

the proverb, is more easily led by example than precept, our third rule is, "Be melancholy yourself." This is perhaps the most indispensable of all the accessories to the pathetic. If a fellow with a great round laughing face begins telling a tale of woe, the thing appears ridiculous at once. You might as well expect a book on cookery from the living skeleton. And here we have again an unspeakable advantage over Nature, inasmuch as we have it in our power to paint ourselves in as sombre colors as we like. There should be no want on the author's part of the drops of sympathetic emotion, and you may depend upon it, when readers see a man—and here it will be useful to describe yourself as a veteran of a hundred fights—when the reader, we say, sees a gallant officer continually crying, he will in time suspect that there must be astonishing pathos in the narrative, and in all probability will "weep with thee tear for tear."

These regulations, it will be seen, refer only to the author, and not to the subject or conduct of his composition. What has been said, however, of the personal requisites of the writer, applies with equal force, in some styles of the pathetic, to the hero of the story. There are certain classes of melancholy composition that require quite another species of hero—such as the simple—the humble—or the natural. In this style, the more gentle, unassuming and meek you make your hero, or, still better, your heroine, the greatest chance you have of success. This, however, is too dangerous a style to venture on, as you must trust to the workings of nature, and not to the dictates of art. With this, therefore, we shall have nothing to do just now, farther than to say, that *Sterne's Maria* and *Le Fevre—Margaret Lindsay—Paul and Virginia*—and similar works, do not come within our category of the pathetic, and seem as if they had been written in direct contradiction to our rules. One of the great criterions of the reality of grief is its not waiting for the fittest places for its display. True sorrow, we know, is irrepressible, and incapable of being hid. It is therefore proper to introduce the most distressing thoughts of incidents at all times and seasons. When your heroine goes to a christening, let her sigh over the miseries of life, and, in the gayest company you can imagine, let her go into a corner of the dimly lighted hall—where every now and then she hears the swell of joyous music from the dancing-room—and there let her look out of the window up to the starless sky and weep as much as she can. We have known this have a very powerful effect, and we can answer for it, that not one reader in ten will ever think of asking the cause of her melancholy. Their sympathies are awakened at once, and it seems a sort of unfeeling impertinence to make any enquiries as to the causes of a young lady's tears.

But there is another almost certain proof of the profundity of sorrow, and that is its extravagance. People in despair always scratch their faces, and pull handfuls of their hair up by the roots. This is a known fact, as may be seen by observing the actions of *Belvidera* the next time you see the character represented by a lady of stronger feelings than *Miss O'Niell*. Your hero must, therefore, be most strictly prohibited from showing the slightest regard to the probable. Both in incident and behaviour, the more

improbable you are the better. We see how little effect the most appalling miseries produce the moment they are authenticated. As long as we ourselves considered the history of the *Black-hole of Calcutta* a fiction, we used to weep over it with the highest satisfaction; but, when we discovered that it was an actual reality, we experienced a sort of revulsion of feeling on the subject, and lost all commiseration for the hundred or two who were stifled, squeezed, and trampled to death. This, we suspect is an almost universal feeling, as we can prove from the conduct of certain political philanthropists, who seem very probably to exhaust all their powers of sympathy upon cases of very problematical suffering at the antipodes, and have not hitherto, so far as we have heard, subscribed a shilling of their 'rims' to relieve the multitudes who are starving at their doors. It will, therefore, be advisable, in addition to the most exaggerated incidents, to place the scenes of them a good way off.

A slight recapitulation will be useful in impressing these rules and regulations on the reader's mind and we will afterwards illustrate them in a little tale which shall exemplify the leading points of our system.

There are two rules applicable almost equally to the author and the hero, viz. be handsome—and be melancholy.

The others, which apply more to the personages and incidents of the story, are—avoid simplicity and naturalness, if such a word is allowable. Be lugubrious in season and out of season. Be as extravagant as you can, both in the adventures you narrate, and the conduct of the actors—place your scene at a distance, use high-flown words, or, as it is called, indulge in fine writing; and his heart must indeed be hardened against the noblest feelings of our nature who does not tremble with sympathetic enthusiasm over the miseries and the agonies of suffering humanity. Who, for instance, will refuse his deepest sighs to the following, which we have called *The Fatal Tears*?

INTRODUCTION.

A life spent in the din of battle, where the ceaseless cannonade of flashing artillery reverberated from the mountainous recesses, to which freedom, patriotism and the *Guerilla* chieftains of the south of Spain retired for a season, like *Antæus*, to be reinvigorated by the very efforts which was made to strangle them like the hydra, on the hour of their birth, has left me worn in person, indeed, with the marks of military distinction on my brow and the breast of my surtout, but fresh and vigorous in mind, and tender in feeling, as when in the hours of my early boyhood, my young heart palpitated to the tale of suffering, and my bright eyes furnished a torrent of tears to every tale of woe. Yes I am thankful to heaven, which leaves me as ready to weep as ever; and, oh! is there a happiness left to console us, like *Pandora's* box, which contained Hope, inestimable Hope, at the bottom of it, greater or more delightful, or worthier of a tender and manly spirit, than the power of bending the head under the weight of affliction and soothing the wounded spirit with a briny flood? Often have I mourned over the miseries of war—often wet my bed with the excretions of the lachry-