not impossible that they might have mistaken the gate, he hurried to the others, but with no better success, nor could the messengers who were despatched in various directions by his active and friendly conductress, gather any tidings of the missing party. "I have performed all that I promised," said the stranger, who seemed to be even more anxious than the prince; "but I cannot be responsible for the consequences of this unaccountable and most sinister delay. At the sight of four hundred horsemen the little garrison in the castle would either have surrendered at discretion, or they must have been quickly starved into submission; but if they discover our weakness and rally their supporters in the city, we may yet lose all that we have won."

Quickly was it proved that these apprehensions were well founded. Day began to dawn, and nothing could be seen in any direction of the troop that was to support the enterprise; the garrison learning the insignificant number of the band by which the city had been surprised, sallied from the castle to attack them, the Arian clergy issuing from their churches with relics and holy images in their hands, called upon the faithful to assist in expelling the heretics; and a formidable force hastened down to the gate at which Hermenegild and his men were stationed.

"All is about to be snatched from your grasp," said the prince's incognita, re-appearing at his side after a short absence, "for the present you have lost Toledo and the crown of Spain: the mode by which you entered the city is unfortunately discovered. The garrison and all the fanatics are bearing down upon you in numbers which it would be utter madness to resist. Fly! fly! but remember that your failure is not attributable to me, and that I am still your friend." With these words she disappeared, and was seen no more.

Hermenegild, however, had not been accustomed to yield, however fearful the odds to which he might be opposed. Choosing an advantageous station near the gates, he determined to await the attack, trusting that he might still hold his enemies in check until his tardy horsemen should at length come to his support. With this forlorn hope he made the most desperate exertions, felling with his irresistible battle-axe all who came within its death-dealing range, and encouraging his men by his voice as well as example to fight bravely to the last. But against such disparity of numbers what valour could avail? Many of his little band were killed by his side, the armed townsmen, who had hitherto supported him, slunk gradually from the fray; and himself and the survivors of his little band, still fighting as they retreated, were at length driven without the gates, which the garrison, fearing perhaps some ambush, or feeling themselves too weak for a *sortie*, im-

mediately closed and barricaded. That apprehension was fortunate for Hermenegild, since it enabled him to continue his retreat unmolested, but in a paroxysm of disappointment and rage, that could find no other vent than in incessant maledictions of the officer who commanded the remainder of his troop, and had thus inexplicably deserted him at his utmost hour of need.

Of this apparent defection the cause was soon elucidated, for on his reaching a gentle eminence about a mile from the city, he saw his missing horsemen galloping towards him from the valley. Even the presence of Ingundis could scarcely restrain the choleric prince from cutting down the commander, whom he coarsely assailed with the most vituperative epithets. But a brief explanation converted his vain fury into regrets as unavailing. Knowing that in the darkness of the night it was easy to miss the road to Toledo, and become entangled amid the hills, the prince himself, before he quitted his band, had engaged a goatherd by the promise of a few pieces of gold, coupled with a threat of death if he played them false, to guide the horsemen to the city. Mounted on a stout mule, the peasant, who was a stanch Catholic, rode beside the commander, engaging him in a religious conversation, and had no sooner detected him to be a Goth and an Arian, than he resolved to defeat his object whatever might be its nature. With this view he not only led him widely astray, among the most intricate passes of the hills, but contrived to effect his own escape before his perfidy was discovered. Every possible exertion had been made both by Ingundis and the officer to recover the right track, but not an individual of the troop was acquainted with the country, and they had wandered backwards and forwards until the break of day, when they found once more the proper road, and were spurring forward their exhausted horses at the moment when they had encountered the prince.

No alternative was now left but to retrace their steps towards Seville, on their return to which city Hermenegild, who could bear anything with fortitude except defeat, was plunged in a sullen silent dejection. To the ambitious Ingundis it was still more mortifying than to her husband, to have so glorious a prize snatched from their grasp at the very moment when they seemed to have secured it; but her proud indomitable spirit would not bow down to fate or fortune; assuming a confident and lofty air, she rallied and encouraged the prince, until she had roused him from his despondency, and thus did they re-enter the city of Seville, baffled in the immediate object for which they had quitted it, but bating no jot of heart or hope as to the ultimate success of the insurrection, which was now ascertained to have spread widely into the other provinces of Spain.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH the Catholics enjoyed, under the mild government of Leovigild, a free toleration, which was of rare occurrence in that age, they applauded the pious rebellion of the son against an heretical father, and flocked in thousands to his standard. Incensed at such traitorous ingratitude, the loyal and devout Arians hastened to the support of their legitimate monarch. Hermenegild and his royal rival, forgetting the sacred ties of nature, and only remembering that the unsuccessful candidate for a throne rarely escapes with life, struggled for victory with the instinctive fierceness of self-preservation; and the contest now raged throughout Spain in all the remorselessness of civil warfare, inflamed by religious bigotry.

Bishop Leander remained at Constantinople, negotiating with the Byzantine court, which amused him with promises of support never meant to be performed. Although Ingundis had now been some time absent on her mission to the Roman stations, no tidings had been received of her—an ominous circumstance, not only productive of the deepest disquietude to her husband, but seriously injurious to his cause. Dauntless in battle almost to a fault, but wanting fertility in expedients and fortitude in reverses, he could neither improve success nor repair disaster; in both of which predicaments he felt keenly the need of that quick-thoughted intelligence and persevering firmness which would have been communicated to him by his acute and heroical wife. Even in her absence, however, he felt the influences of her provident spirit. The allies to whom she had so promptly and so pressingly written, were not slow in answering the summons. The Suevi made a descent on the north-west coast; the Franks marched an army over the frontiers; both parties carried slaughter and devastation whithersoever they advanced; and at the outset the rebellious cause wore a prosperous aspect,

But Leovigild, restored as if by magic to the active energy of his youth, and commanding the troops and treasures of Spain, soon proved himself more than a match for all his enemies. Recared, too, animated by the hope of supplanting his elder brother in the succession, was transformed into an enterprising and successful commander, scouring the provinces with his cavalry, and restoring the royal authority wherever it had been subverted. Nor was Quintana, the Archbishop of Seville, wanting to his sovereign, or rather to himself, in this emergency. Conscious that his mitre and all his luxurious temporalities depended on the suppression of the rebellion, he accom-

panied the king's army, carrying with him the most sacred of the cathedral relics, and not scrupling at times to fabricate miracles, which produced the happiest effect upon the minds of the superstitious soldiery. Into the details of this unnatural and revolting warfare it is not our purpose to enter. Suffice it to state that the Franks and Suevi were beaten and driven back by Recared; the cities of Merida, Cordova, and Seville, were successively taken by Leovigild in person; and his rebellious son, after various defeats and escapes, was finally wounded and made prisoner in an engagement near Toledo.

At this juncture the aged monarch, whose enfeebled body had given way under the incessant fatigues of war, and the abrasion of his infuriated spirit, was confined to his couch by a severe attack of sickness; but no sooner was he apprised by the archbishop, who hastened to him with the joyful intelligence, that Hermenegild had been utterly overthrown, and was at that moment a prisoner in the castle, than all his pristine vigour seemed to be instantly restored, and he sprang from the couch with the look and energy of a maniac, shouting, in a stentorian voice—"Ha! is it so? is it so? Give me the sword of Euric the conqueror. This unnatural viper shall feel that there is no master of Toledo, no King of Spain but Leovigild!" He snatched the weapon which, since the commencement of the war, had ever hung by his side, and was bursting out of the chamber, when the archbishop, terrified at his furious looks and gestures, which savoured of insanity, detained him by his garment, imploring him not to imbrue his hands in the blood of his child, but to be calm and patient, and leave the punishment of the delinquent to the law.

"Talk not to me of calmness and of patience," cried the agonised king. "You are no father—you never had a favourite son on whom you doated, on whom you poured out your whole loving heart, and who, in return, sought to pluck the crown from your head, and to plunge his sword in your bosom. Avaunt! begone! the villain shall feel my vengeance." Shaking the archbishop rudely off, he rushed through the apartments with his brandished weapon, scaring the whole household as he hoarsely bellowed, "Where is this ungrateful wretch, this unfilial rebel, this unnatural monster, who would deluge his country in blood, in order that he may dethrone his father? What! am I too old to wear a crown? too feeble to wield a sword? Ha! art thou there? have I caught thee? Apostate !traitor! parricide! now, now shalt thou feel that Leovigild is—"

By this time he had approached the prisoner, but when he discovered that he was wounded and bleeding, when he marked the fearful ravages wrought by anxiety and fatigue in his once beautiful features, he stopped short—the words he was about to utter choked

in his throat, the sword fell from his hand; after a short sharp struggle, he tottered forwards, fell upon the neck of his son, pressed him in an ecstacy to his bosom, and bathed him in a flood of tears, exclaiming in accents broken by his sobs, "Hermenegild, my own dear, dear Hermenegild! my brave boy! thou art wounded. O God! thou art covered with blood. What ho, there! help, help! fetch me a surgeon instantly. Why was it not done before? Oh! how flinty-hearted are the childless! Quintana did not tell me thou wert wounded." Tearing off a portion of his own garment, he hastily bandaged the arm of Hermenegild, whose rugged nature was so utterly overcome by this unexpected burst of affection, that he leant upon his father, weeping like a child, and unable to articulate a single word.

"My poor boy," sobbed the king, lifting up his son's head, and gazing upon his features with an expression of mingled fondness and anguish, "you are sadly altered, miserably changed since last we met. But good now, my son, my son, why would you rebel against your aged father, who always loved you better than anything else in the world, who never refused you what he had it in his power to grant? I am old, and weak, and sick, and fast falling into the grave. Why—why, my dear boy, could you not wait till I was laid in the cold earth, when my throne, my crown, my kingdom, all would have quietly become yours?"

Filled with penitence and remorse at this tender appeal, Hermenegild again sunk sobbing upon the bosom of his father, who clasped him lovingly to his heart, exclaiming, as he rained tears upon the head of the offender, "Nay, my dear boy, I meant not to distress thee. Cheer up, cheer up. I am willing to forget everything. I forgive thee with my whole heart, and may God bestow his blessing upon thee as freely as I do mine. What! shall we live together again, and be as happy as before? Yes, yes; thou shalt superintend my falcons and mules; thou shalt hunt me venison, and snare me birds, and choose me the finest carp, and we will feast merrily in the hall, and empty the tulip-cup together, and I shall again laugh at thy jolly wine-songs? Shall we, shall we, dearest Hermenegild? But see, thy wound bleeds afresh. What, ho! where is this laggard surgeon? By St. James, if they have not summoned him, the varlets shall dearly rue their negligence."

Almost as he spoke, the surgeon hurried into the apartment, when the king, reminding him of the liability incurred by unsuccessful operators,* hung anxiously over him as he examined the wound, and

* The Visigoths abandoned an unsuccessful surgeon to the family of his deceased patient, *ut quod de eo facere voluerint habeant potestatem.*—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, cap. 38, note.

shed fresh tears of joy on hearing him declare that it was by no means of a dangerous nature. Exhausted by fatigue, emotion, and loss of blood, the patient required immediate rest and repose, of which the father stood scarcely less in need than the son, for he began to sink under the paroxysm of excitement, by which he had been shaken. Not, however, until he had seen Hermenegild placed in bed, and had given strict orders for his being kept free from noise and disturbance, would the king suffer his attendants to support him back to his own couch.

Great was the commotion and deep the indignation in the palace, when it was found that Leovigild had been thus unexpectedly reconciled to a son whose offence had been deemed, even by the most lenient, utterly irremissible. All condemned that culpable weakness which consulted rather the fond dotage of the father, than the imperative duties of the king, and all sought to persuade him to the exercise of a rigorous justice. Goisvintha, inflamed by fanaticism, denounced the culprit as a heretic and apostate, to permit whose escape from condign punishment would be a flagrant insult to heaven; the archbishop, affecting a hypocritical sorrow, called upon his royal master, by all the sanctions and obligations of religion, to put so wicked a renegade to death, unless he would, once more, embrace the Arian faith.

Recared, out of a regard for appearances, would not openly advocate his brother's condemnation; though he endeavoured to poison his father's mind against him by covert intrigues and secret accusations. Nor were the nobility and chiefs of the army less urgent in insisting that justice should be allowed to take its course against a state criminal, whose offence was so utterly unprovoked, and who had entailed such signal calamities upon his country. Leovigild had been melted into an uncontrollable tenderness at the first sight of his wounded and altered son; but his calmer judgment and his sense of regal duty convinced him that the restoration of such an offender to perfect favour might alienate his Arian subjects, and retard the great object of his present endeavour—the tranquillisation of the country. To those, however, who clamoured for the death of the culprit, he reiterated, with an indignant impatience, "He is my son—he is my son—he is my son!" Nay, he would not allow him to be visited by any signal or dishonourable chastisement, but contenting himself with despoiling him of the golden armlet, the silver horse, and the diadem, the badges of his rank, he dismissed him to a decent exile at Seville, where he retained the appearance, without the reality, of his former power, and was freely allowed to profess the religion he had adopted.

From the Catholics, who, instead of viewing him as an ungrateful rebel, pardoned by an over-indulgent father, immediately began to

reverence him as a martyr, he experienced marks of undiminished respect and affection, that might have soothed his sorrows, had they been susceptible of consolation. But it was not alone the alternate compunction and resentment of his soul, nor the shame and anguish of defeat, peculiarly irritating to so martial a spirit, that plunged him in the deep despondency with which he was now overwhelmed. The torturing suspense in which he had so long been kept as to the fate of his beloved Ingundis, the loss of whose society and support was felt at the present juncture with a sharper pang, preyed upon his peace, and defied all his efforts to shake off the melancholy with which he was oppressed.

He offered large rewards for her discovery, and would himself have gone in search of her, but that he had reason to believe she had embarked for Africa, which had been part of her original purpose, and he knew not in what direction to make his perquisitions. Stung with the thought that he had for ever forfeited the crown which she had been so ambitious to place upon his brow, he almost feared to encounter her, at the very moment when his lone heart pined for the missing object of its affections. In this conflict of gloomy and painful feeling he forebore his customary recreations and pursuits, shunned all society, and mounting his horse at break of day, usually rode to a forest of Ilex pines and chestnut trees, which then stretched from the neighbourhood of Seville almost as far as Cordova. Here would he plunge into the darkest shades, and abandon himself to angry or remorseful reveries till nightfall recalled him to his home.

Upon one of those excursions he had dismounted from his horse, and throwing himself upon a rock, so darkened with overarching boughs that he could scarcely see the runnel which gurgled at its foot, he mentally retraced the occurrences of the last few eventful months. So rapid had been their whirl, and so completely had his mind been engrossed by the harassing anxieties of war, that he had only at momentary intervals reverted to the fair incognita who had given him possession of Toledo, and might not improbably have thus secured to him the crown of Spain, had not their scheme been so unfortunately frustrated. Upon her, and her mysterious acts and appearances, he remained for some time brooding, until he unconsciously uttered his thoughts aloud:

"Where is she?" he exclaimed, "where is this unknown maiden of the quarry, who has already rendered me such vital service, and who said so emphatically when last we parted, 'Remember, I am still your friend.' Alas! never had I more need of a friend than now. She seems to possess some preternatural power of transporting herself whithersoever she will. Where, oh where is my good angel, that she comes not to me now?"

"I am here!" said a gentle voice:—a rustling was heard in the bushes, and at the next moment the prince saw standing before him the inscrutable being he had invoked. Never had his misgivings as to her unearthly nature been so alarming as at this instant. He started instinctively back, fixing upon her his distended eyes as if he expected to discover in her appearance some confirmation of his suspicions; but notwithstanding the gloom of the place, he could ascertain that she wore, as usual, the homely garments of a youth, and that her pale beauty, though it still disclosed touches of a proud dejection, was radiant with a more than usual benignity.

"We are well encountered, prince," said the stranger. "I was speeding to Seville to seek you, for I have tidings to communicate which it may not mislike you to hear, though they are not altogether of pleasant import."

"Pleasant!" exclaimed Hermenegild, smiling in bitter spirit; "I expect not any such. Speak! I am prepared for the worst."

"I have discovered that the Princess Ingundis lives, and is in perfect health."

"I said thou wert my good angel, and lo! thy words confirm it. Where is she—where—where, and why doth she not return to me?"

"She was detained by the Romans, and is now a prisoner in a strong castle at the promontory of Dianium, on the eastern coast."

"O these perfidious, these infernal Romans! I feared their treachery, and alas! I have now no army with which I can march to her rescue."

"I will attempt it without an army, and if I succeed not in effecting her deliverance, I will at least bring you intelligence of her welfare. This resolution had I formed from the moment that I learnt her fate; and I was speeding to Seville not only to tranquillise your mind, by apprising you where she was, but to put you in possession of my purpose. Heaven grant that it may succeed!"

"O my best and dearest benefactress! this will be a service for which I can never sufficiently reward you."

"Not so, prince; even if I accomplish all that I have undertaken, it will leave me still your debtor, and largely too."

"But may I not accompany and assist you?"

"Your presence would rather tend to frustrate than advance my enterprise. Alone will I attempt it; but if fortune favour me, alone I will not return."

"Can you then penetrate into the Roman castles as easily as into the fortress of Toledo?"

"Time will show; and as time is precious, both for the accomplishment of your wishes and of my own projects, I will now bid you an

immediate farewell, imploring you to be of good courage, and to hope the best, until we meet again at Seville."

So saying, the stranger bowed with a complacent smile, disappeared behind the rock from which she had emerged, and the prince found himself once more in solitude and silence. But when he gazed around he could hardly believe in the identity of the spot, although he had never quitted it. To his buoyant and hope-elated heart everything seemed changed. There was no gloom in the deep shades, no sadness in the solitude, nothing mournful in the silence; in sympathy with his altered feelings all nature seemed bright and cheerful; he galloped back to Seville singing lustily as he rode, and his sanguine temperament, as easily exalted as depressed, leading him to anticipate that with the possession of his dear Ingundis, he should recover some portion of his power and consequence, he continued for several weeks in a soul-cheering dream that enabled him to resume and enjoy his former pursuits and pleasures.

We have stated that when his incognita left him in the forest, she disappeared behind the rock upon which he had been reclining. Here she remained until he was out of sight, when she pushed aside the bushes at the back of the crag, opened a concealed door, and passed into an excavation of moderate extent, dimly lighted from the small low opening which had given her admission. In this secret repository were hidden or buried various small cases and packages, while several guitars were suspended from the roof. Drawing a spade from its place of concealment, the visitant dug up the earth in one corner, till she came to a carefully secured casket, which she opened, and advancing towards the light, selected a portion of the diamonds and jewels that blazed within it, after which she replaced and again covered it with earth. Secreting the gems thus extracted in her garments or her twisted locks, she slung a small light wooden case, as well as one of the guitars, to her neck, and then closed up the entrance to the cave, hiding it effectually with boughs and brambles, when she struck briskly into the forest in an eastern direction.

Equipped as we have described, and wearing the appearance of a pedlar youth and itinerant musician, our young traveller found little difficulty in making her way towards the promontory of Dianium on the coast of the Mediterranean. The baubles and trinkets in the small case, though not of sufficient value to tempt the spoiler, were attractive enough to procure for the bearer a welcome reception and willing customers in the towns through which she was constrained to pass: while in the country parts, where the inhabitants had either no money or no taste for trinkets, the sound of her instrument, accompanied sometimes by a rustic strain, insured her a glad greeting and friendly protection.

In this way she reached without accident or detention, the lofty hill overlooking the promontory, of which the extremity had once been occupied by the city of Dianium. Devastated, and indeed destroyed in one of the first irruptions of the barbarians, its ruins, especially those of the Temple of Diana, whence the place had derived its name, still wore an air of melancholy grandeur as the setting sun threw its ruddy hues amid the shattered pediments, broken colonnades, and roofless houses. Beyond these were seen the towers of the Roman castle, within which Ingundis was confined, the new town which had risen up around the station, a lofty pharos, and the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean, burnished by the rays of the evening sun. Anxious to gain admittance before nightfall, the young traveller advanced through the straggling ruins until she reached the remains of the forum.

Over this once busy spot, now covered with rank weeds and grass, there reigned a gloomy silence, only broken by the hootings of a solitary owl, which had ensconced itself in the fissures ot a dilapidated altar in the centre of this scene of desolation. Here the pilgrim entered one of the ruined buildings, and beneath the capital of a subverted column buried the jewels she had previously concealed about her person, only reserving two or three for her immediate purposes; after which precaution she boldly made her way to the castle gates, alternately displaying her pedlar's ware and playing upon her guitar. Some of the soldier's wives and other inhabitants immediately gathered round her to bargain for her gewgaws, and she found no difficulty in ascertaining from one of her female customers, that the Gothic princess was confined in the great tower of the castle. Content with this information, she sought and obtained a lodging for the night, and on the following morning procured access to the keeper of the tower, offering him a handsome bribe if he would admit her for a few minutes to his prisoner. The knave took her gold, but instead of complying with her request, gave information of the occurrence to the governor, who commanded her to be brought before him, and being confirmed in the suspicions of her purpose by her unsatisfactory answers, ordered her to be imprisoned until his further pleasure should be known.

Thus inauspicious was the commencement of an enterprise which threatened to consign the fair incognita to a permanent participation in the captivity she came to terminate, for several weeks elapsed and she was still detained without any intimation as to her ultimate fate. At the expiration of this period, however, a new governor arrived at Dianium, who ordered her to be discharged. Under the pretence of thanking him for his clemency she obtained a private audience, and tendering the rare jewels she had concealed about her person, offered

to give him ten times as many more of equal value if he would liberate or connive at the escape of Ingundis, whom his churlish predecessor had incarcerated, contrary to all the laws of the nation.

Fond of jewels, the quality of which he well understood, and unable to resist so tempting a bribe, the governor consented; observing, that if inquiry were made he might easily declare there was no such prisoner in the castle, at the time of his assuming the command. The precious stones which had been secreted in the ruins of the old town were produced, examined, and approved, and in the dusk of evening Ingundis, scarcely trusting the evidence of her senses, received a visit from the mysterious stranger, who threw over her a dark mantle with a hood, enjoined her to observe a strict silence, led her down stairs, accompanied her across the court-yard, passed with her through the great gates, and urging her briskly forwards until they had reached the ruins of the old town, exclaimed, "Princess! we need no longer be silent. I congratulate you, and as we advanced hither I have already offered up my thanks to Heaven for your recovered liberty."

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT as was the astonishment of Ingundis at being thus suddenly liberated by means of the stranger, whom she had instantly recognised, it was exceeded by her delight at the recovery of her freedom. All the reserve and dignity which usually marked her deportment, and which always seemed at variance with the tenderness of her years, vanished in the wild exhilaration of the present moment, and she bounded forwards with joyous heart and elastic step, as if she could not too rapidly recede from her detested prison. Like an uncaged eagle, her spirit seemed eager to spread its wings and soar over the heights that rose before her; in the rapidity of her flight she left her panting liberator far behind; nor was it until the castle was hidden from sight by the interposition of the hill, that she would sufficiently believe in the reality of her escape to pause awhile and suffer her companion to rejoin her. "We have nothing to apprehend," said the latter, "nor need we thus timorously urge our flight. The governor of Dianium is privy to our escape; pursuit will not be attempted; and if it were, it would be useless, for I shall presently conduct you through the byways and unfrequented tracks, scarcely known to any other wayfarers."

"Only provide me with the means of killing myself," cried Ingundis, "and I shall be secured against the possibility of recapture. Death is a thousand times preferable to imprisonment."

"I have no arms but these," said her companion, displaying two valuable jewels which she had still retained. "It was by such weapons that I effected your liberation, and by the same means do I hope to restore you safely to Seville and to your husband."

"It is well, it is well," replied the princess. "Galling as was my late confinement, and deep as the iron of my chains had entered into my soul, I found a stern pleasure in combating with my fate. I shed no tear, I uttered no sigh, not even in secret; but if I were again to be plunged into captivity, I fear that my proud heart, though it might not bend, would quickly break."

In compliance with the earnest request of Ingundis, who was now sufficiently confident of her escape to be anxious to learn the means by which it had been accomplished, her companion related the incarceration she had herself suffered, and the manner of her bribing the new governor, interrupting the fervent acknowledgments which her statement elicited by proceeding to detail the occurrences of the civil war, the defeat and capture of Hermenegild, and his present exile at Seville. Of all these important events Ingundis had remained in ignorance, and her profound emotion, though she was too proud to betray it, was commensurate with the disastrous nature of the tidings. To see all her ambitious schemes so quickly and so utterly subverted was almost a counterpoise to the delight of her recovered freedom, and she walked forward for a considerable time in a wrapt silence, already revolving in her lofty and indomitable mind new plans and fresh enterprises for the fulfilment of her towering hopes.

"The brave Franks," she mentally ejaculated, "ought to have been a match, even single-handed, for the Visigoths. Supported by the Suevi and the insurgent Catholics of Spain, they should have been irresistible: and so they shall be! I will see to it myself. I will see to it myself!" Vain-glorious and even ridiculous as this boast may seem with reference to the age, sex, and situation of the speaker, it sprung from the confidence of a spirit which, feeling its own powers, opposes itself to adverse fortune with a more obstinate energy, and by its persevering audacity not unfrequently commands a success which inferior minds would scarcely presume to hope.

In such reveries did Ingundis beguile the journey, anticipating the pleasure of again meeting the prince, and devising measures for the re-establishment of her fallen fortunes, when on reaching the foot of a gentle eminence, she felt overcome with fatigue, and proposed that they should rest awhile in the shade of some cork trees that grew beside a

small transparent sheet of water at a trifling distance from the path they were pursuing. Here they seated themselves accordingly, when the companion of the princess, gazing upon her with a sweet smile, yet not altogether free from sadness, exclaimed, "You have anticipated my wish. It was my desire that we should sit down together in some shady and sequestered spot, for I have much to communicate, and it need not now be any longer withheld. From the summit of the hill before us you will behold Seville; in the course of this day you will be restored to your husband; ere the sun be set I shall probably be sailing from the coast of Spain, and it is scarcely possible that I should ever again behold either yourself or the prince. Both of you have often importuned me to state who and what I am; the circumstances which prevented my complying with your request no longer exist, I am about to relate to you my history."

"O with what anxious curiosity shall I listen to it!" exclaimed Ingundis; "but why could you not sooner make this disclosure?"

"First, because it might have deeply involved the safety of others; and, secondly, because I wished to preserve your respect and esteem until the moment of our final separation. I have said that if you knew my real quality you would hate and detest me!"

"Hate and detest my bravest and generous liberator? Impossible! impossible!"

"Speak not so confidently until you have heard my story. Listen, I am a Jewess!" So bigoted and inveterate was the horror then entertained of the proscribed tribe of Israel, that Ingundis involuntarily started aside with a slight shudder, and crossed herself.

"Was I mistaken?" asked the stranger, not in a tone of reproach, but with a look and accent of sorrow rather than of anger.

Ashamed of the antipathy she had betrayed, and smitten with quick compunction as she recalled the inappreciable services which the stranger had conferred both upon Hermenegild and herself, Ingundis seized her hand and pressed it to her heart, exclaiming, "Forgive me, my friend, my benefactress, my preserver! you will ever be entitled to my deepest gratitude."

"You have been taught from your youth upwards to loathe me and my whole tribe; you cannot help it, nor can I regret as a fault that which I pity as an error and misfortune. Enough of this. You will perhaps have conquered some portion of your repugnance when you ha e heard my history. Let me repeat the words with which I commeıced it, for I am proud of them: once more then, I am a Jewess. Before I was born, my mother saw a vision in the night announcing that the daughter to whom she was about to give birth should confer some signal benefit on the scattered sons of Israel. Its nature was not

revealed; but both my parents had such implicit confidence in the prediction, that they named me Esther, hoping I might one day rival the exploits of my illustrious predecessor, the wife of Ahasuerus. Balthasar, my father, the best, most generous, most affectionate of men, being descended from a branch of the ancient Maccabees, thought it the more likely that one of his race should be chosen to give a new benefactor to the oppressed children of Abraham. In this conviction I was educated, in this I remain a firm believer, proud of my illustrious descent, and of the purpose for which I am reserved, but sorrow-strickened and subdued in spirit by the degraded situation of my tribe, and by the humiliations to which I am myself compelled to submit until the hour shall arrive for the performance of my commission.

"Among the Hebrews who were attracted by the wealth and great population of Toledo to make it their place of residence, my father was the most eminent and successful, accumulating a large fortune by general trade, but more especially by his traffic in jewels, of which the Goths are immoderately fond. In proportion as our people grew wealthy by their industry and spirit of adventure, they were marked out for spoliation, insult, and oppression. Disabilities and indignities of all sorts were heaped upon them; to be thought rich was to be marked for plunder, perhaps for death; so that they were obliged, for the protection of their lives and property, to herd together in the meanest quarter of the city, and to affect in their persons and houses an abject poverty. Even their synagogue, which had been connived at rather than tolerated, was shut up; they were prohibited, under pain of death, from meeting together for the purposes of worship; and strictly forbidden from appearing in the streets during the celebration of any of the Christian festivals. By an unfortunate forgetfulness, my father happened to transgress this order at the moment when a procession of priests and relics were passing from the cathedral; the indignant cry of 'Death to the Jew!' was instantly raised; assailed by the infuriated populace with staves and stones, he was beaten to the ground, severely wounded, and would have been inevitably despatched, had not Prince Hermenegild reached the spot, at this critical moment, on his return from hunting. No sooner had he learnt the cause of the affray, than he bestrode the prostrate body of my father, beating off the assailants with a spear, and exclaiming, 'What! a hundred upon one, ye cowards! Back, back! it were a foul offence to commit murder, even upon a Jew, in the presence of the holy relics.' At the same time he assisted my father, not without imminent danger to himself, to crawl into a house, the door of which was humanely opened to him: thus by his courage and humanity preserving to me the best of parents, and saving me from the fate of being a forlorn and lonely orphan.

Said I not sooth when I declared he was entitled to my eternal gratitude,—that he had conferred upon me a service which I could never repay?—Oh! if you knew my dear, dear father even though you are not his daughter, you would feel for him as I do."

"Were I to judge of his merits," said the princess, "by the fervour of your gratitude, and the extent of your friendly offices to Hermenegild and myself, I should indeed surmise him to be no ordinary mortal. But proceed with your story; there is much that is mysterious to be yet unravelled."

"To secrete more effectually his jewels and hoarded treasures from the hand of rapine, my father dug a deep vault in the little garden of our tenement. While thus occupied, the ground gave way beneath him, and he was precipitated into a natural chasm of the rock, upon exploring which it was found to communicate with various fissures and crevices that passed beneath the city walls, and finally opened upon a huge cavern amid the quarries. Nothing, as it immediately occurred to the discoverer, could be more expressly adapted for the purpose of a hidden synagogue, since it might be reached from the interior of the city, even after the gates were shut, with scarcely a possibility of its detection. A sunken ladder facilitated the descent from the vault, the subterranean passages were rendered more accessible, and the Jews of Toledo, willingly braving the punishment denounced against them, were enabled to betake themselves to a place of worship, without the cognisance of their cruel oppressors."

"But what was that senseless block of stone, to which, as I have heard from Hermenegild, you all did homage?"

"I should have forgotten to explain that circumstance, but for your inquiry. When the ancestors of our family were finally expelled from Jerusalem under the Emperor Hadrian, they brought away with them that fragment of the temple, which they have since conveyed with them in their wanderings, though it has often remained buried for several years together, until it could be produced with safety. In the neighbourhood of Toledo it had been thus, for a long time, committed to the earth; but when the cavern we had found offered a secure sanctuary, it was conveyed thither at night, not to receive any idolatrous homage, as your speech would intimate, but to be kissed as a precious and sacred relic, to be reverenced as the sole existing remnant of the mighty glories of Jerusalem. Our festivals were duly kept in this covert synagogue, that which we celebrated with the greatest splendour being the feast of Purim, instituted in remembrance of the deliverance of the Jews effected by Esther. It was and is believed by our whole tribe, that I am predestined to confer upon them some similar, though perhaps less signal service; my father and his friends,

therefore, contributed the stock of jewels in which they traded, to deck me out on these occasions with a becoming splendour; our people, glad to compensate themselves for the squalid poverty which they were obliged to assume in public, came to these meetings in handsome garments, enjoying by the display of their wealth, a triumph over their oppressors, which was not the less keenly relished, because it was stealthy; and they wore arms, because it had been resolved that as death was denounced against the frequenters of such assemblages, they would unhesitatingly sacrifice any chance discoverer of their nocturnal rites. Thus were we occupied when the prince placed his life in peril by his casual detection of our proceedings. I had fortunately recognised him, and impelled by gratitude, rather than by the dictates of that obedience which was due to the orders I had received, I guided him through the labyrinths of the quarry, and joyfully preserved the preserver of my parent.

"As my father had extensive dealings, both in money and jewels, with the Archbishop of Toledo, he was often secretly admitted into his palace, on one of which occasions he overheard him conversing with Prince Recared, and gathered enough to convince him that the latter was plotting against the peace and safety of his brother. Thus was I enabled, when we accidentally encountered at the farm, to warn Prince Hermenegild. In the various loans which my father had advanced to the bishop on the security of his lands and revenues, he had not been governed by interested motives, so much as by a patriotic anxiety to liberate our community from the heavy oppression under which it groaned, and to procure for them a perfect freedom of commerce, as well as a participation in the rights and immunities enjoyed by other citizens. Repeatedly had this promise been given; it was renewed and covenanted with every fresh advance, but its performance was constantly evaded. On the outbreaking of the civil war, my father, having immediate need of money, applied to the bishop for partial repayment of his heavy debt. 'My good Balthasar,' said the prelate, chuckling and smiling ironically as he spoke, 'I must request that you will strike my name from your books. Deeming it necessary, when these unhappy hostilities commenced, to propitiate the favour of Heaven by evincing a proper Christianlike detestation of the Jews, I have procured from the king a decree which he has just signed, and of which, as a special favour, I will allow you the first perusal.' With these words he put an official proclamation in his hands, by which the Christian inhabitants of Spain were absolved from all debts due to the Jews; in consideration of which remission the parties thus favoured were urged to testify their devotion and gratitude by donations to the different shrines, particularly to that of St.

James's, and their loyalty by a zealous support of their legitimate monarch. 'We are quits, Israelite!' cried the bishop, with a laugh of triumph; 'and thus having so satisfactorily cleared off my old arrears, thou wilt not surely object to my beginning a new score.'

"Overwhelmed as he was by this monstrous and wholesale robbery, my father had spirit enough to exclaim, 'Hold, sir, hold; for in spite of your pontifical robes, I may not be able to command myself if you add insult to falsehood and spoliation. I am a ruined man, ruined by your shameless dishonesty, but I am still a descendant of the noble Maccabees, and ten thousand times would I rather be as I am—Balthasar, the plundered and bankrupt Jew of Toledo—than Quintana, its perjured and fraudulent archbishop. So much for my own wrongs, to which I could, however, submit with patience, if I thought that you meant to redeem your reiterated and solemn pledges, by conferring upon my tribe its just rights and immunities.' 'Most worthy, but somewhat abusive Balthasar,' said the pontiff, 'though our religion prescribes to us truth and honour in our general dealings, there are two parties whom we are permitted to cozen and to spoil, namely, the devil and a Jew. I believe that I have done an acceptable service to Heaven, as I am sure I have to myself, in depriving you of your ill-gotten wealth, and your mis-believing brethren of their anticipated privileges. Begone and tell them so, and beware how you desecrate the holy walls of my palace by re-appearing within them. Avaunt! thou infidel!'

"No sooner was our community acquainted with the iniquitous decree which had gone forth against them, than they unanimously determined to withdraw themselves from such flagrant robbery, and to quit the soil of Spain. The sacred stone was covertly removed to the coast and shipped for Africa, and now it was that I fondly believed the moment to have arrived when my commissioned purpose was to be executed, and I was to afford succour to the afflicted people of Israel. If I could give Prince Hemenegild possession of Toledo, by means of the subterranean communication with the city, which there was no longer any motive for concealing, I doubted not that he would gladly pledge himself to the reversal of the late nefarious decree, as well as to a formal grant of those rights and privileges which had been so sacredly promised, and to which we were so fully entitled. Sanguine in the success of this project, I discarded the mean garments I usually wore, and arraying myself, for my better protection while travelling, in the dress of a humble youth, I made my way to Seville, saw the prince, and stipulated the conditions on which I was to give him possession of Toledo, and, as I then believed, of the crown of Spain. How unfortunately our scheme miscarried you already know.

"Soon after this failure a singular incident occurred, which was doubly gratifying to my father, because it restored to him most unexpectedly the fortune of which he had been robbed, while it wore the appearance of a retributive judgment upon the knavish archbishop. On his accompanying from the capital the royal army, Quintana carried with him many of the relics belonging to the different shrines. During his absence, a crowd of pilgrims from the holy land, of itinerant monks, cripples, beggars, and other lawless troops of marauders and vagabonds collected at Toledo, for the anniversary celebration of the festival of St. James. From some cause which, perhaps, the archbishop could well explain, the miracles and cures usually wrought at the shrine of that saint, did not take place, a mark of heavenly displeasure which was attributed to the sacrilegious removal of the relics. By his apostacy from Catholicism, the prelate had already rendered himself odious, and the incensed fanatics, instigated not less by hatred and disappointment than by the hope of plunder, resolved to attack and destroy his palace. My father became acquainted with their design. He disguised himself as one of their number, and while the infuriated mob were plundering the cellars, or destroying the furniture, my father hastened to the secret cabinet, and selected from the jewels there deposited, many which he could identify as his own, together with others of nearly sufficient value to cover the full amount of his debt.

"Nothing now detained us in Spain but the necessity of withdrawing our effects, for which purpose I made several journeys to the coast, in company with my father, always wearing my present disguise. From one of our wandering tribe, many of whom are itinerant minstrels and pedlars, I learnt your detention at Dianium, and instantly resolved to evince still further my gratitude to prince Hermenegild, by attempting your rescue, for the accomplishment of which object, my father gladly placed his jewels and treasures at my disposal. As Spain is infested with many robbers, exclusive of the pious marauders who never hesitate to despoil a Jew, we are obliged to travel through byways and unfrequented paths, as well as to provide secret depositories where we may conceal ourselves and our treasures on any sudden emergency. To one of these I had betaken myself in order to procure jewels for effecting your deliverance, when accident brought Hermenegild to the spot, and I communicated to him my design. And now have I not only elucidated all that seemed mysterious in my conduct, but explained to you why I was compelled to leave you so long in ignorance of my real name and quality."

"Generous and grateful girl!" exclaimed Ingundis, "you have imposed a weight of obligation upon Hermenegild and myself which we

could never repay, even were we seated upon the throne, still less in our present humiliating circumstances."

"What! have you forgotten the preservation of my dear father? I have only discharged a debt of gratitude. And will you now shudder and shrink from me because I am a Jewess?"

"Oh no, no, no, my liberator and my benefactress!" cried Ingundis, pressing her to her bosom. "But tell me, if your father loves you as he is loved, how could he allow you to wander alone from Seville to Dianium?"

"He believes, as I do myself, that I am a chosen instrument in the hand of Heaven, and that no serious harm can happen to one who is ever in its holy keeping."

As a devout enthusiasm lighted up her countenance, she fixed her soft and lustrous eyes upon the sky, and by the motion of her lips seemed to be offering up an inaudible but fervent prayer.

"And where is your father, now?" asked the princess, after a pause.

"It was his purpose to remain in Spain until he had completed the removal of his effects, and then to withdraw to Joppa, in Palestine, whither I was to follow. In the vicinity of that city some ruins of the ancient tombs of the Maccabees still exist. Near these it has always been the wish of my father to close his days, in order that his bones might be mingled with those of his illustrious ancestors. That I should so long have been prevented from joining him by my detention at Dianium, will doubtless be a subject of regret to him, but not of alarm, for his confidence in the high purpose for which I am reserved, is as unalterable as my own. In the river of Seville there are always vessels bound for the coast of Africa. On board one of these I shall immediately embark, nor have I a shadow of apprehension as to my being safely restored to my father, for the same great Power that sent the pillar of cloud and of fire to direct the Israelites in the wilderness, will guide its chosen instrument in her wanderings over the pathless deep."

Ingundis could not help thinking that her companion was infatuated with a somewhat presumptuous illusion, but the lofty enthusiasm of her countenance was tempered with such sweet touches of humility and sorrow, that it was impossible to gaze upon her without a blended feeling of admiration and respect which almost amounted to reverence. Again did the princess pour forth the most heartfelt acknowledgements for the services conferred both upon herself and Hermenegild; and declaring that she had now recovered from her fatigue, and was anxious to obtain once more a sight of Seville, they quitted the shade of the cork-trees and the margin of the clear lake by which they had been seated, and began to ascend the hill.

CHAPTER X.

At sight of the lofty tower of Seville new schemes and hopes thronged with accelerated rapidity into the mind of the exulting Ingundis. Filial duty, natural ties, the sanctions of treaties, the claims of truth and gratitude all vanished before the workings of a reckless and unprincipled ambition which heeded nothing but the gratification of its own wishes. "My heart already feels as if it belonged to a queen seated upon a throne," whispered the aspiring girl to herself. "It tastes beforehand of the joys of royalty, as well as the pleasures of revenge. On the head of the furious and implacable Goisvintha I will heap coals of fire by the apparent magnanimity with which I shall forgive the outrages she made me suffer, only compelling her to do homage at my feet, and to witness my exaltation to the throne from which she will have been driven by *my* exertions. As to her attendants, who presumed to lay violent hands upon a daughter of Sigibert and Brunechild, upon Ingundis, the princess of the Franks, they shall be publicly scourged and branded, previously to their being driven into perpetual exile. Nor shall these treacherous Romans escape. My brave Hermenegild—oh, how I shall be delighted once more to see him, and to be his counsellor in a new and more prosperous war! My brave Hermenegild shall drive into the sea those haughty intruders upon our soil: and as to the castle of Dianium, the accursed place of my captivity, not one stone of its walls shall be left standing upon another!"

As she indulged in these vainglorious reveries, her exalted imagination transformed every surrounding object into some appropriate accessory of her triumph. Each bough that impended over her head enwreathed itself into a crown; the branch of wild-olive that she used as a fan—for she was heated by the rapidity of her advance—assumed the semblance of a sceptre; the trees of the grove through which she was passing seemed to be her tall body-guards; while the rustling of the wind amid their leaves sounded in her ears like the flourish of clarions and glad instruments saluting her in her triumphant progress.

In this state of ecstatic anticipation did she press forward, too much wrapt in her own lofty dreams to answer, or even to hear the observations of her companion, when as she reached the city walls her reverie was dissipated, and her attention arrested by the appearance of bustle and agitation within the town. The ramparts and the tops of the houses were crowded with people, and on the summit of the

tower she could discern several figures upon whom the eyes of the whole assemblage seemed to be eagerly riveted. One of these, attired in the robes of an ecclesiastical dignitary, seemed to be reading from an open book to a second who sat beside a large block of wood, divested of his upper garments, and having his head uncovered; while a bare-armed gigantic man stood beside them with a glittering axe poised upon his shoulder. Gazing anxiously upon the scene before her, which indicated some extraordinary crisis in the city, Ingundis still advanced without asking any questions, until she had nearly reached the foot of the tower which abutted upon the walls, when she inquired the meaning of the spectacle that seemed to excite so general and so extraordinary a sensation. "Truly, you must be a stranger and a traveller," was the reply, "or you would know that prince Hermenegild, having a second time rebelled against his father, and again been defeated and taken prisoner, has been condemned to death, and is about to be beheaded on the top of yonder tower."

Petrified with horror at this appalling intelligence, the princess was transfixed to the spot on which she stood, every sinew being suddenly braced to an unnatural tension, her hands convulsively clasped, and her starting eyes riveted to the seated figure at the top of the tower, whom she had no sooner recognised to be indeed her loved Hermenegild, than she uttered a piercing scream, which as it thrilled through every ear, attracted instantly the looks of her unhappy husband. Leaping from his seat, he stretched towards her his arms, and shouted out her name, his whole frame shaking with the most violent emotion.

The princess being now known to the surrounding populace, thousands of eyes, which had been previously bent upon the tower, were turned towards this new object of their curiosity and compassion. Conscious of the general attention she engrossed, the proud Ingundis, who had always affected a character of stoicism in every trying crisis, resolved upon this occasion to show herself superior to the utmost malice of fate and fortune. With a desperate struggle she endeavoured to force her features into a stern composure; no tear glistened in her fixed and staring eye, no groan escaped from her, but in spite of herself her cheeks and lips assumed a ghastly paleness, her nostrils were distended, her mouth was involuntarily drawn back so as to disclose a portion of her teeth, and her whole countenance became terrible with a suppressed horror. Agonising indeed to the whole assemblage was the pause that now ensued. The priest was seen to be earnestly expostulating with the condemned man; there was an appearance of irresolution about the governor of the city, who was observed to confer with his officers on the top of the tower; and it was believed for a

moment that the execution would not take place. A whisper to this effect ran through the crowd, whose joy was legible in their looks, though its expression was hushed by an intense anxiety. Vain were their hopes, and not less quickly than painfully were they dissipated.

The governor and his staff withdrew to one corner of the platform, Hermenegild returning to his seat, laid his head upon the block, and the executioner prepared to raise the fatal axe. Ingundis could behold no more, the contest with nature was not to be longer maintained; her face became frightfully distorted, she burst into a shriek of wild hysterical laughter that thrilled all those who heard it, and fell into the arms of Esther, writhing with convulsions.

In a few minutes afterwards her wretched and misguided husband had ceased to live. At a single blow his head was severed from his body; a shuddering groan attested the anguish of the Catholic population, who already viewed him as a martyr: while the callous Arians, with whom not even his death could expiate his apostacy, raised a shout of cruel triumph, and filled the air with cries of "Death to all traitors and renegades! Long live king Leovigild!"

From the moment that the unhappy prince had seen Esther in the forest, and anticipated the quick restoration of Ingundis, his whole remaining life had been a series of errors, or rather of unjustifiable offences against his father. Tired with the hope of retrieving his fallen fortunes before the arrival of Ingundis, he listened a second time to the seductions and sophistry of the Catholic priests, who soon moulding his weak and ductile mind to their purpose, effaced from it all recollection of the king's clemency, and persuaded him that the paramount interests of the true faith commanded him to make another attempt at removing from Spain the stigma and the curse of being governed by an Arian monarch. Urged by what he was taught to consider an imperative duty, he sent messsengers to the Suevi and the Franks, pressing a second invasion of the country. These despatches were intercepted and conveyed to Leovigild, who wrote to his deluded son, warning him that a perseverance in such treachery would only entail certain destruction on his head, and imploring him to dismiss his evil advisers. Kindness and counsel were, however, thrown away upon one who was impelled in his headlong career by the infatuations of bigotry. A second time proclaimed king by the impatient Catholics of Merida, he placed himself at the head of the insurgents, was totally defeated in the first engagement with the royal troops, and carried prisoner to Seville.

When this occurred the king was confined to his bed at Toledo by a severe indisposition, which was now aggravated by the importunities, arguments, and menaces of Goisvintha, Recared, the archbishop, and

the principal courtiers, all clamouring for the death of Hermenegild as the sole means of crushing the rebellious spirit of the Catholics, and securing the peace of the kingdom. That the offender had forfeited every claim to forbearance, and that so long as his life should be spared he was likely to remain a firebrand in the state, Leovigild could not deny, neither could he forget that he was the son on whom he had always doated, whom he still loved in spite of his flagrant ingratitude and repeated misdeeds. In this conflict of feeling he made a sort of compromise with his tormentors, by signing a warrant for the execution of the prince, in case he should refuse to abjure Romanism, and to return to the Arian faith. Of his accepting life upon such easy terms he never entertained a doubt, and thus did he hope to silence his implacable enemies in the palace, to win back a wanderer to the true faith, and to preserve his brave boy, as he still loved to call him. In the very applicability of that epithet he should have anticipated the failure of his scheme.

Hermenegild was of too proud, too dauntless a spirit to purchase safety at the expense of truth and honour. In vain did the Arian priest renew his prayers, even at the place of execution. Not for an instant did the object of his solicitations waver from his stern resolve; the menaces of his enemies and the entreaties of his friends were alike ineffectual; he remained inflexible in his adherence to the doctrines he had embraced. But when he heard the scream and beheld the form of his beloved Ingundis, his fortitude deserted him for a single moment, and a longing for life sent a spasmodic thrill to his heart; his resolution, however, as instantly returned, and her unexpected presence seemed even to infuse a fresh and firmer courage into his soul. "No!" he exclaimed. "The heroic Ingundis would be the first to despise me as a cowardly and unworthy recreant, if I could barter my religion and my honour for a few years' longer existence. She shall see that I know how to die. Executioner, I am ready!"

Such was the death of Hermenegild, whom our impartial reason may well designate as an unfilial and ungrateful rebel, but whose constancy in preferring death to an adoption of the Arian communion, has won for him in the Catholic church the long-enduring honours of a royal martyr and a saint.*

Upon the ear of his sick and aged father, who had never imagined that he would thus obstinately reject the means of preservation, the news of his execution fell like a thunderbolt. From that moment he was never seen to smile, but sank into a pitiable prostration of spirits,

* The tower in which *Saint* Hermenegild was put to death is still existing and is always pointed out to travellers.

alternating with occasional bursts of fury, during which he drove from his presence with fierce revilings all those who had been instrumental in procuring the death of Hermenegild. The Catholics, who had instigated and supported his rebellion, and whom experience had proved to be irreclaimable by toleration and gentle usage, became hateful in his sight, and were smitten with a sore and general persecution.*

With the queen, as well as with the archbishop and Recared, Leovigild was engaged in almost perpetual altercation, and in addition to the trials of sharp sickness, and all the sources of domestic discomfort, the remorseful monarch was haunted with religious horrors, under the notion that he was condemned to inevitable perdition as the murderer of his son. Although he now hated the archbishop, he made confession to him of his sins as well as of his fears, and the prelate implored for him plenary remission and absolution, in the name of the omnipotent Deity, and of his Son Jesus Christ; for the presumptuous form of "*I* absolve thee," was not arrogated by the clergy till a later period.†

All was unavailing: comfort was a stranger to the soul of the afflicted father, and his bodily health grew rapidly worse. One only and sad consolation was left to him. The arms and armour of his "brave boy" were placed by his bed-side, and he found a mournful pleasure in handling and toying with them all day long, as he fondly recalled the exploits of their former wearer, of whom he was perpetually talking. He had even commanded to be brought to him the clothes worn by the deceased on the day of his execution, which he put on, whenever he was well enough to quit his bed, and stuck his son's battle-axe in his belt. On these occasions it was perilous for any of those to approach who had counselled his death, for though weak and exhausted, he was easily excited to a delirium of rage. When unable to rise, he would gaze from the window upon Hermenegild's war-horse, which was led round the castle court for that purpose, or play with his dogs and falcons, talking to them about their late master, while he wept and uttered lamentations for his loss as if they could sympathise with him in his sorrows.

* A measure which led to the emigration of great multitudes of the Vascons, inhabiting the countries of Guipuscoa and Navarre, who took forcible possession of Aquitaine, which thence obtained the name of Vasconia, or Gascony.

† By the following passage from Ambrose, bishop of Milan in the *fourth* century, it would seem that the power was hardly recognised at all in that age. "Do not reckon upon obtaining any absolution during your mortal career, for whosoever should profess to have the power of extending it to you would be deceiving you. Since you have sinned against God, from him only are you to look for pardon."

Thus sinking rapidly into the grave, he was awakened one night by a violent thunder-storm, and imagining in the bewilderment of the moment, that the vengeance of heaven was about to overtake him for the murder of his son, he jumped from the window of his room upon a broad projecting ledge that ran round the lofty tower in which he slept, and overhung, without any defence, the fearful depths of the castle ditch. Tempest, rain, and thunder raged around the ramparts as if they would batter them to the ground; at one time the whole fortress was shrouded in impenetrable darkness, during which the terrors of the night seemed to be increased by the din of the warring elements, the crashing of the broken cork-tree that overshadowed the keep, and the flapping of the banner that surmounted it;—and anon the vast and lofty masses of the castle were distinctly, though momentarily revealed by the flashes of the lightning that played menacingly around them.

In these brief intervals it was terrible and even awful to behold the aged monarch upon the edge of the dizzy precipice, attired in his night garments, his white hair streaming to the wind, his cheeks stained with weeping, and his arms uplifted to the sky, as with a wild impassioned energy he hoarsely shouted, "Strike me, O Lord! strike me with thy thunderbolts, and extinguish me and my miseries at once. Take me, O take me to the brave boy whom I have sacrificed. I hoped to have had him by my side at the dread hour of death, but life without him is insupportable, and I wish to die. Oh! what were the sorrows of David for the loss of Absalom, compared to mine?—I am guilty, and here I stand. Strike! strike! and let me again see and embrace my poor murdered boy. He was my right hand in battle, and my joy, my delight at the feast. No more shall I hear his cheerful voice, nor gaze upon his manly face: no more shall we quaff the golden tulip-cup together. All day long am I tormented with remorse. I dream of him in the night—I awake—my pillow is steeped in tears, and I stretch out mine arms in vain. Strike me then, in mercy, O Lord! for I can bear this anguish no longer."

Exhausted with his paroxysm he sunk down upon the ledge, where his attendants soon afterwards found him, insensible and drenched with rain. He was re-conveyed to his bed, and the deliverance he had implored, though not granted to him at the moment, was accelerated by exposure to the elements, and the vehement excitement he had undergone. He sunk into a lethargic state, and in two days afterwards tranquilly expired.

When Ingundis recovered from the convulsive fit into which she had been thrown at sight of the preparations for her husband's execution, she found Esther, the Jewess hanging affectionately over her,

not offering vain consolations, but counselling her to return without loss of time to her father, king Sigibert, and to bear her misfortunes as became the daughter of the heroical queen Brunechild. To this advice she listened in silence, until her companion exclaimed, as she pressed her immediate departure for Gaul, "Alas! what is now left to you in Spain?"

"Revenge!" cried the haughty princess, starting upon her feet, while her eyes flashed with triumphant fierceness. "Blood shall be shed for the memory of Hermenegild, not tears. If the child to which I shall shortly give birth should prove to be a son, he may live to sit upon the throne that his father failed to win. Away with unavailing grief! Henceforward, will I think of nought but vengeance."

Fearful of being detained by the orders of Leovigild should she attempt to make her way through Spain, Ingundis embarked on board a vessel bound for the coast of Gaul; but misfortune still pursued her. The ship was captured by an imperial galley and carried to Constantinople, where the ill-fated princess was committed to prison. A son was here born to her, who, though he proved a source of present solace, only served to lengthen her captivity; for Recared, who had now succeeded to the crown of Spain and who dreaded the claims that might eventually be set up on behalf of his infant nephew, managed, by his intrigues with the Byzantine court, to secure his continued incarceration. Ingundis, justly punished for her unprincipled ambition, wore away many miserable years as a captive, only supporting existence in the hope of seeing her boy ultimately crowned at Toledo; and when she was, at length, extricated and about to resume her schemes of revenge for herself and advancement for her son, he was suddenly seized and carried off by the plague then raging at Constantinople.

Esther, after separating from the princess, embarked at Seville, and arrived in safety at Joppa, where she rejoined her father, who, in the possession of the sacred stone which he had transported thither with him, and in sight of the ruins of the Maccabee tomb, passed the remainder of his days in tranquillity, blessed in the society of the most affectionate of daughters, and awaiting with a calm confidence the accomplishment of the prediction that she was to confer some signal benefit upon the oppressed and scattered children of Israel. With an assured but quiet enthusiasm did Esther equally expect the same consummation, happy in promoting the happiness of her beloved father, and in receiving the homage and respect of all the Hebrews, who reverenced her as the chosen instrument of their future deliverance. Several of the most distinguished youths of her tribe solicited her hand in marriage, but she rejected them all, declaring, that, as the commissioned delegate of the Lord, she held herself to be the bride of

Heaven, to whom it was not permitted to contract an earthly alliance. That the prophecy was never fulfilled, it is hardly necessary to state. Her sanguine hope proved to be a fond illusion, but she retained it to the last, and it occasioned her life to flow away in a dream of beatitude which no reality could ever have conferred.

Tortuous and unworthy as were the means by which Recared had won the crown, he showed himself, when king, not deficient in the qualities that should enable him to wear it bravely and becomingly. He quickly concluded a peace with the king of Austrasia, and after twice defeating the troops of Gontran, king of Burgundy, compelled him to sign a treaty which gave an accession of territory to the Visigoths. Convinced that the surest method of preserving his kingdom from civil and foreign war was to conciliate the mass of his subjects, as well as his Frankish neighbours, by adopting their faith, he convened an assembly of the Arian clergy and nobles, and affirming, with a pious falsehood, that his dying father had abjured the errors of Arianism, and recommended to his son the conversion of the Gothic nation, he declared himself a Catholic, and exhorted his hearers to imitate the example of their monarch. The better to accomplish this object, he "discreetly proposed to his illiterate audience two substantial and visible arguments—the testimony of earth and of heaven. The earth had submitted to the Nicene Synod: the Romans, the Barbarians, and the inhabitants of Spain, unanimously professed the same orthodox creed; the Visigoths resisted, almost alone, the consent of the Christian world. A superstitious age was prepared to reverence as the testimony of *heaven* the preternatural cures, which were performed by the skill or virtue of the Catholic clergy."* Recared's proposition was received with all outward marks of approbation, and this important change of the national religion was solemnly confirmed in a council, which was held shortly afterwards at Toledo.†

The workers of iniquity are generally too wise to put faith in their accomplices when their service is no longer required. Quintana, the

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall. Cap. xxxvii.

† The origin of the title of Catholic Majesty, assumed by the kings of Spain, is by the Spanish writers frequently referred to King Recared, who, about the year DXC, in the third council of Toledo, was styled so by acclamation of the bishops, in regard of his religious care and consent in rooting out the Arian heresy. Among the acclamations we read:—"*Cui à Deo æternum meritum, nisi verò* CATHOLICO *Recaredo regi? Cui à Deo æterna corona, nisi verò Orthodoxo Recaredo regi?*" But in the inscription or style of the council he is only called, "*Gloriossimus, Piissimus, et Fidelissimus Dominus;*" neither did the Pope Gregory the Great, in his letters that are extant to him, call him "*Catholicus.*"—Seld Titles of Honour. Cap. v. p. 52.

archbishop, would have willingly apostatised back to his original faith, but his royal master knew him too well to retain him in his high office. Deposed and dismissed by a Synodical decree, the enraged prelate, in conjunction with the fanatical Goisvintha, who still clung to her creed, formed a secret conspiracy against the king's life, while they fermented a revolt among the provincial Arians. But the vigilant Recared detected the conspirators, disarmed the rebels, and executed severe justice. Eight of the recusant bishops at length abjured their errors; and all the books of Arian theology, together with the house in which they had been purposely collected, were reduced to ashes. Inconsolable at this sacrilege, Goisvintha died of remorse and despair, and Quintana fled to Africa, where he dragged out the remainder of his miserable existence in obscure poverty, equally despised by all parties.

And now might Recared, as he was unquestionably one of the most fortunate and powerful of kings, have been deemed not less happy and enviable. Let no man be judged by external circumstances and appearance! Perhaps in all Spain there lived not a more wretched being than its puissant monarch.

The possibility of the escape of Ingundis, and of her infant son living to become a claimant for the throne, filled him in the earlier part of his reign with perpetual alarms; and when the death of the child relieved him from these terrors, his days were embittered and his nights made terrible by the visitations of remorse as he recalled the crimes he had committed, the iniquitous means by which he had assisted in compassing the death of his brother, and the cruel intrigues that had prolonged the imprisonment of his widow. Providence, making his evil passions the ministers of its wrath, had cursed him by the gratification of all his guilty and ambitious wishes; and, as there is no truth more unquestionable than that virtue is its own reward, so did the unhappy Recared offer an equally signal and incontestable proof that vice, even when successful, invariably entails its own punishment.

COUNT LUDWIG.

A MARVELLOUS TALE.

"Il était jadis un homme————"

Conte de Fée.

CHAPTER I.

COUNT LUDWIG was a tall, stalwart, broad-shouldered, handsome, Herculean slayer of boars, stags, wolves, bears, and other inhabitants of woods and forests; famed for his exploits in the chase, for his table, his cellars, and the intense denseness of his brain; celebrated in tilt and tournament for his dexterity and strength of arm; well known both far and near for the beauty of his steeds, his love of war and hunting, and his aversion for priests, masses, and good works.

Had he lived in modern times, and in this good land, his name and occupation would have been those of a sturdy fox-hunting country squire. He wanted none of the necessary ingredients, but he lived in guttural Germany, in the dark old days of black ignorance and bad roads, and these ingredients developed themselves in the deeds of an aristocratic dealer of death to man and beast.

Our first interview with the count must be in the lists. Behold him then with vizor closed, helmet surmounted with a dropping plume of snowy white and blood-red, armour of plain and polished steel, surcoat of scarlet velvet, long spurs of gold, emblazoned shield, large cross-hilted sword and scarf of white. Behold him firmly seated on his huge gray steed, gay with steel plates, and flowing velvet of darkest green with gold embrodiery; behold him, his feet firmly planted in his large and clumsy stirrups, his couched lance firmly grasped, awaiting but the trumpet's clanging note, to rush on his antagonist. And now survey that antagonist; a man as ponderous as the count, as wide in shoulders, as deep in chest, as strongly knit as himself, as firmly seated on his dark-brown horse. He bore his weighty suit of brass as lightly as the count his flashing steel. His surcoat and the trappings of his steed were crimson satin worked with his party-coloured arms; his plume was white and waving, and he held his lance as though he understood the art.

They seemed an equal match in size, in weight, in courage.

Interest and expectation were on every face—no race-course multitude could gaze with more eagerness on the "running horses," than did the tournament multitude on these two knights, or wait more impatiently for the sounding bell, than they did for the flourish of trumpets.

The sun shone bright and clear on the tilt-yard and the bright arms and gay colours around. The ground spread out broad and level in front of a castle of goodly dimensions, and many turrets and towers. Around, hill rose above hill, dressed in dark fir, and brilliant-hued forest-trees, whilst the deep blue sky formed the calm but cheerful background of the whole picture.

Count Ludwig's opponent kept his visored face immovably turned towards him, sitting as steadily as a statue, or that next approach to one, a life-guardsman on duty at the Horse-guards, the flutter of his plume in the light breeze alone telling of life and movement. The count, on the contrary, ever and anon turned his head to his left-hand side, in the direction of an elevated pavilion, the shade of which formed a dark background to the beauty it contained. Therein sat Bertha, Baroness Von Kranzfelt; a young, a beauteous, a widowed baroness, the owner of the huge grim fortress towering in sturdy strength above her, the giver of the tournament, and the sovereign of poor Count Ludwig's sighing heart. It was her fair face his heavy blue eye sought through the grating of his helmet, it was on her graceful movements they dwelt with tender admiration; it was from her bright eyes he in vain sought for one glance in return for his persevering gaze. He sought and sought, alas! in vain; her smiling looks were not for him.

On either side of her were high and mighty dames, who shared some of those beaming looks, who shared some, but few. Some other few were cast upon the lists, on Ludwig's armed foe, but not on himself. Behind her stood a tall, a slender, perfumed knight. No harsh steel encased him, no shading visor hid his face. His tightly-fitting dress clung to him with a tenacity of which his tailor might well be proud, his light cap and plume just rested on his head, his gallant and airy bearing agreed with his gallant and airy costume. He leant devotedly and assiduously over the Baroness Bertha. It was he who received her words, and all the looks Count Ludwig so vainly, so hopelessly expected.

The trumpets sounded—there was no more time for hopeless gazing—the flourish was loud, long, clear, and exciting. It ceased in one prolonged note—the knights touched their chargers with their spurs, gave them their heads, and rushed forward—their feathers and scarfs streamed on the wind, the steeds' hoofs struck the earth with a hurried, hollow sound. They met half way—the lances touched, the hard armour flew in shivers, the two knights wheeled round and cantered

back to their stations amidst the loud cheers of the multitude. The assistants furnished them with fresh lances, the horses breathed awhile; Count Ludwig's eyes again rested on the baroness whilst she was gazing, her beautiful white throat stretched forth in part covered with her light veil, on Count Ludwig's immovable adversary. She turned and listened smilingly to her attendant knight's remarks, but not one little look was cast towards her *soupirant*, oppressed with love, angry feeling, and the weight of his massy armour.

A deep sigh issued from his heaving heart, and found its way, to smite the outer air through the bars of his casque; a sigh worthy of "the monster Polypheme," deep, long, heavy, and strong as his love.

The spectators talked busily together, looked first at one knight, then at the other: the esquires and attendants of each were confident in the powers of their respective lords, and each end of the lists rung with their decided and contrary prophecies of success.

The trumpets were again raised to the mouths of the trumpeters, their cheeks were again puffed out, and reddened as they sent forth a quick and brilliant *fanfare*. The steeds again darted forward, every eye was fixed on the combatants, as they galloped full speed against each other. Bending towards their horses' manes they met.—Not a sound was heard among the crowd. The suspense lasted but an instant, the next saw Count Ludwig extended full length in the lists.

The victor again wheeled round, and raising his visor, curveting round the arena, received the applauses which were poured forth as he passed, and so regained his place, there to await a fresh object for his prowess.

Count Ludwig lay motionless, his lance some paces from him, whilst his gray galloped round the lists, neighing and throwing his foam over his head, until a couple of grooms put a stop to his gambols, and led him ambling and arching his neck from the ground.

The esquires ran in all haste towards their prostrate master. They raised him in their arms, unriveted his helmet, and allowed the air to blow on his heated face. His veins were swollen, his eyes partly shut, and his mouth wide open. The heat subsided, and turned to ghastly pallor. He breathed, however, in spite of the anticipations of the lower order of the spectators, who, in their unfeigned love of horrid catastrophes, pronounced him dead. There was no wound. Count Ludwig was stunned by the weight of his fall, and his esquires slowly carried him senseless from the field, to make room for other combatants.

He was forgotten as the crowd closed upon him. The boys patted his horse as it followed, and then returned to the sports.

The baroness smiled, and talked, and looked as gaily and sweetly

as ever, whilst the poor stunned count was carried to his room, unarmed, and after some time and trouble, restored in a measure to himself.

He opened his large eyes and stared around, sat up on his bed, swore a long and guttural oath, rubbed his head, stood on the floor and announced his determination of descending to the tilt yard, to see the end of the day.

But the end of the day had arrived. Victors and vanquished had returned to the castle, knights were unarming and decking themselves in their holiday suits, ladies were adorning the charms which were to do execution yet greater than before, weary horses were being rubbed down in the large stable yard, pages and esquires talked over the fortunes of the day, and the peasantry were separating various ways, singing merry choruses, talking, laughing, and gallanting *à leur façon*.

The labours of the cooks were making themselves known by dainty odours, and hungry warriors sniffed the savoury perfume.

Count Ludwig, with dizzy head, angry heart, and an aching shoulder, proceeded to embellish his Herculean frame with silk, velvet, and gold, and belting on a gorgeous sword, made the best of his way to the great hall, where, saying little and eating much, he fixed his eyes on his baroness, and endeavoured to forget his sorrows and his fall, in large draughts of the rich wine her lord and master had inherited from his ancestors, and left to her.

CHAPTER II.

Count Ludwig's pertinacious gazes made no more effect on the Baroness von Kranzfelt than they had done in the morning. As before, the tall *svelte* man monopolised her, and the count fumed, despaired, and drank till the juicy tide he poured down his throat raised, by small degrees, a fallacious, phantom hope in his breast. Although the tightly-clad cavalier talked and listened even more devotedly to the beauteous Bertha at the close of the feast than at the beginning, the inward growling, oaths, and epithets, with which the count had at first complimented him, and the sinister looks he had bestowed upon him, were now changed to the supercilious, scornful looks, and secretly vaunting thoughts of one sure of success, and half-tipsily triumphing over a supplanted rival—a rival who had been

feared first and then displaced. But the rival was not yet displaced, save in the wine-bedewed mind of the count. The count, however, looked upon him as being in that disagreeable predicament, and gave way, accordingly, to a riotous, roistering mirth, his white teeth making themselves visible beneath his chestnut mustache, as he opened his ample red mouth, and leaning back in his chair, pealed forth his mirth at everything and nothing.

His laugh mingled with others like unto his own, which prevented it from being too prominently audible, the chorus of laughers forming a roaring, undulating sound, under cover of which the *sotto voce* conversation of the baroness and her attendant was carried on.

The baroness was young and gay—young for a widow, gay for any lady. Her age was somewhere about seven and twenty, her widowhood of some three years' standing. Her lord had been carried off by an ardent fever, which took possession of him after a drinking bout, extending from three o'clock one fine hot afternoon till six o'clock the next morning, when the baron was disinterred from beneath several weighty bodies, which lay snoring upon him, and conveyed to the bed he never again left with life.

His childless widow inherited his estates, his ancient castle, and all his wealth. Her mourning passed, the fair and joyous Bertha prepared to enjoy the good things fortune had provided her with. An honest old steward of her husband's acted as hers, and kept order in her house and lands, leaving her at liberty to rule over sports and pastimes. This she did full well. Tournaments, feasts, revels of all sorts, enlivened the castle. The baroness was known far and wide for her beauty, her hospitality, and magnificence. It is natural to suppose that suitors and adorers would rally around her; she was too attractive long to remain uncourted. Lovers of all kinds wooed, some for herself alone, others mingling with their adoration a reasonable admiration of her worldly goods, whilst more sought her for them alone.

The young widow took an innocent and pleasing delight in the incense offered to her from all parts, and the lances broken *pour ses beaux yeux.* She applauded the feats of arms of her knights, worked scarfs for one and all, wherein her taste and elegance shone forth in gold, silver, in many-coloured silks, in satin, in velvet, in gorgeous fringes. She had treated them with soft words and pleased smiles to their heart's content, save only poor Count Ludwig, and his share of these sweet comforts was but small. And yet the baroness' soul was untouched, unwounded, unfettered, and free, able to sport with the pangs of others, to smile at their torments, to laugh and coquet, never dreaming of again submitting to the oft times longed for yoke of sober matrimony.

Count Ludwig, the least pampered, was the most ardent of her

adorers, though his ardour was not, owing, perhaps, to the Saxon phlegm which he partook of in common with others his contemporaries, so visible as that of men less deeply wounded. His love was firmly and obstinately fixed in his heart, and as he himself said, "twenty thousand devils and as many imps" should never turn him from his pursuit; the Baroness von Kranzfelt should be his, if he sold himself body and soul to obtain the beautiful lady.

The baroness said otherwise, and Count Ludwig, and his *gages d'amour*, in the shape of bristly, slaughtered boars, conveyed to her feet by his sturdy huntsmen, huge hams of bears, portly hogsheads of wine from his own vintage, which rolled into her cellars at his entreaties, were objects of her light-hearted mirth and merriment.

This was the state of affairs till some two months before the day which saw Count Ludwig in a most unwonted position for him, that is, extended on his back, at the most splendid tournament yet given by the lovely dame who presided over it.

Two months before this, the death warrant of her liberty was signed, and the most gorgeous summer evening that ever shone, glorious in gold and blood-red clouds, saw the deed done.

On that fated evening, the baroness had been forth to stroll among her wide-spreading meadows, beneath the tall and gently waving trees, whose long shadows stretched over the soft turf; when, on gaining the winding stony road, which gave access to the eminence crowned by her castle, she perceived a few paces on, a dusty traveller, seated on a low rock by the way side.

As she drew near, surrounded by her women, and the *écuyer* and page who followed her in her rambles, the stranger arose, and uncovering his head, bowed with a courtier's elegant grace, and then advanced towards her, cap in hand. His gait was limping, and he leant on a stick.

"Beautiful lady," he exclaimed in a strong foreign accent, speaking slowly as if seeking for words, "take pity on an unfortunate foreigner. I am travelling on foot through your magnificent country. Some malignant star caused me to wander from my way. In endeavouring to retrace my road, I climbed a steep rock which opposed itself between me and my right path. I missed my footing, fell, and I fear sprained my ankle. I have walked so far in dreadful torment. May I hope that the goodness which shines in your eyes, may be extended to me." After saying these words, he cast down the soft black eyes he had till then fixed upon her, and bowing his head on his breast, the dark ringlets of his hair shaded his pale face, as he stood with a most deferential air, awaiting the baroness' answer. He was tall, well-formed, upright, and graceful; his features fine, his expres-

sion satisfied and supercilious, in spite of the humility he threw into his attitude and manner. His dress was somewhat tawdry and *soigné*, under the dust that covered him from head to foot. He was altogether a man to attract the favourable notice of a lady, and she before whom he stood, after surveying him an instant, with a pleased smile, made answer to his petition :—

"I could not be so inhospitable as to turn you from my door in your trouble. You are welcome to restore yourself in my castle. Lean on my esquire, and follow me."

The stranger again bowing, raised his eyes and smiling replied :—

"Allow me to walk by your side, noble lady, and pour forth the thanks of my grateful heart. I need no aid beyond that of my stick. The soft accents of your voice will give me strength."

The baroness slightly blushed, and looking the permission he sought, they proceeded slowly, and side by side towards her home, followed by her *suite*.

"You said you are a foreigner. To what nation do you belong?" she asked.

"I am the Sieur de Beaugency, and I have the honour to be a Frenchman," he replied, drawing up his already upright figure, and stretching forth his arm, while his self-satisfied air became more so than ever. "Yes, beautiful *châtelaine*, I belong to that great nation. My arm and my heart are French ; my arm for war," he said, shaking his hand over his head, as though he brandished a shining blade, much to the amazement of the baroness' followers, "my heart for love, the most tender, submissive love," he added, pressing his hand to his breast, and casting his handsome eyes on the noble lady with a devoted *langoureux* expression.

The Baroness von Kranzfelt had never before met one of *la grande nation*. The Sieur de Beaugency was to her a new creature, and before he had limped and gesticulated many minutes by her side, she began to think him a most interesting, fascinating creature, dusty and tired as he was.

His ankle was examined by an old uncle of the baroness, who had taken up his abode with her since her widowhood, a man of science and pacific pursuits, who wore a long gown, and lived like an old owl in a high turret, remote from the lively part of the castle, where he followed his philosophy and eccentricities at his ease.

This learned old gentleman bandaged de Beaugency's leg as expertly as he could ; while the pitying Bertha stood by and coquetted with him, as by word and look he did her homage. His task done, the white-bearded sage strode back to his turret, the Frenchman and his hostess sitting down to a supper, to which, and the supremely good wine,

he did full justice, praising everything most courteously, offering the baroness the most delicate morsels from his own plate, talking and eating at the same time, drinking, showering compliments without end on himself, his nation, and the beautiful German who had received him.

Before the supper was over, and de Beaugency had drank the health of the baroness and his king, he, with his French ease and *abandon*, was perfectly at home, and had made her equally so in her own house. They talked as old acquaintances, and he delicately insinuated in his childish, broken German, that from "that fortunate moment, the enchanting baroness should be for ever the *dame de ses pensées*." Then he volunteered a recital of his life and adventures, to which she, Dido like, gave her whole and undivided attention, retaining near her a poor gentlewoman who served her as her companion, and who being fat, tired, and sleepy, nodded in her long-backed chair, unconscious of the animated descriptions of the Frenchman, long before he had told one quarter of his story.

It was not so with the baroness. Whether Cupid repeated the experiment which succeeded so well in the case of Dido and "pious Enæas," I know not, but like that lovely queen of old, she listened with delight and pity to the truths and falsehoods the handsome traveller entertained her with, and dwelt with dangerous complacency on every look and gesture, till the first spark of love, which had been to her unconsciously struck at their first meeting, was quickly kindling into a flame, long ere the vivacious, and respectfully impertinent de Beaugency brought his narrative to an end. He told her that he was the younger son of a noble house; that his brother, from infancy, had entertained for him a most unjust and deadly hatred; that he had poisoned his father's soul, and embittered it against him; that his cruel parent had destined him to lead a useless monkish life.

"My soul could not submit to such slavery. No, I was born for arms. My mother died in my infancy; I had no sisters, I was alone, abandoned by the universe. 'Rather perish,' I said to myself, 'than immure thyself in a monastery, a living tomb. Isidore de Beaugency, thou wast born for better things!' My resolution was taken. I resolved to exile myself from my country, the land of my warlike ancestors, from beautiful France, the queen of nations, that nest of heroes. Though I adore my country—though I would spill every drop of blood for France, I knew, that as long as my father lived, it was a land of peril to me. I consulted my safety and inclination in flight. Secretly, as a fugitive, when night enveloped the earth with her shades, I left the paternal roof. A few pieces of gold, and this good sword," he exclaimed, drawing it as he spoke, and waving it above his head, "were

my only property; this sword which a de Beaugency won in battle, and which shall leave me but in death!" So saying, he returned it to its scabbard, the baroness wiped her eyes; he put himself into a gracefully reposing attitude, and continued—"Italy received me. Beneath her blue skies I sighed for France, my dear France, whilst I opened for myself a road to glory. I joined a chief of an armed body, one of those famed Condottieri. I distinguished myself—I conducted myself as a Frenchman—victory everywhere pursued me—I covered myself with laurels—my fame was too great for envy with her hissing snakes—she respected me—I was without a rival—I left them far behind me—in battle I was a god, I was more than mortal.

"The Condottiere, under whom I served, was slain on the field of glory. In endeavouring to save his life, my days were menaced. I was grievously wounded—my chief fell, and yet I prolonged the combat. I called our flying men—I led them on to victory. I triumphed—the fight was our own. On the bloody field of conquest those brave men chose me for their head; with shouts, with tears, they demanded that I should henceforth lead them on to certain fame. I yielded to their prayers,—I became a Condottiere.

"I passed from glory to glory. All strove who should enlist de Beaugency on their side. De Beaugency and victory were one. French valour cannot be hidden. Fame was mine, riches soon followed, though gold I despise. Ten years elapsed, and I was yet absent from my country. Tidings reached me of my father's death—my brother had perished soon after my departure. He died his sword in his hand. I was heir to all our large estates.

"Bidding farewell to my brave companions in arms, I prepared to retrace my steps, and leave the scene of my thousand triumphs. Tenderly embracing my friends, I departed, accompanied only by one esquire, and having converted all my riches into diamonds, we travelled gaily forwards. Something whispered to my heart that bright days waited me. We reached, beautiful lady, your stately land, and here misfortune, and the height of happiness, have been mine. We were attacked by robbers. I fought like a brave man. My horse was slain under me. My esquire perished. Those barbarous savages deprived me of the fruit of my victories. They left me senseless on the earth. On returning to life, all that remained to me was a small valise, containing a few necessary valuables. That I have with me.

"But let us forget this dark scene, in the happiness of becoming acquainted with the most lovely, the most amiable, of her sex. Yes, charming baroness, centuries of torment would have been effaced by the soft moments I have spent beneath your roof.

"When I beheld you, a tender palpitation—" Here a long-drawn,

full-toned snore, followed by a long contemptuous puff, escaped from the elderly and sleeping gentlewoman, which being succeeded by a short, abrupt snort, ending in a small choke, put a stop to the Sieur de Beaugency's harangue, and proclaimed that her slumbers were at an end.

The baroness sighed. The gentlewoman being but half awake, so far forgot her situation as to propose bed. Her lady could have remained for ever, but she summoned her pages to conduct her guest to his apartment. He kissed her hand with tender respect, and, leaning on a page, backed out of the room, casting a dying look on his auditress as he left the chamber.

She, like the Carthaginian queen, remained a while to gaze on his vacant place, to sigh alone, to retrace his words and gesture, and then, without pondering on the sentiments that were growing in her heart, retired also to dream of the handsome Frenchman, who was peaceably reposing on a bed of down, dreaming of—nothing.

CHAPTER III.

As de Beaugency's lameness, under the care of Baroness von Krantzfelt's mysterious uncle, vanished, so her *penchant* for him increased. A Frenchman is never blind to the impression he makes, and the ex-Condottiere took especial care, by every means in his power, to nourish her weakness for him. His voice was shown off in tender songs, accompanied on her lute; his words, his looks, were all studied to ensnare her. The little valise, which he maintained was all that the robbers, he affirmed to have met, had left him, contained but a scanty supply of property. Materials for shaving, a pair of red and white striped "*tights*," such as were then worn, a smart dagger, and a velvet mantle, rather the worse for wear—these were the only objects the strictest inspection could then have discovered.

In spite of this, le Sieur de Beaugency shone forth in splendid attire. The baroness' castle had its tailor, and he, under the Frenchman's able direction, clothed him from head to foot in divers satins and velvets, silks and brocades, furnished by his hostess. In truth, he set them off to the greatest advantage. He was a handsome man, and carried himself like a king. So the baroness thought.

Under her tuition, de Beaugency improved in German, and she soon learned from him to say many pretty things in French, learnt his

songs, and taught him hers in return, and with these they mutually regarded each other. He sat by her, smiled, sighed, admired her work, stared at her till he caught her eyes, and then abased his own in devoted humility. She fixed hers on him as he sung, and when, in turn, discovered, turned away with a beautiful blush, which covering her fair, clear skin, spread itself to the white forehead, over which the blue veins formed a delicate net-work.

Then, as he improved in walking, they strolled abroad together, at first attended by her suite, and at last alone, and then their walks lengthened, till the quiet moon lighted them home, and the baroness said little as she leant on his arm, whilst he talked, or remained silent, as he deemed it likely the effect he wished to be produced, would be heightened by the one or the other.

The baroness loved and knew it, and so did he; that is, she loved, and he knew it, for his heart was too light to be much moved; but he delighted in the sensation he made, the homage paid to him, the *affaire de cœur* he was engaged in, and he thought the baroness, her estates, her castle, and her gold, most agreeable acquisitions to any man, and not at all beneath the notice of a de Beaugency.

Now, matters standing thus at the time of the tournament, it is not very probable that poor Count Ludwig had much chance of succeeding in his suit, but Count Ludwig thought otherwise, thanks to the deluding Rhenish wherewith he had deluged his never over-penetrating wits.

"She like him!" he said to himself, as he leant his elbows on the table and stared at them, stroking his mustache the while; "she cannot—no, no, a man who cannot take part in tilting, because he has happened to turn his foot on one side, is not a man for any woman. He looks very fine, and so do the pages, and she talks to him very smilingly, but I've heard it said that when women are in love, they can neither speak to nor look at the man they love. She never does either to me. Thunder and devils! she does love me. Dear little Bertha, you shall be mine. To-night I'll speak like a man, and soon turn that Frenchman out. I'm not afraid. Oh! no,—at least I think not;" and then the count caused another river of rich wine to run down his capacious throat.

The feast over, the *convives* next disported themselves with dancing. Count Ludwig never danced. He stood apart, like the Colossus of Rhodes, spanning the floor with his feet, his arms akimbo, and his eyes, where they ever were, full on the baroness.

De Beaugency did not dance. He did the interesting, Bertha remained with him, and they indulged in all the *minauderies* and excusable follies of lovers.

The count, after a time, walked straight up to them, and seated

himself by her side. The Frenchman frowned and cleared his throat, the German took no notice of him.

"Baroness von Kranzfelt," he said, stretching forth his stout and well-made legs, "I love you—I do, by my honour!"

The baroness turned towards him her clear blue eyes, full of laughter, and replied, "Do you?"

"I do. Have not the wild boars, the hams, and all my tender gifts told my love? Yes, baroness, I love you. I have sworn you shall be mine. Will you?"

"No, certainly not," replied the fair Bertha. "I do not love you, Count Ludwig, and all the ugly great boars you sent me have had no effect."

"Not love me!" cried poor Ludwig, opening his eyes; "not love me! Never mind that, I love you, and when you are my wife you will love me too."

The baroness indulged in a most merry burst of laughter; such things being allowable in those days. The count was bewildered, and his anger began to arise. De Beaugency inquired into the cause of her amusement.

"Why, the count pretends to say that he loves me, and actually wishes to persuade me to love him; and," added she, laughing yet more, "to marry him!"

De Beaugency laughed too, and his laugh was sneering and conceited.

"Oh! poor count!" he said, and then redoubled his merriment.

The count could not bear this.

"What do you mean by *poor count?*" he said, rising, and standing before him.

"Why, poor count!" was the reply, accompanied by the insulting laugh.

"Learn to insult a German noble," cried Ludwig, at the same instant striking him across the face with the back of his hand; "and now if you are a man, we will finish this with our swords."

De Beaugency turned very pale, and drew back a step or two, then recovering himself he advanced his breast, struck it rapidly several times, contracted his brows, and scornfully protruding his under lip, said, "A de Beaugency is not accustomed to measure his spotless sword with that of a man who has been overthrown in the lists. Count, I cannot fight you;" and then he withdrew behind the baroness' chair.

"Coward! beggar!" roared the count, "you are afraid."

The same opinion was maintained by those who had assembled to hear what was passing.

"Respect the noble baroness," replied de Beaugency, without emerging from his retreat, while she felt her chair quiver beneath his grasp; "respect these ladies, calm yourself and withdraw."

"On your knees then, and beg my pardon."

"Count Ludwig, you have insulted one of my guests!" cried the baroness, seizing his sturdy arm with her small hand, and stopping him as he advanced to drag the offender from his fortress, "and therefore you have insulted me. If any one deserves chstisement, it is yourself. Retire instantly," she continued, trembling, and the crimson blood colouring her cheeks. "Leave this castle, and never, never more appear before me. Go, or force shall compel you to do so."

The count stood amazed, and in the mean while de Beaugency made his escape, and left the hall, taking his station in the darkness behind the musicians in the gallery, to watch the termination of the affair.

There in safety he stretched forth his head, peering with a timid air, nowise according in dignity with his handsome person, or what was enacting in the hall beneath; nor did he leave his station of security, and regain his post beside the baroness, until he had seen the irate and formidable Count Ludwig stride furiously and heavily through the low-arched door, followed by his bloodhound Wolf, his inseparable companion in field, in hall, in peace and war.

The count stamped down the spiral stairs, and the dancing continued, and de Beaugency and his baroness were again together, whilst he reached the courtyard, and shouted, and roared, and swore for his people. The moon shone quietly on him, the stars seemed to wink at him in derision, whilst the echoes repeated the loud, angry, rough voice that called so vainly.

He tramped over the uneven pavement and went into the stables, the horses were snuffing and munching, but not a soul was there.

Now the count not knowing the localities of the castle, and being moreover somewhat confused by the united effects of Rhenish and anger, knew not where to turn. Leaving the stables, he applied his silver hunting-horn to his mouth, and rang out the well-known call to his followers. Four or five times he gave it forth. The last loud blast brought some of his men, tumbling in all haste, from a doorway behind him.

They spoke thick, and one or two of them seemed peculiarly feeble about the knees, with an inclination, pretty dexterously combated, to wheel round on their heels. Count Ludwig ordered them to bring out their horses, and sent the most intellectual of the number to call out the rest of his company.

Oh! woful disappointment, to be called thus suddenly, thus pre-

maturely from good cheer and joyous company. Unfortunate men-at arms! The count commanded, the count must be obeyed. Forth came the horses, slipping and clattering on the stones. With much noise, and after many unusual blunders in arranging their trappings, they were ready for their march. Count Ludwig's armour was packed on his war-horse, he mounted a favourite bay, the drawbridge was lowered, and the cavalcade, laughing and joking, passed over it. The count pulled up, and with an oath commanded a silence, which, in an instant, followed his mandate. They descended the stony road, and then dashed off at a good round pace over the country.

On they rode, not a whisper was heard; nothing but the many quick-moving hoofs and clanging of arms. They were passing over a plain, whereon stood here and there a few clumps of fir-trees; now and then they passed a forest tree, and sometimes a few old hollow tress, standing one or two together, hid in ivy.

The count had been mentally soliloquising all the way. "Oh! poor count, indeed! Beggarly Frenchman, do you think *yourself* worthy of her? It would be a fine thing for you to be lord of my beautiful Bertha! No, if I die for it, she shall be mine!"

Thus spoke the count's spirit, as he reached the old ivy-hidden trees.

"She shall," said a voice.

The count's horse dashed furiously forward at full gallop, and all the rest tore after him. Could it be possible? Had he heard those words? They seemed to him to have come clear and cold from the old trees. The voice was strange and disagreeable. Could a shriek-owl have spoken, it would have spoken in that tone.

As his horse started off, the count fancied he saw two large eyes shining in the moonlight among the leaves; large, full, gleaming eyes.

He tried in vain to rein up his steed. On it flew, snorting over hill and dale, nor suffered itself to be checked till it reached his castle door. There the riders stopped, the panting horses foaming, and trembling with their exertion.

The men deemed their lord exceedingly submissive to the wine he had taken, and he only speaking to order supper in his own room, withdrew there, leaving them to refresh themselves below.

The count ate as though he were breaking a long fast, and drank draughts in the same ratio, and pondered on what had passed, and thought of the trees, the voice, and the eyes.

"Good news, at all events," he said, as he stretched himself, rose from the table, and threw himself into a large velvet chair, crossed his legs, and closed his eyes. It was past twelve, but he felt too idle to undress, and sat blinking his eyes, and nodding, between sleeping and waking, in his velvet nest.

"I wonder if the voice belonging to those ugly eyes means to help me," he thought, and then his chin, with a sudden plunge, smote his breast, his eyes closed, and his mouth opened.

"Curse those rats!" was his next thought, as his eyes half unclosed, and he heard a patting kind of run on the oak floor. It stopped, and then trotted on again, stopped, and on again, and then stopped short in front of the count. He sat up, leant his elbows on the elbows of his chair, and looked to the spot.

No rat was there; but seated on the floor before him, quickly scratching its side and blinking its malicious, sparkling eyes, he beheld a little black ape.

"The devil!" cried the count, with the voice and opened eyelids of astonishment.

"Oh, no, only a little imp," said the ape, in the tones of a hoarse, narrow-chested dwarf, at the same time running towards him, and familiarly jumping on his knee.

With its little, bony, clammy hand, it took possession of the count's large, sinewy fist, and, looking up into his face, grinning, showing its sharp white teeth, and still blinking its quick eyes, it said—"And so you are in love?"

"How the devil did you know that?"

"Oh! he knows everything, and I know most things,—that among the rest. You are very determined she shall be yours. Confide in me, and she shall."

"She shall!" was echoed by a voice at the open window, the same he had heard among the trees.

"Who is that?" said the count.

"Believe it, but never mind who it is," said the little ape, pulling at his hand. "Do you wish to obtain Baroness Bertha?"

"With all my soul!"

"Very well. Do you know how?"

"Yes; besiege her castle, to be sure, and have her out, and cut that vile Frenchman's throat, or something of that kind."

"I can tell you a better way than that, and much shorter," replied the monkey, in a confidential whisper. "You know her old uncle, that old man who lives up in the turret?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"Why, he's a magician, only don't quote me. Now, you must catch him alive, carry him off, and make him call up the demon of the forest here," said the ape, pulling the hair on his projecting forehead, in the fashion of a groom, with a deferential pull, as he made mention of the demon.

"Oh!" answered the count, "but that seems a very long way of

going to work. To catch him, I must attack the castle, and pull him out of his hole. I might as well carry off Bertha at once."

"Don't interrupt me," said his little hairy counsellor. "I know better than you. You must catch him to-morrow night. The moon will be full. He goes out at the full moon and the following night, when he is in want of certain herbs, to gather them on the high pointed hill, half a mile from the castle. Do you know it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, he will be there to-morrow at the moon-rising. The herbs he looks for grow under some broken ground and rocks near the top. Seize him there, carry him off at once to the forest where you kill your boars, and bears, and vermin. Take him to that open part where the mad woman murdered her baby. I will get everything ready. What do you say to that? Is that a good plan? Make him call up the demon, and *he* will give you your wish."

"I've heard of him before. I will do as you advise."

"That's right," replied the ape, holding the count's hand in one of his, and stroking it with the other. "I like you, you've no nonsense or fear about you."

"Fear! I should think not, indeed," said Count Ludwig.

"Come away! come away! we're going!" called out a number of voices, ringing through the air, shrill and supernatural.

The little ape looked up. "I am coming," he called out, and then putting the count's hand to his mouth, he made his sharp little teeth meet on the back of it. They pierced it with the sensation of red-hot needles. The suddenness of the bite made the stout count wince. The ape chattered, jumped from his lap to the table, knocked over the light, flew out of the window, leaving Count Ludwig to listen to a shrieking discordant chorus, wild and witch-like, that died away in the distant air, whilst he, knocking his shins against everything groped his way about his room in utter darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

The following day Count Ludwig's hand presented four little black marks, swollen and blue all round, proving to him the reality of an adventure he felt somewhat inclined to doubt.

The wish to obtain the Baroness von Kranzfelt raged stronger than ever in his breast, his anger towards de Beaugency was yet fiercer than

the night before, his impatience to elope with the wizard knew no bounds—in short, every feeling seemed exaggerated and sharpened, pushing him irresistibly forward, in a manner wonderful to himself, to take any steps, be they what they might, to attain unto his desires. The circulating venom of the imp's saliva, flowing through his veins, had done its work.

Wearily and restlessly he passed the long summer's day. All his amusements turned to tedious annoyances. Sitting in the chamber-like recess of his large window, he thought of the baroness, whistled a tune, unsheathed and sheathed his sword, patted Wolf's fine head, and seeing the sun grow redder, and the shadows lengthen, he went down into the court of his castle, and there found his esquire and grooms holding in readiness the gray charger which had borne him to his reverse the day before.

He mounted, and gathered up the ornamented reins. The men stood cap in hand. He spurred his horse, and, nodding to them as he passed, left the castle of his ancestors for ever.

Wolf followed him, gaily running by his side after they left the gates, jumping and barking for joy, as the handsome horse bounded along, foaming and curveting as he went. It was a fine sight to see the tall, strong count sitting on him, upright and firm, and immovable as a centaur, while his long white feathers streamed in the evening breeze, lightly contrasting with the iron strength of the man. It was a ten miles' ride the count had to accomplish before he reached the foot of the mountain. As he trotted and galloped on, the sun went blood red, the stars shone forth one after the other, as the golden remains of the sun's glory faded away, and the uniform dark purple of night tinged the sky. The light summer wind blew softly and refreshingly, the nightingales made themselves heard, and the glowworms sparkled through the dark.

Count Ludwig spurred his steed, and Wolf ran on steadily, his tongue hanging out. They reached the mountain. The count dismounted, and, passing the bridle over his arm, began the ascent. The moon had not arisen. He toiled up the steep narrow way; his horse snorted, and struck sparks from the rough stones. A little more than half-way up the height, the road terminated, and some distance above that he saw the rocks and broken ground. He looked around him.

"The devil! What shall I do with the horse?" thought the count.

"Give me the reins," said a hoarse voice beneath him; and, looking down, he saw, through the dim, confusing starlight the little ape of the preceding night standing by his boot. "Come! You've no

time to lose, don't make objections, leave the beast with me. Go on, you will find me here waiting for your return."

The count threw the reins to the imp, who caught at them with apish dexterity. Wolf growled at him and showed his teeth, whilst he insinuated his tail between his legs, and, when his master walked on, howled dismally, as though fearing to pass the ugly little animal, and unwilling to be left behind.

The count whistled and called. Wolf's fidelity triumphed over his fears, he dashed past the imp, who grinned and hurraed at him. The dog ran quivering to his master, meanly depressing his ears and tail, and walking close by his side, they continued their ascent.

The way was craggy and tedious. The count climbed the rugged, broken ground and rocks, and, looking over them reconnoitred the road on the other side of the hill, the road which led from the Baroness von Kransfelt's castle. He could distinguish it white and winding, and strained his eyes in vain in search of the old wizard.

All was silent around him. There were no trees in which the soft wind could sigh, no nightingale was near to sing, no watchdog to bark, no passing travellers or horses to break through the dead, calm silence. The count heard nothing but his own breathing, the rustling of his long plume, or the rattling of his dog's collar as he shook himself, or sharply scratched his ear with his hind leg. He sat on a low rock, leaning against another which served as a parapet to conceal him, and thus he impatiently awaited for the rising of the moon, ever and anon peering over his stony rampart, and then returning to his reflections. These were not very profound or complicated. A strong, resolute determination to obtain the baroness, *coûte qui coûte*, possessed him. His usual phlegm had abandoned him. An activity, a burning impatience he had never before known, had taken hold of him. His blood seemed to flow with bursting violence; his pulses throbbed quickly and heavily. The calm and quiet about him, instead of composing, but added to his tumult. He did not analyse his feelings, but such sensations he had never experienced before. His love, which heretofore had been as dogged as sincere, now burned with a raging flame. The idea of losing the beauteous Bertha shook his naturally immovable frame with anger and anxiety, and he looked over his rock in search of the man who was to be instrumental in giving him the wish, to obtain which he resolved that every obstacle should be overleapt.

He looked in vain, but his eyes rested on the first thin line of light, which announced that the moon was rising. It was visible behind the rugged black mountains that stood dark and stern in the distance. As she slowly crept from behind them, their rough outlines became

more visible, and the dim starlight gave place by degrees to her mild, pure lustre. She cast long dark shadows from every object, whilst she lingered on the horizon, and the count again looking towards the winding road, now more distinctly seen, perceived the tall, thin, old wizard, stooping from age, toiling up it, leaning on a long staff.

He retreated once more behind his parapet, waiting with growing impatience till the long-expected man should have finished his painful ascent.

Wolf lay crouching at his feet, uneasy and trembling. A sound of wings disturbed the deadly quiet. The count looked up. A huge owl was slowly and heavily flying above him, and perching on a rock near him, commenced its dismal hooting. The sensitive dog raised his head, showed his teeth, and uttered a suppressed howl; but on a rebuke from his master, again crouched down with quivering limbs and imploring looks.

Presently a low chaunting sounded in the distance, drew nearer and nearer in the direction of Count Ludwig, paused now and then, and finally continuing, as it approached, without stop or break. The voice that chanted was tremulous and feeble. Count Ludwig for the last time looked from the rocks. Rising up, he leant forward on his hands and knees, and obtained a full view of the old wizard a few paces from the foot of the rock. He was dressed in a long, velvet, furred gown, a crimson cap, with long ears, fastened beneath his chin, set tight to his head, and showed his lividly white face and sharp features in strong relief. His beard was very long, as were his shaggy white eyebrows. His velvet shoes were fastened with a sparkling diamond, and one yet more magnificent shone in his cap. He supported himself on a long ivory staff, and as he slowly and sadly chanted forth his monotonous song, he picked his herbs and put them in a bag, which was suspended by his side.

The hooting of the owl formed a dolorous accompaniment, in keeping with the old man's voice, as he slowly strayed along in the moonlight, now growing vigorous and clear, and deeming himself unseen and alone, gathered leaves and flowers on the desert mountain.

The gigantic count broke through his solitude and his occupation. Springing from the rocks, his dog bounding after him, he stood by the wizard's side, and grasped his thin and shrunken arm in his strong hand. The old magician dropped the handful of weeds he had just plucked, and shrieked with a terrified and quavering shriek. He stared wildly at the count, and tried to disengage himself.

"You must come with me," said Ludwig. "It is no use to struggle. I am young and strong, and if you do not come freely, why I must carry you off by force. Come then, and lose no time."

"Where are you going to take me, and what for?" replied the old man, ceasing to struggle.

"To the forest of Storberg. I am not going to harm you. When we arrive you shall know what I would have with you. Come," he added, as he led the wizard swiftly tottering round the rocks, by a narrow sheep-path that skirted them.

"The forest of Storberg," he muttered, as he was dragged ruthlessly along. "I can guess what I am to do there."

The count spoke not another word. Their footsteps, and the hooting of the owl, enfeebled by distance, were the only sounds to be heard. They reached the road by which the count had ascended. There he saw his gray pawing against the stones, and the little ape squatting on the ground in front of him, holding the reins.

"Come! we have no time to lose," cried the little wretch, turning his head sharply towards them. The wizard made an exclamation of recognition and surprise, and the monkey pulling his stumpy hair as he had done once before, they spoke together in a sonorous tongue, unintelligible to the stout German.

"Put him up before, and let us depart," said the ugly creature.

The count obeyed, lifted the magician as readily as he would have done a dried reed, seated him on the horse, took his seat in the saddle behind him, and firmly held him round the waist. The ape with one bound took its place likewise. It seated itself astride with its round, narrow back leaning against the high back of the saddle, and seizing the broad, embossed crupper with both hands, proceeded to belabour the horse with rapid kicks from its little feet.

The horse snorted and reared. Count Ludwig dug his long spurs into its sides, the imp gave it one imp-like pinch, when springing violently forward he began his furious career.

The steep, rough descent did not impede his course. The rolling stones slipped beneath his feet, and in a minute they reached the foot of the hill. Away they went over the level country. The quickness of the motion affected even the count; he bent forward, and bowed his head toward his horse's mane, whilst he tightly held the old wizard, exhausted and coughing in his arms. The little ape sang an odd, quaint song, and by his kicks and twitchings of the crupper guided the steed; his master, so famed for his equestrian skill, had no power over him.

Ever and anon a shrill "*hurra*" was heard, dying off as soon as uttered, to which the ape responded by a loud laugh, and the horse quickened his pace each time. The count heard it, but saw nothing, and on they flew. They passed his castle—he had barely time to look at it. It stood in the full moonlight, its angles making large masses

of sharp light and shade, whilst its firm round towers gradually passed from one to the other. No sign of life was there visible; no sound, no light; it stood like a rock, as strong and as solitary.

They reached the forest, and dashed into its gloom. The dead branches gave way before them, they brushed through the thick, green boughs without scratch, or injury, or slackening of their pace. The birds woke up frighted from their rest, and the wild animals fled on either side.

The imp suddenly checked the horse; the shock threw the old man from the count's arms to the earth. The ape jumped down, screeching and chattering with laughter, and Ludwig dismounting raised up the dizzied enchanter. Wolf stood panting by his side, and the splendid gray who had carried him so often and so well, through fights and hunting, with one long, deep groan, fell dead at his feet.

The count left the wizard, and stood over his horse with a look of dismay.

The imp pulled him by the leg.

"I did not bring you here," he said, "to stare at a dead horse. Follow me. Time goes on, and your steed won't come to life again, so you may leave him, with a safe conscience, to the brutes and the birds."

The count, without speaking, supported the old man, and followed the ape, who threaded down a narrow path, and turned head over heels as he went. Suddenly they emerged into a large open space, half shaded by the trees, and half in strong clear light.

Count Ludwig saw, sitting crouched on the roots of a large oak, a woman naked to her waist,—thin, livid,—who fixed her large, glassy black eyes full upon them, nor once gave that sign of humanity—the shrouding them for one second with her eyelids. A white bundle lay at her feet, through which blood seemed to be oozing.

The little ape, with the *empressement* of a master of the ceremonies, led his companions into the middle of the open space, and then bade them stand, nor dare to move till he returned, and then trotted off into the depths of the forest.

Count Ludwig did not like the dead stare of the figure opposite, so he turned his back upon her to avoid it. Poor Wolf's feelings seemed to agree with those of his master, who felt his side quivering against him as the dog pressed close to him in his agony. The old wizard seated himself on the earth, and the count pulling from his neck a silver flask, his constant *compagnon de voyage*, gave it to him for his refreshment, and thus they spent the minutes of separation from their apish friend.

CHAPTER V.

After a while they heard the sound of rumbling, rattling wheels, and from the point whence he had disappeared they beheld the little imp returning, seated on a low cart, like the "*tender*" of a brewer's dray, which tore up to them, drawn by two lank dogs, with mangy, rough skins, snarling teeth, foaming lips, and rabid eyes.

The ape sprang from his seat, and pulling out a black sack which had formed it, threw it on the ground, and then kicking his dogs, sent them flying and yelping through the forest with his rattling, empty vehicle.

He then sat down before the magician, speaking to him in the sonorous language previously used, and enforcing his speech by movements of his skinny little forefinger. His listener answered by nods and monosyllables, and then they arose and opened the sack.

Count Ludwig looked on, and saw them pull forth three skulls, a small brazier, a leaden box, a censer, and a long white gown, which the old man put on, at the same time pulling off his cap, and exposing his high, wrinkled forehead and white hair to the night breeze. The imp meanwhile collected some dry wood, part of which he piled on the brazier. The wizard, taking his staff, drew a large circle round himself and the count, and as he drew it a border of flame sprung from the end of his stick, and marked the circle in a small flickering light. He next inscribed a triangle within the circle, and at each angle he placed a skull; then turning to the count he asked him for his sword, which being given into his hands, he said to him,

"Count Ludwig, each time that I summon the demon of this forest adds to my years of purgatory. I tremble as I do it; but you are a man of violence, wrathful and harsh, and must be obeyed. Now listen and attend! Speak not one word unless you are first addressed; move not from this triangle whatever you may see; and cast all fear from you, or you are lost."

"Your last caution," answered the count, "I do not need, the first I will obey. Begin. I am ready."

The magician opened the leaden box, and took from it some incense, which he placed in the censer, sprinkling it with a liquid which he poured from a little gold bottle, taken from the same receptacle. This done, the ape drew near, and spitting on the dry wood in the brazier, a thin flame darted from it with a loud explosion, and then subsiding kindled the fuel, from which the wizard, lighting his censer, began to perfume the air with the blue smoke curling from it, whilst he held

his open palm aloft, and sang in the same monotonous, sad chanting he had used on the mountain.

The imp left the circle, and searched beneath the trees; soon returning, bearing in his clenched hands a long and writhing snake. He held it by the throat, and its slimy, taper tail, lashed the little monster's thin, hairy arms. Drawing close to the brazier he put it on the burning wood, grinning as he saw the reptile's agonised struggles, and pushing it back each time it sought to escape.

The flames burnt high, and the ape fed them with aromatic gums from the leaden box. The wizard, laying aside the censer, took the sword, and pointing it towards an angle of the triangle, in a distinct but chilling sepulchral voice, slowly spoke words unknown to Count Ludwig. As he proceeded, the female figure, which till then had remained immovable beneath the tree, moaned lowly and feebly, and then with a shriek, long and loud, as the shriek of one in despair, about to be swallowed by the stormy waves of the tossing sea, she arose and drew close to the fiery circle. Her eyes, large and dark, rolled with the wild savage roll of madness, from the blood-stained cloth she had pulled forth a naked baby, which she held by the foot, whilst its head, half parted from its body, rested bleeding on the ground.

As she stood wailing and shrieking, the imp continued to feed the fire with different ingredients, and the magician slowly and steadily to give forth the unknown words. Count Ludwig, folding his arms, stood firm and resolute, whilst poor Wolf howled and bayed without reproof, without restraint.

The trees around began to rustle more loudly, and a cold, thin wind to blow, whistling among them, increasing in a few minutes, bowing their tufted tops, and howling so fiercely, that the old man's voice, raised to its highest pitch, was sometimes lost in the roar. The high flames in the brazier waved like a fiery plume, the moon was hidden by thick, low clouds, total darkness was around, illumined only by the flickering fire, which shone on the spectre's thin convulsed features, whilst her hysterical shriekings mingled with the boisterous wind.

The magician raised one of the skulls on the point of the sword, and held it above his head. His voice grew loud, commanding, and energetic, and as he proceeded the count heard groaning and lamentation on all sides—groans such as are uttered by human nature under the most intense agony—chilling, prolonged, and direful lamentations, like those wrung from the bitterest, the most hopeless anguish.

The confusing, baffling wind blustered on, in loud and sudden gusts. Faces and forms became visible, flitting by the red firelight. Some approached the circle, and bending their heads towards its

centre, gave to Count Ludwig's view all the horrors the churchyard hides within its rich earth,—from the pale set features rigid in death, but as yet untainted, to the frightful corruption that obliterates all trace of what has been, and yet from this horrid pollution eyes stared forth, goggling with stony gaze on vacancy.

The magician continued loudly to speak, the winds to rush and rock the sighing trees, the spectres to appear, and the groaning voices to sound, whilst poor Wolf's piteous howling mixed with them.

Suddenly the magician cast the skull far from him, among the trees. The wind was still, the voices ceased, the flame was extinguished, a deathlike silence and darkness had taken the place of the confusing sounds and lurid light. The wizard spoke in a clear slow tone a few words, and a hoarse, loud voice answered angrily from the depths of the forest. The wizard spoke the same words again, and once more the rough voice replied; again he spoke, a third time, but more loudly, again the voice replied; a rolling peal of thunder roared above them, the clouds suddenly passed from the moon, and her quiet light once more shone on the still forest.

The mad woman's spectre had disappeared—all was calm and peaceful. The wizard turned towards the second angle of the triangle, and again began the low chant. Drops of heat ran down his high forehead—his look was anxious and wild. The little ape kindled the fire as he had done before, and tossed the censer to and fro. The blue smoke curled in the moonlight, and assimilated with its peaceful character.

After a while the magician paused. A chorus of feeble, unearthly voices, replied to him; blue gleaming lights danced among the trees, and Count Ludwig felt the earth rock beneath his feet. The voices died away, and the magician resumed his song. Bright, slimy snakes wriggled from the sheltering forest towards the circle, and lay around it, hissing and rearing their flat heads, or crawling lazily over each other.

Again the wizard paused, and the chorus answered him. The sound of those strange voices, singing so coldly and faintly high in the clear air, struck unpleasantly on the count's ear, and an involuntary shiver ran over him; whilst the unceasing heaving and rocking of the earth, and the strong overpowering smell of the incense, combined to dizzy his head. He felt inclined to throw himself from the circle, by an almost irresistible impulse. His brain whirled, and he knelt on the earth to save himself from falling.

When the chorus was again silent, the wizard, spreading forth his hands, spoke in low tones, and then taking the sword, he lifted the second skull on high. A pale light streamed from its eyeless sockets.

From the darkness a fleshless skeleton stood forth, and stood before the magician, stretching its worm-eaten arms towards the skull. The count looked on it, and beheld that it was headless. He saw the wizard slowly lower the sword, and drop the skull into its arms. A loud screeching laugh burst forth all around them, ringing and lawless, accompanied with a loud clapping of hands and yelping of curs.

The snakes curling themselves round the skeleton's legs, crawled up to his trunk and drew themselves through his motionless ribs, whence some of them wound round his neck, and others slipping in their own slime, fell cold and heavy to the ground.

Like the chorus, the laugh died away. The wizard touching the skull with the sword's point, spoke a few emphatic words. The bony jaws opened, a voice issued from them dry and sepulchral. The count could not understand it. The jaws closed with a loud snap, again the air was darkened, the earth heaved like unto a heaving sea, the wizard called aloud in a commanding tone, and the rough, fierce voice from the forest answered angrily and close at hand. Again the wizard called. The count felt a gleam of heat spread round them. The thick darkness was only relieved by the pale burning fire that formed the circle and triangle. He could distinguish nothing, and yet he was conscious of the presence of some supernatural being. Wolf flew to the circumference of the circle furiously barking, and then retreated snarling and shivering to his master, who heard the magician speak again with the voice of one who would make himself obeyed. Count Ludwig felt a stream of burning breath on his face; the harsh grating voice called forth three words close beside him. They were followed by a loud subterranean rumbling, and the rushing of many wings fanning the air as they passed. A loud peal of thunder succeeded, the moon again burst forth, and the count again found himself alone with his former companions.

Faithful to his instructions, he had not uttered a word; amazed though he was at all he beheld, and curious to know what would follow, and how he was to be put in possession of his beautiful but refractory baroness.

The little ape for the third time kindled the fire, and from the box he pulled forth a bleeding tongue, cut from the throat of a depraved and lying monk, and grinning, flourished it before the wizard, who nodding, the imp put it among the flames, and then cutting some of his fantastic and wild capers, leaped from the circle into the wood, soon returning with three immense toads, which he threw into the fire one after the other. As the flames scorched them, they uttered loud cries, and their executioner clapping his hands, danced round the brazier, quickly gabbling some grotesque rhymes,

The wizard's chant again pealed forth melancholy and low. From the quivering, aspen-like shaking of his long robe, Count Ludwig perceived how he trembled. His face was pale and rigid as that of a corpse; whilst his eyes flashed and seemed straining to behold somewhat beyond the sight of mortals. The heavens were again enveloped in thick massy clouds, rent by forked and flashing lightning. Again the winds burst forth, not increasing gently, but with a sudden howling burst. The thunder rolled on without a pause, cracking and roaring, and echoing among the surrounding mountains. The lightning ceased not during one short second. The flashes grew into one pale, glimmering, dazzling blaze, lighting the dark clouds, and the bending, bowing tops of the tufted trees. Huge hailstones dashed down, rattling and bounding on the dry earth, the crackling fall of uprooted trees was heard, mingling with the overpowering, irresistible tempest.

Still the wizard continued his chant, and seizing the sword, raised on high the third and last skull. The lightnings played around the shining blade—the trembling voice of the old man loudly called "Zamah!"

The loud voice he had already heard sounded on Count Ludwig's ear, but he could distinguish no words. Again, and more loudly, the wizard shouted "Zamah!" and still held the sword aloft. Again, and nearer still, the voice replied:

"I come!" it cried. The magician cast away the skull. The wind increased threefold, and whirled it over the trees. Count Ludwig saw a bare pair of arms dart from them and catch it.

"Zamah—come quickly!" cried the wizard; and dropping the sword, he sank on his knees, and hid his eyes with his trembling hands.

The fury of the storm increased. The thunder, the lightning, the hailstones, and the wild winds, seemed let loose for the world's destruction. The trees round them fell crashing to the earth; whilst those whose strength saved them, strained and moaned in the blast. Despite the hail, the magic fires burnt.

The count fixed his eyes, aching with the vividness of the lightning, on the spot whence the voice had come. The demon approached. He beheld him leaping over the prostrate trees, and with a bound he stood beside the circle.

He stood firmly, erect, as though he defied the war and riot about him. Above the common stature of men, he rolled his wild and ferocious black eyes around. His long shaggy hair and beard were fiery red; clothing he had none; his hands, lips, beard, and breast, were stained and dirty with blood, and he carried a short hunting-spear,

which he firmly grasped. A pack of huge lean dogs followed him, yelping, snarling, and quarreling among themselves. They dragged with them a gnawed, corrupted, half-eaten, human body, over which they snapped and fought. The little ape on seeing them, frisked from the circle, dragged first one, then the other from his prey, exciting them to fight, clapping his hands and grinning as they added their demoniac outcry to the roar of the hurricane.

"What wouldst thou?" roughly asked the demon of the count, who, hardly able to stand against the storm, stood with bowed head, and gasping for breath, answered,

"The Baroness von Kranzfelt for my own."

"Give me thy soul after death, and she is thine," said Zamah, in his harsh and roaring voice.

"I will, and do!" returned Count Ludwig.

Now, as he had about as much idea of his own soul after death, as that of an unborn child, the worthy count knew not what he had done. The little apish imp had suspended his sports as he listened, and returning to the circle, took a long gold pen from the leaden box, and darting on one of his canine playmates, seized him by the muzzle, and holding him tight, plunged it into his eye, pulling it forth full of the black colouring. The dog gave a piteous howl, and snapping round, flew at the ape, who, with a leap, regained the circle, and putting his thumb to his nose and spreading forth his fingers at the howling dog, presented the pen and a written parchment to the count.

"Sign your name here," said the imp, pointing to the place, "and the woman is yours safe and sound."

"I cannot write," replied the bold warrior.

"Make your mark then, that will do as well," rejoined the ape.

Count Ludwig took the pen, and made his clumsy mark, the demon looking on the while as he leant on his spear, with a ferocious, contemptuous, satisfied sneer.

The ape gave him the parchment. The storm now raged more violently than ever. The demon raised his spear. The lightnings flashed round its point.

"You are mine!" he said to the count. "Mine, body and soul—body now and soul hereafter." He put forth his spear and touched him. The fiendish dogs gathered round, loudly barking, their fierce eyes gleaming as they vainly endeavoured to overleap the circle and seize him. Poor Wolf, too, barked his loud, honest bark in defence of his master, and rushing from his magic protection, the faithful beast in one instant was the prey of the hellish pack.

The touch of Zamah's lightning-tipped spear, caused the count's forehead to burst out in sweat; his body trembled, his knees smote

together, his head swam; the tempest roared in one confused hurly-burly in his ears, the ground appeared to sink from him; he no longer felt the cutting hail-drops, the lightning seemed to scorch his very brain, his dazzled, burning eyes closed, he reeled, and the stout Count Ludwig fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER VI.

How long the count, who had so boldly faced the evil one, remained in a state of unconsciousness, he was never able to ascertain.

It was one rainy evening, as a summer shower quickly and briskly fell, and the declining sun shot his red beams among the rain-drops, and darted through a stained window, reflecting the colours that formed arms and monsters on the oak-floor of an octangular cabinet, richly gilt, that in that very cabinet Count Ludwig again became conscious of earthly things.

That cabinet was in a turret of the Baroness von Kranzfelt's castle, and therein sat the baroness, and with her the deluding, bragging de Beaugency.

No *chaperon*, either lively or drowsy, was there on guard. The Baroness Bertha had, by degrees, dispensed with suite and attendance. To be *tête-à-tête* with her devoted Frenchman was all she wished.

The sprain he had so long cherished, so long made himself interesting about, under the care of the old wizard, uncle of his enthralled lady, ceased to exist; and de Beaugency could now strut, and caper, and point his toes, and show his calves off to advantage, and fly to meet his love, as gracefully and with as much *souplesse*, spring, and spirit, as a *premier sujet* on the opera stage. Nothing was done without a grimace and an attitude, and then a quick look to discover if his little efforts made their due impression. Such throwing himself upon his haunches, such belabouring his pouting pigeon style of breast, such graceful sinking into his chair, such looking over his shoulder along his extended arm to his middle finger, such *débonnaire* bowing, such alterations of expression from pride to tenderness, as this noble Sieur de Beaugency exhibited could not fail of doing execution, and in truth, so they did.

To the German dame, accustomed to stiff, stalwart figures, firm and strong, without much grace or manner, heavy, tranquil visages, and unaffected manly deportment, the monkey tricks exhibited for her approval were—I blush for my sex as I record it—were but too captivating.

Though he talked largely of "*Le casque au front*," she had never

seen him so decorated; but "*La guitare à la main*," whenever he could pounce upon it, was his favourite mode of attack. On the evening in question he sang, and played, and sighed, and smiled, and mused, and started, and sang, and played again.

He meditated striking a decisive blow. He took it for granted that he *must* be loved, passionately adored, worshipped with the most complete idolatry in return for all his antics. The baroness, as I have often said, *did* love him, and he told himself that the fair, beautiful woman, was "*pas mal pour une Allemande*," and with her fortune would not disgrace him at Paris, and therefore he resolved to speak.

All his ditties were chosen with a view to softening her tender spirit yet more. She sighed, and leant her cheek on one hand, playing with her light hair and gold chain alternately with the other, as she listened to a dismal minor, given forth with most languishing, love-sick tone, and up-turning of eyes.

The song ended, de Beaugency fixed his regards on her, then shivered, and looked at the lute-strings, over which he slowly promenaded his spare fingers, and she looked at him and said nothing, and then again played with the fretted links of her chain. There was a long silence, only disturbed by the preluding notes of the lute, soft and murmuring, and the baroness' quick breathing—a calm portending some convulsion; and it was at this precise time that big Count Ludwig found himself, he knew not how, in their presence. They did not heed him; they neither of them moved, or changed, or seemed to see him; for see him they did not, they were not conscious that he was there; they thought themselves alone; not that the "great passion" blinded, or rendered them insensible to what passed, but the *quondam* slayer of beasts of prey was—invisible.

He was invisible to others and to himself. He could no longer behold his own sinewy arms and hands, his well-turned legs, and small feet; he no longer felt the sensation of massy strength he once felt. The ponderous count felt airy as a sylph, transparent as air, light as a vapour. He could well discern everything that surrounded him, distinguish words, feel all moral sensations; but see, hear, speak, feel bodily, touch, taste, smell he could not. How should he? The count's soul was in the cabinet, but where his body was—must be known in another place.

"What the devil's the matter with me now, I wonder?" was the elegant apostrophe of this refined Saxon's soul, as he hovered in the air a naked spirit, and tried in vain to sink and stand upon *terra firma*, instead of bobbing about like a cork on the water. Despite his efforts, his soul took up its station where it had ever been, and whence its *surtout* alone had kept it—that is, close to the baroness, and there

he surveyed at his leisure the beauty which had brought him into his present wonderful position. The tickling symphony de Beaugency had been playing ceased; the lute was laid on one side, and the musician bending towards the baroness, spoke in a suppressed, lachrymose tone.

"Beautiful lady! the fatal time has arrived which must see me wandering far from all my heart holds dear. I will act as a man, I will not betray the august blood of my house. It costs me an effort, but I must return to my country, to my beautiful France—I must return alone, abandoned, my heart devoured by the flames of the most tender love!"

The lovely Bertha turned pale at these words. Must she then lose the dear, conceited creature who had captivated her? The poor, simple baroness was not an adept in the art of concealing her feelings. Her voice trembled, and her eyes grew moist, as she replied,

"Sieur de Beaugency, you are not yet sufficiently re-established to undertake that journey. You must not leave—you must not go yet."

"Ah! most charming of women, I could languish at your side for ever. The world without you is but a vast desert. The sighs of de Beaugency, far from her whom he adores will mingle sadly with the air of heaven. Honour calls me. I am the last of my house—I must fly to represent it in the capital of my glorious country—I must forget in the field of arms the sovereign beauty———. What do I say? Forget! Ah! no, I feel that it is impossible. The image imprinted on my burning heart must descend with me to the tomb. By day, by night, it never leaves me. Unhappy de Beaugency! But where is my ardour, where is my love leading me? Presumptuous man that I am! Ah! angelic being, may I—dare I hope that—"

The baroness had shaded her eyes with her little white hand as this flowery appeal proceeded, and the orator had perceived a bright tear fall from beneath the soft pink palm. He drew nearer to her, and gracefully kneeling beside her, pressed his clasped hands ardently beneath his chin, approaching his elbows together, reclining his head towards his shoulder, contracting and elevating his eyebrows, upturning his eyes, and showing his pearly teeth beneath his dark mustache and ruby lips.

Count Ludwig's soul, to his perfect astonishment, had understood every word of de Beaugency's language, and raged as he listened, and longed for his own strong arm to put an end to it. He was immaterial, and his wish fruitless; he raged and stormed, but had no instrument wherewith to gratify his rage; he could only remain passive, and his passiveness was purgatory to him. Worse yet remained for the unfortunate soul.

"Those tears," de Beaugency began, in a faint and languishing voice, such as a *bravo amoroso* on the stage might have used, to awaken the tender sentiments of boarding-school young ladies, and send them back to their forlorn academy, there to dwell on his radiant image—there, among bread-and-butter, milk-and-water, and little girls, to sigh for him,—"those tears recall me to life! Behold at your feet the most devoted of men, the most unfortunate of lovers, unless you deign to console me. Bertha," he continued, grasping and seizing the hand which rested on her lap,—"Bertha—yes Bertha—I dare pronounce that revered, that adored name! Bertha, do you wish to see me expire before your eyes? No! your tender bosom cannot form so barbarous a wish."

He paused. Count Ludwig's soul strove to approach him, but could not move an inch. It did not exclaim, for souls cannot, but it thought thus:

"Vile, bragging, lying Frenchman! Oh! if I could but get at you! What can that red-headed devil intend by playing me this foolish trick? Oh! oh! oh!" he would have roared, but he had not wherewith to roar, and de Beaugency spoke again.

"Dear Bertha, do not turn away your graceful head! Let your beautiful eyes shine upon me, and dispel the clouds from my oppressed soul. Are those soft tears shed for me? Adored Bertha, I die for you! I am no longer master of myself, my flame can no longer remain a secret. Yes, I die for you; say that you love me, and save from death a noble, a valiant man, who would live but for you!"

With these words he gently withdrew the baroness' hand from her eyes, and fixing his on her face, with a look of anxious tenderness, panted and gasped, whilst Count Ludwig's mental part poured forth, for its own benefit and edification, a torrent of threatening and abuse, both of which were lost on the man they were intended for. He, with a sigh, whispered, "Bertha, do you love me?"

"I do," she gently answered, and as de Beaugency pressed both her hands to his heart, her rosebud mouth for one second touched his high, white forehead.

"Damnation!" thought the tortured soul, "how is she to be mine, then? Let me but get at him, I'll strangle the long-necked ape. Bertha! Baroness! Ho! hallo! Pest! I've no voice, I can't move, I can't make myself heard. The devil! I shall go mad!"

Thus raged the gentle spirit, and again his tormentor spoke.

"Dear Bertha, most charming of women, you have filled my soul with the most tender, the most lively joy. Will you then be mine? Will you then follow me to my dear France, and there be the idol of de Beaugency, the most blessed of men?"

The happy baroness, in her pretty broken French and sweetest smiles, promised to become *la dame* de Beaugency, and the evening passed lightly and joyfully for the two lovers, but far otherwise for the soul of the poor unfortunate Count Ludwig.

CHAPTER VII.

All rested in the castle, except the old wizard and the count's soul. Snores in every variety of sound, from the chaplain's note of plethora and apoplexy, to the baroness' sleepy breathing, just verging in the most delicate manner on that most unsentimental sign of life floated on the air in the chambers of the various sleepers. Divers visions beset them, according to their different dispositions and pursuits, some perchance ruled by the quality of the supper which each had taken.

The warlike de Beaugency dreamt, but his night thoughts were not of the blood and battle that graced his speech, neither of the lady he had won. No—he saw himself surrounded by gay youths in Paris, he saw dice, cards, and heaps of gold and silver; and these heaps of gold and silver were composed of coin, each of which possessed a delicate pair of legs, on which they all ran across the table to him, and jumped into a sack he held ready to receive them.

The baroness dreamt, and her dreams were composed of the events of that happy evening, varied *au gré des songes.* In all, de Beaugency was present, and her light dreams vanished into quiet sleep, again to reappear in their soft and joyous forms.

The old wizard was reading illegal books in foreign tongues, pounding and concocting various herbs and drugs, and doing all he could in a quiet way to give himself to the evil one.

The count's soul hovered near the sleeping and quiet baroness. The soul, as wide awake as though it had been noonday, beheld his beautiful love in her calm repose, and admired and blustered, and lost himself in conjectures—How long his new and wonderful state was to last, where his body could possibly be, how he became what he then was, why he was invisible, why he could not detach himself from the Baroness von Kranzfelt, how she was to be his, since she had given herself to the Frenchman, and he was, as he expressed it, "no better than a fool of a ghost?" All these questions were put, but found no solution.

How it was, too, that he understood de Beaugency, as he spoke

French, excited his astonishment and admiration. He called upon, he invoked the demon of the forest of Storberg, and the little imp monkey; but neither came to his assistance, and the immaterial part of Count Ludwig remained suspended in the air, just beneath the canopy of the beautiful Bertha's huge damask bed the livelong night, watching the sleeping beauty, and then storming and raging, and, as he did so, hearing the jeering laugh he had heard in the forest.

Day followed night, and night day, and day and night Count Ludwig was ever present with the baroness, and yet the tender vicinity gave him small satisfaction. It was no pleasure to witness her lover's *petits soins*, and the delight with which they were received; to hear his love-songs, and their speeches of happiness to come; to long for an arm of flesh wherewith to chastise his self-complacent rival, basking with impunity in the smiles of the woman he had sold himself to obtain; to hear the arrangements and orders made and given for the marriage ceremony; to see his adored baroness, when le Sieur de Beaugency left her, throw herself into his chair; to hear her sigh, and, sighing, say his name; or, taking up the lute, sing the songs that he had taught her.

This was a hard life, and tedious to bear. With the loss of his body, his spirit had gained sensibility, and things which when he walked on earth, and eat and drank, and made merry, moved him not, now that he skimmed and floated about in the air, he felt, and feeling was stung by them. His phlegm was corporal—now his perceptions and passions had fair play, and finely they tormented him. Besides, he retained his bodily appetites without the means of serving them; and poor Count Ludwig discovered, what many a man has discovered when too late, that committing himself with the emissaries of his satanic majesty, entailed on the unfortunate wight who had done so, much vexation and small profit. Had he been told he should pass days and nights with the baroness, how well it would have sounded, how elated the sturdy count would have been! He was with her continually, and what did it profit him?

If he was ever finally to call her his own, he knew not; but he suspected, and appearances warranted his suspicions, that he had in some way or other been regularly "*done*" by the gigantic fiend he had negotiated with.

A day or two after his entrance into his new state of being, he was destined to hear what had become of himself, or rather what his fellow mortals decided had become of him.

The baroness was riding abroad, and de Beaugency escorted her on a curveting horse, which, in truth, showed him off to small advantage; by some unaccountable cause the handsome *condottiere*

not seeming so well at ease on his back as on the ground, save and except when the playful horse walked, and then the rider ventured upon some of his fascinating grimaces and attitudes. The instant the walk was changed into a quicker pace, the showing off vanished, being exchanged for a timid, embarrassed stiffness—a hand prone to seek the mane, and eyes firmly fixed between the courser's ears.

The attendants and squires who followed made their remarks, and gave play to their heavy fun at the Sieur de Beaugency's expense, and the spirit of Count Ludwig at its post, skimming through the pure air breathed by his baroness, as he beheld the Frenchman's equestrian purgatory, felt all the mental sensation of laughter, though he could not roar forth as he roared in former days; for, alas! the huge chest and throat, the wide and ruddy mouth, were no longer his.

Though the count was *on detachment* from his body, yet he was without some of the privileges supposed to be possessed by the ghostly part of man. He could not see the souls of others, or the thoughts of mortals; he could not transport himself in an instant from place to place; he had no communion with the world of spirits; he was a solitary being; his own thoughts were the only ones known to him—those who were with the baroness were the only persons whose voices he ever heard—the poor count lived "alone in his glory."

The baroness took the direction of his castle, and he swam through the air with her. They passed the plain where he had first heard a supernatural voice, and seen supernatural eyes. Half-way over they saw a sturdy horseman, galloping across the common towards them, mounted on a round, compact nag, with flowing mane and tale, and long hair to his fetlocks. Now this horseman, as he met them, pulled off his cap, and made his obeisance to the noble lady. De Beaugency remembered him. He was poor Count Ludwig's esquire, and willing to raise himself in his love's estimation, in very childish German he questioned the man touching his lord, throwing as much of the contemptuous and sneering into his speech as possible.

Many winks and knowing looks passed among the cavalcade behind him as he did so. The Gaul was not popular, and the serving-men rejoiced at the esquire's answer, given with an air of caricature deference; whilst de Beaugency sat like the *commendatore* in "Don Juan," firm as a rock, seeing that his steed only pawed the ground, and champed his bit as he stood.

"Sir," said the esquire, "I fear that you will never obtain that, which, from your chivalrous conduct towards my master, and the courage you appear to possess, was no doubt your desire. I mean the opportunity of trying whether or no your smart sword is quite rusted into its velvet jacket."

De Beaugency snorted, scowled, and cleared his throat. The esquire, who still remained uncovered, gave him no time to reply, but turning to the baroness, continued—

"The count, noble lady, left his castle some evenings since, and though we have scoured the whole country round, seeing that he did not return as expected, we have been unable to find him. A carter going through the forest of Storberg found his charger, the large gray he rode at the tournament, lying dead, his hind quarters about the crupper marked with a hot iron."

"Ah!" thought the count, "that was done by that cursed little monkey's drumming heels."

An exclamation of surprise from the baroness followed the esquire's words.

"He has fled from my arm!" cried the Frenchman.

"Your pardon, sir," said the esquire, "my master was never known to fly from the flapping of a goose's wing. The horse was found dead by the mad woman's ring, and—"

"What is that?" interrupted the baroness.

"Why, noble lady, a clear space in the forest, haunted by the ghost of a poor woman, deceived some hundred years ago, by one of the count's ancestors. She went mad, and rushing one night into the wood with a saw, she sawed her baby's head nearly off, and was found dead the next morning. Since then she haunts the place; and on a still night you may hear her for miles round screaming like a peacock, but this is only now and then. I never heard her. Well, it is thought that the count must have lost his way, and come across her, and the devils, they say, run wild about there on stormy nights, and that night there was such a storm I never saw before, and so most likely he was carried off by the bad spirits. He never had much respect for them, or anything else, not even for that brave gentleman by your side."

"Oh! that's how it is, is it?" thought the spirit; "they little think who is so near them."

"And what are you going to do?" said the baroness.

"Why, mighty lady, the count's little nephew is his heir. His kindred are to meet to-morrow, and a number of the clergy. The priests will do what they can towards finding out if he is with good spirits or bad; and if he is not forthcoming, the little gentleman will be lord of the castle. I shall go to the wars. I can't serve a boy after the good, stout, dare-devil count."

Bowing, he trotted off, and the baroness and her suite moved on.

"And so," thought the count, "here am I like the wind, only visible to the pigs, I suppose—without body, meat, or drink, to see

this fool of a Frenchman make love to my Bertha under my nose. No—I have none, and no fighting and no hunting, and no feasting; and little fat Wilhelm is to be put in possession of my fortress by those waddling priests, because they are, I suppose, well paid to swear what they know nothing about. Hang that devil!—what can I do?"

Evening was coming on, the sun setting behind the mountains, and the count perceived a quantity of dark bodies like porpoises, turning over in the air and then disappearing, each calling out "Poor Count Ludwig!" as it did so; and taking up the call from each other in suchwise, that it never ceased for an instant till the baroness crossed her drawbridge, and the count saw them all turn towards him, opening dolphin-like mouths and fishy eyes, giving him one loud cheer, and all disappearing with a plunging roll and a taunting laugh, as he passed with the baroness under the arched and echoing gateway.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Baroness von Kranzfelt's wedding-day, what bustle, what uproar, what merriment reigned in her castle! Dawning day looked through loopholes and windows on the busy inhabitants. Cooks betook themselves to their labours even then, grooms already sought the stables, pages left their beds, impatient to behold and put on their new garments, waiting-women arrayed themselves, and touched and retouched themselves a full hour beyond their wont, whilst the old wizard, who had spent the livelong night in his occult labours, sought his bed in the top room of his turret, where a shout or a loud laugh reached now and then without disturbing his repose.

Count Ludwig's spirit did not awake, for it never slept, but it perceived the pretty baroness open her blue eyes, and it was conscious of the din, the singing, whistling, shouting, laughing, and hurry, the castle was full of. Alas! poor count, how dejected, how angry, how taken in, his tormented soul felt. When he made his mark on the fiend's parchment, he had expected that by some magic, some *tour de force*, some satanic device, his wish would have been brought to pass, and the baroness would have been made his countess. Not at all! here was a riot, an uproar, a confusion going on, all got up because the widow of the rich Baron von Kranzfelt was to be that day married a second time, and that not to him, her most devoted count, who had hunted and fought for her, had drunk deep in honour of her, had thought of her, though thought was not much in his way, and who

had finally been cheated out of his soul for her, and yet it was not to him after all that she was to be married, but to a French *petit maître*, a man who had arrived under her roof with only the suit he wore, a valise of rubbish, a stock of Parisian impudence, and as many fabulous histories as he could well invent and dispose of.

Isidore de Beaugency was in truth a certain Maître Pierrot, sirname he had none, a man to whom his father and his mother were unknown. His earliest reminiscences carried him back to days which saw him a handsome little tawny boy, running begging about the streets of Paris, under the auspices of a jolly beggar maimed in the wars, and who gained his livelihood by exciting the compassion of the multitude by his legless trunk, and recounting in return for their money, to those who would listen to him, long stories, all untrue, of adventures in distant lands.

This man, who was called *le Père Caboche*, saw and took interest in the *soi-disant* Sieur de Beaugency, and to show his affection instructed him in the arts and mysteries of begging, cheating, pilfering, and feigning the most heart-rending tears and sobs. He gave him the name of Pierrot, and the tithes of all he earned, though in time Pierrot, in addition to *le Père Caboche's* tithes, kept back a quarter of his day's work, being thereunto prompted by his happy nature.

Pierrot had legs, *le Père Caboche* had none; Pierrot made use of his to run away from *le pauvre Père Caboche*, who had no means to pursue the ungrateful little rascal, or to recover the five gold pieces, sewn in the crown of the dirty old velvet cap the veteran wore, and which Pierrot whisked off his head, and banging the door of the hut they inhabited, darted off with the cap to the good city of Paris. Now, he was instigated to this unprincipled act, partly from having seen a party of *jongleurs* and monkeys, whose dirty finery and feats of address and dexterity charmed him, and partly by a love of change, and a natural ingratitude, selfishness, and want of principle, not ameliorated by his early life and education.

He presented himself before his admired *jongleurs* with a confident air, and a manly swagger, which they with one accord returned by a loud laugh. Pierrot, nothing daunted, told them he intended doing them the honour of joining their corps, said they would find him an apt scholar and a man of honour, spent one gold piece in treating them, sang his best songs, was carried very tipsy to bed, and admitted into their fraternity without one dissenting voice.

An apt scholar they did find him. He was a handsome, well-made boy, and soon outdid them all in dancing and tumbling, whilst none of them excelled him in carrying off poultry, and other *provisions de bouche* in the villages they passed through.

At twenty he had made love to all the women of the juggling troop, and had, without other resentment than that of vaunting, threatening, tongue, received thrashings dire from every one of the men and boys. The women admired and petted him, the men despised, envied, and hated him. Pierrot lived on the fat of the land; his female friends reserved all the smartest decorations, the most dainty *bonnes bouches* for Pierrot, and Pierrot grew more impertinent, more handsome, more conceited, and more disgusting, from day to day.

Among the company was a sturdy, surly, double-jointed youth, beetle-browed, and speckled with small-pox, and this youth was enamoured of a fair damsel, who scoffed at his suit, and bestowed all her favour on Pierrot. Now, if Pierrot had rested content with what the gods sent him, and without bragging had basked in her smiles, Pierrot might have dwelt safely. This was not his way; he lost no opportunity of flaring his success before his rival's eyes, and boasting to him of soft words his black-haired love had whispered to him, winding up by taunts and laughter, and then taking to his heels when the beetle brows began to knit, and the double-jointed fists to clench.

Spite of his nimble heels, however, vengeance lighted on him when he least looked for it. His rival resolved to be rid of him. He was treacherous, and dissembled his ire; flattered Pierrot, laughed at his boastful speeches, and gave him his way. The successful lover gave into the pitfall. He and his ugly rival were looked upon as friends, and Pierrot's reign was soon over.

The travelling troop stayed one afternoon to rest, and passed the scorching time of day in a wood. Pierrot pulled out his dice—his *soi-disant* friend found wine. They retired from the rest, who lying beneath the trees, ate, drank, and slept, dirty and lazy as the creations of Murillo, whilst the two rivals plunging into the depths of the wood, sat down beneath the bright, green, rustling leaves, by the sight of a deep running stream to drink and play.

Pierrot in high spirits laughed, sang, boasted, played, and won. He had no thought of rejoining his comrades. Evening found the gamesters where they played, their bottles, and the double-jointed youth's pocket drained, and Pierrot's brain in a merry whirl. His rival was cool and sober; but poor Pierrot did not mark the malignity of his looks, as he scowled on him with his little pig's eyes—he knew not the mischief plotted against him, till he suddenly found himself stretched on his back, the *jongleur's* hard knee on his breast, and his hands held fast, whilst a rope was quickly turned and tied about his wrists.

Pierrot first started, then roared, then kicked. His friend struck

him over the mouth, and pulling out his knife threatened to end his cries and his days together, if he was not silent. The threats were effectual. Pierrot was mute. His pockets were emptied into his companion's, who sitting astride on his legs, tied them as he had done his hands, and then raising him up, deposited him in the stream, standing him on his feet. The rapid water ran fast around him, and reaching to his shoulders, all that was visible of Maître Pierrot were his throat and his terrified countenance, surmounted by his tawdry cap and dirty feather.

His friend with a mocking bow, pulled off his *bêret*, and bade him farewell.

"*Adieu, mon mignon!*" said he. "Have you any little delicate words I can carry to Margot for you? How fresh and cool you are this warm evening! If you don't make haste, you will never overtake us. Come! shut your mouth. You know what I told you, don't scream. Adieu—I am going to represent you with Margot till you return, and the longer you put that off the better for you. *Tu m'entends*," he continued, just drawing the back of his knife across his own throat with a significant wink, and then jerking one or two stones at Pierrot's head, with good aim and effect, he walked doggedly off, to follow the road his comrades had traversed many hours before.

These, at least the male portion, heard his narrative with unbounded applause. Margot and her female companions were made to believe that Pierrot had run away; upon which Margot's tears began to fall; when in stepped female vanity much hurt, to represent to her that a man who could thus desert her was beneath her notice; wherefore her tears, after an effort or two and many sighs, were wiped away and in pure spite, all her favours were bestowed on the double-jointed tumbler; whilst the other damsels being deprived of their Pierrot, each supplied herself with another lover, some with two or three, according to the capaciousness of their tender hearts.

Pierrot, meanwhile, as soon as he supposed his tormentor to be removed beyond the reach of his cries, began to send them forth rapidly, loudly, and in good earnest.

"*Au secours! Au meurtre! Aux voleurs! Au feu! Aux assassins!*" resounded through the wood, and echo, as in all cases of ineffectual appeals in such a locality, was the only creature, if creature she can be called, who answered poor water-imprisoned Pierrot.

Tired out and parched, he ceased his outcry. Twilight was fading, and he, afraid to move lest he should fall, with peevish oaths was beginning to think of resigning himself to his fate, and a wet berth for the night, when he heard a distant whistle, loud, and clear, and joyous, which broke off into a song equally blithe; and

Pierrot saw advancing through the trees a young groom, on a wide-backed black steed, which he rode without saddle to the water's edge.

"*Eh! qui diable est-tu, et que fais-tu ici?*" cried the young groom, as he slackened his hold of the halter to let the horse drink, whilst he looked with surprise at Pierrot.

Poor luckless Pierrot was never at a loss, and gave the groom to understand that he was an honest man, and that rogues had placed him in his dolorous situation, after robbing him of all he possessed.

"*Diantre!*" replied the groom, raising his eyebrows, "I suppose you wish to be pulled out of your bath?"

Therewith he tied his horse to a tree, and stooping down on the bank, extended his arms, and Pierrot doing the same, he enabled him to hop slowly to the water's edge and stand dripping on the dry earth.

His next move was to entreat his liberator to give him a seat behind him, and a night's lodging, both of which he undertook to do, and off they trotted, Pierrot clinging fast to the groom, and entertaining him *en route* with songs, jokes, and fun, which entirely gained him all the horse-boy's good will. Their ride ended at a castle-gate, and the dripping *jongleur* soon found himself in a dirty stable dress, whilst his saturated embellishments were dried at a huge kitchen fire.

Half an hour sufficed him to captivate all the grooms, scullions, cooks, and idlers of the castle. The high-raftered kitchen echoed with their uproarious laughter. Pierrot stood on his head in a plate, swallowed a knife, put a lighted candle into his mouth, balanced the spit on his nose, paraded the kitchen standing on a burly man-at-arm's shoulders, and then ran round it like a wheel, vaulted over the table, and again inverting himself, drank the health of his spectators head downwards. These, and many other feats, were too enchanting to permit his admirers to see him depart the following day—to persuade him to remain, was not difficult. He did remain, and "repeated his performances."

Such talent could not remain hidden. The young lord of the castle, a *jouvenceau*, gay and gallant, was soon made sensible of the genius beneath his roof, and seeing him was pleased with him. His *tournure* and face were good. Pierrot was soon dressed as a page, and promoted to be the young seigneur's favourite attendant. He and his master were of one spirit, full of fun and mischief, conceited, boasting, timid, two *fanfarons* in the strictest sense of the word.

Maître Pierrot cut his former comrades on his elevation, passed even his friendly groom *le nez en l'air*, obtained their contempt and

dislike, but retained his own esteem and good opinion. He dropped all vestige of his former profession; no more tumbling and tricks; nothing remained but the upright, jaunty carriage, and swaggering air. His master's comrades were young men of his own stamp. Pierrot, always in attendance, petted and flattered, was the soul of the company, and with his natural quickness, soon learnt their manners, adopted their deportment, which, grafted on the *jongleur*, made him the creature we have seen. Although this seigneur had no devoted love of arms, he followed his countrymen to Italy. To serve under Gaston de Foix was the wish of the youth of France. "*Il faut suivre la mode*," and the young lord, and his splendid armour, horses, and retinue, made a part of his army.

Pierrot followed him in his non-military capacity of attendant, generally travelling in a litter which accompanied them. He sang, danced, gamed, made love, polished his manners, saw his master brought from an attack dead and bleeding to his tent, collected everything valuable he could carry, and stole off alone and on foot, to return to his native land.

He was not long burdened with his booty; other straggling rogues soon relieved him of it; nothing remained but his stick and his shabby valise.

He entered Germany, and lived on the public. His old feats and tricks stood him in good stead, and found him ofttimes food and lodging; and when they failed in this, his dexterity of hand helped him to provisions.

He was one moonlight night engaged like the fox in the song, robbing a hen-roost. Already a white and *dodue* hen, with wrung neck was under his mantle—his short, his dandy mantle, when the trusty house-dog opened a fire of barks upon him. The farmer, sitting at his repast, heard the sound. Open flew the farm-door, out burst the farmer, off ran Pierrot, chased both by man and dog.

The fat hen was sacrificed, and thrown to the dog. The bait was unheeded, and man and dog kept on their course. Pierrot flew like the wind, vaulted a bank, and fell into a ditch on the other side. The bank was in shade, the pursuer lost sight of his game, called back his dog, picked up the defunct hen, and returned home.

Pierrot crawled from his green and stagnant ditch. Alas! his ankle was sprained—the sprain rendered his next day's journey excruciating, but that sprain introduced him to the Baroness von Kranzfelt, and with an extempore fiction, the *jongleur*, the *protégé* of *le Père Caboche*, the *ci-devant* page, claimed her hospitality.

We have seen how it was granted, and the *suites* thereof.

It was to this Maître Pierrot, this compound of conceit and impu-

dence, that poor Count Ludwig's soul was about to see his dear Bertha, his pretty, foolish, fair-haired baroness united. His soul was vexed as the bridal hour drew near. The bells of the convent church at the foot of the hill were loudly ringing—de Beaugency in his wedding costume saluted his love; she smiling gave him her hand, and followed by her pages and women, she left her castle a widow, and returned a bride. A light and graceful white horse, led by two esquires, bore her to church. Her lover rode by her side, surveying the crowd that eyed him and pointed him out, with a proud but complacent air. The baroness wore a small gold coronet, from which fell a long and costly veil: her dress of gold brocade, her mantle of crimson velvet, her jewels gorgeous and rich, all seemed too massive for her delicate frame. The veil alone, and the light coronet, assimilated with Bertha.

Poor Count Ludwig! how he raved as his soul took shelter beneath the folds of the veil, gently waving in the breeze, and mingled with her pure breath. He showered imprecations on the cheating fiend's red, rough head, and the deluding monkey imp.

The *cortége* reached the church—the bride and bridegroom dismounted—a troop of monks received, and, chanting, preceded them to the altar—the guests, the attendants, the villagers all followed—the organ's tones rolled through the high-arched building, the incense arose, and the choristers' shrill, clear voices, mingled with the deep, the nasal, and the sonorous notes of the monks and priests.

Count Ludwig was spared the pang of actually witnessing the reception of his baroness' hand by the fortunate Pierrot, le Sieur Isidore de Beaugency. As she put her little foot, encased in its velvet shoe, beneath the portal of the church-door, her attendant soul had felt a chill wind issue from it, blowing steadily against him with a great and even force, so forcibly and steadily, that the entrance of his spirit was effectually prevented. Bertha disappeared in the gloom of the Gothic arches; men, women, and children entered *en foule*, and the count, suspended in air, remained excluded, with the horses and their guardians.

The jeering laugh he had heard before sounded loudly in his ears. On the branches of the tall trees round the church, were seated hobgoblins innumerable, leering, grinning, and winking at the poor distressed spirit. Each held in his bony hands a long, narrow glass, and a squat round-bodied bottle, whilst from the assemblage of twirled, long mouths, in every variety of ugliness, burst a mocking chorus.

Fill the bowl!
Ha! ha! ha!
Here's to thee, poor mortal's soul!

Where's thy love?
Ha! ha! ha!
Thy cooing dove!
Ha! ha! ha!
Where's thy body, where thy blood,
Thy rolling, dancing, crimson flood?
Wherefore hang suspended there,
Lazy in the boundless air?
Dwell again in bone and flesh,
Bid them start to life afresh!
Rouse thee, seize thy murd'rous sword,
Sheathe it in the boasting lord!
Wed the soft, the lovely dame,
The fuel of thy scorching flame!
Canst thou not?
Ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha!
Dost thou wot,
Thy body's——where we will not tell,
Thy soul, the fiend will have to tell.
Poor Count Ludwig!
Ha! ha! ha!
Drain and fill, and drain the bowl!
Here's to thee, poor mortal's soul!

The "poor mortal's soul" groaned in spirit. Cheated and mocked —oh! heavy lot. The chorus continued shrieking discordant, interspersed with the yelling laugh, as the goblins threw back their misshapen heads, thrust out their giraffe-like tongues, and drowned the song of the choir with their demoniac noise.

The count tried in vain to hold some communion with them. Hopping among the branches, he beheld, too, the little monkey imp. It grinned, it nodded at him, it clapped its little hands, it joined in the chorus.

The grooms holding the horses looked aloft. The goblins appeared to them as so many cawing rooks, whilst the little monkey hopped about, to their vision, in the semblance of a pert magpie.

Stones flew up at them, but, to their assailants' wonder, not one of them moved.

The procession of singing churchmen leaving the church, effectually scared them. Their chorus, oft repeated, was cut short; each making a hideous grimace at their victim, darted from the branches into the air, and giving a last, long, most unharmonious cheer, vanished in the surrounding atmosphere.

Bertha again mounted her palfry, de Beaugency was at her side, the spirit again at his post.

The day was spent in revelry; all were happy, all merry, and

most of them gaily tipsy. Dancing, singing, eating, drinking, laughing, talking, filled the hours; boars' heads, and such *plats de résistance*, disappeared as snow in the sun. Flask after flask was replenished and emptied.

Alas! poor Count Ludwig, great were thy sorrows; to see thy baroness another's wife, and that without redress—to be conscious that all her smiles were for him—oh! misery. And then to know how bountifully the tables were spread—happy, clay-clad spirits sat around, and ate and drank. There were his favourite dishes, his loved wines, and he full of every inclination to partake of them, and yet without the power so to do. Oh! the wretchedness of such a position—if that of punished souls be like unto it, their torment is great. To retain in spirit the wishes of the body, without retaining that body to fulfil them, is torment much superior to that of Tantalus and his fellow worthies. How the count envied the guests! The savoury morsels were discussed, the strong wine was added to them; what a situation for a *bon vivant!*—and Count Ludwig had been one!

That festive day was a day of woe to him; and no sleep could fall on him to drown his cares for a few short hours—he watched both day and night, for him there was no repose. Poor Count Ludwig!

CHAPTER IX.

We must now take a jump, a long one, from Germany to France; and in the city of Paris we shall once again meet le Sieur de Beaugency, his newly-wedded wife, and her faithful attendant, the soul of the bodiless Count Ludwig.

Once married, le Bel Isidore, as Maître Pierrot thought fit to call himself, found small trouble in determining Bertha to give up her country for his. Her castle, her estates, passed into other hands, their value in gold, good solid gold, found its way into de Beaugency's purse, and she soon found *her* way, under his escort, into *la belle ville de Paris.*

Travelling in those days was long and slow, and many a weary day was spent on the road, and meanwhile the count's soul speculated and reflected, it could not do much beside, except rave a little when Isidore's smiles and gentle speeches roused it to wrath.

It speculated then, and reflected on this wise: "Patience, patience! I heard of patience when I was lodged in my boy's body, that little, lively, bounding body that grew to such a size and weight, and so smothered my mind. Patience! Ah! it is long since I have thought of patience. My old nurse told me of patience, and said it was a virtue. I never cared much for virtue. Perhaps that same want of care for it put me where I am. Well—never mind! Patience is what I want, that old granny's virtue. That is the only thing to support me under that long-necked, long-shanked fellow's smiles and speeches, Bertha's complaisance to him, and my own lack of body. Patience and Hope. Yes! I must hope—I must hope that she will one day be mine, that I shall one day return to my bones and muscles, and take that coxcomb's place. Oh! Bertha, how could you give yourself to such an atrocious compound? What are women made of—to rebuff such a fighting dare-devil as I am—that is, alas! as I was, and to take that timid, conceited ape of a Frenchman? A Frenchman, too, a being all self and vanity. According to my honest German notions, the happiness of a woman who gives herself to a Frenchman, is clean gone for ever—ay, for ever. Here is the first step. He has persuaded her to leave good old Germany, and to go to the land of treachery and monkey-tricks. We shall see what is to follow—no good, I am sure. He will most likely beat her, and spend her money. Silly, pretty little Bertha, why did you rebuff your honest Count Ludwig?"

Bertha, however, did not, like her German lover's soul, dream of misery or cruelty. De Beaugency's eyes still beamed on her with kindness—his songs, his cares were still for her; the long, tedious journey to her was full of charms and happiness.

Paris received them. Maître Pierrot smiled and chuckled inwardly, as on his neighing horse he rode, well dressed, well fed, rich, and merry, through the well-known streets where as an urchin he had loitered, begged in rags and dirt, and rent the air with *le Père Caboche's* well-taught fictitious tears and sobs of infant misery.

The times were changed for Maître Pierrot. The wheel of Fortune had brought him from the mud of beggary, had rolled him round to the sunshine of prosperity. Who, in le Sieur Isidore de Beaugency, with his feather in his cap and long sword by his side, would have recognised little dirty Pierrot, with no covering for his head save his matted hair; no weapon, save the rusty knife wherewith he cut his eagerly-devoured bread and cheese.

Bertha implicitly credited every assertion that fell from his beloved lips; she was soon lodged in a lordly house, which he affirmed to have been the town residence of his ancestors, the town residence of his noble childhood. She believed it, and looked with fond interest on

every room and corridor. Good, affectionate, simple Bertha! she deserved a better fate, and so thought the noble count; but his thoughts only served the harrowing purpose of self-tormenting.

De Beaugency in short time gathered round him a throng of kindred spirits. Bertha was taught to look upon them as bright specimens of the aristocracy and *élite* of France, and as such receiving them with the gentle courtesy of a gentle woman, threw away her sweetness on a knot of gamesters and *mauvais sujets*.

Her husband deceived her, and deceived them. With them he passed himself off as the intimate friend, the sworn ally of his dead master, a noble rich and powerful. They were men who lived by their bright wits; knights too they were, but knights of the industrious order, *chevaliers d'industrie* by profession and choice, and they jumped with eagerness at de Beaugency's advances, gladdening beforehand at the cheering prospect of living on and plucking so noble, so rich, so great a man.

Of female society Bertha had none, except that of her women and the somniferous old dame whose snores we once remarked upon, and who, when she was awake, never let a day pass in which she did not utter guttural regrets for the *sour-krout* of the land of her birth.

Bertha was happy, however, and Count Ludwig's soul saw her pretty mouth smile as she listened to de Beaugency's high-flown speeches.

"Yes, lovely Bertha," he would say, "in giving me your hand, you have given me a source of eternal happiness. What delight to behold you reigning in the mansion of my forefathers, in the halls where, yet a child, I pursued my warlike sports, the halls from which the cruelty of a brother banished your Isidore! What triumph to return and place you here, to behold you receiving my noble guests, dispensing smiles, whilst they fly to fulfil the smallest of your wishes! Long may you live here, beautiful Bertha! to be the joy of my soul, the delight of the most fair city of the greatest nation on earth—the nation where I first beheld the light."

Bertha acknowledged this tissue of figments in her lisping, broken French, and de Beaugency kissed her little white hand, and, then, calling for his cloak, cap, and sword, sallied forth to join his uproarious friends, and make the hours fly with wine and riot; whilst she, at her embroidery frame or walking in her high-walled garden, thought the hours lagged which passed to him so merrily.

The ethereal count wished them gone and struggled hard to make his presence felt by her, to speak to her, to touch her. Alas! his efforts were but vain. There he was no better than a vapour—without parts, without movement of his own, able only to go whither

Bertha went, to wait on her like an invisible shadow, if such a contradiction were possible.

He narrowly watched Maître Pierrot—saw him in all his glory, rich and impudent. By degrees he was less frequently wounded by his soft speeches and grimaces, his tender attentions to Bertha; he saw her left alone from day to day for longer periods each time. He saw her sad looks, her anxious looks, her tears—he was conscious of her sighs. She grieved, and yet Count Ludwig's soul was not displeased. He had sold it to the evil one, and with that evil one's spirit he rejoiced in the hope that her love for de Beaugency might be destroyed.

He saw her alarm when, after watching for the reprobate Pierrot half one long and tedious night with no companion but her snoring German dame, she heard him singing down the long corridor, and, falling against the door of her apartment, burst it open, and tumble headlong into the room. She shrieked, and rushed towards him. With her aid, the aid of her weak and delicate arm, he staggered on his feet again, staring at her with his large, dark, flashing eyes. His flushed cheeks, and disordered hair and dress, terrified her; his sword was on his right side, his long feather drooped down his back, from his cap pushed to the back of his head, his doublet unbuttoned, his delicately-fine shirt spotted with wine; he balanced himself backwards and forwards on his heels and toes, and grinned vacantly.

"Isidore, dear Isidore—you—you are mad!" whispered Bertha, trembling and the tears standing in her eyes, whilst she clasped her hands and retreated towards the old woman who was still snoring and puffing her chin in the air, her crossed hands reposing on her fat person, and her mind filled with a picture of Elysian bliss—a dish of smoking *sour-krout*, whose vapour curled around in a lightly-moving cloud, a well-fed portly ham, and a bottle of delicate Rhenish.

"Mad! Oh! no, my darling, I'm not mad!" replied the noble husband of poor Bertha. "Mad! *par exemple!* Give me a kiss, *ma petite. Berthe*—

'J'aimons le vin,
Breuvage divin!'"

So sang Pierrot, reeling to a large chair into which he threw himself, and flinging his long legs over the arm, kicked them up and down, yawning and singing, trying to talk rationally, and blinking at the light of the lamp.

Bertha said nothing, and Count Ludwig, for the thousandth time, wished for his strong arm to castigate le Sieur de Beaugency.

Poor Bertha! she had often seen her noble baron, his reason, such

as it was, stormed and defeated in his strong skull by potations deep as a well. She had seen him, and thought it a matter of course; but to behold her darling, her refined, her heroic, her romantic, her sentimental Isidore—the Isidore who had sung so sweetly and made love so bewitchingly, to see him tumble headlong in the room; to behold him foolishly kicking his legs in the air; to hear him with thick utterance hiccupping drinking-songs, and speaking to her as to a common mortal, to her—his love, his empress, his goddess, the idol of his devoted heart,—this was an agony too great and too sudden to bear.

She covered her eyes with her hands, and wept bitterly. De Beaugency heard her sobs, and stared at her.

"*Diable! qu'as-tu, ma mie?*" said he, "what are you crying for? You'll make your eyes all red—all red——all red;" and then he gaped and kicked his shoe up to the ceiling, which thence descending on the old German's face, caused her to open one eye, mutter something unintelligible, rub her nose, and compose herself to sleep again. Bertha's tears were not checked by this speech. "Hold your tongue—I—say—Bertha,

'J'aimons le vin
Tra la! la! Tira! lira!
Breuvage divin!
Lira! lira! la!'

I say, Charlot, *mon vieux*, you are cheating." Bertha cried as if her heart was breaking, "*Vas au diable, Berthe, ou tais-toi!*

'Il était jadis un coquin,
Qui buvait, buvait du bon vin,
Faisait gente débauche,
Sans frein, et sans réproche!'

et sans réproche. Hallo! where was I?

'J'aimons le vin
Tra la!'

Curse it, *la mère Berthe!* can't you be quiet? Bring me—a—cup of—of Burgundy, I say!"

Bertha, so elegantly apostrophised, could bear her feelings no longer; it was but too evident that her dear de Beaugency was in a state of most vulgar, helpless intoxication.

Taking a light, she did not stop to wake her companion, whose snores were rattling in a nasal *solfeggio*, but without looking at Maître Pierrot, who was roaring forth two or three songs confusedly jumbled together, she retreated to her own room, and hid her tears and sorrow in darkness.

Count Ludwig being, like some sentimental young ladies, "all soul," darkness or daylight were alike to him. He beheld all poor Bertha's misery, he was conscious of her sighs, her sobs, her lamentations.

"Cruel, cruel Isidore!" she exclaimed, "can it be that the foolish drunkard I just now beheld is the same fascinating, adorable Isidore received by me in my dear old castle? Oh! Isidore, dear, dear Isidore, it must be a dream. If it is a reality I must expire—my heart must break!"

She recalled the tender speeches, the elegant attitudes, the sentimental songs, the soft attentions by which he had won her. In one short year her elysium was doomed to be destroyed. She had seen le Sieur Isidore de Beaugency, the *soi-disant* representative of a noble house, tumble tipsy on the floor, she had heard his songs of love exchanged for riotous drinking-snatches, and the endearing appellations with which he had been wont to salute her exchanged for reproaches and the plebeian epithet of *la mère Berthe*. The thought was poison. She buried her face in the velvet coverlet, and wearing herself out with tears and misery, sank off to sleep as daylight broke on the good city of Paris.

"Ah, Bertha!" thought the spirit who watched her, "you are rightly punished for throwing yourself and your fortune away on that pretty young gentleman. You must expect worse yet, my poor countrywoman. Your waking thoughts will be somewhat unhappy, I think. Sleep on whilst you can, and forget your follies. What could you expect from a beggarly fellow who hopped into your castle on a stick and a swollen foot, and into your silly little heart by nonsense and fopperies? Ah, I shall be your lord some day. How, I do not know, but I feel confident that I shall; and then you will see what a husband should be! Then we will eat, drink, and be merry. Barons of beef, boars' heads, all sorts of delicacies; Rhenish, Burgundy, wine without end. Hunt all the morning, feast and dance till night, and into night. Plenty of jolly Germans; none of these tight-clad youths, mincing and blustering by turns, who look as if they fed on fried egg-shells, with vinegar for drink. No, no—none of these lady's men, whisking about with their thin paws ever on the swords they dare not draw, frowning, and snorting, and looking big; no, no—good downright Germans! Fellows who can hunt, fight, eat, and drink, and then dance when there is nothing else to be done; fellows whose looks do justice to their good cheer; fellows like me, tall, and strong, and handsome, and ——. Ah, me! what am I thinking? Tall, and strong, and handsome! For aught I know, I am neither so tall, so strong, or so handsome as the steam out of a saucepan! Miserable

man! When shall I be in my good, sturdy, healthy, active body again? Oh! Bertha, are you worth the year's purgatory I have undergone? I long for a good carouse with my old set of companions. Oh, the days that are gone, and the nights! There we used to sit, and eat, and drink, and laugh, and one by one drop down comfortably to sleep under the table, and the varlets carried us off and tucked us up in our beds, and then off at daybreak to hunt boars, bears, and wolves, and back again to eat and drink. My friends eat and drink now, and here am I without a jaw or tooth to help me. Why the brown old jaw, with three black old teeth, that they serve up on a velvet cushion at the convent chapel as a relic, and which I day say belonged to some old devil of a woman, would be a prize to me. Where are my good square grinders now? Oh, ass that I was to meddle with that ugly ape, the wizard, or the cheating fiend! Oh, fool! Oh, madman!"

It is needless to indite the self-reproaches in which the count wiled away the time whilst Bertha slept. He began to weary of his ethereal state—to wish for his material part—his great, ponderous, gigantic frame, and all the indulgences which he administered to it, in the form of most unwieldy joints, most heavy viands, most powerful and inebriating wines. He could not forget his old propensities. He longed for the woods and forests, the hills and vales, the horses, hounds, and horns, the revelry and solemn riot, to which he had been trained.

It was a heavy tax on his love to have no power of leaving his idol, however great his love might have been, and one little year had rather blunted his ardour. Obliged to flit with her from house to garden, from garden to house, to be ever within the same walls, with no variety but the change from flower to flower, or from one nondescript animal to another, in her embroidery. To hear the same songs, to be with her alone for hours and hear her sigh, and see her lean her head languidly on her hand, Maître Pierrot rioting the while at her expense. Poor Bertha! she, too, began to grow discontented, and to compare in solitude a French lover, gay, gallant, and *dévoué*, with a French husband, gay, gallant, and *dissipé*—to see her folly by degrees, and to wish undone the knot that death's skeleton fingers alone can untie.

CHAPTER X.

HAVING once broken the ice, le Sieur de Beaugency made no scruple of appearing before his lady in divers states of intoxication, from the pleasingly excited to the stupidly lumpish.

Her hours were mostly spent in solitude. He dressed at all points, attended like a true lord, liberally showered her gold about him, caroused and revelled with his vicious companions, gamed and drank deeply, to the ruin of health and fortune—he had no idea of the value of money. How could ragged Pierrot, who thought a few sous wealth, or Pierrot *le jongleur*, who lived on the public, or Pierrot the page who lived on the fat of the land at his master's expense, know how far money would go? He knew little about it and cared less; all he cared for was to live gaily from day to day. He danced, he sang, he ran in debt; he swore, he lied, he neglected his poor German wife, the source of all his wealth. His love for her had never been troublesome through its intensity, his racketing life left him no time to cherish it, and consequently it was utterly dispersed by his merry-makings and pleasures.

Sometimes Maître Pierrot forgot that he had a wife, and the fact of his being a husband was unpleasantly revealed to him, when he returned from a thundering carouse, and saw Bertha sitting alone, with downcast sorrowful looks.

Her love was strong for him, and it took a few years of struggling and misery, to cure her of the bad habit she had contracted, of placing the happiness of her heart on a *vaurien* such as Maître Pierrot.

It was pain and grief to see his conduct altered towards her by a sudden plunge into dissipation. Where was the lute, where was the musician and his songs? There she was, where was the tender lover, with eyes softly fixed on hers, to be removed with a sigh when she looked towards him. Alas! the times were changed; the musician was giving out merry songs in bad company, the tender lover's eyes were changed into the neglecting husband's, either turned from her with indifference, or upon her with anger, or closed up in deep sleep.

Bertha still loved the man who had wooed her, or rather the remembrance of that charming being, all smiles, and frowns, and sighs, and songs, and attitudes, and *fanfaronnades*, and devotion; she could not recognise him in her pettish, insolent husband. *Her* Isidore could never have sworn so vulgarly at her as that husband did, *her* bowing,

assiduous Isidore could never have turned from her on his heel, snapping his fingers, and uttering a contemptuous "*Bah!—Bêtises!*" as that husband did, when she once, and only once, remonstrated with him on his neglect.

To love that husband was impossible, to forget Isidore equally so, and they became to her distinct personages, the remembrance and the reality.

In time the presence of Maître Pierrot became odious to her, and her softest moments were those spent in his absence, consequently they much preponderated over her bitter ones, as she was seldom disturbed by his intrusion.

Days, and then days and nights, he passed away from home; his house he frequented but when he gave some revellings, such as he delighted in.

Then, from her window, Bertha saw the arrival of impudent-looking *roués*, sniffing the air as they paced along with conceited strides, drawing in the small of their backs, jerking their heads under their dancing plumes, and nodding familiarly at every pretty face they saw. With them, too, came portly seniors, with rubicund visages and small eyes reposing in whites turned yellow, and cheeks reflecting their hue to their swollen noses, thick dry lips, and short shuffling steps tottering along under the weight of their disfigured bodies, whilst they drew their breath thick and short, and an eternal thirst preyed upon their vitals.

There were gaily welcomed by the perfumed swindler, whose house they sought. His wife never appeared, some of them did not even know that he had one. She from her apartment heard the din of the feast—the hallooing, the singing, the laughing, the quarrelling, anger, and merriment, the sound of all these reached her ear in bursts; she did not heed them; she cuddled herself down in a quiet state of passive existence, gave her affections to birds, a little dog, and a tame squirrel, worked assiduously at her frame, remembered Isidore with a sigh, but never cast one look into futurity.

It may seem strange, but deserted Bertha, once the sought Baroness von Kranzfelt, was happy, had never been happier in her life. Her husband's brutality had weaned her from him, she was of a quiet, placid temperament, and Peterkin her squirrel, and Zizi her dog, and her little birds, agreeably filled her heart, and she dwelt contentedly in her solitude.

Count Ludwig, conscious of the revelry that was going on, longed to be one of the party; heartily sick and weary of his ethereal state of being, his spirit chafed and fumed. There sat Bertha calm and placid, her dog at her feet, and her squirrel Peterkin nestling in her bosom,

and there he hung at his old post, suspended in air, close to her, unable to say a word to further his cause or help himself; and a merriment in which he could not join going on under the same roof with him.

Bertha had entirely forgotten her adorer, stout Count Ludwig. She never spoke of him; in her conversations on bygone times, with her old somniferous German dame, his name was never once mentioned. Little did she think that the very quintessence of that redoubtable count, his ghostly part, was ever near her day and night; through love for her, through dogged resolution, through imp's enticing, had sold his soul for her, and having done so, began to repent him of the deed; and yet not exactly, either, to repent him of the deed, but of the airy mode of being in which, through some cheatery of the forest-fiend, he had so suddenly found himself launched.

Year had followed year, and the evil one seemed not disposed to ratify their compact. There stuck Count Ludwig's soul without diversion, without variety; accustomed to be ever with Bertha, the charm of novelty thereat had long since vanished; the monotony of her life *he* was to endure; season followed season, night followed day; these were the only breaks in Bertha's existence, and there were none to him. A spirit feels not heat or cold; a spirit is unaffected by light or darkness; but a spirit can remember the joys of his past life, and Count Ludwig's could look back upon them, and for them still long.

In short, Count Ludwig's spirit had become a very irritable, moody, discontented spirit, without joy or gladness, full of bitter reflections, without hope and without peace. It was no longer kept down by his huge body, it had found a spirit's activity, but nought whereon to employ that activity. It preyed upon itself, it fretted itself, it was miserable, it was in the power of a demon. He had voluntarily rendered it so, he reaped the fruits of his rashness, and cursed his deceiver, and not himself for his folly.

His deceiver mocked his wretchedness—what devil does not mock the misery he occasions? It was delight to him to see the bitter mockings of the poor count's luckless soul; to see it pant in vain for change, for its old companion, its covering of clay, and all the excesses that covering could procure for itself, excesses which the soul could not enjoy without the body, or the body without the soul.

Was he never to be Bertha's lord?—was this the only way in which she was to be his? At her death was he to glide into eternity, without again dwelling on the round world? How many more years of passive purgatory was he to endure? These were the doubts and questions that assailed the troubled spirit.

When most troubled, most wretched, he sometimes heard a sound as of bat's wings, flitting past him, a loud, a screeching, ringing

laugh, and "Poor Count Ludwig!" jeeringly uttered in a hoarse, deep voice, close beside him.

This was the only sign of the invisible world that met him, the only *sensation* the moping spirit experienced.

His thoughts, by degrees, withdrew themselves from the woman he had sold himself to purchase, and fixed themselves on his own miseries. He became a *hipped* spirit, as different from the spirit that once upon a time lay buried in Count Ludwig's muscular frame, as the spirit of a *roué* in the heyday life, at the summit of his inglorious glory, and the spirit of the same *roué* in the days of his sickness and death.

How little Bertha dreamt of the miserable fever of soul that for her sake, and through the count's headstrong doggedness, was going on day and night without one second of intermission close beside her! Her mind was calm; she cared not, though her husband had reduced her train to one waiting-woman, and one pretty, merry little page.

There had been among her followers an outcry strong and loud, for salaries long unpaid, and not forthcoming. De Beaugency had been assailed by them—a "*strike*" had been ventured upon by the injured serving men and maids; he had been remonstrated with upon their grievances; they might as well have talked about grievances to his boots.

"*Canaille!*" roared the infuriated Pierrot. "*Canaille!* Salaries indeed! Is it not salary enough for rags like you, to serve the wife of le Sieur de Beaugency?—Salaries!—Begone!—Leave my presence!—Depart—*Savetiers que vous êtes!*—Salaries!—Divide that among you—leave this hall of my fathers, and dare at your peril again to sully its precincts with your impure presence!"

So saying, he flung a purse among them. They divided the spoil which covered the debt, and the pay and feed in Pierrot's house being neither so costly nor so delicate as his dress and his fare abroad, with one accord they made their packages and sallied forth, nothing daunted, to seek their fortunes elsewhere, leaving la Dame de Beaugency to her page, her maid, her dumb favourites, her discontented attendant spirit, and now and then to a few minutes of her reprobate husband's annoying, dreaded company.

CHAPTER XI.

TIME trotted on in his even, unvaried pace, though to some he seemed to gallop, while to others he appeared to halt along, and lag by the way. He went evenly forward, nor changed his pace, nor turned back one step for wish, or prayer, or sighs. No! on he went, and la Dame de Beaugency had become "fat" in addition to "fair," and on the verge of adding "forty" to both.

She had not left Paris from the day on which she entered it with her devoted, tender Isidore; and long though her *séjour* there had been, she knew no more of it than two large streets, and one small one, which she traversed as often as she went to mass, in the little dark church to which they led.

Her acquaintance with the inhabitants was as limited as her knowledge of the city. Her confessor was the only person, except an old chirping physician, with long beard, solemn garb, and thin legs, with whom she had any acquaintance at all, and they now and then varied her society, displacing for a while her maid, her page, and her little *ménagerie*.

Her *ménagerie* was changed—changed by old Time and Death—Zizi slept in peace in the garden; his shrill bark was silent, his wagging tail at rest. Another canine succeeded to his title and place. He, too, bore the name of Zizi, and the gentle weight of his mistress's affections. Peterkin reposed by the side of Zizi I.; his gambols o'er, his bright eyes closed, his brushy tail depressed. He, like Zizi, had his successor, and he too bore the name of Peterkin, and he was carressed and fed with sweets, and petted, and tamed, and sported about, a confirmed case of spoilt squirrel.

The birds had emerged from generation to generation, from the eggs of their progenitors all lineally descended from the first pair, which Maître Pierrot, ere his gallantry had turned to crustiness and insolence, had presented to *sa Berthe chérie*.

The old sleepy German had shared the fate of the dog and squirrel, the first of their name. She had not been included in the general *turn-out* of the retinue. Whilst they had been remonstrating with their careless master, she had been sleeping a snoozing sleep after a comfortable repast.

She thought not of salaries—sleep and food were her all in all. Of these Pierrot had not deprived her, so she had no complaints to make. She slept, she ate, she slept again, nor dreamt of leaving her mistress.

Poor old lady! As winter came on, she, with her own fat hands, laid in a supply of *sour-krout*. To this, one fatal night, she added a supper of sausages, and of bacon; to these she added a second course of various savoury preparations, and then a *finale* of cheese, of pastry, of dried fruits of her own preserving; nor did she omit to quaff a due proportion of sweet, thick wine, warmed and richly spiced, and then, not having stinted herself in one *friand* morsel, she, according to a well-known saying, adjourned "*de la table au lit*," though certainly not with "*un saut*," for she repaired thither with the short, heavy step of a well-fed, portly personage.

To the dismay of the household, she was there found dead the following morning. "*Elle avait si bien soupée*, she could not be ill!" This was the public opinion. That very supper killed her. By her decease, Bertha was left without one person with whom to speak in her native tongue. Count Ludwig was no more saluted with the loved accents of his country, save when she played with her pets, and bestowed all her endearing German epithets upon them.

Time holding on his way, brought no change to him. He was as young as when first he parted from his flesh. Gloomy, discontented, miserable, but not old. Could be but cast himself once more into a young body, he felt he should be as young as ever. Winter had again set in. The daylight was fading from dusk to dark, the cold, thin wind rushing down the dry streets, and up the wide staircases, and along the lengthy corridors of Maître Pierrot's quiet mansion. Quiet, for neither he nor his choice spirits were there. Bertha had not seen him for a whole week. He was carousing at Christmas time in town and country.

He too, was altered. His long slight figure had grown portly, his large black eyes sunk and bloodshot, his springy gait somewhat heavy, his well-turned leg was shrinking as his figure enlarged; his attire was still the same, gaudy, flaunting; juvenile in the extreme; his manners light, ferocious, conceited, giddy, as great a compound of contradictions as in former days.

As daylight had died away, Bertha had risen tired from her frame, over which for hours she had been bending. The vivid colours were no longer distinguishable; a brocade cover was thrown over them, and the work put away, till the next morning should see the renewal of her labours.

The wood fire blazed lightly on the hearth, the voices of romping children at play in pursuit of warmth, were heard in the street, mingling, laughing and shrill, with the wind. The dame de Beaugency reposed in a large soft chair by the fire, Zizi II. sleeping at her feet, Peterkin II. as usual, nestling in her arms; her confessor, a tall, *flabby*

priest, sitting opposite her, his hands now resting on his knees, now travelling slowly up and down his shins as he roasted them at the comfortable blaze, and then stretched to a little table standing by him to replenish a glass from a thick bottle of rich, luscious wine, which he slowly poured down his throat, and then holding the glass to see the oil run down it, smacked his fat lips and nodded his head in silent admiration of the soft draught. Then he crunched one sweet biscuit, then another, till they and the wine had disappeared. Then he rubbed his shins, looked towards the dark clouds through the tall, narrow window, rubbed his hands together, scratched his gray head, and sighed a long, irresolute sigh.

"I must be going," he said. "It is horribly cold. I promised to see two or three sick people this evening. One *must* be dead by this time, so *he* does not signify. The rest there's no hurry about, except old Maître la Grippe, that old miser I told you of, who starves himself up four pair of stairs."

"Is he very ill, poor old man?" inquired Bertha.

"Why, not over well," responded the priest, casting a long side look towards the empty bottle, and draining off the drop, which aped a heeltap, from the long glass. "He wished to see me to-night. He is a pious man, and the pious should not be kept waiting. It is cold though up in his garret, and he lies shivering under an old horsecloth. He mortifies himself for the good of his soul and the church. He is very rich. He gave one image a gold petticoat, that would have stood upright in a gale of wind. So rich, so stiff, such substance!" and here he emptied the crumbs from the plate into his hand and swallowed them at a mouthful.

Bertha arose, and with her squirrel under her arm crossed the room, drew aside part of the tapestry, took up a key, which with others hung at her side, wherewith opening a little cupboard she brought forth a small flask, covered with a covering of curiously-wrought straw, which, together with a sweet cake, she placed before her confessor, and, resuming her seat, easily persuaded him to leave his dying miser to his cold and wretchedness a little longer, whilst he sat with her discussing the cake and wine, and drawling forth amusing gossip, ghostly advice, and culinary observations, snugly sheltered from the cold and wind without. Count Ludwig's dejected spirit complained, as it perceived the comfortable fire, the creature comforts, and thus bewailed itself:

"Miserable soul that I am, without one enjoyment on earth. I pine for my bodily happiness, and here I am not knowing whether my body is dead or alive, or what has become of it, whether it is dust in the forest, or cinders in——, never mind, it can't be helped! Well!

not one morsel of food, not one little drop of wine, have passed my lips these many long, long years. How should they? I have no lips, no stomach, that I can call my own. Oh! the enchanting hunger and thirst I felt after a day's good hunting over the hills in a fresh breeze! Shall I never feel them again, never satisfy them as in days gone by, never more sit at table with my good comrades and pass the overflowing flagons? Alack! alack! my merry hall, shall I never feast in you again? And my companions! They, perhaps, think sometimes of me, and drink to my memory, and think the goblins have got me. Got me? So they have, hand and foot, that is soul and body, the cheating fiends! And what have I gained by my precious dealings in the forest that stormy night? Why, gained nothing, and lost everything, to be sure! Bertha has forgotten me. There she sits, as fat and easy as possible, in spite of her rake of a husband. Yes! there she sits, not dreaming of what I did for her sake!"

He might more properly have said, "for my own," but he did not.

"Never has she spoken of me for many a long year, and when she did, it was only to laugh at the way I was poked out of my saddle by that square fellow at her tournament. Will she never be mine? Oh! my malediction on that Zamah as he is called! Mine? No! never. And besides, if she should be, she is not the same pretty young Bertha I intended to make my own. She is growing fat and old, and my Bertha was just plump and the right age for me, and this woman would be much too aged for my ideas. No, she would never suit me, never. Damnation! I shall never, never walk, or eat, or drink, or hunt, or make merry again, and all through my folly! I have given myself up for what I am not to have, or which, if I did have it, I should not care about. Oh! that I could dislodge even that oily old priest's soul, and insinuate mine into his body, if it were only for a day, only for an hour. How pleasantly he warms his fat legs, and eats his cake, and how deliberately he pours out and pours down his wine! Happy old fellow! Oh! my miserable existence, will it never end? I cannot feel that comfortable blaze. How the old man puts the log on, and turns it over into the best position for burning; how he spreads himself out before it! His eyes half close and his words become few. He is going off to sleep, and Bertha also. How I once slept, and slept too over a snug fire, with good wine, rich wine, and good food at my side! Oh! even that devil of a spoilt dog has a better life than mine. Life? I don't know whether it is life or death, or both, or what! There they are, both asleep, nodding their heads at one another, and the priest snoring like the serpent, in his own choir—not that I ever heard it. When Bertha goes to church, there I stay to be made a fool of by the hobgoblins, and that detestable monkey. My patience is

wearing out, worn out, gone. Ah, me! Thunder and devils! Miserable soul! what can I do, what will become of me?"

In this way the ever-waking soul amused itself. The priest and Bertha were indeed asleep, one on each side the fire—the blazing fire that gave such a cheerful light, and burnt so clear, denoting a frosty night. The priest's old miser put his thin lilac nose from beneath his thin horsecloth at every sound, and returned it, disappointed at his non-appearance. The priest was snoring by a good fire—the priest felt the languor given by his potation of good wine—the priest dreamt of the bishop's state dinners, and forgot the little yellow, skeleton miser, and his airy garret, and ponderous gold.

A loud ringing at the house-bell disturbed the fat curé's repose. He sat upright, put his hands on his knees, looked at the fire, and listened. For a few minutes the rushing wind was all he heard; then the distant sound of voices, then the tread of many feet, ascending very slowly the stairs at the end of the corridor on which the room in which he sat, and many others, opened. The voices spoke now and then in a loud whisper—there were pauses between the sounds of the footsteps.

Wherefore, he could not tell, but the priest felt somewhat terrified, and ill at ease, as he sat staring at the door. He shuddered, removed his looks to Bertha, who still slept, and extending his foot, pressed Zizi's tail. The dog yelped and started up; Bertha awoke.

"*Qu'as-tu, mon mignon?*" she said, in a soothing voice.

"Listen, madam!" said the priest; and having told her what he had heard, she gave her attention to the sounds that alarmed her confessor.

The steps drew nearer slowly, and as if some persons were conveying a heavy weight. They stopped.

"Which way now?" inquired a voice.

"To the right, sir," answered Bertha's little page.

On hearing him speak, she arose and opened the door. The priest followed, keeping behind her, and, being a tall man, taking a survey over her head of what was passing in the corridor. Zizi, too, went to the door, but feeling the cold wind, ran back to the fire, and casting himself down before it, resumed his sleep, while Master Peterkin retreated into his snug house.

Bertha stepped into the corridor. About midway down it, and opposite another which branched off to the right, leading to her husband's apartment, she beheld her page and the porter, each a light in his hand, attending a gentleman who was followed by two men, bearing between them somewhat which appeared to be a body covered by a bloody sheet.

Bertha hurried towards them.

"*C'est ma maîtresse*," said the page to the gentleman.

He took off his cap, and, bowing, begged her to retire.

Bertha, without noticing him, looked beyond him.

From beneath the sheet hung an arm and a clenched hand. The sleeve she recognised at once—the flame-coloured velvet slashed with yellow, told of Maître Pierrot's tawdry taste.

Count Ludwig's spirit remembered it too, and felt interest, which was a sensation he had not experienced for years.

"Is the fellow dead? What has happened?" exclaimed the soul, as distinctly as soul could exclaim; but lacking a speaking apparatus, it was not heard by the beings near him.

Bertha spoke to the same effect, though in gentler words.

The gentleman shook his head. "I fear he is," was his reply.

The men moved on, and under the guidance of the little page, who trembled and looked pale, they reached Maître Pierrot's chamber.

It was a large, dark, high room, with paved floor and black rafters. The bed of dark green damask, capacious and lofty, stood at the farther end.

The two men approached it, followed by Bertha, the gentleman, and the *curé*, and on it deposited their burden, and then stood awkwardly looking on, shifting their position from one foot to the other. They were two dirty, ragged fellows of the *bas peuple*, evidently picked up for the purpose they had served.

The wind howled down the huge chimney, and rattled the latticed windows—the lights burnt dimly in the large, cold room, their rays absorbed by the dark hangings—the breath of the persons there assembled was visible in the frosty air.

They surrounded the bed. The strange gentleman had told Bertha that her faithless husband had been slain, and now, by his order, the two men who had borne him removed the sheet from his body, and exposed the remains of Maître Pierrot to their sight.

The little page cast one look, and giving his light to the porter, rushed horrorised from the room.

The eyes of the corpse were wide open, bloodshot, and leaden; the jaw, too, hung open, and the teeth were visible beneath the blue and swollen lips. The grizzled hair hung disordered about the distorted face, the ends wetted by the blood that had run from a long wound just beneath his throat. His doublet was open, and his shirt torn and stained by the stream that flowed from another wound in his breast.

Bertha grasped the gentleman's arm, and uttering an exclamation of horror, he led her from the bed to the room she had just quitted.

There lay sleeping Zizi, unconscious of the *roué's* violent death, and

there stood the priest's refreshments, to the liquid part of which, he having marched back in double-quick time, and feeling somewhat discomposed by the spectacle he had just seen, duly applied himself.

Bertha felt stunned and sick, smitten with horror at what she had seen. She did not weep, for there was no grief for Maître Pierrot's death; she felt shocked, as she would have felt at the sudden death of an indifferent person, but her husband's conduct had rooted from her heart all the love and affection of a wife.

The stranger was perfectly cool; he stared at Bertha, and there was admiration and pleasure in his looks; he seemed to appreciate the beauty of "fat, fair, and forty."

With *nonchalant* ease he seated himself by her side. He was a tall, large man, fair-complexioned; but the fairness of his face was changed by the wine-cup to glowing red, shining fiery beneath his light hair, thick and curly, but more than three parts gray. His blue eyes twinkled like a Falstaff's, to whose his portly body bore some resemblance.

Bertha did not notice him; he turned from her to the priest. They determined on passing the night in the house, that *cette gente dame* might not be without protectors.

She was glad of this, and her page and woman equally so; for although they had spent many a night in the large, rambling house without protectors, there was something so terrific to their eyes in so spending one beneath the same roof with a murdered corpse, that when the serving-maid had, by her mistress's invitation, crept into her bed, which they had decorated with a caricature of a saint lighting a holy taper to defend them from ghosts and demons, when the poor little page had nestled in with the pitying old porter, not sorry to have a companion; and when the priest and the stranger had piled up a good log-fire, settled into their comfortable chairs, and drawn their table of good things close between them, they all felt comparatively easy as regarded their fears, and soon all the house, excepting Count Ludwig's soul and Maître Pierrot's body, were sleeping comfortably and soundly through the long cold night, unconscious of frost, of wind, of ghost, of aught on earth, that could disturb their rest.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILST mortals slept, the count's spirit soliloquised.

"He is dead at last! I thought to gain something by that event, but here I am, weary and miserable as ever. No change comes to me

and I suppose I must drag on ten, twenty, a hundred, who knows how many years in this tedious state of semi-death! How can I gain Bertha? A puff of wind might as well try for her—not that I want her now—I'd rather be without her, in honest truth. What I wish and ardently desire is, to be once again a living man, as in bygone days. Oh, what a fool I was to give myself up so entirely to a fiend, to gain that which I had rather be without! What is to happen next? Am I to be wedded to this woman, old enough to be my mother—that is, nearly old enough—or am I to watch her in her dotage? Laugh on," he continued, as he heard the mocking laugh sounding down the huge chimney, "laugh on, I am used to you, and care no more for you than for the roaring and blustering of the wind. Laugh on, you cannot injure me more than I am injured, cursed imps!"

The spirit did not keep to the truth. The laugh, as it mingled with the loud gusts of wind, maddened him.

"Poor Count Ludwig! Poor Count Ludwig!" was shrieked out in derision, and the sound half carried away by the blast, did not tend to improve his temper. Curses and complaints darkened the spirit. His tormentors continued their jeers and taunts till morning light returned, and recalled the household to day and life.

The tall stranger, who had gone home to embellish himself for meeting Bertha, returned at noon and sought her presence.

He gave her a detailed account of her husband's death, to which she calmly listened.

Maître Pierrot had entirely given himself up to play; he understood the mysteries and sleight of hand, the dexterous tricks and shuffles of a swindling gamester, and these he put to good use. He had long since run through his wife's fortune, the use of which he repaid to her by neglect and unkindness. The fortune gone, he subsisted like his comrades, by his wits, and the reputation of what he once had been; contriving to keep up appearances, as though he were the lord he had represented himself to be.

Many were the young victims of his dexterity; many a ruined youth learned from the man who had stripped him of his gold the art of replenishing it by trick and address.

In the course of his *practice* Pierrot made acquaintance with a young Spaniard, noble, rich, and just let loose on the world; rash, impetuous, hot, and unthinking; thirsting for pleasure, touchy, punctilious, and resentful. He liked Pierrot, and under his guidance ran the round of every dissipation Paris could give him. He lived sumptuously, and treated liberally; whilst his master in iniquity lived on his generosity.

The Spaniard's passion was play, and in that he was gratified;

Pierrot the while making heavy his own purse with the exact weight of which his was lightened. The winged gold flew swiftly. The Spaniard lived on credit, and ruined himself with *éclat*. His last day as a fashionable, dazzling *roué* arrived. His friends, Maître Pierrot included, dined with him. The long, dark, winter's afternoon, was spent in play, in drinking, in song. The fires blazed, laughing and riot covered the whistling and moaning of the wind. Gold was piled on the tables, and passed from purse to purse, oft changing owners.

The host played high, with various success for a while. Fortune turned her back upon him, he lost game after game; he grew irritable, and lost his self-possession; his eyes gleamed; he doubled, redoubled his stakes, and still he lost. Pierrot knew the state of his affairs; Pierrot knew that this day must be his last; and he had given the word—he and his accomplices were to carry off the booty, and divide it among themselves.

The Spaniard was encouraged to go on. Wine was pressed upon him, adding to his confusion and irritation. The day died away, and lamplight saw them urging him on.

The moment had arrived; the Spaniard staked his all, and lost it; Pierrot was the victor. His victim lent his elbows on the table, twisted his fingers in his long black hair, and hid his eyes in the palms of his hands. He uttered a groan of anger and agony. Suddenly looking up, his furious eyes rested on his betrayer and his accomplices. Pierrot, leaning back in his chair, was in the very act of executing a knowing wink at his grinning friends, whilst with a jerk of his arm, he pointed with his thumb contemptuously at their dupe.

"Traitor!—Robber!" he roared, in a hoarse and trembling voice. "Thou shalt die!"

Seizing a long knife that lay on a table of refreshments, he made a spring at Maître Pierrot. Now Maître Pierrot retained his dread of steel and fighting. He darted behind a looker-on, who was overthrown by the furious Spaniard, and rushing from the room, took flight through the well-known mansion.

He reached a back staircase, opened a small door, and traversing the garden, climbed the wall, and descended into a narrow dark street on the other side.

Here Maître Pierrot stopped an instant to breathe, deeming himself in safety. The garden-door suddenly flew open; the Spaniard rushed forth like a tiger; the efforts of his guests to restrain him had been vain. Wounding all who opposed him, in his maniac wrath he burst from them, whilst they remained to divide the gold.

A servant who had seen Maître Pierrot's exit, and laughing, thought it the escape of a detected cheat from chastisement, betrayed his route.

The Spaniard sprung upon him, brandishing the long sharp knife. Pierrot shrieked, "*Au meurtre! aux assassins!*"

The knife was buried to the handle in the side of his neck, withdrawn, and plunged into his breast. The murderer pushed him from him, to the ground, leaped over his body, and flew for refuge to a place of safety.

The stranger, who was known by the name of Louis de France, found Bertha's worthless husband lying in a pool of his own blood, darkening the dry white pavement. He was scarcely cold. De France called for succour. Two *ouvriers* came at his call. A sheet was procured, and the remains of poor Maître Pierrot carried home to his widow as before described.

Thus he perished. A violent and sudden death closed the *aventurier's* useless and mischievous life.

De France had known him intimately for some time, which perhaps was not much in his favour. The particulars of his death he had just learnt from some of their mutual friends—at least such particulars as had fallen under their observation—seeing that they had not taken the trouble of leaving the scene of their triumph to witness his death blow.

The Spaniard escaped without detection, to lead a vagabond life in other lands.

De France, who looked on Bertha with an admiring and pleased gaze, tendered his services to her, and begged she would command them. To this offer she replied courteously, as was her wont.

There was something about her new acquaintance with which she was not pleased. What it was she could not say. He was attentive, obsequious, and kind in his manners, and yet there was something about him which, to Bertha, was altogether repulsive. There was a smile about his swollen lips, a twinkle in his blue eye, a tone in his fat utterance, that to her were most unpleasing. She thought that she must have seen him before, that she had heard his voice in other times, and yet *his* were not precisely the features or voice of which they reminded her, and where she had seen those features, and heard that voice, she was at a loss to remember.

Towards night, all that remained on earth of the little beggar, the *jongleur*, the favourite page, the *soi-disant* Sieur de Beaugency was, with funeral pomp, conveyed to the grave. De France and the fat curé regulated everything concerning his obsequies. A grand mass was sung as the corpse, surrounded by tall tapers, rested a while in the choir, after which the *aventurier* was lowered into his tomb, the tall tapers were extinguished, De France retired to sup with the widow by his own invitation, and the fat curé and his "coadjutor"

sat down together to their sumptuous evening meal, revelling beforehand in the pay they decided was to be their reward for having so magnificently sung the soul of Pierrot to rest. They were premature in their decision; but of that more anon.

Bertha and De France sat down *tête-à-tête*. She was all calm and *nonchalance*, he all assiduity, and before they separated, more than half tender.

Count Ludwig's soul mentally scowled at him.

"Am I again," he said, "to see her wooed and won before my eyes? Eyes!—nonsense, what am I thinking of! Am I again to behold her give her silly self to a third husband, and to such a great, fat, gouty-looking old fellow as that? He must have been a handsome man too in his time; but that time must have been a long, long while ago; as long as the precious years I have wasted up here in the air, unseen by the world at large. What folly is he treating her with now? How can she endure his compliments, spoken in such a plethoric voice, and the blinking upturning of his red-rimmed eyes? She does not look very much enchanted either. How different she is from the baroness, that poor dead cat of a de Beaugency made love to! Ah! what a lovely Bertha that was—the Bertha I lost myself for. How prettily she listened to all his flimsy nonsense, how furious the soft words she gave him made me! Can that plump, comfortable woman be the same being? Handsome she certainly is, but she is not my Bertha. How coolly she listens to the man! Her little fat hand presses her eyes through sleep, I verily believe, and not through the emotion she felt, when her long-sided husband fell down on his pointed knees, and made faces at her. What an ape he was. He is going at last! What does the fellow say?"

The "fellow," after reverently kissing Bertha's hand, said,

"Allow me, *belle dame*, to see you again to-morrow. My late friend's affairs may perhaps give you some trouble. Permit me to assist you. *Les jolies têtes* of your sex were not made for dry difficulties. *Daignez conter sur moi.* You will find me a loyal friend and servant. I must not hope for more at present."

Hereupon he pressed his cap to his breast, and bowing as low as his rotundity permitted, backed out of her presence.

Bertha played with Zizi till he fell asleep, and she fell into a revery, *que voici.*

"I am a widow again! How different from what I was in my first widowhood! Then my head dwelt on nought but feasts, and knights, and tournaments, and, —" she sighed just here, "and poor dear Isidore. Not the poor man I have just lost, but my own darling, handsome Isidore. Alas! alas! I can never, never, meet with another

lover like him. What am I to do? I should like to return to dear old Germany. I have no relations, it is true, but what have I here! Nothing but Zizi, and Peterkin, and my birds, and I can take them with me. But then I cannot go alone," and here the good lady was at fault. The idea of De France presented itself, and the idea did not please her; and then she digressed to other subjects, which digressions grew more and more unconnected and confused, whilst the sensible images of the red fire, and other objects around her, grew more and more indistinct, and she, without coming to any conclusion, like Zizi, fell into a deep sleep.

The slumber in the beginning was peaceful and happy, but ere it ended he who had so often disturbed her waking peace, broke in upon her dreams. Maître Pierrot, decked in the bloody sheet, knelt by her side, uttered the soft words of her Isidore, and, seizing her hand, pressed it to his livid lips. With a scream Bertha awoke, to find her fire out, her lamp expiring, and herself miserably cold. Not daring to look around her, she darted from the room with the light, followed by her dog, and hurried to her bedchamber, without venturing to cast a look down her departed husband's corridor. Crossing herself as she passed on, she reached her room. Bed and her waiting-maid received her. The saint was hung up, the taper lighted, Bertha hiding her head beneath the clothes, tightly closed her eyes, and sunk into that happy state of oblivion called slumber, where for the present we will leave her.

CHAPTER XIII.

De France had spoken truly, concerning the deceased Pierrot's affairs, and Bertha was not sorry to accept his services in looking over them. She understood nothing of such matters, and besides, she was too easy, and too indolent, to take much trouble about anything.

De France saw how they stood at one glance. Maître Pierrot had every *dénier*. The talent by which he had kept afloat slept with him in the grave; and his widow, the *ci-devant* Baroness von Kranzfelt, once the lady of a massy castle, the woman who had imprudently given herself and her fortune to the impudent impostor, stood alone in the world, without money and without friends.

"I prophesied this," thought Count Ludwig's soul, rather exulting in his sagacity.

It was no subject of exultation to poor Bertha. She patted Zizi, wept over Peterkin, forgot her embroidery, and knew not what to do.

Her new acquaintance was ever with her. In spite of her distaste to him she leant on him for support, though she could not divest herself of the species of horror she felt for him, so entirely as she might have wished. Her fat confessor too was some comfort to her, until finding the turn her affairs had taken, and that there was not the slightest chance that his pious offices, and those of his ally, in singing *à tue-tête* at Pierrot's funeral, would ever be rewarded, his broad shadow but rarely darkened her portal.

De France then was her only resource, and Bertha was too soft, and too gentle, to allow any disgust she might feel for any person, to grow up into a dislike likely to become a barrier between them.

He evidently became more and more delighted with her, and all his endeavours tended to recommend himself to her favour. She neither encouraged or discouraged him, but held on the even tenor of her way, without turning to the right hand or to the left.

The count's spirit was fretted, but his fretting was unfelt by any save himself, and though sometimes he strove to growl and swear himself into a man, he neither succeeded in that fallacious endeavour, nor could his sarcasms, threats, and oaths, alter the current of passing events.

That Bertha should remain any longer under the paternal roof, as she had fondly deemed it to be, of the noble race of de Beaugency, was not possible. The real owner, of whom Maître Pierrot had hired it, wished to take up his abode there himself, and applied to de France, making known his wishes to that effect.

He, in his turn, communicated them gently and with tact, to the widow.

"Alas! sir," she replied, "what am I to do? Without money and without a home, whither shall I go?"

"What are your wishes, my beautiful lady?" he asked, taking her hand, which she did not withdraw, being perhaps taken up with her sorrow. "What are your wishes? You have but to speak and I will fulfil them."

"I hardly know," she answered, stroking Zizi's silky head with her disengaged hand as he lay on her lap. "I think I should like to return to Germany."

"That is cruel to us men of France; but as your wishes lead you to Germany, it is my duty to see them accomplished."

He gently pressed her hand, and then withdrawing his own, he added,

"You cannot think of exposing your gentle frame to all these

winter hardships, or of setting out on your long journey before the spring returns? Remain with us till that time, and then, perhaps," he continued, with a somewhat apoplectic sigh, "you may be persuaded to remain with us for ever."

Bertha did not notice the sigh, or see the look which followed, her eyes being bent on Zizi's head. She replied without removing them:

"I will abide, sir, by whatever you may advise. What I am to do I know not, or how I am to live—unless," she continued, looking very sad,—"unless I can find means of selling my embroidery. Do you think you could find any customers for me?"

She looked at de France as she spoke, but her eyes again fell on her dog. She felt a dread at her admirer's looks hardly to be described. Though his eyes were of the palest blue, so light as to be nearly gray, and although their expression was at the moment intended to be kind in the extreme, there was a lurking, sinister, mocking, gleaming look in them which Bertha could not endure. He smiled a smile, *en suite*, with the look, and casting his eyes in the direction of Count Ludwig's attentive soul, for at that moment the soul was very attentive, he nodded familiarly, as though he saw it, and then replied to the lady,

"*Belle dame*, do not talk so. Employ your delicate fingers for your amusement, as you did in brighter days. Allow me to think of everything else. You shall see me again in the evening, if my presence is not an intrusion. Calm yourself. All my cares are for you, and I will not forget le Sieur Zizi, and Maître Peterkin!"

He laughed as he ended his speech, and put forth his hand to pat the dog; but Zizi, who never manifested any particular pleasure at seeing him, shivered and snarled and made a bite at his fingers.

Amidst his mistress's reproaches for this breach of the peace, de France took his leave, again nodding at the spirit, and looking particularly confidential and familiar.

The spirit could not return the salutation, not at the moment having the means to do so; but he was filled with wonder at such a proceeding; he who had not been noticed for so many years, save by the chorus of impish laugh and song.

"Who can this fat man be?" thought the wondering soul. "He seemed as if he saw me, and nodded as if he knew me; if he does not, he is a deuced impudent fellow; but I must not be particular now, I suppose; I have neither arm or sword to help me. Did I see rightly, that is, did I not deceive myself? He could not see such a puff of smoke, as Count Ludwig has become for his sins. Am I going mad, and imagining what is not? Can one go mad without a body I wonder? I know nothing about it—it is very unfair of that Storberg devil, to hang me up here without a body, and yet make me no further a

spirit than taking that body from me—I have no privileges of a spirit, and no pleasures of a man—I know only what passes just before me, I have no beast of burden, to carry my soul about, like the beings of flesh around me. I am as ignorant as in my earthly days, save and except that I suddenly understood French as well as my own tongue, and I am sure living for years as I have done, is paying dear for the accomplishment.

"What could that jolly-looking de France mean by nodding at me? I wish he could help me out of my predicament. It is evident that he is making love to Bertha— I wish he would take her off my hands, and the fiend would put me politely into my body again. Oh! how merrily I would begin the world! It cannot be—will it ever, ever be? I am a poor, miserable devil—I have often heard of those disconsolate animals, and now I am one. What do I say? a disconsolate animal? Alas! I am not an animal—would that I were. Wretched, cheated spirit, miserable soul, that is what I am.

"Alack! alack! why did I ever tamper with the powers of darkness? I am lost, I am undone?"

"Poor Count Ludwig," in the old strain, now sounded round him, together with the hated, well-known laugh; whilst from the white smoke curling from the logs and embers up the wide chimney, divers ugly faces peered forth at him, each ere it vanished, making itself doubly hideous, by performing a deriding, a contemptuous, an impudent, a laughing grimace, according to the taste of each individual head.

The poor count, from raging and complaining, passed the remainder of the day in a state of moody sulkiness, such as I have seen envelop many a flesh-clad soul in the present day; which kindness, gaiety, good humour, administered one and all, fail most often to remove, whilst sometimes the Abernethean blue remedy does the work like a charm, and restores a savage brute to a state of gentlemanly civilisation. Such a remedy was unknown in the count's age, and besides, had there been present the great practitioner himself to administer it, the surly spirit could not have profited by it—he was all soul!

Evening brought de France to Bertha's side; she was seated before the fire, letting the beads of her rosary fall leisurely through her fingers whilst she muttered some bad Latin, and now and then ate a comfit, from a little carved *bonbonnière*, that stood on the table, thus sweetening the penance she was getting through at by times, for having inadvertently taken Friday for Thursday, and on that day having admitted a roasted pullet to her table and her mouth.

The count's spirit was intent to see if he should again be saluted by

the familiar nod. De France did not look towards him, his eyes were fixed on the rosary with a cowed look of displeasure. Bertha dropped it as she rose to receive him. He picked it up between his finger and thumb, as one would take up a worm, and letting it fall on the table, threw his cap over it, then sitting down near Bertha, he spoke; she, not enduring to encounter his peculiar gaze, bending her eyes intently on the fire.

"Most amiable Bertha," he began, "let not your gentle heart be cast down. It is true that the most thoughtless, the most cruel of men, has reduced you, lovely woman, to the depths of poverty, has stripped you of home, of fortune, has left you but your beauty, your virtuous soul, your self-esteem."

Here he stopped to cough a short, dry cough, and to take breath. Bertha knowing not what to say, said nothing, and he continued,

"I cannot see you thus; my heart was yours from the happy moment in which I first beheld you. I am rich, I am powerful; my power knows no bounds; the mighty king of these realms boasts no authority equal to mine."

"What a mendacious old rogue!" thought Count Ludwig's spirit.

The portly de France looked towards him and frowned, and then went on to say,

"Most injured woman, would you deign to give me your heart in return for mine; would you deign to share my greatness; would you permit your fond lover to dispel the clouds which surround you?"

"Fond lover!" jeeringly thought the spirit.

Again de France turned, frowned, and sternly shook his head.

Bertha played with her keys, and still kept silence.

De France drew his chair nearer to her, and leaning on hers, said,

"Speak, dearest of women! You think, perhaps, that I am too hurried in my declaration, but could I see you left alone and desolate without speaking, without pouring out my heart before you?"

"What nonsense!" thought the spirit, who in spite of the frown which again menaced him, could not repress his thoughts.

Bertha now deemed that she ought to speak, yet what to say she knew not. Maitre Pierrot had taught her a hard lesson on the hollowness of fair speeches and tender declarations. She half feared the man who now pleaded; but then she reflected on her poverty, and then she thought of the riches which had tempted her false husband; for Bertha, in the quiet of her solitary life, had with many sighs come to the conclusion, that it was for them she had been wooed.

She raised her eyes and met his peculiar gaze, the gaze with which

his small blue eyes, embedded in his round cheeks, seemed to look beyond this world. The look, as usual, pleased her not. She could not say yes—she would not say no!

She hesitated, and de France spoke again, and smiled as he did so, taking her hand gallantly at the same time.

"You ladies are all alike, *des franches coquettes*, one and all. I have been too precipitate, my heart tells me so—the heart which urged me on to speak; do not say, no! Reserve your decision for a while, for one week, and then sentence me to happiness or misery. Do you agree to this, *jolie dame?*"

"Most willingly," answered Bertha, looking as if a heavy weight had been taken from her mind.

"You must not refuse me this one small favour," said De France; "will you condescend to remain where you are until you are mine? I feel an inward voice, which tells me you *will* be mine. I have arranged everything for your *séjour* here; do not refuse me, you will hurt me if you do."

The tone in which these words were uttered was so unlike the fat man who should have spoken them, that Bertha, surprised and startled, could hardly speak her consent. The voice which pleaded for it was so insinuating, so fascinating, her heart beat in spite of herself, beat as in former days when Isidore's sounded on her ear.

De France rose, pressed her hand to his lips, put forth his own, and took his cap, without casting his eyes on the rosary, but winking, derisively at Count Ludwig, left him to his meditations, and the widow Bertha to ponder on his words, and give his offer her deliberate consideration.

CHAPTER XIV.

BERTHA reflected on her new lover's words and her own position, alone and penniless in a foreign land. On the one hand was misery, on the other plenty and a husband. To the plenty, she found no word of objection, it was the husband that made her pause. She did not like him, she could not disguise it from herself; she did not, could not like him. There was something in his manner, despite the kindness of his words and actions, something which she could not understand, which she had never met with before: something, she could not tell what, that gave her a dread, a species of horror, whenever she was near him.

Then her impoverished state rose before her, and poor Bertha

remained sitting before her eternal embroidery, her empty needle in one hand, the bright silk destined to fill it in the other, and fixing her eyes on space, grew sad as she thought.

"I may perchance love him in time. He must be very good, and very kind, or he never would have acted towards me as he has done. I have no riches to tempt him, he cannot wish me for those. As for beauty, my poor beauty is gone long since, I fear. Alas! alas! what can I do? To whom can I apply for advice? I have no one to counsel me, no one to protect me. He would protect me, would take me out of my poverty. Is it not then folly to reject him and his generous offers, because his eyes and his manners do not exactly please me? I should grow accustomed to them in time. I will then marry him—and—yet—I—ah, me! I cannot—but—if I do not, I condemn myself to all the misery of existing without one *sous* for which I do not work hard. What can I do, Peterkin, dear?" she said aloud, as her squirrel sat up, his bushy tail over his back, sawing through a nut with his sharp teeth.

Peterkin answered never a word, and Bertha was again plunged in the *pros* and *cons* of deliberation.

Count Ludwig's soul contemplated her as she thought. He ardently wished to dive into the depths of her mind, and perceive what was passing there. That was an impossibility, the count could only perceive the workings of his own, and they brought him but small repose. They were so cross, so surly, so impatient, it would be an insult to present the reader with such a mass of dark and furious meditation, as that which deformed the spirit of the aerial count.

Bertha had time leisurely to consider de France's proposition. A little page, a lean dark boy, with eyes that gleamed like fiery coals, a sharp and sarcastic visage, restless movements, and sinister air, was ushered into her presence, and, bowing with a jerk, rapidly delivered his message, which was to the purport that her adorer was too unwell to wait upon her himself, but he was commanded to learn her wishes, and obey them in all things. Bertha had none, and the boy was dismissed.

De France was separated from the lady of his love during a whole fortnight. He was ill, racked with agony, so said the page—and told the truth.

De France said he was in love, devoted to Bertha; and it is painful to record of a lover not that he is ill, for in some illnesses there is an interest, a romance, a tender sentiment, but it is painful to record of a lover that he is suffering, intensely suffering, from the—gout!!!

Such, however, was the case. De France had the gout—a severe, excruciating fit of the gout.

When at the end of a fortnight's absence he reappeared before Bertha, her mind was made up, her resolutiou taken, her answer prepared, and she received him kindly, insisted on placing him in the easiest chair, and made him rest his leg on another. She did not see the arch look with which these attentions were received. The count's spirit did and lent all his attention to what was passing before him.

After a few customary "preliminary observations," de France asked, what his destiny was to be—whether good or evil.

"Good," replied Bertha; "at least I hope so, since as far as I am able I will endeavour to make it what you wish."

Burly, portly de France took his leg from one chair and rose from the other, and then went through the ceremony of kneeling to Bertha and kissing her hand.

"Patience," thought Count Ludwig. "I saw her marry one fool, now I shall see her wed another, and I suppose continue my blest entertainment of fasting through feasting, and exist in weariness for many long years to come."

De France's lean page was in the room. He was his confidential attendant, and served him as a walking-stick in his infirmity. He looked towards the count, put his hands on his knees as he stood, darted forward his head, and made such a face at him, so comic, so full of sarcasm and meaning, that the spirit, in spite of his moodiness and anger, laughed in spirit at the ugly boy.

Before the accepted lover hobbled away, the day, the hour, everything was arranged for the wedding. The recent death of poor Maître Pierrot was no impediment. De France said no one in Paris knew Bertha, and with poverty staring her in the face, she was glad to take refuge in matrimony from its chilling gripe.

"Poor Count Ludwig! poor Count Ludwig!" shrieked all the wearisome, jarring voices as de France winked at him, and the page put out his long sharp tongue at him on leaving the room. He gave himself up to a torrent of invectives.

He was furious at seeing himself once more supplanted. What he was to do, what was to become of him, he knew not. He raged like a chained lion; he had no peace. The laugh of the goblins continued night and day without intermission, accompanying the words "Poor Count Ludwig," repeated without a break, and never ceasing. Hundreds of hideous faces danced before him, all misshapen, grotesque, *goguenards*, and insulting. Night did not save them. By night, by day, never for one second did they disappear.

De France and his ugly-looking page, upon whom as upon the Don in "Gil Blas," you might have studied osteology, so lean and lank was he, never failed to salute him with gestures and grimaces of

triumph and derision. He was in a whirl of confusion, anguish, and despair, too strong for mortal man to bear; but then the count was a spirit, and existed under it, though he called upon destruction and mentally committed suicide a thousand times a day. He reviled de France, abused the demon, and wished that poor innocent Bertha and the charms that had fascinated him had never, never seen the light. The blind, foolish count never taxed his own headlong passions and want of principle—the true causes of his misfortune. What man, who has sold himself to the great deceiver, ever does?

The day, the hour arrived! Bertha was again arrayed as a bride—not the fair young bride she once had been. No! she was a sedate, a stately, and yet a handsome bride. Her future lord had decked her with Parisian elegance and splendour, with gems, with lace, with every rich and costly material.

He was dressed in all the magnificence of the age. Unlike her Isidore, his step was grave, his figure heavy, his air sedate. What he had been might be gathered from the *beaux restes* that remained to him. They were a handsome pair, but most unlike lovers on the eve of marriage.

How poor Count Ludwig raged and fumed! The laugh, the taunts, the grimaces of the persecuting hobgoblings increased with his vexation. The meagre page, in a splendid suit of white and scarlet, outdid them all in the contortions of his apelike countenance, with which he insulted him *à la dérobé*, as quick as lightning, when no one perceived him.

The tormented soul was soon at Bertha's side, in the midst of a throng of de France's friends, all invited to do honour to his wedding. Their compliments, their congratulations all expressed as the French alone could express them, were to him bitter as wormwood. He strove to detach himself from the passing scene, to plunge himself into annihilation, and cease to be. Vain efforts! De France led forth his bride. Again Count Ludwig escorted her to the church. The fat curé awaited her at the altar. The goblins gambolled in the air, cut capers, pointed at the count, shrieked with laughter, and loudly sang.

Arrived at the church-door, they uttered a ringing "halloo!" clapped their hands, whistled like a boatswain's whistle in a gale of wind, and shouted, "Happy Count Ludwig! happy Count Ludwig!"

"Happy! Oh! cursed tormentors—cursed tormentors! Happy! I am miserable—miserable for ever. Never, never again, shall I be—"

The spirit's oration was broken through.

De France looked at him, smiled maliciously, and nodded. The lankey page beckoned to him, and pointed at his master. The spirit for one moment lost all consciousness, the next saw him awake again to life, encompassed by the huge, fat frame of de France!

The soul, so long absent from a body, once again found itself incased in flesh and bone. He paused a second, looked round, and then entered the church. The loud organ pealed forth, the voices of the priests began to chant beneath the echoing roof, the perfume of incense filled the building. Count Ludwig was astounded, his brain in a whirl, dizzy and confused. Mechanically he walked towards the choir by the side of his bride. He dared not speak; he knew not what voice or what language would be his.

He had no time for thought; the service began, ended, and Bertha was his—his, after so many long years of expectation. He kissed her cheek, and the crowd of guests returned with him to his home. A kind of instinct led him towards it. It was a large and splendid mansion. Servants, pages, musicians, awaited them. Count Ludwig looked about him with an air of abstraction. Bertha and his friends remarked it. They attributed it to his change of condition, and were satisfied with the reason they had found.

The feast was spread. The count, seated by his bride, presided. His eyes sparkled; his whole attention was given to the glorious sight before him. After years of fasting, he sat at a magnificent repast. The most *recherché* dishes of the time were there; wines of every kind; plate of exquisite manufacture, and all his own. His delighted eyes roamed over the well-loaded table. Oh! the happiness of again eating, again pouring down deep draughts of wine. His whole attention was given to the occupation, with now and then a thought to what he was. Bertha was nearly forgotten.

His meagre page, who answered to the name of Charles, stood behind, and before he could speak brought him all he wished for. What a consumption of food he made! Solid, delicate, savoury, sweet, rich, everything pleased him. French wines, German, Spanish, precious liqueurs were all welcome.

Count Ludwig spoke but little, but he discovered he had the power of speaking both French and German equally well.

His *convives* remarked his silence, and wondered; de France, as they still called him, had always been remarkable for his talents, for conversation, and a sarcastic enveloped wit, fine and powerful, so superior as to escape the vulgar, and make itself known only to those who could appreciate it. All this seemed vanished, and their host turned into a *gourmand*, a man with a mind as heavy as his body.

Now and then he turned and spoke to his bride. The unnatural expression of his eyes had disappeared, they were unmeaning and good-natured, and Bertha thought her husband improved. He prolonged the repast, and ate and drank without discretion. He had a long fast to break. Dancing followed, in which the bride was forced to take part by the gallant young men around her, whilst the count,

sinking into a large and easy chair, closed his heavy eyes, and fell into a sound sleep, in spite of noise and mirth; which sleep, the first that had refreshed his weary soul for many years, lasted several hours.

All wondered more and more at the complete translation of their host. He who in spite of his rotundity and gout, had been the most lively, the most mercurial of them all. His body, indeed, seemed to be sleeping there, the victim of repletion in defiance of all etiquette; his spirit seemed changed, and so in truth it was.

There was one among the throng, who, taking advantage of the example of the lord of the mansion, slept too; a sound, fat, plethoric well-nourished sleep, and that was Bertha's robust confessor. His cloth protected him, and he slept in peace. The count's repose was not broken through till Charles, his page, awoke him, with the welcome intelligence that supper awaited him. He stared wildly about him and said "supper!"

"*Oui, monseigneur, le souper est servi,*" said Charles, looking at him with an ugly leer.

He roused himself, and the occurrences of the day, after an effort, re-appeared before his confused mind. He arose, and led forth his lady to the well-garnished tables, and there he enacted a second act of the pleasing performance of the morning. Charles had no sinecure. The count wished for everything. Hardly a dish or a wine escaped him. He had a great deal of lost time to make up. His guests spoke to him as old acquaintances of events he was supposed to know. He had the sagacity to look as wise as he could, and answer as concisely as possible.

"*Mais qu'a-t-il donc, ce bon de France?*" they asked each other. The reply was a shrug. They at last gave him credit for behaving as he did on purpose. They set it down as the eccentricity of a wit, an *original*, a *drôle de corps*, and were satisfied.

The count continued to feast, nor left the table till summoned to his bed. Thus was spent the first day of his return to earth, the day on which he obtained that for which he had sold himself—the Baroness von Kranzfelt.

CHAPTER XV.

One day, two days, three days, sufficed not to terminate the festivities and rejoicings which were held in celebration of the count's wedding. A whole week was consumed in the delights of feasting, and dancing and gaming.

Count Ludwig only interfered with the first, he was wholly engrossed by it, every thought wrapped up in it. Of his wife, his Bertha, he took little heed. He had seen so much of her in his ethereal form, she was so different from the woman he had sold himself to buy, that

now, after so long a season spent in expectation of obtaining her, after all he had gone through to become her owner, she was nothing to him, less than nothing—he had rather have lived without her.

The festivities drew to a close, and the count had leisure to feel and think on his new state of being, and he began to perceive that this new state of being was not so exquisite as he fondly hoped it would have proved. In the first place he had figured to himself that in returning to man's estate he was to have animated his noble frame; the strong, the active frame he had slipped from in the forest of Storberg. Not at all! He found himself in one of the same stature, but it was heavy, enfeebled, feverish. The soul, after being so long free, felt but ill at ease in such a covering. The count's reminiscences of earthly life told him of a fierce and rapid tread, a strength, a sensation of independence, a buoyant health now looked for in vain. His tread was slow and ponderous, his strength tried by the weight of fat he carried; his health gone. The soul and body were at variance. The soul thought of hunting, hawking, riding, all in vain! The body could not serve the soul, could neither hunt, hawk, or ride. The body's feats were confined to eating, drinking, sleeping. These did very well, but the count wished for the others also; for a run in the lists, a good measuring of lances with an expert rival. Alas! the weight of armour, added to the weight of man he bore, would have been too great for mortal knight or horse to carry.

The count cursed the fiend! His mind was young, his body old—ill suited to each other, like an ill-matched husband and wife—always differing. Could it be his own body? he thought it was. On his skin were three moles, disposed like the stars in Orion's belt—he recollected them; there was also the wound in his side, at least the scar of it, made by a boar's tusk—that too he remembered: then, his remaining teeth were formed just like stout Count Ludwig's beautiful square set; his hands had lost their hardness, as though they had long exchanged exposure, and the sword and lance, for warm rooms and a knife and fork; but then the left was minus the first joint of the little finger, bitten off by a wolf in the agonies of death, and that proved to him their identity. It was his body, but how changed! How had the change been wrought?—He knew not. He pondered and puzzled on these things as he reposed in his easy chair after his plenteous repasts.

Bertha quietly returned to her old life, her work, her dog, her squirrel, her birds. She congratulated herself on her match—she never troubled her fat husband, or he her—she had money at will, and he was not a spendthrift.

How he had acquired his wealth, he knew no more, than how he had taken up his abode in his soft body. In a large iron box he found

deeds signed by his uncle, which he bade Charles read to him, by which his possessions were secured to him, so he troubled himself no further about the matter.

Charles too was an object of wonder to him. He could not guess if that shadow of a page was aware of the *change of mind* his master had undergone or no. There was a perpetual ambiguous smile on his long, thin lips, a sarcastic look in his twinkling black eyes, that reminded the count of his old tormentors, the goblins; but which it was far beyond him to comprehend. The page was never seen to eat, except when he caught the buzzing flies with a dexterous sweep of his long fingers, and conveyed them to his mouth. He was full of mischief, the dread of every man, woman, and animal in the house.

The count made a desperate effort to hunt, came back weary, exhausted, and cross, and gave up all idea of it. He was not happy —he felicitated himself, however, every time he went near his wife, that inconvenient as his body was, he was no longer suspended as heretofore, helpless and invisible in her vicinity. Her embroidery frame, her Zizi, her Peterkin, and even her placid, plump self, gave him such unpleasing *souvenirs*, that he felt no pleasure in being with her; on the contrary, it gave him such sinking of spirits he seldom approached her.

In his young German life he had never known illness—a thundering headache at long intervals, after a carouse of extra strength and duration, had been the extent of his ailings; now he had suffering of another sort to undergo. After a season of unbounded license in feasting, he awoke one morning—oh! horror—he awoke one morning with a decided, severe, good fit of the gout.

"Poor Count Ludwig!" the sprites might have cried, but they had ceased to molest him. The gout was gnawing away without remorse at his fat knee; he swore, he growled, he raged, no sick King Harry could have been more ferocious. Irritability, low spirits, all the agreeable attendants on gout, had full play unrestrained by the patient. He knocked Charles down like a ninepin twenty times a day, threw pillows and slippers at Bertha when she attempted to amuse him, and roared like the monarch of the forest at everything and everybody.

Poor Bertha was his chief aversion; she was the innocent cause of his bad bargain in the forest, and the gouty count could not endure her.

"Turn that woman out, Charles, I say!" he shouted, when like a good wife she came to tend him. "*Scélérat! m'entends tu?* She is the cursed cause of this infernal gout. Out with her! out with her! *Obeis, petit morveux!* Turn her out, I say!" and whirling through the air flew a large cushion full at poor Bertha, who beat a retreat, and never attempted again to nurse her sick bear.

His mind and body were equally diseased; the body full of gout and fever, the mind of discontent. He wished to be dashing full tear over hill and dale, through forests merrily hunting; then came an awful twinge and a tremendous oath, then reproaches to the demon, denunciation against Bertha, a swinging blow to Charles, who ducked with a speaking leer, and missed it, whilst the count's hand came in furious contact with the table.

The physician recommended abstinence and quiet.

The count ground his teeth and abused him; fed on rich dishes and defied him. His temper became odious; a lawless, brutish mind in a diseased, overfed body.

The fit passed off; the count again betook himself to feasting and riot. He was not very fond of his companions—he hated the French and wished for his old boon companions of Germany; he thought of returning there, his spirit would have done it, but his spirit's gouty clog said *nay!* and he was forced to obey the large, lazy, inactive creature.

Bertha saw as little of him as she had done of Maître Pierrot of blessed memory. She lived at her ease, she had never been so happy. Her work, her pets, her charities, were sufficient happiness for her; her fair, fat face, was the faithful representative of the happiness she felt, and spread among all who came in contact with her.

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Two years passed away of Count Ludwig's married life, and how did he spend them? In alternations of gout and revelry; his pampered appetite was never satisfied; ignorant and sensual, all his pleasures were bodily; his mind grew more and more violent and insupportable; miserable, too, he was at times, and wine alone could dispel the clouds from his spirit. The gout is certainly a trying malady, and an antidote to amiability, but the count gave way to the fury excited by the pain so heartily, as to be a perfect maniac whilst his fits of passion lasted. No sooner was he convalescent, than cooks and butlers were fagged to feed the greedy monster, and quench his wondrous thirst. An attack of the gout brought the physician on the stage, and gave them a slight respite; whilst Charles and other attendants were scolded, raged at, cuffed, and abused. Charles generally contrived dexterously to dive away from the blow; the less clever domestics bore the marks of his fury in black eyes, swollen noses, and other such like pugilistic embellishments.

Count Ludwig grew fastidious in his fare; his brutalised mind was buried in culinary pursuits. The fat *curé*, who had become his bosom friend, aided him in his researches, and in discussing the fruits of their labours. None but the most savoury, the richest, the most *récherché* dishes were tolerated; the consequence was, that each succeeding fit

of gout was more intense and more unbearable—the priest then feasted with him in the sick room. The count at last gave up all society for his, and the two *gastronomes* sat, red-faced and fat, eating, drinking, and disturbing the silence only by the rattle of their knives and forks, a few concise words of commendation, or a demand for a fresh supply of food.

The count grew enormously fat—a disfigured man. With growls he one night went to bed, prophesying an attack of gout by morning light, and prophesied truly! and such an attack the poor count had never before endured, or so badly borne—he was like a chained bear. His friend, the priest, dropping in at midday for the *petite-santé* dinner —a dinner sufficient to scare away the *santé* the most robust, found the sick man too sick, in too much pain even to eat, growling and roaring alternately. The *curé* drew back the curtain, let in the light to view his friend, and began in soothing tone, "*Mon pauvre ami!*"—

"*Vas au diable, avec ton pauvre ami!*" bellowed Count Ludwig, aiming a blow which sent him tottering backwards against Charles, who stood grinning by, and the priest's fat legs becoming entangled in the page's sparrow-like supporters, they both fell to the earth together, catching at the bedclothes as they went, pulling them off the gouty count, leaving him rolling with rage and agony, and shaking his gouty foot aloft in a paroxysm of passion.

The priest sneaked off to see what fare the lady of the house had to offer him, and her sweet wine, cake, and *confitures* somewhat restored his agitated spirits, whilst Charles was left to remedy the damage as well as he could. The count grew worse in spite of his physician's efforts, and as he grew worse, he began to grow frightened for the first time in his life. He thought he might die, and by way of drowning the thought, swallowed a huge tankard full of hot spiced wine, and fell into a sound sleep.

When he awoke it was night. He opened his eyes and fancied he heard the old cry, "Poor Count Ludwig! Poor Count Ludwig!" together with the goblin's jeering laugh. He shut his eyes again; the sound was gone. Once more he opened them, and looked round him. The fire was burning comfortably and briskly, and threw a warm red light through the oak-panelled room. The wind was whistling in one monotonous shrill note, the rain beating in small sharp drops against the window, and spitting down the chimney on the hissing fire. By it, on a stool, sat Charles, his long hands resting on his pointed knees, his eyes fixed on the flames.

The count turned heavily in bed. He felt very ill, his heart trembled with fear. He thought again of death, of the fiend, of his soul. The drops of terror were bursting forth. He groaned and called Charles. The page did not move. A second time he called, and

enforced the call with an oath. No answer! Another call, an oath, and a little delicate abuse, and then an order for another flagon of wine.

As he ended his command, the wind made the room rock with a furious gust, hailstones dashed against the panes, the mocking laugh and taunting cry sounded loudly and long; and Charles, on whom his eyes were fixed, suddenly vanished, leaving in his stead the little monkey imp.

The ape made a spring from the stool to the bed.

"Is it wine you want?" it exclaimed, in its hoarse croaking voice. "No! no! my old lad, no more wine for you! You have had your quantum, and your hour is come!"

The count felt paralysed. He could not speak; the monkey continued, as it sat on his stomach peering down at him like an incubus.

"No more wine or wassail for you, jolly count! You have had your baroness, your feasting, what more would you have, you ancient villain?"

In a feeble tone Count Ludwig groaned forth, having regained a small portion of his pristine valour,

"What would I have, you ugly ape? Why, justice! I want justice! Why was I hung up in the air for so long, and then shot, all of a sudden, into this crazy, heavy old body? Answer that! Why did that cheating fiend use me so?"

"Calm yourself, my good sir!" said the ape, putting his hairy finger on the count's large and burning nose; "calm yourself, and listen. You gave your body during life, and your soul at death, to my master, Zamah of Storberg. Well! he and you could not use it at the same time, so he suspended you close to your love, took your great heavy body, and laid it on a rocky shelf in his cave. Now, whenever he wished for a little frolic on earth, that corpse being comely and strong, he made use of it, and well it served him. Many a good carouse it has been in, whilst your countship was blustering for a glass of wine—for one—only one!"

The count swore. The monkey said,

"Fie, dear! do be quiet. In time the body, like a shoe, grew old and unfit for service; and my good master remembering his compact with you, you monster of ingratitude, set about fulfilling it. At his leisure moments, when he had nothing else to do, he came to Paris, and played at Count Louis de France, won your fat bride for you, and gave her to your arms, leaving me as page, to see that you did not escape his hands. I have done my duty, my good fellow, and a dull time I've had of it. It was much better fun to follow him, as your body carried him about to the revelries that wore it out and destroyed it. There you were, keeping guard over your precious baroness, and

all the little hobgoblins laughing at you, little pretty dears, till the tears ran down their fascinating little cheeks!"

The count groaned and clenched his fist.

The wind redoubled its howling, the rain its dashing.

Voices sounded down the wide chimney.

"Make haste, Brownback!" they cried; "make haste—you are wanted—master is going to the Sabbath—make haste!"

"Coming!" cried Brownback.

"Poor Count Ludwig! Poor Count Ludwig!" shrieked the voices, and laughed peal upon peal.

Brownback, the monkey, hopped on the count's chest, with supernatural force held his head down, back on the pillow, with one little spare hand, whilst with the thumb of the other he pressed his throat with the pressure of a vice.

Count Ludwig gave a convulsive struggle, a gurgling moan. The deed was done—he died!

The monkey dashed up the chimney amidst the roaring of the storm, a rapturous clapping of hands, shrieking, and laughing from the delighted goblins, who accompanied him in triumph to the Sabbath, where he cut a great figure that night.

The following morning the servants found their master's body, lying lifeless on its broad back. The physician pronounced that apoplexy had caused his death: he pronounced and was believed.

Bertha, a widow for the third time, remained so till the day of her peaceful death. She lived retired and happy in a small town of Germany, quiet, cheerful, and beloved, to a good old age.

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His ally the *curè* assisted at it, having ascertained about his pay beforehand.

He reposed beneath a splendid marble tomb, whereon the tenant was sculptured in armour, his hands joined, rising perpendicularly from the pit of his stomach. In this mausoleum his body was safely deposited.

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